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Street Car Men.
e, June 29.—Owing
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AGAIN
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e 29.—Two men
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out 300 persons at
d first attacked a ch-
employees defended them-
selves until a sufficient
e arrived and quelled
e. The persons were
e riot was caused by
e circus management
mplementary tickets.

The best tea growing district in Ceylon supplies
Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea
The utmost care is taken in curing, and every process is supervised by experts. The result is a tea that is delicate in aroma and delicious in taste.
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 XVI.

CHAPTER XVI.
The morning of the most eventful day in Elaine's life breaks with all the splendor of June, and the guests, who received the suggestion of a picnic at the ruined abbey with but lukewarm approval on the preceding evening, are quite enthusiastic about it now.
Just as the gray party was about to start, Lady Blanche remembered that a little powder would not be amiss after the twelve-mile drive to the abbey, and she returned to her room to get it and her sunshade. With them in her hand, she was passing through the hall, when a door—a door leading to the marquis's private entrance through the round tower—opened, a pale face looked out, and a subdued voice uttered her name.
"Come to this door when you return, my lady," whispered the voice of Fanny Inehley. "I have something to tell you."
In another instant, before Lady Blanche can agree or refuse, the door closes.
Mr. Algernon, who thinks himself an expert "whip," prevails upon the marquis to permit him to drive the four-in-hand. The marquis, however, sits beside him and at his side on the left, is Elaine, whom he has induced to occupy the front seat, much to the envy of Lady Blanche, who sits dejectedly in the rear, beside the efferest and most uninteresting member of the party.
Nothing of interest occurred during the drive, except that once or twice the self-confident Algernon came near upsetting the coach by his rude treatment of the horses, which he tried to lash into a perfunctory speed. But the timely interference of the marquis prevented an accident.
The drive was delightful, the party enjoyed the ramble around the ruined abbey, the collation was all that the most experienced gourmards could desire, and the liquid refreshments elicited encomiums from every partaker.
Some hours were passed at the abbey, and then the guests took their places for the return trip. The coach rolled merrily on, and was within half a mile of the castle, when a sudden tilt of the vehicle caused Elaine to almost reel from her seat. The watchful eye of the marquis saw her peril, and his vigorous hand held her securely.
A wheel had dropped off and further progress in the party was thus prevented. The vehicle and horses were consigned to the care of the groom, the guests marched off in pairs or trios toward the Castle.
It so happened that the marquis and Elaine were among the last of the coaching party to leave the scene of the accident.
"You are quite pale, my darling," he said, as he took her arm. "I hope the fright you experienced has not been serious. I should never know a woman's happiness if any harm had befallen you."
He looked into her dark eyes with passionate earnestness, the fire of love gleaming in his own. "I must speak now!" he exclaimed. "I must tell you I must risk all! The sight of your dear, white face impels me to be bold. Elaine, do you love me? Will you be my wife? You shall tell me now."
She meets his passionate eyes with the whole truth in her pure ones.
"Yes!" she says almost inaudibly; but he hears her, indeed he could read the answer in her eyes. "Yes, I love you!"
He takes her to him and kisses her reverently, though passionately, and for a moment or two there is silence, the silence of an immeasurable bliss.
"My darling, my own!" he says, at last. "My very own! I may call you so now! It seems too good to be true! Let me look at you! Tell me again, dearest, that I may really love you."
When sales are large and increasing, when customers are satisfied to the extent of continuing to buy the same remedy, then it must be admitted that the remedy has real merit. Baby's Own Tablets occupy this enviable position. Mothers having once tried them seldom fail to duplicate the order—no other remedy for children can truly claim as much. Concerning the Tablets Mr. C. W. Stradburg, (general dealer), North Williamsburg, Ont., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets have a large sale, and every purchaser is more than satisfied. We use them for our baby and have found them all that is claimed for them."
Baby's Own Tablets cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers and all the minor ills of little ones. They make a baby bright, active and happy and a joy to the home. Sent by druggists or by mail to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

quietly and tell her that her servant—the girl's name is Bridget—is waiting at the bridge to see her, and wants to speak to her alone about something of importance, and she will come. She will be too much taken by surprise to refuse. She will think it is something wrong at the cottage. You see, my lady?"
Lady Blanche shakes her head. Families again almost contemptuously.
"I will tell your ladyship," she says, "Half an hour afterward you can send the marquis to the bridge side, and see if she goes."
A distant door is heard to open at this moment, and a voice calls "Fanny!"
"My aunt," she says quickly; "I must go. Remember, I can't do more than tell your ladyship you will not forget our bargain? You will stand my friend?"
The voice calling Fanny sounds nearer, as if Mrs. Inehley were approaching, and Fanny, darting to the door by which Lady Blanche had entered, glides away.
Lady Blanche stands for a moment, then she returns to the billiard room, and enters the drawing-room. "It is an absurd plot hatched by this vulgar servant maid," she muttered, pacing up and down, "and I am a weak fool to believe in her, or play any part in it. And yet—and yet!"
She flung herself into a chair and sat with her hands writhing together. Was there any foundation for Fanny's mystery? It was possible that the girl knew of some means of separating Elaine and the marquis? If so, she, Lady Blanche, would know no scruples in joining the company. It was only the dread of a fiasco, of a failure, that made her hesitate.

She sat there for some minutes, then called her maid and dressed. Still uncertain and half-resolving, she went to the door, and saw the marquis all that had occurred—for her ladyship was quite capable of the treachery—she went downstairs into the drawing-room. She thought at first to knock, but when she saw a couple standing by the window. They were the marquis and Elaine, and he was standing with his hand clasping hers. The sight alone sent Lady Blanche's indignation to the castle.

Congratulations came to Elaine that evening from every one, and among the most sincere were those from Lady Scott. Even Lady Blanche was most profuse in congratulating the young girl, and she, in return, pressed a fervent kiss upon Elaine's ruby lips. Who is it that says Judas should have been a woman? Elaine glanced around the drawing-room as if she were crammed in quest of him. As she crossed the hall she turned aside for a second to look at the glass case, recalling her first visit to the castle.

The light shone on her eyes, and she looked over the objects on the shelves, and still absent, she missed something. It was the quiet dagger. Then she remembered that the marquis had given the key to Gerald Locke, and she went away, but that moment she saw the dagger lying under the old oak bench on which May and Gerald had been seated on the evening of her first visit to the castle. Half absent, her eyes wandered over the objects on the shelves, and still absent, she missed something. It was the quiet dagger. Then she remembered that the marquis had given the key to Gerald Locke, and she went away, but that moment she saw the dagger lying under the old oak bench on which May and Gerald had been seated on the evening of her first visit to the castle.

"How good of you!" he said, and his voice was scarcely above a whisper. "Half absent, her eyes wandered over the objects on the shelves, and still absent, she missed something. It was the quiet dagger. Then she remembered that the marquis had given the key to Gerald Locke, and she went away, but that moment she saw the dagger lying under the old oak bench on which May and Gerald had been seated on the evening of her first visit to the castle."

"In all this happy England of yours there should not be a happler man—I think there is not—than Nairne. You do not love me, but I love you!" His voice broke, and Elaine felt his thin, worn hand quiver. But it was steady again in a moment, as if he had exerted a great effort at self-control. "Ever since the day he came home and told me that he had seen you, before I heard your voice, I wished that what has happened, might happen. Lady! Ah, yes, very good. And you will be happy—I know it! There is no like him! But you know that. You have pierced the mask that sometimes hides him as a fugitive, too, and have seen the true man. I am happy to-night." And yet Elaine could hear the undertone of sadness in his voice so plainly. "I am happy in happiness, and—may I say it, dear lady—in yours?" His hand quivered again, like a leaf stirred by the wind. "Would that I could see your face! But I see it, I know it, and—"

"Now!" she says, "Very well, my lady. Do you know the bridge over the stream—the one just by the shrubbery?"
Lady Blanche makes a gesture of assent.
"I will miss Elaine to be there by ten o'clock."
Lady Blanche listens, and watches the small, shrewd face keenly.
"How can I," she begins.
Fanny Inehley smiles almost contemptuously.
"I've arranged something that will bring her," she says. "All your ladyship has to do is to go to her

AFTER OTHER HELP FAILED
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restores a Young Lady to Full Health and Strength
Doctors and nurses recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills because they have seen their wonderful power to make new, rich, red blood, and she will come. She will be too much taken by surprise to refuse. She will think it is something wrong at the cottage. You see, my lady?"

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he said with a smile. "Are you going to kill any one?"
"No," she said, "but I found it lying in the hall, where Mr. Locke and I may have dropped it."
"How do you know it is a dagger?" he asked turning it over in his hands and feeling the embossed flowers with his sentiment fingers.
"The marquis showed me the secret."
"Ah, yes," he said. "He will have no secrets from you. What are you going to do with it—the dagger, not the secret?"
"I will give it to him to look up," she said. "I—she hesitated a moment, half ashamed at the admission—"I don't like it."

BATTLE BETWEEN BIG SNAKES
"Snakes," said a native of the Young Women's Town district of the Pine Creek, Pa., spread of waters, "is curious critter, an' some kind o' snakes, of course, is curiousest than others."
"Now, snakes with plizen in their tooth, is so sudden as them that only travels on their shape. For instance, the blacksnake can get up and fight all round a rattlesnake, and soon squeeze him stiffer than tin."
The rattler's got a toothful o' juice that 'd make even a hippopotamus think he'd been hit by lightning if it was ever introduced into his system.

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"The pizen-toothed varmint's eyes looked like two sparks o' fire, and his tongue played in and out of his mouth like a scum-macine shuttling puzin' to and fro. He had struck at the racer maybe a dozen times, the racer doin' the nicest kind o' ground and lofty tumbler over him all the while, when he raised his head for another ugly dart, and the racer lassoed him as slick as a Mexican could's slide his rope round a wild steer. He had thrope a loop of his timber body round the rattler's neck, and he held the wigglin' fang-shover as if he was in a vice. The rattlesnake's wile was soon shut off, and it waz't no use of his tryin' to strike. For the racer had his own he couldn't turn his head."
The rattlesnake gave up his squirm' before long, but he kept right on soundin' his buttons. Then you ought to seen the cuteness o' that blue racer blacksnake. He slid his coil up to the rattler's head and pinned his mouth tight shut. While he held the rattlesnake that way he growed his own jaws open, and they could 'n' took in a full-sized rabbit, an' then shoved the

GREAT DEMAND FOR CHICKENS

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch, Ottawa, June 28th.
The present time is most favorable for the production, fattening and marketing of farm chickens. There has been such a substantial increase in the consumption of chickens and eggs within the last few years that it is not possible to realize a greater number of suitable market chickens than can be sold with profit. Last year there were not sufficient chickens sold in Canada to supply the home markets. As a result of the shortage of chickens the trade with Great Britain was lessened. This is unfortunate on account of the great demand for Canadian chickens in Great Britain, and the good prices that are paid there.
The chief of the Poultry Division, Mr. F. C. Hare, states that numerous letters have been received from produce merchants, poultryers and commission merchants who desire to learn in what localities chickens can be bought in great numbers, and at reasonable prices. From several Canadian cities, and especially from Cape Colony, where poultry trade is being developed, inquiries have been made to be informed where market chickens suitable for shipping to Great Britain, could be obtained in the greatest numbers. British poultryers and commission merchants have repeatedly asked for the same information. The letter of a well established produce house in London, England, was received last week. The firm wished to "start an undertaking for the purpose of"

Importing Canadian Poultry to Great Britain. They desired information as to the probable success of such a project and the possibility of obtaining poultry (especially fowls) in large quantities, and the best districts for the collection, etc. of them. Last fall a firm in Cape Colony, wished a poultry trade with that colony. One shipment of Canadian chickens was made to Cape Colony, which arrived in a satisfactory condition and pleased the trade. A New York firm wrote that they desired to import Canadian chickens, and were recommended by the department to a firm in the Maritime Provinces, from whom they purchased chickens, and were impressed favorably by them. The above and similar requests are difficult of solution, even by one in touch with the Canadian produce firms and packing houses that

rattler's head in an' closed down on it. Then slidin' his coil down the rattler's body he crammed the whole business in after the head. "The rattles never stopped rattlin' till they disappeared in the blacksnake's maw. In a little more than half an hour the rattler was all over him to kill a team o' tannery mules. It didn't kill him, though, nor it wouldn't 'a'. But he took him with a club and took him and his contents home.
"Young Women's Town, where I live, used to be as good a place for rattlers as any in the State. I kin remember when you could hear 'em singin' any time o' day and folks didn't think much more of it than they do now o' hearing grasshoppers. For that matter the snakes was a blame sight better than the grasshoppers, for they didn't do no harm. But nowadays you can only hear a rattler singin' wunst in a good while, an' that kind o' makes me lonesome when I think o' them old times."

The Toothsome Pie.
The fruit pies in England are made without an undercrust. Many cooks in America also make fruit pies with only an upper crust. Fruit pies are delicious made with an under crust, with an edging round of two or three layers of strips of paste, and instead of a whole upper crust cut the strips and lay them in a diamond shape lattice work across the top. This is a particularly good way for very juicy fruits, such as cherries, currants and blackberries. Fruit pies should have a very delicate, rich, flaky pastry. The matter of both upper and lower crust is really one of choice, for a pie if well made and properly seasoned is good with or without an under crust. Directions are here given for making a puff paste for Pie: To one pound of flour allow one pound of butter. Wash the butter in ice water and squeeze it in into three parts and lay them on the ice to harden. Sift the flour into

HEALS INFLAMED ITCHING SKIN
Cures Eczema, Salt Rheum and Teeter, Leaving the Skin Smooth, Soft and Natural. Dr. Chase's Ointment.

As a means of allaying inflammation, relieving the dreadful itching and healing and curing itching skin diseases, ulcers and eruptions, we claim that we can prove that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the most potent preparation that it is possible to obtain.
So many extreme cases have been cured, so much intense and continued agony has been relieved, and such a host of people have volunteered their praise for the Ointment, that there is evidence in this regard that we can prove that we can prove that it is possible to obtain.
Dr. Chase's Ointment certainly stands alone, unapproached and unrivalled as a healer of the skin and positive cure for itching skin diseases. From pimples to eczema, from chilblains to ulcers, each and every curable skin disease has been cured by this great ointment.
Mr. G. H. McConnell, engineer in Fleury's foundry, Aurora, Ont., states: "I believe that Dr. Chase's

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