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A lot of people think we're too careful in putting up Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea. We can't be too careful when we're retaining the original flavor and aroma of the best withered tea in Ceylon. 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

CHAPTER VII. In his astonishment his eyes left the retreating form of the marquis, and settled on the lovely face of Elaine, and then he stopped short, and a startled, half-conscious look came into and then pale. And his eyes drooping suddenly before he turned out, unconscious ones, he turned and went into the house.

CHAPTER VIII. As Elaine stands and looks down at Nairne Castle, and thinks of the strange, half-smiled expression with which the major has walked off, a cloud, a doubt, a presentiment falls upon her spirit, and causes her eyes to grow grave and thoughtful. Both she and her father were puzzled to understand the meaning of the invitation extended by the marquis. To them there was something odd, inexplicable about it.

CHAPTER IX. It was with a commingling of dread and pleasure that Elaine set out with the major the next afternoon. The major was well dressed as usual, and his step was as if anything were jaunty and juvenile. Elaine was very quiet. She wore one of her plainest gowns, and had on her rather suburban garden hat, but her father, as he glanced at her now and again, felt a paternal pride that, plain though the gown might be, and well-worn though the hat was, his daughter looked a lady.

CHAPTER X. As they approached the bridge Elaine saw that a couple of workmen were erecting a rustic gate. She blushed as the farmer stopped and, leaning on his stick, said, as the men touched his hats: "Well, what are you doing here, my men?"

CHAPTER XI. Beautiful place," remarked the major, looking round him as they passed up the serpentine walk with that air of approval and patronage which was habitual to him. "and which was charmingly kept. It must cost a small fortune to maintain a place like this and the marquis has several like it. I'm told that Glengowrie—that's the Scotch place, is a perfect specimen of—of—I think they call it Norman architecture, and is as large as a town; and there's the west in Berkshire, where the famous Nairne estate, and the house in Park Lane—a man need be a millionaire to keep them all going. Ah! he drew a half breath as they came suddenly to a halt in the face of the small house. "Splendid!" exclaimed he, and he swept his hand—the major could do wonders with the small Elaine hand. "Now, they'd call that a palace in Germany, or—or—any of the small countries abroad. A palace! And it costs too by god, and all belonging to one man. Ah, it's singular, when one thinks of it, that the marquis has never married."

CHAPTER XII. And as he made the remark he glanced out at the beautiful, thoughtful face beside him. But Elaine scarcely heard him. She, too, was aroused to admiration by the noble place. They ascended the big hall doors were wide open, and the sun streamed in to the great hall, which would have looked sombre with its time-blackened oak, and stands of armor, but for the great splashes of color, which the stained windows threw on the mosaic floor, and dark brown walls. Two footmen in livery came for-

RAMSAY'S THE RIGHT PAINT. TO PAINT RIGHT. If our name is'at on it, you'll have trouble with it. Ramsay's Paints, paint most and paint best. Ready for use and price just right. Write us, mentioning this paper, for booklet showing how to use our beautiful hems are painted with our paints. A. RAMSAY & SON, Paint makers, MONTREAL.

"Quite," she said. "But it is very beautiful. Is it hollow?" "Not quite," he replied, evidently pleased by her interest. "There is a secret attached to it, a secret which I think I alone know. See here—"

He took it, but paused a moment as a footman crossed the hall with a salver of tea things, and ascended the stairs. "You would not guess that there is not in it the piece a more deadly weapon than this harmless looking piece of jeweled wood. Not even that battle-axe and he nodded, to a stand of ancient arms on his left.

Elaine glanced in the direction, and as her eyes were returning to his face she saw something more across the open space of a portiere behind him. She caught sight of a woman's dress, but not her face, and neither then nor afterward, in the time when every incident of that afternoon stood out vividly, thought anything of it. It was she had passed swiftly across the opening, and was hidden by the thick plush curtains.

"Then look!" he said, and raising his aloft he shot from it a blade of steel which glowed in the colored rays of a stained window. Elaine shrank back slightly. He smiled, and handed it to her. "Take care," he said. "It is as sharp as a razor. There is a history attached to the portrait of a handsome woman, with dark, flashing eyes—slew her rival with it, outside there on the terrace. They would have killed her, but—well, you see there was no evidence, no weapon found, for who would suspect anything deadly in this harmless-looking article. It was the only thing found upon her. She crossed on her death-bed, and the secret of the spring has been handed down from Nairne to Nairne. I will show it to you. Elaine colored and then turned pale.

"—should you?" she faltered, possessed by a reluctance, a shrinking which seemed altogether too great for the occasion. "Why not?" he said. "There is no danger. We don't stab our rivals in that way nowadays, Miss Elaine. If we stab at all we do it in the long ago, and he who is killed there is no secret and which is common to all—the tongue. Let me show you the secret of the Nairne dagger. Do you see that rose? It is pretty gemmed, isn't it? And—"

BEST FOR TIRED MOTHERS. How many babes wake up just about the mother's waking and feed her baby for a good part of the night. The mother may not see anything apparently the matter with the child, but she may depend upon it, unless she has a remedy, that the baby is suffering in some way. It is always expecting it to come down with a run. Heaven knows how long it has been there, a home for the spiders and the dust. One of my ancestors—Rupert Nairne—found it wrapped round his dead body on the battlefield. You can see the hole the sword cut through the flag to his heart. It scarcely looks worth fighting for now, does it?" and he smiled. "Men did that kind of thing in those days."

"And do still," said Elaine, in a low voice, and with a touch of color on her face at her temerity. He looked at her. "Yes, but no Nairnes!" he said, and for a second a cloud seemed to sweep over his handsome face. "That is Rupert's suit of armor. It is a pity that the enemy's sword should have found a crevice. Those others were worn by his forefathers. That black suit was Harold the Norman's. He was not the only black Nairne, and they had crossed the hall while he had been speaking, and the major paused before an air-tight cabinet with thick glass doors, behind which was arranged a collection of objects of quaint and curious character. —fans, scabbards, and a key from his pocket and unlocked the doors, and handed a fan to Elaine.

"The fan carried by Queen Elizabeth I. over the head of one of her privy councillors. Here is the gauntlet Walter Nairne hung in the face of the Duke of Brezgan, of course, and was in the wrong, the Nairnes always are and were."

"And what is this?" asked the major, taking up an oblong article about six inches in length by an inch in thickness. It was a scabbard with jeweled ends, and appeared to be solely for ornament. "Can you guess what it is?" said the marquis, putting it in Elaine's hand. She turned it over and shook her head smiling. "I do not think you would if you tried for a week," he said, "it looks very harmless, doesn't it?"

IN THE SPRING.

Nature Teaches a Lesson That Tired Exhausted Men and Women Should Follow.

The spring is the season when nature prepares for summer. All the trees and plants are filled with new sap to build and brace them up to withstand the coming hot season without new sap in the spring a plant would wither and die beneath the midsummer sun. It is the same with men and women. All physicians are agreed that everybody in the fresh spring of new blood in the spring. Without the new blood you would be as helpless in the summer as a tree without new sap.

What you need at this season is a tonic to give you new blood, and the very best tonic medical science has discovered is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every pill makes new, rich, red blood, braces the nerves and increases all weakness, leanness, back-ache, indigestion, loss of appetite, skin eruptions and other troubles so common in spring. This is an established fact, proved by thousands in every part of the world.

Miss M. Tuckey, Odessa, Ont., says: "I do not know what would have become of me had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My blood seemed to have dried up, and I was troubled with dizzy spells, headaches and nervous prostration. I got so weak that I could hardly go about, and notwithstanding that I was constantly doctoring myself, I got no relief. I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They completely cured me and have given me back all my old-time health and strength."

What these pills have done for Miss Tuckey a thousand others they will do for you. They will make you bright, vigorous and strong. Don't take a substitute nor any of the "just as good" medicines which some dealers push because of a larger profit. See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is found on the wrapper around every bottle, and the name of the Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. The pills will be mailed at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.70.

Elaine could scarcely repress an exclamation of delighted wonder. The long stretch of golden oak, broken at every foot or two by some noble picture, the antique tapestry which lined the lower part of the walls, and the paneled roof embossed with the rich, subdued light from the diamond windows, made a picture of the most impressive kind. The major stared around in silent admiration, but did not appear to notice the effect the place had produced on them, but led Elaine up to the organ at the end of the gallery at which Lady Zant's was seated in an attitude of attention. "Laird," said the marquis, "here is Miss Elaine, the lady who has so graciously honored us with a visit this afternoon."

A GOOD WORK. Distribution of Choice Seeds for Testing Throughout Ontario. The members of the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union are pleased to state that for 1903 they are prepared to distribute into every township of Ontario material for experiments with fodder crops, roots, grains, grasses, clovers and fertilizers. Upwards of 1,400 varieties of farm crops and several varieties of experimental department of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, for at least five years in succession. This consists of nearly a hundred new trials, and several hundred new seed, some of which have done exceedingly well in the carefully conducted experiments at the college, and are now being distributed free of charge, to co-operative experimenters throughout Ontario. The following is the list of co-operative experiments for 1903:

- No. Experiments. Plots. 1-Testing three varieties of oats..... 3 2-Testing three varieties of six-rowed barley..... 3 3-Testing two varieties of Hulseless barley..... 2 4-Testing Emma's spring wheat..... 3 5-Testing two varieties of buck-wheat..... 2 6-Testing two varieties of field peas for Northern Ontario..... 2 7-Testing two varieties of buck-wheat for field peas..... 2 8-Testing cow peas and two varieties of Soy, Soja, or Japanese beans..... 3 9-Testing three varieties of hanking corn..... 3 10-Testing three varieties of mangolds..... 3 11-Testing two varieties of sugar beets for feeding purposes..... 2 12-Testing three varieties of Swedish turnips..... 3 14-Testing parsnips and two varieties of carrots..... 3 15-Testing three varieties of fodder or silage corn..... 3 16-Testing three varieties of millet..... 3 17-Testing three varieties of sorghum..... 3 18-Testing grass peas and two varieties of vetches..... 3 19-Testing two varieties of rape..... 2 20-Testing three varieties of clover..... 3 21-Testing sainfoin, Lucerne and burnt..... 3 22-Testing five varieties of grasses..... 5 23-Testing three varieties of field beans..... 3 24-Testing sweet corn..... 3 25-Testing fertilizers with corn..... 3 26-Testing fertilizers with Swedish turnips..... 3 27-Growing potatoes on the level and in hills..... 2 28-Testing two varieties of potatoes..... 2

29-Planting out potatoes which have and which have not been coated over with land plaster..... 2 30-Planting corn in rows and in squares (an excellent variety of early corn will be used)..... 2 The size of each plot in each of the first twenty-six experiments is to be two rods long by one rod wide; and in No. 30, four rods square—one-tenth of an acre. Each person in Ontario who wishes to join in the work may choose any one of the experiments for 1903, and apply for the same. The material will be furnished in the order long as the applications are received until the supply is exhausted. It might be well for each applicant to make a second choice, for fear the first could not be granted. All material will be furnished entirely free of charge to each applicant, and of course, become the property of the person who conducts the experiment. C. A. Zantz, Director, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, March 23, 1903.

A BED-TIME STORY.

As far as Tommy was concerned he could have given his answer right away as well as in the fall. He had thought that in the order long and his young brain was full of plans for carrying farming on new and up-to-date plans. There was a good deal of nonsense in these day-dreams of his, but, after all, there was something sound about them also. Tommy's uncle was a good man, a very good man, indeed, but all the work he did, he did in the most slaving hard work, but because he was afraid to do it the easy way for fear it wouldn't turn out right. He subscribed to all the best farming papers, and read them from cover to cover, advertisements and all, but he never profited by his reading. He never tried a new plan, never tried a new machine, never changed his mind a little bit.

On the other hand, Tommy read the papers, got his uncle to buy him the books he saw advertised, and was eager to try the new plans he saw. He had got half through the article he was reading. Poor John Murray was bringing down trouble on his own head. He bought every book Tommy asked for on the principle that it was far better for Tommy to spend his time reading than in picking up bad habits. But if Tommy hadn't read so much he wouldn't have been so anxious to be a farmer. He got it into his head that the farmer was a nobleman.

Tommy was of the new school and believed that the farm was the place for the brightest boy, while his uncle was of the old school, and thought the bright boys should be lawyers, ministers or doctors, and the dull boys, who were not fit for anything else, were good enough for the farm. If Tommy had been his uncle's boy, he would have spoiled Murray's son, if Tommy would have been obliged to do his father's bidding. In justice to Tommy, I say that he would have obeyed his uncle, if his uncle had had him go to college. In justice to the uncle, I'll say, he did not do the bidding. They were both of the Scottish race. To Tommy the uncle was chief of the clan. To the uncle Tommy was his brother's son—his equal, not his servant.

It therefore became the uncle's duty to convince Tommy that farming was a dreary life, and unfit for any but the most dull and stupid. On the other hand, Tommy felt it his duty to convince his uncle that his bright, clever, willing worker was worth a half dozen ordinary farm hands. But, as I said before, they were both Scotch, and therefore most dreadfully hard to convince. I do not care to dwell too much on the uncle's side of the story, for, in fact, he was wrong, anyway. I prefer Tommy's side, for it is the bright side. So to-day I'll tell you a little about Tommy.

Farmers lie abed very late Sunday mornings in the summer. Why, some till half-past six! (Other mornings they get up at a quarter to five.) Tommy wasn't great as an early riser. I never saw a healthy boy yet. Tommy woke up all of his own accord at the week-day time. Up he got, dressed quietly and slipped on his slippers. He was ready for milking as soon as she should get up. When Tommy got the cows home there was still no one up. He would go on with the milking anyway. Two of the cows were milked and no one up yet. Tommy chuckled to himself and milked his very fastest. It appeared to

him just then that the most desirable thing in the world was to be permitted to get all the cows milked before his aunt got up. And he carried all the milk down to the milk cellar and still no one up. He washed himself. No one up yet. He built a fire in the cookstove in the summer kitchen and put on the tea-kettle. Then he chuckled some more, and slipped off his boots and nestled in their accustomed place and hustled upstairs again. He threw himself on the bed to await the discovery. In a few minutes there was a great hustle downstairs, and Auntie's voice was heard in the stairway: "Tommy! Tommy! Hurry up and get the cows. It's dreadful late!"

Tommy heard, but didn't answer. It wasn't usual for him to hear the first call, so he said. When the call came the second time he drew out a sleepy "Ye-es," as near the correct thing as he could get. He bounded out on the floor. Auntie rushed about, opening doors, to air the place. Down came Tommy. "That's the boy," said his aunt. "I like to see a boy who can handle these cows. Still, you haven't been a minute dressing."

Neither he had! Tommy put on his shoes while his aunt went to the woodshed to get a good fire on. "Jim up?" she said, returning. "Is Jim up?" Jim was one of the hired men. "I didn't hear him getting up," said Tommy. "Tom, run along and get the cows," said his aunt. "Why, they're just in the lane."

DENMARK'S AGED RULER.

King's Children Have Married Into Most of Reigning Dynasties. King Christian IX. of Denmark celebrated his 85th birthday on Wednesday. His father was the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, and that was his own title up to 1852, when he was accepted by the great Powers at the London conference as the heir-apparent to the Danish throne. On the death of Frederick VII. in 1863 he became King, so that he will be able to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of his accession to the throne next November. Preparations for a solemn observance of that event are already in progress in Denmark.

One of the principal reasons for the great interest taken in King Christian all over Europe is his relationship through the marriages of his children to the principal reigning dynasties. While there are two European sovereigns, the Pope and Duke Adolph of Luxembourg, who are senators, and not less than seven, among them being his own son, King George I. of Greece, who has reigned longer, there is no monarch who can boast of a larger progeny. At the present time King Christian's family consists of six children, thirty-two grandchildren and twenty-seven great-grandchildren.

The King's eldest son, Crown Prince Frederick, is married to a Princess of Sweden, the oldest daughter of the late King Charles XV. One of his daughters is the Dowager Empress of Russia, the mother of the present Czar. His other daughter is Queen Alexandra of England. His second son, the King of Greece, is married to a cousin of the Czar, and his third daughter, Princess Thyra, is the Duchess of Cumberland. His youngest son's wife is Princess Marie of Bourbon-Orleans, a daughter of the Duke of Chartres, who served as an aide-camp to Gen. McClellan in the Antietam campaign. Of King Christian's grandsons one has married Princess Maud of England, youngest daughter of King Edward VII., while another, the Crown Prince of Greece, has one, the Crown Princess of Greece, who is the sister of Kaiser Wilhelm II. The King's wife, Queen Louise, died in 1898.

Submerged Diagnosis.

"I don't know whether it is rheumatism or humblity, but I can hardly get around this morning," groaned the man. "I think you have too much lead in your keel," retorted her fair companion, gaily. "It only goes to show how, almost unconsciously, a reasonable vernacular instinctive itself into our daily conversation.—New York Marine Journal."

Before and After Taking.

One of my friends, when a baby, liked pickles. His mother opened a jar one day and he ate an entire one. He got sick. A friend of his mother, who came in the next day, said: "How did you like your pickles?" and he replied: "I liked them when they went down but I didn't when they came up."—Little Chronicle.

Coughs, Colds and Asthma

As Well as Croup, Bronchitis and Whooping Cough are Quickly Cured by

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

The virtue of this great prescription of Dr. Chase is so well known in Canadian homes that it seems useless to do more than remind you that it has a larger sale and is curing more people than ever before. Mrs. J. W. Lloyds, Albion street, Belleville, Ont., states: "In the beginning of last winter I took a very severe cold, accompanied with a bad cough, and was almost laid up for a time. I tried several remedies, but with indifferent results. On the advice of a friend I got a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and found speedy relief." Do not be satisfied with imitations or substitutes. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase is on every bottle of the genuine. 25 cents a bottle, family size (three times as much) 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Toronto, street, Montreal, N. B., and whose