

Her Hidden Destiny

"Is it really your first appearance? How is it that Elsdale has never been honored by your presence before?"

"A faint warmth flushed her cheeks, and she bent her face slightly toward the roses she carried. 'I was so long at school, you know, and since then we have been abroad,' she replied in an indifferent tone, when she looked up again. 'Even now I hardly look forward with any pleasure to my visit there. Uncle Norman will feel his return, I think. Elsdale is so full of sad memories for him.' 'But you are with him,' the young man said significantly, thinking that her lovely face and graceful presence would exercise any sad memories from any heart; and 'Time brings such wondrous healings,' he added. 'Yes,' she returned, thoughtfully, her beautiful eyes softening slightly. 'But Elsdale will be very dull, I fear.' 'After the glories of a London season,' he said, 'jealousy, full of triumphs and pleasures all in honor and homage, Elsdale will very likely seem dull.'"

"The glories," Barbara Hutton rejoined, with a laugh—such a sweet little musical laugh! "Oh, I have kept many other things—memories which will last me all my life, and brighten or sadden it perhaps—I hardly know which! But, whichever they bring, sadness or joy, I would not be without them for all the world. I would not exchange them for aught the world can give."

"The fair face under the gray gauze veil flushed and the dark eyes drooped under their long lashes. 'They must be precious memories indeed,' she observed carelessly. 'What a grim old station this is! It is in the very heart of Sturton, I suppose.' 'Yes, Sturton is a busy town.' 'So I should suppose, from the atmosphere of her pretty lip. It must be hateful to live in the midst of the smoke.'"

"It cannot be very pleasant." They had reached the end of the platform by this time, passing the earl and his companion on the way. The latter glanced at them quickly, then averted his eyes as quickly, and a slight angry look crossed his face. Yet they were a handsome couple, pleasant to look upon and well suited to each other—Lord Keith tall, staid, with a firm, dignified bearing, and the girl slender and charming in her simple gray gown; and if they were not agreeable in Mr. Sinclair's eyes, many an admiring glance followed them, as they sauntered slowly up and down, the young man's head bent low toward Miss Hutton's, his blue eyes rarely leaving her beautiful profile.

Meanwhile the mountain of luggage piled up on the trucks waited under the care of Lord Elsdale's grave butler. The smart lady-maid, keeping jealous watch and guard over the jewel case, was continuing a flirtation with the train with Lord Keith's valet. The footmen standing by the entrance were anxiously looking out for the tardy carriage from the castle, through the wide open doors was visible a dog cart with a powerful chestnut, a groom in livery standing by its head. The porters were loitering about, waiting for the next train. The stationmaster was chatting to Lord Elsdale's servant, and at a little distance a group of men and female teachers were standing, carrying bags and wraps, and laughing and talking among themselves. They had alighted from the down-train, and were waiting for another train to arrive, by which they might continue their journey.

It was a hot July day, and the station was dusty and stifling—the glass roof attracted the heat of the glaring sun. With a little impatient gesture Miss Hutton pushed up her gauze veil; the heat had brought a lovely rose flush to that creamy pallor of her cheeks.

"My poor roses!" she said, softly. "They are drooping for want of water, the poor, pretty things! Are they not fragrant?" "Very fragrant; but I am inclined to be jealous of them," answered the young man, significantly. "Jealous of them—why?"—in a tone of surprise.

"They absorb all your attention. Would it be impertinent to ask a question?" "It depends." "On the question." "Of course. What is it?" she inquired, with a little laugh.

"I am devoured by curiosity." "As to what?" "As to—forgive me—the donor of your roses." She turned her eyes to his face with a quick look of questioning surprise. "The donor of my flowers?" she said, and then she smiled. "Was it not from you they came?" she asked. "I regret to have to answer, 'No,' he replied, a shadow of regret clouding his frank blue eyes, a regret that he had not thought of so envying her journey from town.

"It was not you?" she said quickly. "When I have been grateful to the

wrong person all the day. The roses have been such a pleasure to me! Are you sure you did not send them, Lord Keith?" "Quite sure. Who brought them to you?"

"They were on the table of the saloon," she replied slowly. "Some one had left them there for me."

A quick, angry flush came into the blue eyes again, and Lord Keith bit his lip with vexation.

"Whoever sent them, I am very grateful," she said, and raised her roses again to her face, inhaling their fragrance and sweetness. "It was someone who knows my tastes well," she added, smiling. "I love roses."

Lord Keith's blue eyes darkened with annoyance; he, who was so anxious to please her, ought to have remembered that also. "What a strange group that is yonder," he observed, with an effort, but speaking in his usual light tone; "and how unmistakably their profession is stamped upon them."

"What group?" Barbara asked, rather languidly. She was beginning to weary of the grimy railway station and all her pretty color had faded. "That group to the left of those numbers," he pointed, "which you keep the soiled gloves and tumbled dresses which are the only remnants of a London season," he answered, laughing. "Do you see them—four men and three women?"

"Yes, I see them," she replied, glancing at them with a look of half-ferent disdain, as if the somewhat shabbily attired group were beneath her notice. "To what profession do you suppose they belong?" "The dramatic," he answered, "without the smallest doubt. Do you not recognize the signs and tokens? Of course, it is not very likely you would, though, since your experience in the matter must be infinitesimal."

"What are the signs and tokens?" Barbara Hutton asked, carelessly, but with a slight constraint in her voice. "Oh, they are numerous," he replied. "Will you not enumerate a few of them?" "Because they look to be very much like other people, and when I saw Mrs. Kendal and Mrs. Bancroft in the park, I thought they looked like most of the other occupants of Victoria and Landau, except that perhaps they were rather better dressed."

"My remark did not, of course, apply to theatrical stars," Lord Keith responded, smiling. "Mrs. Bancroft and Mrs. Kendal are very much like other people—rather too much so, in fact; but I was speaking of second and third rate actors and actresses, who confine themselves to the provinces."

"Oh," Barbara said, negligently, glancing at the group in question, and again raising her roses to hide a sudden quivering of her lips—"only second and third rate performers act in the provinces, then? Flattering for the provinces!"

"The provinces can not afford stars," he explained, smiling; then added, "But I have seen very good acting at the Theater Royal, Sturton."

"There is a theater here, then?" "Oh, yes—two! One of them is a very fine building." "But you have not given me the signs and tokens by which one can detect these second and third rate performers," Miss Hutton said, after a short pause.

"If you will honor the group we shall almost immediately with your attention, you will find them out for yourself," Lord Keith answered. "But I have told you that they seem to me very much like everybody else," Barbara retorted petulantly.

"Your glance at them must have been a very superficial one," the young man remarked, smiling. "Look at the attire of those three women; at their carelessly dressed hair! Does it not seem to you that they are too weary of the constant stage toilets to try to make to pay due attention to their everyday garments?"

The men are a trifle less untidy, perhaps, though they seem to have put off shaving to a more convenient opportunity, which will probably be the next time they appear in public, and—

"I wonder if we are to remain here all night?" Barbara said impatiently, breaking in upon his speech as they turned. "It is too provoking!"

"Are you getting tired?" he asked, looking at her; then, with a quick exclamation—"How pale you are! Are you ill, Miss Hutton? Let me—"

"I am not ill—only tired to death of this stupid station and those staring people," she answered pettishly. "Did they stare?" Lord Keith asked, hiding a faint smile which had crept to his lips. "They were repaying our interest in kind."

"Our interest?" she repeated languidly. "I had no interest in them." "Pardon me, I fancied that you had. While two of the girls are very pretty, one of the men is singularly handsome."

"Indeed! I had not noticed it," Barbara said indifferently; then coloring slightly, she added, hurriedly, "That is not quite true. I did see that one of the men had rather a striking face; but I did not like his expression."

"I should think he was the jealous premier of the company," Lord Keith remarked, smiling. "His role is usually to make love to the yellow-haired girl in the crimson ulster. The stout woman is the leading lady. I should imagine the broad-faced clean-shaven man is 'cast' for comic parts; and the moody-looking individual in brown is the pere noble."

"You seem to know all about it," Lord Keith, said Miss Hutton.

"Oh, I have always had a craze for theatricals! When we were boys, poor Lord Hutton and I were wild about them. He was an eldest son, so of course, he could not entertain the idea seriously; but I, who was not then the eldest son," he added rather sadly, "had quite made up my mind to adopt the sock and buskin. It was a wild idea and dispelled before we reached years of discretion. Now I should consider it a bad profession for a man and an infinitely worse one for a woman."

[To be Continued.]

The swiftest dog in the world, the Russian wolfhound, has made record runs that show twenty-four yards to the second, while the gazelle has shown a measured speed of more than twenty-seven yards a second.

Lyons, in the valley of the Rhone in France, is the largest silk manufacturing center in the world, producing annually about \$30,000,000 worth.

BIG WARSHIPS FOR U. S.

Navy Secretary Urges Building of 16,000 Ton Battleships.

Washington, D. C., March 22.—Secretary Bonaparte appeared before the house committee on naval affairs today in support of an increase of the navy. He advocated an appropriation this year for two 16,000-ton battleships, and in case Congress does not see fit to provide for two such ships, he urged the construction of one 19,400-ton battleship. In this recommendation he surpassed Admiral Dewey, who surprised the committee by advocating 18,000-ton battleships after the type of the English battleship Dreadnaught.

In the main, Secretary Bonaparte's recommendations were in harmony with the estimates for construction aggregate \$23,300,000.

FATAL ROW OVER WAGES

A Hungarian Hired Man Shoots His Employer.

Prohisher, Sask., March 22.—Mr. D. J. Campbell, a farmer, four miles north of Prohisher, was shot this morning. Winifred Meryon, a Hungarian in the employ of Mr. Campbell, had a dispute with his employer, and this morning took Mr. Campbell's shotgun to the stable, and on Mr. Campbell's approach, raised the gun and shot.

Mr. Campbell endeavored to get out of the way, but too late, the shot striking him in the region of the groin.

He was able to reach his house, where he sent to neighbors for aid. The Hungarian, after shooting his victim, started for town, and is now in custody. Mr. Campbell is a married man, with a family of four, and a highly respected man about here.

It is said that the wound is fatal, and that he cannot recover.

SEE A DISAGREEMENT

Miners and Operators at Indianapolis Talk Cannot Agree.

Indianapolis, March 22.—After being in session the greater part of today the joint scale committee of coal operators and miners of the central competitive and southwestern districts adjourned late today until tomorrow, divided on every proposal that had been made during the day by either side.

The committee apparently were no nearer an agreement than they were on Feb. 2, when the former joint conference disagreed and adjourned.

Chairman C. W. Winders, of the operators, admitted that a disagreement of the joint scale committee in the central competitive district is probable.

Vice-President Lewis, of the United Mine Workers, said: "There will certainly be a disagreement unless the operators recede from their position."

STRIKE-BREAKING PRINTERS

Typographical Union Says They Are Being Brought from England.

Washington, D. C., March 22.—The executive council of the American Federation of Labor spent some time today discussing the replies of President Roosevelt to the bill of grievances presented yesterday regarding legislation affecting labor interests.

Mr. Gompers said tonight that if Congress fails to remedy the grievances, the organization will appeal direct to the people. In other words, he said, the federation will enter the field of politics and urge organized labor to elect men of their own choosing and thus have a personal voice in the government.

There will be further discussions of the situation by the members of the council, among whom the remarks of the President have made a deep impression. Mr. Gompers insisted that the council is in the right regarding the statements set forth in the bill of the representatives made, and that the condition of affairs in the labor world everywhere is the best proof of its contentions.

A communication was received from the president of the International Typographical Union and from one of the unions of the printers of Canada, saying that printers had been contracted for in England to come here under contract and act as strike-breakers to such printers as are still out on strike for the establishment of the eight-hour day, these strike-breakers coming to the United States via Canada.

It was decided to co-operate with the International Typographical Union with a view to having the coming here apprehended and to endeavor to break up the alleged practice.

It was stated that there are 40,000 printers now working under the eight-hour day and about 3,000 still out.

THE G. T. R. ENGINEERS

Arbitrators Chosen to Settle Differences With the Company.

Toronto, March 22.—In connection with the approaching arbitration between the Grand Trunk Railway and its railway engineers, to which has been referred for adjudication, the long-standing proposal of a uniform mileage rate for all engineers on the system, the Grand Trunk has appointed Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, K.C., as their representative on the board of arbitrators, while the engineers have chosen Mr. P. H. Morrissey, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Within a few days these arbitrators will appoint a third, and the session will commence.

The particular point in contention between the company and the engineers consist in the complex system of rates at present in force on different lines.

The engineers demand a uniform mileage rate involving a total increase in salaries on the system amounting approximately to \$100,000 a year.

HILL NOT GUILTY

Brantford Indian Charged With Murder Given Discharge.

Brantford, March 22.—At a late hour this afternoon the jury in the Hill murder case returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

Hill, the Indian, accordingly was given his discharge.

The verdict was particularly due to the charge of Justice Garrow, who summed up strongly in favor of the prisoner.

LLOYDS COULDN'T SEE IT

Refused to Make Low Rate for Merchants During Maneuvers.

London, March 22.—The financial secretary to the admiralty announced in the House of Commons today that the admiralty estimated the value of the merchant ships, including their cargoes, which are expected to co-operate in the grand naval maneuvers in June at \$50,000,000. The Government, he added, was negotiating for insurance up to this amount, but the terms had not yet been agreed upon.

It appears that Government representatives appealed to the patriotism of the Lloyd's, underwriters, to write the dealer under a very low rate, but the underwriters retorted that the Government had failed to insist on the prompt payment of losses caused by the Russian warships during the late war with Japan, and demanded a higher premium.

CERTAIN BOOKS BURNED

Says Piano Company Manager in York Loan Case.

Toronto, March 22.—In the police court inquiry into the Phillips, of the York County Loan, detectives were sent this afternoon to the registry office and secured a copy of the declaration made by Phillips in November, 1903, and repeated in September, 1905, to the effect that he had carried on and intended to carry on business as the dealer under the name of Lisat Piano Company, and that no person was associated in partnership with him.

Phillips' counsel declares the statement was erroneously but inadvertently registered in Toronto as a sworn declaration of ownership instead of in Ottawa as a trade name.

George Burt, manager of the company, was on the witness stand all day. He admitted certain books had been burned at his home. Others purporting to be in general use for years past looked so new that the crown attorney expressed his conviction they were not the originals.

This Burt later admitted, but could not say where the original books are.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Pac-Emile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP IS THE MEDICINE YOU NEED.

It is without an equal as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Quinsy and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

A single dose of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will stop the cough, soothe the throat, and if the cough or cold has become settled on the lungs, the healing properties of the Norway Pine Tree will proclaim its great virtue by promptly eradicating the bad effects, and a persistent use of the remedy cannot fail to bring about a complete cure.

Do not be humbugged into buying so-called Norway Pine Syrup, but be sure and insist on having Dr. Wood's. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cts.

Mrs. Henry Seabrook, Hapworth, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in our family for the past three years and I consider it the best remedy known for the cure of colds. It has cured all my children and myself."

That it is a good deal of a strain metal in his district. A small boy, main point entirely and wrote this: shown by the story of an Australian crowd, had picked up what proved to be a nugget of pure gold. In his excitement the official overlooked the news of the finding of the precious

STYLISH SPRING COATS

We are showing a great assortment of the most Stylish Spring Coats. We have bought heavily in order to secure a lower price. Our good buying brings these popular styles to our customers at lower prices than would otherwise be possible. You can rest assured that we are out to please you, and to do so we give you every benefit and at the same time have you dressed in the most becoming style.

SPRING COATS

The popular styles in Spring Coats are here. If you see them you'll be helped.

Ladies' Fawn, Covert Cloth, Fitted Coats, double-breasted, self strappings. Only \$7 50

Ladies' Fawn Covert Cloth Fitted Coats, lined throughout with good quality mercerized sateen, stitched pleats back and front, with semi-yoke effect. Only \$10 50

Ladies' and Misses' Pony Jackets, in semi-fitted and loose styles, made of good quality covert cloth, \$8 50, \$9, and \$10 00

75c TWEED In grays and fawns, very pretty mixtures, 46 inches wide, good value; correct for the new pony jacket and skirts.

NEW BLACK VOILE "Kharanta"—Just received a shipment of black dress voiles, plain and fancy, 60c, 75c, \$1. \$1 25, and \$1 50. ASK TO SEE THEM.

56-INCH TWEED SUITINGS Very pretty shade of Queen's Gray, with the new crossbar check; the newest material for this season's wear; 6 yards makes the suit, at a yard, \$1 00

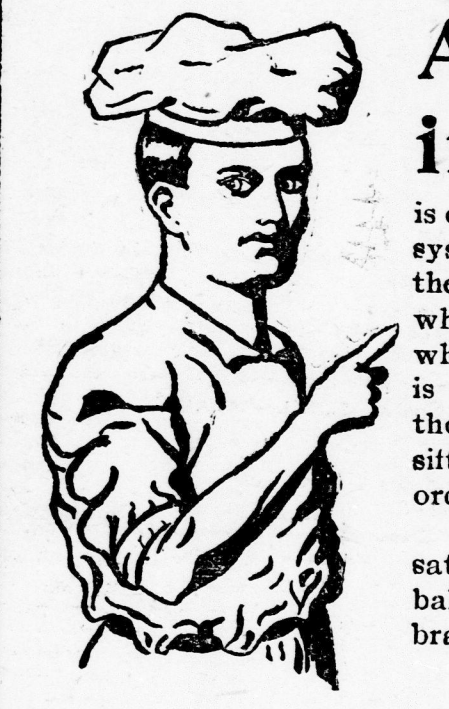
Stylish Millinery

The display of Stylish Easter Millinery now on view is our brightest and best. Come before it is dispersed. Saturday night set apart for those who cannot come during the day.

150 DUNDAS and CARLING

GRAY & PARKER

150 DUNDAS and CARLING



Absolute Purity in Bread

is essential in order to give proper nourishment to the system. It is, however, dependent upon the purity of the flour. "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR is made by a process which insures ABSOLUTE purity. From the time the wheat enters the mill until the flour reaches the cook, it is untouched by human hands. The grain itself is thoroughly cleansed before grinding, whilst the flour is sifted, time after time, through the finest silk cloth in order to remove the smallest impurities.

These processes render "FIVE ROSES" an easy and satisfactory flour to use, and insure better results on baking day than can be obtained with any ordinary brands.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

Lake of The Woods Milling Co. Limited.

Local Office, 72 Bathurst Street, London, Ont.

HEINTZMAN

The Piano That Is Built On the Square.

The Piano That Is Sold On the Square.

No better instrument is made in Canada than THE HEINTZMAN PIANO. It has always held the distinction of being the best constructed and most durable piano on the market. Our prices are right and terms to suit customers. Call and see

At the Wareroom of Ye Olde Firme of

Heintzman & Co.

217 Dundas St., Cor. Clarence St., London.

That it is a good deal of a strain metal in his district. A small boy, main point entirely and wrote this: shown by the story of an Australian crowd, had picked up what proved to be a nugget of pure gold. In his excitement the official overlooked the news of the finding of the precious

Many people who can't trust themselves expect others to do so.

74u-14,23

This Weather Brings Colds.

Cold one day, mild the next. This is just the kind of weather in which coughs and colds find their beginning. And who can tell the result of a neglected cold?

Colds prove dangerous, not so much because people do not know of some reliable cure, such as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, but rather because of neglect to make use of it.

You are not experimenting when you use this well-known family medicine, for it is the stand-by in thousands of homes, where time and again it has proven its exceptional worth.

When you make up your mind to safeguard yourself or family by the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, do not allow your druggist to persuade you into taking something on which he may have a larger profit.

You will find that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine will not fail you in the hour of emergency; 25 cents a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.