## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* The Coming of Gillian: A Pretty Irish Romance.

"And-oh! how I pity her from the depths of my heart!" Anne the depths of my heart!" Anne says with an outburst of tears, as she lays her head on her husband's breast when they are alone together. "She looked as if she were tasting the bitterness of death, as if her proud heart was breaking;

Damer, and the lawful heir, and reinstated here in every way, it may mean loss of home and employment, and everything else to

"Everything else, Patrick?" well, bother! I'm talking business," he says, frowning and smiling, but yielding willingly to the caressing arms that have stolen about his neck. "A woman in love so dreadfully unbusiness-like, no

say you wisned to see me?"
"You would lose the world, and think the world well lost, as long as you have your bad bargain safe!"
"But I have my world," argues Anne, looking up with glowing eyes, and her white right hand inclasps the hand that wears his wedding ring around his neck. "I have all that the world holds precious or dear to me now; how then, should I not be satisfied?"

say you wisned to see me?"
"Yos, I did," George answers, gazing fixedly at her, angry—with masculine injustice—at the perfection with which she has learned the lesson he has taught her. "I hope I haven't disturbed you too soon? You look ill."

"Do I?" with another cold, little smile, seating herself composedly. "Well, burglars are not an ordinary occurrence in my life, you see."
For instinctively, with a woman's sensitive-plant onleknoss of percen-

not be satisfied? the wedded lovers sit together in the happy, ade of their married life, on into the early morning hours

ably, in spite of weariness excessive, and never pauses or hesitates, until the wardrobe and drawers are empty, and her two big dress-baskets and Gladstone and dressing bags are full. And their "Allin a fiery dawning, wild with wind," she lies dawning, wild with wind," she lies early, because there was no one else; I mean," blanders George, and down to rest. To rest her wests else: I mean, blunders George, and reddening rather nervously over his blunder as he sees Gillian's delicate under, bp curi—"I mean there is no one whom I can ask for advice and all the truth is told," she thinks, with quiet, absolute howevers and decision. "It is a blessing to himan unspeakable blessing to him birthright, honor, I know well, and I thank Heaven for giving it to him." more. "I am thankful to Heaven, most truly thankful for his sake, that which I am placed."

all the truth is told," she thinks, Gillian's eyes are fixed on him with birthright; honor, I know well, and I rassment, and a twinge of passionate thank Heaven for giving it to him.

But now he must never have the "It is in consequence of what oct I would even after last night ing deeply up to the roots of his riven him one chance more of dering his pride and making ment he made?" have given him one chance more of chestnut hair :

"Sure I made bould to come an' disturb yeh, Miss Deane," she says, with a face and voice full of all sorts

For does she not remember those 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 sig-

MALUTO IN OR BELL DOX. ---C.

on you no longer then," she says, gent-lorers and her master met in the lorers and hope that you will yet forgive me, and speak kindly to yet forgive me, and the yet forgive me for his dear sake, if not for my own."

And does she not recall the hours of this past night, when Sir Harry Damer, laid weak and exhausted on his bed, yet demands his son's presholy kisses Lady Damer's hand as it yet holds the door, and goes away downstairs to her husband, hearing the door shut and locked behind her.

And does she not recall the hours of this past night, when Sir Harry Damer, laid weak and exhausted on his bed, yet demands his son's preshous the door servants and doctors, and falls into his feverish slumbers with his hand clasping his son's hand, as if the dread of the hours as if the dread of losing him haunts him even in sleep? So Nelly "puts this an' that together," as she tells herself, sagely, and watches Gillian coming down-stairs and going into the dining-room, with eyes of unwinking interest, tired and sleepy as the good soul is after her

if her proud heart was breaking friendless and desolate, and I so happy, so rich, so honored?"

"Anne!" her husband says, bluntly, "of all the blind fools that love makes, there is none blinder or more foolish than a clever, high-minded woman, who has fallen in love with a man mentally and morally her inferior."

"I haven't!" Anne exclaims, with her cheeks in a flame.

"Did 1 say you had?" Lacy says, dryly. "It looks rather like it, though."

Presently he propounds another agreeable statement.

"You haven't thought, I suppose, Anne, of all the difference this will make to us? If George is—George is—George is standing, with several folded papers in his hand, in an attitude of restless expectancy.

"CHAPTER XLVII. wearisome night-watch.

CHAPTER XLVII.

He starts perceptibly as she enters, and his eyes gleam with a swift, glad light for one instant only, the next it has faded before the light of Gillian's face, composed, and as fair as marble.

"Goorga asks, glancing at the clock and moving toward the door.
"As soon as I can," Gillian says, with a faint little laugh: "my trunks are coll rected and I mover on the ready." "Good morning," she says, with a

Good morning, she says, with a faint, courteous smile. "You sent to say you wished to see me?"

"Yes, I did," George answers, gazing fixedly at her, angry—with masculine injustice—at the perfection with which she has learned the lesson

occurrence in my life, you see."

For instinctively, with a woman's sensitive-plant quickness of perception, Gillian feels instantly that their places have changed this morning, and that her cold, ingracious lover is prepared and humble collective and remorseful and humble, solicitous and

room, is writing letters, and going to and fro packing up her dasses and belongings.

She works quickly and indefatigably, in spite of weariness excessions.

"Little hypocrite!" in his inward, amused thought. "She books as impassive, and cold, and proud as a snow-maiden! I must after that in a few minutes,"

But now he must never have the chance of repulsing me again. I love him so dearty! I pitied him so deer him so dearty! I pitied him so deep hy hast night," he stammers, flushing that I would even after last night

"Yes. It was quite true, I hope, me happy—so happy, so happy! But now he shall never have that chance again."

Yes. It was quite true, I hope, for your sake?" Gillian asks, quickly, sagain."

She thinks she is only resting and

She thinks she is only resting and dozing, when she rouses herself with a start to find the nurse, Nelly Haggarty, standing beside her with a garty, standing beside her with a swers, in a low, husky tone, looking down and rustling the papers lying under his hand. "I ascertained it de bould to come an' under his hand. "I ascertained it ith a face and voice full of all sorts contending emotions; and which the tries in vain to render calm and that they're much good?" he adds,

here beyond to-day.

say, but I have not the slightest in-

mately concerns her private feelings will, do any good. Lady Damer has suffered a cruel wrong, anyone or speak to anyone just at and she—unjustly, perhaps—feels bit. and she-unjustly, perhaps—feels b.terly toward every one concerned in that wrong. But before I leave today," concludes Gillian, toying daintily with her rings—a splendid half-hoop of diamonds and sapphires, a present from her father on his marresent from her tarter on addition to he other rings which she is fond of yearing—"I will ask Lady Damer to

consent to see you. This matter, I think, lies entirely between her, and Harry, and yourself."

Are you leaving Mount Ossory?" George asks, blankly, and even Gil lian's heart thrills with a bitter sat-

wearing-

isfaction at his disappointment.
"Oh, yes," she says, carelessly, but decisively; "it is quite time my visit came to an end. I meant to go days since, but waited, as Uncle Harry was so lonely, until he was better and stronger; but now I shall

'As I am here?" George asks, bluntly. Gillian reddens haughtily, and rises

'I cannot help your inferences,' she says, frigidly. "I do not wish nor intend to stay here any longer—not an hour longer than I can help.

"I have offended you, I know," he says, in a low, unsteady tone acted, as I thought, honestly."
"I have never questioned that, sure ly?" Gillian says, curtly, with a slight quiver of her lips. "I trust

ou will continue to act honestly in he same way."

Again the blood rushes to his face and recedes as suddenly, and the handsome, bold, florid countenance is pale and rigid with hidden pain and

I will," he says briefly and sternly; "you need not fear," and then he gathers up the papers he meant to have shown her—the certificates and will which Captain Lacy had res and will which Captain Lacy had res-cued out of the burglar's very hands last night, as the ruffian who was on guard in the library sought to secure the valuable documents before poor Sir Henry's helpless gaze. before poor Sir Henry's neipiess gaze.
"As you are leaving so soon it is scarcely fair to trouble you or to trouble Lady Damer in my behalf, and it would avail little in any case, I suppose, as you say," he remarks, in a cold, matter of fact tone.
"Yes, I think so," agrees Gillian calmly, whilst her tender heart is oblige intelegable at refusing him.

with a faint little laugh; "my trunks are all packed and I am quite ready."

"Then I shall not see you again, as I am going-over to Darragh on business in the course of half an hour." George remarks, quietly. "I will now good han now."

hour," George remarks, quiety. I will say good-bye now."
"Good-bye," Gillian says, placidly, scarcely raising her eyes as she extends her hand, which he barely touches, and without another word

he leaves the room. She listens to his retreating footsteps with tightly-clinched fingers and pale, quivering lips, shuddering from head to foot with the strain of the agony of that sound, the echoes of the departing joy and hope of her life thrust away from her by her own proud trembling hands.

By and by, by and by," the pale "By and by, by and by," the pale lips whisper to the heart's anguish, clamoring wildly for some relief. "By and by, in the dead of the night, when no one will see me. I can give way then. For very shame's sake I must not give way now, though I feel as if—I had killed my-

"I wanted however, to see you arry, because there was no one ery of her spirit, she hastens to be ery of her spirit, she hastens to be gone; to bury her dead hopes out of her sight, and leave the very place where they lie, for evermore.

Ten minutes later she is dressed for travelling, and leaving her maid to finish packing her own box, Glian, wrapped up in furs, knocks at Lady Damer's door and begs Mrs.

Lady Damer's door and begs Mrs.
Lynch, who opens it, to ask her
mistress if she may see her for a
few moments.

"My lady will see no one, Miss
Deane," Lynch says, with the grim
pleasure in disobliging which some

natures feel.
"But I am leaving, and want to bid her good-bye," Gillian says, quietly, too weary and depressed in mind and body to resent the discourtesy of either the mistress or the servant. ntures feel. Will you tell her, Lynch, please?" "I will tell her, madam; but I know ny lady isi too ill to see anyone." Lynch says, a little more civilly. "The

## FOR EVERY MOTHER.

A Manitoba Mother Gives Practical Advice on the Care of Bables.

of coatending emotions, and which she tries in vain to render calm and composed; "for sure we were getting frightened, what wad wan thing an another, while teeme to tin of lock anyour mail sed yeh hadn't woke up an I brought yeh a taste o' break fast, asthore. As soon as yoare diressed, rilss, Mr. George, sint his temptinents, an he'd be glad to see yeh, miss."

Nelly delivers this message with the most elaborate attempt at unconsclusions, which is rendered rather featile by her most evident disappoint ment at Gillian's colaly-indifferent reception of the message.

"Tell him, if you please, I shall be downstairs in half an hour," she says, bridly and carelessly, pushing away bridly and desponding, in spite of the common sucception. And will prove thank you."

And Nelly goes away feeling "dashed her, and branded me with disgrace. That can never be undone."

"I want nothing more than the tea, not repeats being the provention of the message.

"Tell him, if you please, I shall be downstairs in half an hour," she says, bridly and carelessly, pushing away the toast and ponched eggs with the work that they remuch good!" he adds, with interpressible bitterness. "He fant and blasted her life; the killed her, and branded me with disgrace. That can never be undone."

No." Gillian says, gravely, "that can never be undone."

No." Gillian says, gravely, "that can never be undone."

No., it can never be undone."

No." I that they remuch good!" he adds, with instruction with his proposal to the time the base success. The mother with disgrace. That can never be undone."

No. it can never be undone."

No. it lan no help get standard medicin It is well known that nearly all in-

her rooms—refuses to hold any communication with me, and as there is more one else, I ventured to trouble you to ask you if you will see her and assure her that I will not remain there be no opinite or other harmful drug. Dissolved in water they can be given He almost pleads with her. He "ven-tures to trouble her." but it tell Lady Damer what you say, but I have not the slightest in-tures to probable with her out the slightest in-makes to probable with her out the slightest in-tures to probable with her out the slightest in-makes to probable with her out the slightest in-tures to trouble her." but perfect safety to a new babe. Sold by all dealers in-to box by addressing the Dr. Wi Medicine Co, Brieffill, Out,

way or the other," Gillian answers shock of last night has brought on an him as coidly as ever. "Indeed, I do not think that the interference of a third party in a matter which intimately conveying her points foolings.

er again, but she yet hesitates at the seeming selfishness and unger-erousness of deserting the house now where she had been so lav-ishly welcomed once, when illness, misery and the shadow of dishonor

have come upon it. The morning hours pass slowly on The doctor pays his lengthy visit to Sir Harry, but Lady Damer sends no summons to him, though she is reported to be so ill. Only Lynch sees her, and the woman is a faithful servant arough in her word. ful servant enough in her own cold mechanical way, and strictly obeys her lady's orders to keep her doors locked, and to forbid any one from passing within them, until such time as she gives orders to the contrary.

Lynch brings her up some soup and wine and jellies and dainty broiled birds on toast, and takes broiled birds on tonst, and takes them away again hardly tasted, but consoles herself by a very comfortable luncheon off the rejected dishes in her mistress' dressing-room, where she keeps strict watch and ward, obeying Lady Damer's orders to the very letter.

And so none see her, none speak And so none see her, none speak to her; no human presence, no touch of sympathy come nigh, her to dis-turb her, lying alone in her luxur-ious, silent room, with the drawn blinds and the softly glowing fire.

CHAPTER XLVIII. The house is very silent—very dull and dreary, and silent—through all that wild, bleak, spring day, early April as it is by the calendar—but with days borrowed from March in his coldest, fiercest moods.

A fierce northwest wind ravages the scarcely budded woodlands, and strews the paths and lawns with the husks and sheathes of the tender young leaves; with sprays and tuft of the tender buds, as well as the dead branches, the dried-up leaves of

dead branches, the dried-up leaves of last autumn, the useless twigs that cumber the growth of the foliage, the blossom and the berry.

And in despair of doing anything better, and feeling ill, and heart-sick, and very weary, Gillian lies down to rest, warmly wrapped in shawls and dressing-gown, and forgets all the trouble which has darkened her girlish life for awhile in a deep, quiet ish life for awhile in a deep, quiet

It is late in the afternoon when she t is late in the alternoon when she awakes, and though she scarcely knows why she should trouble to rise and dress again when she will probably see no one until nightfall once more on this long, confused, miserable, nightmare of a day, yet Gillian does dress slowly with her maid's help and drinks are thingthy and forgrighly and some tea thirstily and feverishly, and then suddenly is seized with a longing for fresh air and the cold wind blow-ing on her hot, aching head.

"Gracious me, ma-am! It's as stormy as possible, and raining every now and then," the maid exclaimed, wondering nervously if her young mistress is becoming as eccentric and self-willed as the others in this agreeable household.

(To be Continued.)

## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* FALLING 100 FEET DOWN A SHAFT.

\*\*\*\*\* be to bury a second crop "Why, I feel bully; I was wishing they would let me go out and roll on the lawn," said the man who fell five stories yesterday.

Falling 100 feet down an elevator shaft is not exactly a pleasant sensation—one has no time for "feel-

sensation—one has no time for "feeling," and it is not often that after it is over there are pleasant memories of the incident.

Frank G. Zeis, of 2,933 Gray street, is a restless patient at St. Joseph's Hospital to-day. His cheek and lip are scratched and his right little finger is wrapped up. Otherwise there is no evidence of the accident which befell him at the new Adams Hotel, Eighteenth and Welton streets, yesterday, save a lit-

cident which befell him at the new Adams Hotel, Eighteenth and Welton streets, yesterday, save a little soreness in the back.

"I can't tell just how I fell," said he, laughing, as if he was glad to see a visitor, this morning. "I went on the siss, and I have been lying here wondering how much brain I have. I didn't think I had much gray matter in my skull until I was being carried to the ambulance. Ordinarily I would not have paid any attention to the shaft sides as I went up—in fact, I didn't, but when I started to fall, everything flashed before me; it seemed that I could see every pail, chip and block on the floors, and particularly the boards at the bottom.

"Before I fell I felt the rope on one side of my swing giving way." Then I remembered swinging out of a seven story building recently with half-a-ton of iron for a fire escape, all hanging on the two ropes that

half-a-ton of iron for a fire escape. all langing on the two ropes that supported me, and I wouldn't believe one of them was breaking. I yelled at the space below to let that rope alone,' believing some one was tam-pering with the free ends by which I had pulled my swing up on the

Then came the horrible jerking, breaking of strand after strand — it seemed to unravel and break by it seemed to unravel and break by bits. I suppose it took two seconds for me to start, but it seemed like twenty minutes. When I saw the cause of one end of my board sinking I reached for the other rope, but —siss—down I went. As I slid off the board I thought a dozen things. First, I realized like a flash of light-ning that I was facing death with-out a chance in my favor. No, I nev-er thought of the mean things I had ione-nor the good, nor my friends and relatives. It was death, deathsure and smill, coming at me like

a cyclone, and I relaxed to die; thousand rushing noises seemed to bewilder me for an instant—a very, very short instant—shorter than a

But she dots carry Gillian's message, and returns with the vague reply:

"My lady says she is too ill to see anyone or speak to anyone just at present, and she hopes you will excess her. Miss Deane."

So Gillian is obliged to go back to her own rooms in a state of vague, painful uncertainty, wond ring what the had best do next.

She is most unwilling to leave the house without bidding her hostess adieu, though she knows well that her presence is little desired by slady Damer now; thought indeed she fears and strink's from encountering the taunting reproo's an ibit g sarcasms of her merciless tongue.

Gladly, indeed, Gillian feels that she would fain never see Lady Damer again, but she yet hesitates at the seeming selfishness and ungent. The tree sense and with the vision of these areas and with the vision of these apart, and with the vision of these analyst, and with the vision of these analyst, and with the vision of these analyst, and with the vision of these analyst.

"Next I awoke as they carried me to the ambulance. I thought about cursing. Every time an ironworker gets hurt he curses. An ironworker gets hurt he curses. An ironworker can give a trooper pointers on profanity, but somehow death came looming up before me again—I went through it all over in my mind, and I did not cuss. I haven't the habit, however. I drew up my arms and legs and began to realize that I was alive—that I was not in a new world, and then I felt thankful. The sky seemed bluer and the sun brighter than it ever did, and I resolved never to go up in the air again. When an ironworker gets a fall he is no more good at the business. I won't go up any more. But up to yesterday I always felt comfortable in the air, swinging by two ropes."

Zels struck on one two-inch board and snapped it in twain. His back struck the other and was bruised. but had it not been for the second board he would have walked away according to his own statements. black.
"Next I awoke as they carried me

knows of many, once fertile farms which are not now producing half what they should-scarcely enough to pay for the labor necessary to produce a crop. It is more profitable to farm, so as to maintain or improve the soil than it is to rob the soil of its fertility, and in the end bring ruin to the owner of

How is this to be done? I believe How is this to be done? I believe our greatest loss of fertility is the loss of humus. A soil without humus will not carry a crop successfully through a drouth. A clay soil devoid of humus will be lumpy and hard, and will not retain moisture for very long. We all know the effect on the crop, and the great amount of labor required to presure such a nice of ground for a amount of labor required to pre-pare such a piece of ground for a crop. Hence our aim should be to farm so as to produce and leave as much humus in the ground as possible. This is best accomplished possible. This is best decomplished by a rotation of crops, and one crop in the rotation should be clover, which is our greatest soil renovator. We should aim to feed everything, or nearly everything produced on the farm, and if we add a little bran or concentrated feed to the ration of each animal, and carefully save and apply all the manure, it is easy to see that we shall maintain, and probably add to the fertility of the soil.

or a clover crop sowed to protect the ground during the winter. A cover crop should always be sowed whenever a piece of ground remains idle during the fall and winter. A long the fall and winter was the lace is so becoming to the face, it is often used for the brim with a

ter. Many times we have a piece of stubble which we intend to plant of stubble which we intend to plant to corn or potatoes. On this we can grow a crop of rye or peas and barley, either of which will make a large growth and can be ploughed under in time to plant to corn. This adds largely to the humus of the soil, and will tend to carry the crop through a drouth without injury.

As I said, it should be our aim to feed all or nearly all we raise on

feed all or nearly all we raise on our farms for the purpose of keeping our farms for the purpose of keeping up the fertility of the farm, and I believe it to be more profitable to sell our produce in the form of butter, beef, pork, etc., than to sell it in the rough. I believe our produce fed to good stock will bring us more than twice what it will sell for on the market. For example, I can feed a cow for 12½c per day, and have her bring in 25c per day or more for butter alone, and I believe the same to be true with all other kinds of stock.

it is quite expensive to replace them by using commercial fertilizers. Now if we need our crops on the farm, we can return about 80 per cent, of these elements to the soil in the manure, and at the same time get twice the parket value of our produce We can market value of our produce. W endily see that it is more profitable to farm so as to improve our soil, than to sell our crops on the market, and at the same time be losing hea-vily in the fertility of the soil.

I would not advocate the feeding of wheat, but would sell it and purof wheat, but would sell it and purchase bran or cottonseed meal, which is worth more for feed than wheat, and has about double the manurial value. If I sold much wheat I would use commercial fertilizers freely, for it is impossible to keep up the farm, and sell grain without their use. If we grow all the forage crops we can and feed them on the farm, carefully save and return the manure, we need have but little fear about the fertility of the land.

## HEALTH IN SPRING.

# Nature Requires Assistance During These Months.

To help throw off the Impurities that Have Accumulated During the Winter Months - Purgatives should Not be Used-It is a Tonic That is Needed.

In this climate there are many rea-

sons why people feel all out of gear in the spring months. Perhaps the chief of these is the long hours in imperfectly ventilated offices, shops they were there about fifteen inches apart, and with the vision of these boards before me, forgetful of the flashes of light as I passed by different floors, I struck.

"He didn't hurt. I just felt as if a thousand cannon boomed all at once into my ears, and then all was black." little tired after slight exertion, or perhaps your appetite is fickle, or little pimples or eruptions on the skin show that the blood is not as pure as it should be. If you feel this way, not only your comfort but your health demands that you take proper steps to cleanse yourself of the blood impurities that are responsible for your condition. You need a tonic, blood purifier, nerve strengthener and general up-lifter of the entire system. Dr. Williams, Pills for Pale People meet all these requirements more perfectly these requirements more perfectly than any other medicine. These are tonic pills and not violent and weakening like purgative medicines.

Nature does not require a violent measure in spring, but a helping hand to throw off the impurities which have accumulated during the winter, have accumulated during the winter, and so toning and strengthening every organ and function that a condition of perfect health will prevail. Everyone—old and young—ought to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the spring. There is no other medicine will do you so much good. Mr. James Silmon, postmaster, Saland snapped it in twain. His back struck the other and was bruised, but had it not been for the second board he would have walked away according to his own statements.—Denver Post.

HOW TO MAINTAIN SOIL FERTILITY.

F. W. Hodson, Live Stock Commissioner "We all know that it is very desirable to have a fertile soil in which to grow crops," says F. P. Peck, of Michigan. "For success in farming depends largely on the fertility of the land. Every one fertile farms to the suppose of many once fertile farms to the suppose of manch good. Mr. James Silmon, postmaster, Salmon Creek, N. B., says: "Last spring I was feeling decidedly unwell. I was weak, dizzy at times, and continually felt tired. My appetite was poor and I was losing in weight. I tried several medicine will do you so much good. Mr. James Silmon, postmaster, Salmon Creek, N. B., says: "Last spring I was feeling decidedly unwell. I

tute for these pills-it is a waste of tute for these pills—it is a waste of money and a menace to health to do so. See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Fills for Pale People," is on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent-postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockwille Out.

### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* NEW ELEGANCE ... IN HATS

..... Fur boas, fur pelerines and fur hats were the acme of elegance at the Horse Show in the afternoon.

Certainly the hats are growing more elaborate all the time as regards the richness of materials. Fussy hats, which show too much variety in the kinds of trimming, are entirely out of it this season. The whole style of the hat depends on the grace of its outline, the particular arrangement of the soft materials of which it is made.

This is especially true of the fur Many advocate the ploughing under of green crops, but unless a farm is very much run down. I would not practice this, unless it be to have a second crop of clover and the low. Hat be one or the farm is an and the low. Hat be one or would not practice this, unless it be to have a second crown is an and the low. Hat be one or would not prove the prime. sable or Russian mink crown. sort of hat is very large and broad, something between a picture hat.

picture hat.

Fur toques are worn, however, in a large size. One of the prettiest is made of chinchilla with a fur crown and brim, which is something of the Marquise shape, and pale blue panne is carelessly twisted around the low crown, fastening over on the brim, where it dents in at the sides, with a handsome diamond-shaped rhinestone pin.

Very dainty are some of the white hats of lace and chiffon trimmed with flowers, and the hat with lace falling a bit over the brim is one fancy, for the woman to whom it is be-coming. One pretty example of the has a graceful flat banca of green velvet leaves, with no blossoms at

Other hats have encircling wreaths of flowers. A pretty youthful hat in white is made of Irish lace stretched on delicate wires, to form a brim, edged with a line of blu vet, which, with lace, forms the crown. A large bow of white sating ribbon. I med with blue is the only trimming.-N. Y. Sun.

and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets ours a cold in one day. No Cure, No Paye Elico 20 contas