

ADVICE TO BACHELORS

Falling to get the girl you want, you may as well be wedded to MON-SOON Ceylon Tea. It can't refuse you, and may be had at all grocers'. Lead package.

The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

CHAPTER XIII.
The picnic luncheon is being spread on the short, velvet grass between the great, granite boulders, and on the slope above the black, sullen loch, and its lowering clouds of mist.

But on the al fresco banquet the sun shines hot and brilliant, and the silver, and glass, and damask gleam and glitter, and the fruit, and flowers, and pastry, and dainty dishes, are like the vision of a fairy feast spread in that wild, lonely place; while the guests ramble hither and thither along the shores of the loch, or amongst the lichened, granite rocks, and the clumps of heather just crimsoning into bloom.

The young ladies have each found a cavalier—the Misses Damer having paired off with a curate and one of the "gilded youth" of the neighborhood, and Gillian with Captain Lacy, for which she is regarded with the fondest smiling envy by the youngest Miss Damer but two, both on account of her cavalier, and the art of her tailor-made gown of fine grey cloth.

Everyone is matched and mated with someone else, but Anne O'Neill. She has been superintending the servants, and acting the final touches of her own artistic hands to the display on the luncheon plateau, and seeing that the awning has been properly erected, and now, as Gillian and her escort come up the hill slowly in the scorching heat, Anne stands on a ridge of rock watching them, her tall, slender, graceful figure, in its simple dark-blue dress sharply defined in the clear, brilliant light, the reflection of the snow-white clouds gathering in billowy masses over Celmanach.

There is a curious intonement in her gaze as Captain Lacy comes, with Gillian leaning on his arm for assistance, up the slope of slippery, sun-scorched rock. There is a curious expression on her set lips, and in her dark eyes, as she sees him carrying the dainty, lace-flounced parasol for the young ladies, and the sprays of pink and purple heather he has gathered for her. "Luncheon is waiting, and Lady Damer is waiting," she says, with a slight smile. "Why am I so much mistaken if Celmanach is not waiting, too, to drench us with rain by and by?"

"Do you think so?" Gillian says, laughing gaily. "Captain Lacy has just been telling her a story of a fishing expedition on which he and George Archer went; and having got through the rain, they were dripping with rain, and, to their advantage, deliberately walking into the river after a particularly fine trout, and they chased until the water was up to his shoulders and the trout was caught."

"It always rains up here, Captain Lacy tells me," she continues, merrily. "What fun! We should all be like drowned rats, shouldn't we? My poor gown will be ruined, Anne, won't it? Look at this lovely heather! Captain Lacy has done the rock just over that horrible dark water below there—did you ever see anything more beautiful, Anne?"

"Yes, it is lovely, that delicate, dainty, pale pink especially," Anne says, with a very faint smile and a sad earnestness in her eyes as she gazes at the delicate roseate bloom that tints Gillian's soft, fair face and the dimpling brightness and gladness of the happy lips, and eyes radiant with the glorious hopefulness of youth.

Will Anne has been speaking, and they have all paused for a minute on the rocky ledge, Captain Lacy has been selecting a few sprays of each shade of crimson and purple, and pale, tiny-pink heather, and, twisting them into two dainty bouquets, he offers one to Gillian with a smile, and the other to Anne, without a smile—but with a courteous inclination and a quick, earnest, almost pleading look. Gillian fastens her heather bouquet in the front of her dress, with a smiling word of thanks, and turns away delicately as she sees that Anne blushes painfully, a sudden burning flush of agitation, at this trifling act of courtesy.

Gillian turns away, but not so soon but that she is startled by the flash of a will, pleading, passionate look in Anne's eyes at the man who is offering her the flowers—the terrible look of a prisoner soul leaping up to gaze for one instant at a world of freedom and happiness from which it is barred and shut in forever.

"Thank you, Captain Lacy, but I never wear flowers," she says, coolly, drawing back, and her composed, pale face is like marble in its set coldness.

Gillian half believes that passionate, burning, despairing gaze, and illusions, except for the swift change in Captain Lacy's face—a transient blaze of rage and impatience, that transforms his impassive, soldierly handsome countenance as he raises his arm and flings the rejected heather-blossoms down over the slope of the hill into the very waters of dark Celmanach below.

But Anne walks on calmly, with her proud head erect and steadfast, and her slight, bitter smile curving her lips; and Gillian, silent, bewildered, guessing at all sorts of impossible

things, walks on beside her down the heather-grown banks, and up hill-looks and over the granite boulders, in the condition which John Bunyan graphically describes as being "tumbled up and down in his mind."

Luncheon is waiting, and Lady Damer, under the red-striped awning, and seated on carriage cushions, is waiting also; but her smile is sweetly gracious as the two latest stragglers of the party, Gillian and her escort, come up on the shaded plateau. Anne has quietly glided over her usual background amongst the hampers.

"My dearest child! I have been growing almost uneasy about you, she exclaims. "Only I knew you were in such excellent guardianship as Bingham's. I should have been quite frightened. Have you explored Celmanach thoroughly, love?"

With an indulgent smile, and a manner so tenderly maternal, that it is quite a pity that it is but a limitation of the genuine emotion.

And then luncheon proceeds forthwith, for the mountain air endows everybody with a keen appreciation of cold food and tongue, cold duck and hot green peas boiled on a portable stove; and everybody's spirits rise as the bottles of claret, red wine, and whiskey and setzer sink low.

The two Misses Damer, amongst others, brighten up, and grow quite witty and amiable, and forget even for the time being to be jealous of the pretty girl who is but nineteen, with a faultless complexion, an adorably-cut gown, and a hundred thousand more rather than the rather forlorn, vapid specimens of young ladyhood—poor girls—with passable features and figures, of ages somewhere in the debatable region that lies between twenty-five and thirty-six; and penniless. But they make up for all their deficiencies in their inordinate pride of birth, their exclusiveness, and aristocratic "form," style, and prejudices—and in their home-made gowns of "part-cashmeres" of pale-cut gray-blue and gray-pink, dressy, dainty, and delicate, and a pair of

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is too wet and out of breath when he returns to his companions, to resume his minstrelsy, even if anybody were to urgently desire it, which they don't. Comic songs are regarded as despicable by the human soul when the human body is compressed into an attitude more or less painful, when sudden sensations pervade the bones and marrow, and hope sinks in the human breast to seep.

And the rain pours, and the wind wails, and moans, and howls, and little trickling rivulets begin to meander playfully about the feet of the forlorn panderers; and from beneath Mr. Damer's umbrella issue murmurs more or less audible.

"Serve my lady right! Wouldn't pity her if she had the toothache for a month! Faith no! I'll have rheumatic fever, as sure as a gun, after this!"

But by and by the transformation begins again—this time with a gorgeous rainbow spanning all the valley, and resting its gold and green and violet radiance on the wet heather.

RHEUMATIC PAINS. Caused by an Impure Condition of the Blood. If Neglected They Will Grow Worse and Serious Results Will Follow. Rheumatism Can be Permanently Cured. (From the Telegraph, Quebec.) Rheumatism is one of the most common and at the same time one of the most painful afflictions from which humanity suffer. It affects the joints, and muscles, and is characterized, even in its simplest form, by a dull constant pain. While it remains in the joints and muscles, it is sufficiently painful and distressing, but as it is liable to attack the vital organs, such as the heart, the disease becomes a source of danger, and in many instances it has proved fatal.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills possess qualities for the cure of this disease which are unequalled by any other medicine. Mr. Cyrus Lamond, a well known resident of Stadacona, Quebec, bears testimony to the wonderful curative powers of these pills. To a reporter of the Telegraph, he gave the following story: "Until some three years ago I always enjoyed the best of health, but about that time I was attacked with what proved from the outset to be a severe case of rheumatism, from which I suffered great torture. I tried a number of the supposed cures for this disease, but none of them benefited me. I seemed to be constantly growing weaker, so I called in a physician, and he advised that I should not give me relief. I sought the assistance of two other doctors, but they also failed to help me. My appetite left me; my strength gradually ebbed away; my legs were drawn out of shape, and I was never free from pain. I was in despair of ever being well again, when one day a money-broker brought me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and urged me to take them. He seemed to have such great confidence in the pills that I determined to follow his advice. To-day I am happy that I did so, for with the use of less than a dozen boxes of these pills the pain from which I suffered so much is all gone, and I feel stronger and healthier than I did before. This I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I would strongly urge similar sufferers to give them a trial."

Experience has proved Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to be without an equal as a blood builder and nerve restorer. It is this power of acting directly on the blood and nerves that enables these pills to cure such diseases as rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, and all the ordinary diseases of the blood and nerves. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or can be had by mail, postpaid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The King's English in Japan. The Japanese have a mania for putting up English signs, and they flood the rooms at the hotels with English cards. And such English! They have no imperative mood and they generally express an idea negatively which we express positively. One day a traveller said to the waiter: "Kishi, the rolls are cold." "Yes," he said; "a good deal of not cooling the cakes is good."

A conspicuous notice at a leading hotel reads: "On the dining-time nobody shall be enter to the dining and drawing room without the guests allow." "One of the articles in the municipal laws of Kyoto reads: "All be honestly by his trade. O. course, the sold one shall prepare to make up the false package."

A Tokyo dentist's circular reads: "Our tooth is an important organ for human life and countenance, as you know; therefore when it is attacked by injury artificial tooth is used. I am engaged in the dentistry, and I will make for your purpose."

ODD FACTS AND FIGURES.

Ontario raised 36,993,017 bushels of apples last year.

Amsterdam, Holland, is about to put on 140 electric cars.

There are 40,000,000 fewer sheep in Europe than ten years ago.

The demand for electrical ventilators in India is ahead of the supply.

Every week \$20,000 worth of United States typewriters go to England.

British public expenses are running nearly \$2,000,000 per week beyond last year.

The various countries of the world use 13,400 different kinds of postage stamps.

Only 70,000 British reside on the continent, while 200,000 continental live in England.

There are 28,594 juvenile societies in the British Isles, with a membership of 2,536,000.

Paris supplies free of cost sulphurous baths to all persons engaged in handling lead.

Plans are under way for an unbroken electric railway across the State of New York.

The Bible used at Queen Victoria's coronation was sold by auction recently for 40 guineas.

In walking a mile a man uses 17 1/2 foot tons of energy. An ordinary day's work consumes 300 tons.

New York and Pennsylvania pay members of the Legislature \$1,500 a year; Maine pays them \$150 a year.

PALMISTRY.

Every Line Has a Name and a Meaning.

THE HAND OF WILLIAM M'KINLEY

Showed Danger of ASSASSINATION.

Capt. G. W. Walron, well known palmist, now of Colorado, but formerly a resident of the city of Hamilton, Ont., says in reference to the untimely death of William McKinley, that he predicted the sad ending of the late President's life by assassination some years ago, and that his reading of the hand was corroborated by several eminent palmists in the United States at that time. The outer edge of the palm was so plain, says Captain Walron, that long before McKinley was considered as a Presidential possibility, the prediction was made that his death would be at the hands of an assassin. The line of fate showed many breaks, indicating losses and sorrows until the long threatened danger, would meet him in his full power. The star and sun line of Opolio showed fame and honor. It is wonderful that these things have all come to pass. Many people are inclined to scoff at "and ridiculous" evidence of palmistry, but a glance at their hands followed by an interpretation of the lines seen there has invariably earned ridicule into respectful consideration. The indication of a sudden death in the late President's hand was exceedingly strong. He did undoubtedly achieve fame and honor. Sorrows and losses, serious losses, came to him also. About the time he was elected Governor of Ohio he was asked to endorse some notes for an old friend, who had helped him when he was a younger man, and Mr. McKinley, ever ready to return a favor, did so. The result is an old story. His friend failed disastrously, and Mr. McKinley was left without a dollar. The losses, disappointment, and sorrow came to him certainly. It was a sad misfortune; and a lesson can be learned from this. Because the truth of the palmist's predictions has been proved, and are being proved continually every day, though of course these marvelous examples of the value of palmistry are not brought so strikingly before us, as is the case of William McKinley, because he was a public man. We cannot all be in the eye of the public. But in our large cities and towns it is anybody's privilege to consult the opinion and be guided by the advice of eminent palmists as to our special adaptabilities just in the same way that we go to a lawyer for legal advice or to a doctor for medical advice. There are crosses, forks, islands, mounts, bracelets and grills and many other names for the signs and lines in our hands. Every line has a name and a meaning. They show particular traits. They are aids for success, for they show clearly to what special part in life the possessor is particularly adapted.