Ceylon Black Tea.

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The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romanca.

\*\*Tousdernton and manney, as you wanted the state of the sta

fellow George has went the girls love, and won it honestly. I believe, on my honor, and he loves her in return, for herself as well as her moneybags."

Lady Damer puts up her pince-nez and smiles a wintery smile.

"I think you have been imbibling some touching theories of generous love and self-sacrificing devotion and its deserved reward, my dear Bugham," she says, with her thin, red lips just showing her teeth. "I kap you do to make him go?"

Lady Jannette than diminishing. "Why, Aunt Jeannette? George never dabbles the least bit in polities, though he is a thorough Irishman, How on earth can you send him out of the country? What will you do to make him go?"

Lady Jannette than diminishing. "Lady Jeannette takes off her eyelasses and folis them up carefully, and looks at her neshew with her coid merelless face quite bright with smiles. tender hart went unappropriated smiles, whilst you were bin ath the influence 'So

solve in his eyes.

"You will excuse my leaving you, Aunt Jeannette," he says, moving to the door. "I told you before I should never allow an insult, either open or covert, in my presence, against the girl whom you know as well as I do, is only too good for me, and worthy of all the honor and esteem I could give her. I was willing to give the course of the property of the course will be that—I shall say to him just half a dozen words."

CHAPTER XXII.

Bingham," Lady Jeannette says, see Gillan.
"Bingham," Lady Jeannette says, see Gillan.
"I don't intend you shall see her her."

"Blancham," Lady Jeannette says, through her teeth, "I you have the room after that speech to m. I never wish to see you enter it again. Sit down, and answer me. Will you win this girl and marry her, if I give you one more change of winning her?"

"Yes, if I can," he says, curtly. "I "Yes, if I can," he says, curtly. "I "Yes, if I can," he says, curtly. "I "Yes is three left for him to do? He belongs to the abounding class of men who are either some woman's tyrant or some woman's

fore she came here. I ve not gone back from processes she has chosen take every chance of success from

Change your 'yes, if I can' into SQZODONT for the TEETH 25c I will,' and I shall be better

ranner? I am 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.

"Out of your way, Captain Lacy," she cetorts, with the edge of a sneering will. "since you are too supine to do it for yourself. I will put him out of your way for evermore. I tell you. Don't look so horror-stricken. I am come in your way?" she demands that nice young man isn't to be 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 velee, and her cold, high-bred face, now flushed and livid with tagerness.

"What is your 'last chance'?" her much belief in di-honest poice. That fellow George has won the girls love and won it honestly. I believe, on my honor, and he loves her in return.

"Send him out of the country?"

'So much you on like face, a sparkle of manly resolve in his eyes.

"You will evense my leaving you."

"You will evense my leaving you."

"So much you may ask, but no more, my dear Lingham." she says, smoothly. "I am doing this for you.

I would not do it for any other living creature. Remember that! I will answer your last question, but

worthy of all the honor and esteem
I could give her. I was willing to give
her up and play that and traitor at
your bidding, and because I could
not help myself—bound and hampered as I am: I am willing now, to
go any lengths, in common fairness
and justice, to struggle out of my
difficulties, but I will never suffer
a sneer or a word of blame against
her."

CHAPTER XXII.

On that same evening late as it
is, Lady Damer drives over to Darragic Castle on her way to the dinner-party at Snowhill, Loking very
ham been and elegant in the black
salk and lace-draped dress, fresh
from poor Anne's deft fingers. Captail Lacy is in the brougham with
her, but she herself only goes in to
see Gillan.

He knows what he is at

the present moment, and acquisces and endures, until some b

esces and endures, antil 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 to Showhill, the Prestons' place, you know—Bingham and I are going to a quiet little dinner—without running in for a peep at you."

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

"No—o, thanks, dea-," Lady Damer says, with a sort of hesitancy in her

"No-o, thanks, dea"," Lady Damer says, with a sort of hesitancy in her manner, and a puzzled, inquiring look. "He doesn't seem very well, poor boy. I had to insist on his coming out with me this evening: I thought it might brighten him up and do him good. I don't quite know what can all him, he seems very low-spirited and looks quite ill!"

There is a certain significance even in the affectation she makes of being ignorant of any cause for Captain

her ladyship comments. "He brought it to her, Instened it there himself, If can see—it is awkwardly done, just ass a man would do it—pinned in with as many kisses as there are blossoms. I dare say, Our little innocent is pro-

I dare say. Our little innocent is progressing very fast, as that horrid old Mrs. Blake said. We have quite the air of one bicu-aimed this evening! Little blid! She won't be so proud of her conquest in a day or two!"

'It does seen edd, certain y, can's she says coldly, with the knife-like edge of a smile, which never rises higher than her long, thin, red lips. "And it seems odder still, that Mr. Archer should make calls in such a mysterious fashion when I plainly invited him to call in the afternoons which I was with you. He might have which I was with you. He might have come every day and taken tea with us if he liked! But he musth't come when I am not here, my dear," she says, laughtny carelessly, and patting Gillian's head; "that is very maughty of Mr. Archer, though he is a privileged person and does all sorts of odd things! Good-bye again, dearest! No, I can't stop another instant, my dear, as it is Mr. Preston will be scowling, an't the fish will be spoiled."

She harries out of the room without giving Gillian time to utter a word of explanation or confession regarding George Archer's visits, which indeed the poor child is nerving herself, with a fluttering heart and tingling pulses, to give, in some measure, at least.

"Good-bye! I shall be over very early, dear," Lady Damer calls back whete I was with you. He might have

"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 see plainly enough, without any of that old gossiping Mrs. Blake's warnings, that there is no time to be lost, and no choice in this emergency, but the —last resource."

And Lady Damer is as good, or as bad, as her word, and on the following morning she drives over to Darragh Castle about 10 o'clock, and ungared to still a scheme to silling, in agh Castle about 10 octoon, and olds her little scheme to Gillian, in her ladyship's most confiding and artless manner

artiess manner.

"I have askel a few friends for to-morrow evening, dear, to meet you on your return to us," she says, with an air of delighted hopefulness, "for Dr. Coghlan says you are quite well enough to come back to us to-day. I have just seen him and he said. 'Yes, if we take great care of you,' you pet."

does he?" Gillian says, slowly, there and then discarding Dr. Coghlan from her favor for ever-more. "Very well, Lady Damer." more. "Very well, Lady Damer, and then, seeing the keen, steel-blu eyes fixed on her with apparentl

rectify her somewhat ungracious

receily her somewhat ungracious acquiescence.

"It is time I gave over playing invalid, I confess," she says, finshing; softly, and smiling, as she, thinks in her fond, glad little heart how she shall rejoice over that broken arm of hers nil the days of her life. "But my arm is quite uscless yet, you know, Lady Damer. I shall have to keep it in a sling for weeks, Dr. Coghlan says. What time am I to go back to Mount Ossory?"

"She wants to have the chance of anether draught of the stolen waters," Lady Damer thinks, watching Gillan with cruel amusement, "and as it will suit my plans, she shall. Poor little lovesick fool, it will be the last."

"This afternoon or late this even-"This afternoon or late this evening; about seven or eight, whichever you like, dear," she says, sweetly.
"Oh! This evening, then, about eight or nine," Gillin says, hurriedly, putting up her hand with an involuntary gesture to the heather spray she is wearing still.
"His visit is to be inte, in 'the tender gloaming,'" Lady Damer sneers, inwardly. "Pretty well for an ingenue."

Archer to dinner, and I don't quite fluid with the sunder of the tender "maiden blush" tint.

A light of engerness, surprise, delight, flashes with the sunlight of gladness into the pure, childlike eyes, which, however, virginal pride vell with calm repression the next instant.

"Yes? Ask him to dinner?" she questions, cooly, with a little careless surprise.

"Yes, dearest." Lady Damer rejoins, with a great assumption of impartial carnesiness. "We owe him every courtesy and every token of gratitude, I am sure, for his kindness, to you, and you see, unfortunately"—her ladyship toys with her rings, and smiles her cold, arrogant smile—"he and I never get on well together. I fear I offended him is some way, or did not consider his position sufficiently, or something of that kind, and so I am afraid that the will refuse to come, even if I write him the most cordial invitation in the market in the most cordial invitation in the market in the most cordial invitation in the market in the most cordial invitation in t

he is not one of us you know. But he

Gillian's breast is heaving, Gillian's breast is heaving, her cheeks are burning, her passionate, loyal heart is a flame. For all her youthfulness, her innocence, her inexperience in the world's "couble dealings," she reads her clever relative far more accurately than that tive far more accurately than that astute lady imagines; and, although she is not really conscious of the "difficulty" which overwhelms Lady Damer in her anxiety to do hone to George Archer, she yet knows that her ladyship is playing a part in which she, Gillian, must necessarily appear, whether to her disadvantage or otherwise.

"I see that you do not want to publicly slight him," she says, in a low, hard tone; "but you do not care to condescend so much as to ask his to your house. He saved my believe; so, if you wish, Lady Damer. I will ask him to do me the favor of dining with us."

"Well, that is rather harshly put, dear." her ladyship retorts, with her frigid smile. "I can see you are rather shocked at my exclusiveness, because I cannot quite recognize my husband's land-agent as my equal! I acknowledge his merits and his respectability."

espectability."
She makes this attribute as hopeless a barrier in the way of prospects as ever were the Bradley Headstones" "re spectable" character and belongings when ranked against the aristocratic lover of "Lizzie Hexam."

(To be continued.)

Her Fragality A well-known English woman who is famous for her taste in dress was recently asked by a young aspirant not very well acquainted with her London how much pin money was required by a woman who "went about a good deal, but wasn't really extravagant." She replied:

"If you're very careful you can manage to dress on \$2,000 a year." and after a slight pause she added, with modest pride used to som how, when Bobbie and I were first married and hadn't

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### Good for Bad Teeth Not Bad for Good Teeth

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HALL & RUCKEL, MONTREAL.

#### RIGH ATTIRE OF BRIDES OF THANKSGIVING.

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

desirable than the plainer and more solid silks. The striped Louisines are delightful, the fragile texture fall least it was called a Russian dressing with much grace and showing the frosty lights of the other Argentines. Indeed, under these, the striping, which is at no time heavily defined, the design of the color left out, and hardness of that color left out, and hardness of that color left out, and the color left out, and the color left out.

A striped Louisine bridal gown lately seen showel on skirt flounces and bodice-bertha attached hems of mousseline put on with brier or cat stitch. The bertha, which covered the high bodice at the usual bust point, was in diamonds of tucked Louisine between others of the plain muslin. The hem elying 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 bertha effects are almost traditional details of wedding bodices, and like the veil and wreath of orange blossoms, they are likely

of orange blossoms, they are likely to hold their own till the end of of orange blossoms, they are to hold their own till the end them there are exquisite berthas of work as well and some seen in point he is not one of us you know. But he has been most respectably educated and brought up, and is quite—quite clever, they tell me. So you see now what my difficulty is, pet."

them there are exquiste certains of duchesse lace, falling in points, squares and diamonds. which the shops offer as accessories for plain satin gowns. With these cuff pieces and shaped collars sometimes go.

squares and diamonds. which the shops offer as accessories for plain satin gowns. With these cuff pieces and shaped collars sometimes go, the set selling from \$50 up.

A regal bridal gown shows decorations of imitation duchesse, which is neither so unworthy nor so cheap as it may sount, for to get good imitation lace nowadays you must pay for it. In fact, so much is this

of the new cuirass bodiec effects. To accomplish this a belero of the duchess—unlined, and worn over a tucked chiffon bodice—meets a deep princess skirt yoke of the same, a soft sear of ivery satia outlining its bottom curve. The sleeves are also of the chiffon, held at two points with lace that they may puff at shoulder and clow. Over a de-tached peticoat of satin a tucked and flounced skirt front of the same gauzy material shows superb in-crustations of the duchesse.

The square court train, whose floor sweep is about three quarters of a yard—the usual length—is slightly wadded, that it may hang in the state of the wadden. ers of a yard—the usual length—lassiightly wadded, that it may hang in the heavy folds desired for wedding trails. Except for an under dust ruffle of taffeta edged with coarser duchesse it is untrimmed; and, of course, no hem shows-which, we the massive fall, is a point to remembered in the court train. The veil drops slightly on the "tail" and is of raw-edged tulle caught at the top of the head with a knot of orange blossoms. Bouquet, lilies of the valley and moss fern, tied with

fory satin ribbon.

The costume the little maid of onor wears is of white gros grain with coral and pale green embroi-

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 fussy effects, and nowhere is this fact sy effects, and nowners to the more striking than in wedding 'in-ery, which to possess the dignity its office calls for cannot be too furbewhich to possess the dignity its like calls for cannot be too furbeted. However, there must be described to streets is forbilder on penalty,

some way, or did not consider position sufficiently, or something of that kind, and so I am afraid that he will refuse to come, even if I writer him the most cordial invitation in the world! Perhaps, if I give him a personal invitation this evening, or leave a note at Murphy's in the village now as I pass, and if he comes in this afternoon, and if you were to coax him, Gillian. What do you think, darling? He has not any quarrel with you, and besides, he couldn't refuse you anything if you dear little white mouse, no man living could refuse you anything if you sked it as a favor!"

And her Gillian is rapturously to have a note and her cold, thin lips.

This last has a light crinkle, in squares and stripes, and because of seriously, resuming her business-like earnestness. "He is a, most worthy ledicate fragile, texture fall."

The lesser lights are more modest, contenting themselves with the beauting at the back and cut en train. Striped Louisine forms the finely row that now hang on every tree, and turning out bewinderingly lovely frocks from any entering of white chiffon, and over a tucked bodice of Louisine to world; the princess slip, open-ing at the back and cut en train. Striped Louisine forms the finely frocks from the winderingly lovely frocks from any over a tucked bodice of Louisine the princess upperferes is placed, the corset portion being silk-covered whalebone. It is of point applique, one of those delicate braid sewn nets, which are as beautiful as inexpensive site, and the princess upperferes is placed, the corset portion being silk-covered whalebone. It is of point applique, one of those delicate braid sewn nets, which are as beautiful as inexpensive site, and the princess upperferse is placed, the corset portion being silk-covered whalebone. It is of point applique, one of those delicate braid sewn nets, which are as beautiful as inexpensive sive, as laces go, and a bertha of the same is caught at the back and cut en train.

The bridge of chiffon with a ting implication of the back and cut enter

Indeed, under these, the striping, which is at no time heavily defined, is sometimes lost. For this fairy-like texture, which sells from 80 cents to a dollar and a quarter a yard, plain mousseline is an exquisite garniture.

A striped Louisine bridal gown lately seen showed on skirt flounces and bodice-bertha attached hems of mousseline put on with brier or cat stitch. The bertha, which covered the high bodice at the usual bust point, was in diamonds of tucked Louisine brides of the she wears near that left shoulder; no she wears near that left shoulder; no she wears near the left shoulder; no more than a very commonplace duck in they diamonds set in aluminum, for barnyard creatures, you must know, are the latest things in jeweiry.

A word more on wedding vells and slipper and watch one of these fair then we will throw the rice and the brides go away in the smart cont that The wedding vell need not ecessarily be of tube applique are possessions to be desired and cherished forever, the dainty borders running to embroidered orange biossoms, jesamine, doves

imitation lace nowadays you must pay for it. In fact, so much is this understood that the curse is now almost lifted from the imitation, and when one sees a beautiful gown with filmy insets and royal looking flounces she no longer stops to ask: "Is it real?" The ticketed prices of the shop have banished the odium—and you may buy and wear and be a "lady" still.

The disposition of the lace on this gown follows one of fashion's latest caprices, in that it shows one of the new cuirass bolice effects. To accomplish this a bolero of the duchess—unlined, and worn over a tucked chiffon bodice—meets a deep princess skirt yoke of the same, a coft.

Mary Donn.

In a Word or Two.
There can be no perfect love without perfect sympathy. Moralists seem to bear a special

grudge to pretty face One is apt to love more the first time, but better the second time.

isfied with his fortune and dissatisfied with his intellect.

A secret love defends the heirt of woman better than her

Woman is the salvation or destruction of the family.

A woman may give ner soul for a man, and in nine cases out of ten he won't think as much of her as if she had jitted him for some one else.

Love is strongest in pursuit, friendship in possession.

After all is said and done it would be a gold day for women if there were not men to poke the fire for them.