

MONSOON

"None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."
It is singular that some of the most beautiful poetry ever written is exactly applicable to MONSOON TEA, or Longfellow was not thinking of MONSOON TEA when he wrote these lines, but they describe this delicious beverage very accurately.

The Coming of Gillian: A Pretty Irish Romance.

She almost comes to hate Gillian, as Gillian truly enough divines, for being concerned in that miserable disappointment, and would be glad to be rid of her presence, only that she cannot very well dismiss her as she had done Anne; knowing, too, that Gillian has really just at present no other home, and indeed, the poor child herself sometimes vaguely wonders why she was born at all. She does not seem to have any place in the world of human ties and affections, so to any one's happiness or well-being, nay, in truth she feels herself a sort of superfluous unit in the household into which she has entered.

Lady Damer does not want her, nor care for her; her father and her brilliant young wife have not the slightest need of her; into the newly-wedded happiness of Anne and her husband she dare not intrude.

Mount Ossory is a lonely, loveless, joyless home for her now; the tender memories of her mother are swept out of the house, and she is left alone, and the dwelling itself is in the hands of decorators and upholsterers, whilst its master and new mistress are in Paris. Gillian has, literally, "nowhere to go."

Sometimes in those dreary weeks after her arrival, Gillian ventures timidly to seek Sir Harry in his study, and ask him if she shall read to him or play-cribbage with him. Once or twice he languidly assents, but at other times he curtsies, and stares in moody silence into the evening coals for hours without speaking.

Still Gillian perseveres, though Lady Damer has even sneered at her with her cold smile for "entering the part of a sister of mercy," on two occasions on which she found the girl reading a chapter in the New Testament to her invalid.

Once poor Harry Damer had voluntarily requested her to read to him some message of comfort to his trembling soul.

"I can't wait to see you," he says, gruffly; "but I want to hear the story of the Froggald Son."

And then he craves like a child as Gillian reads the matchless relation of infinite love; and the girl goes away with a gently whispered prayer.

In spite of Lady Damer's sneers and delicately-barbed little taunts, Gillian meekly but determinedly tries to do what she can for the unhappy man who is bereft of every earthly solace; and with deep pity, and timid affection growing with her filial attentions, she glides into his room whenever she can avoid Lady Damer's notice.

For his own sake she compassionates him, for his son's sake she loves him.

But there comes at last one evening—blustery April evening, with gusts of fierce southwest wind and rain drifting against the window-panes—when Gillian hurries down to the library with a feeling of freedom that actually makes her quite light-hearted.

Lady Damer has gone to Bathford, to dine at the palace; and she has ordered the carriage to meet her at the despatch station at eleven o'clock.

It is now only half-past three, so there are nearly eight hours of liberty of action—eight hours of freedom of action—eight hours of freedom of action—eight hours of freedom of action.

Gillian's first resolve, determination has been to dress herself quickly, and hurry off as fast as she can walk to Darragh Castle, to spend two or three hours with Anne—to enter once again into the dear, old scenes, to see well remembered—to go back in memory to the bitter sweet of the past.

But when she comes into the library, she finds her father and her husband sitting at the table, and she is obliged to sit down with them, and she is obliged to sit down with them, and she is obliged to sit down with them.

in vain for a sight of moon or stars, fancies for a moment that she sees a figure come out of the shrubbery from the direction of the garden, and next moment deems it the merest illusion of the wavering trees in the murky gloom.

She draws the curtains once more, and is turning away, when she hears distinctly, in the hush of the tempest, sounds on the path beneath the window—the soft crunching of the gravel beneath a heavy, cautious tread.

CHAPTER XLIII.
Gillian listens to the slow, stealthy footsteps, holding her breath in a sudden, nervous alarm at the unusual sound. For the narrow path beneath the library window simply runs around the west side of the house to the tennis-lawn, and the servants or gardeners never use it.

No one needs to use the path on an errand of business at this hour, and no one walks there for pleasure most assuredly on a night like this.

A sense of something strange and inexplicable seems to press on her forehead, and the girl's limbs almost tremble beneath her as she goes back to the window and sits down quietly once more, lest the invalid perceive her uneasiness.

Still she listens intently in pauses of the storm, and creeps inside the curtains more than once to try if she can discern anything beside the black tree-shrubs outside in the night.

But she hears not see anything more of the mysterious sights or sounds, and as the time passes on, she gradually tries to persuade herself that both figure and footsteps were things of her fancy.

"Gillian!" Sir Harry says, suddenly, "do you think your father would come over to see me if I asked him?"

"Yes, certainly," Gillian says, rather amazed at the question, for he has been staring into the fire with his blank, despondent gaze for long time in utter silence.

"Papa and my stepmother are in Paris at present, but when he returns to town I am sure he will come over as soon as you ask him," Uncle Harry says.

"But I want him now! Now!" he returns with feeble impetuosity. "I can't wait till he comes back from Paris! I haven't time. My son is running very low, and I haven't any time to spare, and I want to put things all right, and tell the whole truth before I die."

His lined face puckers deeply in suppressed emotion, his grey head shakes in mournful meaning, he looks an old, worn-out man as he sits trembling in the firelight, and Gillian's tender heart aches with compassion.

"Uncle Harry," she says earnestly, drawing close to him, "I will write to papa this very night, and tell him you wish to see him. I am sure he will come from Paris specially, if you need his presence so much."

"I want to see him, I want to see him," he reiterates, feebly. "He's my cousin Carrie's husband, and he's an honest man, and he'll be able to relieve my mind, and help me to put things right before I die."

"Yes, Uncle Harry," she says, "I will write to him at once, and is there any one else you'd like to be sent for?"

"No, nobody else," he says, wearily, in a dull, slow way.

"Nobody," Gillian repeats, trying to keep her voice from shaking and her limbs quivering in excitement, "but you are sure there is no one you would like to see, Uncle Harry?"

"Lord help me! I—I would not speak to him! I say, really, he would not come back to save my life; he'd never let me see his face again. Oh, my handsome lad—my handsome, brave lad!"

Bitter tears fill the sunken blue eyes, and the furrowed cheeks, and he beats his wasted hands on each other in an ecstasy of piteous despair.

"Uncle Harry," Gillian says, trembling more and more, whilst a rose-red flush burns hotly in each pale cheek. "If I wrote to George Archer and asked him to come home again, would you not see him?"

"He wouldn't come for you either," he retorts, angrily and excitedly. "You treated him badly, and I'll never forgive you for it."

"Oh, don't say that! Indeed I did not—indeed you are quite mistaken," Gillian exclaims, flushing and palling.

"You did not turn it how you like, young lady; you did treat him badly, and you never made a big mistake in your life," he reiterates, white and shaking with passion.

"What are you talking about the whole truth? You weren't born child, six or seven and twenty years ago?"

"About George Archer and me?" Gillian persists in her half whisper.

"He was for you—George was! Ay, he was! A sweetheart any girl might be proud to have! I was fond of you—in love with you, Miss Gillian, and you jilted him for the sake of a runaway boy, the chief cause of his going away like he did, and I'll never forgive you for it, never!"

He brings his hand down with a fierce blow on the arm of his chair, after his old, excitable fashion, and wrenches his other hand away from the girl's soft clasp with hurtful roughness.

"Uncle Harry," she pleads, tremulously, but with determination in the glowing light of her eyes, and the color in her cheeks, "you don't know any of the truth. Let me tell you, and hand behind his chair she puts her hand lovingly on his shoulder.

"You were for me, and I'll never forgive you for it, never!" he repeats, with a fierce look.

"I care for George a hundred times more than I care for you, I care for you a hundred times more than I care for George."

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OUR FARMERS' SUPPLY OF FOREIGN-GROWN SEEDS.

(By G. H. Clark, B. S. A., Chief of Seed Division, Department of Agriculture.)

If the farmers of Canada were acquainted with the sources of supply of their root crop seeds, and the avenues through which they pass before reaching them, they would be a great deal more particular when making their purchases.

Practically all the seed for our root crops is grown in foreign countries. However important it may be that the seed for such crops be grown in the country where it is wanted for sowing, the cheap labor in those European countries, which have become the seed growing industry, is unprofitable to Canadian farmers or seed specialists.

Our supply of foreign grown seeds is bought and imported principally by our larger seed firms. They make their purchases either by paying a commensurate price to reliable European seed growers, men who are selected from selected pedigreed stock, or they may buy seed at a much lower price—seed that is grown by men whose chief aim has been to produce a large quantity, independent of the quality of the crop it will produce.

In the former case, the seed is grown from selected plants—from such a root which produces an ideal size and form and are known to be true to name.

For instance, an ideal turnip is one having a small neck, and top growth, that which is planted will produce a comparatively small growth of stalks, and consequently a small amount of seed, but the seed from such a stock is apt to produce a crop like the mother root which was planted. On the other hand a small turnip having several root prolegs, and an excessive growth of top growths, will transmit its like through the seed to the next crop.

Seed can be grown from such roots much more cheaply than from selected roots, because, in the first place, the mother roots are culled, and are not as valuable for feeding, and secondly, they produce a much larger quantity of seed.

During the last ten or fifteen years Small Smiles. Citizen—Madam, why do you persist in punching me with your umbrella?

Madam—I want to make you look around so that I can thank you for giving me your seat. Now, sir, don't you go off and say that women haven't any manners.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "there is one favor I want to ask you. I hope you will realize it for your own good and not get angry."

"I want you to solemnly promise me that you will never bet on a horse that isn't going to win."

Second-Flat Lady—My husband told me to tell you that your piano disturbs him all day long.

Third-Flat Lady—Well, tell him I can't sleep at night for his organ.

Second-Flat Lady—Organ? Why, we have no organ.

Third-Flat Lady—Yes, your husband's nasal organ. Tell him to try a clothes-pin when he snores.

Jilted Lover—You are cruel, Mabel; did I not do everything for you, did I not spend my last penny to give you pleasure, and now you want to discard me like that?

Summer Girl—That's just it; how can I marry such a spendthrift?—Filegande Blatter.

"Mary, did that tramp beat the carpet after you gave him that piece of rhubarb pie?"

"Yes'm; he was so mad because it wasn't strawberry that he beat hard for two hours."

Professor—You know that in our country a man can marry only one wife. What is the special term for this? Well, speak up, sir! Mono—mono—

Student—Monotony! — Filegande Blatter.

She—Oh, Jack! You didn't shoot that poor little bird, did you?

He—Why, yes, dear; I thought you'd like to trim a hair on my leg. Oh, how good of you! It's perfectly lovely!

"I could face starvation itself for your sake," she exclaimed as he dropped on his knees.

"You mean that you wish to marry me," said the heiress.

"Ah, yes," she said, "I wish you would kindly explain how you think starvation can get close enough to a family with as much money as ours to give you a chance to face it."

Mabel—Harry compared me with sparkling wine last night.

Clara—Because you have improved with age, I presume.

Bachelor—I am told that a married man can live on half the price that a single man requires.

Married Man—Yes, he has to.

Exceptional Opportunities. To visit all points of the Great West for pleasure, education or business. The Union Pacific has authorized the following excursion rates:

Twenty-five dollars from Missouri River points to California, Oregon and Washington points every day during March and April.

Pleasantly low rates to the Pacific Coast and intermediate points. Single trip Colonist's tickets open to all during the coming spring and summer.

Special round trip excursion rates will be sold to the Pacific Coast at less than one cent per mile. Choice of routes returning.

People identified with local interests at various points on route will show you every attention. It will be to your advantage to make inquiry in regard to these low rates to the Pacific Coast before deciding on the trip.

Call or address postal card to G. O. Herring, G. A., 126 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich.

NERVOUS TROUBLES

Make Life a Source of Constant Misery.

The Sufferer is Constantly Tired and Depressed, Will Startle at the Slightest Noise, and is Easily Irritated.

There is no torture more acute and intolerable than nervousness. A nervous person is in a state of constant irritation by day and sleeplessness by night. The sufferer starts at every noise; is oppressed by a feeling that something awful is going to happen; is shaky, depressed, and, although in a constantly exhausted state, is unable to sit or lie still.

If you are nervous or worried, or suffer from a combination of languor and constant irritation, you need a nerve food and nerve tonic, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely the best thing in the world for you. You will find after taking them that your feelings of distress and worry are being rapidly replaced by strength, confidence, and a feeling that you are on the road to full and complete health and strength.

Get rid of your nervousness, the only possible way—by building up strong, steady nerves.

Miss Anna Donnet, Bathurst, N. B., says: "Words fall me to adequately express what I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was attacked by a gripe, the after effects of which took the form of nervous exhaustion. The least noise would startle me, and I would tremble for some time. I used several medicines, but they did not help me, and as time went on I was growing worse, and was so nervous that I was afraid to remain alone in a room. I slept badly at night and would frequently awake with a start that would compel me to scream. The trouble told on me to such an extent that my friends feared for my recovery. At this time my aunt urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I sincerely hope my experience will benefit some other sufferer."

These pills never fail to restore health and strength in cases like the above. They make new, strengthen the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a certain cure for rheumatism, neuritis, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, and the ailments that mar the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. Bright eyes, rosy cheeks and an elastic step are certain to follow a fair use of medicine. Be sure that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, is on every box you buy. All others are imitations. If you do not find these pills at your dealer they will be sent post paid at cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, addressing the Dr. Williams' Medical Co., Brockville, Ont.

In Beauty's Name. There is one cosmetic never down in books of beauty. It is pins. There is nothing which so beautifies the face as a happy expression and outward signs of the condition of mind.

Happiness is something which is cultivated. It comes less from circumstances than from the will to see and do the best of things. It is a help to health, to yourself happy.

Think always of beautiful things. For the thoughts you do to shine out in your lips and eyes. The great Rachael says: "I have looked long after her, and sat and thinking much of her."

A MOTHER'S ADVICE.

She Tells How Little Ones Can be Kept Well, Contented and Happy.

When baby is cross and irritable you may rest assured he is not well, even if you are unable to see any symptoms of illness. Baby's fretfulness is not natural for a baby to be cross and he is not so without reason. He has no other way of telling his troubles than by fussing and crying.

These Tablets are a certain cure for all the minor ailments of little ones, such as constipation, indigestion, colic, diarrhoea, sour stomach, and simple fever. They break up colds, prevent croup, and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. They are sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate or other harmful drug, and may be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. Sold by all druggists at 25 cents a box, or sent post paid on receipt of price by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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TO CURF A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

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