

MONSIEUR

ADVICE TO A YOUNG HUSBAND...

Don't start out by giving your wife advice, but bring her home a packet of MONSIEUR CEYLON TEA.

The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

"I think she is a mild-mannered, quiet little girl, who will let me go my way in life, and not bother me."

"My dearest boy," Lady Damer says to him, "I think I shall have peace with her, on that is something to be thankful for."

"The memory of somebody else," interrupts Captain Lacy shortly, "I know all about it, Aunt Jeannette. Gillian loved that somebody else with all the love of her heart, and that somebody else treated her coolly and cruelly, and half broke her heart by way of recompensing her love, and she and I can afford to pity each other. That is all."

"So after this, Lady Damer forbears to expatiate to 'the lovers,' as she calls them, on the bliss that awaits them in wedlock."

"But in spite of her ladyship, and the tour to the lakes and through the Highlands, things drag, as it were, and those bright visions of the future sometimes assume very mirage-like qualities to the startled eyes."

"So, as soon as Mr. Deane's letter arrives, containing a pompous but cautiously worded consent to an engagement between Captain Lacy and his daughter, Lady Damer resolves to expedite matters."

"The man has some bourgeois notions about a long engagement, I dare say," she says decisively, "but that is all nonsense, Bingham, and must not be permitted for a moment."

"He says he is returning immediately after New Year," Lacy says, raising his eyebrows. "Of course we must wait until then. It is November now."

"Of course we need not wait," Lady Damer retorts, sharply. "We shall have everything in immediate readiness for the wedding, and I will write to him and tell him in the course of next month—just too late for him to attempt to propose a delay! What are you thinking of, Bingham? I am not going to drag you back with me to Mount Ossery for the winter?"

"Neither of us wish to be dragged back to Mount Ossery, I assure you," Captain Lacy says, bitterly.

"So we must loiter about in Brighton or Eastbourne for a few weeks," pursues Lady Damer, decidedly, "until I can write to him and tell him that Gillian wishes to return home to Kensington in preparation for her marriage in early spring, as you both trust a loving father will tell you your hearts desire"—she smiles up coolly at her nephew through her glittering eye-lashes—"and that my old friend, Lady Deane, wish I could drag you both back with me to Mount Ossery for the winter?"

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"Are you willing, Gillian, dear?" he says, after hinting at her ladyship's programme, "are you quite willing to marry me very soon and to let us go away abroad at once? Go to the Riviera or to Rome for the carnival?"

"Oh, yes," Gillian says, with an eager gesture, some color and hopefulness coming into her listless face and manner. "Let us go away. Away from London and England and Ireland, I am quite tired of them, and go amongst strange scenes and strange people. I should delight in it."

"Go away from the memories of Mount Ossery and Darragh Castle, you mean," Lacy says to himself.

"Then, we may look on it as quite settled," he remarks, presently, "unless your cruel parent interferes, Gillian."

"Oh, yes, quite settled," she says, carelessly. "I don't suppose papa will object."

"And I shall have my little wife in a month or two," Captain Lacy says, stooping to kiss her cheek. "Yes, we shall enjoy ourselves better out of England, dear."

"Oh, yes! Don't let us come back to England for years," Gillian says, excitedly. "I don't care if I never see it again. I am tired of it, at least in London—all my life—with a weary intention, as if alluding to the course of half a century."

"Very well, we will have a yacht, and go sailing around the world," Gillian's betrothed says, smiling. "A sort of marine party and Joan. Eh, Gillian?"

"A marine party and Joan? What an idea!" Gillian says, laughing gaily. "Suppose we quarrel in the yacht, what shall we do?"

"We shall not quarrel," he says, quietly. "You and I, my dear, may be candidates for the Dunmow Blitch if we like. I dare say."

"There is not the slightest danger of our quarrelling," he says, merrily. "Where there is not a spark of fire, you can hardly kindle a flame. And she is too gentle, and I am too indolent to be actively ill-natured or disagreeable to each other. Oh, no, we shall not quarrel! It will be a death-blow. Peaceful until it grows monotonous."

"And then with a swift retrospective pang, comes the memory of the woman who had so often quarrelled with him; and the memory of those after-reconciliations, so full of passionate tenderness, that his heart beats fast at the bare thought of them now."

"That would be a crisis worth taking," he thinks, with a sharp deep sigh. "To sail about for happy days and months through sunny seas with that woman beside me. The dearest and truest of friends, the most charming of companions, full of resource, full of information, accomplished and witty and merry, the most devoted and tender of wives. As brave as a tigress and as gentle as a love-bird. Oh, Aunt! Anne! That I have never seen you, or never lost you!"

"And Gillian, the girl who is going to be his wife in a few short weeks, bound to him and he to her, as long as they both shall live, has laid her book down, and is looking up at him with wistful eyes, and a forced, wan smile."

"What shall we do when we have sailed all round the world?" she asks blankly.

"Begin and sail around it the other way," he says, with a laugh, feeling the blankness himself.

"And then, as they have no more to say to each other just now, he kisses her soft, fair face once more, and goes away, leaving her to read the book she resumes at once."

"She keeps the open page before her, staring at it minute after minute, unseeing, uncomprehending, while the storm gathers in her aching heart."

"And then presently she rises and glides away quietly out of the room, with her book still in her hand, and gaining her bedroom, goes in and locks the door. And then the book is tossed down anywhere, and she is down on her knees, with wild, outstretched arms, and wild, sobbing prayers and cries, stifled with the pillow where her face is buried."

"Oh, George! George! my love, my love! How can I live without you? Oh, my love, can't I die—can't I die, and get out of my misery? Oh, George, I shall have to marry this other man, and live long, dreadful years with him, and never, never see you or hear your voice, or touch your dear hand again. Oh, George, dear, why couldn't you have loved me little, and made me the happiest girl in all the world? Ever so little love would have made me happy, George, and I would have been so faithful and so fond of you, you could not help being happy with me. Oh, my darling, that other proud, cold woman will never love you as well as I did—as well as I do. Oh, Heaven! pity me, and forgive me for a wicked, wick'd, unhappy girl. How can I face my life?—how can I marry Captain Lacy, when George is the husband of my soul?"

"This is what happens when Lady Damer's 'pair of lovers' let the ship escape from the trammel of the present, and each fly back with yearning, unavailing sorrow to the past they have lost."

"But unfortunately for her ladyship's peace of mind, which is becoming perfectly restored, and her ladyship's visions of the future, which grow brighter and better defined with each passing day, the quondam lovers keep their present

and the near-coming future well before their eyes, and it were not for its decorous submission to the inevitable, and their faces into decorous smilingness over their fate; and so the days and weeks slip smoothly away, and the end of the year is come.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Now," Gillian says, inwardly, "nothing can save me unless I were to die."

It is the third day in the new year, and she is back again in her room in Kensington; back where her mother's picture smiles wistfully after her from the walls, and her mother's chair and work-table stand by the window, and the memories of her quiet, peaceful, obedient childhood and girlhood surround her with their influences.

Her father, too, is returning home to-day or to-morrow; his last letter written from Brooklyn has said he will leave on the 26th of England."

"His authority, the memories of life-long obedience, her friends' wishes, her own pledged word; no, nothing can save her now from the fulfilment of the engagement she has entered into."

She has even scarcely the desire to escape from it, though she dreads it with the dull, chilling dread of a nightmare fear.

By day she manages mostly to shake off this oppressive weight of pain and despair. She busies herself with needlework, or with the pleasures of one kind or another more or less successful; but at night her tortures come.

Maddening memories, maddening dreams, and oh! the cruel, cold awaking in the gray, wintry dawns, with the thoughts of what she has lost—and forbidden thoughts of her one betrothed husband always her companion.

He is tender and kind to her. He pities her and pities himself; but he wants her money and he means to marry her, and this bitter truth spoils the growth of the honest, warm liking, which poor Gillian diligently tries to foster.

"For I must try and be fond of him," she tells herself pitiously. "I can't live with him for years and years in London, and even the liberty of a foreign land, but I can't. I must care for him when I have nothing else in the world to care for."

A few weeks more—Lady Damer already alludes to the first week in February as the possible date of the wedding—and even the liberty of thought and memories, the secret weeping, and the nightly dreams will be forbidden to her.

Lady Damer has furthered all her preparations to the utmost. Mr. Deane's second-last letter has contained a draft for five hundred pounds for the purchase of the lingerie and trousseau, and his daughter's trousseau, and has desired Lady Damer to set a leading modiste to work at Gillian's reception and visiting expenses. And Lady Damer has taken him at his word.

On this same third day of January, Gillian has wearily returned from Madame Theodora's rooms, after a three hours' inspection of silks and satins and velvets and cashmeres and tea-gowns and pelisses. Her secret soul has told her them all.

She gladly escapes from Lady Damer's society into the peace and quiet of her own rooms, and lying on her bed, she thinks of the afternoon is bitterly cold, with a searching east wind blowing, her thoughts revert, in spite of her, to the past—her first meeting with the alpha and omega of her existence, it seems to her, in those three or four weeks of the early days of the golden autumn.

It haunts her, it tortures her, it wrings tears of hopeless, helpless sorrow from her eyes, those "dear yet forbidden thoughts" of her one brief glimpse into the Eden of this world's rough wilderness.

She is wearing one of her simple, pretty, girlish dresses, too, this afternoon—her best-loved dress, the soft, downy-trimmed, pale pink tea-gown which she wore on that August afternoon long ago, so long ago, when she first met him, and he came to her in the soft evening twilight, in the peace and quiet of the dim, shadowy room in the gray old castle. And, in his presence, the light of his eyes, the touch of his hand, the sound of his voice, the kisses of his lips—all the world and all her life had been filled with the glory of happiness."

So long ago! Ah, so long ago! The dreary, cold, dull world lies in the blast of the piercing east wind this afternoon, and she is a child and weary thing—even lapped in luxury and warmth—for the glory is gone, and the sweetness is gone and the bruised and wounded young spirit can find no balm in material things.

"They haunt her, they torture her, these bitter-sweet memories; but she tries bravely still to resist them and drive them away."

So she gets up and takes off the little pink tea-gown as she dresses for dinner, and puts it away secure and deep in the bottom of the cedar-wood chest, and locks it up safely. She will keep that little, soft pink gown which her arms had inclosed, which had stirred with the beatings of her happy heart pressed against his—she will keep it as long as she lives, but she will never wear it again.

She is quickly dressed for dinner, in these days of oppressive millinery splendors and dressmakers' confessions she has learned herself the weariness of it all by wearing her plainest and oldest gowns without ornament or jewelry, save Bingham Lacy's splendid engagement ring of cut-stones and diamonds, she puts on a brown velvet gown with some soft old lace at the sleeves, and falling loosely around her throat, tied with a yellow ribbon, and she goes downstairs.

"It is only five o'clock now, and there are two long hours to dinner."

CHILDHOOD INDIGESTION

Often Leads to Serious Trouble Unless Prompt Steps Are Taken to Check It—How This Can Best Be Done.

Indigestion is a trouble that is very common in infancy and early childhood, and unless prompt measures are taken to control it the result is often very serious. It prevents the proper growth of the child and weakens the constitution, so that he is unable to resist other diseases that are more dangerous. Fortunately, however, the trouble is one that is easily controlled. Proper food—

not too much, but absolutely pure—plenty of fresh air and Bile's Own Tablets, freely administered according to the directions, will soon put the sufferer right, and make both mother and child happy. Mrs. W. E. Rossman, of Kingston, Ont., is one of the many mothers who have proved the truth of this statement. She says: "When my little girl was about three months old, she had indigestion very badly. She was vomiting and had diarrhoea almost constantly. She was very thin, weighed only four pounds, and although she had a ravenous appetite, she did not do her good whatever. I had tried several medicines, but they did not help her. Then I heard of Bile's Own Tablets, and procured a box. After giving her the tablets for a few days, the vomiting and diarrhoea ceased, and she began to improve at once, and grew plump and fat. I also give her the Tablets now when she is ill, and the result is always good. Bile's Own Tablets are the best medicine I have ever used for a child."

These tablets will promptly cure all the minor ailments of little ones, such as sour stomach, indigestion, colic, constipation, and the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, etc. They are good for children of all ages, and crushed to a powder or dissolved in water can be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. If you cannot obtain Bile's Own Tablets at your drug store, they will be sent postpaid to you in a box by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A GUARANTEE.—I hereby certify that I have used a careful chemical analysis of Bile's Own Tablets, and I personally purchased in a drug store in Montreal. My analysis has proved that the Tablets contain absolutely no opiate or narcotic; that they can be given with perfect safety to the youngest infant; that they are a safe and efficient medicine for the troubles they are indicated to relieve and cure." (Signed)

MILTON L. HERSEY, M. A. Sc., Provincial Analyst for Quebec, Montreal, Dec. 23, 1901.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom-Quinine Tablets. All druggists furnish the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

"time" she thinks, wearily. "What do I do myself? If it were not dark I would go out in spite of the cold or in spite of Lady Damer." She utters the last words half aloud in discontented impatience, and is startled and ashamed to perceive that Bingham Lacy, half hidden by the Japanese fire-screen, is looking at her, and listening to her with an amused smile.

"What is it, Gillian?" he says, with a slight stress of meaning in his tones. "What are you going to do in spite of Lady Damer?"

Gillian's white face crimsoned, and she throws back her head angrily. "I want to go out, and I can't go out," she says, passionately. "It is a free country, we are told, and I have limbs, and I want to go out for a walk, and I can't! I am a state prisoner, because of Lady Damer and Mrs. Grundy!"

"Blame Mrs. Grundy, my dear," Captain Lacy says, carelessly. "She makes the unwritten laws of society. What on earth do you mean to go out at this hour for, Gillian? There is a piercing east wind, and it is a dark night."

"He looks at her amazedly, and there is a certain surprise, or suspicion, or displeasure, in his tones, and Gillian chafes against it all with increased feverish irritability."

"I want to go out, because—I want to go out!" she says, sharply. "The reason that Stern's staring had for calling out through the bare of his eyes, 'I want to go out, because—I want to go out and feel the wind, and the cold, and be in the gaslight! What harm would it be? What harm?'"

Her voice broke with a sob, as she hurries over to the window, and looks out longingly into the wintry dusk, starred with gas-lamps, and the moon, if you are in a safe keeping," Captain Lacy says, following her, and speaking soothingly. He has a thrill of sympathy for her restlessness, and the thought of what she has lost—and forbidden thoughts of her one betrothed husband always her companion.

He is tender and kind to her. He pities her and pities himself; but he wants her money and he means to marry her, and this bitter truth spoils the growth of the honest, warm liking, which poor Gillian diligently tries to foster.

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Sozodont.

Good for Bad Teeth Not Bad for Good Teeth

25c. Large Liquid and Powder 75c. HALL & RUCKEL, MONTREAL.

Sunny-darkens like her ladyship's brow at this fresh disappointment this afternoon, which she construes into an affront to her, her birth, and her condescension, which she almost fears to construe according to the meaning she dimly perceived in Mr. Deane's last two letters. A something which is not so much unwillingness or hesitation, but a rather hesitantly expressed resolution of "behaving justly and generously to his dear child," and of making Gillian an allowance from the date of her marriage "equal to what she will possess in her own right on coming of age."

"He speaks as if the fortune—the hundred thousand pounds which he always announced as settled by will on his daughter, were not in question at all," Lady Damer says, with angry contempt. "Does he imagine for a moment that his daughter is going to enter our family without proper and satisfactory settlements?"

"And upon this theme she discourses, until her nephew is wearied out of temper and patience. 'I always did tell you, Aunt Jeannette,' he says, coldly, 'that fortune dependent on the will of a father still living is not quite the same as a fortune absolutely settled under a deceased person's will.'"

"I see. You are quite prepared to cry sour grapes then?" her ladyship says, with hot reproach. "And then the wearisome discussion begins over and over again, and the relative insinuations, and menaces, and dictates, what Captain Lacy shall say, and do, and demand when 'this man'—his future wife's father—arrives, and the necessary understanding about Gillian's dowry takes place."

"And it must take place at once—at once, Bingham! Do you hear?" Lady Jeannette says, decisively. "I will not give another order in the tradespeople, I will not stay in the house three days after this man has been here, and I will not let us understand plainly and clearly what he is going to do! Not that for a moment I imagine," she says loftily, "that he will be ignorant enough, or short-sighted enough to not recognize the immense advantages of an alliance with a family like ours. He has been sensible enough hitherto. I do not really believe that there is much to fear when he once understands us fully. You must take care that he does understand us fully and clearly, and without delay, Bingham."

She repeats all this assurance to herself a great many times, though certain boding suggestions and unwelcome ideas spring up incessantly in her overworked brain. "I must take care or I shall be getting nervous and overstrained just when I have most need of my strength of mind and body," she tells herself, feeling very self-satisfied and self-sacrificing, and altogether estimable, as she descends to the drawing-room, about half-past six, to her careful dinner to let, and seats herself in the cozy chair with her fan between the fire and her complexion, which has been artistically improved.

"That man may return unexpectedly, though it will be a stupid and underbred thing of him to do," she has thought, while putting on the state of health necessary to her aristocratic features. "It is due to oneself to properly impress one of that class at once. They can never afford to quarrel with themselves from that impression."

(To be Continued.)

A LITTLE ROUGH ON THE DEACON.

A policeman was passing a church as a gentleman came out. The man jokingly accosted the policeman, and said he was wanted inside. The policeman thought there was some trouble in the church, and went in.

The sexton, seeing a policeman, said, "Come right in here," and he took him to a pew and waved his hand, as much as to say, "Help yourself." There was another man in the pew, a deacon with a sinister expression, as the policeman thought, and he supposed that he was the man they wanted arrested; so he tapped the deacon on the arm, and told him to come along.

The deacon turned pale, and edged along to get away, when the policeman took him by the collar and jerked him out into the aisle. The deacon struggled, thanking the policeman was crazy, but he was dragged along. Many of the congregation thought the deacon had been doing something wrong, and some of them got behind him and helped the officer drag him out.

The policeman saw the man who told him he was wanted in the church, and asked him what the charge was against the deacon, and he didn't know. The sexton was appealed to, and he didn't know. Finally the prisoner was asked what it was all about, and he didn't know. The policeman was asked what he had arrested the man for, and he didn't know.

After a while the matter was explained, and the policeman, who had to arrest somebody, took the man in custody who had told him he was wanted in the church, and he was fined \$2 and costs.

OLD GERMAN TABLE ETIQUETTE

That our ancestors were not so well managed as we are is evident from the following rules, which were laid down by Tommasch von Zirkler, a German poet, as a regard to the conduct of a host and his guest at a dinner party. These singular maxims were recently unearthed and have now been reprinted.

"Every host should take care that his guests have enough to eat and that they are not served with dishes that they do not want. In return, the guests should behave properly, and should be satisfied with whatever is placed before them."

"A guest should not eat all his bread before the first dishes are served. Neither should he eat with both hands nor drink nor talk when his mouth is full."

"It is not polite to turn toward one's neighbor and to offer him a wine cup from which one is still drinking."

"One should not eat greedily and hastily, as though the dinner had been paid for, neither should one take any food from his neighbor's plate. In a word, each person should accept what is offered and ask for nothing else."

"When there is someone on the right hand it is permissible to eat with the left hand."

"While one is drinking the eyes should be steadily fixed on the wine cup."

"It is improper to place one's hand in a dish while another person is taking some food from it."

"One should always have the hands clean and the nails cut short, as otherwise those persons who are eating from the same dish are likely to become disgusted."

"A guest should never put his elbows on the table, neither should he chatter all the time nor clean his teeth with a knife."—Chicago Herald-Record.

EPILEPSY CURABLE. A Disease That Has Long Baffled Medical Skill.

Mr. M. A. Gauthier, of Buckingham, Gives His Experience for the Benefit of Other Sufferers From This Terrible Malady.

(From the Post, Buckingham, Que.) We venture to say that in our town of 3,000 inhabitants few business men are better known than Mr. M. A. Gauthier, the young and bustling butcher of Main street. He wasn't, however, as energetic or as hustling a couple of years ago as he is today, and for a good reason, he wasn't well. Having gone into business early, he was reaching his majority his desire to succeed was such that no heed was paid to keeping the body in the state of health necessary to stand a strain, and in consequence of the extra demands upon the system it became run down to such an extent that epilepsy, a falling sickness resulted, and those lapses into unconsciousness became alarmingly frequent he consulted physicians and took some remedies, but without beneficial results. Finally seeing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised as a cure for falling sickness he decided to give them a trial. As to the result the Post cannot do better than give Mr. Gauthier's story in his own words: "Yes," said Mr. Gauthier, "for nearly four years I suffered from epilepsy or falling fits, which took me without warning and usually in the most inconvenient places. I am just twenty-four years of age, and I think I started business too young and the fear of falling spurred me to greater efforts perhaps than was good for my constitution, and the consequence was that I became subject to those attacks, which came without any warning whatsoever, leaving me terrible sick and weak after they had passed. I got to dread their recurrence very much. I consulted doctors and took their remedies to no purpose, the fits still troubled me. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised and determined to try them. I did so, and the medicine helped me so much that I got more and kept on taking them, until to-day I am as well, yes, better, than I ever was, and am not troubled at all by epilepsy or the fear of the fits seizing me again. Thinking there may be other sufferers afflicted, I give my story to the Post: it may perhaps lead them to give this great medicine a trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a positive cure for all diseases arising from impoverished blood, or a weak or shattered condition of the nervous system. Every dose makes new, rich, red blood, and gives tone to the nerves, thus curing such diseases as epilepsy, St. Vitus