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The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

"Consideration and money, as you very frequently remind me, my dear aunt," he says, speaking in a very smooth, deliberate tone, his eyes glittering, and his hand nervously caressing his mustache, "I beg your pardon for the slang; I consider it most expressive, and it saves so many words. What I meant to say was, I have not had the faintest chance of making an impression on Miss Deane's heart, as I firmly believe George Archer was in possession of that valuable and easily lost article from the first moment she met him at the Imperial Hotel in Ballyford. That was a brilliant, moving, and successful performance, I must say. I am sorry for my own sake that it may mean the speedy surrender of so rich a prize. But it was a mastery of the art, and no mistake. That little, unexpected visit, and the unexpected ordering of the dinner, and the rest of the petits soins; I shouldn't have given George credit for it, I confess. I deserve a defeat. I underrated absurdly the resources of the enemy. It was to be a fair field and no favor between us, we agreed, and it was—and he has won, and that is the end of it."

"Not quite," Lady Jeannette says, smiling with a smile which is not good to see. "It is a fortunate thing for you that you can accept your defeat with so good a grace, with almost indifference, I suppose. I feel more keenly for you than you do for yourself, it is very evident. Might I ask how you are so secure and satisfied in your belief that Mr. George Archer has won and you have—lost?"

And she sinks the nails of her clenched fingers into the palms as she asks the question.

"Well, I don't want to play spy, or Judas, or traitor, or any other of those unpleasant persons," he says, rather sullenly, remembering Anne's words. "But the fact is, I know George Archer and Gillian Deane are lovers—mutual—and all the rest of it. I have had ocular demonstration to that effect, and I am quite satisfied in my belief that I have lost a hundred thousand pounds, and he has won it, and a very nice reflection it is for a man in my position, with the taunts of my kind friends in addition."

"How long have you known this?" Lady Damer asks shortly.

"Since a very short time ago—since yesterday, if you wish to know particularly," he says, curtly.

"Ah—yesterday evening? After I left?" Lady Damer asks, quickly.

"Yes, I agree with you. Your antagonist deserves to succeed, and you to lose. He determined to win from the first, and you determined to drift on purposelessly, as you do in all things."

"Aunt Jeannette," Lady Damer says, quietly as ever, but with a certain alteration and resolution in his face and voice, "to what purpose am I being browbeaten by you in this manner? I am a degraded enough, I should think, already."

"Will you be amenable to me, and act with me if I try, for the last time, to retrieve your wretched position, and give you one more chance of the best success that will ever come in your way?" she demands, with something like passion in her cold, hard voice, and her cold, high-bred face, now flushed and livid with eagerness.

"What is your last chance?" he asks, coldly. "I have ceased to have much belief in dishonest policy, and won it honestly, I believe, on my honor, and I love her in return, for herself as well as her money-bags."

Lady Damer puts up her piece-nose and smiles a wintry smile.

"I think you have been imbibing some strange theories of generous love and self-sacrificing devotion and its deserved reward, my dear Bingham," she says, with her thin, red lips just showing her teeth. "I can guess at your teacher. It is no wonder that poor little Miss Gillian's tender heart went unappreciated whilst you were beneath the influence of such lofty and such disinterested sentiments."

Lacy stands up at once with a flush on his face, a sparkle of manly resolve in his eyes.

the present moment, and acquiesces and endures, until some blessed chance of fortune makes him free.

"I haven't a minute to stay with you, my dearest child!" she says, kissing Gillian effusively. "How are you, dearest? You are just like a pale little rose; I could not go on by Snowhill, the Prestons' place, you know—Bingham and I are going to a quiet little dinner—without running in for a peep at you."

"Don't Captain Lacy come in?" Gillian asks, glancing out at the carriage in some surprise. "He is with you, you say?"

"No—o, thanks, dear," Lady Damer says, with a sort of hesitancy in her manner, and a puzzled, inquiet look.

"But you haven't told me how you are, dear?" she resumes, as if she is embarrassed and glad to change the subject.

"Because I rescued the dear girl when she met with the accident, and when you unluckily were quite disabled," Lady Jeannette says, with that smile which is not good to see.

"His non-appearance!" repeats Lacy, staring; "then he won't come, will he?"

"Now he will have no excuse," Lady Jeannette says, smiling and flattering an invitation, given through Miss Deane also, that he will be quite willing and glad to accept; but—after all, he will not come; he will never enter Mount Osseary again.

"Mr. Archer called to see me this afternoon just about 4 o'clock," she says, in a formal, unsteady voice, which does not seem to belong to her.

"And yesterday evening he called to ask how you were," she says, as if he had called every evening to ask for her.

There is a light of anger in the timid, fawn-like eyes, which seem darker and deeper, with a sort of fire in their liquid depths; the color on her cheeks and lips is richer, clearer, and ebbs and flows with each change of emotion; she looks taller, prouder, fiercer, stronger as if the "pale rose" of the "rosebud garden of girls" has suddenly blossomed into a "blossom of the world."

"Fresh heather, gathered to-day," her husband says. "He brought it to her, fastened it there himself, I can see—it is awkwardly done, just as a man would do it—planned in with as many kisses as there are blossoms."

"It does seem very dear," she says, pressing very fast, as that horrid old Mrs. Blake said. "We have quite the air of an *en-jeu* these evenings!"

"And I seem older still," that Mr. Archer should make calls on such a mysterious fashion when I plainly invited him to call in the afternoons when I was with you. He might have come every day and taken tea with us."

"Good-bye! I shall be over very early, dear," Lady Damer calls back as she hurries out of the room.

"And I shall be," she mutters to herself. "For I saw your dear Mrs. Blake's warnings, that there is no time to be lost, and no choice in this emergency, but the—last resource."

Lady Damer is as good, or as bad, as her word, and on the following morning she drives over to Daragh Castle about 10 o'clock, and unfolds her little scheme to Gillian, in folds her most confiding and artless manner.

"I have asked a few friends for to-morrow evening, dear, to meet you on your return to us," she says, with an air of delightful helpfulness.

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RICH ATTIRE OF BRIDES OF THANKSGIVING.

WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW TO WEAR IT TO LOOK BEST.

Thanksgiving, as well as Christmas, has long been a period for wedding bells in New York, and this year with no exception to the rule, say the smart dress-makers. As a proof of it they reveal a few of the wonderful things that are to burst upon the world at Yuletide; and after you have gaped and gaped and said "Oh, and 'Ah, you go home and realize that there isn't so much change in wedding clothes after all."

This is, as far as the bride's gown is concerned, which continues to be the high-necked, long-sleeved, long-tailed model of decorum it has been these many years. Details vary of course, and there are some charming new materials in the market, but ivory satin is still the iron requirement of the swagger modiste, and not only does she show a wicked penchant for lace, but certain of her class demand the real thing.

The latest craze is the modiste, contenting themselves with the beautiful imitation dentelles that now hang on every tree, and turning out bewilderingly lovely frocks from comparatively inexpensive silks. These silks, along with exquisite novelty gauzes, which are also used for wedding frocks, can be had at any of the good shops under the following heads:

Argentine (striped), which has a delicate frostiness in the folding; pais de soie, like the old-time merveilleux; satin duchesse, a lace patterned brocade and *plisse* Louise.

A striped Louise bridal gown lately seen showed on skirt flounces trimmed with the attached mesh of mousseline put on with brier or cat stitch. The berth, which covered the high bodice at the usual bust point, was in diamonds of tacked plisse tulle. The hem edging gave the bottom rather a frilly look, and at the front there were long tucked scarfs of the muslin that fell almost to the skirt hem.

These details are almost forgotten in the details of wedding bolices, and like the veil and wreath of orange blossoms, they are likely to hold their own till the end of time. For those who can afford them, there are exquisite berths of squares and diamonds, which the shops offer as accessories for plain satin gowns.

The disposition of the lace on this gown follows one of fashion's latest caprices, in that it shows one to accomplish this a bolice of the duchesse—unlined, and worn over a tucked chiffon bodice—meets a deep princess skirt yoke of the same, a soft saffron of ivory satin outlining the bottom curve. The sleeves are also of the chiffon, held at two points with lace that they may puff at shoulder and elbow.

The second bridal toilette, though charming in its own way, loses somewhat through a too energetic striving for novelty. Simple lines are always more becoming than fancy effects, and nowhere is this fact more striking than in wedding finery, which to possess the dignity its office calls for cannot be too forbiddingly. However, there must be de-

vice for all types, and perhaps the designer had a very thin girl in mind—the sort whose young bones must be hidden at any cost—when this creation was evolved. At any rate, it seems admirably suited to such a wearer, and those who care for tunic effects will find in the lace upper part a drapery much affected by drossy French gowns.

There is always talk against it, but all the signs and omens point toward a revival of the overskirt. Where there is no tunic, some other skirt will show a hip yoke of lace or rich embroidery, pointing down into a well-defined little apron at the front, if short at one side. And what is this but the overskirt in the germ? Well, we shall see what we shall see.

Meanwhile let us return to the tunic gown, whose ground principle is a white tulle princess slip, opening at the back and cut on train. Striped Louise forms the finely kitted skirt flounce, which is edged with a tiny ruching of white chiffon, and the lace is the same as the princess upperdress is placed, the corset portion being silk-covered whalebone. It is of plain applique, one of those delicate braided sewn nets, which are as beautiful as inexpensive, as laces go, and a berth of the same is caught at the bust with a diamond and pearl brooch. A knotted girdle of chiffon with slides of the same stone gracefully drapes the hips and falls at one side. The veil is of tulle, but unlike the nimbus that hangs about the other bride, it shows an inch-wide hem.

The bride's costume is what is known as a "costume russe"—at least it was called a Russian dress by the obliging lady who furnished the design. It is of cloth in a blue that touches on turquoise with the hardness of a color, and the trimmings of brown sable fox. The model is a sort of redingote, demitrained and worn over a high, long-sleeved slip of white gros-grain.

The becoming hat is also blue, and white, cloth forming the puffed crown, and a white ostrich feather and a bias of white panne, slipped through a handsome buckle, ornamenting the front. And now the fetching detail of the bride's dress—got-up—the bridegroom's gift, which she wears near the left shoulder; no more than a very commonplace duck in tiny diamonds set in aluminum, for barnyard creatures, you must know, are the latest things in jewelry.

A word more on wedding veils and slippers and watch one of these fair then we will throw the rice and the brides go away in the smart coat that follows. The wedding veil need not necessarily be of tulle. Lace ones are worn as well and some seen in point applique are possessions to be desired and cherished forever. The latest styles running to embroidered orange blossoms, jessamine, doves and love-knot. One yard and a half in width and three and one quarter in length are the proper dimensions, and \$17 will buy a perfect low.

The wedding handkerchief, which is sometimes carried by its centre—just a pinch of two fingers, you know, under the prayerbook—should, of course, have a border of lace, even if none are elsewhere. Monogrammed medallions in transparent corners are modish designs for these.

For the going-away gown pale tan zibeline is a stylish and beautiful material. Only of such a stuff has trimmings of black soutache braid, white guipure and black velvet ribbon. The cut shows the disposition of these, the dapper coat that tops the smart gown being of light-weight kersy in the same faint brown, with a heavy stitched border. A lining and collar of sable fox are elegant features which make the bride almost forget the new husband.

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