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The Coming of Gillian: A Pretty Irish Romance.

"My dear child," she ejaculates, with a low laugh, as of irrepressible amusement, though her face expresses consternation, "you surely did not invite a young man to dine with you without even a chaperon! You surely are jesting, dear!"

"Indeed I am not, Lady Damer," Gillian answers, bravely, though the color is mounting to her temples. "Mr. Archer had most kindly taken the trouble to order dinner here for Miss O'Neil and me, when he discovered that we should be delayed here for a few hours until the line was clear, and he kindly called to see if he could do anything more for us."

"Oh, I see, dear! Oh! I quite understand now," Lady Damer interjects, smiling still, but quite in a different tone. "I quite understand now. One must disregard the conveniences in an extreme case like this, and you did quite right in so gracefully acknowledging your obligation to Mr. Archer, my love! Quite right! Of course, she said, laughing again as irrepressibly at the absurdity of the idea, "it would have been a very different matter if Mr. Archer had been ill-bred enough to imagine you wished him to dine with you!"

present case, since Mr. Archer was the obliged person," repeats Gillian, amused. "Assuredly, my dear," her ladyship says, yawning. "Mr. Archer was simply acting in Mr. Damer's place as it is his duty to do. He is Mr. Damer's agent, and land-steward, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"So you see, I hope, dearest," Lady Damer says, in tones of contemptuous indifference, yawning again, "why I objected to your bringing that worthy but uninteresting person in as a topic of conversation? Besides, so tell you this, my dear, and there is a steady spark of malice and meaning glinting through her ladyship's pale, long eyelashes, "as I cannot but consider that Mr. Archer—worthy and respectable as he is—and the interpolation is gallingly insolent in its contemptuousness on his part, in some degree, and as I know Mr. Damer to be a very proud and exclusive man, sensitively proud, I may say, where the honor of his name is concerned—I really thought, my dear, "this very slowly, with a sort of reluctant smile and the meaning glint through the eyelashes—"I really thought you dear, my dear, would leave me to tell my husband of Mr. Archer's visit, and your sweet gratitude, you dear little innocent!"

"And her ladyship laughs again, the prolonged, low, shrill laugh of intense amusement, and Gillian cringes painfully to the roots of her hair. "Once more she glances at Anne O'Neil, wondering how she can endure to sit there pale and composed, counting her lace and jewels, and Lady Damer's eyes follow Gillian's and detect her sympathetic glance, though Anne O'Neil does not. "She says presently to Gillian, as she says, "I really thought, my dear, and adjusts her voluminous mantle of lace and satin over her high, thin shoulders. "I can quite see," she says, with her little, pitying smile, "that one must guard against over-trustfulness and amiability in your case, my dear child!"

"But somehow," she says, with a little smile, "the cold little smile and the pitying, deprecating accents make the tears of mortification start to Gillian's eyes, and she sits shuddering and ashamed, and more than a little angry with herself, perceiving either one or the other feeling without just cause. "Anne, will you please come with me to the carriage directly," Lady Damer continues. "I think Mr. Damer will order the carriage directly." But they have hardly left the room when Mr. Damer enters, with a rather preoccupied air, which is not altogether due to the scented lozenge which he is sucking—Mr. Damer always carries a supply of these lozenges—when, as he is half-way across the room, he suddenly discovers that Gillian is alone, sitting in a low chair, gazing into the fire. "I didn't know," he says, hurriedly, in an eager undertone, "that it was Mr. Archer who ordered dinner for you, did you? It—it was rather kind of him, wasn't it? Then suddenly and apprehensively swallowing his lozenge as a now unnecessary preventive, "What is the matter, my dear? You have started up in excited annoyance, and he sees the tear-wet flush on her cheeks and the tear-wet eyelashes, and he says, "Nothing—nothing," she says, very sharply, "only that I am a very kind of Mr. Archer to call here on me, and very kind of him to order dinner for me."

lian thinks, wonderingly, "that I should have always imagined Ireland was a gloomy, barren country—all mountains and lakes and bogs and stone fences. Why, it looks just like England, except for those beautiful purple mountains rising up there to the left, and the rather wild patches of blossom and funny little crooked fields shaped anyhow, with heaps of stones and clumps of trees in the middle of them. No, it doesn't look like England after all, it has a beautiful, sea look through all its beauty, bright and smiling here and dark and gloomy there—poor, dear Ireland."

"Years of emotion dim her wistful, dark eyes looking on the neglected beauty—the forlorn loveliness of the ill-starred country. "For she is a sentimental little girl, this luxuriously-reared, petted heiress, with as loving and sympathetic a heart as ever throbbed in a fair young breast; and the landscape she sees for the first time at the beauty of summer's morning, as she gazes out of the open window of her rooms at Mount Oserry is fair enough to fill a stern soul with raptures, and a softening and pleasure. Early in the still, silvery light of dawn and the twilight of the birds in the dewy leaves, the man has suddenly awoke from confused and perplexing dreams of her journey the day before, and the people whom she met at the end of it, after tossing about restlessly, having suddenly the sunlight streams through blinds and curtains and fills the room with brightness, the young lady rises and looks out of the window, without waiting for summons, and she has no maid of her own—the Belgavian dame who has hitherto buttoned Gillian's boots and gloves, and looked after her, is going down to accompany her young mistress to an "out-of-the-way" place in the middle of that awful country where they shoot you, as soon as look at you," i. e., Ireland according to Miss Simms. (To be Continued.)

"Those who have climbed mountain precipices or viewed the surrounding country from the summit of a very high peak, and holding need no reminder of the sensations that overcame them on such occasions. The desire to leap to the earth below has been well nigh irresistible, and after their return to the level of the earth cannot be said to have passed over them. Some what akin to this impulse is that which seems absolutely to possess a dangerous object. In many cases actually have little automatic stores there are little automatic stores provided for taking the tip of the cigar by simply pressing the end into a small round opening about the size of one's finger. It is surprising how many men will poke their fingers deliberately into these cutters, although they are perfectly aware that they will have a piece of the flesh ripped off. Any cigar man who has one of these cutters on his case will tell you stories of such people that will surprise you. There seems to be a strong tendency in the human race to "monkey with the buzz-saw."

"A phase of this subconscious idiosyncrasy—as it might be called for want of a better name—has been developed by the electrician as a mechanical force. Many people have a desire which they hardly can control to touch electric machinery or wires, even when they know that the danger is great. I have known a man who has one of these cutters on his case will tell you stories of such people that will surprise you. There seems to be a strong tendency in the human race to "monkey with the buzz-saw."

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Fleeing the Chosen; How Bishops are Bled. Henry W. Lucy in the "Strand." On his installation the new Bishop of London had his experience enlarged in the field of fees. It is a high honor to be selected for a seat on the Episcopal Bench. The honor bestowed, it seems the most natural thing in the world to take the seat and there an end on't. But that is only the beginning of it. As everyone knows, whilst the gift of a Bishopric rests with the Prime Minister, the nominee is elected by the Bench of Bishops. Virtually by command of the Sovereign, the Crown Office issues a conge d'elire. This means money, which has to come out of the Bishop's pocket. The warrant costs £10; the certificate, £16 10s.; letters patent, £30; the docket, 2s. The Episcopal Bench, having duly elected the nominee of the Prime Minister, return the name to the Crown Office and the Royal Assent is signified. This involves duplication of the charges, with the difference that the cost of the certificate is increased by 10s. to make it even money.

Next follows a process known as restitution of temporalities. In pursuance of his duty the new Bishop is fined £10 for the warrant, £31 10s. 6d. for the certificate, £30 for letters patent, and the inevitable 2s. for the docket, a hardship only partly alleviated by spelling the word with a "q" and a "u." These sums disbursed, the new Bishop reasonably thinks he may retire to his palace, if the See provides one. The Crown Office next steps on the scene and demands Exchequer fees. The conge d'elire, already handsomely paid for, means another £7 13s. 6d. Equal sums are demanded for letters recommending, Royal assent, and restitution of temporalities. The oath of homage is thrown in for 16 6s. 6d., which the Bishop's knowledge of the Bishop will remind him is the number of the Bench. Next comes the Board of Green Cloth demanding £15 10s. 2d. (which was Mr. Mantalini's word about the copperplate), being home fees to be distributed among the heralds and the Earl Marshal.

On the Bishop taking his seat in the House of Lords, gentlemen in the Lord Great Chamberlain's Office job £5. The Cathedral bellingers get £10 10s. for jubilation on the ceremony of enthronisation, the choir being paid £9 17s. 4d. On the same happy occasion the Precursor draws £10 10s. and the chapter clerk £9 14s. 8d., this last in addition to £21 6s. 8d., his fees on the Bishop's election. The Archbishop's officers are sent backward in coming forward to congratulate the new Bishop. The Secretary bringing the Archbishop's flat for confirmation collars £17 10s. The Vice-Chancellor draws fees on confirmation amounting to £31 0s. 10d., with £10 5s. to spend on the church where the ceremony takes place. "Five guineas go to the Deputy-Registrar as fees on mandata, and induction, the customary fee to the Bishop's secretaries payable on such occasion being £36 5s. The clerk at the Crown Office is fain to be satisfied with a humble gratuity of half a guinea, less than you would tip your boy at Eton or Harrow. But this meanness is only apparent. He pockets two guineas for what he calls petty expenses, and when the Bishop takes his seat in the House of Lords he claims no less than £11.

The total amount of fees payable on entering a bishopric, made up of these quaint details, is £425 19s. 2d. Curates for whom the Episcopal Bench is on the distant, peradventure unapproachable, horizon will recognize, with secret pleasure, that the high estate has its drawbacks. In parish areas there is a well-known story of a gifted clerk on the occasion of the visit of the Bishop giving out a paraphrased version of the hymn: "I skip ye so, ye little hills, and why skip ye so, ye little hills, and why skip ye so, ye little hills? It is because you're glad to see His Grace the Lord Bishop?" That is questionable. There can be no doubt skipping and hopping figuratively, of course, go on at the Crown Office, the Home Office, the Office of the Lord Great Chamberlain, in the Archbishop's offices, in the precincts of the Dean and Chapter, and eke at the Board of Green Cloth, when a new Bishop is nominated. The exercise is more vigorous when an Archbishop comes to the throne, since in his case the fees are doubled.

Man, Poor Man. He cannot put a puff round his elbow when his sleeves wear through. His friends would smile if he disguised a pair of frayed trousers with graceful little shingle flounces. The poor thing must have every other day, or twice an Anichist. He has to content himself with sombre colorings, or be accused of disturbing the peace. He may not wear garters or ribbons in his hair, no matter how bald he may become. The feathers in his cap are as nothing from a decorative standpoint. He can't edge his coat sleeve with a fall of lace to hide a scoured or matted hair. The next day a pink veil is out of the question, no matter how muddy his complexion may become. As for covering up a stain made by a careless waiter with a job-not!

IMPELLED TO SEEK DEATH

"This is your doing!" her ladyship has said, pallid with rage, all but the pink stain on each cheek. "I can't tell you how I feel, Anne O'Neil, and you are a treacherous, ungrateful creature! You connived at this meeting between Gillian Deane and George Archer simply because you had discovered what my real wishes were, and that I intended they should meet except by accident."

"They met by accident, Lady Damer," Anne replies, bravely. "I deny it," her ladyship retorts, with scornful promptitude. "There could not have been an accident of the kind unless you permitted it. You connived, I repeat, at this escapade. I can't tell you how I feel, Anne O'Neil, and you are a treacherous, ungrateful creature! You connived at this meeting between Gillian Deane and George Archer simply because you had discovered what my real wishes were, and that I intended they should meet except by accident."

"I wish you would give yourself the trouble of disbelieving me, Lady Damer," she urges, in a lower, humbler tone. "I assure you again, I know nothing of George Archer's intentions until he was announced by the waiter."

"I have the right to ridicule you as a fool, and a romantic, ungraciously, if you would have seriously compromised yourself only for my common sense!" Lady Damer answers, deliberately, watching the effect of each word she utters, and enjoying it. "As long as I have those letters of yours, and as long as I recollect a certain scene on a certain evening, last December twelvemonth," her ladyship says, with the cruellest of little malicious laughs, whilst her cold gray eyes are bright and angry, "I will never forgive you, Anne, 'tis't that I think I must regard your prudence and discretion with doubts and suspicion."

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