

# MONSOON

Thanks, dear Mrs. Grundy, for your advice about 40c MONSOON SEVLON TEA. I have tried it and must say it is most delicious. My husband now says that breakfast is something to look forward to.

## The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

### CHAPTER I

"I suppose," Gillian says, thoughtfully, "that there are some handsome fellows in Ireland? Mount O'Sorry, for instance, my mother told me, was quite a fine old place?" She glances inquiringly at her companion as she speaks; the young woman who is standing beside her is a young woman in thick, well-worn dress, with a straight, slender figure rather above the middle height, with somewhat feathery and rather pale complexion, and the eyes and air of one who is accustomed to obey, and "hear, see, and say nothing." And yet, her attitude is scarcely deferential enough for a waiting woman, and she by no means familiar enough for a friend.

"Oh, yes," she says, answering Gillian, and speaking so composedly, and with such apparent good faith that the younger girl in her suspicions the reply to contain what it does, a dash of keen-edged satire. "There are, really, I assure you, a few handsome old country houses in Ireland. Places quite fit to live in, you know. Just as some of the scenery is quite nice. I don't say you will consider it. Some visitors consider the lake and mountains actually rather fine. I hope you will consider it so, too, Miss Deane."

"There are a great many bogs, are there not?" Gillian says, rather timidly. She is rather afraid of this plainly dressed young woman with the sarcastic voice and the keenly brilliant eyes that are generally so demurely downcast.

Though Miss Deane, the young heiress, knows that her companion, who has been her escort from London, is only in the position of personal attendant on her aunt, as she is on Lady Jeannette Damer, who is to be the hostess at Mount Ossory, Lady Jeannette herself, indeed in writing her graceful and cordial invitation, has said, "I will send my dame de compagnie, Miss O'Neill, to escort you to Ireland, my dear little cousin."

But the young woman herself, as she pressed herself to Gillian Deane in her father's house in South Kensington, had said, curtly and plainly: "My name is Annie O'Neill, Miss Deane, and I am one of Lady Damer's waiting women."

And somehow, from that moment, Gillian Deane, sensitive and tender-hearted, has felt a sort of respectful fear of Annie O'Neill, and a gentle compassion and sympathy for her, as if she were a young girl in a rough hand in Annie O'Neill's lot in life; a woman whose accents, language, and bearing are those of a gentlewoman, and whose position is that of a maid in a great lady's chambers.

"I heard there are miles and miles of bogs in Ireland," Gillian continues, with a gentle proprietary smile on her fair, soft face. "What is a bog like, Miss O'Neill?"

"A bog? Oh, Miss O'Neill, elevating her straight, fine black eyebrows with an air of contempt, which Gillian fondly is assumed. "Like a wild common with some grass, and here and there square holes of half-ribs, and square holes full of liquid mud," she says, and it is by her thin red lips curled bitterly. "At least that is exactly how Captain Bingham describes it. Miss Deane has traveled half the world over, and seen everything worth seeing. I believe, he is quite capable of describing the turf-bogs of poor Ireland, of course."

"Who is Captain Bingham?" Gillian asked, rather coldly. She has taken a dislike—one of her vague, intangible dislikes to the very sound of his name—like to romantic, emotional, sensitive Irishmen, and tender-hearted and trustful, poor little Gillian, to be an heiress to a hundred thousand pounds, as the only child of a wealthy retired merchant and aide-marshal of the city of London, she has but lain in the bogs.

And fed on the roses of life."

A tenderly reared, petted, "milk-white" fawn of a girl with innocent, gentle eyes of deepest, softest brown, and the beauty and delicacy of face, feature and complexion which belong to a delicate exotic, reared in hot-house luxury and with tender care and indulgence.

And yet the child—she looks little more, though she is over eighteen years of age—is gentle and lowly-hearted; a shy, loving, modest little maiden as ever shrank close to her mother's protecting side. The protecting side from which, alas, she has been severed more than a year ago.

And Gillian Deane, as lonely and friendless a girl as ever owned a dowry of a hundred thousand pounds, feels that with the loss of that gentle and beloved mother she has been utterly orphaned.

Her father to her had been little more than a name; the retired adventurer being one of those excellent parents who do everything in the world for their children except love them, and win their love in return.

Gillian has seen less than ever of him since her mother's death; and so it has been with no pang of regret, or feeling of desolation, she has listened when her father has announced his intention of joining a friend in a trip to the United States; to be absent from England for about six months. His health has been far from good lately, he "wanted change and roasting, and bracing up" he

good as this, Ireland is such a wretched place, you know, Miss Deane! Captain Lacy says that his English friends always tell him there is but one remedy for Irish woes and Irish wrongs generally. To take all the upper classes—the landed gentry, you know, they are the salt of the earth—to take them safely out of it, and then put Ireland under the water, and let the waves of the Atlantic flow over her from Carrickfergus to Cape Clear!"

A deep pink flush comes to Gillian's lily-pale face, and her soft, shy gaze is fixed on the speaker. "I do not care who said that," she says, decisively. "It is an ignorant and wicked speech!"

Miss O'Neill looks keenly at the excited young face for a moment, and she laughs carelessly.

"It is about the only thing which would terminate—all our miseries," she says in a curious, suppressed voice. "I should not mind it for my part."

But the next minute, while Gillian is glancing at her, doubtfully, she speaks again in her usual coldly respectful tones.

"The Mount Ossory coachman is waiting with the carriage. It is us to the railway station, Miss Deane, as we have sixteen miles further to travel. If you feel able to go on with your journey this evening. But if you are too tired, Lady Damer would be so kind to say she begged you would not distress yourself, but stay at the Imperial Hotel for to-night. It is where Lady Damer herself always stays and where I am staying, and it is a tolerably comfortable hotel—for an Irish hotel, of course."

"I am very tired," Gillian says, with a weary look, "and my head aches so from the motion of the boat that I cannot go. I would rather be disappointed if I stayed here until to-morrow, Miss O'Neill?"

"I am quite sure she will be disappointed if you do not go," Miss O'Neill says very decisively. "I am glad for a moment a glimmer of sarcastic smile plays over her face. "Lady Damer will wish you to do whatever you think best, Miss Deane," she adds, deferentially. "Perhaps, as you feel ill, another train journey will make you quite worn out by the time you reach Mount Ossory."

"That is just what I am afraid of," Gillian says, impulsively, with an appealing, wistful look. "I would rather not meet strangers—Lady Damer is quite a stranger to me, and everyone at Mount Ossory, you know—I think I shall stay here to-night, if you please, Miss O'Neill."

"It is as you please, Miss Deane," the dame de compagnie corrects, with a rigid smile. "Then I shall tell Maudie to drive us to the Imperial at once."

"Stop a moment," Gillian pleads, with a timid reluctance to the new arrangement. "Will it inconvenience you, or the carriage, if I would rather meet you? It seems so silly to stop short a few miles from the end of the journey. I think I will go on, Miss O'Neill; my head is not very bad, and I think I shall be able to do what I had done with travelling this evening."

But Miss O'Neill utters no word of advice in the girl's timid uncertainty. She is remarkably well-dressed, and she looks as if she would appear, amidst all the confusion and bustle of landing, for Miss Deane, the girl's mother, and more certainly, this silent deference to the caprices of the petted heiress.

"I don't think I shall like Miss O'Neill, and I'm sure she doesn't like me," the girl says, flushing with some annoyance, as she hurriedly steps on the gangway, and Miss O'Neill follows her. "And I do feel ill, and wish I had not to go any further than to meet Lady Damer and Mr. Damer and their visitors to-night. But it cannot be helped now."

For Miss O'Neill is giving directions to the coachman at this moment; and he, with his hand to his hat, is giving the lengthy reply in an earnest undertone, his eyes glancing at the young lady visitor.

"How nice and how droll the Irish voices sound," Gillian thinks, gazing around her, rather bewildered, and how neatly dressed, and how well the shabby things are, poor things! And there are women with bare feet, this cold day! and they are not pretty, either. I thought that Irish women were so beautiful, and wore red cloaks. They look coarse and thin and hungry. No! there is one with beautiful rosy cheeks and black hair—such a pretty girl, laughing so heartily."

Gillian laughs a little, out of very sympathy with the gay laugh and the humorous voice.

"Mush! long life to ye, sir! It's yourself is in it," she says, with an arch, playful gesture, and a long, grateful look in her bright eyes, as she gazes after the gentleman she has just dismissed.

Gillian only notices him, as he pushes his way through the crowd.

A tall, broad-shouldered, athletic young fellow, in a light gray tweed suit, with a sunburnt face, and close-cropped fair hair showing beneath his flat cap, three-fourths round.

And they say, ma'am," Gillian overhears the coachman declare in a decisive tone as in conclusion of an argument, "that the line won't be clear for eight or three hours; so Archer went himself, Miss O'Neill, to inquire at the terminus, sure."

"Is he there?" Gillian hears in Miss O'Neill's voice, which has suddenly changed. "I did not know he was here, did you?" she asks. "Is he staying here? Not at the Imperial?"

"No, ma'am, he's staying at the Quay Hotel," the coachman answers, in a subdued tone, "and he's going back to-night as soon as the lines clear, he told me."

"Oh! very well," Miss O'Neill says, and turning around she looks a little startled to see that the crowd has edged Miss Deane close to her side.

"I am very sorry, Miss Deane," she begins, earnestly, "but the coachman has just told me there has been a slight accident which will prevent us from starting for an hour or two. I am afraid you must go to the Imperial after all, unless we hear we can travel. You will feel better after a rest of a couple of hours, and we can reach Mount Ossory to-night in any case."

"I am very glad we have to stay," Gillian answers with a sigh. "It is Miss Deane's wish, and I shall be obliged to travel no further. We will stay at the Imperial Hotel to-night, please, Miss O'Neill."

"Very well, Miss Deane," Miss O'Neill acquiesces, as calmly, deferential as ever.

CHAPTER II

Gillian has made up her mind to see how she can get into the "turf" fires—she has heard they burn "turf" in Ireland—and she waits after the pattern of a stage. A haughty, red-haired, 30-year-old, in the Imperial Hotel in Ballyord.

She is therefore rather amazed to see a man taken aback when she is assured by bowing attendants, dressed in the regulation black suits and white ties, through a handsome hall, and up a wide staircase adorned with a row of gilded gasoliers, into a lofty sitting-room on the first floor, where Turkey rugs lie on the polished boards, and handsome mirrors reflect the snowy window curtains, the jardinières of splendid facillias, the velvet-covered furniture, and the dainty dinner table laid with fish damask—fine and shining as white linen—glass and silver laid for two persons.

Miss O'Neill orders tea and toast to be brought immediately, and dinner in an hour.

A pair of soles, a duckling and green peas and a gooseberry tart," she says, but the waiter coughs deferentially, pauses, and looks a little amazed.

"Dinner has been ordered, ma'am," he says. "Supper and lobster patties, and roast chickens, and—"

"Has been ordered? Who ordered it?" Miss O'Neill says suddenly, but in a lower tone.

"I really can't quite say, ma'am," the waiter answers, coughing dubiously. "I believe it was a gentleman from Mount Ossory, ma'am; but I am not sure. He was to meet two ladies here, I understood, ma'am—"

"Oh, very well! That is quite right, then," Miss O'Neill interrupts, in her sharpest, coldest tones, and she steps away abruptly to the nearest window and stands looking out, as Gillian supposes, for the curtains hide over her face and figure, until the deferential waiter returns with the tea-tray with its silver teapot of strong, high-flavored tea, and its silver jug of cream, and silver rack of dainty toast, and shell-shaped scrolls of golden butter.

"What delicious tea," Gillian says, with a gasp of surprise, drinking it eagerly. "I feel my headache going away as fast as it came, Miss O'Neill, and I feel so drowsy and comfortable."

She laughs gaily as she nestles down in her easy-chair, with an childish satisfaction in the warmth of the fire for the July afternoon would do credit to January in its dull dampness—and huddles her fur cloak about her.

She has laid her hat aside, but prefers to keep her mantle on, and as she lies back in her velvet chair, her slender, girlish form bared in the soft, seal and her fair, pale little face crowned with soft, wavy, golden-brown hair peeping up like a flower from the fringe of dark sable, she looks fair and fragile as a costly exotic—a delicate human figure produced by the sun and rain, on whom the wind must never blow nor the sun beat strongly.

And Anne O'Neill, watching her with a burning light of love in her eyes, with compressed lips of bitter endurance, owns to herself, with a dull, cold pain settling down on her heart, that the girl looks pure, and gentle, and love-worthy, as well as fair, refined, and luxuriously bred.

The dark, shy, fawn-like eyes are wells of truth; the white forehead, stainless as a lily-petal, is broad and intellectual; the silver, nut-brown hair, that lies in little shadowy rings and curls about her temples, covers a head of noble development.

"I shouldn't wonder if she had all the gifts, and all the graces, and all the virtues of other girls, and to add to that she is a beauty, and a noble and a dower of one hundred thousand pounds!" Anne O'Neill says bitterly to herself. "Fate and fortune are so fairly distributed in this charming world of justice and equality."

Gillian is warning her slim little feet, in their dainty lacquered boots, high on the steel fender-bar, and condescendingly nibbling at a slice of buttered toast, and a drop of tea, and she falls as yet to herself, the keen, unfriendly regard of the dark eyes opposite.

"Did I understand the waiter to say that dinner had been ordered for us before we came, Miss O'Neill?" she asks.

"Yes, dinner was ordered before we came, Miss Deane," her companion replies.

At the rigid, dry formality of the tones, Gillian looks up hastily, and detects the gaze that is fixed on her ere it can be averted, and the girl's gentle young face flutters with a sensation of dismay.

There is envy, scorn, hate, in those dark, restless eyes, so demurely veiled now.

"By Lady Damer's orders, I suppose," Gillian says, in her own manner of speaking, coldly and formally in her turn.

"I suppose so, Miss Deane," Miss O'Neill says, constrainedly, but in her usual deferential voice. "I suppose her ladyship desired Captain Lacy to order dinner here for you, on the chance of your wishing to break the journey here."

"How very kind of her!" Gillian says, earnestly, rather resenting the exaggeration of respectful attention, which is implied in some manner in Miss O'Neill's statement. "And did Captain Lacy come in from Mount Ossory simply to order dinner for us?"

"Captain Lacy came in from Mount Ossory simply to order dinner for you," the other says, her white teeth showing in a cold, mechanical smile, and her dark eyes brightly lit to have the chance of being the first to welcome you to Ireland, Miss Deane. It is just like Captain Lacy."

"Indeed? Is he so very good-natured?" Gillian asks, rather coldly and skeptically.

"Very!" Miss O'Neill answers with a curling lip, and staring at Gillian with a scornful little look which no assumed smile can hide. "When it suits him. Good-natured, kind-hearted, gracious-mannered and charming, when it suits him to be so."

"What is he like? Is he handsome?" Gillian asks, her girlish curiosity becoming excited. "I don't think I shall like him somehow?"

"Oh! You will be sure to like him," Miss Deane says, with a forced, but with that curling lip and that scornful look still visible. "A handsome young officer, Miss Deane! Half the young ladies in the country have set their hearts on Captain Bingham Lacy, I assure you, but he wants a rich wife."

The farmer from the country was angry. He had gone into a barber shop near the depot and the barber was trying to rob him. The barber asked him 25 cents for a hair cut. The farmer roared. He led the barber outside and pointed to the sign. "You can't rob me," he yelled. "That's your old sign. Fifteen cents for a hair cut. You can't get any other that." "Look here, my friend," said the barber, diplomatically. "That sign says 15 cents for a first-class hair cut. You haven't got a first-class hair."

The farmer meditated a moment. "Well, I guess that's right," he said. And he paid the 15 without another word.—Chicago Tribune.

**First-Class Hair Cut.**

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**Plants as Barometers.**

To foretell the weather by means of flowers and plants is quite an interesting study. If the marigold does not open by 7 in the morning it is certain to rain, and also thunder. If the flowers of the winter-green drop it is going to rain; and woodruff doubles its leaves before a tempest, foretelling a clear sky by extending. Different species of trees always contract their leaves at the approach of a storm. It will rain the whole day long if the flowers of the chickweed are closed up; but it will be fine if they open widely, and showers if their green mantle. Wet summers are generally foretold by an uncommon quantity of seeds on the white thorn and dog-rose.

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Both forms of Sozodont at the Store or by Mail: price 50c each. Large Sizes, together, the HALL & RUCKEL, MONTREAL.

### BLOODY DAYS

#### OF THE COMMUNE.

Wm. Traut in The Century.

On the following morning, Wednesday, I again sallied forth. The first sound that fell upon my ears was "Vive la Ligue," and burning round the corner of my dwelling place were the soldiers of the line, who for two hours had advanced in single file along the street. There, keeping close to the houses, they were waiting for the signal to charge. The trooper was noiseless as the shadows of the great shops that had been closed during the last two months. After the country came batteries of artillery, and these squadrons of cavalry. A halt was made at the spot (above indicated) where I was standing, and the commanding officer, a young fellow, snatched a glance at his watch, and issued a plan of instructions. Just then two of his men dragged toward him a person who the crowd said was a Communist. "Fuller!" called out the officer, and the officer who was standing close to him said, "Fuller!" I had thought that before long I should have the same communique given as regards myself. In less time than it is occupied in recording the fact, the poor wretch was dragged a few yards away, one of the men put the muzzle of his chamber pot underneath the victim's skull, the barrel along his back; the other soldier scooped and pulled the trigger; a report, a smoke, a groan, and with protests of innocence on his lips the soul of the poor victim passed away.

### NO JOY IN LIFE.

### So Say the Sufferers From Chronic Dyspepsia.

A Trouble That Makes the Life of Its Victims Almost Unbearable—Causes Headaches, Heart Palpitation, Dizziness, a Feeling of Weariness, and Distaste for Food.

(From L'Avvenir du Nord, St. Jerome, Que.)

Sufferers from dyspepsia or bad digestion are numerous in this country. Almost daily one hears some one complaining of the tortures caused them by this malady, and it is no uncommon thing to hear a sufferer say, "I wish I was dead." And no wonder, the suffering caused by bad digestion cannot be imagined by anyone who has not suffered from it. The victim is a constant sufferer from headaches, heart burn, heart palpitation, and nausea. He has a bad taste in his mouth, is unable to obtain restful sleep and has always a feeling of weariness and depression. But there is a sure cure for this trouble and it is found in the greatest of all known medicines—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Among those who have been cured of this distressing malady by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mr. Alfred Chasbot, a well-known farmer living near St. Jerome, Que. To a reporter of L'Avvenir du Nord, Mr. Chasbot told the following story of his illness and subsequent cure: "For three years I was an almost continual sufferer from the tortures of bad digestion. After eating I felt as if so heavy weight was pressing against my chest; I was racked with violent headaches; my temper became irritable; my appetite uncertain; my nerves were so weak that I was always troubled with a feeling of weariness. I was unable to do very little work and sometimes none at all. Although I tried many remedies I was unsuccessful in my search for a cure until a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Any doubt I may have had as to the merits of these pills were soon dispelled, for I had not been taking them before I noticed an improvement in my condition. I continued the use of the pills some weeks, when I considered myself fully cured. To-day I am as well as I ever was in my life, and would strongly advise all similar sufferers to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I am sure that they will find them as beneficial as I have."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease, they make new, rich red blood, strengthen the nerves and thus tone up the whole system. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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