

Ask your friends what they think of Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

The Coming of Gillian: A Pretty Irish Romance.

"I fail to see, Lady Damer," George says, white to his lips, "what is shameful or dishonorable in a man loving a woman, and offering her his life. I acknowledge the great difference there is in our social positions. I am prepared to acknowledge it with all humility to her father, and wait with deference for his goodwill. But I mean to marry the girl I love, sooner or later, in spite of the world."

is-my husband-Harry Damer, and you are-his illegitimate son." CHAPTER XXVI. The blow has been struck, the bolt has been shot, but Lady Damer does not venture a glance at her victim for several moments. When she does so, she sees that he is standing, or rather leaning, against the table with his hands clasped behind him, holding the thick rim of the table.

improvises another little fiction dextrously. "Not if you and that poor child were placed together, indeed, you could ask or expect her to do such a thing as wait for years. She is only a child in feeling, poor little soul—a child of habits, and mind, and judgment." Lady Dames says, with such fluent smoothness that she does not perceive she has uttered a little too far.

WEAK AND NERVOUS. Magistrate Dauphine's Deplorable Condition.

Despite Medical Treatment, He Became Weaker and Weaker, Until He Could Scarcely Sign His Name. Mr. James Dauphine, of East Bridgewater, or as he is better known as ex-Councillor Dauphine, has been a sick man for the past three years. His health gradually grew worse until by degrees he was forced to give up doing all kinds of work. He consulted a physician and took a large quantity of medicine, but it did him no good and he gradually grew weaker and weaker. His duties as a magistrate necessitated his doing much writing, and being an excellent penman in his days of good health, he was hard to him when his hand shook so much he could scarcely keep it steady enough to sign his name. His daughter, seeing his deplorable condition, advised him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after a bit of coaxing he was induced to try them. There was no noticeable change in his condition until he had started taking the third box. From that on the improvement was rapid. He grew stronger every day, his appetite increased, the weariness and lassitude departed from his limbs, some of the "austerities" of his youth returned to his eye, and by the time five boxes were used Mr. Dauphine felt a new man. The weight of years and the burden of sickness have rolled from his shoulders, his hands are now steady and his pen can run as rapidly as ever. He attributes his cure to the ministrations of a good wife and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Dauphine is 73 years of age, but feels as young and vigorous as he did years ago, and is ever ready to praise in the warmest terms the health-giving qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the friend of the weak and ailing. They surpass all other medicines in their tonic, strengthening, curative, and make weak and despondent people bright, active and healthy. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or can be had by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents per box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE SEEALED FOUNTAIN. Jerusalem's New Water Supply From an Ancient Spring.

The Holy Land has its railways, electric lights and American wind-mills, and now Jerusalem is about to get a supply of good drinking water. In ancient times the City of David was well supplied. The remains of aqueducts and reservoirs show this. But since the Turk's day the people of Jerusalem have been dependent on the scanty and often polluted accumulations of rain-water in the rock-hewn cisterns beneath their feet. Even this supply has recently failed, says a correspondent of the London Times, owing to the want of rain. Distress and sickness became so general that the Turkish governor has at length been induced to sanction the purchase of iron pipe to bring water from Ain Saini, or the "Sealed Fountain," at Solomon's Pools, about nine miles south of Jerusalem. A pipe six inches in diameter will bring 8,000 "skins" of water a day, for distribution at fountains supplied with faucets. Solomon's famous "Song," speaks of this secret spring, now turned to use. "My beloved," he says, as quoted by the Times correspondent, "is like a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." It is a deep-down subterranean spring, which has, from the time of Solomon, flowed through the arched tunnel built by him to the distributing chamber of reservoir near the northwest corner of the highest of Solomon's Pools. Half a century ago the location of this "hidden" spring, which was situated in Solomon's time, flowing into the reservoir mentioned, was unknown. The tunnel is roofed by stones leaning against each other like an inverted V. The primitive form of the arch, which is also seen in the Great Pyramid. The entrance to this tunnel from the spring is one of the oldest structures in existence. The piping is to be laid along the old aqueduct which formerly, from the time of Solomon, brought this same water to the temple area. There are eleven or twelve ancient fountains here and there is the city, long unused, but now to be utilized, and from which the water may be drawn, free to all, several taps being attached to each fountain.

Help Wanted, Quick. Wanted, an able-bodied man to be the anti-Tammany candidate for Mayor of New York. He may have any kind of politics he likes, provided he hasn't too much of any one kind. If his father was a German, his mother an Irish woman, and he was born in the American consulate of Italy, so much the better, providing he is really a true-blue American after all. He must be puritanical enough to suit the Puritans, but not pious enough to be painful to a Bowery constituency. He must be cultured enough to catch the Starry Hill vote, and a good enough all-around fellow to be willing to kiss the babies down in Mulberry Bend. He must not be an old man, but just old enough. If he has had previous experience it will be all right, providing he made no enemies while in office. If any such man has this side of heaven, let him hurry up and apply at once at C. J. head-quarters, 57 South street, Manhattan—Leslie's Weekly.

THE FOOLISH ROOSTER. A Cocker that Crowed Himself Out of a Snap. We have ourselves to blame if our boys are helpless at an age when you and I were earning our own living. We coddle them too much, keep them hanging around home living on their dad's bill they are full-grown men, and the worst of it is, they think they know it all. We might take a pointer from a lot of old hens that hang around the yard of a livery stable where I keep my horse. Some of the stable men took a notion to raise a brood of chickens and set one of the hens. She hatched out a batch of a dozen or so, and it was quite amusing to see the mother taking care of them around the yard. But the horses stepped on two or three, and the rest soon got all the rest, all but one couple, who were managed to save his bacon by sticking close to the old ones. We used to watch the antics of this little chap, who just loafed around and let the hens scratch for him. They never seemed to understand that he was big enough to scratch for himself. He had a rooster from a nearby stable mounted the fence and crowed. In a minute the young chap hopped on a bucket and crowed back in great shape. Well, the whole batch of hens stopped everything and looked with amazement at the little beggar. In a minute or two, when he hopped off his perch, they seemed to tumble to the situation, and the lot of them made at him and drove him out of the yard. From that time he has had to scratch for himself. He got no more help from the hens. If he could crow, he could work. See the moral?

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