All teas look alike in a newspaper advertisement, but put them in your teapot and the superiority of Blue Ribbon is at once apparent.

The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

"I wouldn't worry myself about it so much if I were you," Mintie says, placidly. "Captain Lacy is a real nice fellow, and a perfect gentleman, when all is said and done, and he has fallen in love with some clever girl who has just married him out of hand, and he is married, and nothing can alter that. And Gillian is not a bit sorry or mad about it, so why should you be?"

"How can you talk in such a manner, Aramintha?" Mr. Deane exclaims, in such a passion that he is even ready to scold the handsome young lady whom he adores and obeys implicitly. "My daughter! my daughter to be trifled with and slighted by any man! If he were a prince of the blood I would punish him for it!"

"Gracious!" Mintie responds, with a curl of her lip. "I don't think you could bring an action for breach of promise against one of them. There is a law against their marrying a subject, isn't there?"

And then, seeing that her husband is too angry to speak, and being desirous of ending the matter—she wants to decide on her dress for the evening, when she is going to display those splendid arms in their handsome bracelets and bangles to the eyes of admiring Frenchmen—Mintie's calm, common sense takes the other side of the subject.

"Gillian has acted far more sensibly than that, Mr. Deane. She has self-respect, and pluck and good nature, and so Captain Lacy cannot even think he has slighted her or trifled with her," says Mintie, decidedly. "And, as I said before, if she is not sorry or vexed, you would be only doing her an injury by taking the matter up as an insult and an injury."

"Aramintha, my dear, do you suppose—do you suppose, for one moment," Mr. Deane says, tragically, "that my daughter would give her hand without her heart?"

"I suppose that girls have done such a thing pretty often before now," retorts Mintie.

"My child is bearing herself with dignity in the matter. I am glad to see," Mr. Deane says, pompously. "She has asserted herself in this disgraceful affair, and is even gracious to this man and the adventuress who has married him for his position."

"Gracious!" Mintie says again, but rather flashing her brilliant eyes at her lord, who is asserting himself more than she likes; "don't call people names, Mr. Deane. You might as well say I was an adventuress because I married you in a hurry, and because I wanted position and money, and didn't dislike you. I've no doubt Captain Lacy has married a lady, whoever she is; he couldn't endure her if she wasn't—and I've no doubt either, that she will make him as good a wife as I shall make you. And if you doubt about Gillian's feelings in the affair, why in creation don't you open her letter and read it, and see what she says?"

Thus adjured, Mr. Deane opens the letter and reads it through—poor little Gillian's almost eloquent defence of her faithless admirer.

"Oh! she is talking nonsense, poor girl!" he says, testily throwing the letter down. "Of course she despises the fellow, and upholds her own dignity in not condescending to let him see how she feels."

"Hand me the letter, please," Mrs. Deane says, coolly, and reads it through in her turn. "Of course she doesn't do anything of the kind," she says, tersely. "She is a real, nice, generous hearted girl, and—if you'll take my advice, Herbert"—this in very marked accents—"you will just do as your daughter wishes you to do, forgive Captain Lacy for not spoiling her life in marrying her when he was head and ears in love with another woman, and when she—was head and ears in love with another man——"

"Who? What? How do you know?" Mr. Deane asks, staring at his brilliant spouse as if he suspects he has married a nineteenth century sybil—as there is no doubt he has.

"I know beeaus—I know, and that is all I can tell you just now, Mr. Deane," the fair oracle in a satin-and-lace tea-gown answers with some asperity. "Write a sensible, good-natured letter to Captain Lacy, and tell him you are glad that the engagement between him and your daughter has ended so well for all parties, and that you are going over to Ireland, and that you will be pleased to meet him again and be introduced to the lady he has married."

"Indeed, I shall do nothing of the kind!" Mr. Deane says, blusteringly, but wavering before the steady brilliance of the second Mrs. Deane's undaunted gaze, so different from the meek acquiescence of the first Mrs. Deane. "And I wonder, my dear, that you could counsel—"

"Very good," Mintie interrupts, with a slight yawn, and rising. "If you like to fume and fuss, of course I can't help you. I am going over to Ireland to bring Gillian home, and I shall make a point of meeting Mrs. Bingham Lacy. It will be good fun, too, as I dare say Lady Damer is as mad as can be. By the bye, if you want to be angry with any one, be angry with her; she has not written you a word of explanation or apology, though the match was all of her making, and plenty of fibs she told about it, too, and I dare say, if the whole truth were known, she knew the secret minds of the young people as well as they did themselves. I guessed from the first evening I met her she was hiding a heap of things under that fine English 'high-tone' air of hers!" concludes astute Mintie. "But blame her if you want to blame anybody, though you'll see it has all turned out for the best, and now I am going to dress."

Left to himself Mr. Deane does "fume and fuss" for awhile, but after a time he begins, naturally, to succumb to his Aramintha's opinion, and on the following day writes a cool, stiff, but not discourteous letter to Captain Lacy, and one to Gillian, informing her that in the course of a few days he and her step-mother will go over to Ireland and requesting her to be prepared to accompany them home.

The "few days," however, stretch into a week, and as Lacy's and Gillian's letters have not been written until ten days after her return to Ireland, and then been delayed a day or two in London, it is three weeks from the time she returned—in fact, on the very evening of the burglar's attack—when Mr. Deane and his wife reach Dublin after a very rough crossing which prostrates him for the whole of the next day.

But on the following morning he telegraphs to his daughter that he and his step-mother will be in Ballyford at the Imperial Hotel that afternoon, and trusts that "Sir Harry Damer will kindly escort her so far on her journey home."

At five o'clock that afternoon they are at the Imperial Hotel, in Ballyford, for a certainty, awaiting Gillian's arrival. But when she does arrive, thickly veiled, and dressed in deep mourning, Mrs. Deane is astounded almost as much as her husband, to perceive that Gillian's escort is a tall, stalwart, handsome young man, dressed also in deep black, on whose arm she is leaning.

CHAPTER LI.

"Gracious!" Mintie says, sotto voce, "Sir Harry Damer isn't golden-haired, horribly handsome, and under thirty, is he? Who in creation is this? And where did I see him before?"

And Gillian, after greeting her father and step-mother, turns with a rising flush, and a light in her eyes, and slight tremor in her voice—none of which escape shrewd Mintie—to introduce the stranger.

"Dear papa," Gillian says, faltering a little, "I don't think you have met this gentleman before—Mr. George Damer, Sir Harry's son."

"I never was aware Sir Harry had a son!" Mr. Deane exclaims, bluntly, and staring in amazement. "How do you do, Mr. Damer?"

George bows stiffly, while Gillian flushes crimson, and involuntarily casts an appealing glance at her step-mother.

"I am a son of Sir Harry's first wife, Mr. Deane," George says, formally and quietly, though he is tingling and growing not and cold at the instant suspiciousness he detects in Mr. Deane's glance. "But I have never lived in my father's house, or been called by his name, or even acknowledged as his son until lately, on his succession to the baronetcy."

"Dear me!" Mr. Deane ejaculates slowly, with increased suspiciousness. "Ah, that accounts for—I—not having heard of you," Mintie says, sweetly, coming forward with an outstretched, fair, bejeweled hand. "It is quite an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Damer, and I think I have met you before," she adds, gazing at him earnestly. "Have you been to New York?"

"Only passing through—a few days at a time, Mrs. Deane," George says, flushing slightly, as he gratefully presses the cool, white hand. "But I have never had the pleasure of seeing you before. I could not have forgotten the time or place if I had."

Mintie smiles serenely. Compliments have been as abundant with her all the years of her young belleship as candy, or partners for dances.

"I think I must have seen you somewhere," she says, graciously.

"Has Sir Harry come with you, Mr. Damer," Mr. Deane inquires, coldly and haughtily, with the unutterable haughtiness of the "upper middle" class of English folk, "I expected Sir Harry," he continues, with sternly-knitted brows.

"My father is too ill to leave the house, Mr. Deane," George answers more coldly, wondering how his gentle little sweetheart comes to have so disagreeably arrogant a parent. "He is too ill to transact any business, or see any strangers."

"And Lady Damer, is she also—" Mr. Deane begins again, with judicial sternness, when he is stopped by the sudden shocked look in the young man's face, and the checked tones of his voice, hurriedly addressing Gillian.

"Gillian, dear, I thought you had told your father!"

"Papa! Didn't you get my letter? I sent it by a special messenger to this hotel as soon as I had your telegram!" Gillian says, flushing and paling, and tears choking her voice. "Didn't they give it to you? Didn't you know——"

"Lady Damer is dead, sir! She died suddenly yesterday evening," George interposes abruptly and sternly, glad to punish the pompous face and arrogant voice with even temporary embarrassment and dismay.

"Bless my soul! It can't be possible!" Mr. Deane ejaculates, in tones of horror, retreating to an easy-chair, and staring in silence for several minutes, with a wholesome sensation of remorse and shame at the thought of the speech concerning the dead woman which he was just about to utter.

"It is just possible, and we have been, and are in great trouble," George says, answering Mintie's sympathetic eyes rather than her pompous lord, "and we hope," he continues, very earnestly, addressing her directly, "that you will not take Gillian away from us just yet. My father and all of us will miss her so dreadfully, that we hope you will spare her to us for awhile longer, at all events."

"I wonder which of you will 'miss her so dreadfully,' you or your father, my fair-haired gentleman!" Mintie thinks, with a glimmer of a smile in her keen eyes. "This meek little damsel, without a word to say for herself, bags her birds very cleverly, and birds well worth powder and shot too. I guess English girls are sly."

Aloud she says:

"Yes, certainly, she shall stay, Mr. Damer, for awhile. If Gillian can take poor Lady Damer's place in any way, whilst you and poor Sir Harry are in such trouble, of course neither Mr. Deane nor I would think of disturbing your arrangements."

All this is said without so much as one permissive glance at her lord, and so it is made extremely plain to George in what quarter petitions are likely to be successful in the future, when formally presented to Mrs. Deane.

"I am delighted my little girl has a step-mother!" George decides inwardly; "she makes amends for the awful dad!"

"And you must let us help you all we can; my husband and I will be only too glad if you will," Mintie pursues, with cordial kindness. "Look on us as friends and relatives, won't you? And shall we stay on here, or would you like us to come on to Mount Ossory, and stay a few days until the last rites are over?"

"Oh, come to Mount Ossory, Mintie dear!" Gillian says, bursting into tears of relief at the kindly words and cordial tones, with her arms around her stepmother's neck. "We want every friend we can have around us now, don't we, George? If you don't mind, Mintie dear."

"I guess I'd mind very much if you said you didn't want me, and wouldn't have me," rejoins Mintie, emphatically.

And so Jeanette Lady Damer dies, and is buried, and the husband with whom she has lived for twenty-five years misses the familiar presence with a vague, half-frightened sense of relief and remorse, but that is all.

Bingham Lacy, her nephew, the one human creature whom she has really loved—is shocked and grieved beyond words for a few days, and follows her to her grave in deepest mourning, and with tears in his eyes; but is conscious when they all return from the funeral of something having ceased to oppress him, and of having stepped out of the shadow of an influence that has never been for his happiness nor his welfare, since the days of his boyhood.

But Anne Lacy—the "poor relation"—not even acknowledged as such, whom she tyrannized over and wronged in a thousand ways; whose womanly pride she has tortured, and whose happiness she has well-nigh blighted, grieves for her with the generous unreasoning affection of a nature equally fervent and faithful.

They are Anne's gentle and reverent hands which compose her body in its last repose, and lay choicest white blossoms between the meekly folded palms above the proud heart, now calm and at rest forever.

"I think she would like me to do it, though she was displeased with me," she falters with quick-dropping tears. "She always did like me to give the last touches to her hair, or her flowers, or anything she wore; she often said so."

And with this tender belief actuating every deed, the loyal, tender soul adorns with choicest snowy-white face—the work of her own fingers—the marble-white breast and folded hands, and lays the dead woman's head on a white satin pillow which she has made and embroidered, and puts starry Easter lilies around her head, just touching her dark hair, as if she sleeps among those emblems of a glorious resurrection; so when her relatives and acquaintances come to look at Lady Damer lying in her handsome, silk-lined coffin, they wonder, and say how beautiful and young she looks, and her unhappy, week-minded husband, when he takes his last look at her, with a poignant recollection of the wrong he has done her, does not dare to touch the placid face in its solemn beauty in even one fare-well kiss, but hurried out of the room in frantic haste, crying aloud, and wringing her hands.

So she dies and is buried, and the place that knew her knows her no more forever, and in the opening spring days, in the flowers and the sunshine, the world goes on without her, nor misses her, nor regrets her.

Immediately after the funeral there is a meeting by special invitation of the relatives and the principal tenants, in the library, where Sir Harry's solicitor makes a formal declaration of George Damer's birth as Sir Harry's lawful son and heir, the offspring of a private marriage between "Mr. Henry Damer and Miss Rose Macarthy" twenty-eight years ago; the aforesaid lady dying abroad in the United States three years after the birth of her child, whom his father had brought up and educated under the name of Archer.

"And the fact of the aforesaid marriage of my client," the solicitor says smoothly, though quite conscious of the haughty, incensed amazement depicted on the face of Lord Annesley, sitting right opposite to him, "has been hitherto kept secret solely out of consideration for the late Lady Jeanette Damer; though the deceased lady was quite aware for several years of the facts relating to Mr. George Damer's birth."

(To be Continued.)

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

HEART TROUBLE.

The Symptoms Often Misunderstood by the Sufferer

The Trouble at All Times an Extremely Dangerous One—How to Promptly Relieve it.

There are many forms of heart disease, some of which manifest themselves by symptoms which are misunderstood by the sufferer and ascribed to indigestion or some similar cause, when the heart is really affected. The slightest derangement of this important organ is extremely dangerous. If at times the action of the pulse is too rapid and the heart beats violently, resulting in a suffocating feeling, or, if the heart seems inclined to stop beating, the pulse becomes slow, and you feel a faint, dizzy sensation, you should take the best course in the world, and that is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. You will find that the distressing symptoms promptly disappear and that the heart at all times acts normally. Mr. Adelard Lavoie, St. Pacome, Que., bears strong testimony to the value of these pills in cases of heart trouble. He says: "For nearly three years I was greatly troubled with a weak heart and in constant fear that my end would come at any time. I placed myself under a good doctor but did not get the desired relief. In fact, I grew worse; the least exertion would overcome me, and finally I had to discontinue work. While in this condition, a neighbor advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I procured a supply. They simply worked wonders in my case and when I had used six boxes I was again enjoying good health. I have had no sign of the trouble since and I can cheerfully recommend the pills to similar sufferers."

Blood troubles of all kinds are also cured by these famous pills. If you suffer from headaches, dizziness, languor, boils or skin diseases of any kind, your blood is in an impure condition, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are what you need. These pills are not a purgative and therefore do not weaken like medicines of that class. They are tonic in their nature and make new, rich, red blood with every dose, thus restoring health and strength to hopeless and despondent sufferers. But you must get the genuine, which always has the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on every box. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Drifting Drollery.

"People used to think he was a wonder," he said, referring to the village prodigy.

"Yes," answered the discerning individual; "but come to find out about it, he was merely a bad guess."—Baltimore American.

"Katie McCoy, have you had any experience as a cook?"

"No, sir."

"What did you do at the last place?"

"Oi was oculist of the kitchen."

"Oculist of the kitchen. What in the world did you do?"

"Oi removed th' oyes from th' potatoes, sor."—Philadelphia Record.

The Basis of Prosperity.—"When the farmer is prosperous, everybody is prosperous," said the man who indulges in dogmatic utterances.

"That's right," answered Farmer Corntossel. "When the farmers have money the gold brick operators and side-show proprietors and lightning rod people and everybody begin to look for good times."—Washington Star.

"The French count thinks some of the things he hears about America are greatly exaggerated."

"Ah?"

"Yes, he says he tramped over New Jersey for six days without meeting a single octopus."—Chicago News.

"Do you drink coffee?" asked the doctor of an aged patient.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Coffee," continued the M. D., "is a slow poison."

"Yes, very slow," replied the old man. "I have taken it daily for nearly eighty years."—Tit-Bits.

BABY CONSTIPATION

Can be Cured Without Resorting to Harsh Purgatives.

Constipation is a very common trouble among infants and small children—it is also one of the most distressing. The cause is some derangement of the digestive organs, and if not promptly treated is liable to lead to serious results. The little victim suffers from headache, fever, pain in the stomach and sometimes vomiting. While in this condition neither baby nor baby's mother can obtain restful sleep. If proper care is taken in feeding the child and Baby's Own Tablets are used, there will be no trouble found in curing and keeping baby free from this disorder. Mrs. T. Guymer, London, Ont., says: "My baby was a great sufferer from constipation. She cried continually, and I was about worn out attending her. I tried several remedies, but none of them helped her till I procured some Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets worked wonders, and now she is in the best of health. I can now go about my work without being disturbed by baby's crying. I consider Baby's Own Tablets a great medicine, and would advise mothers to keep them in the house, for they will save baby from much suffering by curing and preventing the minor ailments common to infants and small children."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. They are easy to take, mild in action, promote healthful sleep and will be found a never-failing cure for constipation, baby indigestion, simple fever, diarrhoea, sour stomach, colic, etc. They allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, break up colds and prevent croup. Price 25 cents a box at all druggists or sent by mail, post paid, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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.

FARM AND GARDEN

THE SUPERIORITY OF CANADIAN FLOUR.

Makes the Best Loaf—Trials in England—Is Not Adulterated—How to Raise Crops—Ten Years' Test—Time for Sowing—Invitation to Farmers.

Canadian flour of the best sort contains by actual analysis about one-tenth more of albuminoids than the best quality of Hungarian flour, and the albuminoids or gluten being more tenacious, yield a dough which rises better and holds its position in the baked loaf. Let the press proclaim this, and the news will be followed by a demand for Canadian flour in the old country, where people know a good thing when they see it, and will have the best that can be procured.

For some time past Canadian flour has been steadily gaining ground in the European markets, and it is becoming better known as flour from which bakers can make not only the best quality of bread, but also the largest quantity per barrel. The English bakers make up their sponge from seven or eight brands of flour, because this enables them to have a continuity of quality in the event of any single brand failing in the market. Three tests made by first-class English bakers in London with Canadian flour give the following results: Each using 100 pounds of flour, they obtained in the first instance 146 pounds of bread, 152 pounds of bread in the second, and 151 pounds of bread in the third case. Each test was made with strong Canadian flour. It is noteworthy that adulteration of Canadian flour by Indian corn flour, or other cheaper and inferior substances, is entirely unknown. For sweetness, whiteness and strength Canadian flour is unsurpassed.

Comparative Tests.

To meet the increased demand in England for hard wheats to mix with the home-grown and softer wheats, Mr. F. T. Shutt, M. A., of the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa, made a comparative examination between Canadian best patents and the best grades of Hungarian flours. The foreign samples had been procured by the Hon. the Minister of Agriculture. The result of these experiments proved the superiority of the Canadian flour for bread making purposes. The percentages of albuminoids or protein, the most important part from a nutritive standpoint, were Canadian, best patents, 12.59 per cent.; Hungarian, best grade, 11.27 per cent. The determination of gluten, both wet and dry, was also in favor of Canadian flour, namely, Canadian, best patents, wet gluten, 34.22, dry gluten, 12.33; Hungarian, best grade, wet gluten, 26.17, dry gluten, 9.79.

Value of Clover.

Clover seed can be sown in all the land is equal to that obtained from a dressing of ten tons of barnyard manure to the acre. Considerable supplies of potash, phosphoric acid, and lime are also taken up by the clover plant during its growth, a part of which is gathered from depths in the soil not reached by some other farm crops. Tests year after year with wheat, oats, barley and potatoes confirm the value of this method of adding to the fertility of the soil.

Early Sowing.

The tests carried on at the Experimental Farms for ten years have fully demonstrated that increased crops result from early sowing. Sowing at the earliest possible time and then sowing a second series a week later, then four other lots at intervals of a further week each, has shown that the best crops have been had from the second sowings made just one week after it was possible to sow the seed. Beyond this, delay in sowing has resulted in loss which has been more serious as the delay has been greater. The average of the ten years' experience shows that with wheat a delay of one week beyond the period mentioned has entailed a loss of over 30 per cent., two weeks 40 per cent., three weeks nearly 50 per cent., and four weeks 56 per cent. of the crop.

Have Seeds Tested.

Farmers should avail themselves of the opportunity of sending any doubtful samples of grain and other seeds to the Experimental Farm to be tested for their vitality. By this means any injury to the vitality of grain from unfavorable weather during harvest may be promptly detected, and the extent of the injury ascertained. Samples weighing about one ounce may be sent to the Canadian Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa free through the mail. These samples are tested and reported on free of charge, and their percentage of vitality can usually be determined within a fortnight after they are received.

FARM AND DAIRY.

Skim Milk and the Quality of Pork.

Experiments conducted by Professor Grisdale, of the Dominion Department of agriculture last year show that the quality of pork is controlled very largely by the character of the food used. These experiments show that while Indian corn and beans undoubtedly do tend to the production of soft pork, this tendency can, in a large measure, be counteracted by the use of skim milk. In all classes of rations used in experimental work by Prof. Grisdale last year, it was found that skim milk invariably gave a firmer pork than the same ration without skim milk.

Carbolic Acid for Digestion in Ewes.

In a recent issue of the Sun was given a report of an address by Geo. Rice, of Currie's Crossing, in which the value of carbolic acid in the treatment of dairy cows was insisted upon. Now comes a statement from a correspondent of the Breeders Gazette, who says that the same treatment is invaluable for indigestion in ewes. This correspondent says that he has tested this remedy for years, and knows that it cures. He gives ten drops of pure carbolic acid in one-half pint of warm water or milk. This will almost invariably stop the pain from indigestion in ewes in fifteen minutes, but in some cases a second dose, not exceeding five drops, is necessary. The remedy, he says, has never been known to fail.

Where Silage is Appreciated.

Chicago Breeders' Gazette: The silo offers the greatest adjunct to the economical feeding of steers now available to stockmen generally. Silage will prove useful in a high degree for the summer feeding of steers. The blue-grass pastures which supply ample grazing for steers in May and June fail to afford sufficient succulent feed later on in the season. If not overstocked there may be an abundance of half-dry grass, but there is not the proper supply of real green feed. Then, too, our summer droughts seem more frequent than in the past, and often through the month of August the steers on pasture make little or no gains because of the scant supply of feed then available. The stockman who has a large supply of silage on hand will find it possible in summer to use this material to great advantage, just as many provident dairymen are doing.

LUXURIOUS WAYS OF APPLYING SCENT.

The whim of identifying oneself with a special perfume has been carried to such lengths by some women that their handkerchiefs, hair, gowns, lingerie, fans, writing paper, bonnets, gloves and slippers are all fragrant of delicate heliotrope, violet, chypre, peau d'Espagne or simply fresh, clean smelling orris. The last note of smartness is to choose a favorite flower, with which the perfume corresponds.

One woman has carried her perfume caprice to her country house, which might be styled the paradise of perfume. In the luxurious bath rooms are placed big bottles of bath essences, and on each dressing-table and washing-stand appear bottles, small and great, of different scents—violet, peau d'Espagne, lavender water, and eau de Cologne. Several sorts of scented soap are provided.

Many women pride themselves on the way in which they perfume their rooms, especially before a dinner party. Some burn pastilles or ribbon of Prages, while others use eau de Cologne set alight in an iron spoon, and a few employ incense, such as is used in churches, so that the drawing-room seems to acquire a faint, mysterious sweetness which, when the perfume is judiciously managed, the guests find it difficult to account for.

Women have many ingenious ways of scenting their wearing apparel besides the use of liquid perfume. Sachets filled with powder are sewn into bodices, muffs and hats, and, in the case of a fur coat or cape, sweet smelling powder is laid under the lining or between folds of wadding. Jewelers have recently invented a cleverly designed charm to hang on watch chain, bracelet or chatelaine. This is in the form of a small gold ball perforated with tiny holes, having a top to screw on and off. Inside is a sponge saturated with scent, or else a second smaller ball, which contains a strongly-perfumed pastille.

MONOGRAM SOAP.

The fad of having one's initials or private monogram put upon articles of but a limited existence is spreading to a remarkable and almost incredible degree. It was thought that the limit had been reached when the owner's monogram and picture were placed on playing cards, which, after a quiet game of euchre or pinochle, were distributed to the players as a souvenir of the occasion.

Then came the private monogram on the cigarette, a fad which is now indulged in to a very large extent by ladies who find enjoyment in the weed, the Egyptian cigarettes being particularly popular for that purpose.

But the latest is to have your initials on fancy and expensive soaps. The fad seems to have originated in London, where a lady recently ordered a hundred cakes of soap of a pale green tint and delicately perfumed, with the face-simile of the signatures and the photographs of her daughter and the man to whom she was shortly to be married stamped on each cake. The idea was to present each wedding guest with a cake of the soap in a well-made box, in addition to the conventional piece of wedding cake.

The same chemist who secured that order also filled an order from a well-known English actress for a hundred cakes of rose-pink soap, heavily scented, which she not only uses herself, but presents to her friends whenever they become her guests. The soap is clearly stamped with the actress' picture and autograph, and it is safe to say the recipients rarely use that particular cake.

The picture of baby is sometimes imprinted on the soap of fond and wealthy parents, though the soap is more often given away than actually used.

An English society belle, whose residence is nearly always filled with guests, is accustomed to supply the toilet stand of each visitor with a tablet of soap on which is finely engraved her signature and crest. As most of the guests use their own soap and carry away that of their hostess as a souvenir, the manufacturer has in this one customer quite an extensive source of income, for the price that is charged for this kind of work is not small.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Mark of the Beast.

An English association of farriers and shoeing-smiths have hit upon a novel way of enforcing their demands. In order to further their ends each member places on the new shoes he has applied a private mark, a small anvil stamped near the heel. This indicates to the next "hoeing-smith" that the animal has been shod by a member of the association. Things have come to the pass now that members refuse to shoe horses which do not bear the association's trademark on the shoes to be replaced.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO