

When everyone has tried Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea there will be no need to advertise it. Once tried, always used.

The Coming of Gillian: A Pretty Irish Romance.

Again fair shines the sun, and loomed in the treacherous blue sky, and more or less damp and parboiled from steamy "waterproofs" and mackintoshes the young men and maidens arise; and Lady Damer, who doubtably gives the order to march forward to Glenmalur at their best speed.

Watch them with a fire of jealous anguish in her dark innocent eyes, with an agony of suppressed misery in her childish, white face so piteously lit in this keen, new torture of a woman's pain.

Deane was tired out, and Lady Damer wished to take her home. "Pray don't apologise," George says, a little stiffly, raising his hat as he comes to the back of the car.

HOW TO BE HAPPY EVEN THOUGH MARRIED.

- 1. The problem of how to be happy, though married, is one of the burning questions whose interest cannot waver with the seasons. Those who are already married, and those who are about to marry, remedy this want by the matrimonial system, be sure cure of the ills of domestic life and a preventive of divorce.

Sozodont Good for Bad Teeth Not Bad for Good Teeth. Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c. Large Liquid and Powder 75c. HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

will accept a seat, then; thank you, Miss Deane, who touches hers. He comes around to her side of the car, and tucks the rug in carefully beneath her feet, and beside her dress; and twice as he does so his unglued hands touch hers.

And at the touch of the warm, strong right hand the girl's soul wakes into the passion of a woman's life; the very pulses of her heart tremble in an ecstasy of mingled anguish and delight.

"You are all right and comfortable, I hope?" he asks, and Captain Lacy answers for her, rather curtly: "Oh, don't do that!" he says, with his frank, good-tempered laugh.

And he raises his hat again, and is turning away, when Gillian, and is in an excited, unsteady voice, "If you don't allow us to drive you home, Mr. Archer, I will not take the car."

"Oh, don't do that!" he says, with his frank, good-tempered laugh. "I will do it!" Gillian says, a little abruptly.

"Good night, my dear child," Lady Damer says, kissing her forehead, and once more detaining her, with her lips at Gillian's ear. "Don't you mind anything?" she asks with a mysterious, rosy smile.

"I am not at all," she answers with a slight smile. "I like to hear the truth even if it isn't flattering, and I like to hear you speak the truth to me."

"I always speak the truth," Gillian says, coolly. "And always act it as well—do you?" he asks in a lower tone, as if he were displeased or hurt.

"I cannot say," Gillian says rather indistinctly. "Perhaps I should not act an untruth, as you say. Perhaps I have done so."

"Why," Gillian asks more coolly. "Because I see how truthful you are," Captain Lacy says, quite earnestly, with an honest ring of earnest meaning in his tones.

"It is an awful nuisance," he says, more earnestly than he usually says anything. "But unless you go home on an Irish jaunting-car, Miss Deane, I don't know how you can go."

"I shall be delighted to go home on an Irish jaunting-car, if I have never seen one. It is difficult to sit on."

"Yes, and easy to fall off of," Captain Lacy says, briefly. "But that is tipsy, as I guessed he would say the coachman, and only the large barouche; they did not send the phaeton from Mount Ossory."

"I hope you will," Gillian says, laughing in reply, feeling a little forlorn, but a little kinder, and a little shriller in voice, as she puts her arm around her to steady her, and out of the yard over the rough, uneven paving-stones.

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