

BURNED,
PERISH.

en to Sup-
breaks.

several ports now closed...
The Russian has conveyed formal as-
surance to the U. S. Government...

etery's Condition.
July 20.—A tug...
from Monterey, near St....

ED
ARE LIVES.
if He Falls

cause of so many or-
died of delay given by
for a definite an-
quest for the sur-
Rolando and his fol-
to-day, but the cor-
the Associated Press
at the last min-
of the inhabitants of
and to avoid the
must follow the storm-
y, ordered General
fire if he is not
the enemy's regu-
autonities, having no
not resist more than
Venezuelan man-of-
ft for the island
for provisions for
troops.

IN LONDON.

Decides to Erect One
Washington.
20.—At a meeting of
Committee of the Pil-
-night, a committee
to give effect to the
to erect a statue
London, in London.
that the subscriptions
y confined to Bri-
cheynon Sinclair, in
plan to the society,
at last fully re-
quest for the sur-
in this country.
ute to that great
birth, who has done
the nation across
of Britain as well.
air announced that
to offer a place for
Paul's Cathedral.

NE PRISONERS.

Instructions to
men.
July 15.—City Judge
y ordered police-
selves with gags
persons who swear
the Judge said.
of the officers to
ery prisoner, male
egins to abuse the
promine language
placed under ar-
has reached the
dired of hearing
the frightful black-
ing they have to
of prisoners. Fe-
on the streets,
dies, are compelled
the talk. You offi-
with gags and
on every negro
language.
gave some negro
been cursing three

ED MURDERER

Just on Traveller's
sture Man.
July 20.—Marion
ndering a fellow-
ndall, was recog-
through the town
Tyson, traveller
Machine Company,
own he reported
out half a mile
and the author-
tely put upon his
with consent from
and Mrs. John-
tack him on the
back about four
town. Constable
in the prisoner to

The Rose and Lily Dagger

A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND
WOMAN'S PERFDY

The blind man put his hand to his brow.
"I heard a voice, a man's voice, Nairne," I thought, "he hesitated—'though' he had only as—as a man would call if he were in danger."
"Is that all?" asked the marquis with deathlike calmness.
The blind man was silent for a moment.
"What is it, Nairne?" he asked. "Why do you question me?"
"Yes, I question you," responded the marquis sternly. "What else did you hear?"
Luigi hesitated.
"I—I think I heard Miss Delaine pass—"
The marquis gripped his arm.
"Come away," he said.

CHAPTER XXII.
The two men walked toward the house in silence. Luigi knew by the marquis's voice and manner that something had happened; the sharp, short cry of mortal agony which had smitten his acute ears just before the marquis came up seemed to ring on in his ears. The clouds had gathered thickly during the last few minutes, and it was evident that a storm was approaching, but now and again the moon peered through and fell aslant the path.

At one of these moments the marquis saw some object lying just in front of them on the gravel. He stooped and picked it up, still retaining the blind man's arm. It was the rose and lily dagger. As his fingers touched it he started; the thing was wet—and not with dew, as he had at first supposed.
"What is that you have picked up, Nairne?" asked Luigi.
The marquis hesitated for a moment, then he replied in a low voice: "Nothing."
The blind man turned his sightless eyes to him with troubled question- ing; but he did not repeat the words.

The marquis held the dagger in his hand for a few moments, then he slipped it into his pocket. His face could not have grown more white or haggard, but there was a new expression in it, and a strange one for the Marquis of Nairne's face to wear; it was one of dread and fear.
They reached the door in the tower, and the marquis unlocked it. Something appeared to be wrong with the lock or key, for he did not open the door without some difficulty.
When they entered the small hall he arrested Luigi's progress for a moment by a pressure of his arm, listened. The house was quite still. Then he led the way to the library, and, guiding Luigi to a chair, went to the window and looked out at the night—dark now as pitch—with a vacant, troubled gaze.

Luigi Zanti was the first to speak; and his words came as if he found silence intolerable.
"What—what has happened, Nairne?" he said, lifting his pale face in the direction of the marquis.
"I know that something is wrong. I can hear it in the tone of your voice, feel it in your manner."
"We must leave here to-morrow morning, Luigi," said the marquis, in a husky voice.
"Leave—to-morrow?" exclaimed the Italian. "You cannot mean it! And—and—your guests! What of them, Nairne?"
"I care nothing for them," said the marquis, almost indistinctly. "Lady Scott will be here for the few hours they will remain—"
"I—I don't understand," exclaimed Luigi, trembling. "If you can tell me what has happened, for God's sake, do, Nairne! This sense—Remember that I cannot see, and that the sound of your voice—so strange and altered—ter- rifies me with vague dread. Where are we going?"
"I do not know," responded the marquis, wearily. "It does not matter. Out of England; the farther the better; though one cannot escape the consequences of one's blatant folly though one wanders to the end of the world. I have been a fool, an arrant fool!" And he laughed bitterly.

Luigi Zanti drew his trembling hand across his brow. "You must tell me, Nairne," he said. "You have said too much to leave me in ignorance. Why do you say this? and why are you leaving me to guess?"
"Are the major and Elaine going with us?"
The marquis let the curtain fall, and, leaning against the window, looked at the anxious face.
"The major and Miss Delaine are THE DANGERS OF CHILDHOOD.

Summer is the most deadly season of the year for little ones. The little life hangs by a mere thread; diarrhoea, infant cholera and other hot weather ailments come quickly, and sometimes, in a few hours, extinguish a bright little life. Every mother should be in a position to guard against, or cure these troubles, and there is no medicine known to medical science will act so surely, so speedily and so safely as Baby's Own Tablets. A box of the Tablets should be kept in every home where there are little ones, and by giving an occasional Tablet hot weather ailments will be prevented, and your little one will be kept well and happy. Don't wait until the trouble comes—that may be too late. Remember that these ailments can be prevented by keeping the stomach and bowels right. Mrs. A. Vanderveer, Port Colborne, Ont., says: "My baby was cross, restless and had diarrhoea. I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and they helped her almost at once. I think the Tablets a splendid medicine for children."

The Tablets are guaranteed to cure all the minor ailments of little ones; they contain no opiate or poison drug, and can be given safely to a new born babe. Sold by medicine dealers, or mailed at 25 cents a box, by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WEAK AND FAINTING

The Sad Plight of Anaemic People.

They Have Headaches and Backaches—Are Languid and Unable to Stand Exertion.
(From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.)
You can always tell anaemic men and women. They are pale, weak and languid. They have headaches and backaches. They can't eat—or they can't digest what little they do eat. And it all comes from poor blood and unstrung nerves. Banish anaemia at once by enriching your blood and giving up your nervous habits. Buy the Pink Pills. Thousands of grateful women have said that these pills have restored them after all other means failed. Buy Mrs. Josias Melroy, of Orangeville, Ont., was a great sufferer for several years, and spent much money looking for a cure. To a reporter of the Sun Mrs. Melroy said: "Six years ago my health gave out completely. I was so weak that I could not do my housework. If I went upstairs my heart would palpitate violently, and some- times I would faint away through weakness. My nerves were unstrung, and I suffered much from dizziness. I tried many remedies, but they did not help me. Then I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I began to do so. I had not long before the pills soon built me up and made me a well woman. My health remained good until last spring, when I was again laid up with nervous prostration. I was again advised to buy Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at once got a supply. The result was as beneficial as before, and I can conscientiously say the pills have done me untold good. I am grateful for this, and hope my experience will benefit some other sufferer."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured more sickly, pale girls and women than any other medicine ever discovered, for they supply new, rich, red blood, and so strengthen every fibre of the body. They are equally suitable for men, women and children, and cure not only anaemia, but decline, consumption, indigestion, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, and all other ailments which weaken and dread. These pills can be had through any druggist, or will be sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Look for the full name on every box, so that no worthless substitute may be palmed off on you.

"Do not touch me!" she said, almost inaudibly, in a kind of dull whisper. "I will go—"
He looked at her.
"Are you afraid of me?" he said, hoarsely.
"Yes," she said. "You look, you speak as if you were. You have no cause to be, Elaine, I see that you are a weak, nervous creature. You know that I love you, that I saw you with my own eyes."
She put her hand to her brow, but made no response.
"I know all. It is all well. It is better so. It saves us both so much! What do you expect me to say? Do you think that I was blaming you? No! the fault, the blame, is all mine! I might have known that—all I had gone to say, 'that you could not love me,' but he could not do so."
"The fault was mine. You shall reproach me with it. You shall say just what you will. I do not deserve your pity. I do not ask for any."

She looked at him with a dazed, bewildered look in her eyes.
"Pity? You?" she faltered. "It is I, I."
"Yes, my poor child!" he said with a deep sigh. "It is you who should be pitied, and God knows I pity you! But you know that. You know that however selfishly I have acted, I love you, that I love you still."
She shuddered and turned from him, but what could he think but that she shrank from the expression of his love.
"Do not be afraid," he said. "It is the last time you will hear it from my lips. To speak of my love to you now would only be to insult you."
A sob shook her frame.
"Do not cry," he said with labored breath. "You have not been to me, I could have wished that you had trusted me."
"Trusted?" she panted, eyeing him half fearfully, as if fascinated. "Have I not—"
He shook his head sadly.
"My poor child! Why did you not come to me and tell me all? No! for her lips had parted, 'not now. It is too late now, now that I know all. There is nothing left to say, Elaine, save that I beg your forgiveness—"
She covered her face with her hands and sank on to the couch.

CHAPTER XXIII.
After he had left Luigi at his own apartment, Luigi went slowly down the broad staircase. The mental shock which Elaine's supposed treachery had produced had, as he had said to Luigi, deadened his faculties and half stupefied him. He stood for a few minutes lost in thought, or rather struggling for the power of thought, in the middle of the hall, then he went slowly toward the library. He could not see her again. Should he write her? No! He would not write to her father, and explain the whole matter to him? He could not decide. Of one thing only was he certain: that it would be better for him and Elaine that they should meet again.
As he passed the drawing-room door, he glanced in absently, and was going on to the library, when something moving in the room attracted his attention. The room was empty, but the light that reached it dimly from the candelabra in the hall, and he took a small lamp from a bracket and went into the room.
As he did so he saw a woman lying on a couch, her arms outstretched, her face resting on them. The whole attitude was eloquent of exhaustion and sorrow, and he laid in a sicken mass upon the white arms, her hands were clasped together. All his heart went out to her with infinite pity, infinite love, and the longing to scoop and take her in his arms, to hold her there against the whole world, amounted to torture. Why was she lying there? Had she fainted, or had she fallen in a swoon of excitement?
He half resolved to leave her, but he could not. He would not leave her there to be discovered by some curious servant.
Still holding the lamp, he bent down and laid his hand gently, pityingly, and ah! how lovingly! upon her head.

"Elaine!" he whispered.
She started at his touch, and raised her head. For a moment she did not appear to realize where she was or to recognize him; then she half rose, shuddered, and shrank back. Her eyes fell before his, and she turned away and covered them with her hand.
Alas! too often Luigi went the aspect of innocence, but too often also, innocence in its intense horror of guilt looked like that which it abhors. It was she who shrank from his dark, penetrating, and accusing eyes—she who felt that she should have risen and confronted him, with all the dignity of an injured woman. His heart sank at what he took for signs of shame and remorse, and with something like a groan, he turned his head away for a moment. It tortured him to see her, as he thought, so conscious-stricken, so abashed.
"Elaine," he said, "what are you doing here? Why are you not in bed? Come!" and he held out his hand.
She rose and drew away from him, her eyes still downcast, and a shame—shame that the man she loved should be so vile as she thought him—that covered and overwhelmed her.

THE PRODUCTION OF CLEAN CLOVER SEED

Ottawa, July 2, 1903.
The investigation into the conditions of the seed trade conducted by the Dominion Department of Agriculture during the past two years has clearly shown that there is fast room for improvement. The outcome has been the introduction into Parliament by the Minister of Agriculture of a bill to improve the conditions that have been shown to prohibit the sale of any commercial seeds which may contain seeds of such weeds as wild mustard, penny-cress, ox-eye daisy, perennial sow thistle, rag weed, bindweed and several others, and to provide for the grading of all seeds sold as either "Grade No. I," "Grade No. II," "Grade No. III," or "screenings." The requirements of each grade are specified, the basis of grading being the per cent of.

Pure Living Seed, and in the case of the higher grades the freedom from specified weed seeds in addition to those above mentioned. Grading is to be done by the seedsmen themselves, but samples may be sent for analysis to the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.
The bill has aroused great interest among the seedsmen, and should it become law, much greater care will be required in grading than is at present the case. A deputaion of prominent seedsmen waited upon the Minister of Agriculture a week or two ago to protest against the passing of the bill as drafted, claiming that some of the clauses were impracticable, and that if approved it would cause undue restriction and possibly suspension of trade. They claim that it is impossible to obtain in sufficient quantity seed of the higher grades, owing to the fact that it is impracticable to clean out, on account of their similarity in size and weight to the clover seeds. Much of the seed received from the producers is vile with weed seeds, and although it may be greatly improved by cleaning cannot by any means be made perfect.
Improvement This Year.
The demand this year has been much greater than in any previous year for the best re-cleaned seed, due largely to the preaching of the gospel of good seed by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. In fact, it was stated by one of the leading seedsmen that as far as demand for good seed was concerned there had been more improvement in the past year than in any of the previous twenty. Unfortunately, the quality of the seed received from the producers has not improved. Should the proposed bill come into force, as is also hoped to be the case sooner or later, they are determined to differentiate greatly in price in favor of clean samples.

GADGING GIRLS.
An Editor Gets After Them With a Sharp Pen.
(Emporia, Kan., Gazette.)
The mothers of this town have had a lesson—but it doesn't seem to have done them any good. There are just too many girls gadging around town after school now getting their mail in private boxes in the postoffice as there were ten days ago. Two years ago the Gazette went after the mothers of Emporia for neglecting their daughters, and the result was that half a dozen private mail boxes were discontinued and a lot of little girls that were in the habit of gadging too much were kept in for a time. These girls are now developing into fine young women, but another crop of gadging girls has come on, and the Gazette hopes no one's modesty will be shocked by saying these little hussies ought to be spanked good and red. They are between 14 and 17 years old, and are mostly when the boy struts that they can't sit still. If their mothers knew the type of boys and men—young human pups—these girls are running they would throw fits.
But the mothers, it is presumed, know nothing of the situation. They think their little girls are so sweet and pure that nothing can harm them. The truth is that these children are made of the same kind of mud that we are all made of, and they are just as liable to temptation as older people and a thousand times less experienced. And their mothers let them go strutting about after school and flirt with all kinds of men, and then their mothers wonder how the devil got them and think the girls must make after their father.

There are just two things that will keep girls straight at "that age"—one is plain clothes and the other is home duties. The girls who make good in Emporia are invariably over-dressed. They wear duds that women of 30 should hesitate about wearing.
A little girl with too many and too costly on her back gets self-conscious and vain and loves admiration—and you grown-up women know the next step. A simple, plain-hearted girl who has a place in the home, home work and home duties has her heart there, and no boy can steal it. Only when maturity comes and a real man comes and a real affair of the heart comes will such a girl leave home, and then only after heartache and heart-rending. But a girl whose place in the home is at the table and in her won't love that home.
Work makes things sacred. The child whose home memories are not hallowed by work, who is not needed and does not feel the need, will not love home. And if she doesn't love the home of her girlhood she will love no other. She will go anywhere for a change. Home will mean nothing to such a woman, and if she is respectable she will only lack the opportunity to do so. If a woman, and is good only through circumstances or by the necessity of an ugly fate. She will curse any man she marries.
The mothers of this town, who are responsible for the girls who gad the streets, should stop and think what they are doing. These girls are no longer children. They are at the im- probable age. Where will you have their impressions come from—the riff-raff of the street or from home? It is for the mothers of this town to settle the question."

Dreadful Case of Itching Piles

Doctor Wanted to Burn the Skin With a Red Hot Iron—Patient Was Cured by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Mr. Alex. McLean, Talbot Vale, N. S., writes: "For two years I worked as sectionman on the Dominion Coal Company's railroad between Sydney and Glace Bay, N. S., and during that time was exposed to all sorts of weather. Gradually my health failed, and I became a victim of protruding piles. At first I did not know what my ailment was, but consulted a doctor, and though he treated me for piles, they only grew worse.
"I was forced to give up work and return to my home. My suffering could scarcely be described. I could not walk or lie down, but while the rest of the family was sleeping I would be groaning and aching from the excruciating pains.
"At last I decided to consult a doctor. This one stripped me, and said the piles would have to be burned with a red-hot iron. I shivered at the thought of burning the flesh, and told him I could not think of undergoing such an operation, so he gave me some ointment, for which he charged me two dollars, but it did not do me any good."

"My experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment is that the first application did me more good than all the two doctors, and it has kept me as well and as free from piles as any man. Since being cured I worked during the winter in the lumber yards and experienced no return of my old trouble. I am not putting it too strong when I say that Dr. Chase's Ointment was worth \$100 a box to me. You are free to use my testimony for the benefit of others, as I feel it my duty to make known this great ointment."
Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60c per box, at all druggists, or at B. H. Johnson & Co., Toronto, Ont. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous recipe book author, are on every box of his remedies.

Delicious Ice Cream.
The simplest and most delicious ice cream is made by whipping the required amount of cream, freezing slightly, and then adding fruit juice, which has been sweetened. Remember that the sugar in the fruit juice must be sufficient to sweeten the entire mixture. Finish the freezing after pouring in the juice. A little fresh fruit may be added towards the last.—Eve. Post.