

When everyone has tried Blue Ribbon Beryl Tea there will be no need to advertise it. Once tried, always used.

The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

They have tried to impose a claim on her consideration, as she haughtily implies, she has resisted this claim and they are defeated.

This is the agreeable impression she has desired to make, and which they have to suffer.

"Good night, Gillian!" Anne and her husband say, hurriedly, in undertones, pressing her hand.

"Will you not wait until the doctor comes? Will you not say good-bye to Uncle Harry?" Gillian asks, imploringly, looking from one to the other.

"I don't think he is conscious, dear," Lady says, gently and pityingly, glancing back at the quiet, pale form.

"But if you are anxious and nervous, as I dare say you are," he adds, hesitatingly, "I will stay with you until the doctor comes, if Lady Damer will permit me."

He looks at his aunt steadily as he speaks, and a slight spasm of some repressed feeling crosses her marble-pale, but cold face for a moment.

"Oh, certainly," she answers, carelessly. "If Miss Deane wishes you to stay a few minutes, I have no objection."

"Thank you," he says, formally. "Will you take my wife home, then, George, please? I will wait until Cecilia comes, and he can drive me back in the trap."

"You will promise me, dear, that you will not attempt to walk home by the wood?" Anne says, in an earnest undertone to her husband.

"Yes, I promise you, dear," he says, softly touching her hand.

Lady Damer passes the wedded lovers by with upraised eyebrows of scornful indifference, and she walks toward the sofa on which her husband is lying.

"Do you think it necessary, then, that you should remain here, my dear, until the doctor comes?" Lady Damer inquires of Gillian, with a sharp, dubious smile and accent.

"I should like to stay, please," Gillian replies, quietly, sitting down by the couch once more, when she discovers that the poor invalid's eyes are wide open and feverishly bright and staring.

"You are better, dear Uncle Harry," she asks, softly putting back some thin, scattered locks of hair.

"Yes, I am better," he says, with a faint, hoarse voice, abruptly. "But what is happened? Who's here?"

"Several persons, Uncle Harry," Gillian says, gently. "Lady Damer, and Captain and Mrs. Lacy, and—Mr. Archer."

"Who?" he demands, struggling wildly to get up, a glaring, unsteady, with strained eyes, and with a hoarse, hoarse voice, as he says: "Who did you say? Gillian? Help me up, I tell you!"

"Gilliam, you are exceedingly wrong to say anything to excite him so," Lady Damer interposes, angrily, standing between her husband and the sight of the others in the room.

"Leave the room, dear, at once, I request."

not surely desire to be known through the country as your bastard son."

"As what?" demands Sir Harry, turning on her with a fierce, menacing gesture and upraised hand as if to strike her.

"You know you are, my own son," she says, with a look of scorn, now turned to frenzy. "I've done you wrong, a base wrong, I know, and it's laid on my heart heavy, and made me dread the sight of you these long years."

"Don't bring her name up! I cannot and will not endure it now," George interposes in a low, agitated voice.

"But I did wrong her worse than any one," Sir Harry persisted, in a vague, wild way, staring blankly at him.

"Of course I did! What's the use in talking? She's wronged me, and I've been a coward and a traitor to you as well as to her—the woman I wronged worse than you."

"Heed neither your nor my words," she answers, imploringly. "I want nothing of that weak-minded ingrate except what I want of you—your absence."

"I'm not mad, the unhappy man says, dreading, shaking, and his head in a quiet, hopeless way, for the brief flash of anger and strength is over."

"My life's been a curse to me; no wonder I took to you, my own son. I swear I'll tell the whole truth before I die. Everyone must know it now. It's been too long hid-den."

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WHY WOOLENS WEAR THEM

Sir, I have just come from a meeting to tell you that you have been deceived by a pair of blankets on me.

I have! Yes, sir, you have. Surely you are mistaken, madam! I can assure you, madam, that I found a good strong soap to wash out some heavy things. In all innocence I used what you sent me, and the result is that my blankets are just the skeletons of what they were.

Yes, but I sent what I usually send in such cases. What you usually send! No wonder Mrs. Moore, my neighbor, complains of her clothes wearing out; if I find you usually send her the same soap.

But, madam, I always give my customers what they ask for. Had you named a particular brand of soap you would have received it.

I named a particular brand! How was I to know anything of brands? But I know better now, and I know what ruined my blankets—and my hands. I can assure you, madam, that it is not my desire to sell anything that will be injurious to either the hands or clothing of my customers.

I shall be glad to know how you prove that what I sold you injured your blankets and your hands. Well, I'm telling Mrs. Neill my story, and she lent me a little cutting, and here it is; you can read it.

Dr. Stevenson Macadam, Lecturer on Chemistry, Surgeon's Hall, Edinburgh, describes the destructive property of soda upon wool very graphically.

"After mentioning how strong alkali, such as potash and soda, disintegrates in a nice plight, too."

"I can assure you, madam, that it is not my desire to sell anything that will be injurious to either the hands or clothing of my customers."

"I shall be glad to know how you prove that what I sold you injured your blankets and your hands."

"Well, I'm telling Mrs. Neill my story, and she lent me a little cutting, and here it is; you can read it."

"The Meaneast Man in Kansas." Not long ago the wife of a Western Kansas politician asked him to lay aside politics long enough one day to dig the potatoes in the garden.

He agreed to do it. After digging for a few minutes he went into the house and said he had found a coin. He washed it off and it proved to be a silver quarter. He put it in his jeans and went back to work.

Presently he went to the house again and said he had found another coin. He washed the dirt off of it. It was a silver half dollar. He put it in his jeans. "I've worked hard," said he to his wife; "I've gotten 'em, and I've gotten 'em."

When he awoke he found that his wife had taken the coins. He then dawned upon her that she had been "worked."—Kansas City Journal.

A TORONTO MAN.

The Mr. Jardine Referred to Lives in the Queen City.

Well-known throughout Canada as the Canadian Commissioner to the Paris Exposition—His Statement is a Very Valuable One and has been Read with Much Interest.

Toronto, March 17.—(Special).—Mr. J. G. Jardine, whose statement as to the wonderful curative and tonic properties of Dodd's Kidney Pills has been published in many of the papers, is a resident of this city. His home is at 305 Crawford street.

Mr. Jardine was chosen as one of the Canadian Commissioners to the Paris Exposition two years ago, and performed the onerous duties of that office with honor to himself and credit to his country.

It is his experience in the French capital at this time that Mr. Jardine makes particular reference in the published statement in which he says:

"During my stay in Paris I felt many times quite run down owing to the complete change and to the worries and work of my business there. I suffered not a little with backache, with general feeling of depression, and I found Dodd's Kidney Pills invaluable."

"I had learned the value of this medicine before going to Europe as I had it very successfully for backache instantly. So when I went to Paris I was careful to take with me some of this my favorite remedy."

"Every time I was threatened with a return of the trouble I used a few Dodd's Kidney Pills, and can say they did not disappoint me. They are the best medicine I know of to tone up the system generally, and they do certainly relieve backache instantly."

"What Mr. Jardine has said is amply borne out by many others in this city whose experiences have been and are being published from day to day. Dodd's Kidney Pills are certainly without an equal as a medicine for those who are 'tired out,' 'run down,' or 'used up.'"

Dodd's Kidney Pills have been endorsed most heartily by all classes.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS:

HER RIGHTS STATED.

It is a satisfaction to record the verdict of a Tennessee jury in the case of Miss Trowen against the trustees of the Hall-Moody Institute of the village of Martin.

The plaintiff had been engaged as a teacher. The trustees took it into their heads to discharge her, not upon any reasonable or even colorable ground, but because "she had more gentleman callers than she should have."

They had also taken it into their heads to discharge her, not upon any reasonable or even colorable ground, but because "she had more gentleman callers than she should have."

"The process by which the bands are made is simple. The rubber in a liquid state is molded into tubing of sizes suitable for forming the small and medium varieties of bands."

When the tubing is ready for use it is put into a rapid running machine, having knives, which cut or slice the rubber into bands. The larger bands are cut by machinery from flat sheets of rubber and joined together with the aid of heat by a pressing machine.

"Rubber bands are made in only two colors, black and brown. They range in size from one-quarter of an inch to six inches in length. The smallest bands are one-sixteenth of an inch wide and the largest are one and one-half inches wide."

The smallest bands are worth 24 cents per gross, while the medium-sized bands sell at from 48 to 96 cents per gross wholesale. Larger sizes cost from \$1 up to \$6 per gross.

"The greatest consumers of rubber bands are druggists and grocers. They use the smallest and medium sized bands in place of twine for putting up small packages. The large flat and expensive bands are used by court officers, lawyers, bankers and merchants for filing documents and papers. No rubber bands are imported into this country, but a few American rubber bands are exported to the West Indies and South American countries."

"Cheap Excursions to California." For the meeting of the Independent Order of Foresters at Los Angeles, April 29th, cheap round trip fares will be in effect via the Chicago, Union Pacific & Northwestern line, from Toronto \$62.00, and proportionately low rates from other points in Canada.

Three through trains daily from Chicago, with Pullman, tourist sleepers and free reclining chairs. Select the best route according to your needs and the quickest time. Choice of routes returning. Full information and special folder of this excursion can be obtained from E. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

Tom—I don't think I'll ever get up enough courage to ask you to marry me. You know faint heart never won a fair lady."

Hollo (blushing)—But I'm a brunette."

Mrs. Towne—Have you any close neighbors, dear? Mrs. Subbitts—Yes, they are all close. So close the you couldn't borrow a flatiron or a cup of sugar without saving your life.

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TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Wake Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets are a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.