

If you drink Japan tea try a packet of Blue Ribbon Ceylon Green which is fast displacing it.

The Rose and Lily Dagger

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

Thanks, but I will get you to excuse me. Soul mating soul! Love! Keep it for setting to music. Love! 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.

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 diminutive figure and expressive eyes had been Captain Charles, and he had gone up and down the stairs to a dance, Fanny, who had inherited her father's, the dancing master's skill, waited to perfection as the captain told her. He also said various other pleasant things after the manner of the young military man, and had then gone his way and forgotten her. But Fanny had not forgotten him. She treasured the memory of that dance, and the pleasant commonplace 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.

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." She then wrote the paper up very carefully, and burned the fragments with a match; but "Mrs. Sherwin" remained dancing in her eyes, and she never left her mind from that moment.

The captain lodged at a farmhouse—Owen's Farm it was called—on the other side of the valley, and it was his custom to come to the club every afternoon, and return to dinner about eight o'clock. He generally came by the river bank, and by a strange coincidence Fanny very often happened to be in the way. Sometimes the captain saw her and glanced at her—he did not remember her; women look so different in their ordinary everyday clothes from what they do in the gorgeous, gorgeous 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 not thought of care for another woman than Elaine Delaine.

But Fanny Inehley was not discouraged. If 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, she was meditating, picking a flower now and then, and just as she was about to pick a rose, she saw a man in a blue frock and a white waistcoat, and she recognized him as the captain.

Presently she heard the soft padding of a horse's hoofs on the turf, and drawing her shawl closer round her head, she stood and watched. The sound came nearer, and very soon the captain appeared. He was riding slowly and sat in the saddle in a brooding, dispirited and altogether limp fashion.

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

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-minded man always swears when he has been vanquished and invariably says the same words not on himself, but on other people. He felt intensely wretched and feverishly small. He was aching all over, for the marquis' grip was of a kind which he would not forget, and he 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, meditative abstraction over some flowers, her hand in her hand; in such abstraction that she evidently did not hear the approaching horse, for the captain had to swear to the right to avoid hitting over her, and she gave quite a start as she shriek 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 looked at her with a white lying on the path. It was a handkerchief. He looked at it—looked back at the girl, who had stopped and was kneeling on the bank gathering some more flowers, looked at it again, and then with an exclamation of impatience, dropped from his horse and picked up the handkerchief.

SPRING AILMENTS The Blood Needs Attention at This Season—Purgatives Should be Avoided.

Spring is the season when your 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 serious mistake, as the tendency of all purgatives is to further weaken the system. The one and only sure way to get new blood 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 Pills speedily banish all spring ailments. Miss Belle Cohoon, White Rock Mills, N. S., says: "I have found Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best spring medicine. I was very much run down by the least exertion exhausted me, and I had a constant feeling of languor and sluggishness. My appetite failed and my sleep at night was disturbed and restless. After I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills there was a speedy change for the better, and after taking a few boxes I was stronger than I had done for years."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any dealer in medicine, or by mail post paid, at 50 cents a box, with the special \$2.50 bottle, 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 Pink Pills have cured hundreds of thousands in all parts of the world.

Fanny gave a little start and looked up at him with a blush that left her face just the amount of color it needed, and felt in her pocket before replying.

"Yes! Thank you!" she said, in her clear and by no means unmelancholy voice, and the expressive eyes went up for a moment to his, then dropped quickly again. "It is my handkerchief, and 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, and then he spoke in a low, friendly voice. She was dressed quietly and tastefully, and had evidently come from the castle, or she would have worn a hat or bonnet. Could she be a visitor? "I have only just come to know you," he said as a feeler.

Up went the eyes again, and then the lids—Fanny had good lashes—dropped again. "Remember," said the captain, beginning to think that she was rather pretty than otherwise. "I'm—I'm ashamed to say—"

"That is one I have forgotten me. Ah, that is an open matter. You gave me a dance at the Town Hall last January, Captain Sherwin. It was not like that you would remember it, and I am sure you would remember it, and look down at her feet. This was delightful to the captain. His vanity and self-love had received a severe wound a few hours ago and this sudden defence and flattery fell on his chafed spirit like a healing ointment.

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

"Inchley, Fanny Inchley," she said softly. 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? Oh, 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.

"Yes," she said, hesitatingly. "It is a very beautiful place, but it is very lonely. There is no one here," 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 had clear brooks and the flowers, and sometimes I come and talk with the stream."

"On my word I envy the stream," said the captain, with a certain consideration of his most killing glances. Miss Fanny shot a half-frightened look at him. "I deserve that you should think me silly and ignorant," she said, and his sensitive lip quivered. (To be Continued.)

DEATH WARRANT OF CHARLES I.

Howard Rayner, a member of the Baltimore bar, 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. Lyne. The warrant was directed to Col. Lyne, "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 shipped to Mr. Rayner's client was the warrant. The descent of the Baltimorean from Col. Lyne 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 bearing 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 box.

The parchment badly worn. Fifty years after its issue, according to tradition it was placed upon a canvas background to preserve it. The date line on the warrant is as follows: "At the High Court of Justice for the trying and indyting of Charles Stuart, Kinge of England, January 24th, Anno Domini, 1648."

This is the language of the warrant. Whereas, Charles Stuart, Kinge of England, is and standeth convicted, attainted and condemned of high treason and other high crimes, 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 yet remaineth to be done. These are therefore to will and require you to see this sentence executed in the following manner: before Whitehall upon the morrow the thirtieth of this instant month of January between the hours of Ten in the morning and five in the afternoon of the same day full and complete.

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, 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 the same manner. This has been explained 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 checked lines, and the fraud would at once be apparent if there was any interference with the continuity of the marks."

Some of the Commoneers, 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 workings, 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 3 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, Charles I. was taken to a scaffold covered with 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 connected with the execution as ordinarily 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.

Among the silver glitter of the dental 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 firm enamel, making it in a moment quite regular and smooth.

The dentist cleaned 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 paying a barrel organ. At one end of the instrument she had posted this notice: "Help the Blind." 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 steps farther on the mystic of the organ had better get up, for there sat an old man turning music out of another organ as dilapidated as the one whose faint strains could almost be heard from up the street. He, too, wore glasses, and his organ bore this legend: "Help the Blind." And under it: "I am the mother of seven fatherless children."

A man stepped 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.

"The story is told of Elliot's translation into the Indian language of the passages from the Bible. 'The mother of Siseria 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 window frame. The Indians thought the speaker recognized his meaning and gave him the word. Afterward Elliot found that he had made the mother of Siseria cry through the eel-pot. A similar difficulty in coining a definition from the uneducated was met by a school teacher.

She was trying to make the children define the word 'bovine.' "It applies to an animal," she said. "Can any one tell me what animal?" There was the silence 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." "Oh, 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 believed to have originated from the days of the tournament, when the knights filed past the throne of the queen of beauty, and by way of compliment, raised their hands to their brow to imply that their beauty was too dazzling for unshaded eyes to gaze on. The officer's salute with the sword 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 other cases that is no longer necessary to stand on guard.

How Cruel. "Miss Thibbs—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.

Instead of giving you reasons why Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills should cure you, we prefer to quote from the experience of the cured ones. This case of Mr. Haines' was unusually serious because it was of twenty years' standing, and had resisted all sorts of treatment. It is merely another illustration of how Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills reach the seat of disease and cure where other means fail.

Mr. William Haines, farmer, of Thorold Township, near Port Robinson, Welland County, Ont., states: "I have been subject to severe and distressing headache since boyhood, and in later life this became complicated with rheumatism and sciatica, and altogether my life was made miserable. The headaches were accompanied with dizziness and vomiting, and I was for days and often weeks unfit for anything. As the trouble advanced I became re-

duced in flesh, and was wrecked in health and spirits. "After undergoing treatment by two doctors and trying many domestic and patent medicines, I almost gave up in despair, as none of these did me any good." "Fortunately I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, thinking that if I were only benefited it would be a wonder. However, I persisted in using these pills until the time came when the bad symptoms of nearly twenty years' standing disappeared. I had gained nearly in flesh, and began once more to enjoy life. They did great things for the credit I owe to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I shall never cease to remind them whenever the opportunity offers."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have attained their enormous sale because they succeed where other fail. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box; at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Ramsay's Paints advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman in a long dress and a man in a suit, with text describing the benefits of the paint for summer sun and economy.

SEEDS! advertisement for Rennie's seeds, listing various types of seeds like Tankard Cream, Rennie's Prize Swede, Giant Gloxinias, and New Potato, along with prices and contact information for W.M. Rennie in Toronto.

Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, detailing the benefits for various ailments like rheumatism, sciatica, and headache, and providing a list of cured patients.

Advertisement for The Twinging Pains of Rheumatism, highlighting the effectiveness of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in relieving pain and restoring health.

Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, emphasizing the product's ability to cure long-standing and severe cases of kidney and liver issues.

Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, featuring a testimonial from a patient who experienced significant relief and health improvement after using the pills.

T H I S O R I G I N A L D O C U M E N T I S I N V E R Y P O O R C O N D I T I O N