The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

Remorsefully they recall it after-

of death."

Side by side they sit, hand clasped in hand, looking into each other's eyes, steeped in the magnetic pleasure of each other's presence, laughing low with pure delight and gladness of heart, both young and fair and

And yet the King of Terrors lis

ward; forever does Love-

of death."

He looks very inappy and very handsome, as goodly a son as a father's eyes could rest on, as he stands opposite Sir Harry's chair, and the sunken blue eyes gaze up at him with a piteous, wistful affection, an eager, trembling pleasure, that is touching to see.

"I'll tell everyone, George—everyone in due form—with Stacy and Mortimer to bear witness to what I say. They've had copies of my will and the certificates in a sealed envelope these twenty years," he is saying in his eager, trembling voice, "and I will have a few old friends, and the principal tenants and servante—have 'em all in here, my boy, and say—say"—the trembling voice becomes well-nigh insulible with emotions and their factors and their happiness and their gayety even during those night their gayety even during those night their gayety even during those nies and their gayety even during the say. one in due form—with Stacy and Mortimer to bear witness to what I say. They've had copies of my will and the certificates in a sealed envelope these twenty years," he is saying in his eager, trembling voice, "and I will have a few old friends, and the principal tenants and servants—have 'em all in here, my boy, and say—say"—the trembling voice becomes well-nigh inau lible with emotion. "I'll say—'This gentleman, tion. "I'll say—"This gentleman, whom you knew as my agent, George tion. "I'll say—This gentheman, whom you knew as my agent, George Archer, is really George Damer, my lawful son and heir, born of my first marriage with Miss Rose Macarthy, 27 years ago! Seven-and-twenty-years ago! Heaven have mercy on me!" he mutters feebly, wiping away the tears that fill his eyes. "I am a poor gray-headed broken-down old sinner now! I was young and handsome then, George, and she, Rose Macarthy, your mother, was one of the loveliest girls in Ireland! Ay, she was! And she had a temper, and she was proud, and hot, and headstrong as I was! A pair of young fools! Happy fools, too, seven-and-twenty years—ago! Lord have mercy on me!"

"There is no use in distressing

There is no use in distressing "There is no use in distressing yourself now, sir," George interposes gently, but coldly, wincing at hearing the brief, miscrable story of his hapless mother's youth. "She is dead, and you are living," he adds, bitterly; "there is no undoing what here been done."

dead, and bitterly; "there is no all bitterly; "there is no all has been done."

"But I am tryling to atone, my "But I am tryling to atone, my form the broken man says, humbly." boy," the broken man says, humbly.
"I know you'll never forgive me,
George, I couldn't expect it, but I'm trying to atone for your own and your mother's wrongs. I'll do and your mother's wrongs. I'll do anything you wish, George—I'll give up anything or go anywhere you wish. You'll soon have the title, my boy—I'm glad of that. I hated it for

boy—I'm glad of that. I hated it for myself, but I'm glad you'll have it. I wish I had more money to leave you to keep it up. I've very little, George, though I've scraped and saved—very little to leave you, my dear son, but I'll do anything in the world you wish me to do."

The poor, feeble man is shedding tears, with trembling hands outstretched in supplication as he pleads with his wroaged son, and George's heart, steel it as he may, aches to pity and forgive him and love him with the love he has robbed himself of all these weary years.

"I want you to do nothing for me father," he says, gently, holding the thin, pale hands in his, "except to be happy and to grow well and strong again."

And at this moment there is a gentle click of the door-handle, and soft rush of silken skirts, and Gillian enters the room, looking sweetly shy, and flushed, and starry-eyed. George's head turns in the direction

shan enters the room, looking sweetly shy, and flushed, and starry-eyed. George's head turns in the direction of the door at the first sound, and he gazes at her as she comes for-

he gazes at her as she comes forward.

"There is one thing you can do for me, father," he says, with a smile. "Gillian dearest, will you come here!"

And Gillian, regarding George with as much formal courtesy and dignity as a lady can well exhibit toward a gentleman when she entertains tender feelings for the very ground over which the soles of his beloved boots to tread, graciously comes forward.

And Goorge puts his arm around her and brings her up to his father's chair.

"Father," he says, "I want you to live and his says blushes and laughter, is taught the whole art and mystery of making merscham pipes with mild Turkish, which, having most successfully performed, she is acquested by Sir Harry to "leave the taste of her lips on the punch," and finally to "come and be kissed" by both father and son in payment of her services. This is all rather distressing, though flattering, and Gillian begins to wonder in alarm what Sir Harry Damer will say or do next, for he is evidently growing reckless in his delight.

And George puts his arm around her and brings her up to his father's chair.

"Father," he says, "I want you to love and welcome my little wife."

"Wife! Your wife?" Sir Harry says, staring and gasping with excitement. "Little Gillian, George? Eh? Is she? Eh?"

"No! Oh, no!—no!" Gillian protests, red as a rose, "only—only—"
"Only my promised, betrothed, engaged, affianced, pledged-and-towed little wife!" amends George, with a smile.

"This is a happy, happy evening, the happiest they have yet known, to the young lovers; for there is the tender sanctity of their acknowledged betrothal to heighten their cousclous pride and happiness in each other.

It is scarcely needful to add that the state of affairs is speedily patent to Mrs. Nelly Hagarty and to every member of the household in addition—that the news spreads thence into the stableyard and the gardeners' and laborers' cottages, and is known in the village and among the tenants as far as Gienemal before ten o'clock the same evening. Along with this piquant bit of gosspi is another amazing rumor. That "Misther George" is declared to be the heir and the masther's son" by a first marriage, and that succeeding this declared to be claration, there are "goin" to be grate doin's insirely," in which as grate doin's insirely," in which as grate doin's insirely, in which as grate doin's insirely. In the propose of the constant of the propose of the propose of the propose of the propose o

smiling, with his arm around his sweetheart. "Sha'u't he, Gillian? But

Price 25 cents.

Harry ought to go to bed very mearly."

"He has frightened you away, my darling," George laughs. "Kiss him, then, and say 'Good-night, father,' it will please him so much."

"No, I can't," objects Gillian, red to the tips of her little ears. But when she comes beside his chair and bids him good-night with a timidly proffered kiss, Sir Harry clasps her in his arms and kisses and blesses her fervently.

"Good night, my jewel. My own sweet little daughter—so you are," he says. And Gillian goes away meek ly silent and very happy at the blessing and the epithet as well.

George goes out into the hall with the candle. ly silent and very happy at the ly silent and very happy at the ling and the epithet as well.

George goes out into the hall with her, of course, to light her candle, and then, doubly blessed and kissed, and then, doubly blessed and George unstairs and George

and then, doubly blessed and kissed. Gillian goes upstairs and George stands a moment looking up the dark staircase after her.

"They have forgotten to light the lamp on the landing, or else it has gone out," mutters George, noticing the darkness above and the glimmer of Gillian's candle. "Perhaps it is not lighted by her hadyship's orders. It looks as dark as a tomb up there."

It is a cold and stormy night, and as he stands there a chill blast seems to sweep through the house and to rush down the dark, silent staircase toward him, and he shudders as he hurries back into the bright, warm dining-room. inere is nothing to mar their nap-piness and their gayety even during those pleasant hours that evening, and life seems all warmth and light and perfume, and glad eyes and loving dining-room. . . . Like men in drinking songs, spice his fair banquet with the dust

It is an hour later, and Gillian-It is an hour later, and Ghilan-who has long since dismissed her at-tendant for the night—has just roused herself out of a trance of "maiden meditation"—sitting by the fire in dressing-gown and slippers. fire in dressing-gown and slippers, and knelt down by her bed to pray when there come hasty footsteps up. the stairs to her room, a hurried knock, and she hears his knock, and she hears his voice for whom she has been pray-ing, calling her in quick, agitated shadowing the king of Terrors has shadowing the hease above thek heads, and with each tick of the clock that awful presence is drawing nigher and righer, until he crosses the threshold, and never returns

"Gillian! Gillian! It is I—George "Gillian! Gillian! It is I—George! I want to speak to you, dear!"
"Thank Heaven you are up and dressed," he exclaims, as she instantly opens the door to him. "My darling! I want you to help me!"
He has touched the right string, and she is calm and strong in a moment, though she sees his face is white and his eyes are full of apprehension. They dine together pleasantly and merrily, and poor Sir Harry insists on champagne instead of his usual glass of thin claret. of thin claret.

"Troth, it's very sorry Id be to drink your health in vinegar, my dear," he says, jocosely, to Gillian, the brogue coming back with the galety into his voice: "And so, here's pledging my love to you, and my best wishes for every happiness to be yours in this life and that which is to come—my dear son's loving and faithful wife!" Poor Sir Harry's sunken, sparkling eyes are not the only ones filled with tears at this toast, but presently there is a diversion as the cloth is removed, and Sir Harry eagerly proposes that "Yes, George, anything I can do,"

she answers. "Come down with me to Lady Damer's room," he says, hoarsely, "it might vex her if I intruded, but

might vex her if I intruded, but she is very ill, and that woman Lynch is like a crazy creature! I just caught her running up here to you. Come down with me, dear, and let us see what is the matter."

They are in the quiet, faintly-lit room in a minute more, where Lynch is distractedly endeavoring to restore life to the still form, the white, set face lying on the pillows.

And wille George turns up the lamps, and lights the candles, Gillian brais over the bed.

Once before in her brief girlish life lias she seen a face look like this face; seen that look which is like no other look in its solemn quiet, its rigid, passionless, stirless calm.

sionless, stirless calm.

It is the look which carries absolute conviction of that awful fact which is incontrovertible, absorute, immovable. Nevertheless, in trembling terror and unbelief, Gillian bends over her, touching the white, claycold wrist, the hard, marble-like brow with quivering, reverent fin-

to their little habits and fancies,"
declares poor Harry Damer, pathetically smiling at his future daughterin-law.
So Gillian, with sny blushes and "George! Is she dead?" she exclaimed, with a wild, incredulous stare, and clinging to his arm.

stare, and clinging to his arm.

He presses the sienier, shuddering form close to his heart in a tender carces, he and the whom that—shape—lying on the bed had parted from each other once upon a time, and would fain have parted for evermore.

'She is dead! She has been dead for hours, I think," George says, huskily.

'Oh, poor Lady Damer! Has that cruel, long-hidden truth been your death, too?"

death, too?"
And then Lynch burst into loud

death, too?"
And then Lynch burst into loud sobs and terrified protestations.
"I saw my lady at 8 o'clock, sir, and she said she wanted nothing but to be left alone! She said I was to disturb her, or to allow any one elise to disturb her, and so I didn't like to come into her room again till she called me."

As she had lived—shutting up her heart and soul from all the tenderness and weakness of humanity; scorning the simplest, sweetest, purest joys of existence; unsympathetic and wrapped up in triple folds of the garment of pride, and self and worldly greed—as she had lived, so she had died—alone, unwept, unkissed, unmourned.

unkissed, unmourned. CHAPTER L.

"I shall telegraph to Gillian desiring her to return home without an hour's delay! And I shall write this hiour's delay! And I shall write this moment to Lady Damer, giving her my opinion of the whole affair! Mr. Deane says, red-faced and pompous, and wrathful. "An alliance with my daughter to be broken off in this—this disgrac fully abrupt and unceremonious maner! I shall tell her ladyship what I think of her nephew, Captain Lacy, If he were the Earl of Ferrard this minute!"

There is some comfort in the thought of browbeating an earl's daughter, and making a possible future earl feel ashamed of himself. For Mr. Deane has been astounded and enraged at receiving, by this evening's post, two letters, which have been forwarded from his house

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tab-Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

settle somewhere else."

"We won't, I tell you! We won't! I won't hear of it!" Sir Harry gasps, excitedly. "What are Lacy and Anne to me compared to you and your wife! Don't say you're going away to leave me, George; I won't trouble you long, and I'd give a year of my life, if I had it to give, to see you and your little wife in the old castle yonder, and to see a child of yours—a son or a daughter of yours, my son—on my knee before I die!"

And while poor Sir Harry is blinded with affectionate tears at the pleasing domestic picture he has drawn. Gillian wisely thinks it is high time for her to go before she is enlightened as to details of the future.

"I think I will say good-night now to you and Sir Harry, dear George," she says with down-cast eyes and hot red-rose cheeks. "It is past, 10 o'clock, and the doctor says Sir Harry ought to go to bed very early"

"He has frightened you away, my

"His 'erratic conduct !" Mr. Dean wife.

"His 'erratic conduct!' Mr. Deane says, boiling with rage. "I'll make him smart for his 'erratic conduct!' I'll punish him and his family until they are ashamed to lift up their heads. The preposterous pride of those penniless aristocrats! I'll make my Lady Damer, and Sir Harry, and Captain Lacy, and the whole crew of the high and mighty earls and honorables smart for this, and blush for this, or my name isn't Herbert Deane! I will back my money, and influence, and position—hardly earned, honestly won, all three—against their tarnished escutcheons and moldy banners, and blue blood, and their tarnished escutcheons and moldy banners, and blue blood, and old titles!" Mr. Deane declares, with pompous indignation, induiging in romantic phraseology and flights of intagery, as if he had been addressing a radical meeting.

And then is handsome, shrewd, clear-headed wife interposes calmly; posing herself restfully on a couch.

clear-headed wife interposes canny, posing herself restfully on a couch with her splendid white arms above her head—she is going to have her portrait painted so, and is practising

(To be Continued.)

A TALK WITH GIRLS.

How to Obtain Bright Eyes and Rosy Cheeks

Pale Anaemic and Eastly Tired Giris Often Fall a Prey to Consumption.

In young girls we look for abundin young girls we look for abundant health and strength, rosy cheeks, bright eyes, firm, plump flesh and constant cheerfulness. How often, however, we meet young girls who seem promotionally old. girls who seem prematurely feeble, pale, listless, thin and feeble, pale, listless, thin and dan-gerous conditions are due to a gen-eral weakness of the blood, and should be cured just as promptly as possible, or the whole life of the possible, or the whole life of the patient will be ruined, if, indeed, ne and consumption do not illy follow. Dr. Williams' Pink for Paie People are the natrins for rate reopie are the natural, logical and sure cure for weak girls. These Pills make rich, red blood with every dose. They strengthen the nerves, act upon the whole greater and helps beautiful to the control of the control and bring health, whole system, and bring health strength and happiness to those

who use them.

Mrs. Hiram Rinkler, South Pelham township, Welland County, Ont., says: "It is with pleasure to the ham township, Ont., says: "It is with pro-that I give this tribute to that I give this tribute to that I when my da health-restoring virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pink. When my daughter Lena began the use of your medicine she was in a most wretched condition. In fact, we were sent medicine she was in a most wretched condition. In fact, we were seriously alarmed lest she might not recover. The symptoms were a feeling of languor and weakness, gradually growing worse. She became pale, lost flesh, had little or no appetite, and was apparently going into a decline. Finally the trouble became complicated with a persistent sore throat, which gave her great difficulty in swallowing. She was placed under the care of a doctor, who said her blood was sne was placed under the care of a doctor, who said her blood was poor and watery, and her whole system badly run down. The doc-tor's treatment did not help her much, and then, acting on the advice of a neighbor. I heaven to give how much, and then, acting on the advice of a neighbor, I began to give her Dr. Williams' Pirk Pills. The confidence with which this medicine was urged upon us was not misplaced, as I soon noticed a distinct improvement in my daughter's condition. The use of the pills for some weeks completely restored her, and from that time she has been a cheerful, lighthearted girl, the very picture of health."

These pills never fail to restore

picture of health."

These pills never fail to restore health and strength in cases like the above. Through their action on the blood and nerves they also cure such diseases as rheunatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance, indigestion, kidney trouble, partial paralysis, etc. There are many socalled tonic pills, but they are all mere imitations of this great medicine. Be sure that you get the mere imitations of this great medicine. Be sure that you get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on every box. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Brockville, Ont.

Breach of Prfessional Etiquette.

(Canadian Law Review.) A lawyer while bathing was attacked by a shark. He managed to beat off his assailant and struggle back to shore. Once in safety on the beach he shook his fist at the retiring and disappointed shark, and gasped out: ed out:
"You brute! That's the most abominable breach of profes etiquette I have ever known.

A GENTLE HINT. Guest-This steak is remarkably Waiter-That so? You must have gotten the steak I intended for tha gentleman what feed me.

IN DOUBT.

Boy-Paper, sir? Citizen - Um-yes, I will take a

paper.
Boy—All right, sir. Which one?
Citizen—Um—let me see. Which one is offering a house and lot or a grand plane this morning?

EXPERIMENTAL FARM WORK.

The isolation of the farmer, naturally resulting from his occupation, in the earlier days of settlement in Canada, kept him out of touch with those best calculated to assist him in his work; but to a large extent this disability has been removed by a system of Experimental Farms, established in known centres, to which he can appeal for information when in doubt, and for co-operation when in difficulty. Object lessons of the most convincing character have been presented to the many thousands of farmers who have visited these farms in person, and the visitors have carried away with them information which has been put to practical test on their own farms with the result of increased profits in their business. Fifteen years ago both the farmer and farming occupied a much inferior position to that taken to-day. With advanced information the farmer's material prosperity has been augmented and his status dignified.

The systematic testing of promising varieties of agricultural crops obtainable in different parts of the world has had an educational effect. Upwards of 30,000 farmers have participated annually in the distribution of seeds. During the in their business. Fifteen years ago

have participated annually in the distribution of seeds. During the past six years about sixty tons of seed have been wearly distributed for this purpose. And thus the Minister of Agriculture has, to use his own words, "placed Canadian farmers in the van as to knowledge of the best and most productive sorts of agricultural products."

Last Year's Work.

During the past year, at the Central Experimental Farm, at Ottawa, the work in field agriculture has principally embraced the study of rotations, the testing of methods of cultivation, and the determining of the cost of production of digestible dry matter in different forms, valuable data along which lines have been obtained. In animal husbandry experiments have been, and are still being conducted to ascertain the values of different feeding stuffs, both coarse and concentrated, for the production of milk, beef, mutton and pork. An effort is being made, also, to gain-some information as to the comparative economy of feeding rations of narrow and wide nutritive ratios for the production of milk, and to ascertain their influence upon the quality of the milk produced. A series of experiments, having in view the determination of the influence of the time of milking upon the quantity and quality of milk produced by cows, has just been concluded, and the results are both interesting and conclusive.

Economy in Feeding. Last Year's Work.

Economy in Feeding.

Comparative economy of feeding steers has been studied, and with sheep work has been done to as-certain the best conditions for the sheep work has been done to use certain the best conditions for the production of good mutton carcasses by breeding, as well as by feeding, it being well to know that both factors enter materially into the results. In pork production the investigations have been made along the lines of economy of different feeding stuffs, and their effect upon the quality of the finished product.

The entomologist has had a busy year in attending to some 3,000 letters conceraing his branch, and special attention has been paid to hivestigations of the life histories of many injurious and beneficial insects, and the study of the improvement of remedies.

In horiculture, the principal experiments with fruits has been to determine the hardiness, productive ness, quality and freedom from discusses of the different varieties; but experiments in different methods of propagating, grafting and cultivating have also been conducted. In the investigation and treatment of discusses of fruits much progress has been made.

At the Central Experimental Farm experiments with cross-breeding seed-ling crab apples, which have shown themselves hardy enough to endure the unfavorable climatic conditions of winter in the northwest country, have added promising varieties which will be propagated for further disciplination.

This is the only intelligible expendent, it is plain, however, that some reason the simple, streight for some reason the simple, streight to us Canada is deeply interested in the Canada is deeply i

Tillage in Feeding.

The relation of cover crops and surface tillage to the moisture content of soils was the subject of an experiment which included the estimation of the moisture fortnightly throughout the summer and autumn in orchard soils, both underly the summer and autumn in orchard soils, both underly till and official reports of the affair.

To some reason the simple, streight story of this battle is not Being sent to us
Canada is deeply interested in the details of a fight in which so many of our men were killed or wounded, and is waiting with impatience for full and official reports of the affair.

How to Get Rid of the Description of the summer and autumn in orchard soils, both underly the summer and autumn in orchard soils, both underly the sum of the summer and autumn in orchard soils, both underly the sum of th

duction of soft pork, this tendency can, in a large measure, be counter-acted by the use of sk m-milk. It was found that with all classes of rations sk m-milk invariably gave a firmer pork than the same ration without

sk m-milk.

During the past year 501 samples
were received at the Farm laboratories for examination, and comprised soils, feeting stuffs, fertilizers,
prised soils, feeting stuffs, fertilizers, prised soils, feeding stuffs, tertifizers, and so on, and where results of analyses would be of more than personal interest to the senders they have been published.

During the twelve months ending with the last of October 8,164 doses with the last of October 8,164 doses

with the last of October 8,164 doses of tuberculin were prepared and forwarded by this division to the Government Veterinary Inspectors.

In the Poultry Department successful tests have been made as to methods of feeding to bring about the largest production of eggs at the time when they command the highest prices. A table showing the relative value of different sorts of poultry for speedy and profitable fattening was the result of further experiments; and a comparison has been ments; and a comparison has made of different breeds as to powers of annual egg productio

WHAT ARE THE FACTS?

The Story of Hart's River . Battle Not Yet Told.

ALL CANADIANS ARE INTERESTED (Toronto Star.)

There is a lack of coherence in the reports so far received of the Hart's River battle, in which so many Canadans were killed and wounded. The which story has not been said and River battle, in which so many Canadians were killed and wounded. The whole story has not been told, and people in Canada are wondering why. The min in the street wants to know, for instance, why it is that the complete list of wounded was not sent forward at once. Does it mean, that some of the Canadian Rifles were captured or that the ground where our wounded men lay was occupied by the Boers? The first despatch tells u sthat "a released man reported the death of Corp. Knisely" and another Canadian. This would suggest that some of our men had fallen into the hands of the Boers. If so, why is the fact not mentioned? Why should report contactory and confusing come from a battle enang, as it is said, in the discomfiture of the enemy, and reflecting credit on the British, and especially on the Canadians? Canada has received the compliments of Lord Kitchener, and Mr. Chamberluin, but that does not make up for the lack of an intelligible account of but that does not make up for the lack of an intelligible account of

but that does not make up for the lack of an intelligible account of now it happened.

According to the first story, the Canadians were left five miles in the rear in charge of the convoy, while the regulars pressed on after a small body of Boers, and ran into a body of the enemy, as has happened so often, and were compelled to entrench themselves. And yet, while the despatches told of the Canadians being left five miles in the rear, while the Eritish pursued a small body of the enemy into the arms of a big body, the fight is described as a rear guard engagement, and the casualty list shows that the Canadians suffered the heaviest losses. What does it mean? Is it the fact that the British were lured away from the convoy, pursuing a decoy of the enemy—a distance of five miles, the despatch said—and that then the main body of the Boers swept down on the Canadians, who held the convoy?

But a despatch received last night from London stated that the British met the enemy in the form of a semi-circle, with the Canadians in the most advanced position, where they received the brunt of the attack.

It is not easy to comprehend the part played by the Canadians in this battle from the contradictory reports so far sent to us. How could they be left five miles to the rear in a rear-end engagement? How could there is the miles to the rear in a rear-end engagement?

In horticultural Work.

In horticulture, the principal experiments with fruits has been to levermine the hardfaces, productiveness, quality and freedom from disages of the different varieties but the sense of the different varieties but the canadians in the rear in charge of the canadians.

surface tiliage to the moisture content of soils was the subject of an experiment which included the estimation of the moisture fortnightly throughout the summer and and the throughout the summer and and the summer and and