The real joy of an outing is good tea!

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409

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# The Rose and Lily Dagger

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

Even when the old doctor raised his head and exclaimed gravely, "Good Lord! Looks like murder!" the inspector did not move his eyes from the marquis. They wandered over him, without seeming to do so, then settled upon him with a light in them that might burn in the eyes of a bloodhound when he first gets the awful scent.

"Yes," said the doctor, "it looks like murder! The poor fellow has been stabbed."

"By his own hand, sir?" murmured the inspector, without taking his eyes from the marquis.

"Eh? What? N-o! That is, I think not. But who could have done it? Such a nice young fellow! God bless my soul! Where—where—"

It was Davie who related the findign of the body; the inspector did not contribute a word. He had got the lantern in his hand by this time, and kept its light playing over the marquis' figure.

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Dr. Simmons. "Who could have done it? I don't know that he had a single enemy. How should he have? Quite an inoffensive young man, my lord. Flighty an—well, conceited, and rather foolish, but—dear, dear! Stabbed like this!" and he pointed to the clean cut. "What do you say, Mr. Policeman?"

The inspector withdrew his eyes from the marquis as if reluctantly.

"Nothing yet, doctor," he replied. "Your say comes first. He didn't commit suicide, as his lordship suggests, did he?"

The doctor turned his eyes upon the marquis.

"Do you think that?" he said, and shook his head.

"I think nothing," said the marquis, slowly, almost mechanically. "I merely asked the question."

The doctor shook his head again.

"No," he said in a low voice. "The man has been—murdered. But who could have done it? Who had a spite against him?"

The three men were silent.

Dr. Simmons turned to the marquis.

"It's a terrible business," he said; "awful. And in your grounds, too, my lord! I'm afraid it will give you a great deal of trouble. And you have guests at the castle."

"They leave to-morrow," said the marquis, absently. "I am leaving myself."

The inspector moved an inch or two nearer to him.

"I shall want your lordship's assistance before you go," he said, slowly. "Perhaps your lordship would let me accompany you to the house.

"Do you suspect any one?" asked the doctor.

The inspector did not answer the question.

"If you and Davie and my man will remain here, I will go to the house with his lordship," he said, quietly.

The marquis took his cap from the table and put it on, and with a last glance at the outlined form, moved toward the door.

The inspector followed him, not closely, but without delay.

"I'll take the lantern," he said, and he kept its glare on the marquis during their passage from the keeper's cottage to the Castle.

The marquis opened the library window and stepped in, and the inspector followed him.

The marquis sank into the chair in front of the table, and passed his hand across his brow. Inspector Saunders glanced round the room with the comprehensive sweep of a man accustmoed to dealing promptly with details, and his eyes rested for a moment on the dress-coat lying on the chair, on which the marquis had thrown it.

The marquis lifted his head.

"What is it you want?" he inquired, as if he had suddenly remembered the man's presence.

"I wanted to ask your lordship a few questions," responded the inspector, "if I may take the liberty,"

"To ask me?"

The man inclined his head respectfully, but his eyes were as sharp as ever.

"Yes, my lord. You had previously met the deceased, I believe?"

"Yes, twice, so far as I know."

"Would your lordship have any objection to telling me where and how you met him?"

The marquis looked at him, not with the resentment which might have been expected, but with a steady, thoughtful intentness.

"I met him first——" He stopped.

The inspector looked at him sharply, and then down at the carpet.

"I need not say, my lord, that you are not obliged to answer my questions," he said in a low voice.

"I see no reason why I should not," said the marquis, not haughtily as might have been expected, but quietly, deliberately.

"The least thing gives us a clew, sometimes," said the inspector, as if apologizing for venturing on his question. "And you see, my lord, the fact of his having been murdered in your grounds——"

"I quite understand," said the marquis, as quietly and calmly as before, and as thoughtfully. "The first time I saw Captain Sherwin was——" he thought for a moment —"about a month or more ago."

"Was he alone, my lord?" asked Saunders. "I'm anxious to get at his friends as quickly as possible, of course."

The marquis looked down.

"He was not alone," he said. 'He was with a lady. It is not necessary that I should mention her name; she can have no possible connection with this case."

"Just so, my lord," assented Saunders. "There is no need to mention any name that is not wanted. Nobody, at least of all a lady, likes to be mixed up with this kind of business. Was Captain Sherwin a friend, as I might say, of yours, my lord?"

The question was a skilful one, and put in the most innocent and natural of tones; and the sharp, small eyes of the London policeman saw the marquis' lips compress.

"I cannot say Captain Sherwin was a friend of mine," he said, after a scarcely perceptible pause. "I have told you I only met him twice."

"Just so, my lord," assented Saunders. "But, of course, you were on the best of terms with him?"

The marquis did not answer for a moment; then he said, not with a smile or a frown, but just calmly and cooly;

"May I ask if you suspect me of murdering Captain Sherwin?"

Saunders, thrown off his guard by the directness of this attack, rose and looked first at the carpet and then at the marquis' dark unwavering eyes.

"I'm sure I beg your lordship's pardon," he said, respectfully and apologetically. "I'm only doing my duty, my lord. I hoped your lordship would have been able to give me some information. I fancied that perhaps you might have heard the deceased cry; Davie says he heard him, or thinks he did. You see, as I said, everything is of importance, small though it may seem."

"I did hear him cry, or think that I did," said the marquis. Saunders opened and shut his lips, then opened them again as if he could not resist asking the questions that had sprung to them.

"Were you indoors, my lord, or out in the grounds?"

"I was out in the grounds," replied the marquis.

"Indeed, my lord!" said Saunders. "About the time now?"

"I cannot tell you," said the marquis.

"And where might you have been, my lord; in what part of the grounds? It will help us to decide whether the deceased was stabbed near where he fell, or elsewhere, and carried to the stream afterward."

"I quite understand," responded the marquis, "I was in the shrubbery——" He stopped suddenly. "I think I had better not answer any further questions, Mr. Saunders," he said gravely.

"Thank you, my lord," said the inspector very respectfully indeed. "I'm much obliged to your lordship for the information you have given me." He took up his hat, his eyes wandering round the room. "I shall ride over to Porlington, and wake up the people at the station so that I may wire to Scotland Yard. I'm hoping they'll trust the case to me, my lord. It's raining still," he said, as he stepped to the window. "Raining as hard as when we were out. I'm afraid your coat's wet, my lord, and I've kept you with my questions, from changing it. There's a coat on that chair there, my lord," he went across the room and took up the dress coat, and approached the marquis. "And this feels damp too, my lord," he said, passing his hand over it swiftly. The marquis looked on as if he quite understood the man's movements, but did not resent them. Suddenly something fell to the ground, apparently from the pocket of the dress coat. Saunders picked it up, not quickly, but quietly.

"Beg your pardon, my lord," he said, with the deepest respect. "I'm afraid I've dropped this out of your pocket."

The marquis looked at him steadily, with a weary kind of patience and resignation.

"You may continue your search," he said, with quiet dignity and significance.

Saunders started, for the first time, then he looked at the marquis, and then at the rose and lily dagger.

"What am I to do, my lord?" he said in a low voice, as if he were appealing to the marquis' sense of justice. "I must do my duty. If I didn't do it, someone else would be sent down from London who would."

"Go on," said the marquis grimly. 'Ask what you please."

"I may, my lord? Well, then"—he dropped his voice still lower, and glanced toward the door— "will your lordship tell me—I'm quite sure it can be explained, and I ask your lordship's pardon—how came those spots of blood on your shirt front and wristband, and on this coat—see here, my lord," and he rapidly touched the breast of the coat here and there. "And this—good God! my lord, it's covered, simply covered," and he held out the dagger in his open palm, something not unlike a look of horror even on his face.

The marquis remained silent. There was no sign of fear in his eyes, none of the cheap bravado which the criminal often assumes at this critical time; he simply sat silent and thoughtful, as if he were still weighing the problem which had haunted and perplexed him since he saw the red spots on Elaine's sleeve.

Saunders' face became pale.

"You are right not to answer, my lord. I shouldn't have asked, only I thought you would have been able to explain at once, and keep me off a wrong scent. "What is this, my lord?" he asked, looking at the dagger.

The marquis took it and touched the spring, and Saunders started as the venomous blade shot out like a serpent's tongue.

"It's a dagger!" he said. "It's the thing that did it! The blade is the same width—I measured the wound! I find this in your pocket— you admit being in the grounds at the time of the murder. Good God, my lord, what am I to do?" and he stood breathing hard and his eyes fixed on the marquis, a man torn between duty and inclination.

The marquis raised his head.

"Do your duty," he said quietly.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"Do your duty!"

The words were so quietly, so calmly spoken, that Saunders could only stare with perplexity and troubled uncertainty. For a moment it seemed to the astute inspector as if it were simply impossible that this calm, quiet gentleman could be guilty; then he glanced at the coat, at the dagger, at the red spots on the shirt front and wristband and doubt and uncertainty fell on him again.

The marquis stretched out his hand and took a cigarette, lit it, and smoked, but not with an air of bravado, by any means.

"Have you made up your mind, Saunders?" he asked quietly.

Saunders shook his head almost impatiently.

"I—I don't know what to do, my lord," he said. "If it were anyone else, a stranger, I—I should arrest him on the spot. That is, if he didn't offer me a satisfactory explanation. You don't offer me any, my lord," he added in an aggrieved tone.

"No," said the marquis, in a low voice. "I have none to offer. If you suspect me of this murder, and I can see that you do——"

Saunders turned the dagger over in his hand significantly.

"There is only one course open to you."

Saunders was silent a moment, evidently thinking hard.

"You said you were going to leave the Castle to-morrow, my lord?"

"I did. That was my intention. But it is evident that I cannot go now."

He spoke in a matter-of-fact voice which increased Saunders' perplexity.

"You will not leave the Castle?" asked.

The marquis looked up.

"You mean, shall I attempt to escape?"

"Yes, that is what I meant, my lord," assented Saunders, doggedly.

"No, I shall not attempt to escape. I shall remain until—" He stopped.

Saunders reddened.

"I ought to take you to-night, my lord," he said in a low voice, "but—if you'll give me your word that you will stop and see the end of this—whatever it may be, I—I will go and leave you."

"You have my word," responded the marquis. "I did not ask you, but I shall be glad, for more reasons than one, if you can let me alone until to-morrow. I will not leave the Castle. You can—I suppose you will—have it watched?"

Saunders made no reply to this, but considered for a moment. Then he took up the coat and slung it over his arm.

"I'm anxious to spare your lordship any unnecessary pain," he said. "And I'll leave, I'll——" he stammered—"I'll leave you alone till to-morrow. I'll run the risk."

"There will be none."

"I can understand that your lordship would like to get rid of your visitors."

The marquis nodded, and Saunders, after a pause fixed his eyes on the calm, pale face and continued:

"Besides, perhaps after you've thought over the matter, and—and realized how serious it is for your lordship, you will be prepared to explain. I say this, my lord, because—" he hesitated and then blurted out the words—"because I'm not at all sure that you are guilty!"

If he expected to extort a response one way or the other, he was disappointed. The marquis made a weary gesture.

"Very well," he said. "I shall be here when you want me. You will return to Davie's cottage?"

"Yes, my lord, on my way to the telegraph office at the station."

"Will you tell him and the doctor, and your man, to say nothing of—of what has happened until to-morrow?"

"I should do that in any case, my lord."

"Very good. Is there anything else?"

Saunders shook his head moodily.

"No—if you are decided to say no more, I'll go now, my lord. If you should want me, if there's anything you think of and would like to tell me, I shall be at the police station waiting for instructions from London."

He glanced around the room, and then at the marquis searchingly, and went.

After finishing his cigarette, which had the effect of clearing his brain, the marquis went to Luigi's room, and found the blind man still up, seated in a chair.

He slowly told the tale of the events of the night—the discovery of the body of Captain Sherwin, the visit of the inspector to the Castle, the dropping of the dagger from his coat, the suspicions of the officer, etc. He also described, how he, the marquis, had found the dagger in the shrubbery.

Here Luigi interrupted the marquis with the appalling information that he knew that the dagger a few hours previous had been in Elaine's hand.

"Oh, what a terrible array of incriminating circumstances!" exclaimed the marquis. "It will be known how I quarrelled with Captain Sherwin. It is already known that I was on the grounds alone at the time of his death."

"No! I was with you!"

"My poor Luigi! I had left you. Remember! The dagger, stained with blood, was found in my coat; my shirt was marked."

The blind man shook his head, his uplifted hands.

(To be Continued.)


## CHOLERA INFANTUM.

Cholera infantum is one of the most dreaded diseases of infancy. It is prevalent during the heat of summer in spite of all the care mothers may take to guard against it, and it sometimes progresses so quickly that death occurs in a few hours no matter what care is given the child. The first thing to do is to stop feeding the child and give him plenty of fresh air and pure water to drink. Give Baby's Own Tablets to carry off the poison in the system. Do not under any circumstances give a medicine to check the diarrhoea, except under the advice of a doctor. By using Baby's Own Tablets the cause of the diarrhoea will be removed, and the disease will thus be checked in a natural manner. Proof that the Tablets cure this too often fatal trouble is given by Mrs. Herbert Burnham, Smith's Falls, Ont., who says: "When my eldest child was six weeks old he had an attack of cholera infantum and was at death's door. My doctor advised me to try Baby's Own Tablets, and in twenty-four hours baby was better; the vomiting and purging ceased and he regained strength rapidly."

Keep the Tablets in the house—their prompt use may save your little one's life. Sold by medicine dealers or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## HOT WEATHER FAG.

**No Vim, No Snap, No Energy, Exertion Dreadrd and Work Shunned.**

"Fagged right out," is an appropriate way to express the feelings of many people during the hot summer months. No strength, no vigor, no snap, no ambition, too weary to work and too languid to take any keen pleasure in life. You need a tonic for this summer fag, and the very best summer tonic in the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Every dose makes new rich blood, tones the nerves, sharpens the appetite, stimulates the liver, and banishes weakness and weariness, headaches, backaches ,languor and despondency. The only tonic that can do this for you is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—it's a waste of money to experiment with anything else. Mr. Louis Doucet, Grand Etang, N. S., says: "I was very much run down in health and was weak and easily tired. My appetite was variable, my nerves unstrung and I often felt a complete indisposition to work. After trying several medicines without benefit, I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking a few boxes I felt better than I had done for months and equal to any exertion. I don't know anything to equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when one feels fagged out."

You can get the pills from any dealer in medicine, or they will be sent paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Be sure you get the genuine Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around the box.


# A SHORT FRUIT CROP IN EUROPE

Ottawa, July 14, 1903.—The Fruit Division, Ottawa, has received from several of its correspondents in Europe reports showing that the fruit crop is a small one this year, and indicating that there will be an unusually good market for Canadian apples and pears. The Glasgow Herald says; "Apples will be scarce, the destruction by spring frosts having been serious and extensive. If growers get half a crop on an average they will do well. The prospect, however, varies considerably. In some parts of Kent the trees carry excellent crops; in others hardly any. The same condition of things prevails in Herefordshire, whence the Midland counties are so freely supplied with choice dessert apples. In Cambridgeshire the crop is disappointing, although in parts of that county a fair harvest of apples will be gathered. Many growers will be satisfied if they get a quarter of a crop. Pears have suffered from the spring frosts equally with apples. In some counties the yield will be meagre; in others the crop is a complete failure. Only a third of a crop under the most favorable conditions is looked for."

E. A. O'Kelly & Co., of London, say; "We are glad to state that prospects are very favorable this year for the importation of Canadian fruit, as crops throughout Europe are a total failure. We anticipate that prices will be satisfactory all round for apples."

From Hamburg, Germany, Edward Jacobs & Sons report; "The fruit crop in Europe is this year generally speaking short. Should there be no duty on apples the prospects for Canadian are very promising."

Garcia, Jacobs & Co., of London, state: "There has been an almost total failure here of plums and pears, and this year there will be a good opportunity for the shipment of Canadian pears. The latter should be packed in cases similar to those sent from California. That there is a fair crop of early variety apples is a certainty, but they will all be cleared off the market before your fruit is ready for shipment. France, Belgium and Germany are large growers of apples, and the crop this season is fairly large, but the quality is so poor that they can never really compete with Canadian fruit."

According to the London Gazette Canadian poultry is now capturing the best trade in fashionable London suburbs, the specially bred Canadian chickens having a great demand and realizing from $1.75 to $2 per couple, retail. Their highly finished appearance and flavor has demolished all prejudice on the score of "foreign" produce.

The four Government illustration stations for the cool curing of cheese have so far this season been filled to their utmost capacity. On this account it has been found necessary during the past few weeks to refuse the requests of a number of factories, which applied for space. It is satisfactory to know that there is an increased enquiry for cool cured cheese, and buyers are beginning to show a preference for it. Yours very truly,

W. A. Clemons,
Publication Clerk of Department of Agriculture.

## YE CHRONICLE OF ST. ANDREW.

The following amusing account of a Scottish celebration in Calcutta appeared in the Indian Daily News of twenty years ago:

1. It came to pass, in the year one thousand and eight hundred fourscore and one, in the City of Palaces, dwelt certain wise men from a far country beyond the great sea.

2. In that year the rulers of the city did that which was right in their own eyes.

3. Now these wise men assembled themselves together, and they said one to another, Go to, let us remember our brethren whom we have left.

4. For, behold, we be in a far country, and it shall come to pass that men shall say of us, Ye be nameless on the earth; ye have fled from the land of your nativity, because the land of your nativity is poor.

5. This thing, therefore, will we do; we will make a great feast, so that the nose of whomsoever smelleth it shall tingle, and we will call to mind the ancient days and the mighty deeds of our fathers.

6 So they appointed a day, and many were gathered together — a mixed multitude from the Land of Cakes and of Thistles, from the west and from the north, and from the Isles of the Sea.

7. And, behold, a great feast was prepared, and men in white raiment ministered unto them, and a ruler of the feast was appointed, and set in midst.

8. And forthwith to each man was given a writing of the good things of the feast, and the writing was in a tongue no man could understand, for the language was the language of the "Crapaud," which signifieth in the heathen tongue, a frog.

9. And some there were who pretended to know the writing and the interpretation thereof, now, these were hypocrites; for they knew but six letters of the writing, and those letters were H.A.G.G.I.S., and even this much was a great mystery.

10. And the dishes no man could number; the people ate mightily, as it were the space of one hour. And no man spake to his neighbor till his inner man was comforted.

11. And while they ate, behold, there drew near three mighty men of valor, clothed in many colored garments, and they bore in their arms musical instruments shaped like unto a beast of prey.

12. And they blew mightily upon what seemed the tail thereof, and straightway came there forth shrieks and sounds as it were the howlings of the damned.

13. And the hearts of the people were comforted, for this is that wherein their great strength lieth.

14. And wine was brought in vessels, but the children of the north would none of these; for they quenched their thirst with the Dew of the Mountain, which is the water of fire.

15. Then spake the wise men of the congregation unto them, and called to mind the ancient days and the mighty deeds of their forefathers. And the people rejoiced exceedingly.

16. Now it came to pass when they had eaten and drunken greatly, even unto the full, that the hinges of their tongues were loosened—yea, even the joints of their knees.

17. And the ruler of the feast fled to his home, and a third part of the multitude followed, and a third part remained, saying, "We thirst"; and a third part rose up to play.

18. And they played after the fashion of their country, and their movements resembled the peregrinations of a hen upon a griddle which is hot. Yet they seemed to think it pleasant, for they shouted for joy.

19. Now, as for them that were athirst, behold their drinking was steady, but their limbs were not so; yea, they also shouted for joy, and sang amazingly.

20. And they answered one to another, and said, that, notwithstanding the crowing of the cock or the dawning of the day, they should still partake of the juice of the barley. So they encouraged one another with these words.

21. No it came to pass that, as they sat, one came and said that he had seen a strange fire in the sky, but what it was he could not tell.

22. And some said, It is the moon; and others said, It is the sun; and some said, Doth the sun rise in the west? and others said, This is not the west, but the east; and some said, Which is it? for we perceive two in the sky.

23. And one said, I see nothing. Now the name of that man was Blin Foo. He was the son of Fill Foo, and his mother's name was Haud Foo; and his brethren, Bung Foo, Sing Foo, Greet Foo and Tam Foo, were speechless.

24. Then each man bade his neighbor farewell, embracing and vowing eternal friendship, and some were borne home in scanty raiment, and others in carriages which jingled as they went; and others drove their own chariots home, and saw many strange sights—for they found grass growing and ditches in the midst of the way where they had not perceived them before.

25. And it came to pass that in the morning many lamented and took no breakfast that day; and the men in white raiment brought unto them many cunningly devised drinks, yea, pick-me-ups, for their tongues clove unto the roofs of their mouths, and the spittle on their beards was like unto a small silver coin, even a sixpence.

26. But when they thought of the previous day, they rejoiced again, for they said, Our brethren whom we have left will hear of it at the feast of the New Year, and they will remember us and bless us, and our hearts and hands shall be strengthened for our labor here.

### Second Thoughts.

When a man makes a choice of a profession he should not forget the small parts in it.

It is easy to detect the bride who is acting the role of the long-ago-married woman.

The man who stands high in his business usually is the most unconventional when away from it.

It takes a bride to feel real honest unconcern over flattery.

Men of public affairs often show lack of tact in personal concerns.

The bride who is able to display a handsome outfit has a keen sense of her importance.

Many men allow their ideas to become stunted through too much self-complacency.

It is the bride of advanced years who speaks the most pityingly of an old maid.—Chicago Journal.


# Women Have Kidney Disease

**And Often Make the Mistake of Attributing the Resulting Backache to Other Causes**

## Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Many women have kidney disease and do not know it. They confuse the symptoms of kidney disease with those of ailments of a feminine nature. We would warn you against this danger, as a few days' neglect of kidney disease may mean years of suffering.

Pains in the small of the back or weakness and lameness of the back are the most marked symptoms of kidney diseases; others are loss of flesh, dry, harsh skin, deposits in the urine, swelling of the feet and legs, severe headaches, stiffness and soreness of the muscles, rheumatic pains, cold chills in back and loins, scalding, painful urination, weariness and despondency.

There is, we believe, no preparation extant which affords such prompt relief for backache and the other distressing symptoms of kidney diseases as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. That this preparation is a thorough cure is evidenced by the scores and hundreds of statements which are received at these offices from reputable people in all walks of life.

Mrs. W. Wilkins, Henry street, Belleville, Ont., states; "I suffered a great deal with pains in the small of the back caused from kidney trouble. Whenever I stooped I could scarcely rise again, the pains were so great. The disease became so severe that it affected my general health, and I was becoming very much run down. Since using Dr. Chase's Liver-Kidney Pills I can say that my trouble has entirely disappeared I can speak in the highest terms of this medicine from the way it acted in my case."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase are on every box.


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