

excitement or mental... words of sympathy... The tragic end of Mac... the army and... of the British... in London... with which he... not become generally... public, but had been... military circles... in the army... Highlander comrades... here is keen grief... that it was "better to... face dishonor." Sir... separated from his... years ago, and before... mission. He has not lived... He leaves a son, who... in an English Pub...

If you drink Japan tea try a packet of Blue Ribbon Ceylon Green which is fast displacing it.

The Rose and Lily Dagger A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S PERFDY

Thanks, but I will get you to excuse me. Soul mating soul! Love! Keep it for setting to music, Luigi. There isn't such a thing in the outside world. And if there were, it is not for me. There I have dressed, I shall not be ten minutes," and he strode off.

CHAPTER V. Miss Fanny Incheley waited until the marquis' tall form had disappeared round the bend, then she slid out of her hiding place and went down to the bridge, crossed it quickly, and then sauntered along the river bank toward the town, her sharp eyes keeping a constant watch in front and on either side of her.

It was evident that she was waiting for some one; and although he was quite unconscious of it, that some one was—Captain Sherwin. She had only spoken to him once in her life, but on that occasion she had danced with him, and that dance had fired an ambition in the heart of Fanny Incheley which burned persistently and obstinately.

There were two balls held annually at Barefield, one in January and the other in June, and everybody who was anybody, and a great many persons who were nobodies, attended them. Fanny, although she was only the niece of the Castle housekeeper, had gone to the one in January—the last one—and notwithstanding her red hair and eyes of uncertain hue, had attracted some attention.

It was John Wilkes, the ugliest man of his time, who declared that, give

In idleness Fanny wandered about the castle, dressing and carrying herself "quite like a lady," and "saying" it over the servants, male and female.

Among those who had been attracted to the ball by Miss Fanny's diminutive figure and expressive eyes had been Captain Charles, and he had come up to Sherwin and asked her for a dance. Fanny, who had inherited her father's, the dancing master's skill, waited to perfection as the captain told her. He also said various other pleasant things after the manner of the young military man, and had then gone his way and forgotten her. But Fanny had not forgotten Charles Sherwin's "Miss Fanny."

She tore the paper up very carefully and burned the fragments with a match; but Mrs. Sherwin remained calm. She looked at the paper scribbling on a sheet of paper his name—"Captain Sherwin"; then she wrote her own under it, and then right down to the end of the page, "Charles Sherwin, dancing master."

CHAPTER VI. No one could have called her even pretty, but she possessed that nameless something which, call it fascination or the art of prepossessing or what you will, is very effective with men. Her thin figure was supple and always well dressed; whatever she wore seemed to harmonize with or set off the red hair and blue eyes. Her face was as fair as Bridget and others of her sex had declared Miss Incheley's eyes to be green, no one, not even a woman, could deny that she had a trick of smiling which girls with really good eyes often lack. She was witty, she was clever, and she was very ambitious. She was only the housekeeper's niece, but she told herself that she meant to be—whatever she could be. Her father had been a dancing master in London, and at his death Mrs. Incheley, who had no children of her own, had adopted the little orphan, and had sent her to a good school—for Mrs. Incheley had a remarkably good situation, and had saved money. Fanny had displayed a good deal of intelligence at the boarding school, and had soon out-distanced her fellow pupils, bringing with her to the castle a little pile of prizes in handsome bindings, and quite filling the heart of her aunt with pride. She was so proud of her clever niece, indeed, that instead of sending her out as a governess, or apprenticing her to a milliner, she kept her at home in idleness; and

different in her ordinary everyday clothes from what they do in the gorgeous, glorious raiment of the ballroom—and if he had remembered her, the captain would not probably have noticed her by any greeting, for at that time he had no thought or care for any other woman than Elaine Delaine.

"Fanny, you would not be discouraged, if he would not speak to her of his own accord—well, some day she would make him.

Presently she heard the soft pad, pad of a horse's hoofs on the turf, and drawing her shawl closer round her, she stepped out to meet him. The sound came nearer, and very soon the captain appeared. He was riding slowly and sat in the saddle in a brooding, despondent and altogether limp fashion.

He looked—she was tired, disappointed, and out of sorts. He had climbed the hill after the scene with Elaine and the marquis, had got his horse at the cottage, and had taken, avoiding the club, hidden along the lanes, chewing the cud of his discontent and mortification, and generally enjoying a very bad time of it. Then he had had to betighten him the time, and turned on the familiar ride home.

As he neared the bridge the spot reminded him of all he had undergone there a short time ago, and his weak, hazy brain recalled the scene and quivered in the way peculiar to them. He also swore a little. Your weak-minded man always swears when he has been vanquished and indignantly lays the blame, not on himself, but on other people. He felt intensely wretched and fearfully small. He was aching all over, for the marquis' grip was of a kind which lingers something to be remembered, and altogether he was in that plight when a man feels that he has been very badly treated and that all the world is against him.

As he passed the bridge he saw a slight girlish figure coming slowly toward him. He scarcely noticed her as she came along slowly, her head bent with sweet maidenly abstraction over some flowers she held in her hand; in such abstraction that she evidently did not hear the approaching horse, for the captain had to swerve to the right to avoid riding over her, and she gave quite a start as she struck with a little cry out of his path.

SPRING AILMENTS The Blood Needs Attention at This Season—Purgatives Should be Avoided.

Spring is the season when your system needs toning up. In the spring you must have new blood, just as the trees must have new sap. With new blood you will feel brightly, happy and healthy. Many people take purgatives in spring, but this is a serious mistake, as the tendency of all purgatives is to further weaken the system. The one and only sure way to get new blood and new strength is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new, rich red blood—they are the greatest spring tonic in the world. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills speedily banish all spring ailments. Miss Belle Cochran, White Rock Mills, N.S., says: "I have found Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a splendid spring medicine. I was very much run down; I had a constant feeling of languor and sluggishness. My appetite failed and my sleep at night was disturbed and restless. After I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills there was a speedy change for the better, and after taking a few boxes I felt stronger than I had done for years."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any dealer in medicine, or by mail post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or to any dealer who would like to take a substitute. Substitutes never cured anyone—the genuine pills have cured hundreds of thousands in all parts of the world.

A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.

Every mother is responsible to some extent for the health of her little ones, and the prudent mother will protect the health of her children. For this purpose there is absolutely no medicine can compare with Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets speedily relieve and promptly cure such ailments as colic, cholera, break up all colds, check simple fevers, prevent croup, and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. They are good for all ailments, and are sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. All mothers who have used Baby's Own Tablets praise them and keep them in the house. Mrs. John Weaver, Bilsdale, N.B., says: "I have a family of six children and have used Baby's Own Tablets and know that they are the best medicine I have ever used for my little ones."

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

"Oh, yes! Thank you," she said, in her own mind by means unnumbered, and the expressive eyes went up for a moment to his, then dropped timidly again. "It is my handkerchief. I am sorry you should have had the trouble to get off your horse and to come back with it—Captain Sherwin."

"I have the honor to be known to you," he said as a feeler. Up went the eyes again, and then the lids—Fanny had good lashes—drooped again.

"Remember," said the captain, beginning to think that she was rather pretty than ordinary. "I'm ashamed to say—"

"That you have forgotten me. Ah, that is only natural. You gave me a dance at the Town Hall last January, Captain Sherwin. It was not likely that you would remember it, and she seemed to check a little sigh and look down at her flowers. "This was delightful to the captain. His jaw set itself into a smile and a severe wound a few hours ago and this subtle deference and flattery fell on his chafed spirit like a healing ointment.

DEATH WARRANT OF CHARLES I.

Howard Rayner, a member of the Baltimore bar, has in his possession what purports to be the original warrant issued for the execution of Charles I. King of England. The document came into his possession recently through some legal business he was transacting for a client who is a descendant of Col. Lynne, "or to the Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding, or to both of them."

It was necessary to secure from England some family records, and among the contents of the box shipped to Mr. Rayner's client was the warrant. The descent of the Baltimore branch from Col. Lynne is said to be established, and in his family there has always been a tradition that the death warrant was in the possession of his relatives.

The warrant has bearing on the matter concerning which Mr. Rayner was seeking information. Its presence among the other papers is believed to have been the result of an oversight on the part of those who packed the box.

The parchment is badly worn. Fifty years after its issue, according to the background to preserve it. The date line on the warrant is as follows: At the High Court of Justice for the trying and inditing of Charles Stewart, King of England, January 24th, Anno Domini, 1648.

"This is the language of the warrant, whereas, Charles Stewart, King of England, is and standeth convicted, attainted and condemned of high treason and other high crimes, and sentence was pronounced against him by this [a symbol supposed to represent the court passing sentence] to be put to death by the severance of his head from his body, of which sentence execution yet remaineth to be done. These are therefore to will and require you to see this sentence executed in the open streets before Whitehall upon the morrow the thirtieth of this instant month of January between the hours of Ten in the morning and five in the afternoon of the same day full effect. And for soe doing this shall be your sufficient warrant. Seal."

Then follow the names of the members of the House of Commons who signed Charles I's death warrant. Bradshaw, the president, signed first, Thomas Grey was second, and the names of O. Cromwell appears third on the list.

Two warrants were issued for the execution of Charles I. One was given to the headsman and the other to the officer commanding the troops at the Tower. It was the duty of the latter to protect the executioner in carrying out the sentence of the House of Commons which, in this case, constituted the court.

"I can't think how I could have forgotten, Miss—Miss—"

"Incheley, Fanny Incheley," she said softly. "He raised. He had not heard her name at the ball, or if he had heard it only indistinctly, and had no notion who she was. "You are staying at the Castle?" he said, innocently.

"Fanny opened her eyes upon him with innocent wonder. "You mean as a visitor? Oh, no! But—yes, I am in a sense. I am staying with my aunt. She is the housekeeper."

The captain felt rather surprised, and looked it. This refined, fairy-like creature only the niece of an upper servant! His shifty eyes grew more bold. "It must be very pleasant to you," he said, glancing toward the park. Fanny sighed. "Y—e—s," she said, hesitatingly. "It is a very beautiful place, but it is very lonely. There is no one there," she declared, and she added again, "I have only just come from the city and of course it seems lonely to me. I never see anyone with whom I can talk or exchange an idea. But I must complain. I have always the clear brooks and the flowers, and sometimes I come and talk with the stream."

Among the silver glitter of the dental instruments on the table an electric battery buzzed. The surgeon fixed to one of its wires a drill and instantly a burr of steel upon the end of the drill began to revolve with the current's force as fast as a circular saw. He applied the drill to the tooth. With a humming sound it dug its way through the tooth enamel, making it in a moment quite regular and smooth.

The dentist cleaned the tooth thoroughly with hot air blown from a syringe. Then he took up in a forceps a morsel of dental gold. This malleable metal he pounded tight into the cavity and added more and more to it, molding the gold as it grew, till finally the tooth had regained its proper size and shape. It was then filed smooth and polished to a certain brilliancy and the operation was over.

Mixed the Instruments. Pedestrians in a certain provincial city recently were much puzzled by an old woman who was paying a barbed organ. At one of the instrument she had pasted this notice: "Help the Blind."

Beneath this appeared a second appeal: "I am the father of seven motherless children." The old woman wore a pair of blue spectacles, behind which her eyes were completely hidden.

A few streets farther on the mystery of the inscription was cleared up, for there sat an old man turning music out of another organ as displayed as the one whose faint strains could almost be heard from up the street. He, too, wore glasses, and his organ bore this legend: "Help the Blind."

And under it: "I am the mother of seven fatherless children." A man stepped up to him and said: "Look here, my friend, next time you go out you had better get the right label on your organ."

The grinder must have guessed that the error was for pushing the glasses back from his eyes, he peered quickly up and down the street as if looking for a policeman. Seeing none, he leaned over and read the sign. "That's the old woman all over," he muttered, replacing the glasses and turning his instrument to leave. "She's mixed them blooming organs up again."—Tit-Bits.

Not Far Wrong. The story is told of Eliot's translation into the Indian language of the passages from the Bible. The mother of Sisera looked out at the window and cried through the lattice. "Not knowing the Indian word for 'lattice,' he tried to get the Indians to help him out, and described a wicker framework. The Indians thought they recognized its meaning and gave him the word. Afterward Eliot found that he had made the mother of Sisera cry through the ceiling. A similar difficulty in coaxing a definition from the untutored was met by a school teacher.

She was trying to make the children define the word 'bovine.' "It applies to an animal," she said. "Can any one tell me what animal?" There was the silence of confessed ignorance. The teacher began to throw out leading hints. "The animal that gives us meat." Still silence. "And shoes," she added. No light broke on the 30 puzzled countenances. "And the straps that you carry your books in?" "Oh, I know!" cried a young voice, with explosive eagerness. "Well, James, what animal is it?" "Father!"—Youth's Companion.

Origin of the Military Salute. Of military salutes, raising the right hand to the head is generally believed to have originated from the days of the tournament, when the knights filed past the throne of the queen of beauty, and by way of compliment, raised their hands to their brows to imply that their beauty was too dazzling for unshaded eyes to gaze on. The officers salute with the sword has a double meaning. The first position with the hilt opposite the lips is a repetition of the crusaders' action in kissing the cross and fealty, while lowering the point afterward implies either submission or friendship, meaning in either case that is no longer necessary to stand on guard.

How Cruel. Tit-Bits. You think my new dress—isn't exquisite? They all say so. Fannie—Oh, lovely! I think that dressmaker of yours could make a clothes-prop look graceful.

Ramsay's Paints advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman in a long dress and hat, standing in a garden. Text includes 'RAMSAY'S PAINTS', 'THE RIGHT PAINT TO THE RIGHT PLACE', and 'A. RAMSAY & SON, ESTABLISHED PAINT MERCHANTS, MONTREAL, 1842, MARIEN'. Below the illustration is a testimonial: 'have stood the test of summer sun for 30 years. They stand for economy and durability, will not crack, blister or fall away. They preserve your house and keep it beautiful throughout the lifetime of the paint. Being made right, they are easy to work, last longer, look better and at just the right price. Ask your dealer. Write us for "Booklet B," free, showing how some houses are painted with Ramsay's Paints.'

SEEDS! NONE BETTER THAN RENNIE'S—HIGHEST QUALITY. TANKARD CREAM (SUGAR BEET). A Great Cropper—Fine Shaped Root—Easily Harvested. Excellent for feeding to Cattle, Horses, Sheep, Pigs and Poultry. Distinct from any other root in color, shape, size, and quality. 20 Bulbs 25c. 4 Pounds 51.20. RENNIE'S PRIZE SWEDE. The Very Best Purple Top Swede—The result of judicious selection. Flesh sweet and rich. One of the hardiest, most productive and most nutritious varieties in cultivation. 20 Bulbs 25c. 4 Pounds 50c. NEW POTATO—EARLIEST SIX WEEKS. Leads the list in a test of over 35 varieties of earliest potatoes and yielding at the rate of 40 bushels per acre. Unsurpassed in quality by any potato in early stages of growth, or in condition. Cooks dry and mealy. 20 Bushels 70c. BUSHEL \$2.00. Purchaser pays freight charges.

ANY 10 PACKETS 25c. TAKE YOUR CHOICE. BY MAIL POSTPAID. VEGETABLES: Beans, Green Wax, Kidney, Broad, Lima, Peas, Carrots, Turnips, Cabbages, Onions, Potatoes, Apples, Pears, Plums, Peaches, Grapes, Figs, Nuts, etc. FLOWERS: Carnations, Pinks, Geraniums, Petunias, etc. FRUIT: Apples, Peaches, Plums, etc. Also lists various seeds and plants available for purchase.

SOLD BY LEADING MERCHANTS IN SEALED PACKAGES—NEVER IN BULK. OR DIRECT FROM WM. RENNIE, Toronto, JARVIS STS.

The Twinging Pains of Rheumatism and Sciatica, Distressing Headaches and Dizzy Spells, Made Life Wretched—Doctors and Medicines Availed Nothing, but Curo Came with the use of it. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Instead of giving you reasons why Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills should cure you, we prefer to quote from the experience of the cured ones. This case of Mr. Haines was unusually serious because it was of twenty years' standing, and had resisted the efforts of two physicians and all sorts of treatment. It is merely another illustration of how Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills reach the seat of disease and cure when other means fail. Mr. William Haines, farmer, of Thorold Township, near Port Robinson, Welland County, Ont., writes: "I have been subject to severe and distressing headaches since boyhood, and in later life this became complicated with rheumatism and sciatica, an altogether miserable condition. The headaches were accompanied with dizziness and vomiting and I was for days and often weeks unfit for anything. As the trouble advanced I became re-