

KE DISPUTES.

Strike Industry

any further negotiations... a dangerous fac-

Workers Go Out... the Bridge Structural

like affects about 120 men... Ontario Industry and

Building Trades... the carpenters and

Contractors' Resolution... having contractors have

Members are Leaving Town... no negotiations are pending

Tramway Union... the trouble between the

Refused to Disband... in Robes and Sandals

A Riot in Paris... May 11.—The prosecution

There are several ways of adulterating... These an inferior brand mixed in is the usual way.

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

is a uniform tea of a special age growth. We value your continued orders too much to adulterate in any way.

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 REVENGE

Mr. Lulwood shakes hands with anybody, everybody, as he makes the tour of the room, and to one and all offers the same remark.

"Fine evening very fine; we shall have the wet presently." Then he laughs, shakes his head, as if in appreciation of a capital joke, and passes on.

A few minutes afterward the Banisters make their appearance. The baronet is tall and thin, with a square, wooden face, and a lack-lustre eye; he was in Parliament for a few years, and is supposed by the Banisters to be a great statesman, and certain of the premiership, if he cared for it; and the baronet, who is quite convinced they are right, carries himself like a man weighed down by State secrets. He doesn't shake hands with anyone unless he is obliged, and even now to most persons he vouchsafes only a couple of fingers.

Lady Banister is a small woman with a hook nose which has never been seen in public without a huge pair of pince-nez, through which she surveys the world at large as if it were a museum of curiosities into which she had wandered by accident, and very much to her surprise.

There is a son—the future baronet, a tall, not so lanky, youth who seems to have outgrown his mother, and wears an eyeglass, which bothers him a great deal, but without which he is utterly and hopelessly helpless, as he is the heir and the only son, he is supposed to be a great match, and his appearance causes a flutter in the bosom of some of the young ladies.

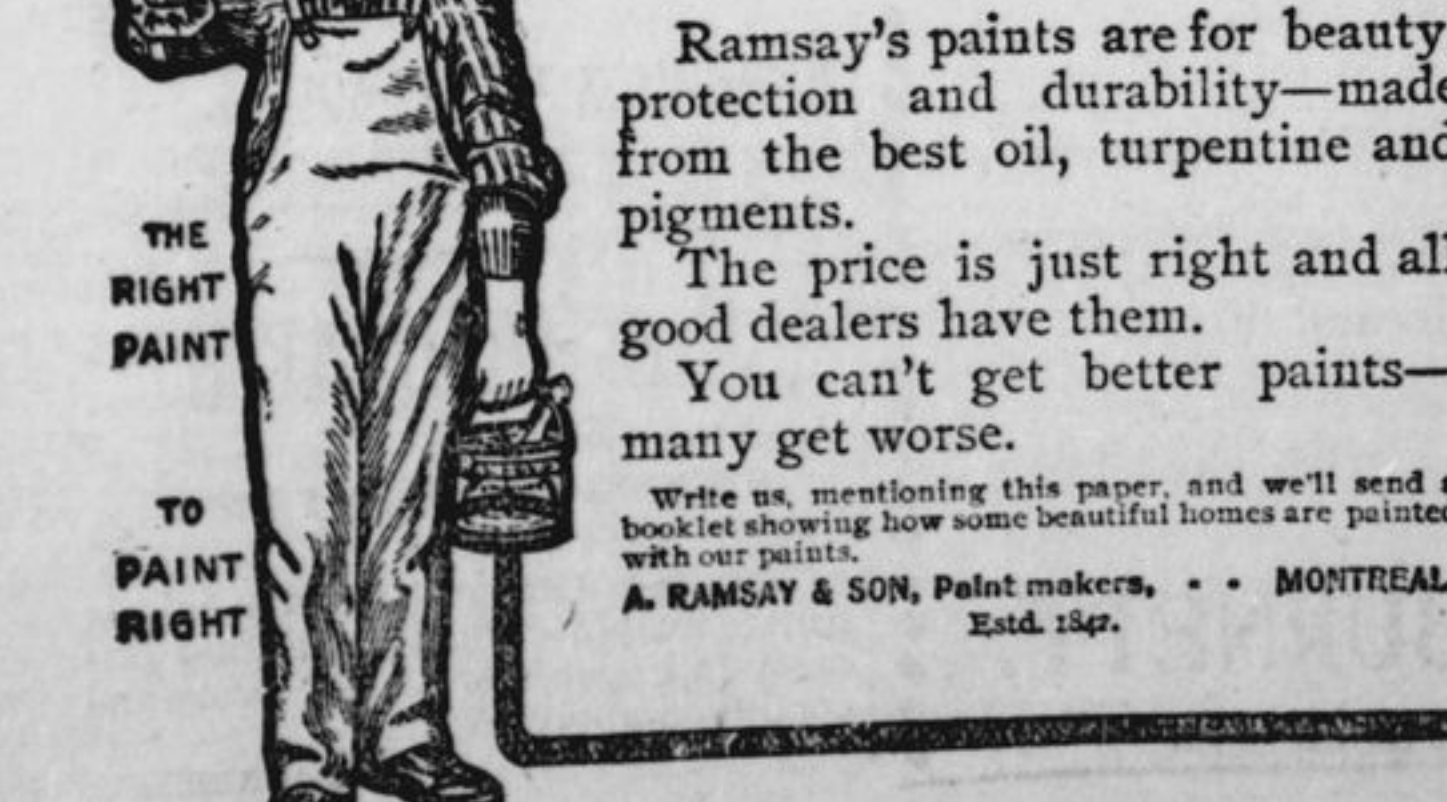
There are also two girls, alas! not pretty, thin, scraggy girls with sharp shoulders and faces only a little less wooden than the baronet's. Under any circumstances the entrance of these notabilities would create a stir of excitement, but to-night the excitement is increased by the addition to their party of two young men from London; two young men in dress clothes of the newest cut, with gloves and faultless fit, and the Banister youths to glance distrustfully at their own gloves which seemed all right until these exquisites entered; with patent-leather pumps of the minutest description, and with crush hats which strike despair to the hearts of the provincials. But the excitement and curiosity reach a climax when it is observed that a young lady is leaning on the arm of Mr. Algernon, the baronet's son, and the town clerk, who acts as a kind of usher on these occasions, calls out with due solemnity:

"Lady Delaine Delaine!" At the sound of the name there is a little buzz of surprise and curiosity. Everybody in the room knows Miss Elaine Delaine, and not a few love her—but who is this?

Lady Delaine is tall and fair; she will be the son's outgrown his mother, and wears an eyeglass, which bothers him a great deal, but without which he is utterly and hopelessly helpless, as he is the heir and the only son, he is supposed to be a great match, and his appearance causes a flutter in the bosom of some of the young ladies.

Her face is a good oval, her complexion would warrant her in giving a testimonial to an advertising soap maker, and her features are delicately and clearly cut. If there is a fault to be found it is that the eyes of palest blue are a trifle too cold and pale as she stands looking round with a smile on the small shapely lips which is meant to be approving and encouraging. The eyes do not smile, but seem to be, and are, taking in all the points of the scene.

"Lady Delaine Delaine—Delaine?" she says to a conferee. "Why, that must be the earl's daughter, Miss Elaine's cousin? Didn't know she was down here. I wonder whether the major knows it? What with her ladyship



Ramsay's paints are for beauty, protection and durability—made from the best oil, turpentine and pigments. The price is just right and all good dealers have them. You can't get better paints—many get worse.

THE POOR DYSPETIC

Is the Most Miserable of Mortals—Only Similar Sufferers Can Understand His Hours of Agony.

There is no mortal more miserable than the poor dyspeptic. He is never healthy, never happy—always ailing, always out of sorts. Every mouthful of food brings hours of distressed and agonizing pain.

If you are a dyspeptic, you know the signs; the coated tongue, the dull headache, the heartburn, the biliousness, the peristaltic torment after meals, the hopeless despondency. Any one of these signs points to indigestion. The one sure cure for indigestion is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Who? Why, Lady Delaine, Lord Delaine's daughter, your cousin, dear." Elaine looked rather surprised. "My cousin? Yes, I think there is a Lady Delaine, but I have never seen her. And she is here?"

"Yes—there, look now! That fair girl in the low—the very low dress. And you didn't know she was here? She is so tremendously handsome. I thought her just perfect until you came in, but now! What is it you do, dear, to make everything so mysterious? Oh, do go away for a minute, Mr. Markley!" she broke off in despair to a young fellow who had come upon them hoping to steal a moment's chance to say a word to her, perhaps, and there a dance just beginning!

"Well, has he come?" said Elaine, who was smiling and shook her head, but not a word. "No—not yet. But he may; and—oh, Elaine, dear, don't forget! You have to be awfully artful for the night."

"My dance, I think and hope, Miss Delaine," said the man who had been looking long enough to secure Elaine for her first dance.

"What is it, a quadrille? Oh, perhaps I can be vis-a-vis I'll see, I envy you!" she said to the young fellow almost fiercely. "I'd rather dance with her than with any man in the room."

"I was unsuccessfull in her effort to be placed vis-a-vis, and the persons who took their positions opposite Elaine and Mr. Banister."

Lady Delaine looked across at Elaine with a smile that meant to be sweet, and, as they approached near enough to speak, she said to Elaine: "I am glad to meet you!"

"I've never seen her," said Lady Delaine, with an indifference which finely draws the line just this side of contempt. "She is rather a pretty girl, isn't she?"

"Yes, I suppose so," assents the youth, reluctantly. If he has learned little else he has learned the value of knowledge that it is unwise to praise one woman to another.

"I am so glad to meet you," she said. "We only came to the Banisters' two days ago, and I had a bad headache yesterday, or I should have called. Is Major Delaine quite well?"

"Here is papa to answer for himself," said Elaine, as the major came up at that moment. Lady Delaine extended her hand to him with a gracious smile.

"I was just saying to you how strange you are, I have never met a major," she said, and in an undertone she added, with a charming air of frankness, "How pretty she is!"

The major bowed and smiled and puffed out his spotted shirt front. "Delighted to see you here, my dear Delaine. The Earl is well, I hope? You are staying with the Banisters?"

"The major bridled and patted his steward's badge complacently. "I'm very glad to see you very kind, indeed. 'You'll be able to find our modest cottage? Anybody will direct you to it. Eh?' as some one touched him on the shoulder, he turned to attend to duty! And away he went."

Elaine's partner had led her out of the crowd, and they stood against the wall, looking on at the line of promenaders. Presently Captain Sherwin passed with a girl whom Elaine did not recognize for a moment; then she looked after them she saw that it was Fanny Incherly, Fanny was dressed very quietly, but very effectively. In black lace, which relieved while it accentuated her pale face and red hair, Captain Sherwin just glanced at her, but he made no sign of recognition.

When the King is Guest

These Entertaining Royalty Must Have Big Bank Rolls—Nothing But the Best in the Land Should be Set Before Him

(London Answers.) The unfortunate illness of the King, which caused the visit to Chatsworth to be postponed, brings to mind the enormous cost which has to be borne by entertainers of royalty.

A week-end visit from King Edward, if he were on your visiting list, would cost you just about £5,000, exclusive of special entertainments. That is the regular average cost of a three-days' visit, and the King of England is the least costly royal visitor to entertain. This is because of his personal tact and consideration, for he does not care to put a friend and subject to too great expense. Foreign sovereigns, on the other hand, are more expensive. The recent visit that the Kaiser paid to Lord Lansdale, lasting a week, cost something like £35,000.

To begin with, you must not invite the King. He is supposed in theory to be able to take or leave whatever he chooses. All that even the most powerful and friendly peer can do is to hint at the delight he would have in entertaining his sovereign, and later, the King announces his intention of staying with his subject for a day or two—which he never does.

The first necessity of the host is to practically refurnish the rooms the King will use, for it is an unwritten law that what the King uses shall be new. Every inch of wall paper and paint and gilding must be altered and renewed and an order given to a big firm of furnisiers—generally Messrs. G. & Co. of London—to refurnish at once in their very best style. This will cost from £2,000 to £3,000. Very often the whole house is redecorated, but in any case the royal suite is furnished with the best of everything. The King's staff of servants, from chief butler to kitchen maids and stable boys, have to have new liveries, which are not to be worn till the time of the King's arrival. And this means anything from £200 to £500. Only a famous chef can be given charge of the kitchen, and the usual cook gives place to a French "artist," whose salary is £200 to £300 a week. Usually the chief carriage that meets the King has to be a new one, and costs £200 at least.

Generally the country house is some way from a telegraph office, and a special telegraph wire must be laid at once from the nearest one, and in the house an instrument is fitted up. This usually costs from £100 to £200, and cannot be dispensed with. It is important that the King may be in instant touch with any important event, such as the death of a foreign monarch or any big affair, for a royal signal in such a case is not served with Indian tea, but with the China kind. Tea, by the way, is the first necessity in each day, and the host is instructed to have a service of it taken to the King's bedchamber at 8 a.m.

Breakfast must be ready to the minute at 9 and served in the King's private room. King Knollys instructs the host that King Edward is not allowed bread, but to keep his diet down, must eat rusks instead. The King breakfasts by himself, and most of the morning is taken up with state business. When that is finished His Majesty joins the house party.

A list of the royal guests by the way, has to be submitted to the King before he comes, for his approval. In fact, he suggests himself the number that shall be asked, and some of the names. If you are asked to entertain the King, it is equal to an announcement that the King wants to see you, and it is just as urgent that you should go as it would be if you were commanded to Windsor.

Amusement Must be Provided. Besides this the host must send the King a list of the amusements he is preparing for him beforehand.

At this time of the year there is sure to be a day's shooting, and if there is anything interesting in the neighborhood an excursion must be arranged to go and see it. Lunch, at 2 o'clock, costs, with wines, about £ per head. Only the finest and costliest viandtas in the world are offered to the King. Then comes the afternoon's shooting—King Edward is one of the best shots in Britain—and when the shooting solaces ready for him in his rooms. Dinner is at 8 o'clock. It is especially laid down before the visit that dinner must not last longer than an hour, for King Edward dislikes dawdling for a long time over dessert and wine, as the Georgian habit was. He drinks little, but of the finest quality, and the dinner will cost a clear £6 a head.

When the ladies have gone the King smokes his fourth cigar of the day, leaving one for the last thing at night. When the party moves for the drawing room there will be cards until bedtime. In most games the King stakes £5 units, but when "bridge" is played this is reduced to half crown points, which of course comes out very high in each game.

It is altogether forbidden, by the way, for anybody to withdraw from the evening until the King gives the sign and breaks up the party by rising himself. When he goes upstairs King Edward has supper in his private room, becoming host himself, and invites his entertainer and one or two of the men to join him. "Putting up" the king's servants costs about £10 a day. Besides his equerries King Edward always takes two valets, two royal footmen and a page, as well as his confidential operator. On Sunday the King goes to the local church, unless the host has a private chapel of his own on the estate, and requests all the other guests to accompany him. All this sounds as though the visit must be a constant anxiety and restriction on the host and the other guests, whereas, in reality, the King is the most popular and cheerful of all country-house visitors and puts everybody at ease. His visit gives much less anxiety than that of other persons not quite so exalted, because, as he arranges himself, the King is the most popular of all country-house visitors and puts everybody at ease. His visit gives much less anxiety than that of other persons not quite so exalted, because, as he arranges himself, the King is the most popular of all country-house visitors and puts everybody at ease.

As a rule King Edward discourages anything but special extravagance, though some time ago Lady William Beresford entertained him for four days at Deerpene and the bill came to £38,000. When the King comes to a country-house he bestows something prodigious. His usual tip for a week-end visit is £200, which he leaves to be divided up among his host's servants, unless they are a very big staff, when it sometimes reaches £300 or more. The average guest, peer or commoner, staying at a country-house in the shooting season, gets off with a couple of hundred, and the King comes even the stable-boys get "paper" in the distribution.

When one sovereign visits another the tips are bigger still and when the Kaiser finished his stay at Windsor and Osborne at the time of the late Queen's funeral he left £5,000 between the two staffs. When King Edward was staying with his sister, the Empress Frederick, he left £5,000 as a tip for her servants.

A Gifted Monkey. A gifted monkey in a London menagerie died recently. He answered to the name of Esau and was four and a half years old and was insured for a large sum and the manager of the menagerie asserts that the signature for his life policy bore Esau's own autograph, which his trainer, Capt. Delandier, had taught him to write. Esau, indeed, had his own banking account, his earnings, amounting to some thousands a year, being credited in his own name. Cheques drawn against this sum were signed by Esau.

Not a Financial Failure. Philadelphia Ledger. McGeary.—You're not so attentive to Misses as I thought you would be. Hunter.—No. You see—she told me she didn't go in for social dears since her father had failed. McGeary.—Poor old man! He is falling dreadfully. Quite a physical wreck. Hunter.—Gee whiz! Is that what she meant?

Blood is Watery in the Spring

It is Lacking the Essential Life-Giving Principle which is Best Obtained by the Use of DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

The tired, languid and depressed feelings which come in the spring are the outward indication of the weaker condition of the blood and the low state of vitality. When the blood gets thin and watery the result is a general weakness of the body to over-exertion, but by enriching the blood, it instills new vigor into the nerves and builds up the whole system. By noting your increase in weight while using this great food cure you can prove that their full capacity is not work to perform their duties, and the result is all sorts of bodily derangements. Aching head, dizzy spells, indigestion, feelings of weakness and depression, lack of energy to perform the duties of the day, loss of appetite, falling memory and power of concentrating the mind, irritability, nervousness and sleeplessness are among the symptoms which distress

you, and all can be avoided by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. There is no preparation to be compared to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as a spring restorative. It does not increase in weight while using this great food cure you can prove that their full capacity is not work to perform their duties, and the result is all sorts of bodily derangements. Aching head, dizzy spells, indigestion, feelings of weakness and depression, lack of energy to perform the duties of the day, loss of appetite, falling memory and power of concentrating the mind, irritability, nervousness and sleeplessness are among the symptoms which distress

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

One on the Bishop. Bishop McCabe, who presided over the New York Conference of the M. E. Church at Poughkeepsie week before last, was visiting in Fort Worth, Texas, not long ago. A New York paper wired him thus: "C. C. McCabe, Fort Worth, Texas: What is your opinion of the Anglo-American Alliance? Please wire us answer." Now, it happens that there resides in Fort Worth a well-known citizen of the name of C. C. McCabe. The telegraph company knowing C. C. McCabe better than the visiting bishop, delivered the message at the former's house. The recipient was considerably surprised, but he promptly wired the bishop: "A good thing." Just what the New York editor thought on receiving the return message is not a matter of record.—Newburg News.

Summer Suggestions. Here are just a few hints for the summer girls of 1903: Eat lobsters, but do not flirt with them. Dress in lawn, but do not sit on it. Beware the lynx on the links. Tip the porter, but not the highball. Only a potato has any license to make goo-goo eyes. Do not require a highwayman to hold up a train. Eat clams, but do not be one. Be careful not to mix your peas with your toes.—From "Vest Pocket Confidences," in Four-Track News for May.

(To be Continued.)

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