Give your gentleman friends good tea. It is unnecessary to go to ladia for a Mon-soon. Lead packets. All grocers.

************************************* The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

CHAPTER IV.

™Ah, then, George, you never mean to say it's you!" Mr. Damer exclaims, with a gasp of astonishment, his a broad Irish accent becoming three degrees more intensified as he stares at the young man smiling at him

across the room.
George ends his dubiousness by rising and crossing over to him, and Mr. Damer Telleves his mingled feelings by a sounding stap of his hand on the coffee-room table.
"Ge rge, you're never, surely! Eh?"

"Ge rge, you're never, surely! Eh?" he demands, eagerly, his speech quite disj inted by excitement and delight, as his floridly handsome, Celtic face grows redder, and his blue eyes glitter, and his sound white teeth all gleam in anticipation.

"Eh?" he mutters, in undertones, his broad chest beginning to expand and swell with silent laughter. "Eh. Goorge, my how you clear

expind and swell with silent laugh-ter. "Fh, George, my boy, you clever dog! You're a sharp customer." But George Archer's wide, fair brow darkens in an embarrass of frown at this commendation, and he draws away a little from the grasp of the elder man's hand which is on his arm.

but—wait, sir. I must tell

"Yes, but—wait, sir. I must tell you." he interposes, hurriedly.
"Have you seen her? That's all I want to know," Mr. Damer interrupts, his brow fairly puck red with lau, hter, his eys shining, his large, humorous. Irish mouth fairly open-

morous, rish mouth fairly opening in eager delight.

"One word, my boy—one word.

Have ye seen her?" he reiterates.

"I hawe," George says, laughing vexedly; "and I want to tell you,

But Mr. Damer hears nothing, or will hear nothing of any attempted explanation. He slaps to orge's arm much as he had slapped the table. If ngs himself back in his chair and goes into a suppressed roar of laughter.

Ye needn't tell me another syllable" he exclaims, when he can get his breath. "Ha! ha! ha! My lady and her alde-de-camp done as clean as a whistle. Holy Moses! won't she lead me a dog's life of it if she finds it out!" he adds, with a Judicrously-sudien change to alarm and dismay in his face and voice

"There is nothing to find out, sir," he says, decisively. "Her ladyship can blame me if she likes for daring to intrude on her visitor. You knew no-thing of my intention of coming to Ballyford. Mr. Damer. You can tell her ladyship that a noath if need be," he adds, searnfully. "And my having called on Miss Deane just means this

through your hands?"

"I can't let her slip through my hands when she is not in them," George protests, reddening; "and as far als I am concerned, sir, she never shall be I".

"I have told you all I can tell you about your father and mother, and—and I think you might stop talking as you do about them."

His last words were hardly audible, and he drinks off half the tumbler You don't mean it! After all!"

often have suints—queer enough, fruth! But they do. What is it, George You couldn't take her at any price, ch? You're good-looking enough, yourself, my lad, for both," he says, coaxingly, with a renewed glimmer of hope in his eyes, as he bends, with his hands on his knees, staring across at George eagerly; "and those pianhooking girls often make the best of wives; they do, indeed, George.

"On your soul, don't you speak a word against your mother!" the elder man says, almost furiously in his fierce, suppressed excitement, brighing his clinched hand down on the table. "Your mother is an angel in heaven, boy! Never mind your poor wretch of a father; you'll never be troubled with him either in this world!"

"Well, my mother being an angel, is the best part of my ancestry, I often have suints-queer enough, trutn! But they do. What is it,

mess as they gaze at the handsome young face opposite.

"You are very fattering, sir,"
George Archer an wers rather coldingly, and smiling rather bitterly.

"Fortunately I have not such an oversy sening opinion of myself as oversy sening opinion of myself as

you," George says, determinedly; "I am going now. I have to see a man at Quin's Hotel at six o'clock."
"You're not going to cut off like a leprehaun, when I want you to sit and talk to me for a minute or two—so you needn't think it!" Mr. Damer says, so sharply and obsti-nately that George thinks Lady Damer's sneering advice has not been altogether unneeded, an i rather regrets the tumbler of hot whiskey regrets the tumbler of hot whiskey and water—it is evidently not the first mild stimulant of which Mr. Damer had partaken this afternoon. "What have you got such a low opinion of yourself for, that you're afraid to make up to a chit of a girl—a London tradesman's daughter, and a daughter of my own second cousin, poor Carrie Morton, to hoot? Eh, George?" he demands, the changeful Celtic face now lowering and full of gloom.
"Because I couldn't 'make up' to an innocent girl like that, and tell her lies!" George says curtly. "I couldn't begin dancing attendance

her lies!" George says curtly. "I couldn't begin dancing attendance on her, and talking soft nothings to her, and trying to befool her into the idea I was in love with her, when don't care two straws for her! couldn't swear and vow all the things that girls expect to hear unless I perjured myself, and I couldn't marry her for the money-bags—no, nor any woman, any more than I could turn informer!" There is no an wer to George's rather excitedly-uttered assertion. rather excitedly-uttered assertion, and a l'ttle surprised, he look; a ross the table keenly at Mr. Damer, who sits with one hand covering his eyes whilst he stirs the disk of lemon in his tumbler of punch round and round, in a sow, absent fashion.

tone.
"I said she was very pretty!" "I said she was very pretty:
George retorts, swith a slight
laugh, "and better than pretty, I
think she is good."
"And you couldn't make up your
mind to like her well enough to marry

her?" Mr. Damer persists, in the same low voice and dull manner.

same low voice and dull manner.
"My dear sir, I am not an ass, even
if I have ears!" George says, impatiently and sharply. "Who am I,
what am I, that I should marry a
pretty heiress, a girl who will have ndicrously-sudien change to alarm and dismay in his face and voice, Georg Archer hughs a little again a spite of himself.

"There is nothing to find out, sir," he says, decisively. "Her ladyship can blame me if she likes for daring to intrude on her visitor. You knew nothing of my intention of coming to Ballyford, Mr. Damer. You can tell her ladyship that an oath if med be," she adds scornfully. "And my having the ladyship that an oath if med be," she adds scornfully. "And my having the ladyship that an oath if med be," she adds scornfully. "And my having the ladyship that an oath if med be," and the same in Tipperary after her the best men in Tipperary after her the best men in Tipperary after her the best men in Tipperary after her adds, more sharply, with a flash of his eyes like a gleam of blue steel. "I am nobody, and the son of nobody," the young fellow mutters, his handshe and the same in tipperary after her adds, more sharply, with a flash of his eyes like a gleam of blue steel. "I am nobody, and the son of nobody," the young fellow mutters, his handshe and the best men in Tipperary after her adds, more sharply, with a flash of his eyes like a gleam of blue steel. "I am nobody, and the son of nobody," the young fellow mutters, his hand-sharply and the son of the properties of the best men in Tipperary after her adds, more sharply, with a flash of handshappen and the best men in Tipperary after her adds, more sharply, with a flash of hands and the best men in Tipperary after her adds, more sharply, with a flash of hands and the best men in Tipperary after her adds, more sharply, with a flash of hands and the best men in Tipperary after her adds, more sharply, with a flash of hands and the best men in Tipperary after her adds, more sharply, with a flash of hands and the best men in Tipperary after her adds, more sharply, with a flash of hands and the best men in Tipperary after her adds, more sharply, with a flash of hands and dark with resentful anger, and bit-ter lines coming on his fair, wide brow, and around his kindly lips. "I've

of punch at a draught.
"Yes; I know from what you have

Mr. Damer says incredulously, in tones of utter despondency.
"What's the objection, George—plain-looking? Of course, these rich girls always are! Too much, ch? A squint maybe! These big fortunes the son of a miserable father and a miserable mother—" miserable mother-

looking girls often make the best of wives; they do indeed, George. They're quit and contented, you see, when the ir has ar n't turned with wanisy, and they adore a handsome, good-natured husband."

George shakes his head with a sarcastic smile.

"You were never more out in your life in a guess, sir," he says, and his elear, sunburst skin, and his blue eyes smile as well as his lips, and his voice smile as well as his lips, and his lips and his lips

sunburst skin. and his blue eyes smile as well as his lips, and his voice grows softer. 'She is a pretty little girl, a perfect little lady, with a sweet, kind manner and a gentle volce,' he says, with suppressed earnestness, 'and—she is a hundred times too good for me, sir.''

"Throth she's not," Mr. Damer retorts curtly and dermin dly, with vehement "broque." as is his wont when excited, much to the contempt and displeasure of his wife; Lady Jeannett hearing nothing but 'vulgarity' in Irishisms. "No, George, Not if she were a countess in her own right I shoulded think her too good for you."

And his forid face pales as he speaks, and its humorous, shrewd expression fades, and the bright blue eyes are strangely dim with earnestness as they gaze at the handsome young face opposite.

"You are viry fattering, sir."

**Fortunately I have not such an overwhening opinion of myself as that. In fact I have a particularly low opinion of myself this minute."

"What for?" Mr. Damer asks gruff-while Mr. Pamer thiretly drinks the

ne who dismisses a painful and use

"Are you going, George," Mr. Da-mer says, looking up, but not en-leavoring to delay him now. "I'll see deavoring to delay him now. "I'll see you to morrow, I suppose. And, George, there will be dinner partles and so forth at Mount Ossory now, while Miss Deane is with us, and if my lady is civil to you and invites you, you'll come, won't you?" "She won't invite me, sir," George says, briefly, but smiling; "and if she dld, I really don't care about accepting. Her ladyship's civility and hospitality are too overpowering."

ing."
An ugly sounding word comes from under Mr. Damer's grizzled beard.
"And you might turn the tables on her and her fop of a nephew, and you might get what they are striving for, and snap your fingers at them forever after and—you won't!" he says, in interjections of disappoint ment

won't!" he says, in interjections of disappointment.

"No, sir, I won't!" George says, with an emphatic nod. "I am too proud. I won't be looked down on by the girl I tharry!"

"Hang it, man!" Mr. Damer says, angrily, but the sparkle of humor coming back to the bright blue eyes, which are gazing up at the young man's goodly height and shapely, muscular limbs, "she couldn't 'look down' on you unless she stood on a table! You're six feet in your socks, and you're handsome emough to set any girl's heart ablaze. Bet you a five-pound note, George, that the little helress falls in love with you—come!"

five-pound note, George, that the little heiress falls in love with you—come!"

"I won't make any bets about her," George says, shortly. "And I am sorry I made a fool of myself to talk about her as I did to you, and to Bingham, too. And I am sorry I made an additional fool of myself to come here to day just for the fun of outwitting Bingham and her ladyship. It all came into my head in a minute after I had been talking to you about her yesterday evening," George says, twirling his hat about, "and I thought it was the best joke possible to start off here this afternoon and introduce myself to her, to spite Lady Jeannette, an't have the start of Bingham. And then, when I intruded myself on her, and the poor innocent little girl received me so sweetly and courteously, and thanked me' so gratefully. I tell you I never felt more a hamed of myself. I felt I had done a mean and ungentlemanly thing, sir," he says, gravely, but holding his well-shaped head high on the big, solid neck and broad, square shoulders; "for if Lady Damer had been there to protect her young guest, I should not have been allowed the interview I schemed for."

"That's mighty likely," Mr. Damer rejoins, dryly, with intense expression. "But how do you know Lady Damer's young guest objeted to the interview?"

"She didn't object at all, poor lit-

nterview "You said she was rather good-looking?" he questions, in a low

as gracious as if I had been the earl of the earldom."

"Well, I can't see how the mean and ungentlemently conduct came in," objects Mr. Damer, rather sareastically.

"Because I had no business to assuch." George says decidedly, and I had no business to try to distance Bingham or make any impression on Miss Deane's mind In my favor. for Bingham means to marry her. Bingham would do anything, or give up anything in exchange for money, I believe."

George adds, scornfully., "I never met such a fellow, though he isn't bad in other ways. But he means to marry Miss Deane and her money, ordered with a savoir faire and prevent her ladyship from betraying her sudden discomposure, and some fiercer feeling as well, that some fiercer feeling as well, th some face downcast, his sunny eyes dark with resentful anger, and bitplease to hear me out, sir—that I will never intrude on her again, or attempt any interference with Lady Damer, nor Bingham Lacy, nor Miss Deane in any way."

"You won't—what?" Mr. Damer repeats, slowly, his face almost aghast now, with disappointment and surprise. "You don't mean to say, George, that you'll let her slip through your hants?"

"I can't let her slip through my hands when she is not in them?"

"And Bingham Can!" Mr. Damer interrupts. "And Bingham Lacy, with his captain's pay and Lady Jeannotte's a'lowance to help to pay for his kid gloves, he can aspire to follow our so as often as I've hairs on my head," Mr. Damer interrupts, in the meanst to some face downcast, his sunny eyes bad in other ways. But he means to marry Miss Deane and her money, and as I cannot marry her—"

"And Bingham Can!" Mr. Damer interrupts. "Bingham Lacy, with his captain's pay and Lady Jeannotte's a'lowance to help to pay for his kid gloves, he can aspire to follow our so as often as I've hairs on my head," Mr. Damer interrupts, in this worldly goods, the penniless like worldly goods, the penniless of planter!" George says, rather savagely. "I won't then, if that's plainer!" George says, rather savagely. "I won't have a rich wife buy me and keep me a pensioner."

buy me and keep me a pensioner on her money!"
"Not if she were breaking her "Not if she were breaking her heart about you, and begged you on her knees to take a hundred thousand pounds along with herse.f!" questioned Mr. Damer, sneeringly. "You oughtn't to talk like a food!"

a foot!"

"I'd sooner be a foot than a knave,"
George retorts grimly. "And when
the young lady is 'breaking her
heart' for me, I'll marry her."

"Is that a bargain, George?" Mr.
Damer demands, excitedly, jumping
up and sci.ling his right hand eagerly.
"If the little girl falls in love with
you, will you marry her, and please you, will you marry her, and please

me?"
"I promise you, sir," George answers, very sardonically, "that if Miss Deane prefers me to every other man in the world, and tells me so plainly and unmistakably, in words and deeds, I will marry her and please you." words and deeds, I will marry ner and please you."

And in spite of being rather ruf-fled in temper, he cannot avoid laughing as Mr. Damer seizes both his hands in the vice-lke grip of his own, and shakes them vehem-

That's my boy-that's my boy!" he says, his tones unsteady with glad excitement. But George's smile fades, because,

But George's smile fades, because, somehow, of that same glad, fatherly pressure of the hands clasped on his—because of the fatherly grateful pleasure shining out of the bine eyes that gain on him lovingly and admiringly.

And a strange, slight thrill of suspicion—faint and swift as a gleam of summer lightning—passes over him as he draws his hand away.

over him as he draws his hand away.

"I must go now, sir," he says, putting on his hat, "and Lady Jeannette will wonder what is keeping you. It is just 6 o'clock."

"Ay. I know," Mr. Damer answers, vaguely.

"Well,—you're going. George?"

"I always keep my promises, sir," the young man answers coldy. "Goodthe young man answers coldly. "Good-

bye, sir."
"Good-bye, my boy, Good luck, and heaven bless you!" Mr. Damer says, earnestly,
"Heaven bless you, sir!" George says, softening a little at the fervent

Whit for?" Mr. Damer asks grulf"Here's my glass of punch at rest of his punch and George moodily of the does not glance back as he rest of his punch and George moodily leaves the room and hurries out of draws lines on the table sloth with leaves the room and hurries out of the louse, glad to quit the precincts of the Imperial Hotel, so he does not

ee-does not imagine-the sight of

AND THE POPULATION OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

see—does not imagine—the sight of
the gray head bowed despondently on
both those strong, trembling hands;
does not hear the muttered words
that end in a groan.

"Ay, while I m Harry Damer—your
friend and employer—you'll say that."
he whispers. "But not if you knew
the truth, George! No, no, you'd
curse me then! ay, you would—you
would! So, you'll never know, till
you see me on my dying bed, or maybe
stretched in my coffin. You wouldn't
have the heart to curse me then, my
boy!"

CHAPTER V.

But upstairs, by this time, poor little timid Gillian has found a friend, But upstairs, by this time, poor little timid Gillian has found a friend, a protectress—nay, a mother, as it seems—in Lady Jearnette Damer; as that stately and highly-bred dame bestows on the gentle, unassuming girl the gracious tenderness of—let us say—a royal relative.

She condescends toward her—Gillian feels that gratefully, though she is rather embarrassed and troubled by the sweet amiability of the earl's daughter, who opens—her maternal arms, both figuratively and actually, to the rich London tradesman's daughter. She quite takes possession of Gillian in the most delightfully gracious manner.

"You quite belong to us now, love," Lady Damer says, as her fine, light-gray eyes—coid and brillian, and her long, sinewy white hand rests on the girl's warm, soft arm. "I look upon you quite as my dear little daughter, as well as my cousin," she continues — ignor.ng the fact that Gillian is not ber cousin," she continues — ignoring the fact that Gillian is not her cousin at all—"and I hope you will like your Just home

the fact that Gillian is not her cousin at all—"and I hope you will like your Irish home so well that you will never care to leave it again"; and her ladyship's clear, sharp-toned laugh veils a little the significance of her words.

Captain Lacy has, of course, been introduced in the very first minute of meeting.

"Here is another sort of a cousin, Gillian, dearest!" her ladyship says gayly. "My nephew, Captain Bingham Lacy—Miss Deane."

And Gillian, prepared to shrink from the man whom her vivid girlish fancy had conjured up as a later edition! of Barry Lyndon," the suave adventurer, with a winning tongue and polished manners, is most agreeably surprised to see that though Capt. Lacy is a very handsome, refined looking young man, very fashionabla in drass and elegant in hear. fined looking young man, very fash-lonable in dress and elegant in bear ionable in dress and elegant in bearing, he is yet so thoroughly gentlemanly in his quiet, reserved manners, with a frank smile, and a pleasant low voice, that the suspicious dislike which had been gathering in her heart against him discrept in him discr ering in her heart against him dissipates by degrees. It dissipates altogether a few minutes later.

"I have just had the pleasure of receiving another welcome to Ireland? Cillians another welcome to Ireland?

interview?"

'She didn't object at all, poor little soul." Georgo says, smiling once more. "Though Anne O'N. il told her I was your agent—and I suppose a London girl thinks that is the same as a balliff or a hangman—she was as graceous as if I had been the earl of the earldom."

'Well in the pleasure of receiving another welcome to Ireland," Glillan says, smiling and steadfast, looking from Lady Damer to called to see me."

But neither smoothest hypecrisy nor the most perfect savoir faire can prevent her ladyship from betray-

Tuckeed," she says, her long, nargow, white teeth all gleaming in that cold, flerce smile, and her sharp, clear voice in a sharper, higher key.

"Mr. Archer—the agent! How very obliging of him! He thought we should be so anxious to have news of you. He really is a most obliging an iprinstaking person," her ladysh p says, with a frigid little giggle. "I am afraid I don't appreciate the poor young man as I ought."

"I don't think you do," Captain Lacy answers, briefly and coldly, looking down as he speaks. "Archer is a very good fellow, and a very nice fellow. I hope you think so, Miss Deane?" he adds, suddenly, addressing her with a smile.

A slight wave of shy color tinges the soit, illy-pale face, on which the evening light falls clearly, and Captain Lacy's smile grows rather malicious.

But still it is an honest balf.

clous.

But still it is an honest, half amused, half-vexed maliciousness the tames of the bandscape. looks at Gillian out of the handsome hazel eyes, and she smiles a little.

while the shy blush deepens. "Yes, I thought him very pleasant and very kind," she says, timidly but clearly.
"So he is!" Bingham Lacy answers.

"one of the best fellows in Ireland."
"Indeed!" Miss Deane says, rather coldiy. But Captain Lacy's keen eyes de

But Captain Lacy's keen eyes detect that there is an assumed coldness, detect the glow that darkens the hue of her dark eyes, and the softening of her proad, little mouth, as she giances swiftly at Anne O'Neil, sitting on a distant sofa, whither she had retired apart from her employer and her friends, as befits an humble "companion." 'companion."
"This must please her to hear him

"This must please her to hear him so well spoken of," the simple-hearted little girl thinks in her eager sympathy, vainly seeking a responsive look upon Anne O'Nell's impassive face, with her eyes fixed on the elaborate pattern of a piece of delicate lace, which she is crocheting with wonderful descrity.

lace, which she is crocheting with wonderful dexerity.

And Captain Lacy, detecting that questioning look and sympathetic smile, swift as they are, pushes back his chair and draws a long breath, as a man does who suddenly perceives a fact.

"Innings-already!" are the two words he utters mentally, as he draws his long, fair moustache through his fingers, slowly and closely, as men who have handsome mous-taches and handsome hands are apt

to do, in deep perplexity.

But her ladyship Jeannette Damer
-though her gold-rimmed glasses are
daintily astrade of her high-boned, haughty nose—does not perceive anything beyond the fact that a contretemps has occurred, that there may be danger ahead, but that, eventually there must be success.

"Well, I know you are always enthusiactic about poor tables. There

thusiastic about poor Archer, Bingham, dear," she says, airily and carelessly. "And as you choose to make a friend of him, I am sure I don't object. It was most obliging of him, certainly, to call on Miss Deane. He is Mr. Damer's make a friend of him, I am suppose you know, Gillian, dear ?" she continues in the same airy, careless manner, as one discusses an uninteresting subject out of pure amiability. "Now, have you any idea what an agent is love? I suppose not," she says, smling very sweetly and arching her delicate, agend agent arching her delicate, arcrow eychrows very wittiy.

"An agent o flects reats and man-ages landed property. I thought." Sit Lorks Star.

Athletic Religion Needed.

Religion in Great Britain appears to be taking a practical turn, at least the part of the Santa Rosa wizard were required to perfect this latest many expounders of the word, seem to be a cross between a plum and a prune. This discovery will ereate a sense-the was not a good cricket player. Though unexceptional in all other respects, he had to go, as his vicar was firm in the belief that "what an agent is love? I suppose not," she says, smling very sweetly and arching her delicate, arcrow eychrows very wittiy.

"An agent o flects reats and man-agent is love? I thought." Sit Lorks Star.

Gillian says, sedately, but meeting

Gillian says, sedately, but meeting her ladyship's piereing bright eyes without finiching.

"Quite right, denr," she says, in a gratified tone. "He is not a baillif—or a low person of that class, you know," this deprecatingly, as though Gillian had suggested it. "An agent is sometimes quite a gentleman, and a man of good family. Now, Lord Dunboyne's agent is a retired army major and associates with the best people and associates with the best people in the county. But then, Lord Dun-boyne has a great deal of property, and his agency is something quite valuable."

Lady Damer has not, it is true, ac-tually uttered a syllable to this eftually uttered a syllable to this effect, but the impression she has tried to convey as plainly as words can speak is, that Mr. Damer's agent is a worthy young man of low origin; a young man from whom her natural class prejudices recoil as from a valear plebelan person, whom she regards in the light of a menial, though her natural consequences. her nephew's masculine generosity chooses to elect him to the place of a

ner nephew's masculine generosity chooses to elect him to the place of a friend.

And in that speech Lady Damer makes her first false move, as she acknowledges herself in angry despair in after days. She commits the error that hard, narrow natures commit when they attempt to measure others by a standard of their own making. She thinks that the shy, gentle girl, with the innocent, fawn like eyes, is absolutely without worldly discernment.

She thinks that Gillian Deane, fresh from the seclusion of a quiet luxurious home, is utterly ignorant of the world, and that her mind is a "Virgin in page, white and unwrit-

Virgin in page, white and unwrit-ten still."

ten still."
whereon, if it please her, Lady Damer can inscribe headlines of daily copies for her pupil's obedient imitation.
Perhaps it is because of worldly ignorance; perhaps it is from sweet sympathy with poor Anne O'Neil and her handsome lover; perhaps it is from instinctive perception of Lady Jeannette Damer, as she is; perhaps it is for some occult, womanly reason deeper than all, but Gillian seems to agree with her ladyship with a pleased smile at once.

"Yes, Oh, yes," she says calmly; "I knew, of course, that Mr. Archer was a gentleman. He stayed to

was a gentleman. He stayed to tea with us, but he would not stay to dinner, though we asked him." Captain Lacy Starts involuntarily, and white his resition. All the and shifts his position a little. Anne D'Nell pauses two or three seconds with her cobweb thread and flying crochet work in her fingers: ady Damer determines now speak plainly, even if the time be far from ripe.

(To be continued.)

A AMARAN MANAGAMANA **SCOTTISH** REGIMENTS.

Commence and the same The band of the Highland Light Infantry, which performs in the pageantry at the Royal Military Tournament, seems a puzzle to Cock-The regiment itself wears trews, and the shake with diced border, but the band wears the trews and feather bonnet with red hackle. The feather bonnet and red hackle is supposed to be the pecular privilege of the Black Watch. So it is, as far as the rank and file are concerned, but not for the band. It may interest civilian readers to learn some of the civilian readers to learn some of the peculiarities of the Scottish regiments. There are seven Highland regiments—the Black Watch, Highland Infantry, Seaforth Highlanders, Gordon Highlanders, Cameron High landers, and the Argyll and Suther-land Highlanders. All, except the and Highlanders. All, except the Highland Light Infantry, wear the kit and feather bonnet. The facings of the Black Watch are blue, the hackle red, their tartan black, green and blue, and hose red and black, green and blue, and hose red and black. The Seaforths have buff facings, the hackie white, the tartan Mackenile, and the hose red, yellow and white. The Gordons have yellow facings, white hack, except in the band, Gordon tartan and red and black hose. The Camerons have blue facings, white hack, e. Cameron-Erracht tarwhite hack.e, Cameron-Erracht tar-tan, and red and black hose. The Ar-gyll and Sutherland lads have yellow facings, white he ke, Sutherland tar-tan, and red, white and yellow hose. The Lowland regiments are the Royal Scots, Royal Scots Fueillers, and King's Own Scottish Podewers. and King's Own Scottish Borderers, all of which wear trews and helmet, except the Royal Scots Fusiliers, which have busbies. The Cameronians or Scottish liftes wear trews, rifle green tunies and a shako. There is only one Scattish cavalry regiment
—but it has renown enough for half
a dozen—the Scots Greys, the only
regiment which wenrs the Grenadler pearskin cap.-Scottish American.

Tips for All.

Spilled milk is awkward, but weeping about it is folly.

Debts and diamonds antagonize the one owed and those others who

know.
Superstition is not "high breed-

Superstition is not "high breeding," but it is almost unversal.
Honesty, truth and virtue are only agreeable in the sign language; that is to say, act, don't talk them.

Music soothes, but "practice" with open windows makes people savage. It's all right for a girl to love her dog, but it's all wrong for her to expect others to do the same.

Smiles are the soul's kisses; and this is not to suggest that giggling is holy.

is holy.

Men loath gush and love tactful appreciation.
Wise women wear their hearts under their bodices, not upon their sleeves.

sleeves.
The pessimist is dead—long live the optimist!
A microscope for our own blemishes will teach us to minimize those of our neighbors. those of our neighbors.

To boast is to put a placard on one's self, as, to wit, "Nobody."

Each superlative used after a good description weakens both book and

Athletic Religion Needed.

FRAGRANT

Teeth and Mouth

New Size SOZODONT LIQUID, 25c SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER, 25c Large LiQUID and POWDER, 75c At all Stores, or by Mail for the pr HALL & RUCKEL, MONTREAL

QUEER FUNERAL GEREMONY

Over "The Boss of Tokio," Recently Murdered.

MAROUIS ITO'S QUEER ADDRESS.

The funeral of the "Boss of Tekio," Mr. Hoshi Toru, which took place yesterday morning, furnished a picturesque conclusion to his strangely interesting career. No one who witnessed the shent grief manifested by the crowds of people that ince the streets could doubt that a great power had passed away out of the dife of the nation. From early meaning the streets of Akasaka, where Mr. Hoshi lived, were thronged with dense masses of people waiting patiently to make their obeisance as the body passed. On every street corraised upon bamboo poles inserticed with characters which read "This is the way to where the obsequies of interesting career. No one who wit-

with characters which read "This is the way to where the obsequies of Mr. Hoshi will be hald."

Early in the morning, in the presence of only relatives and friends, the Abost of the Homonii Tempse, surrounded by a score of priests in their beautiful white sik robes and green and purple sushes, chanted the Buddhist scriptures over the remains encased in a coffin of write, unpulated hincki wood. About the biar the functional lamps were burning fed with the eral lamps were burning, led what the incense that was thrown to the flames by the mourners as they came and went. When the last verse of the Buddhist canticle died away the procession transfer of the control of the state of t Buddhist canticle died away the pro-cession started for the Sh.bu Temple. Here, inside the temple that was craped with the white funeral flags, the Eastern panopy of woe, there must have been assembled some tive or six thousand Japanese gentlemen in high hats and frock coats, from the share of whose but as expedience. the shape of whose hats, as well as the prevalence or lack of moth holes in their long black garments, you could make a shrewd guess as to when and in what country of the Western world each individual of the multitude had made his sculles. Outwhich admittance could only be secured by card, the hambler mourners were as innumerable as the sands of the seashers. As the cortege left the house in Akasaka it was compassed of simply the family and a few friends.

simply the family and a few friends. It grew with every street, and when the coffin reached the temple the end of the procession was yet several miles away.

Arriving at the temple, the coffin was carried up to the shrine through a lane of waiting mourners, preceded by the lotus flowers, the white lanterns and a file of Buddhust musicians blowing softly away upon the ancient sho, or reed plues, filling the air with a cry of lamentation that was horribly humas. Direcently behind the bier walked the tion that was horribly human. Direcently behind the hier walked the adopted son of Mr. Hoshi, bearing him a white ancestral tablet, upon which was inscribed the soul name of his father. Then came the willow and the daughter, unveiled and clothed from head to foot in white silk, with drawn faces, whiter even than the garments that they wore.

After the notables and the officials who followed came a cohert of Mr.

After the notables and the officials who followed, came a cohert of Mr. Hoshi's immediate "heelers." A body of about five hundred soshi, all wearing upon their tunics the Hoshi crost, and the straw sandals and leggins, and hats of straw pulled well down over their features, as the retainers of old in the feudal days walked behind their load. hind their lord. Marquis ito's Address to the De d.

When the cof.in was placed within the shrine and the fires fed with incense leaped up in the air Marquis Ito stepped forward, and, as is the curious eastern custom, and as is the following eulogy, not to the intening mourners, but to the deaf east of the dead:

It is regrettable, Mr. Hoshi Torn that you were stabbed to dath in Tokio City Council on the 21st insta You had devoted yourself to the intou had devoted yours. If to the interests of your country and you were courageous enough to carry out your ideas. You any discharged your duty to the Selu-Kai, and everyone was pleased to serve under you, and your merit was indeed very great. Your unfortunate death causes retained to only to the Sear You but to gret not only to the Sear-Kai, but to the nation at large. In att n ing your obsequies. I tender you my sineers

obseques, a tenuer you my condolence."

Then the late Premier, with an emotion while his strange formal words do not betray, threw inconse upon the funeral urns and walked away. The number of those who wished to do honor to the deceased was an oreat that not until eight was so great that not until eight hours later could the body be removed to the cemetery. For eight hours mourners passed b fore and made obeisance to the dead leaden. His immediate followers have made camp fires in the cemetery and there they will watch by the grave for 30 days.

A Pitless Prune Produced.

Adding to his already long list of horticultural trium; ks. Luther Burbank, of Santa Rosa, has produced a prune without a pit. Years of experiment, years of hard, patient work on the part of the Santa Rosa wizard