# The Rose and Lily Dagger

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

> he would undertake to beat the handsomest man in gaining a lady' favor, and Fanny Inchley might, re

> versing the sexes, have made the

No one could have called her even

ple and always well dressed; what

ever she wore seemed to harmon-ize with or set off the red hair and pale, small featured face; and though Bridget and others of her sex had declared Miss Inchley's eyes to be

green, no one, not even a woman could deny that she had a trick of

using them to the best advantag which girls with really good eye often lacked. She was witty, she wa

clever, and she was very ambitious She was only the housekeeper's niece but she told herself that she meant

to be—whatever she could be. Her father had been a dancing master in London, and at his death Mrs. Inchley, who had no children of her own, had adopted the little or-

phan, and had sent her to a good school—for Mrs. Inchley had a re-markably good situation, and had saved money. Fanny had displayed a good deal of intelligence at the boarding school, and had soon out-distanced han fellow mustle butter.

same assertion.

"Thanks, but I will get you him three-quarters of an hour start to excuse me. Soul mating soul! Love! Keep it for setting to music, Luigi. There isn't such a thing in the outside world. And if there were, it is not for me. There goes the second bell. Wait here till I have dressed; I shall not be ten minutes," and he strode off. pretty, but she possessed that name-less something which, call it fas-cination or the art of prepossessing or what you will, is very effective with men. Her thin figure was sup-CHAPTER V.

Miss Fanny Inchiev waited until the marquis' tall form had disap-peared round the bend, then she slid out of her hiding place and went down to the bridge, crossed it quickly, and then sauntered along the river bank toward the town, her sharp eyes keeping a constant watch in front and on either side

It was evident that she was waiting for some one; and although he was quite unconscious of it, that ome one was—Captain Sherwin.

She had only spoken to him once
her life, but on that occasion she

had danced with him, and that sin-gle dance had fired an ambition in the heart of Fanny Inchley which ourned persistently and obstinately. There were two balls held annually at Barefield; one in January and the other in June, and everybody who was anybody, and a great many persons who were nobodies, attended them. Fanny, although she was only the nicee of the Castle house-keeper, had gone to the one them. Fanny, although she was only the nice of the Castle house-keeper, had gone to the one in January—the last one—and not withstanding her red hair and eyes of uncertain hue, had attracted some attention.

in idleness Fanny wandered about the castle, dressing and carrying herself "quite like a lady," and "ladying" it over the servants, male and female.

Among those who had been attracted to the ball by Miss Fanny's dimension forms and expressive even

co to the ball by Miss Fanny's di-minutive figure and expressive eyes had been Captain Charles, and he had gone up to her and asked her for a dance. Fanny, who had inherited her father's, the dancing master's skill, waltzed to perfection as the captain told her. He also said vari-ous other pleasant things after the captain told her. He also said vari-ous other pleasant things after the manner of the young military man, and had then gone his way and for-gotten her. But Fanny had not for-gotten him. She treasured the mem-ory of that dance, and the pleasant commonplaces he had uttered in his soft, buy voice, as things precious ory of that dates, and the presence of the commonplaces he had uttered in his soft, low voice, as things precious and ever to be remembered, and at night as she brushed out the light red locks—they were abundant and not without a certain kind of beauty—she pondered over all he had said and all she had heard of him.

and all she had heard of him.

One night she amused herself by scribbling on a sheet of paper his name—"Captain Sherwin"; then she wrote her own under it, and then right down to the end of the page, "Mrs. Charles Sherwin," "Mrs. Sherwin," "Captain and Mrs. Sherwin." She tore the paper up very carefully, and burned the fragments with a match; but "Mrs. Sherwin" remained dancing before her eyes, and never left her mind from that moment. The captain lodged at a farmhouse

the club every afternoon, and re turn to dinner about eight o'clock He generally came by the river bank and by a strange coincidence Fanny very often happened to be walking that way. Sometimes the captain saw her and glanced at her—he did

#### A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.

Every mother is responsible to some extent for the health of her lit the same state of the neutral nother will always keep at hand the means for protecting the health of her children. For this purpose there is absolutely no medicine can compare with Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets speedily relieve and promptly cure all stomach and bowel trouly cure all stomach and bowel trou-bles, break up all colds, check sim-ple fevers, prevent croup, and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. They are good for children of all ages from birth upwards, and are sold under a guar-antee to contain no opiate or harm-ful drug. All mothers who have used Baby's Own Tablets praise them and keep then in the house. Mrs. John Weaver, Blirsfield, N. B., says: "I have a family of six children and have used Baby's Own Tablets and know that they are the best madi-cine I have ever used for my little

You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any druggist or they will be sent by mill post paid at 25 cents a box by writing to the Dr. Williams'

not remember her: women look so different in their ordinary everyday clothes from what they do in the gorgeous, glerious raiment of the ballroom—and if he had remembered her, the captain would not probably have noticed her by any greeting, for at that time he had no thought or care for any other woman than Flaine Delaine.

But Fanny Inchley was not discouraged. It he would not speak to her of his own accord —well, some day she would make him.

This evening she had decided that the time had come when she must make him, and though she sauntered along apparently so innocently aimless and meditative, picking a flower now and then and stop-ping to watch the trout that jumped and flopped in the stream, her acute brain was busy with schemes and

plans.
Presently she heard the soft pad, pad of a horse's hoofs on the turf, and drawing her shawl closer round her head, she stood and watched.

her head, she stood and watched.

The sound came nearer, and very soon the captain appeared. He was riling slowly and sat in the saddle in a brooding, dispirited and altogether limp fashion.

He looked—as he was—tired, disappointed, and out of sorts. He had climbed the hill after the scene with Elaine and the marquis, had got his horse at the cottage, and had then, avoiding the club. ridden along the lanes, chewing the cud of his discomfiture and mortification, and generally enjoying a very bad time of it. Then he had at last bethought him the time, and turned on the familiar ride home.

As he neared the bridge the spot

As he neared the bridge the spot reminded him of all he had undergone there a short time ago, and his weak, handsome face reddened, and his lips quivered in the way peculiar to them. He also swore a little. Your weak-He also swore a little. Your weakminded man always swears
when he has been vanquished
and invariably lays the blame,
not on himself, but on other people.
He felt intensely wretched and
fearfully small. He was aching all
over, for the marquis' grip was of
which which leaves something to be
remembered, and altogether he was
in that plight when a man feels that
he has been very badly treated and
that all the world is against him.
As he passed the bridge he saw a
slight girlish figure coming slowly
toward him. He scarcely noticed her
as she came along slowly, her head
bent with sweet maldenly abstraction over some flowers she held in
her hand; in such abstraction that
she evidently did not near the approaching horse, for the captain had
tof swerve to the right to avoid riding over her, and she gave quite a
start as she shrank with a little ery

ing over her, and she gave quite a start as she shrank with a little cry out of his path. The captain just glanced at her and rode on at the same slow walk, but presently he saw something white lying on the path. It was a handkerchief. He looked at it—look-ed back at the girl, who had stopped and was kneeling on the bank gathering some more flowers, hestated, then with an exclamation of im-patience, dropped from his horse and picked up the handkerchief.

It was a very delicate little specimen of its tribe, a few inches square, of very fine cambric, and an extremely pretty "Fanny" was worked in light blue at the corner.

The captain held it daintly, and, with the bridle of his horse slung over his arm, made his way back to the damsel.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Have you dropped your handkerchief?"

When his that the postantater is the rotation and the postantaster is displayed. It is not that he was dead, but I have that

SPRING AILMENTS

The Blood Needs Attention at This Season-Purgatives Should be Avoided.

system needs toning up. In the spring you must have new blood, just as the trees must have new sap. With new blood you will feel sprightly, happy and healthy. Many people take purgatives in spring, but this is a sorious mistate as the people take purgatives in spring, bu this is a serious mistake, as the tendency of all purgatives is to fur tendency of all purgatives is to further weaken the system. The one and
only sire way to get new blobd and
new strength is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually
make new, rich red blood—they are
the greatest spring tonic in the
world. Dr. Williams' Pink Fills speedily banish all spring aliments. Miss
Belle Cohoon, White Rock Mills, N. S.,
says: "I have found Dr. Williams'
Pink Pills a splendid spring medicline. I was very much run down;
the least exertion exhausted me, and
I had a constant feeling of languor
and sluggishness. My appetite falled
me and my sleep at night was disturbed and restless. After I began
the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
there was a speely change for the
better, and after taking a few boxes
I felt stronger than I had done for
years." rears. You can get Dr. Williams' Pink

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any dealer in medicine, or by mall post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not let any dealer persuade you to take a substitute. Substitutes never cured anyone—the genuine pills have cured hundreds of thousands in all parts of the world.

Farny gave a little start and look ed up at him with a blush that lent her face just the amount of color it needed, and felt in her pocket before

replying.
"Oh, yes! Thank you!" she said, in "Oh, yes! Thank you!" she said, in her clear and by no means unmusical voice, and the expressive eyes went up for a moment to his, then dropped timidly again. "It is my handkerchief." I am sorry you should have had the trouble to get off your horse, and come back with it—Captain Sherwin." He raised his hat, wondering who she was. He looked at her closely. She was dressed quietly and taste-She was dressed quietly and taste fully, and had evidently come from the Castle, or she would have worn a hat or bonnet. Could she be a visitor "I have the honor to be known to you!" he said as a feeler. Up went the eyes again, and then the lids—Fanny had good lashes—

drooped again.
"Oh, yes; I remember you."
"Remember," said the captain, beginning to think that she was rather than otherwise. "I'm-I'm ashamed to say--'

"That you have forgotten me. Ah That you have forgotten me. Ah, that is only natural. You gave me a dance at the Town Hall last January, Captain Sherwin. It was not like that you would remember it," and she seemed to check a little sigh and look down at her flowers.

This was delightful to the captain

This was delightful to the captain His vanity and self-love had received a severe wound a few hours ago and this subtle deference and flattery fell on his chaled spirit like a healreli on his chafed spirit like a healing ointment.

"Of course I remember," he sald.
"I can't think how I could have forgotten, Miss—Miss—"

"Inchley, Fanny Inchley," she said

He paused. He had not heard her name at the ball or if he had had caught it only indistinctly, and had no notion who she was.

"You are staying at the Castle?"
he said, inquiringly.
Fanny opened her eyes upon him
with innocent wonder.

"You mean as a visitor? On, no! But—yes, I am in a sense. I am staying with my aunt. She is the

housekeeper."
The captain felt rather surprised and looked it. This refined, fairy-like creature only the niece of an upper servant! His shifty eyes grew more

bold.
"It must be very pleasant there," he said, glancing toward the park, Fanny sighed.

"Y-e-s," she said, hesitatingly.
"It is a very beautiful place, but it is very lonely. There is no one there," she stopped and sighed again.
"I have only just come from school, and of course it seems lonely to me. I never see anyone with whom I can talk or exchange an idea. But I mustn't complain. I have always the clear brooks and the flowers, and sometimes I come and talk with the stream."

stream."
"Pon my word I envy the stream,"
said the captain, with what he considered one of his most killing glances,
Miss Fanny shot a half-frightened
look at him.

Miss Fanny snot a man-right look at him.

"I deserve that you should think me silly and laugh at me," she said, and as she turned her face away from him her sensitive lip quivered.

To be Continued.)

Had Lost Track of the Case.

The young woman who, when asked The young woman who, when asked if she had read "Romeo and Juliet," replied that she had never read Juliet, but she thought Romeo was lovely, was of the same temperament as a village postmaster who knew or pretended to know something of all the doings of the world, great and small.

pretended to know something of all the doings of the world, great and small.

Some wags from a neighboring town who strolled into the postoffice one day thought they would have some sport with the wise man.

"I suppose it's pretty dead up her, Mr. Pratt," said one.

"Well, not so dead as you think. I guess there ain't much goes on that we don't hear about, even if it don't happen right here."

"Why, you people don't know the war's over," said another, falling back on the stock exchange phrase.

"Oh, you can't work that dodge on me," replied the postmaster, looking shrewdly over his spectacles. "I guess I folkered the negotiations with Kitchener in the papers,"

"But there are some things that aren't in the papers,' said another youth. "I don't believe you know when Shakespeare died."

"Well, no," said the postmaster "I dida't know that he was dead, but I heard inst week he was pretty low."

—Youth's Companion.

### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* DEATH WARRANT OF CHARLES I.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* Howard Rayner, a member of the Baltimore har, has in his possession what purports to be the original warrant issued for the execution of Charles I., King of England. The document came into his possession recently through some legal business he was transacting for a client who is a descendant of Col. Lynne. The warrant was directed to Col. Lynne, or to the Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding, or to both of them."

It was necessary to secure from England some family records, and among the contents of the box shipamong the contents of the hox shipped to Mr. Rayner's client was the warrant. The descent of the Baltimorean from Col. Lynne is said to be established, and in his family there has always been a tradition that the death warrant was in the possession of his relatives.

The warrant has no hearing on the matter concerning which Mr. Rayner was seeking information. Its presence among the other papers is believed to have been the result of an oversight on the part of those who packed the hox.

The parchment is hadly worn. Fifty years after its issue, according to

years after its issue, according to tradition it was placed upon a can-vas background to preserve it. The date line on the warrant is as fol-

At the High Court of Justice for the tryinge and indytinge of Charles Steuart, Kinge of England, January 24th, Anno Domini, 1648.

rant: This is the language of the war-Whereas, Charles Steuart, Kinge of England, is and standeth con-victed, attaynted and condemned of high treason and other high orimes, and sentence was pronounced against him by this [a symbol supposed to represent the court passing sentence] to be put to death by the severance of his head from his body, of which sentence execution was represented by tion yet remaineth to be done. These are therefore to will and require you to see this sentence executed in the open streets before Whitehall upon the morrowe the thirtieth of this instante month off January between the hours of Tenn in the morninge and five in the afternoon of the same dayful effect. And for soe doing this shall be your sufficient warrant.

Then follow the names of the members of the House of Commons who signed Charles I's, death war-rant. Bradshawe, the president, signed first. Thomas Grey was second, and the name of O. Cromwell

ond, and the name of O. Cromwell appears third on the list.
Two warrants were issued for the execution of Charles I. One was given to the headsman and the other to the officer commanding the troops at the Tower. It was the duty of the latter to protect the executioner in carrying out the sentence of the House of Commons, which, in this case, con-Commons, which, in this case, constituted the court.

On the document some of the words are crossed with lines drawn at right angles to one another. Several signatures to the document are marked in three to the document are marked in the same manner. This has been ex-plained in the following manner: It was feared that an attempt might be made by the King's friends to bribe someone to invalidate the warrant by changing its wording. It would be impossible to erase any word without destroying in part the would be impossible to erase any word without destroying in part the checkered lines, and the fraud would at once be apparent if there was any interference with the continuity of the marks.

the marks. Some of the Commoners, too, were some of the Commoners, too, were not anxious to place their signatures on a warrant for the death of the King of England. Their braver associates made sure that the weaklings or conscientious members, as the case might be, should not have their

names removed from the document. Hence the marks over the names. On Jan. 30, between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Charles I. was taken to a scaffold covered with black, before Whitehall. There he black, before Whitehall. There he was executed. It will be noticed that there is some discrepancy in the date of the warrant and the facts con-nected with the execution as ordin-arily recorded.

Horse None the Worse of it. "A splinter must come off here," he said, and he took up an instrument two feet long, scissors shaped, and with cutting edges that were sawlike. This was a cutter and on being applied to the tooth it snapped off the splinter as though it had been chalk.

tal instruments on the table an electric battery buzzed. The surgeon fixed to one of its wires a drill and instantly a burr of steel upon the end of the drill began to revolve with the current's force as fast as a circular saw. He applied the drill to the tooth. With a humming sound it dug its way through the torn enamel,

its way through the torn enamel, making it in a moment quite regular and smooth.

The dentist cleansed the tooth thoroughly with hot air blown from a syringe. Then he took up in a forceps a morsel of dental gold. This malleable metal he pounded tight into the cavity and added more and more to it, molding the gold as it grew, till finally the tooth had regained its proper size and shape. It was then filed smooth and polished to a certain brilliance and the operation was over.

Mixed the Instruments.

Pedestrians in a certain provincial city recently were much puzzled by an old woman who was p.aying a harrel organ.
At one end of the instrument she had pasted this notice:
"Help the Blind,"
Beneath this appeared a second appeal:
"I am the father of seven mother.

Beneath this appeared a second appeal:

"I am the father of seven motherless children."

The old woman wore a pair of blue spectacles, behind which her eyes were completely hidden.

A few streets farther on the mystery of the inscription was cleared up, for there sat an old man turning music out of another organ as dilapidated as the one whose faint strains could almost he heard from up the street.

He; too, wore glasses, and his organ hore this legend:

"Help the Blind,"

And under it:

"I am the mother of seven father-

"I am the mother of seven father-less children."

I am the mother of seven lather-less children."

A man steeped up to him and said:
"Look here, my friend, next time
you go out you had better get the
right label on your organ."
The grinder must have guessed
what the error was, for, pushing
the glasses back from his eyes, he
peered quickly up and down the
street as if looking for a policeman.
Seeing none, he leaned over and
read the sign.
"That's the old woman all over,"
he muttered, replacing the glasses
and turning his instrument to leave.
"She's mixed them blooming organs
up again,"—Tit-Bits.

The story is told of Eliot's translation into the Indian language of the passages from the Bible, "The mother of Sisera looked out at the window and cried through the lattice." Not knowing the Indian word for "lattice," he tried to get the Indians to help him out, and described a wicker framework. The Indians thought they recognized his meaning and gave him the word. Afterward Eliot found that he had made the mother of Sisera cry made the mother of Sisera cry through the eel-pot. A similar dif-ficulty in coaxing a definition from the untutored was met by a school

She was trying to make the child-"It applies to an animal," she said. "Can any one tell me what animal?"

There was the silence of confess three was the stence of confessed ignorance. The teacher began to throw out leading hints,
"The animal that gives us meat."
Still silence.
"And shoes," she added.
No light broke on the 20 puzzled

countenances.

"And the straps that you carry your books in."

"Olr, I know!" cried a young

voice, with explosive eagerness.
"Well. James, what animal is it?"
"Father!"—Youth's Companion.

Origin of the Military Salute. Of military salutes, raising the right hand to the head is generally right hand to the head is generally helieved to have originated from the days of the tournament, when the knights filed past the throne of the knights filed past the throne queen of hearty, and by way of complement, raised their hands to their brow to imply that their beauty was too dearling for unshaded eyes to brow to imply that their beauty was too dazzing for unshaded eyes to gaze on. The officer's salute with the swora has a double meaning. The first position with the hilt opposite the lips is a repetition of the crusaders' action in kissing the'cross hilt of his sword in token of faith and fealty, while lowering the point afterward implies either submission or friendship, meaning in either case that is is no longer necessary to stand on guard.

How Cruel. Tit-Bits.

Miss Thin—Don't you think my new dress is just exquisite? They all say so. Fannie—Oh, lovely! I think that dressmaker of yours could make a clothes-prop look graceful.

## The Twinging Pains of Rheumatism

And Sciatica, Distressing Headaches and Dizzy Spells. Made Life Wretched-Doctors and Medicines Availed Nothing, but Cure Came with the use of it,

## Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Instead of giving you reasons why Dr. Chase's Kiliney-Liver Pills should cure you, we prefer to quote from the experience of the cured ones. This case of Mr. Haine's was unusually serious because it was of twentum to the cure of the cure ones. The case of Mr. Haine's was unusually serious because it was of twentum to the cure of the cure of

mally serious because it was of twenty years' standing, and had resisted the efforts of two physicians and all sorts of treatment. It is merely another illustration of how Dr. Chase's Kiney-Liver Pils reach the seat of disease and cure when other means fail.

Mr. William Haines, farmer, of Thorold Township, near Port Robinson, Welland County, Ont., states:
"I have been subject to severe and charsesing headaches since boyhood, and in later life this became complicated with rheumatism and sclatica, and altogether my life was more miserable. The headaches were accomp int wiffe dizin's and vogfiting and I was for days and often weeks unfit for anything. As the trouble advanced I became results for anything. As the trouble advanced I became results for anything. As the trouble advanced I became results for anything. As the trouble advanced I became results for anything. As the trouble advanced I became results for anything. As the trouble advanced I became results for anything. As the trouble advanced I became results for anything. As the trouble advanced I became results for anything. As the trouble advanced I became results for anything the state of the results for anything. As the trouble advanced I became results for anything the state of the results for anything. As the trouble advanced I became results for anything the sum of the proportion of the state of the results of the results for the sum of the sum





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