Blue Ribbon is undoubtedly the best, but should your taste be for a delicate and very flavory tea, then Monsoon is preferable. Personally, I drink Blue Ribbon for breakfast and Monsoon at 5 o'clock, but then you know I am a perfect crank about tea. Yours sincerely, SARAH GRUNDY.

The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

"Yes, yes. All right, thanks! Jump up, and let us be off."

But Gillian sits silent, gazing into the darkness and the trees as they emerge into the steep lane, and Patsy mounts to his driving seat, and the big mare goes downhill at a heavy, shambling trot.

She hears the men talking to each other in a desultory way, and though she does not lose an accent of George's voice, she cadnot tell, in the whitriwind of her thoughts, one subject on which they speak. Despair, gladness, shame, joy, and pain are racking the poor child's heart in a tempest of the fiercest emotion of her life, and the misty night deepens, and the time goes on unheeded by her, until, after what seems to be miles of a rough, downhill road, they see the lights of the village twinkling at the foot of a further descent.

And Gillian sees the village lights and the outline of the Castle looming

further descent.

And Gillian sees the village lights and the outline of the Castle looming blackly against the gray night sky with a dull pang of hopeless hi srunning, and no mistake." pain. Pain! which is keener for the shame of her knowledge of what it means to her.
"Here is Darragh at last, Miss Deane." George says cheefully

Deane," George says, cheerfully.
"It is a good road the rest of the way. You haven't had a very pleasant experience of your first ride on an Irish jaunting-car."
"The road has been very rough," Giftian says, in a tired, indifferent

Gillian says, in a tired, indifferent voice.

"The little lady is disgusted with Ireland and Irish ways," George thinks, rather cynically, "or-disgusted at my being in the way, I shouldn't wonder. Lacy is making his running, and no mistake."

The last hill is not steeper than the others they have passed, nor rougher, though loose stones are pretty thickly scattered over it, and the big mare stumbles more than once. blow away. 1.2 the stars to peer out here and there.

His eyes growing accustomed to the strain on them in the dim light enable him to see quite clearly now.

There is no sight nor sound to be discerned but the jaunting car, with its lowered shafts, in the middle of the road, the mare cropping the grass along the hedge, calmly indiferent to her late misdemeanor, and the

But they have nearly reached the foot which winds around by the Cas-tle Hill, when Patsy, with an Irish driver's delight in aashing with fire and fury "before the people," ad-ministers a cut of the whip and a violent shake of the reins to the

violent shake of the reins to the plodding mare, preparatory to driving past the village in great style. And the big, heavy limbed mare plunges with amazement at this sudden interruption to her ideas, gets her hoof on a loose stone, and the next minute is down on her knees, with her mose snorting madly in the ner hoof on a loose stone, and the next minute is down on her knees, with her nose snorting madly in the puddles of the road, and her big hind legs kicking at the junting car and her passengers, with agreeable impartality.

Red-haired Patsy, with a howl of slismay, is flung into the road, just beyond the mare's kicking legs, from which position he is rescued with one swift pull of George's strong arm.

"You infernal young fool!" he mutters. "Didn't I warn you to hold the brute up well until we were on the level! Are you much hurt?"

"No—no, sir!" gasps Patsy, shaking in every limb; "is the lady and gentleman bill."

And then he seem by any mind to keep out of her way—tried this last fortnight, and made up my mind to keep out of her way—tried this last fortnight, and made up my mind to keep out of her sight for evermore, after making the fool of myself I did that evening in Anne's parlor; and now this thing happens!"

He stoops lower and closer to the fair, still face, but he does not dare to touch it with his lips, unconscious and helpless as she is; and as he gazes, the heavy-fringed eyelids unclose, and Gillian looks up at him—blankly and dreamily at first, in a long, wistful gaze, until he speaks.

"You are better now, are you not, Miss Deane?"

And then he seem by any ing tricks

the-level! Are you much hurt?"
"No—no, sir!" gasps Patsy, shaking in every limb; "is the lady and
gentleman kilt entirely, sir?"
And George rushes round to the
other side of the car to find Bingham
Lacy slowly struggling to his feet,
white and dazed, and Gillian lying. other side of the car to find Bingham Lacy slowly struggling to his feet, white and dazed, and Gillian lying, prone and stirless, face downward, on the grass by the roadside. CHAPTER XVI.

"Is she hurt?" Capt. Lacy asks, faintly, staggering to his feet. "Ar-cher, is she hurt?" He has struck his head against the

car and is partly stunned, but his senses rally in the shock of the terfor it gives him to see George on his knees in the wet grass beside the prostrate figure, which he has lifted in his arms, where it lies limp

George's hat has fallen off, and his face is as white as the white, upturned face he bends over.
"I'm afraid she's killed," he says thickly. "Strike a light, will

you?"
And then, by the fitful blaze of the match that is struck, they see the white, fair face resting on George's arm, with the lnnocent, parted lips, the upturned, white throat, and the head with its ruffled, shining locks fallen helplessly back.

"I think she is dead," George rerating and is dead, George re-peats, slowly, through his teeth. "Get help, Lacy, we must carry her out of this,; Ay, get that brute up first, and send for the doctor." Lacy hesitated an instant, with a again.

And so perfores size rests where she had first lain, with her head on his breast. She can feel his heart beating fast and strong beneath her own, and his warm breath is on her cold cheek, as he stoops in anxlety over her, watching her and looking for the help that is so long in coming. He almost fears she has fainted again, for she lies so still with closed again. frown, and his hand to his aching read, and then he helps frightened Patsy to unfasten the shafts from the harness of the fallen mare who, after a few plunges, gets on her feet once more, hardly a scratch the worse, and then he comes back to where George is kneeling still, with Gillian in his arms.
He has pulled off her hat, and unfastened the close linen collar she wears, and is stooping over herwith breathless anxiety, trying to feel if her heat, we heats.

"You tell the boy where to find the coctor, Archer," Lacy says, curtly. "I will hold her until he

George's lip stris and his blue eyes "You've the right to be jealous of anyone else touching her, I sup-pose," he says, scronfully; "but it is rather a queer time to show it. my place if you can."
wers the words as a chalhood has been given, given utterly, to this man, unsought, unvalued, un-

Deep in her soul she knows the bit-ter-sweet truth, that for the coldly-kind smiles of his blue eyes, for the charm of his pleasant volce, for the touch of his hand, for those three kisses, half-gallant, half-tender, she has given the love of her life to him.

Presently George, staring anxiously still, discerns Lacy's figure coming toward them, running slowly.

"Hurry! For goodness sake!" he shouts impatiently. "You have been gone an awful time. She came to once, and now. I think she has fainted again."

ed again."

"I told you I was hurt and could scarcely walk, much less run," Lacy returns, angrily, "but since you stayed here I had to go."

"You told me nothing of the kind!" (George retorts, roughly. "Don't talk like a fool about who went and who stayed! Where is the brandy and where is the doctor?"

"I don't know anything about the doctor!" Lacy says, sullenly, handing George the flask of brandy and water.

water.
For the truth is, he has been more hurt than he was first aware of. His head is cut, and he is rather sick and faint with the pain of the blow.

faint with the pain of the blow.

Meanwhile George assiduously tries to minister to Gillian, encumbered and rather helpless as he is.

"You might do something for her!" he says, in a fierce contemptuous tone; not noticing poor Lacy in the least where he stands dizzlly trying to recover himself. "I wouldn't play dog in the manger, Captain Lacy, if I were you!"

were you!"
Lacy kneels down, puts the flask
to Gillian's lips in silence, and then
stands up again as Patsy comes back

breathless and despairing.

"I've run every fut, sir!" he gasps,
"an' the docthor's not in, and they
dunno when he will be! He's gone to
Ceashmore an' they don't expect him
back till tin or eleven o'clock!"

"What on earth shall we do?" only stay quiet."

"She is in dreadful pain,"
Lacy says, in an unsteady
volce, as moan after moan comes
faintly and slowly with each struggling breath. "I can't stay quiet. I'll
run for brandy to Murphy's publichouse."

Ccashmore an' they don't expect him back till tin or eleven o'clock!"

"What on earth shall we do?"
George exclaims, rather overwhelmed. "We must get her out of this somehow, Lacy."

"We had better send somebody to Mount Ossory for the carriage and lots of cushions and things, and take her home," Captain Lacy says. rather helplessly, tying his handkerchief around his cut head. "Well, but we can't leave her lying here for another hour," George says, sharply. "What are you thinking of?" And then for the first time he notices his friend's plight. "I beg your pardon, old fellow!" he says, frankly and earhestly. "I'm afraid I've been rather savage with you, and you so much hurt! I never noticed you, you see, or noticed anything but her."

"So I see," Captain Lacy says/dryly.

And George's face flushes visibly

house."
"Do." George says, eagerly; "but for Henven's sake take care, or you'll have the village at your heels!"
And Lacy hurries away, and George is left alone again, with poor little Gillian's slight, helpless form lying across his supporting arms and knees.
"If I can do nothing else, I can at least keep her from getting very cold and wet, poor little soul!" he mutters, pityingly, comfortably conscious of being slowly soaked through with the mud and wet grass.

dryly. And George's face flushes visibly the mud and wet grass.

The minutes drag on slowly, as George glances hopelessly on the village lights, and up at the gray, cold sky, from which the clouds begin to blow away, and there and there and there and there are the stars to peer out and George's lace Huslies visions in the gloom, for, looking down, as the retort is uttered, he meets Gillan's eyes gazing up into his.
"Do you feel able to stand?" he asks, and

in spite of himself he cannot help asking it tenderly and softly—he cannot help a slight involuntary pressure of the slight form in his strong arms.

For that wistful, shy look, innocent as a child's, soft as a woman's, seems to set his heart on

fire.
"Yes," she says, in a whisper, "if you will help me."

ent to her late misdemeanor, and the

an interesting situation? One would think that fate was playing tricks with me! I've tried to keep out of

again, for she lies so still, with closed eyes, for the delight of his presence is enough to thrill her with happiness in spite of her physical sufferings, and a thousand maidenly shames make her shrink from meeting the gaze

of those keen blue eyes, so coldly kind, lest he discover the secret of

the trembling little heart pressed

close to his own.
"I am a poor, wicked, foolish girl,"

she thinks, sorrowfully ashamed, "but he will never know, she will

never know, what he is to me. It cannot vex them or wrong them, when they will never know."

She knows, poor child, to the depths of her fond, innocent soul, that all the love of her tender nature, all the

upspringing passion of her woman-

white, fair face of the girl resting against his breast.
"I may look at her, I suppose," he mutters, bitterly, "as a reward for playing proxy for Bingham Lacy in you will help me."
With a struggle she gets on her feet, and then George formally relinquishes the charge of her to Captain Lacy, whose arm she takes—looking after George as he gropes for his muddy hat under the wheels of the car.

of the car.
"Now, Ill tell you what I propose Lacy, if Miss Deane thinks well of it," he says in a much gentler tone than he has before spoken. "We can't wait here, that is certain. So if we wait here, that is certain. So if we can get up as far as the castle, Patsy can take my horse and ride off to Mount Ossory at once, and—"
"And break the news to them all?" interrupts Captain Lacy, sarcastically. "That will be a kettle of fight"

get Miss Deane on the jaunting-car 'No, no!" Gillian shudders. will walk, please—I think I am able.'
And she does walk, bravely, determinedly, though the way seems a mile of tortured steps. And when the castie is reached at last, and lights

how the dark eyes fill with light, and the white face quivers and glows in a sudden, speechless delight. "There has been an accident," George says, mustering up a care-less laugh—"a regular Irish spill! We've all tumbled off ignominiously, but you are the only one hurt, I am castle is reached at last, and lights are brought, they see what that walk has cost poor Gillian. The very sweat of agony standing on her brow, and the mignonne face is pluched and pallid as death with suffering. sorry to say. You feel better though now, don't you?"
"Yes," she says, faintly and dream Poor little girl!" ily, as if answering in obedence, and

"Poor little girl!" George exclaims involunterly, and half under his breath; but she hears him, and smiles faintly, and George colors confusedly once more. "I will hurry off now the minute I see you more comfortable," he says, hastily. "Nelly, my old housekeeper, is getting you a cup of tea. If you could lie down without hurting your arm" without comprehension, eyes and lips smiling up at him in soft gladness, as a waking child smiles up in a loved face. And her eyelids close wearily once more, when the slightest movement of George's position rouses her into pain.
"My arm!" she gasps, with a faint
"My arm!" I cannot move

of tea. If you could lie down without hurting your arm"—

He glances in embarrassment at
Lacy, as he wheels out the easy,
wide old sofa.

"Couldn't I—couldn't we help you,
or lift you on to the sofa, Miss
Deane?" he says, with a slight
falter in his tones, looking from her
to Courtein Leav. "My arm!" she gasps, with a faint cry. "What alls it? I cannot move it, and, oh! it hurts dreadfully!"
"I am afraid your arm is hurt," George says, gently restraining her as she tries to struggle up into a sitting position. "You had better try and lie quite still until the doctor comes. They have gone to fetch him long ago. He'll be here in a few minutes. Can I make you any easier by altering my position?"
"No, I think not," she says, faintly, the pain almost making her swoon again.
And so perforce she rests where she

to Captain Lacy.
But she never notices Captain

But she never notices Captain Lacy.

"Thank you, yes; I will try and lie down—I feel so faint," she says, feebly rising from the chair into which, she has dropped, and clutching at the table for support.

"By Jove! I won't give him another chance this evening," George says, between his teeth; and the next moment he puts his big, sinewy arms around her, and lifts her up like a child, and carries her across the room, and lays her softly and easily down on the couch by the easily down on the couch by the fire, which has been newly kindled

easily down on the couch by the fire, which has been newly kindled and iv sparkling gayly.

"There!" he says, flushed and smiling, but not as Gillian flushes.

The white face is suddenly rose red up to her disordered locks of hair, but she does not venture to glance at him now.
"Thank you," she half whispers, with drooping eyelids and tremulous

with drooping eyelids and tremulous red lips.

"If I only dared to kiss her just once!" George thinks, rather madly; and he is rushing out of the room, with some incoherent assurances of his immediate departure for Mount Ossory, when he runs against the doctor who is running in.

"Why, George, my dear fellow! I thought you had broken your neck, by young Mahon's account!" he ex-

claims, staring amazedly but in a tone of genuine relief. "I am delight-ed to see you. Oh! I beg your par-

"I am sorry to say you needn't be delighted, Dr. Coghlan," George says, gravely, leading him up to the couch. "Miss Deane, Mr. Damer's cousin, from Mount Ossory, has met with an injury; and Captain Bingham Lacy as well."

The doctor bows, with a quick look of interest at his fair young patient, for he, as well as the country round, has heard of the young between whose whose heires, whose enormous fortune has been variously stated, in higher and lower circles, as from "a quarter of a million"—this has such a splendid sound as to be a rather favorite sum—to "crocks o" goold," which, in the village of Darragh, is adhered to as solemnly as an article of faith.

as solemnly as an article of faith.

He speaks a few words to Captain Lacy, and then, coming back to Gillian, defty slits her sleeve open to the shoulder with slender and glittering selsaors.

"That young limb of a Mahon gave me such a fright I brought all the instruments I could lay my hands on," the doctor says, laughing pleasantly. "I thought I'd have to sew your hands on and mend a few broken backs at the least—ah, allow me, Miss Deane—George hold the light!"

George compresses his lips and sets his face like steel, so that not a muscle shall betray what he feels. "Lacy is either a cold-hearted ass or a coward!" he thinks, savagely. "I'll not bother my head about him again."

again."

For Lacy is lying rather help-lessly in the arm-chair at the other side of the room, staring modelly at the floor, and George has the role of surgeon's assistant all to himself.

role of surgeon's assistant all to himself.

And there, on a fair, soft little arm, rounded and rosy-white like an infant's, the very arm that George had kissed in that moment's passion, for which he has reproached himself so bitterly ever since, there is a hideous, purple bruise, swelling up in a great shining weal.

"A simple fracture," the doctor says, calmly and reassuringly; "we'll put that all right presently. I'll have to hurt you, my dear young lady; try and bear it like a brave girl."

"I will, doctor," Gillian says, steadily, with one piteous little frightened look at George.

The doctor looks at him, too, and sees the compressed lips and the set face, and certain knowing wrinkles about his mouth and eyes deepen humorously.

"Hold her other hand, George," he said, presently, after a minute or two of some preparation, "and keep your hand on her shoulder—so."

This is lest some spasmodic action of hers, in her torture derayer the of hers, in her torture, derange the

of hers, in her torture, derange the surgeon's movements.

And so George has to hold her down with one strong hand, whilst the poor little soft fingers are convulsively clinched on his other hand.

There is a minute of agony and a stifled scream which makes George bite his lip until it bleeds, and then the doctor is dabbing on a cold, faint smelling lotlon and winding bandages around, until the fair little arm is like a mummled limb, and then the splints are put on and more bandages, and Gillian is told her arm is set.

set.
"I should think it was," she says, hysterically laughing, whilst the tears are rolling down her face. "It feels more like a log than an arm." "But you feel relieved, Miss Deane?"

"But you feel relieved, Miss Deane?"
the doctor asks, anxiously. "Give her
a glass of wine, George!"
"Oh, yes, I feel relieved!" Gillian
says, sobbing and laughing weakly.
"Could you find my handkerchief?"
she adds imploringly, as George
stoops over her with the wine knowing how utterly beyond her power
is such a discovery in the cunningly
devised skirt of her fashlonable gown.
"I can't," George says, deprecat-

can get up as far as the castle, Patsy can take my horse and ride off to Mount Ossory at once, and—"

"And break the news to them all?" interrupts Captain Lacy, sarcastically. "That will be a kettle of fish!"

"Well, I will go and break the news then," George says, as quietly as before. "Now, if we could possibly dowed with pain "Might I offer as any deprecatingly, after a futile masculine effet fort with cautious reverential fingers. "I don't think there is any pocket in your dress! I can't find it, anyhow," he adds, smiling, as he sees the glimmer of girlish fun in the sweet eyes so darkly shaded. owed with pain. "Might I offer you

owed with pain. "Might I offer you mine? It is quite fresh, as I have only taken it out a few minutes ago. I lost the one I had all day when we had the spill."
She takes the handkerchief with a gentle word of ladylike thanks. It is indeed scarcely unfolded and of fine, snowy cambric; like most men of his type, George, though rather disregarding all masculine fineries, yet cherishes a few dainty tastes which do not interfere with tastes which do not interfere with

tastes which do not interfere with his hearty, healthy, out-of-door life, liv love of rough cleanliness, cold water, and fresh air.

And Gillian is rather surprised at the delicate white handkerchief, with a faint scent emanating from its folds, and the beautiful embroidered "G" in white satin-stitch.

"Good-bye now for a short time," he says, "I shall be back with the carriage in half-an-hour, I hope."

"For what?" the doctor says, suddenly, looking around from his

suddenly, looking around from surgical employment on I Bingham Lacy, who is employment on poor Lacy, who is as as an uneasy con-ntense dissatisfaction, miserable

miserable as an uneasy conscience, intense dissatisfactiou,
vexed vanity, and a wounded head,
can make him."

"To take Miss Deane back to
Mount Ossory, of course!" George
says, decisively.

"Miss Deane will not go back to
Mount Ossory to night nor to reco-

"Miss Deane will not go back to Mount Ossory to-night nor to-mor row night, unless she goes in opposi-tion to my advice," Dr. Coghlan says sharply. "Certainly not to-night sharply. "Certainly not to-night Bring her maid, and whatever or whoever she wants, but leave

whoever she wants, but leave her alone unless you want her to be in a fever with that arm."

"Very well," George says, very sedately and slowly. "I will tell Lady Damer what you say, Dr. Coghlan. Of course I am only too pleased if Miss Deane can be made comfortable in this rough beckler dear. able in this rough bachelor den."

"Miss Deane will be a great deal
more comfortable than if any one were to attempt to drag her off a couple of miles, enduring the jolting of a carriage" the doctor says, very

gruffly.
"You deserve to be kicked, George,"

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He bows formally to Gillian as he reassures her with this list of guardians of conventional etiquette, and hurrles out into the starlit night, his heart throbbing fast with passionate pleasure.

It is possible to have the aim of life so pure and spiritual that it may serve in dying as well as in living. It is possible and it is glorious.

Oh! the unused foundations of character which stand along our

"I may keep you in my home for a day or two, my little darling! My little darling!" he whispers, with trembling lips. "I know what has happened to me now I knew it the minute! I held you in my arms, and saw the look in your greet eyes! the look in your sweet eyes! I love you, my little darling, my fair little flower, who is not mine, whom I dare not think of being mine, though I am afraid, my little darling, in your stands to the control of the con in your simple, tender heart you are innocent enough, and unworldly enough, to like me too well to give me up without pain."

(To be continued.)

GEMS FROM PHILLIP BROOKS.

It is impossible to keep a feeling a personal devotion, without setting it in action.

Never does a new love descend from heaven that a new duty does not spring out of the earth.

The "communion of saints" is the mutual ministry of saints. It is a noble thing to think of. "Thou shalt love thy brother." The

duty of loving—there is nothing of that in the codes of abstract duty. All heaven is working for us if we will, as the little child digs his well in the sea-shore, and then the great ocean comes up and fills it for him There is no sign of ripening life which is more gracious . . . than the capacity and disposition to find themes in the simplest and healthlest

associations. Who of us has not accepted some obedience as the atmosphere in which his life must live and found at once that his mind's darkness turned to light, and that many a hard question found its answer

In all the places that are before us we shall either be delivered by Christ or be conquerors in Christ. * • • What does it matter which? Nay, is not the last way the best

way It is said that "He came unto His own. For in a true sense everything is a man's own which needs him. I pity the man who does not know the responsibility and privilege of that high sort of ownership.

Oh! the unused foundations of character which stand along our human streets, and make the city of our human life so tragical! Oh, the bodily vigor which has never been put to any strong work for God or man!

The brave man need not see any celestial forms with spear and helmet, by his side; yet ne may know, as he goes out to the battle, that the spirits of justice everywhere are sympathizing with him and helping him.

Through all the world the beauty of simple truthfulness impresses us always more and more. This is what makes the power of Nature—her perfect frankness and radiant content—no restless aspiration and no mock humility! -no restinuity.

"How can I," cries the poor, be-reaved heart, sitting in the dark-ened room alone, "how can I live my dreary life alone?" "Go and live it," is the answer. And as he goes on it is not dreary, and he can live it bravely in Christ's strength.

Sometimes a great coming joy is seen afar off. * * * When it comes it will be full of education. God will have something to teach us by it, If we think at all, we know well enough what happiness is sent for; we know that its lesson is gratitude.

The true sight that gives courage to a fainting heart is the sight of the Divine Father standing above all our struggling life, looking down into it with love, with pity, and ready to strike down our enemies the moment that they grow too strong for us.

Moral courage is nothing in the world but just the capacity for doing what we know we ought to do. Give that to every man, and only think with what a stir of eager and vivacious interest this dull world in which we are living would wake and start !

To see that . . . by being holy, you bring to their true depth and lustre those qualities which, faded and dul, the honor still among themselves—that is the strongest influence which can go forth from you to make your brethren rise up and go with you to God.

The man in weakness who cries out for God's strength, the man in sin who prays for holiness, however the thing he prays for may seem to de-lay its coming, has in the very strug-gle—the cry, the prayer, the hope —the spirit and anticipated power of the thing he prays for.

SAGE OF SENEGAL MAKER OF MAXIMS

He Had Ideas About Managing Women and Here Are Some of Them.

Here are some of the wise sayings of Obendaga, of Senegal, on the sub fect of women, as he knows them in his torrid clime:

"A woman fights with glances. man with spears. Some glances are sharper than some spears.

"If there is trouble in your huts shift the women; women must live together a week before they fight. "Some wives nurse grievances like children and love them full as well; ee that such wives have a family

grievances. One of my best wives hated me when I married her and loved me when I told her to die.

"One wife is as if the clock always marked high noon; there are other bours on the clock.

"One wife is like one meal every

"One wife is like one meal every day, and that one meal always boyada, the same food; the stomach will not stand it."

It will strike some that Obendaga's philosophy would scarcely fit into the laws of this supposedly virtuous country, which frowns down on more than one marriage at a time. But, dear me, there is more than one way of riding to Squeezeuntown. They will tell you how it is done in the White Light district, if you are curious to know.

Pearls of Thought But let us listen to more of the

wisdom of this much married man:
"Wiveo are like weeds, sometimes;
unless you choke them, they choke
you; unless you cut them off, they poison you. When a woman smiles and keeps her teeth shut, marry her for a colula who can bite when she laughs.

"When a woman weeps, pat once; if she still weeps, beat 'If you do not like a woman's ear,

"If you do not like a woman's ear, cut it off; she will hear no less and may look more beautiful.
"Despise not all women built like cocoanut trees; in every forest must be some cocoanut trees.
"A yellow woman is like muddy water, fit only for cooking."
"Why kiss; it is like patting a sugar tree. "You deserve to be kicked, George," he says, internally, "if you're such a fool to your own interests—not to talk of mine! My Lady Damer is never so civil to me that I should oblige her and that fellow Gregory, whom she has taken up lately as her medical man!"

"Very well, doctor," George remedical man grave, thoughtful tones. "I will bring; you back Mr. Damer and Miss O'Neil, I dare say, and Miss Deane's maid."

"Late of the will hear no less and may look more beautiful.

"Despise not all women built like cocoanut trees; in every forest must be some cocoanut trees; "A yellow woman is like muddy water, fit only for cooking. "Why kiss; it is like patting a sugar tree.

"When you want a woman, take her if you can, if you cannot, make her if you can, if you cannot, make her feel her loss.

"Be condescending always to a wife; she likes it."
"Marry much," he says. "Do not take it seriously." But he hastens to

take it seriously." But he hastens to add: "It is hard to be the widower of a good wife. No man ever was widower to a good widow," which is more comforting.

Many men are puzzled how women should be treated to get the best that is in them out. Obendaga has his own ideas. He says:

"Some women must be won in the sun; others in the shade. Judge them by their eyes and not by their skin, as some burn quicker in the shade than others in the sun.

Varied Methods to Use.

Varied Methods to Use. "Slap some, pinch others, never pat them unless to save a word. "Talk little to women; listen much. They talk for many and listen for

few.

"Better to have a woman fear you than to think she can wave a toga to a love behind your back. A woman admires a lion that will eat her more than a monkey that

eat her more than a monkey that will chatter for her peanuts.

"The wink is not known in Senegal; we do not blink at the sun or at each other. What we see we see. What is we see; what is not other countries can wink at.

"Fifty-five wives are like a long course." When the traveller wearlourney. When the traveller we ies he can rest by the wayside the moonlight. The less clothes a wife the more she has to hide head if she would keep it. Clothes are foolish; tat more ornamental, chafe. Tailors