MONSOON

ADVICE TO A BRIDE

Don't take any chances at the outset of your married life. Give him MONSOON CEYLON TEA.

LOVE'S EXILE.

CHAPTER I.

Poor little witch! I think she left all her spells and love-philters behind her when she let herself be carried off from Ballater to Bayswater, a spot where no sorcery more poetical or more interesting than modern spiritualism finds a congenial home. What was her star about, not to teach her that human hearts can beat as passionately up among the quiet hills and the dark firforests, as down amid the rattle and the roar of the town? Well, well; it is only in the grave that we make no mistakes; and life and love, God knows, are mysteries beyond the ken of a chuckle-headed country gentleman, with just sense enough to handle a gun and land a salmon.

And the sum and substance of all this is that the Deeside hills are very bleak in December, that the north wind sighs and sobs, whistles and howls among the ragged firs and the bending larches in a manner fearsome and eerie to a lonely man at his silent fireside, and that books are but sorry substitutes for human companions when the deer are safe in their winter retreat in the forest, and the grouse-moors are white with snow. So here's for another pine-log on the fire, and a glance back at the fourteen years which have slipped away since I shut the gates of the world behind me.

The world! The old leaven is still there then, that after fourteen years of voluntary—almost voluntary exile—I still call that narrow circle of a few hundreds of not particularly wise, not particularly interesting people—the world! They were wise enough and interesting enough for me at three-and-twenty, though, when by the death of my elder brother I leapt at once from an irksome struggle, with expensive tastes, on a stingy allowance of three hundred a year, to the full enjoyment of an income of eight thousand.

How fully I appreciated the delights of that sudden change from "ineligible" to "eligible"! How quickly I began to feel that, in accepting an invitation, instead of receiving a favor, I now conferred one! My new knowledge speedily transformed a harmless and rather obliging young man into an insufferable puppy; but the puppy was welcomed where the obliging young man had hardly been tolerated. Beautifully gradual the change was, both in me and in my friends, for we were all well-bred and knew how to charge the old formulas with new meaning. "You will be sure to come, won't you?" from a hostess to me was no longer a crumb of kindness, it was an entreaty. "You are very kind," from me, expressed now not gratitude, but condescension. A rather nice girl, who had been scolded for dancing with me too often, was now, like the little children sent out in the streets to beg, praised or blamed by her mother according to the degree of attention I had paid her. I did not share the contempt of the other men of my own age for this manoeuvring mamma and the rest of her kind, though I daresay I spoke of them in the same tone as they did. In the first place, I was flattered by their homage to my new position, interested as it was; and in the second, in their presence we were all so much alike in dress, manner, and what by courtesy is called conversation, that the poor ladies might well be excused for judging our merits by the only tangible point of difference—our relative wealth.

Looking back on that time from the serene eminence of nine-and-thirty, I can see that I was a fool, but also that I got my money's worth for my folly, which is more than I can say for all my later aberrations of intellect. And if, on the brink of forty, I feel I can give a less logical account of my actions and feelings than I could at the opening of life, it is appalling to think what a consummate ass I may be if I live another twenty years! I begin to wish I had set myself to some less humiliating task, to fill my lonely hours by a mountain winter fireside, than this of tracing the process by which the idiot of five-and-twenty became the lunatic of five-and-thirty. Well, it's too late to go back now that I have called up the old ghosts and felt again the terrible fascination of the touch of the new gaunt fingers. So here's for a dash at my work with the best grace I can.

I had been enjoying my accession to fortune for about eighteen months, during which I had devoted what mind and soul I possessed wholly to the work of catering for the gratification of my senses, when I fell for the first time seriously in love, as the natural sequence of having exhausted the novelty of coarser excitements.

Lady Helen Normanton was the third daughter of the Marquis of Castleford, a beauty in her first season, who had made a sensation on her presentation, and had attracted the avowed admiration of no less a person than the Earl of Saxmundham, such a great catch, with his rumored revenues of eighty or ninety thousand a year, that for a comparative pauper, with a small and already encumbered estate like mine, to dare to appear in the lists against him seemed the height of conceit or the depth of idiotcy. But Lady Helen's eyes were bright enough, and her smile sweet enough, to turn any man's head. They caused me to form the first set purpose of my life, and I dashed into my wooing with a headlong earnestness that soon made my passion the talk of my friends. I had one advantage on my side upon which I must confess that I largely relied; I was good-looking enough to have earned the sobriquet of "Handsome Harry," and I was quite as much alive to my personal attractions, quite as anxious to show them to the best advantage as any female professional beauty. It was agony to think that, having already exhausted my imagination in the invention of devices by which, in the restricted area of man's costume, I should always appear a little better dressed than anyone else, I could do nothing more for my love than I had done for my vanity. As a last resource I curled my hair.

The boldness of my devotion soon began to tell. The Earl of Saxmundham was fifty-two, had a snub nose, and was already bald. Lady Helen was very young, sweet and simple, and perhaps scarcely realized yet what much handsomer horses and gowns and diamonds are to be got with eighty thousand a year than with eight. So she smiled at me and danced with me, and said nothing at all in the sweetest way when I poured out my passion in supper-rooms and conservatories, and giggled with the most adorable childlikeness when I kissed her little hand, still young enough to be rather red, and told her that she had inspired me with the wish to be great for her sake. And the end of it was that the Earl began to retreat, and that I was snubbed, and that these snubs being to me an earnest of victory, I became ten times more openly, outrageously daring than before, and my suit being vigorously upheld by one of her brothers, who had become an oracle in the family on the simple basis of being difficult to please, I was at last most reluctantly accepted as Lady Helen's betrothed lover.

My success gave me the sort of prestige of curiosity which passionate earnestness, in this age when we associate passion with seedy Bohemians and earnestness with Methodist preachers, can easily excite among a generation of men having no stimulating iron bars or stone walls between them and their lady loves, can reserve the best of their energies for other and more exciting pursuits. I was the respectable Paris to a proper and perfectly well-conducted Helen, the Romeo to a new Juliet. My wooing and engagement became a society topic, the subject of many interesting fictions. Spreading to circles a little more remote, in the absence of any Downing street blunder, or Clapham tragedy, the story became more romantic still. I myself overheard on the underground railway the exciting narration of how I forced my way into the Marquis' bedroom, after having concealed myself for some hours behind a Japanese screen in the library; how, revolver in hand, I had forced the unwilling parent to accede to my demand for his daughter's hand, and much more of the same kind listened to with incredulity but still with interest.

It was hard that, after the eclat of such a beginning, our engagement should have continued on commonplace lines but so it did. My love for this fair girl, being the first deep emotion of a life which had begun to pall upon me by its frivolity, had struck far down and moved to life within me the best feelings of a man's nature. I began to be ashamed of myself, to feel that I was a futile coxcomb, only saved from being ridiculous by being one of a crowd of others like me. I gave up betting, that I might have more money to spend on presents for her; less legitimate pleasure I renounced as a matter of course, with shame that the arms which were to protect my darling should have been so profane; vanity having made me a "masher," love made me a man. Unluckily, Helen was too young and too innocent to appreciate the difference; her eyes still glowed at the sight of French bon-bons, she liked compliments better than conversation, and burst into tears when one evening, as she was dressed ready for a ball, I broke, in kissing her, the heads of some lilies of the valley she was wearing. The little petulant push she gave me opened my eyes to the fact that no sooner had I discovered myself to be a fool in one way than I had straightway fallen into as great an error in another direction. It dawned upon me for the first time, as I sat opposite to Helen and her mother in the barouche on our way to the ball, what a horrible likeness there was—seen in this half light of the carriage lamps, between Helen with her sweet blue eyes and features so delicately lovely that they made one think of Queen Titania, with an uncomfortable thought of oneself as the ass, and the placid Marchioness, whose features at other times one never noticed, so utterly insignificant a nonenity was she by reason of the vacuous stolidity which was carried by her to the point of absolute distinction. Would Helen be like that at forty? Worse still, was Helen like that now? It was a horrible thought, which subsequent experience unhappily did not tend to dispel. My first serious love had worked too great a revolution in me, had made me conscious of needs unfelt before, so that I now found that mere innocence in the woman who was to be the goddess of my life was not enough; I must have capacity for thought, for passion.

All this I had taken for granted at first, while the struggle to win her occupied all my energies; but when from the mad aspirant I became the proud betrothed, I had leisure to find out that the beautiful, dreamy, faraway eyes of my fiancee in no way denoted a poetic temperament, that her romance consisted merely in the preference for a handsome face to an ugly one, and in the inability to understand that she, an Earl's daughter and a spoilt child, could by any possibility fail to obtain anything to which she had taken a fancy. I was surprised at the rapidity with which I, a man seriously and deeply in love, came to these conclusions about the girl who had inspired my passion. I could even, looking into the future, foretell the kind of life we should lead together as man and wife, when she, fallen from the ideal position of an inspiring goddess to that of a tame pet rabbit, bored to death by my solemnity when I was serious, and frightened by my impetuosity when I was gay, would discover, with quick woman's instinct, that the best of myself was no longer given to her, and cavilling at the neglect of a husband whose society oppressed her, would find compensation for her wrongs among more frivolous companions. So that, weary of frivolity myself, my wife would avenge my defection.

I suppose almost every man, in the sober hours which alternate with the paroxysms of the wildest passions, can form a tolerably correct forecast of his life with the woman who likes to believe that she has cast him into an infatuation whose force is blinding. The picture is always with him, showing now in bright colors, now in dark; varying a little in its outlines from time to time, but remaining substantially the same, and more or less accurate according to the measure of his intellect and experience; not at all the picture of even an earthly paradise, but yet with charms which satisfy human longings, and make it hard to part with. So I, having made up my mind that beauty, gentleness and modesty, good birth and fairly good temper were the only attributes of my future wife on which I could rely philosophically decided that they formed as good an equipment as I had any right to expect, doubled my offerings of flowers and bon-bons, and transferred the disquisition on art, literature, religion and politics, in which I had begun to indulge to her brother.

Lord Edgar Normanton was a tall, fair, broad-shouldered young man, who, while joining in all the frivolous amusements of his age and station, did so in a grave, leisurely, and reflective manner, which caused him to be looked up to as one capable of higher things, whose presence at a cricket match was a condescension, and who appeared at balls with some occult purpose connected with the study of human nature. I had always looked upon his special friendship for me as an honor, of which I felt that my new departure, in deciding that I had sown wild oats enough, made me more worthy. It never occurred to me to ask myself or anybody else whether his wild oats were sown. It was enough for me that he was glad when mine were. With the loyalty of most young men to their ideals of their own sex, I would far rather have discovered a new and unsuspected flaw in Helen's character then have learnt anything to shake my respect for her brother. Woman, when not considered as an angel, can only be looked upon as a fascinating but inferior creature, whose faults must be overlooked as irremediable, in consideration of its contributions to the comfort or the pleasure of man. One may argue about them, but except as a relaxation one cannot argue with them.

Edgar was openly delighted at my engagement with his sister, which he considered merely in the light of a tie to bring us two men closer together. Such a little nonenity as I found he considered his sister to be, might think herself lucky to be honored by such a use.

This was the position of affairs when a memorable shooting party in Norfolk, of which both Edgar and I formed members, resulted in an accident which was to bring my love affair to an end as sensational as its beginning.

CHAPTER II.

We were engaged upon that hospitable abomination at a shooting party—a champagne luncheon. Having made a very fair bag for my morning's work, and being tired with my exertions, I was inclined to think that the serious business of the day was over for me and that I might take it easy as regarded further effort. Edgar, who, since his discovery that my fervor on the subject of his sister had grown less ardent, was inclined to assume more of the character of mentor towards me than I cared about, had seated himself on the ground beside me; but I had found an opportunity of changing seats, for I felt less well-disposed toward him that morning than I had ever been before.

The fact was that the gentle Helen had snubbed me two evenings previously for a demonstration of affection which I had carefully prepared, lest she, too, should have noticed the waning in my love. Upon this I had retreated, with a very odd mixture of feelings towards my fiancee, and there had been a reserve between us for the whole of the evening, which Edgar somewhat unwisely interfered to break. Looking upon myself as the injured person, I had resented the homily he felt himself called upon to administer, and though I made my peace with Helen next day, I avoided her brother. He made two or three good-natured overtures to me in the manner of an experienced nurse to a forward child, but on the morning of the shooting party I was still as far as ever from being reconciled to the paternal intervention of Edgar the Wise and the Good.

"The Ladies!" cried one of the party, leaning lazily back on his arm and raising his glass.

"Say, 'woman,'" I amended: "it's more comprehensive."

"Well, but 'The Ladies!' ought to be comprehensive enough for you just now, Maude," said some one, glancing mischievously at Edgar, whose solemnity was increasing, and scenting something warmer than controversy.

"Not now, nor ever," said I, with more daring than good taste. "In 'Woman' we can secretly worship an ideal better than ourselves. In 'The Ladies' we must bow down to creatures lower than ourselves, whose beauty deceives us, whose frivolity degrades us and whom nothing more sacred than our care and their own coldness protects from the fate of fellow women whom before them we do not dare to name."

Everybody looked up in astonishment, and Edgar's red, healthy face became purple with anger.

"A man who holds such opinions concerning ladies is probably better qualified to judge that other class which he has the singular taste to mention in the same sentence with them."

"Perhaps. It is easier to find mercy for victims than for tyrants."

Edgar rose to his feet with the ponderous dignity of an offended giant.

"If I had known your opinions on this subject a little earlier, Mr. Maude, I should never have allowed you to form an alliance with my family."

I rose, too, as hot as he; and secretly alarmed and repentant at the lengths to which my reckiessness had carried me. I was not ready to submit to the didactic rough-riding of the man who had long ago himself instilled into me his own supreme contempt for the weaker sex.

(To be Continued.)

BABYS' OWN TABLETS

Cure All Minor Ills, and Bring Joy and Comfort to Baby and Mother.

Disease attacks the little ones through the digestive organs. Baby's Own Tablets are the best things in the world for all bowel and stomach troubles of children. They act quickly and gently and always cure indigestion, colic, constipation and diarrhoea. They are also a great help to teething children. Mrs. Gabrielle Barnes, Six Mile Lake, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets reached me just in time, as my baby was very ill with indigestion and bowel trouble, and I am happy to say the tablets relieved him after a few doses. He is now doing splendidly with just a Tablet now and then when he is restless. I am the mother of eight children and have tried nearly all the old remedies, but have never found a medicine equal to Baby's Own Tablets."

The Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug, and crushed to a powder they can be given to the smallest, feeblest child with a certainty of good results. Sold by all druggists, or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

MONTHS OF PAIN

Caused by a Tumor of the Breast.

Mrs. J. M. Timbers, of Hawkesbury, Tells How She Obtained Relief After Doctors Had Failed.

(From the Post, Hawkesbury, Ont.)

Mrs. James M. Timbers is well known to nearly everybody in Hawkesbury, Vankleek Hill and surrounding country. She was born in Vankleek Hill, but since her marriage, twelve years ago, has lived in Hawkesbury, and is greatly esteemed by all who know her. Mrs. Timbers is one of the many thousands who have proved the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and gives her experience for the benefit of other sufferers. She says: "While nursing my first child I suffered from a nursing tumor under the left breast. The first symptom was a sharp pain followed by a growth, which gradually increased in size until it became as large as an egg. It was exceedingly painful and caused me great suffering. I consulted a doctor, who gave me medicine, but it did me no good. Then I consulted another doctor, who said I would have to undergo an operation. In the meantime, however, the tumor broke, but would not heal, and as a result I was feeling very much run down. At this time my attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began using them. I soon felt that they were giving me increased strength, and after using a few boxes, the tumor disappeared and I was as well as ever I had been. My health has since been good, and I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills cure troubles like the above, because they make rich, red blood, and drive all impurities from the system. Through their action on the blood they also cure such troubles as anaemia, heart palpitation, erysipelas, scrofula, skin eruptions, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance and the ailments that make the lives of so many women miserable. The genuine always bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SOMETHING NEW IN SILOS.

Much has been written in regard to silos and silo building, and numerous plans have been published, but in actual experience none of them has proved entirely satisfactory. Some are too expensive for ordinary farmers, others are cheap, but last only a few years. The round stave silo is one of the cheapest sorts, and if it were not liable to collapse on account of shrinkage of the staves, and the expansion of the iron hoops, it would be very satisfactory.

There is now a prospect of these disadvantages being overcome. A number of farmers in the United States have adopted the plan of using wooden hoops, which cannot shrink or lengthen endwise. The inside sheeting is of one-inch Georgia pine, which seems to be the best kind of lumber for silos, on account of its non-shrinkable character. It is so full of pitch that moisture has practically no effect upon it. This lumber has been recently laid down at Ottawa for $27 per M., and at that price should be one of the most economical our farmers could use.

The foundation of this new sort of silo is in its wooden hoops, six inches wide, and made of half-inch elm lumber, sprung around a form, and built up with well-lapped joints, using a trifle longer nail each time, until the hoop has a thickness for the three bottom hoops of five layers. The remaining five top hoops require only four layers each. The average silo will not require more than 500 feet of lumber and 20 pounds of nails, for the hoops, which are easily and quickly made, and should not cost more than $1.25 each, or $10 for the lot. This is a good deal less than the cost of the usual iron hoops and lugs. A three-cornered frame is erected at the exact outside circumference of the silo, and the hoops placed in position and fastened.

The lining of the silo is then put on, and should be of inch Georgia pine lumber three inches wide, matched and nailed to the hoops, the same as the flooring. When the lining is on within twenty inches of the starting place, stop, and put in 2x4 studding, up and down between the hoops on each side of the door for door stays and jambs. Make the doors of the same lumber as the walls, cutting them in to "joints" on the inside of the hoops.

If the silo is outside the barn, it can be covered with tarred paper, and cheap siding, run both up and down as a protection against frost. The roof and foundation is the same as for any silo, and the outside covering could be of any sort the owner wished, or it might go without siding, the same as any other tub silo. If protected from the weather the wooden hoops should last for years, and if at any time the inside lining became "dozy" it might be lined with tarred paper, and then sheeting, thereby making it serviceable again for a number of years at small cost.

John Gould, the well known Ohio Dairyman and Farmer's Institute lecturer, who has seen a number of these silos in operation, thinks highly of them. F. W. Hodson, Live Stock Commissioner.

CHATS WITH YOUNG GIRLS.

We sometimes say of a woman that she does her work as well as a man, so that it cannot be distinguished from a man's work. This sounds like praise, but it is really blame. Something has been lost. Distinction is the crown of work.

I am no advocate of a narrower life for woman, but of a life which shall be broad enough for her to unfold her own nature. The worst slavery is that which makes a woman pretend to be a man.

The strenuous life for a girl is a form of hysteria. It is a functional disorder. It sacrifices strength for spasms.

Suppose she is at college, studying. How shall she get the best intellectual results: Accuracy of perception, breadth of vision, delicacy of taste, respect for truth? By disregarding the balance of her physical and mental nature, and plunging into an intense pursuit of special knowledge, a fierce competition for marks and honors and prizes? The achievement, whatever it may be, will hardly compensate her (or us) for its probable cost. Poise is more precious than penetration. Learning may be a climb, but wisdom is a growth. The best that we know is the harvest of a quiet mind. The sanity of scholarship depends upon a normal life. The finest woman's college is a college for women. The best girls in it are never imitation boys.—Henry Van Dyke in Harper's Bazar.

For a Lucky Baby.

A cap of beautiful old Valenciennes, with a quaint ruffle of lace. A string of amber and crystal de roche beads, with a double heart fastener of gold.

A pelisse of pure white Liberty satin, trimmed with open work embroidery and ruchettes of chiffon, with a large lace hood made of a lovely old fichu of point a l'aiguille sacrificed for the occasion.

A hat of white mull, with white marabout feathers and rosettes of Liberty satin.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Fountain Head of Good or Evil.

"If women were more serious, large-minded, intelligent, unselfish and loving, three-fourths of the depravity and sin which make life a curse would disappear. The fountain-head of social good or evil, of vice and crime, or of honor and virtue, is in the home, and the wife and mother make or unmake the home."—Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, at the Charities Conference.

The Shawl Fad.

Women have been taught that the snug little Eton was the thing. They have been educated into thinking the bolero the best medium for showing off the shape. In the little blazer and the cutaway, the Norfolk and the box coat they have seen style and comfort.

Now it is the shawl. Away with the Eton, the blazer, the bolero, the Norfolk and the box coat. Away with jackets of all kinds. The shawl's the thing.

Now that the shawl has been accepted as an article of summer wear the girl of August is reconciled to the fact that she will look very like her grandmother.

There are shawls of all kinds—crepe shawls striped with satin, silk shawls embroidered with satin threads, cashmere shawls with great designs appliqued upon them, and shawls of knitted silk and wool. These are only a few of the many varieties of shawl offered for the inspection and choice of the girl who goes forth to buy.

In the shawl revival it has been discovered that drapery makes a woman look slender by lengthening her lines.

It has been decided also that the shawl makes her more graceful by enveloping her in a cloud instead of outlining her sharply, as in a coat.

It has been noticed that the shawl gives her an Oriental look, even though she be a blonde, and that it transforms the dusky brunette into a senorita at an instant's notice.

Young Britons on the Coronation.

Some amusing schoolboy views of the coronation have been gathered from compositions. A boy of 10 writes:

"It is the privilledge of the lord mare to wash and dress the king the day he is crownd, the archbish arp of caterberry will ask the king to say an oath and when he has done this he will wash the feat of 12 poor peepul and rise up an ointment king."

Another boy says of the King: "Although he is a rooler, he is a clever man with tack. He has such respeck for himself that he wrote a new poem for the Corunation called God save our grashus King, his majersty will sing this himself wile he is being crowned with pompersniss in westminster abbey."

A third youth says: "The prisons will be emptied on Coronation day; the prisoners will see the crowning like rispektable people and then go back hapily to prison again."

We are also told that "The Duke of Norfolk, who is a gold stick, will set off skwibs, and, as the prime duke of England, will see that everything is nice and solum."—Pall Mall Gazette.

He Was a Philosopher.

(Brooklyn Life.)

Benedict—Give me a few pointers on how to manage a wife, old chap.

Meeks—Can't, my boy, but I can give you no end of advice on how to be managed by a wife so that you'll think you are the manager.

THEY REFUSED FREE MEDICINE.

Avoided the Lumberman's Hospital and Cured Themselves by Using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Lumbermen prove their confidence in Dr. Chase by buying his remedies and using them instead of the hospital treatment supplied them without cost. An interesting letter.

Mr. John L. Hickey, now caretaker of the Public and High Schools, Trenton, Ont., states: "I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and found them the greatest medicine I ever tried. I used them when in the lumber camps, and believe by keeping the kidneys and bowels regular and the general health good that they protect a person from catching contagious diseases which are so common in the camps.

"I have seen hundreds of men using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the lumber camps. They buy them by the doezn when going in, and to show how much faith they have in them they buy them when they could get their medicine for nothing by going to the hospital camp. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills keep my liver, kidneys and bowels regular and my health good. I would not think of being without them."

Mr. John Orr, lumberman, Trenton, Ont., states: "Through exposure to all sorts of weather in the lumber camp, and as a result of the strain of my work, I became a sufferer of kidney disease, which in my case took the form of very severe pains across the back over the kidneys and down the hips. When in the woods cutting down trees these pains would come on me with such force that I would have to give up work and return to camp entirely used up.

"Finding that a number of the boys in camp used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I decided to try them, and did so with splendid results, as they thoroughly cured me. I feel like my old self again and can work just as good as the next one. I am grateful for this cure, and honestly believe that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the greatest medicine there is for kidney disease."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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