

BEGINS NEXT WEEK OUR NEW STORY

The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

BE SURE AND READ THE FIRST INSTALMENT.

WHAT MOVED HER.

By MARY FENOLLOSA in "The Smart Set."

The pretty drawing-room, with its flowers and photographs, its lace hangings and rich upholsteries, might have belonged to Fifth Avenue, but in reality it was in the lower left wing of a certain fashionable "foreign" residence of Nob Hill, in Tokio, Japan.

Miss Herndon walked across to a window and stared out. A fan-shaped section of Tokio lay beneath her—a blue-gray aggregation of house roofs and whitish streets, like spokes, running down to the hazy rim of Shinagawa Bay.

spasm, as if the earth had suddenly turned to a huge blanc-mange. Miss Herndon paused and looked around wonderingly. A second vibration came much stronger than the first. Paget's eyes met hers.

He turned again to the fire. "Well, at that affair—my farewell bachelor dinner—even the necessary toasts jarred. You were so much to me, so apart from other women, that it was torture to hear your name on the lips of others. I had just drunk to the dearest, sweetest, snowiest woman of God's earth, when an Isarlot at my elbow whispered—'And the boodle, old man! Don't forget the boodle! The glass was still at my lips, but I set it down, angrily, and said: 'That's a toast you will have to drink alone!'"

Miss Herndon was drawing nearer, inch by inch. Her face showed the strain of intense listening. "Most of the boys were half-gone over," he went on. "They would have drunk to the Pope or to the devil with equal readiness. The toast was proposed, and many drank, not knowing what it meant, but I—I rushed for the hall and poured le-water on my head to keep from committing murder." she asked, in an excited whisper.

WISE AND OTHERWISE. Sue—Pauline's father is quite a genius. Belle—In what way? Sue—Why, he had a pair of recording scales attached to her hair, and if they registered over 130 he knew Jack had been sharing her seat.

SHORT STORIES OF THE DAY

A gentleman who has a Christian spirit and a horse for sale advertises as follows in a Minnesota paper: We have a good family driving horse for sale, providing you carry insurance.

This is from the Chicago Record-Herald: "No, sir," said the old gentleman, bringing his fist down hard on the desk in front of him. "I will never consent to my daughter's becoming the wife of a man who uses strong drink."

"I'm" her father answered, but you ever like a trooper, so I'll bet. Now, if there's anything I hate to have around the house it's a man that swears. Swearin' is a habit that never goes out of me. But I have never uttered an oath in all my life; I have never told a lie, nor said a word that I would be ashamed to have any lady hear."

"A curious thing happened to a certain young man in Mississippi some time ago," remarked a visitor to the city yesterday, "and the aforesaid young man has never completely recovered from the influence of the girl. He met her at a certain evening party, but had that modicum of vanity usually found in young men who are just reaching the peak of their career, they do not in the evenings from the home of Dulcinea to the other and while away the time in cooling the soft nothings of the swain. He was an average young fellow, except in looks. In this respect he was rather above the average, and recognized the fact, of course. There was a certain young fellow who happened to be the particular favorite in the community, and she deserved all the wooing she received, for she was really a splendid young woman, and, in fact, had all the charming attributes of a rustic belle in Mississippi—like roses, cheeks after the tint of the peach blossom, prettily white, oval-set teeth, and dimples curvish and of that sort of thing. She was simply a pink dream, and there was a great rivalry among the young fellows who vied for her."

Honx—Poor Sandy MacPherson died of grief. Honx—Why, I thought he took carbolic acid. Honx—So he did, but he thought it was Scotch whiskey. Hungry Hawkins—I once answered a want ad. Tatterton Torn—Gwan! Wot did he say? Hungry Hawkins—It was all a mistake. A printer advertised for a good feeder.

The Good One—My man, it makes me feel bad to see you coming out of a saloon. The Bad One—Well, boss, it wouldn't have done yer any good if yer had saw me goin' in. I only had a nickel, an' that wouldn't have bought drinks for both.

At the Summer Hotel. Belle—It's a good voice, but she doesn't seem to be able to control it. "No," she sings whenever anyone asks her.—August Smart Set.

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SHOT ON PATROL:

A Touching Poem on an Incident of the Boer War.

The following beautiful poem, by Harry's Captain then, is being recited a good deal just now at patriotic concerts in England. By the author's kind permission we are enabled to reprint the poem entire. It narrates our modes of the present war.

"It's a Boer woman in trouble," says Harry's Captain then, "we must ride across to help her," and they went like Englishmen.

When a man's a V. C. and a giant, Who would shake you out limp and blue, His comrades sort of listen If he makes a remark or two, So "Bones" was left with his hymn-books—and when Colenso was fought, And the Lancers sailed in a hurry, no one gave him a thought.

"Gallop and save yourself, Johnny!" The butt of the troop stood still. Unwounded, fleet horse and bold rider, And safety lay over the hill, 'Twas his life for a shake of his bridle, but he leapt down to Harry's side— "I can carry you into shelter—there's a rock just ahead," he cried.

Many a name we honor, For they've done well, every one: From young Roberts, Schofield and Congre, To little Bugler Dunne! Johnny wrote to his sweetheart first time he was under fire; To charge alongside Harry had been his heart's desire.

Three he shot down with his carbine, And then—he met his death, Shielding his wounded comrade To his last dying breath. Greater love hath no man Than this, the Scripture saith.

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