e ravaged by a ich soon received of the "Hessian supposed to have this country in coops. The insect ly in all direcdoubtless invaded k's wheat-grow-25. It had reach-885 and now ocof the principa he United States. g-wheat regions The probable oriinsect is in Westsed original habplant; it infests the European was reported in

amage has been et in New York year for more but the notable " or years of have been those , 1845, 1846 and ted that the loss estern New York ess than 500,000 eriod of unusual an in New York has just culrop of 1901, and thousands of we been utterly tal loss is much w York wheatore experienced

ly. It is estimat-00.000 bushels of ed in New York over \$5,000,000 1901 crop would ge had not the s a very fragile,

midge with two an eighth of an ubles quite closesquito. There tions or broads in New York. ssing through namely, (1) egg. a or "flaxseed," d insect or the on the winter the next brood plants in the ly is distinctiveit will also work ome correspond. tey found what le same pest in mothy fields this quite probable dy allied insect y no authentic ian ily working in this country mentioned. it feature in the

pest from the rolling it, is the the fel brood of om the fact that preventing loss a sowing inte to avoid infestage season or norat which sowing ife have been deprincipal winter or example, the sowing may be a Ohio vary over a menth, or from ember 10th in the oth in the south. the dates mengreening dates for w will germinate after the H ssinn and be free from as temperature is e, the question of only one to con-

gainst the Pest. lant to get neighec-operate in latsted field of carly ruish files enough ork serious injury e unusual destruct during the past gage no one from wheat, One must ng any crop. Sow gently in a well and on good soil, s to do the same. mvent the Hessian time, A method ommended, but unpractised, is to sow ps o fwheat about than four weeks. cison or otherwise he insect, which is

atement by a Professor.

R PAPER ONCE. .-Dr. J. G. Adams

logy at Mctibil, and just returned from ory propounded by in, with regard to ion of tuberculosis man beings. al that two years

n and prevention in August 28th. 1899. e Consul-General for wa and to the Berhich Prof. Kech is sper with that of a striking similarents, and the theory the famous German ated the theory preed by the Canadlan

When you buy Blue Ribbon Beylon Jea you get the best in the market and remember there can only be one best.

#*********************************** The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

with a fow kaugh, as of irrepressible amusement, though her face ex- "We must hope that Miss Deane presses consternation, "you surely will choose to become an Irishwodid not invite a young man to dine | man." with you without even a chaperon! You surely are jesting, dear!"

Gillian answers, bravely, though smile. the color is mounting to her temples. "Mr. Archer had most kindly line was clear, and he kindly called and downcast face. to see if he could do anything more It has come and gone like a flash. for us, so--"

venances in an extreme case Bingham Lacy. pressibly at the absurdity of the to like Capt. Lacy very well." wished him to dine with you!"

The inquisitive and coldiy-rebuk- mented by other dainty dishes. ing smile on Lady Damer's patri- Mr. Damer, indeed, has accepted his ways carries a supply of those scent- Damer," Anne replies, briefly. wian face grows colder, and she young cousin's invitation instantly ed lozenges-when, as he is half-way remains utterly silent, as if in in- and cordially confessing he "feels across the room, he suddenly discov- with scornful promptitude. "There ability to make a fitting reply to quite ready for dinner."

the arrival of dinner, and, secondly her ladyship. the arrival of Mr. Damer.

And Gillian wonders exceedingly why so florid and jovial-looking an elderly gentleman, with such merry rather informal, has been pleasanter blue eyes and humorous an expres- than Gillian had expected it would sion, should greet her with such a be. stately bow and a coldly-formal "And upon my honor, my make her acquaintance."

my dear, twenty years ago," his third glass of sherry, and pourhe adds, after a pause, his manner ing out some port as the sweet altering visibly as he gazes at the course is put on. "Very few girls of girlish face. "You're very like her, your age would know how to order only prettier," and at the glim- an admirably chosen little dinnermer of a sunny smile in the bright | egad!"" both smile and accent seem so pleas- significant pressure. antly familiar in friendliness.

says, remonstrating, with frigid the cold, bright-gray eyes looking an incredible statement. "Now, did he attempt to defy me? How dare gayety. "Can you not say into hers is one that Gillian can she? Now, what was it Lady Damer you?" she says, more scornfully. ployed to sit and watch the switch- Eton or Harrow. But this moderasomething less trite than that to neither understand nor summon up was afraid I wouldn't be pleased "Though I can imagine what pre- board in one of the London dynamo tion is only apparent. He pockets girl knows she is rather like her mother, and every girl considers she is rather prettier than her mother! Dear little Gillian"-with a caressing condescension, as toward a small, frightened child-" will form most erroneous opinions, I fear, of Irish wit and courtesy, unless she defer judgment."

this speech, Bingham Lacy perceives it and quietly takes it up. "There is not the least hope," he says, calmly, "that Miss Deane will defer judgment. She has passed sentence on each one of us already." "How can you te.l?" Gillian says,

shyly, but laughing at the languid

If there be a hidden challenge in

hopelessness of his tone. "By instinct," he answers, solemnly, and Gillian laughs again; her heart growing a little lighter. her spirits rising, for this dreaded Captain Bingham Lacy seems merely a very handsome, pleasant, easytempered young man, and life at Mount Ossory seems far less of a formidable destiny than it has ap-

peared half an hour ago. "But sentence can be reversed," Gillian says, archly. "I trust mine may," he responds, rises quickly as the waiter places for I was very hungry," Gillian says tlemanly. That's him. A fine, hand- her cold gray eyes are bright and

humbly waiting at the foot. "Don't form an opinion of any of

my dear. Wait until you have been | ing" an appetite? "I have formed the highest opin- "I am so pleased!" on possible of Irish kindness and "And Mr. Damer thought the din- persists Mr. Damer, so earnestly and

confirmed!"

that?" Mr. Damer exclaims, with of hers, and half closing luctantly, and trying to avoid Mr. such a sudden outburst of delight- her eyes, as in the langour of indif- Damer's bright, expectant gaze. ed laughter that even Captain ference. "I thought you had said "So he is !- so he is !" he says, Lacy has to join in it. "There's a bit | quite enough and more than enough, | eagerly as before. "Gentlemanly, | buy for her the dearest, proudest | he had made an assignment of his may become. log me in a 'bull' in less than two-twos! Gillian, my dear, we must is such bad style as effusive grati-tude and uttenly needless in the local well-self and handsome, my dear? There's not a man in the local tude and uttenly needless in the local well-self and handsome, my dear? There's not a man in the local tude and uttenly needless in the local well-self and handsome.

"My dear child," she ejaculates, | a brighter light in his eyes, answers with his courteous, slight bow and

well-bred deference:

And Gillian, blushing girlishly, and shyly, trying to evade the compliments she is receiving, glances to-"Indeed I am not, Lady Damer," ward Anne O'Neil with a swift arch

She cannot avoid an involuntary start as she glances, and thus attracts a passing attention to the taken the trouble to order dinner person whom nobody seems to notice. dure to sit there pale and composed, is darting away again, without rais- to accompany her young mistress to here for Miss O'Neil and me, when But when they look there is nothing counting her face stitches. And ing her eyes or addressing Gillian, an "out-of-theway piace in the he discovered that we should be de- unusual in Anne O'Nell's deferential Lady Damer's eyes follow Gillian's, when Mr.Damer speaks to her. layed here for a few hours until the attitude, the pose of her slender tall figure, her slightly drooping head

The flaming wrath of those dark eyes, "Oh, I see, dear! Oh! I quite un- the fierce scorn in the compressed derstand now," Lady Damer inter- lips and rigid features, which Gilrupts, smiling still, but quite in a lian has seen one moment since; the different tone-"I quite understand flaming wrath, the bitter scorn in bow. One must disregard les con- Anne O'Neill's face as she looks at

like this, and you did quite "How she must hate him," Gillian tight in so gracefully acknowledg- thinks, with a throb of her gentle ing your obligation to Mr. Archer, heart. "It even enrages her to see

different matter if Mr. Archer had lian finds fresh causes still for puz- feeling without just cause. been ill-bred enough to imagine you | zled speculation, and a multitude of | wondering fancies and imaginings me whilst I finish dressing?" Lady "But, of course, I did wish respecting her new associations. The Damer continues. "I think Mr. Da him to dine with me!" Gillian per- friends who have all so kindly come mer will order the carriage directly." sists mutinously, while she strives to welcome her-Lady Jeannette, to smile away the displeasure that Mr. Damer, and Captain Lacy-have when Mr. Damer enters. embarrasses her, and the flush that | all dined with her and Miss O'Neil, at | deepens in her cheeks. "I should Gillian's earnest request, and the not have asked him if I did not!" | dainty little dinner has been supple- | gether due to the scented lozenge | accident.

But Lady Damer, though no one a low chair, gazing into the fire. And Gillian has just arrived at partakes more heartily of soup, sal- "I didn't know, my dear," he says, You connived, I repeat, at this escapthree aspirations, equally fervent mon-kedgeree, roast lamb, roast hurriedly, in an eager undertone, and useless, that she had never seen chicken, souffles, and vanilla cream "that it was Mr. Archer who order Damer encourages George Archer in Ireland, never seen George Archer, than herself, yet no one ignores the ed dinner for you, did you?" It-it all his insolence and assumption, for never seen Lady Damer, when the possibility of being vulgarly hungry was rather kind of him. now wasn't certain reasons peculiarly his own," waiter enters to announce firstly with more well-bred indifference than it?" Then suddenly and apprehen-

CHAPTER VI.

The dinner on the whole, though

speech about being "charmed to dear, I must compliment you on your selection of dishes," Mr. "But I knew your mother, Damer says enthusiastically, drinking

blue eyes, and the deferential ac- "Oh! there is no credit whatever cent of pleasing gallantry, Gillian due to me," Gillian says, quickly, forbear to smile "for-" when Lady Damer openly lays brightly in return-the more so as her hand on the girl's arm with a

"I dare say," Lady Jeanette says, in gastronomic matters."

eyes with a flash in their glance. | eyes. Damer," she says curtly, almost dis- of smothered rage that gleams in as Lady Damer's as she confronts so upset that he could not sleep. He story of a gifted clerk on the occahibition of any explanation from her- as his.

tiny glass of Chartreux. if she likes it very well. "Will you Gillian?" not take some, Gillian, dear? No? "I did indeed, sir," Gillian says, effect of each word she utters, and way to it and the result is instant lain, in the Archbishop's offices, in No? It really is an improvement to simply, but nervously, wishing that enjoying it. cafe noir a la Ballyford, I assure Mr. Damer would not stare at her "As long as I have those letters dental deaths from electric shocks ter, and eke at the Board of Green you. I do hope you have dined toler- so hard and look so pleased at her of yours, and as long as I recollect when there is no apparent reason Cloth, when a new Bishop is nominably, Gillian dearest? The dinner was answer. with such very evident meaning not very bad. I believe that such cases on ling, last December twelvemonths," a live wire. I believe that such cases on when an Archbishop comes to the that Gillian blushes as well as no appetite whatever. | | | I like | hurriedly, his face flushed and radilaughs, and glad of a diversion, "I enjoyed my much, ant with excitement. "Kind and gen- of little malicious laughs, whilst fluence."

the last dish on the table, and Miss frankly, though shyly, whilst she some young fellow, too; isn't he now, vengeful as a lynx-"so long, Miss O'Neil comes forward and stands mentally ponders over two more my dear? You wouldn't see a finer Anne, 'gentle Anne,' isn't that it? puzzling questions. Firstly, what sort of a dinner walk. Now would you?"

urges, gravely. "You can't form a Secondly, how much would Lady Da- laughing a little, and wishing afresh fair opinion of any one in a hurry, mer eat when she confessed to "hav- that she could refrain from the silly a month or two in Ireland, Gillian, "You dear little ingenue!" her everything, which makes her look so sobs-those burning tears of shame his paper, he didn't want it any

courtesy already," Gillian retorts ner was good," persists Gillian, in her excitedly, as he takes her cool little mischievously, and Captain Lacy innocent, straightforward way; "and hand in his hot, strong fingers, that smiles under his moustache, with I wished to tell him that it was Mr. Gillian grows a little afraid of him. an attentive look in his eyes. "I am Archer who ordered it, Lady Damer; "What is your cardid opinion of him prosperity. sorry. Mr. Damer, I must 'wait a but you, I thought, prevented me.' now, as an honest, good, sensible girl? month or two to have that opinion "Yes, love, I did," her lady- come, now, my dear," he urges. ship answers, arching, those "Oh! My goodness! D'ye hear delicate, black, line-like brows gentlemanly man," Gillian says, re-

the obliged person."

lian, amazedly.

sort of thing, you know." "I know," Gillian says briefly, glancing at Anne O'Neil sitting at the ta-

ble and crocheting in absorbed si-"So you see, I hope, dearest," Lady Damer says, in tones of contemptuous indifference, yawning again, why I objected to your bringing that worthy but uninteresting person in as a topic of conversation? Besides, to tell you the truth," and there is a steely spark of malice and meaning glinting through her ladyship's pale, long eyelashes, "as I can-) as he is"-and the interpolation is don't you think so?" gallingly insolent in its contemptuous liberality of opinion-"has presumed on his position in some degree, O'Neil does not blush. as I know Mr. Damer man, sensitively proud, I may say, in good earnest, from mingled ter- ness and pleasure. Early in the where the women of his family are | ror and amazement. concerned-I really thought, Gillian, sort of rejuctant smile and the mean-

dear little innocent soul!" And her ladyship laughs again, the prolonged, low, shrill laugh of in-

Once more she glances at Anne and detect her sympathetic glance, "Mind, Anne, you're to sit inside. they shoot you as soon as look at docquet, 2s. The Episcopal Bench, though Anne O'Neil does not. .

says presently to Gillian, as she rises | gage. and adjusts her voluminous mantle of | "Thank you, Mr. Damer." she ans-shoulders. "I can quite see," she Gillian looks at her earnestly, wonsays, with her cold little pitying dering if Mr. Damer knows-knows over trustfulness and amiability in nate girl who is handsome George your case, my dear child."

and the pitying, deprecating accents O'Neil's appearance; she has been make the tears of mortification weeping bitterly. my love! Quite right! Of course," him friendly with me. I wish she start to Gillian's eyes, and she she adds, laughing again as irre- would not feel so, Mr. Archer seemed sits rebuked and ashamed, and more! than all, angry with herself for exdea, "it would have been a very But later on in the evening Gil- periencing either one or the other

"Anne, will you please come with

which he is sucking-Mr. Damer alers that Gillian is alone, sitting in could not have been an accident of sively swallowing his lozenge as a now unnecessary preventive. "What is the matter, my dear?" for Gillian has started up in excited annoyance and he sees the hot flush on her cheeks and the tear-wet eyeleashes.

most sharply, "only that I think it was very kind of Mr. Archer to call to suddenly shrink as in repressed here on me, and very kind of him pain, and her thin hands holding developed by the use of electricity to order dinner for me.' "So it was-so it was." assents Mr. | ously.

now wasn't It ?' prise. "I am glad you think as I do. | waiter." "Hush! you modest little girl," she tones of exceeding dubiousness, as mands, her pale grey eyes glaring run from a machine to prevent giv- Office is fain to be satisfied with a

with the most gracious of smiles, Archer-had-had presumed a little," since you tried to resist my intenleaning forward to bring the light of Gillian says, rather falteringly, for tion of bringing Miss Deane to Mount er he moved his chair back from the his seat in the House of Lords he her approbation to shine on silent she feels that her statement cannot Ossory! I told you two months ago board. Instead of getting used to claims no less than £14. Anne O'Neil at the foot of the table | but be disbelieved, "and that I was | that I should bring her, and I told | the work he became more afraid | The total amount of fees payable -"I dare say that Miss O'Neil helped wrong to ask him to dinner with Miss you a week ago that you should of it Each day the desire to on entering a bishopric, made up of you with her advice, Gillian, love. I O'Neil and myself. Lady Damer was go and escort her, by was of whole- walk up and touch one of those these quaint details, is £423 19s. 2d. know that Anne is a perfect genius | quite shocked, I am afraid," Gillian | some discipline for you, Anne; and switchboards grew stronger. At the | Curates for whom the Episcopal

"I had nothing whatever to do She laughs, though she is fright- Anne's face grows ashy pale, but power to restrain him while on duty the high estate has its drawbacks. Im with ordering the dinner, Lady ened next moment by the lurid light the large dark eyes blaze as fiercely and at night his nervous system was parish annals there is a well-known respectfully; and Gillian, between those same blue eyes. Deep, purple- her. astonishment at her tone and aston- blue eyes. like George Archer's, "Yes, you have. But I chose to go switches before him meant instant ing out a paraphrased version of the

smoking-room and coffee has been though he affects to be amused. "So taunt me, Lady Damer." brought in, which Lady Damer you shocked her, my dear, eh? You 'I have the right to ridicule you as in this way. In an idle moment a drinks black, with the addition of a shocked her by receiving George a fool, and a romantic, unwomanly person will catch sight of a switch, That is questionable. There can be Archer too graciously, eh? And you fool, who would have seriously a wire or some other heavily charged no doubt skipping and hopping (fig-"Wretched liqueur!" her ladyship thought it was kind and gentlemanly compromised herself only for my bit of apparatus and a strange de- uratively, of course) go on at the says, sipping her coffee, however, as and attentive of him-now didn't you, common sense!" Lady Damer an- sire to touch it will come over him. Crown Office, the Home Office, the

fellow than George Archer in a day's -I think I must regard your pru-

us in a hurry, my dear," Mr. Damer | would Lady Damer call "very good"? | "I don't know indeed," Gillian says, fashion of blushing at anything and ladyship says, with her shrill laugh. | foolish and embarrassed.

"Well, but now what do you think?" "I thought him a very agreeable,

present case, since Mr. Archer was hounds than George. Splendid, limbs he has, too, tall and straight as a "The obliged person," repeats Gil Scotch fir, isn't he, now?"

"Yes, indeed," Gillian says, with a "Assuredly, my dear," her ladyship little fluttering of breath making says, yawning. "Mr. Archer was sim- her words unsteady, and trying to ply acting in Mr. Damer's place as calm herself by thinking of Anne it is his duty to do. He is Mr. Damer's O'Neil and her calmness. "I thought agent, and land-steward, and all that him a very handsome, powerfully-

'That's just it, my dear! You've ust expressed it, my dear!" Mr. Damer reiterates; "handsome and powerfully built,'-ay, that's just what he is! A fine fellow! A fine

fellow !" Gillian looks up in alarm and surprise at the sound of tears in the husky voice, at the sight of tears dimming the excited blue eyes.

"A fine fellow! A fine fellow as you'd find from Carrickfergus to Cape Clear!" he says, half inaudibly. not but consider that Mr. Archer- | lucky girl who will have George for worthy and respectable a young man a sweetheart, Gillian, my dear! Eh, a fair young breast; and the

ing and blushing, so foolishly! Anne to be a very proud and exclusive reply, when she gets cause to blush

my dear"-this very slowly, with a Damer exclaims, very hoarsely and wet trees, Gillian has suddenly shakily, half smothering poor Gillian awoke from confused and perplexing in the field of fees. It is a high honor ing glitter through the eyelashes-"I with a bear-like hug, and two or dreams of her journey the day bereally thought you had much better | three rough kisses, very alcoholic in | fore, and the people whom she met leave me to tell my husband of Mr. flavor; "you're a darling, honest, at the end of it, after tossing Archer's visit, and Mr. Archer's kind- outspoken little girl, so you about restlessly for an hour, until ness, and your sweet gratitude, you are. And he'll be a lucky fellow who the sunlight streams through blinds has you for a sweetheart!"

And Gillian's hot, red-rose blushes at this ecstatic speech have hardly tense amusement, and Gillian crim- paled, when Anne O'Neil hurriedly sons painfully to the roots of her enters the room, to look for Lady Damer's glove.

"Never mind, love," her ladyship Doyle. Dillon will come with the lug- Simms.

smile, "that one must guard against that she is the happy, fortu-Archer's sweetheart, she notices But somehow the cold little smile something very unusual in Anne "This is your doings!" her lady-

ship has said, pallid with rage, all but the pink stain on each cheekbone. "This is all your doings, Anne O'Neil, and you are a treacherous, desire to leap to the earth below has ungrateful creature! You connived at this meeting between Gillian But they have hardly left the room | Deane and George Archer simply because you had discovered what my He comes in slowly, with a rather | real wishes were, and that I never preoccupied air, which is not alto- intended they should meet except by

"They met by accident, Lady 'I deny it," her ladyship retorts, the kind unless you permitted it ade; I can call it nothing else. Mr. and the fine, but rather wrinkled, skin tightens over her sharp, wellcut features, until Lady Damer's visage looks as if it were cast in steel, "and you connive at it for reasons peculiarly your own, as I am

"Nothing-nothing!" she says, al- well aware!" Anne's proud, straight figure seems Lady Damer's bonnet twitch nerv-

Damer, in the same eager, suppressed | "I wish you would not give yourself tone-"so it was, my dear! Very the trouble of disbelieving me, Lady kind and thoughtful, and all that - Damer," she urges, in a lower, humbler tone. "I assure you again, I knew "Yes, indeed," Gillian answers, nothing of George Archer's intentions current and that to touch the machwarmly, and gazing at him in sur- until he was announced by the ine means instant death.

Mr. Damer. Lady Damer was afraid "Did you not know he was in town An electrical engineer, in speaking says, taking heart of grace to laugh I have done both, you see."

ishment at Lady Damer's tacit pro- though neither so clear nor as steady and fetch her, or I should not have death and his only safety lay in getgone. And I have brought her here ting away from the board altoself, remains silent until the gentle- "Lady Damer-be canonized," he safely, and performed your wishes gether. men have gone down-stairs to the says, through his close-shut teeth, faithfully, and you have no right to "I have no doubt that many deaths

The milk-white fawn Who is all unmeet for a wife, Who has but fed on the roses And lain in the imes of life!"

CHAPTER VII. "What a curious thing it is," Gil-

lian thinks, wonderingly, "that I should have always imagined Ireland was a gloomy, barren country -all mountains and lakes and bogs and stone fences. Why, it looks just like England, except for those beautiful purple mountains rising up there to the left, and the rather wild patches of furze in blossom and funny little crooked fields shaped anyhow, with heaps of stones and clumps of trees in the middle of them. No, it doesn't look like England after all, it has a desolate, sad look through all its beauty, bright and smiling here, and New Size SOZODONT LIQUID, 25c dark and glocmy there-poor, dear SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER, 25c

Tears of emotion dim her wistful. dark eyes looking on the neglected beauty-the forlorn loveliness of the ill-starred country.

For she is a sentimental little girl, this luxuriously-reared, petted heiress, with as loving and sympathetic a heart as ever throbbed in landscape she sees for the firt "Yes, indeed," Gillian says, laugh- time in the beauty of a summer's morning, as she gazes out of the open window of her rooms at Mount But she has hardly uttered her Osservis fair enough to fill a sterner soul than hers with mingled sadstill, silvery light of dawn and the "You're a little darling!" Mr. | twitterings of the birds in the dewand curtains and fills the room with brightness, the young lady rises and commences her toilet, without waiting for or summocing any one.

She has no maid of her own-the Belgravian damsel who has latherto by command of the Sovereign, the The glove is found just where her | buttoned Gilian's boots and gloves, Crown Office issues a conge d'elire, O'Neil, wondering how she can en- ladyship has gropped it, and Anne and brushed her hair, having declined This means money, which has to middle of that awful country where | £16 10s.; letters patent, £30; the Either Lacy or myself will sit with you!" i. e., Ireland according to Miss having duly elected the nominee of

(To be Continued.)

SEEK DEATH

Those was have climbed mountain precipices or viewed the surroundlofty observatory or building need no reminder of the sensations that overcame them on such occasions. The been well nigh irresistible, and after their return to the level of the earth a shudder at their escape from an awful death has passed over them. Somewhat akin to this impulse is though they are perfectly aware alds and the Earl Marshal that they will have a piece of the flesh nipped off. Any eigar man who has one of these cutters on his case to be a strong tendency in the human race to "monkey with the buzz-

A phase of this subconscious idiosyncrasy-as it might be called for want of a better name-has been as a mechanical force. Many people have a desire which they hardly can gratulate the new Bishop. The Seccontrol to touch electric machinery or wires, even when they know that the wires are charged with a deadly

Fear the Temptation.

realized that to touch any one of the

from electric shock are brought about Is it because you're glad to see His swers, deliberately, watching the In a moment of weakness he gives | Office of the Lord Great Chamberdeath. We frequently read of ac- the precincts of the Dean and Chapa certain scene on a certain even- why the victim should have touched ated. The exercise is more vigor-

> Paid in Full. Every editor has received them.

dence and discretion with doubts and | says a writer. The postmaster sends And then it is that Anne O'Neil ter is not to blame. For instance and anguish, that have left their longer. We wondered what was traces when she enters the sitting- the matter. Upon investigation of room a few minutes after, and tries to our subscription list we found Tim disturbing the peace. avoid the very sight of Gillian Deane | was short \$2.50. He had never paid | He may not wear flowers or rib--Gillian, the fair young heiress-the a cent and he stopped the paper as bons in his hair, no matter how bald girl whose path is all sunshine and a matter of economy to us. A few he may become evenings ago we stepped into a The feathers, in his cap are as rang out clear in that soul-stirring point The girl who will never know an ness impressed us. The next day maimed hand, ungratified wish that wealth can we sent him a receipt in full, beg- A pink veil is out of the question, buy for her-The wealth that can ging his pardon for not knowing that no matter how muddy his complexion Magazine.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distem- | Moral-We're glad we're a helpless

FRAGRANT

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Fleecing the Chosen; How Bishops are Bled

Marian marians

Henry W. Lucy in the "Strand."

On his installation the new Bishop of London had his experience enlarged to be selected for a seat on the Episcopal Bench. The honor bestowed, it seems the most natural thing in the world to take the seat and there an end on't. But that is only the beginning of it. As everyone knows, whilst the gift of a Bishopric rests with the Prime Minister, the nominee is elected by the Bench of Bishops. Virtually, come out of the Bishop's pocket. The warrant costs £10; the certificate, the Prime Minister, return the name to the Crown Office and the Royal assent is signified. This involves duplication of the charges, with the difference that the cost of the certificate is increased by 10s, to make,

it even money. Next follows a process known as restitution of temporalities. In pursuance of this duty the new Bishop ist fined £10 for the warrant, £31 10s. 6d. for the certificate, £30 for letters patent, and the inevitable 2s, ing country from the summit of a for the docquet, a hardship only parthally lightened by spelling the word with a "q" and a "n." These sums disbursed, the new Bishop reasonably, thinks he may retire to his palace, if the See provides one. But the Home Office next stars on the scene and demands Exchequer fees. The conge d'elire, already handsomely paid for, means another £7 13s. 6d. Equat sums are demanded for letters recomthat which seems absolutely to mendatory, Royal assent, and restitouch a dangerous object. In many tution of temporalities. The oath of cigar stores there are little auto- homage is thrown in for £6 6s. 6d. matic cutters provided for taking | which the Biblical knowledge of the the tip off of the cigar by simply | Bishop will remind him is the number pressing the end into a small of the Beast, Next comes the Board round opening about the size of of Green Cloth demanding £15 0s. 2ds one's finger. It is surprising how | (what was it Mr. Mantalini said) many men will poke their fingers de- about the coppers?), being homage liberately into these cutters, al- fees to be distributed among the her-

On the Bishop taking his seat in the House of Lords, gentlemen in the Lord Great Chamberlain's Office fob will tell you stories of such people | £5. The Cathedral beliringers get that will surprise you. There seems | £10 10s. for jubiliation on the ceremony of enthronisation, the choir being paid £6 17s 4d. On the same happy occasion the Precentor draws £10 10s. and the chapter clerk £9. 14s 8d., this last in addition to £216s2 8d., his fees on the Bishop's election. The Archbishop's officers are not backward in coming forward to conretary bringing the Archbishop's fiati for confirmation collars £17 10s. The Vicar-General draws fees on confirms ation amounting to £31 Os. 10d., with £10 5s. to spend on the church where. the ceremony takes place. Nine guineas go to the Deputy-Registrary as fees on mandate of induction, the you would not be pleased, I think." and had actually been insolent en- of this strange impulse, says: "I customary fee to the Bishop's sec-"Lady Damer was afraid I wouldn't ough to come here and order din- have known instances where elec- retaries payable on such occasion bebe pleased," repeats Mr. Damer, in her for my guest?" her ladyship de- tricians actually had to turn and ing £36 5s. The clerk at the Crown "Oh, dear me!" Lady Jeannette says, sweetly; but the expression of much as to say that that is certainly with a yellowish light. "How dare ing way to this peculiar influence. humble gratuity of half a guinea, about?"

"Afraid that you would think Mr. annoy me by such contretemps ever As he felt the desire growing strongsince you tried to resist my inten
"As he felt the desire growing strongexpenses, and when the Bishop takes,

> end of two weeks the young man re- Bench is on the distant, peradven-Miss O'Neil just raises her black as she looks up in Mr. Damer's blue | And all the long, narrow, blue- signed his place. He could not stand ture unapproachable, horizon will rewhite teeth gleam in a cruel smile. the strain. It required all his will cognize, with secret pleasure, that

Why skip ye so, ye little hills, and wherefore do ye hop?

Grace the Lord Bi-shop?

Man, Poor Man.

He cannot put a puff round his elthem to the editor, but the postmas- bow when his sleeves wear through. His friends would smile if he dishas turst into that bitter fit of there was a man named Tim Short guised a pair of frayed trousers with weeping—those gasping, half-stifled who sent us three notices to stop graceful little shingle flounces.

The poor thing must shave every

other day, or pose as an Anarchist. He has to content himself with sombre colorings, or be accused of

church and Tim's melodious tenor nothing from a decorative stand-

song, "Jesus Paid It All." He might | He can't edge his coat sleeve with have been mistaken, but his earnest- a fall of lace to hide a scarred or

by a careless waiter with a jabot-

woman.-Phildeiphia Record.