A few years ago the Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea was unknown, today it is a household word. Why?

The Coming of Gillian

A Pretty Irish Romance.

suppose I am to wait your lead."

"You are to wait my lead, Bingham," she says, in her earnest, coldest tone; "for, in fashion, the cards down! My stake in the game is not so heavy that I cannot afford to lose it, rather than have your ingratitude and ill-temper to produce, in addition to all the other troubles I have undergone for your sake.

"You shall have anything of the kind you desire from me, Aunt Jeannette," he says, half sullenly. "You are misunderstanding me."

"No! I understand you very well," she says, coldly. "Leave things to me; wait my lead, as you say, and all will go smoothly for you. Everything has gone smoothly hitherto, except that I am anxious about a certain letter which was to be delivered here by hand between ten and eleven o'clock. It is a letter for Gillian Darragh from George Archer."

"And you don't intend she shall have it?" he asks, quickly, but with a tinge of shame that makes his voice change.

"Oh, and I intend she shall have it," Lady Damer says, quietly, with a moonlight sort of chill smile. "I am not going to intercept letters, or stoop to low melodrama, even in your interest, my dear nephew."

He flushes and winces at the taunt, and her ladyship proceeds more calmly:

"Most certainly she shall have it. I am anxious to know precisely the moment it arrives, that I may take it to her myself.

"She alone, and she speaks with a slight yawn.

"Will you please find out when the letter comes, Bingham? That is all I shall ask you to do. I am going to my dressing-room to read for a couple of hours. You can come to me there."

CHAPTER XIX.

It is past midnight now, when poor Gillian, after weary hours of tossing misery, has finally quitted her bed, and wrapping herself in her dressing-gown, sits down by the open window of her room to try if the night air will cool her fever of unrest.

Her anger and wretchedness have deepened with each miserable hour that has passed since this most miserable evening began, and especially since she heard Captain Lacy's careless explanation of George's unexplained absence.

But that explanation has sent the iron into the girl's loving, passionate soul. He has written a letter of apology to his host, but none to her.

To the unhappy girl, who has given him all the womanly love of her heart, he has not even been careful to award due courtesy in return.

She has been "won unwooed," and the lavish tenderness, unsought, unprized, has been highly esteemed.

To-morrow morning, it may be, a letter containing excuses and empty politeness of regrets and explanations may reach her, but it will be all too late. Somehow she does not expect that George himself will come in person to explain his conduct to her. The presentiment of loss, separation, estrangement—worse than death, shadows her spirit so deeply that she cannot see a glimmer of hope in the thought that her lover can atone to her by his presence, his words or deeds for all she has suffered this evening.

The presentiment, indeed, of her and haunted her since the hour of their last parting, when he left her in tears and desolation of spirit, coldly, coldly, determined, yet half doubtful, in truth, and half ashamed of her presence and her tears and her clinging love and caresses.

How the poor child's words rose with maddening shame in the intolerable recollection. How the cruel wound in the gentle heart that "loves not wisely but too well" throbs and burns in anguish of grief and mortification! Angry with herself for folly and the rough, honest distaste of the man on whom she had bestowed her love, she rises and paces the room, but finds no relief in the mere bodily exertion. She must shake it all out. I must wipe it all out of even his own memory, she thinks, in fevers, thrilling and trembling at the bare thought of his coldness. Oh, if he could help me to shake it out! Oh, if he shall do it! Shall he? Shall he? Shall he? Shall he?

For, even in her own room, the time passes so swiftly and the night deepens, and Jeanette Bingham, young today in the vigour of her prime, and fevered spirits, even now in her weakness, love is far stronger than pride and anger.

A score of times love whispers the sweet, faint hope that, after all, in spite of all, it may be through some unavoidable cause, it may be for some reason for which she may extend utter forgiveness that he—that dear, beloved one—has made her suffer this evening.

And as she sits by the open window—and the soft, night breeze fans her hither and thither, like wings of angel wings—every jealousy and fevered misery is left beneath "the sweet influences of Pleiades" and the serene majesty of the great firmament with its myriad, heavenly eyes looking down on the weak young human creature in her passionate unhappiness.

And love—blind, all-hopeful—love all still, and fervently and passionately than for all beside does she yearn to know the truth—the whole truth—that is hidden from her.

To know if Gerald be worthier, or gone from her; to know if he be well, or if aught have happened to him.

Nay, more, she craves in sad humility, hopelessly, to learn the whole bitter truth—that he whom she loves so dearly, so fondly, so unwisely, has in earnest, cast her love back again on her head.

In her passionate tenderness she almost loves him more desperately for this cruelty, this absolute blind devotion she honours and reveres him for his stern adjuring of an affection he cannot return.

He is too honest to try to cheat her with professions he does not feel. But she does know something more, something even cruelter or worse, so that it is absolutely certain—something that will break her heart at once, perhaps, and so end all.

And so it is, that about half-past twelve, when the house is all in darkness and silence, a tall, slender, dark-robed figure, in velvet shod, and with loose, half-braided tresses lying about the fair, pining face with the feverish bright eyes burning

Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c

Good for Bad Teeth

Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont Liquid 25c Large Liquid and Powder 25c All stores, or by mail for the price. Sample for postage 2c.

HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

pair. She walks across to the window and opens it wider, as if for air, and throws her shawl on the couch. Lacy follows her back a few steps.

"Anne," he says, in a husky voice, "what is the use of your making me more unhappy than I am? You are not even civil to me."

"You are extremely uncivil to me," Anne answers, with a light, scornful laugh. "You are forcing me to endure your presence when I wish for your absence."

"You did not always wish for my absence," he says, bitterly. "Once you said you never knew what was but in my presence."

"I was crazy, if I did," Anne says, with another hard, short laugh, arranging her hair at the old-fashioned oblong mirror. "People are crazy or delirious when they say ridiculous things like that."

"I will not intrude on you ever again since you show me so plainly that you have ceased to have even a friendly regard for me," Lacy begins in low, reproachful tones.

(To be Continued.)

CRYING BABIES.

The Cry of an Infant is Nature's Signal of Distress.

Babies never cry unless there is some very good reason for it. The cry of a baby is nature's warning signal that there is something wrong. Every mother ought to get to work immediately to find out what that something wrong may be. If the restlessness and irritation are not caused by exterior sources, it is conclusive evidence that the crying baby is ill. The only safe and judicious thing to do is to administer Baby's Own Tablets without the slightest delay.

For indigestion, sleeplessness, the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, diarrhoea, constipation, colic, and simple fevers, these marvelous little tablets have given relief in thousands of cases and saved many precious baby lives. Do not give a child so-called "soothing" medicines, such only stupify and produce unnatural sleep. Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or other harmless drugs; they promote sound, healthy sleep. Cause, they go directly to the root of baby troubles. Dissolved in water these tablets can be given to the youngest infant. Mrs. Walter Brown, Milby, Que., says: "I have never used any medicine for baby that did as much good as Baby's Own Tablets. I would not be without them." Baby's Own Tablets are for sale at all drug stores, or will be sent direct on receipt of price (25 cents a box) by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HAD RAZORLESS SHAVE.

Now He Would Like to See Inventor of Plan.

It would not be well for the man who invented the razorless method of shaving, and who has been advertising throughout the country his "easy, safe, quick and sure" means of removing hair from the face, to call at the office of the Attorney-General for the Post-office Department to protest concerning the enforcement of the fraud order against him. He would certainly meet with the warmest welcome ever accorded a misguided inventor, and in which the dignified negro messenger who serves Attorney-General Tyner, and who was formerly a steward at the White House, would be a prominent member of the reception committee. The inventor of the "razorless method" knows how to catch the eye of the public, as is shown by the following advertisement, which has appeared in various newspapers, printed in bold black type, and with the underscoring under the most forcible expressions and the whole followed by exclamation points:

"Throw away your razors, gentlemen, throw them away. Try my patent substance once, only once, gentlemen, and you will never use a razor again. Easy, quick, safe and sure—never wears out, and always retains its power. Write to me."

And lots of people wrote. Mail was delivered by the hundred weight to the inventor. People wrote and called the discoverer of the razorless method a greater man than Columbus.

The Attorney General's office always keeps in touch with everything out of the ordinary that goes through the mails, and, secured one of the "substitutes." It was a little oblong cake of some substance that looked suspiciously like pumice stone, and the accompanying circular directed that it was to be rubbed firmly back and forth across the skin after the face had been lathered, until the desired result was attained. The messenger came across the substitute for a razor and was much pleased. He read the circular in which it was wrapped and was delighted. He had long been looking for something to take the place of cats, gashes and razors, and this would do the job and was beside "easy, quick, safe and sure." That night he took the circular and the apparatus of the razorless method home with him.

The next morning he came to the office with one side of his face plastered up, and told a harrowing tale of misplaced confidence. He said he had read the circular over several times to familiarize himself with the modus operandi, and then, after lathering his skin, had wrestled with the little cake of something that looked like pumice until he nearly removed the side of his face, but without making the slightest impression on a two-day growth of hair. He said rude things about the inventor of the razorless method that was strongly indorsed many times over by the writers of the letters that began to pour in on the Attorney-General's office. A long discussion resulted over that part of the inventor's advertisement, which read: "Try my patent substitute once—only once, gentlemen—and you will never use a razor again." One of the learned officials held that the remark was sufficiently near the literal truth to preclude the inventor being charged with fraud. It was finally decided, however, that the inventor of the razorless method had violated the spirit, if not the letter, of the law, and he has accordingly been blacklisted.—Sun's Washington letter.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

HUMORS OF THE TEA-TABLE.

A certain worthy old country laird and his wife once invited their daughter to tea. The festive board was graced with both baker's bread and home-made scones. The young man was observed to be devoting himself entirely to the baker's daintiness. The old man could see it no longer.

"What's wrong wi' the scones, Tam?"

"Oh, naething, John," said Tam. "Weel, ye maun eat oon Nanky's bakin' wi' never get, poor wee Maggie!"

This bit of homely talk is suggestive of a very amusing nature which occurred at a farmhouse in the North. The ploughmen and other servants about the place were entertained to tea one Fastern's E'en (Shrove Tuesday). When tea was ready the mistress said (in her homely fashion):

"Draw in your chairs noo, and help yourselfs, lad; dinna be bashfu'."

Andrew, the orraman, helped himself to a cake of shortbread and another, and another, till the good lady, probably fearing that he would devour the lot, handed him a plate of loaf bread and one of home-made scones, saying:

"Try some o' this wi' ye, Andrew? You'll find it vera nice indeed."

"No thank you, mistress," replied Andrew, "I dinna care ov ony o' your fancy bread; I'll jist tak' a bit mair o' the bap."

It is not often that country people require to be pressed to partake heartily of whatever is going, but a farmer whilst entertaining some visitors to tea, once did so in a rather unique manner by exclaiming to one of the guests:

"Stick in, man, stick in; Mr. Broon's hale twa scones ahead o' ye."

Sandy Shaw, an honest country bodie, going up to London for the first time, was invited by a friend to tea at his lodgings. Sandy went, and after some small talk while the landlady had tea set the two friends noticed a peculiar expression on Sandy's face, and asked what was wrong.

"Great guidness," exclaimed Sandy, his eyes fixed upon a large dish of lettuces, the principal feature on the table. "Great guidness, dis yer landlady tak' me for—a—a—a—" Before the company at the tea table there is invariably some little breach of etiquette made which serves to set all serious thoughts aside.

A stern looking old army officer at tea one afternoon at a friend's house let a piece of cake fall. The hostess' little five-year-old, noticing it, said:

"Pick it up, Uncle."

The old gentleman hesitatingly complied with the request, when the child said:

"Now eat it."

Embarrassing as the incident certainly was, the stern old soldier couldn't help smiling at the commanding attitude of the pert little fellow.

Another lady had invited a few friends to tea, and Tommy, her little son, was consequently instructed to be on his best behavior. The conversation at table having become animated, our young friend was entirely forgotten. A few minutes afterwards his mother asked the servant for a clean plate.

"You can have mine, mamma," said Tommy, "there's nothing on it."

A little girl was invited to a party at a friend's house to bannock night. After tea bannock-making was engaged in by the company in general and by the young ladies in particular, and fun went "fast and furious" towards the finish, when the "maiden bannock" was put on the girdle. It was cut up into numerous pieces, each getting one, the idea being that the lucky owner of "dream cake" to put it under her pillow on retiring. When the little girl was given her portion she said:

"No, thank you, ma'am, I could not eat any more."

The hostess explained to her what it was for, and asked her to put it in her pocket.

"I can't," replied the mite; "it's full already; but next time I come back to bannocks I'll bring a basket."—People's Journal.

THE NEW COINAGE.

It Will Not be Ready Till About Jan. 1902.

The new coinage bearing the King's likeness will make its appearance with the New Year, and there will be a rush to secure the coins with the date 1901, the first year of the King's reign. A striking feature will be that the King's head will look to the right, whereas on present coinage the Queen's head looks to the left. This change is in accordance with the ancient custom of reversing the profile of the Sovereign on the coin on succession to the throne.

Unfortunately for the younger folks, none of the new coins will be obtainable before Christmas. For many years the Bank of England has adhered to the practice of issuing a quantity of brand new coins, which have been mainly used for Christmas gifts, but in future, so it is announced, no such issue will be made. Many will hope that the Bank may be induced to reconsider its decision, for the young folks, the dull and time-worn half-crown or five-shilling piece can never have the same attractiveness as the bright and newly-stamped coins.

Sensible Bachelors.

She—And so you are a bachelor, Well, there is always hope for bachelors.

He—Why so? I've never associated with them.—Brooklyn Life.

Li Hung Chang visited Philadelphia on September 3rd, 1896, when Charles F. Warwick was Mayor. The procession started down Broad Street, which was soon thronged with people, which lined the sidewalks to cheer the famous "Yellow Peril." Philadelphia is famous for its beautiful women and Li was quiet a few minutes before he then made the famous reply:

"I have not seen any yet."

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO