Failing 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 packets.

The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

CHAPTER XIII.

black, sullen lough, 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 spread in that wild, place; while the ramble hither and

guests ramble hither and thither along the shores of the lough, or amongst the lichened, granite rocks, and the clumps of heather just crimsoning into bloom,

'The young ladies have each found cavaliers—the Misses Damer having paired off with a curate and one of the "cilled youth" of the neighborpaired off with a curate and one of the "glided youth" of the neighbor-hood, and Gillian with Captain Lacy, for which the is regarded with in-tensest 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 lese, but Anne O'Neli.
She has been superintending the servants, and adding the final touches of her own artistic hands to the display on the luncheon plateau. and seeing that the awning has been

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 suthering in hillows pressures as a care. gathering in billowy masses over Cei-

manech.

There is a curious intentness in her gaze as Catain Lacy comes, with Gill'an leaning on his arm for assistance, up the slope of slippery, sun-scorched sod. 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 heiress, and parasol for the young heiress, 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, "and I am very
much mistaken if Celmanech is not waiting, too, to drench us with rain

waiting, too, to drench us with rain by and by."

"Do you think so?" Gillian says, laughing gayly. Captain Lacy has just been telling her a story of a fishing expedtion on which he and George Archer went; and having got thoroughly socked with showers of rain, George turned his dripping condition to advantage, by deliberately walking into the river included the socked with showers of rain, George turned his dripping condition to advantage, by deliberately walking into the river includes the socked with the weather keeps up." Sir James Damer admits to his next deliberately walking into the river after a particularly fine trout, and gave chase until the water was up to his shoulders and the trout was

Lacy tells me," she continues, mer-rily. "What fun! We shall all be poor gown will be ruined. Anne, won't it? Look at this lovely heather Captain Lecy gathered off a rock just over that horrible dark water below there—did you cover the colorable descent the scenery, and admit as Sir James has done, that "this sort of affair isn't half bad when the weather keeps up."

"Harry Damer has done the thing to admire the scenery, and admit as sort of affair isn't half bad when the weather keeps up." water below there-did you ever see anything more beautiful. Anne?"

Yes, it is lovely, that delicate, inty, pale pink especially," Anneys, with a very faint sm'le and "Yes, it is lovely, that dainty, pale pink especially," Anne says, with a very faint smile and a sad cornestness in her eyes as she gazes at the delicate rosente bloom that tints Gillian's soft fair face and the dimpling brightness and gladness of the happy lips, and eyes radiant with the glorious hopeful-

to Anne-without 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 beautiful. 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 wild, pleading, passionate look in Anne's eyes at the man who is offering her the flowers—the terrible look of a prisoned soul leaning up to gaze for one instant

never wear flowers," she says, coolly, drawing back, and her composed, pale face is like marble in its set

Gillian half believes that passionate, burning, despairing gaze, and glowing flush, have been only optical illusions, except for the swift change in Captain Lacy's face—a transient blaze of rage and impatience, that transforms his impassive, soldlyhandsome countenance as he raises his arm and flings the rejected hea-ther-blossoms down over the slope of the hill into the very waters of dark

things, walks on beside her down the The picnic luncheon is being spread on the short, velvety grass between the great granite boulders, and on the slope above the black sullen lough and its lowering.

Luncheon is waiting, and Lady Damer, under the red-striped awn-ing, 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 ecort, come up on the shaded plateau. Anne has quietly gilded into the background amongst the

hampers.
"My dearest child! I have been "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 Celmanech thoroughly, love?" with an indugent smile, and a manner so tendenty material, that it

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

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

sink low.

The two Misses Damer, amogst The two Misses Damer, amogst 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 faultiess complexion, an adorably-cut gown, and a hundred thousand pounds. They are rather forlorn, vapid specimens of young ladyhood—poor girls—with passable features and figures, of ages somewhere in the debatable region that fles between twenty-mine and

fies between twenty-male 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 "art-cosphorors" of anttheir home-made gowns "art-cashmeres" of palof "art-cashmeres" of pal-est gray-blue and gray-pink, dressy, cheap, and perishable, they rather try to condemn Gillian's Bond Street Costume of severals simple and costume of severely simple pale gray cloth, with its loops of black braid

for its only adornment.
"But it certainly suits her," Miss Theresa, the youngest Miss Damer, but four, kindly allows. "She is wise to dress so very plainly; those petite figures look absurd in the flowing or

when the weather keeps up." Sir James Damer admits to his next neighbor, as he drinks his whiskey and seltzer and discusses Perigord

always rains up here, Captain tells me," she continues, mer"What fun! We shall all be weather keeps up."
"Harry Damer has done the thing tolerably decently, on my word," Sir

James continues, with gradging approval. "Wonder her ladyship let him spend money on anything. She is a 10 rew, that woman; rules him with a rod of iron, egal! they say. And they're better off than I am, and have far less sceial claims on them than I have, and haven't a chick or child, either." And Sir gladness of the happy lips, and eyes radiant with the glorious hopefulness of youth.

Whilst Anne has been speaking, and they have all paused for a minute on the rocky ridge, Captain Lacy has been selecting a few sprays of each shade of crimson and purple, and pale satiny-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.

Citick or child, either." And Sir James heaves a long sigh at the remaining of two prettiest and youngest are married. Faving the remaining four in a rather worse condition, matrimonially, than ever. "Got that little girl over here, too," Sir James oontinues, scanning Gillian through his glasses. "She's not bad looking but she has no style. Little school-girl, in fact. Father's a city fellow, I understand. Bingham Lacy is go. rirl. In fact. Father's a city fellow, I understand. Bingham Lacy is going in for her, I suppose; best thing he can do. Those city fellows are always too well pleased to get into country families to be stingy about settlements. Harry Damer told me the father can give this girl something very handsome when she marries."

"Lady Damer told me Miss Deane "Lady Damer told me Miss Deane will have four or five thousand a year settled on her when she marries," Sir James' neighbor says, eagerly, in an impressive tone.

the terrible look of a prisoned soul leaping up to gaze for one instant at 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, but it is barred and shut in forever wear flowers," she says, coolly, drawing back, and her composed, leave the said of the says of the said of th

"By Jove, yes," the neighbor says, emphatically. "I wish my lad was old enough to have such a chance fall in his way. As it is, it seems to me Captain Lacy has the field to himself."

himself."
"So it seems," Sir James says, gruffly. "A cold-blooded, conceited sort of fellow! It's rather a pity that Archer is beyond the pale. He's an agreeable, gentlemanly, good-looking fellow enough to have as good a chance as Bingham Lacy, if he was not an-outsider."

not an outsider."
"Yes," admits the other, dubiously. Celmanech 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 when he wants to get husbands for

his girls." "But George Archer is a very aice, agreeable, gentlemanly fellow, as you say, Sir James, and a deuced well-informed young fellow to boot, so I don't see why he is so absolutely 'beyond the pale."

"I cannot say, of course, what a London tradeeman's daughter would think of George Archer for a hushand," Sir James says, coldly contemptuous. "I was alluding to his being utterly beyond the pale as far as concerns an alliance with any county family. He is a nobody, and the son of nobody, socially speaking."

"And, confound your pomposity! hut you would be glad enough to get one of your ugly caughters married to him if he'd have her!" mutters Sir James' deferential neighbor. But as he turns his head, and glances behind the heathery rock against which they are reclining whilst waiting for the concluding stage of the banquet—the coffee and fruit—he has a sweet and sudden revenge.

"Faith, Sir James, I'm afrail we've

the concluding stage of the banquet—the coffee and fruit—he has a sweet and sudden revenge.

"Faith, Sir James, I'm afrait we've been talking rather loudly," he says, with a malicious smile. "The London tradesman's daughter' is at your elbow."

"Very unladyl'ke of her if she stood eavesdropping," Sir James retorts, carelessly, though he looks a little discomposed, and his purpplish visage grows darker as he sees Gillian's slender, gray figure standing at the back of the rock. apparently gazing down at the valley landscape that stretches away at the foot of Silevena-Mor. "However, I spoke of George Archer, not of her," he adds, as he moves a little further off.

She has heard every word of his last speech clearly, it is true, involuntary as has been her listening; but the pompous, red-faced old baronet's rude allusion to herself touches her but as a passing annoyance which has no power to wound. But her generous, hot young heart throbs with passionate in lignation, passionate partizanship for the man who Sir James Damer condems as a so-

ate partizanship for the man who Sir James Damer condemns as a social parlah. Handsome, well-bred, educated, a gentleman, and a man worthy of fiking and esteem they have admitted him to be, but "utterly beyond the pale" of social intimacy—boxelesty, that out for a christians. macy-hopelessly shut out for ever-

macy—hopelessly shut out for evermore from the supreme felicity of
being admitted into their dull charmless country households—of being
honored by a marriage connection
with the primmest, plainest, least desirable of the goddesses of the Olymplan heights of "county society!"

"I wish—I wish I could—atone to
him in some way," Gillian whispers,
with trembling lips and misty eyes;
her pulses tingling with mingled
anger and a passionate generosity
that is less selfish than the womanly
tenderness that yet kindles like the
flame of a sacred fire in the temple flame of a sacred fire in the temple

flame of a sacred life in the temple of her heart.

"I wish I could make them ashamed of themselves for daring to look down on him!" she mutters, clinching her hands in a sort of desperation.
"He is better than any of them—bet-

He is better than any of them—better by far."

"I have brought you some coffee, Miss Deane," Anne O'Nell's calm, clear voice says beside her. "And you are left alone? How is that?" There is a tinge of quick, irrepressible anxiety in her tones, and Gillian

thle anxlety in her tones, and Gillian smiles satirically.

"Is that understood?" she says, coldly. "That I am never to be left alone? You are all so careful of me." Anne's eyes droop. Her proud honesty revolts from many a task, in her bitter life of dependence—from no task more utterly revolts than from what she knows is a betrayal of an innocent, trusting young creature to a foyless fate—a cruel wrong pura joyless fate—a cruel wrong pur-posed to be wrought on a true, ten-

der heart.

"I only wondered where was Captain Lacy," she says, in a low tone.

"I den't know where he is," Gillian says, sharply and impatiently. "Captain Lacy is not my keeper!"

"Hush!" Anne mutters, with an involuntary alarm. "Hish! You have not quarreled with him, have you? Pardon my asking the question."

"Quarreled with him!" Gillian repeats, haughtily, And Anne, as well as der heart.

peats, haughtily. And Anne, as well as others, have begun to discover in this brief fortnight of her residence among them, that this shy "mlk-white fawn" can look and speak haughtily, can think and act determinelly and self-solventy the "chemical and self-solventy the chemical and self-solventy the sel minedly and self-reliantly. "No," she says, deliberately, with both her

hands on Anne's arm. "I haven't quarreled with Captain Lacy, Anne; I leave that to you!" "Hush!" Anne reiterates, her very lips growing pale. "You have no right ins growing pale. "You have no right to fest at my expense, Miss Deane!" "I wasn't festing, Miss O'Nell," Gilland recorts, with both hr soft, loving arms around Anne's walst. "I was only stating a simple truth. You might trust me. Anne."

These last few words are almost whispered; and Gillian is coloring and smiling with radiant sympathy and entreaty in her pure, deep eyes.

sympathy and entreaty in her pure, sympathy and entreaty in her pure, deep eyes.

But Anne's face grew paler, and colder, and harder, and she pushes away the loving, coaxing arms.

"You are romantic, Miss Deane," she says, with a frigil smile. "But I assure you that that is a luxury in which only wealthy and charming young ladies have any right to indulge. I never permit it to myself, nor permit anyone to attribute such folly as sentimental emotion to me. You saw that I refused the flowers Captain Lacy was courteous enough to offer to me."

"You are romantic, Miss Deane," she will not chest transformation scenes—the party set forth for "fresh fields and pastures new" of picnic pleasures, and Mr. Damer does not object by a word.

Perhaps he knows but too well that a thousand words of objection on his part would not affect her ladyship's determined plans by one jot or tittle.

Perhaps the chill of inciplent rheumatism, and the dyspeptic dispersion of climbing a mountain in

"Very well," Anne says, coolly. "I

was sorry to have to act un-graciously, but I was obliged to re-mind Captain Lacy that he was

mind Captain Lacy that he was trespassing."

"Where was the trespass?" Gillan says, sharply. "It was a simple act of courtesy."

"To a woman in your position—not to a woman in mine," retorts Anne, with the proud humility that in reality sets her in an attitude of condescension. "Captain Lacy is your equal and my superior, socially speaking. A woman in my position cannot be too careful in these matters."

ers."
"Indeed?" Gillian asks, hotly col-Indeed? Gillan asks, hotly coloring and stammering agilatedly over her words. "I did not know before that you were so lowly-minded, or that Captain Lacy was so lofty! He is then 'socially your superior'? I must remember that!" She is flushed and frowning with displessues and are remember that!" She is flushed and frowning with displeasure and embarrasment. "And Mr. Archer—is he also socially your superior?"
"Oh, dear, no! He is not considered so, at all events. He and I may be friends and equals—being paid dependents and nobodies, you see," Anne says, with a careless laugh which thrills through Gillian's very soul with a pang of keenest jealousy. "I might marry George Archer if I liked

and he liked," she continues, smiling.
"Nobody would take the trouble of forbidding the barns, I am sure."
"And—are you going to marry him?" Gillian asks, briefly, and for one moment she faces Anne resolutely, with compressed lips and quick-heaving breast. "You let me understand something of that kind once before, you know, the morning after I came, when I had met him in the wood; you let me imagine that you and he were lovers." Was it true?"

Anne gives one giance into the

you and he were lovers. Was it true?"

Anne gives one glance into the depths of the liquid eyes, looks at the imperious lips, proudly compressed to hide their trembling pain, and turns away.

"It might be true one day," she says, in a low tone. "Surely it cannot concern you. George and I are friends and equals; surely if we ever become more to each other, that is our concern alone. Nobody cares for us; we may care for each other if we please."

There is a long pause. The mists drift lower, and shroudlike over dark Celmanech. The wind walls and moans over the wet, black precipices above the sullen depths, and heavy rainclouds blot out all the sunlight suddenly. "Cartainly I have grown paged."

clouds blot out all the sunlight suddenly.

"Certainly, I beg your pardon,"
Gillian says, in a thick, slow voice, as if a hand is laid on her heart with a crushing weight.

And she turns away without another word, and hurriedly joins the rest of the picnic party, who are rushing under cover of awnings, umbrellas, mackintoshes—anything and everything—from the torrents of rain which comes down over the mountain crags. nountain crags.

CHAPTER XIV.

"It's the last time anyboly, I don't "It's the last time anyboly, I don't care when, will get me to come up here when I might be eating my luncheon like a Christian at a civilized table." Mr. Damer says, crossly, as he sits crouched under an umbrella, with a granite rock at his back, and a prospect of whirling sheets of rain and blinding mist before him. "Where the dickens is my overcoat, Bingham, do you know? I'm getting as chilly as possible."

But Bingham does not know, and his own mackintosh, which he offers, is curtly refused.

But Bingham does not know, and his own mackintosh, which he offers, is curtly refused.

"You know deuced well the thing wouldn't come within a mile of meeting across my chest!" Mr. Damer says, contemptuously and ungratefully. "I'll get my death of cold this day, and that'll be the end of my lady's pienic as far as I am concerned!"

"I hope not, sir," Captain Lacy says, with unruffled politeness. "It will really be only a shower, you know, and the hot sun will soon dry up the sod."

"Do you mean to say you're all going up over the mountain to Glenemal," Mr. Damer demands sharply, 'a good two miles over rough ground, and the weather breaking this way?"

"Yes, certainly; going to Glenemal to the Mahon's, for our tea and dance is one of the principal features of our programme," Captain Lacy rejoins coolly. "To leave that out, would be 'Hamlet' without the part of the prince. We are out for a day's 'pleasure,' sir: we can't consent to cut it short."

"Troth, you'll have enough of it before you go to bed this night," Mr. Damer says. with a malignant

ore you go to bed this night," Mr Damer says, with a malignant glance at the sweeping, gray clouds and the murky aspect of air, earth, and sky. "You'll be every one drenched to your skins if you try to cross the hill! You'd better tell your aunt so, Bingham.
"I told her I was afraid of some

thing of the kind, sir," answers Bingham, sedately. "The rain is running down the rock at your back, sir; you

down the rock at your back, sir; you had better move."

"And she persists in dragging us all, and the poor girls with their little high-heeled shoes and thin gowns, for two miles over the mountains, with a few showers like this on the way?" asks Mr. Damer, indignantly.

"Aunt Jeanette said she did not believe there would be another shower.

lieve there would be another shower, sir," Bingham answers as calmly as before, and caressing his carefully-trained mustache with his delicate, ungloved hand.

"Oh! 'she don't believe' the clerk of the weather would venture to send another shower, contrary to her ladyship's wishes?" her ladyship's husband asks sareastically. "One would think he was a male relative

of hers—eh, Bingham?"

And this joke at Bingham's expense And this joke at Bingham's expense, as well as his own, amuses Mr. Damer so much that, presently, when the torrents of rain case as suddenly as they began, and the mists sweep away over the lough, and the gray lowering clouds rise and part, and the blue and gold of a summer sky and sunshing peer grad-

or tittle.

Perhaps the chill of inciplent rheumatism, and the dyspeptic discomfort of climbing a mountain in a hot blaze of sunshine after a hearty meal, have combined in enough malevolence to make an ordinarily-amiable elderly gentleman anxious to witness the misery of fellow-sufferers from the mistakes of her imperious tadyship. If so, fiendish malice itself would have been satiated by the condition of the devoted band of pleasure-seekers by the time they have trudged up the steep, rocky "path of the deer" over the dark lough and its beeting crags, and have reached a barren, lofty platean without anything by way of shelter but some stunted heather, and just at this point, when they pause exhausted, the gray curtain of the transformation scene descends with even more surprising swiftness than before, and mountain crags, and moors, and loughs are blotted out in whirling columns of miss and drenching raig driven on the shill weiter. moors, and longlis are blotted out in whirling columns of mist and drenching rain driven on the chill, wailing blast, down from the higher fastnesses of Slieve-na-Mor.

The haptess party huddled, undignitude of the column of the language of the column of

fied and desparingly, under their umbrellas low amongst the wet moss and heather. At first there is laugh-ter and jests, and one frollosome spirit even volunteers a comic song. His umbrella, however, is blown out of his hand across the heather ere he reaches the second verse, and he

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is too wet and out of breath when 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 sodden sensations pervades the bones and marrow, and home sinks in the human breat to

hope sinks in the human breast to zero.

And the rain pours, and the wind wails, and moans, and howls, and lit. tle trickling rivulets begin to mean-der playfully about the feet of the forlorn planickers; and from beneath Mr. Damer's umbrella Issue marmurs more or less audible

"Serve my lady right! Wouldn't pity her if she had the toothas 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 gor-geous rainbow spanning all the val-ley, and resting its gold and green and violet radiance on the wet

(To be continued)

RHEUMATIC PAINS.

Caused by an Impure Condition of the Blood.

If Neglected They Will Grow Worse and Serious Results Will Follow -Rheumatism Can be Permanent-

(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 at 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, Que., 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 regumatism, 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 werse, so I called in a physician, but as his treatment did not give me relief, I sought the assistance of two other doctors, but they also falled to help me. My appetite left me: my strength received. gans, such as the heart, the disease sistance of two other doctors, but they also falled to help me. My appetite left me; my strength gradually ebbed away; one of my legs was drawn out of shape, and I was never free from pain. I was in despair of ever being well again, when one day a relative 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 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 health-ier than I did before. This I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I

ier 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 bood 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 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: 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 otel reads:
"On the dining-time nobody shall

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 venti-lators in India is ahead of the sup-

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

world use 18,400 postage stamps. Only 70,000 British reside on the continent, while 200,000 continentals live in England.

There are 28,894 juvenile societies in the British Isles, with a membership of 2,586,000.

Paris supplies free of cost supplier of cost suppliers of cost sup Plans are under way for an unproken electric railway across the

State of New York. The Bible used at Queen Victoria's coronation was sold by tion recently for 40 guineas.

In walking a mile a man uses 17½ 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 PALMISTRY.

Every Line Has a Name and Meaning.

THE HAND OF WILLIAM M'KINLEY Showed Danger of

ASSASSINATION. Capt. G. W. Walrond, well known palmist, now of Colorado, but formerly a resident of the city of Hamilton, Ont., say's in reference to the untimely death of William Mc-Kinley, 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 correlected the same years ago, and that his reading of the hand was correlected. ed States at was corroborated by eminent palmists in the United States at that time. The cross at the outer edge of the paim was so plain, says Captain Walrond, that long before McKinley was considered as a Presidential possibility, the prediction was made that he would meet his death at the hands of an assassin. The line of fate showed many breaks, indicating losses and sorrows until 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 Opollo showed fame and honor. It is wonderful that these things have all come to pass, Many people are inclined to scoff at and ridicule the selence of palmistry, but a glance at their hands followed by an interpretation of the lines seen there has invariably turned ridicule into respectful consideration. The indication of a soften death in the late President's hand was exceedingly strong. He 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 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 falled 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 the palmist's predictions has been proved, and are being proved con-tinually 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 be enter to the dining and drawing room without the guests allow."

One of the articles in the municipal laws of Kioto reads:

"Any dealer 'hall be honestly by his trade. O. course, the sold one shall prepare to make up the false package."

A Tokio 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 useful. I am engaged in the dentistry, and I will make for your purpose."

One of the articles in the municipal and towns it is anybody's privilege to consuit 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 medical advice. There are crosses, forks, islands, mounts, bracelets and towns it is anybody's privilege to consuit 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 medical advice. There are crosses, forks, islands, mounts, bracelets and towns it is anybody's privilege to consuit 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 medical advice. There are crosses, for the signs and towns it is anybody's privilege to consuit 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, for the signs and towns it is anybody's privilege to consuit the opinion and be guided by the advice or to a doctor for medical advice. There are crosses, for the signs and towns it is anybody's privilege to consuit the opinion and be guided by the advice or to a doctor for medical advice. There are crosses, for the signs and inserting the provided to the same and to two such as a such as a