ADVICE TO A BRIDE ...

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

## The Coming of Gillian:

<u>,</u>

A Pretty Irish Romance.

for an empress to wear; "and your

By the bye, you are to come over to Paris with me, to get a couple of dresses direct from Worth himself.

Why, Gillian, you are all but mar-ried!" Mrs. Aramintha says, gaily.

Gillian shivers suddenly, but says

nothing.
"And he is real downright charm-

ing!" she adds, in a smiling under-tone, "and he has got a charming opinion of himself, "tco," she adds,

tremendously superior creature; but

that's his worst fault. I think. He's

des ongles—and he's a kind-hearted, honorable fellow under the veneer.

There you have him, my dear," she says, with a droll little defiant

smile, watching Gillian closely, "though of course you'd like to shake me and pull off my swich for presuning to discuss the beloved of your soul and the glory of your life. You

see, you're not twenty, so I know what you think about lovers?" Min-

that pales away to absolute deadly

Inwardly she adds, with another shrewd glance:
"Ah, 'Mr. Right' gone wrong: I wonder wiy she shivers, though? I

is nearly ready, isn't it?

"Couldn't I?" Mrs. Deane says, "My!" the American young lady coolid surveying lim, with an amused look. "Then you shouldn't repeat opinions as if you believed them though they were Lady Dadical and the standard of the standard of the standard of the same says, and the says coolid with an amuse says coolid with an amuse says coolid with a says coolid with a says coolid with a say coolid with a says coolid with a s your ring—yes, I see, cat seepes and diamonds—wery nice indeed," with gode-natured patronage and a glance at her own magnificent emeralds, fit

confusion.

"Of course I heard you through the door, and of course, I didn't hear any good of myself," she sild, 'miling, "I knew she was as mid as could be I didn't know she was as mid as all that, though," she adds, serenely; and then, seeing his sudden look of n flash of a laugh with eyes, eth and sparkling brilliants.
"Don't you know what 'mad' eans? It is American for angry amazement, there is another sud-

means? It is American for angry or vexed," she says, gayly. "I could see Lady Damer was horribly vexed at my unexpected appearance; but it was 'horribly under-bred' of her to abuse me behind my back in the first minute of our acquaintance, and I've a good no-

"Pray do not! Oh, pray do not!" pleads Gillin, quite reddening with alarm at the frightful idea; and Bing-ham Lacy as de, earn stly, though he can hardly tell whether he is angrier

"Pray do not. Mrs. Deane. Mine was the indiscretion, and the thoughtless repetition—let mine be all the blame, and I will try and atone for it to the utmost of my

power."
"Oh, no, I won't lay all the blame on you," the lady says, coolly, with her sparking eyes five! on him; "that would be enjust, which is worse than being under-bred, anyhow,

Lacy bows in silence, looking, as he hee's, provoked and mertified beyond measure; but the next moment Mrs. Deane extends her fine, white arm and dainty little hand, literally blazing with emeralds and diamonds.

Shake han's," she cays, briefly and cordially, "I haven't come amongst ou to quarrel, and I should be friends you to quarrel, and I should be friends with you for Cilian's sike, if not for your own. And I guess you wouldn't like us to be deadly enemies? This last is said with a demure, questlon-ing gravity that is suggestive enough without the barbed glance shot at

without the barbed glance shot at him from the bright eyes.

"A New York flirt, too." thinks Lacy, "Very well. I'll meet her on her own ground, if that will keep things pleasant. Nice for poor old Deane, and quite a new thing in

old Deane," emerging is dressing-room at this mo-th an expanse of snow, shirt with the latest fashion in et with an opal and diamonds like a centre of light-from e of his breast, with his on his breast, with his bining, and his thin hair de the most of, and his dening with brushing an 1 and a gleam of the locket, and opal sleeve links

g affection on life

a privilege I him when he

A few minutes' rapid calculation have shown her the folly of giving way to anger and fighting against the inevitable. A few minutes more have shown her the wisdom of conciliation — her sole policy. But the brief tete-a-tete interview which takes place a few minutes later effects a great alteration in her act-

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"I've just two words or so to say to you, Lady Damer!" Mr. Deane to you, Lady Damer!" Mr. Deane says, hurriedly, in an undertone, as he enters the drawing-room. "Just a few words, if you will kindly allow ne, while we are alone?"

"Something the wife knows noth-ing about," her ladyship thinks, with a sudden satisfaction.
"It is about business, Lady Da-

mer," he goes on, with a nervous cough, before the glitter of the gold-rimmed eye-glasses and the folded white hands, and Lady Damer, sternly courteous, silently waiting his ex-

just as well to say it at once and have done with it," he says hurrying on very fast. "I must tell you—as of on very fast. "I must tell you—as of course you may understand—my marriage will make a difference, but not a very great one, in Gilian's prospects, dear Lady Damer!"

Her ladyship has her emotions well

in hand, just now, and she smiles-a cold, slight smile. "As long as your happiness does not interfere with your child's happiness, Mr. Deane, and with that of my dear nephew, I am content," she says,

wit's a sigh of womanly meekness. 'Heaven forbid! Heaven forbid it did. Lady Damer!" pr.t.sts /Mr. Deane. "No, no! And my dear wife would be the last person in the world to wish that, I nasure you. Lady Damer. She is the most generous, noble-spirited creature possible." Mintie's uxorious lord says, eathusiastically, diverging from the subject in hand, as the coldiy-patient smile and drooped cyclids of his companion remind him. And ha plunges back into remind him. And he plunges back into his subject in abrupt haste.

opinion of himself, 'tco," she adds, satirically—"sure to, you know, with a meek little sweetheart like you. Never mind, Gilian, Ill set him to rights for you. He's vain," says Mintie reflectively, as she and Gillian go down the wide stairs tegether, "and he's been allowed to think himself a tremendarshy superior creature; but his subject in abrupt haste.

"I must make proper provision—ah—that is, I have done so. Lady bamer—for my wife—a young woman like her—and possible children, you see," Mr. Deane s nys. huskily, and coughing repeatedly. "Your ladyship quite understands the necessity of my doing so; but I wish to, do what is just and right by my daughter, as I told you."

"I knew the American woman had made him sign a will in her favor already." Lady Damer thinks, overflow in broad hints concerning

"I knew the American would he made him sign a will in her favor already," Lady Damer thinks, in voiceless bitterness.

"Now, I'll allow the young couple,"

in voiceless bitterness.

"Now, I'll allow the young coupie, if they wish to marry at once," says Mr. Denne, briskly, "eighteen hundred pounds for the first year of their marriage, and until Gillian is 21; and as soon as she inherits her own money under her grandmother's will, I will give them twenty thousand pounds in addition. I will settle it on her on her wedding day, which will mike up their income to the same amount—eighteen hundred a year; and at my death she will inherit twenty thousand more, Lady Damer. In "You are not to think that," Gillian Mys, suggly.
"You are not to think that," Gillian Mys, suggly, pausing on the steps below and looking up at her father's wife with a swift, hot blush, that pales away to absolute deadly whiteness, and great, dark eyes full of pas-ionate wistfulness. 'It would not be formally to be honest, it would not be right to let you think that: Captain Lacy would not wish; it, either. He is very would not wish; it, either. He is very kind—very good and kind to mevery considerate and thoughtful, and I like him very much, but—he is not what you sait," she says, huskily, shivering visibly from excitement. "Isn't he?" Mintie says, carclessiy, smiling. "Well, say dear, you have much the better chance of happiness if the adoration is on his side and not yours."

Inwardly she adds, with another shrewd glance:

wedding day, which will make up the fincome to the same amount in the same and mysen about the visit area mount to the same amount in the same and mysen about the rane and mysen about the visit area mount to the same amount in the mind and the will inherit twenty thousand. I will have forty thousand. I will give them a house, and furnish it handsomely; she will have a first-rate outfit and some diamonds, as her wedding present. And that is what I mean to do for her. Lady Demer," he said, deferentially, but of the weather, agreeable company, and pretty costumes, then one can have a good time yachting." "We'll make sure of the weather, then, my dear," answered the indulgant husband, smiling, "and the other work of the man to do for her. Lady Demer," he said, deferentially, but of the weather, agreeable company, and pretty costumes, then one can have a good time yachting." "We'll make sure of the weather, then, my dear," answered the indulgant husband, smiling, "and the other as comfortable a little party as—if the adoration is on his side and not yours."

Inwardly she adds, with another shrewed glance:

We'll make sure of the weather, then, my dear," answered the indulgant husband, smiling, "and the other as comfortable a little party as comfortable a little party as comfortable a little party as comfortable at the wording present and thoughting, and pretty costumes, then o

Inwardly she adds, with another shrewd glance:

"Ah, 'Mr. Right' gone wrong: I wonder why she shivers, though? I didn't shiver when I promised to marry Mr. Deane, though my Mr. Right had gone wrong."

And there is a sharp, pained throbof a woman's heart deep down under the strata of millimery, and jewels, gayety and vivacity, which go to make up Mr. Deane's bride, as memory puts before her one of her fatal fadcless pictures.

"No, it is not om his side either," Gillian persists, in a lower tone; "he just regards me as I do him."

"Oh! isn't it?" Mintie says, more canclessly still; "a better chance, my dear, of happiness, when neither of you adore each other! You'll have a

"Certainly, I must have an understanding with him as to his pecuniary position before he marries my daughter! Your ladyship, as a woman of business, cannot blame me for that," Mr. Deane says decidedly, growing firmer as he intuitively feels that her ladyship's position is on very insceure footing. 'and any just debts—tradesmen's debts—I shall clear off for him," he adds, quietly. "Thank goodness!" Lady. Damer thinks, with another sigh of relief. "That means at least five hundred pounds repaid to me, and five hundred to those money-lending people." "Thank you; you are very kind," "Certainly, I must have an under-

"Thank you; you are very kind," she says, coldly gracious; and as the usurper, Mintie, enters at this mo-ment, with her arm within Gillian's, Lady Damer is able to greet her with a smile, and a courteous, formal hope expressed that she found her rooms comfortable. "I should have had much pleasure in preparing a better reception for you, Mrs. Deane,

if you had not taken us so by sur-prise," she says, condescendingly. "Oh, thanks, the rooms will do very well," Mintie says, carelessly. "We can have some alterations and refurnishing done by and by, of course; but I am quite satisfied with them at present."

She is as undi turbed by the great lady's graciousness as she was by her hauteur, apparently, and, conscious of the faultlessness of her tellet, her diamonds, her complexion, and her coiffure, she sastains Lady Damer's most crift all inspection in the blaze of lights at the dinner table, as well as in the grawing-room with smiling sevenity.

But, the olive-branch being extend-

ed, she good naturedly accepts it, and the evening that has begun so storm-ily promises to cod in a sunset glow of good temper and general amia-

bility.
The bride, Aramintha, is conscious of looking very handsome, and brilliant, and of receiving her due reward

overflow in broad hints concerning his intentions toward them in

"Four old married people—two husbands with their own two wives!" screams Mintie with a ringing laugh. "Why there wouldn't be a bit of fun

Lacy grins a little under his mous-tache, and cannot forbear a gleam

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of sarcastic inquiry at Mr. Deane, who however, laughs the matter off Shall I stay at home, then, Aramintha, my dear?" he inquires patiently, smiling.
"Oh, no," Aramintha says, gra-ciously. "You can come along. Ill find you very useful." dear?" he inquires

With which utterances of wifely afwith which utterances of whely al-lection Mr. Deane is well-pleased. And, as he notices that his future con-in-law very barely assents, in polite indifference to all these gener-ous hints and allusions, Mr. Damer uneasily begins to wonder if; as he phrases it to himself, he has "cut it

phrases it to himself, he has cut too fine," if the heir-presumptive to an earldom is not rather haughtily contemptuous of his favors.

And in another brief confabulation with Lady Damer later on in the

with Lady Damer later on in the evening, he makes a fresh concession which picases her so much that she receives it with a cold bow.

"Whatever makes Gilian's husband more comfortable, will of course add to Gillian's happiness, Mr. Deane," she says, with bland reproof.

But Lady Damer seeks her own

says, with bland reproof.
But Lady Damer seeks her own rooms a well-contented woman that night, and as she puts on her warm, crimeon pelgnoir, with its becoming ruches of crimson lace and ribbons, she smiles at herself in the glass, and thinks how well she looks for her lifty years.

thinks how well she looks for her fifty years.

"Though my chest is not strong, and they used to think I had heart-disease—no wonder, I am sure, from the life I have had," she thinks, with a sharp, short sigh. "Nothing but worry, and bitterness, and misery, of one kind or another! That stupid Coghlan did say I must be careful of exciting myself, as there was something organically wrong, or weak, or something of thiat kind. It is all nonsense! I only want peace, and comfort, and relief from the intolerable monotony and duliness the intolerable monotony and duliness

tears of angry self-pity and

despair come to her eyes.

"I was a handsome girl—handsome enough and attractive enough to have been a duchess, and I know I might easily," she mutters. "But I would not wait, nor strive, nor do would not wait, nor strive, nor do anything, but be a silly, blind, bestetted fool for the sake of 'handsome. Harry Damer,' as they called him! If I had had a wise, clear-headed mother, that would never have happened! But what could we poor, motherless girls, with a penniless earl for a father, do with no one to help or advise us? Louie married Lacy and was glad to get a decent soldier, though she had to go to India with him, and never had a sixpence with him, and never had a sixpence

to spare all her life; poor Louise!
"And I fell in love, idiot that I was, with a man who—never car for me—married me for my title, because he was badgered into it my father and his own relations, because—the most natural reasonhe was tired of his mistress, the Col-

leen Bawn, whom he took from her pigs and potatoes as his ideal of all that was charming!
"Is that you, Bingham? Come in!" she says, eagerly, as a tap sounds at with some good news," she says gay-ly, sinking down into her casy chair, and smiling up at her nephew with affectionate pleasure. "Sit down and be comfortable. Bingham I can't talk to you standing up like that! I have been having a business talk with Mr. Deane .What is the mat-ter?"

ter?"
"Go on, Aunt Jeannette. Nothing.
"Go answers, I am al! attention." Lacy answers, in a constrained voice, looking into the fire "Has his splendid bride har-

(To be Continued.)

cently. "It was at the close of a noted murder trial, which resulted in the conviction of the accused and his sentence to death. The reversed of the conviction of the accused and his sentence to death. The reversed of the conviction of the accused and his sentence to death. The reversed of the conviction of the accused and his sentence to death. The reversed of the conviction of the conviction of the close of a times, but it has never since trouble as the conviction of the co

him. I did so, and after his depart- \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Wil-ure found the bil was a counterfeit. Ilams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

So I kept it till yesterday, and shoved it on a fellow greener than I.' The listeners exclaimed those were two wrongs certainly, but they didn't make right. 'We'l,' replied the man, 'they made me all right." didn't make right.

MRS. ROOSEVELT'S DINNER JACKET.

Mis. Roosevelt and the wives of the Cabinet officers, who meet every Tuesday, have a plan to revolutionize the dinner costume now in vogue. Heretofore Washington ladies have appeared at dinners in decollete gowns. Mrs. Roosevelt and her assoclates propose that while the gown itself shall not be tampered with, a jacket or dinner coat shall become a proper and fashionable mode of keep-

ing the shoulders warm.

Ambassadors, envoys, and army and naval officers who attend formal functions in full uniform complain of the heated atmosphare of the rooms. A European representative will come into a drawing room as the great of hours He wrunged in will come into a drawing room as the guest of honor. He is wrapped in a uniform coat nearly in inch thick, with its panding and heavy gold em-broidery. A stiff collar, wound with gold, closely embraces his neck and as he generally is given to high living, his face quickly purples and steams. Noticing this his hostess has the room cooled in order to save his valuable life, but what is comfort-able for the men is death for the women, whose shoulders and arms

women, whose shoulders and arms are exposed.

The coat that the ladies wish to introduce is close fitting in the back, with loose angel sleeves and of a general doman shape. The influence of the intolerable monotony and duliness of my experience. Buried from year's end to year's end in a dull, country-house in that hateful I cland, as far from society as if I were in the Fiji I lands: living with a husband who hates me, and dreads me, and is never happy but when he is with low companions, drinking and telling vulgar stories—in the society he always preferred to mine!"

There is the old root of bitterness bearing fruit like gall springing up at this moment. She plucks and eats, and tears of angry self-pity and

The girls who have seen thei. mas grow old in bare and be shoulders are not enthused we idea. One of them says, "How anybody tell a plump girl from a thin

LIVER TROUBLES

Life Full of Misery to Sufferers From This Trouble.

Its Symptoms Made Manifest by a Coated Tongue, Bad Breath, Bad Taste in the Mouth and Pains Extending to the

(From the Brockville Recorder.) Sufferers from liver troubles find growing worse and worse unless she says, eagerly, as a tap sounds at the door, glad to have the current of her thoughts altered. "Come in and sit down. Blugham," she repeats, with a welcoming smile as he appears. "I told you one piece of bad news this evening, dear; I am now glad to be able to palliate it at least with some good news," she says gay-ties. its natural condition. Leclaire willingly gave her story for publication. She said: "For a long time I suffered severely from complications of the liver and dyspepsia. I would awake in the morning with pains under my shoulders and in stomach. My tongue was heavily coated, and I had a horrible taste in my mouth, especially on arising in the morning I was constipated and at times my head would ache so badly that I could scarcely let it rest on the pillow. There was such a burning sensation in my stomach at times that it felt as though there was a coal of fire in it. The pain was TWO WRONGS.

The pain was a coal of life in it. The pain was a coal of life.

The pain was a coal of life in it. The pain was a coal of life.

The pain was a coal of life in it. The pain was a coal of life.

The pain was a coal of life in it. The pain was a coal of life.

The pain was a coal of life in it. The pain was a coal of li Right.

"A few years ago in one of our rural towns, I had the pleasure of listening to a lecture on "Capital Punishment" by a local clergyman, caid a well-known Bostonian, recently "It was at the close of a few well as ever I was: Before taking the first box there was a material improvement, and in the course of a few weeks longer I felt that I was completely cured. My tongue was cleared, the bad taste left my mouth, the pains disappeared, and I am as well as ever I was: Before taking the first box there was a material improvement, and in the course of a few weeks longer I felt that I was completely cured. My tongue was cleared, the bad taste left my mouth, the pains disappeared, and I am as well as ever I was: Before taking the first box there was a material improvement, and in the course of a few weeks longer I felt that I was completely cured.

in the conviction of the accused and his sentence to death. The reversed gentleman took strong grounds against the death penalty, arguing that while it was wrong for a man to commit murder, it was but another wrong to kill the murderer, other two wrongs never made this way they cure such diseases as the sway they care sway they care sway the sway they care sway they care sway the sway they care sway they care sway they care sway the sway they care sway th a right.

"At least," said he, "I never heard of but one case where they did." And he proceeded to relate the following story, presumably in support of his argument: "A man entered a country grocery, where a number of the tillographs of the sound one of constant misery. Do not be tillographs of the sound of the support of the make the lives of so many women one of constant misery. Do not be supported and the support of the sound of the support of the make the lives of so many women one of constant misery. Do not be villagers sat around on barrels and boxes, and asked if two wrongs ever made a right? The response was 'never.' 'Sq i thought until recently,' continued he, 'when I met a stranger, who asked me to change a \$5 bill for the doubt the pills will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for the doubt the pills will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for the pills will be sent postpaid.