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A PLATE.  
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and the little deli-  
hands her fingers touched his, and  
almost got entwined with them.

CHAPTER VI.  
That night, Elaine, just before re-  
ting, drew aside the dimity cur-  
tains from her window, and looked  
out over the valley. The moon was  
nearly at its full, and the scene was  
bathed in a flood of mellow light  
which transformed it into a perfect  
Eden. From her window she looked  
down upon the winding stream, the  
green elms and oaks of the park, and  
upon Neirne Castle. A light was  
burning in some of the rooms, in one  
of which she knew was the marquis,  
and she thought of him.

Resolute dreams came to her and in

The bouquet and delicacy that belongs to  
**Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea**  
is evidence to epicures and those who know that the leaves are especially selected and cured.  
Black, Mixed, Ceylon Green. Ask for Red Label.  
FORTY CENTS—SHOULD BE FIFTY

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

"I assure you, Miss Inehley," he stammered, "I never thought of such a thing—I think it is a very beautiful idea. Quite post-ent—and touching. And I do envy the stream it must be very lovely for you at the Castle, especially when the marquis is away. He is here now, isn't he?" he added, looking down.

"Yes, he is at home now; but not for very long I hope."  
"You don't like him?" he said, eager to hear anything against the man he hated.  
"Fanny fixed her grave eyes on him. 'I don't think any one could like, respect, his lordship, Captain Sherwin,'" she said.

"He's right down bad, eh?" suggested the captain.  
"Miss Inehley shook her head, then turned it aside.  
"I am afraid the marquis is a very wicked man, Captain Sherwin."  
"Yes, you're right, I know," he said.

"But I do not see anything of him, of course. I keep out of his way when he is here, and he does not know that such a person exists as my humble self."  
"Quite right," he said, with approval. "And—and you come down here very often, Miss Inehley?"  
"Yes," said Fanny, with charming innocence. "I like this time best, because it is all so still. The birds sing more softly, and it is all so peaceful."  
"So it is," he said. Then he ventured on a step further. She really was a most charming girl, and was evidently smitten by his manifold graces. "I'm fond of this place, too," he said, "and generally come along here in the evening."  
"Yes, I have seen you," said Fanny, with pretty candor.

See the label.  
  
That label is only put on the best paints made—Ramsay's Paints. We make them and guarantee them for value, strength, beauty, durability and economy.  
Send post card mentioning this paper and we'll send our booklet showing how beautiful homes have been painted with our paints.  
A. RAMSAY & SON, Paint makers, MONTREAL, Que., Can.

expecting him every moment, I wonder you did not meet him—if you walked up from the Castle."  
"I walked up, yes," he said.  
"He did not add that he had come to inquire about her health after the scene of yesterday, but as Elaine got rid of the scissors, and began to fold up the man's veiling, said:  
"I'm afraid I've disturbed you. Please don't allow me to do so, or I shall think myself a trespasser."  
"You have not disturbed me in the least," she said with her bright smile. "I was just going to cut out a dress—that was all."  
"A dress?" he said. "It will be a very pretty one. I should think."  
"I hope so," she said. "It's for the ball on the twenty-first."  
"The ball?" he said.

"Yes," said Elaine. "It is the Town Ball, and I enjoy it very much."  
"I shall think about it," he said. "They haven't sent me an invitation." And he smiled.  
"Elaine could scarcely repress her indignation. They didn't care to waste a circular and a stamp, and he went on:  
"It is a long time since I went to a dance."  
"I think you would like this one," said Elaine, for the sake of saying something.  
"I'm afraid not," he responded. "The last ball I was at—it was at St. Peterburg—I trod on a lady's dress. She was one of the maids of honor to the Empress. Her husband is an English baron, and with the laudable intention of putting an end to such an uncomfortable animal called me out and shot me in the shoulder."  
"Elaine looked at him and laughed softly.  
"We are not so savage here," she said. "You can tread upon any number of ladies' dresses with impunity. I should not care to go to such a serious business as that at St. Peterburg. Were you glad that you did not shoot the lady's brother?"

"He smiled grimly.  
"Am I to tell the truth?" he said.  
"Elaine laughed.  
"It's always best to do that," she said.  
"I don't know that," he retorted. "But I'll tell it now—once. I was rather sorry, when I felt the sting of the bullet, that I had—missed him. The lady fell in the city. She was the only one who long. The poor young fellow was going to be married, so that I had my revenge by letting him live."  
"I see," said Elaine. "It was a terrible revenge. He lived, and was unhappy ever afterwards. Is that the end of the story?"  
"Yes," he said. "Scarcely, though. We met two years afterward in Paris and he was good enough to take me by the arm—the arm he had shot—and ask me to dine at the embassy with him."  
(To be Continued.)

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.  
We are permitted to make public the following letter, which is a fair sample of hundreds written by mothers throughout Canada praising Baby's Own Tablets.  
Dunbar, Ont., March 18, 1903.  
Several weeks ago my baby was very cross and ill owing to troubles common to children when teething. My doctor advised me to give Baby's Own Tablets, saying she would use no other medicine for her baby. I sent for a box, used them according to directions and must say I have found them to be the best medicine for a teething child I have ever tried. One Tablet every other day keeps my baby well and I am sure of my rest at night. I echo the words of my friend and say "they are just splendid."  
Mrs. Charles Willard.  
Baby's Own Tablets will cure all the minor ailments of children, and will be found to be the best medicine for a new-born baby. These Tablets are the only medicine for children sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug, and will be found to be the best medicine for a new-born baby. These Tablets are the only medicine for children sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug, and will be found to be the best medicine for a new-born baby.

"The United States Are."  
Harpur's Weekly.  
It seems to be practically impossible to convince some persons of what ought to be self-evident, namely, that the text of the Constitution of the United States cannot be altered or amended in the slightest particular except by the machinery for amendment expressly provided in the text of the document itself.

Nowadays the tendency seems to be to cut down the time of mourning to a few days, or even to a few days. "Life is too short to go into mourning," is the cry, and consequently the dead are put out of sight, and as quickly as possible out of mind also. Even a father or mother if residing in another city is not entitled to the usual compliment of black, since people are not supposed to know of the demise. Under these circumstances the daughter says mentally or audibly, as the case may be, "What is the use of calling attention to the fact by putting on black and foregoing the pleasures of social life for six months at least? It does not do any good and why should I stay in the house and lose all the pleasant entertainments on the programme? It's such a nuisance to go into mourning." This perhaps sounds incredible, yet one hears of just such remarks frequently. There seems to be a dread of losing the least bit of gaiety, a fear of dropping out of the social festivities for even a short time, a feeling that life is too short for sorrow. Possibly this is a fortunate and a cheerful view, though a selfish and rather heartless one. It makes one recall poor Rip Van Winkle's plaint: "Are we then so soon forgotten when we are gone?"

Great Discovery.  
Harold-Well, Percy, do you find gasoline a good remedy for chapped hands?  
Percy: Splendid! Not only did it cure the chaps, but every one in the ballroom detected the smell and thought I owned an automobile.  
Chicago News.

"A Free Sample Packet" of Delicious "SALADA" Ceylon Tea (Black, Mixed or Natural Green) will be sent to any person filling in this coupon and sending it to us with a 2-cent stamp for postage.  
Write Plainly and mention Black, Mixed or Natural Green.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Address "SALADA" TBA CO., Toronto.

Our Specialty  
**FROST Ornamental Gates**  
Light in weight  
Artistic in design  
Reasonable in price  
Just the thing to be used with your new Ornamental Lawn Fence.  
The Frost Wire Fence Co. Ltd.  
Welland, Ont.  
Winnipeg, Man.

THE HOLD-UP  
MAN'S EYES.  
(New York Sun.)

"Occasionally you read accounts of how two or three especially daring men have held up a crowd of armed men in a gambling house, or some other place where those persons might be supposed to be capable of taking care of themselves," said the extolling man. "Most persons think that the crowd held up are lacking in courage."  
"I was once in such a mix-up, so of course I never was very enthusiastic about this view. But I have understood the real reason for the success of such hold-up parties until I stood before the picture of a man in a mask which hangs in one of the art galleries of the Vatican at Rome."  
"Some years ago my business took me into one of the typical western boom towns. I was in a gambling room there one night when I heard a sharp command from the doorway:  
"Hands up!"  
"Standing in the door were two masked men and both had revolvers in each hand and were covering the crowd. At that time I would have sworn that both of the hold-up men had poked me out and were looking straight at me, as well as pointing their guns my way. After the guide explained the Vatican picture to me I felt doubtful about this. But the explanation came a long time later. At the particular moment of the hold-up I didn't have the least doubt that I was covered."  
"The robbers got what they wanted and escaped. I was surprised at the way the crowd had acted. They certainly were all well armed and used to quick action with their weapons."  
"When the excited discussion which followed the affair had subsided, I put the statements of a number of silenced down every man in that crowd made the same statement—he had been looking for a chance to draw his gun, but the masked man in the doorway had been looking directly into his eyes and in such circumstances a move suggestive of gun play would have been practical suicide."  
"Well, it was plain that the man who looked directly into his eyes and in such circumstances a move suggestive of gun play would have been practical suicide."  
"Well, it was plain that the man who looked directly into his eyes and in such circumstances a move suggestive of gun play would have been practical suicide."

When a man is putting on mourning he does it for six months at least, actuated by the feeling that respect and inclination decree the change of garb, not mere compliance with a half-obsolete regulation. If the social life is really very deep the clothing will not be too conspicuous, the evidence of "fashionable mourning" will be absent.

To Fool Mary Ann.  
Philadelphia Press.  
Dealer—These are the most beautiful cut-glass tumblers we have: \$48 a dozen.  
Mrs. Housekeep—'I'll take them. But I want you to label them "Seconds. Imitation cut glass, \$1.50 a dozen."  
Dealer—That's rather a remarkable request.  
Mrs. Housekeep—Yes, it's merely to deceive the servant girl.

RAW EGGS.  
Making Them Palatable for an Invalid—Simple Egg Nog.  
When raw eggs are ordered for an invalid to whom they are objectionable, make as palatable as possible by having the egg as cold as one can make it, and then serve it from a cold glass as soon as it is opened, writes a physician's wife in "What to Eat." Of course it is useless to serve any save perfectly fresh eggs.  
If the white alone is to be taken it should be beaten with a whisk until very stiff and frothy, then seasoned with salt or sugar, whichever is preferred, and eaten with a spoon. This can be flavoured with a few drops of brandy if the patient likes the taste.  
Some who object to an egg beaten in a glass of milk sweetened and flavoured, can take the egg at all and flavoured with a spoonful of brandy is palatable and nutritious for an invalid or anyone whose health is slightly impaired. A good "pick-me-up" is needed in every family from time to time, and every one understands that it is far better to spend a little time and trouble in this way rather than to resort to stimulants of any kind. If the white is to be taken, the cup filled with coffee, should be given to one with a jaded appetite for breakfast. Stir the egg rapidly while pouring the coffee over, to prevent the curdling. Cream or milk and sugar should then be added as usual.

THE SPRING FEELING.  
Weariness, Lassitude and a Desire to Avoid Exertion.  
There are few people who have not experienced what is aptly termed the spring feeling. Languor and weariness, loss of appetite, touches of indigestion, pimples and irritation of the skin. They all come with the spring. All these ills are banished by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They enrich the blood, brace up the nerves and charm away all spring weariness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best tonic medicine in the world. They make new, rich, red blood, strengthen men and women and make the roses of health bloom on pallid cheeks. Here is proof: Miss Catherine Johnston, Gardner Mills, N. B., says: "I was very much run down, and so weak that I would frequently have to lie down. My appetite was poor and food distasteful. I often suffered from headaches, and the least exertion left me completely exhausted. I used a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and since then I have felt like a new person. I do not know of any medicine equal to these pills."  
In this climate a tonic is an absolute necessity in spring, and health will be gained and money saved by using only Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Don't take a substitute or something else said to be "just as good." If in doubt send to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed postpaid at 50 cents per box or six boxes for \$2.50.

You Have Sung Them.  
Miss Fannie Crosby, the blind hymn and song writer, on Tuesday celebrated her 84th birthday at her home in Bridgeport, Conn. Miss Crosby became blind in her infancy owing to improper treatment while suffering from fever. When she was 15 years old she entered the New York Institution for the blind. She was so apt in her studies that she subsequently received an appointment as teacher of rhetoric, English grammar, Greek, American, English and Roman history in the institution. While still a teacher she composed songs, which were set to music by Geo. F. Root, of New York. Among them are "Rosalia, the Prairie Flower," "Hazel Dell," "Good-by, Proud World, I'm Going Home," "The Honeycomb Glen," and "There's Music in the Air." In 1864 she took up hymn-writing and since that time has written nearly 2,000 of them, notable among which is "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." Her favorite hymn, she says, is "Rescue the Perishing."  
A Natural Ambition.  
Exchange.  
Clergyman (patronizingly)—Well, my little man, what would you like to be when you grow up?  
Johnny—A clergyman, sir?  
Clergyman—Now, tell me why you would like to be a clergyman, my boy.  
Johnny (unabashed)—Because, sir, all the ladies would make a fuss over me, and get out all the best things to eat which I came to see them.

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