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MONSOON

ADVICE TO OLD MAIDS . . .

Give your gentlemen friends good tea. It is unnecessary to go to India for a Monsoon.

LEAD PACKETS.

ALL GROCERS.

The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

"Patrick, my darling!" repeats Gillian, voicelessly, with a face of intense amazement. "Who on earth does she mean?"

A slight movement she makes in surprise reminds them of her presence, and they come over beside her, Lacy with his arm around his wife still, looking flushed, and embarrassed, and happy, and rather ashamed of herself.

"Gillian, dear, I would have told you. We should have confided in you, but we were afraid the secret might leak out and make matters worse," he said, rather awkwardly, "not that they could be worse, unfortunately, as far as Aunt Jeannette is concerned. But you have no unkind feeling in your kind little heart, I know, on account of our secrecy, Gillian, dear?"

"We have acted clandestinely, and not quite honorably, Miss Deane," Anne interposes. In her delicate, proud way, but with a ring of passion in her clear tones. "It was principally my fault. I loved him, and I neither could nor would live without him. That is the real truth."

"Then when you loved him so well, and he loved you, you neither could nor should have lived without each other, and you did quite right to marry," Gillian answers, gravely, with soft, serious eyes yet dewy with tears, and in soft tones very tremulous with emotion. "I am very sorry for Lady Damer, but what she wished was wrong, wicked, cruel!" and the shy, dark eyes are full of keen reproach as she gazes at the two who have been at least consenting parties to the doing her a lifelong, deadly injury.

"Yes, it would have been wrong and misery all round," Lacy says, shrugging his shoulders, "but as long as Aunt Jeannette was satisfied it did not matter to her. You'll give me no absolute and good wishes, though, Gillian, dear, won't you? We want it, I assure you. We haven't had many marriage benedictions of any sort, have we, Anne?"

"You have not," she says, with a curiously mock regret in her cold, sarcastic tones. "It has been all benediction to me."

"Lacy flushes again, and laughs nervously. "You are too good to me, Anne," he says, rather huskily. "You are ten times too good for me."

"Your wife doesn't believe that," Gillian says, in her quaint, wise way, while she is blushing timidly; "and if you love her with all your heart, it can't be true."

"Thank you, Gillian, dear," he says, laughing a little. "You must give me a sisterly kiss for that kind little speech! It is something new to hear anyone approve of us isn't it, Anne?"

"Yes," she says, simply, though she might have added again, "new to me."

But her wistful eyes are fixed on Gillian as Lacy stoops and kisses her cheek.

"Anne isn't jealous now, Gillian," he laughs; but Gillian, knowing too well what a jealous woman's love is like, is not surprised to see that the dark, brilliant eyes seek his with a swift, passionate look, and Lacy, wisely discerning the meaning thereof, turns and kisses his wife once and again ere Gillian leaves the room.

"Anne, won't you come up to me soon?" she asks, hesitating at the door. "I want so much to talk to you."

"I will come up in five minutes," Anne says, with a slight smile and a blush. "I want to say a few words to my husband first, and give some directions, Miss Deane."

"How glad and happy she looks!" Gillian thinks, with a swift, retrospective pang. "She has gained the very desire of her heart, and she looks as if she had."

For Anne Lacy, who smiles and blushes in that pretty, womanly fashion, is indeed strangely altered from haughty, cold Anne O'Neil of the past.

"I wonder if she knows anything of him," Gillian thinks, with a weary sigh, as she toils upstairs.

She is sadly altered, poor child, as she climbs up stair after stair with weary feet and a tired, heavy heart, to the sunny, spirited girl who used to run so lightly up and down in those golden days last summer.

"Of course he cared for her," she muses, with a quiet, hopeless sigh.

"Who would not prefer her to me? Except for that wretched money-temptation he would never have thought of me, and he was too honest to keep up the pretense of caring for

me. But oh, if I could only see his face again and hear his voice! Oh, if I could only be his friend—only see him smile on me and touch my hand as he used to do! In America, Birmingham said: 'Gone back to America.' Oh, George! oh, George! the whole wide world is between us!"

And she almost fancies it is an illusion of her senses, conjured up in that passionate, whispered longing, and she sees a door open on the landing right before her, and the rotund figure and comely face, the snowy cap-borders, of Italian-ironed, frills, the shepherd's-plaid woolen kerchief, and snowy apron spread over her ample hips—the very presentment of Mrs. Nellie Hagarty, George Archer's old housekeeper—appears on the threshold.

She courtesies silently and deferentially, despite her quick look of interest as she is passing by, when Gillian detains her with an impulsive touch on her arm.

"Don't you remember me?" she says, trembling with excitement. "Are you not Mrs. Hagarty, the housekeeper at Darragh Castle?"

"Yes, miss, shure," Mrs. Hagarty responds, smiling and much gratified. "Shure I remember yeh well, Miss Deane, an' your great kindness to me, miss, when you wor so ill. I hope your health is good, miss, and shure yeh look well and handsome, too."

"Are you living here now, Mrs. Hagarty?" Gillian asks so eagerly, and looking at her with sparkling eyes of feverish interest as if she is afraid that Nellie Hagarty's ample, matronly form is "an airy nothing," which will presently vanish away.

"Yis, shure, Miss Deane, I've been here for a bit," Nellie answers with some hesitancy, smoothing down her well-ironed apron. "I've been stoppin' on here a bit in the winter, time off an' on; for when her ladyship was gone, an' Miss O'Neil was gone, an' Mrs. Lynch, the cook an' housemaid—she's my grand-niece on the mother's side, Miss Kitty Fagan—was wanted a helpin' hand once or twice when the master had some gentlemen's company; an' this the master sed as I wasn't in no place since my poor master went away from me, I'd better stop on awhile till her ladyship herself come home."

"—tis her sorrowful job I has now, helping Mrs. Lynch—Miss O'Neil that was, yeh know, miss—to nurse the poor master!"

"Your master! Why—oh! I know. You mean Mr. Damer, poor Mr. Harry Damer, as he is now," Gillian stammers, crimsoning and paling at her own wild ideas; and Nellie Hagarty looks at her with shrewd twinkling eyes.

"Ach, no shure!" she says, with a loud sigh. "My poor master, Mister Archer, is far enough away in foreign parts, miss. An' the good master he was to me; my grief! I'll not find his match again. I tould him o' your kindness, miss, in givin' me five pound—Nelly continues, her woman's instinct discerning plainly that Gillian, standing quiet, pale and smiling, is yet listening with great pleasure—"an' he goes r'at' pleased, and smiled wid that beautiful smile o' his," Mrs. Hagarty says, waxing sentimental; "an' he sez, 'I'm very glad, Nelly,' he sez, 'o' Miss Deane's kindness to me, since I can do so little for you,' though he put twelve pound, my year's wages, into me hand on the spot the night he went away! An' so, wid his kindness an' your kindness, Miss Deane, an' keevin' coin a turn now an' again, I've done very well, since my poor master went—praises be!"

"Perhaps Mr. Archer will come back again!" Gillian says, trembling, and not daring to lift her eyes because of her own audacity; "he was in London not long since, you know?"

"Oh, yis, miss," Nellie says, volubly with an increase of gratification. "Shure I had a letter from him from London, an' his likeness brought to me by Miss O'Neil when she came over—Miss O'Neil an' me was always the best of friends, an' shure she's the nice lady, and the real lady, miss!—an' she brought me a letter from Mister Archer, miss! I have it in me box, an' his likeness I'd axed him for so often, an' a sovereign to buy me something for a Christmas-box from him," he sed!

"Tis he was the good master, an' the kind master, wid the sowl of a gentleman!"

"Yes, indeed!" Gillian says as eagerly as before, wondering feverishly how she shall coax or bribe Nellie to show her that letter and that picture. Oh, precious possessions! if they were only hers to add to her poor little meager hoard of treasures—a withered spray of heather, carefully folded white handkerchief, and a common brass pin.

George's hand had given her all three, and they are hidden away in a jewel drawer, Brahman-locked—the most precious of her earthly belongings.

"But shure as for his comin' back here again," Nellie resumes, despondently, with very inquisitive glances at the young lady. "I can't say wan way nor th' other. I'm afear'd poor Master Archer had thrubbles of his own, shure," she says in a lower tone, and rather nervously, pleading the fringes of her shawl, "and he hadn't the best o' friends sometimes, and there was thim that wouldn't welcome him back, Miss Deane."

"Why do you think so—had he troubles?" Gillian asks, with hurried breath and glowing eyes; "th're were others—who would serve him to the utmost! Mr. Archer knew that himself."

"Faix, shure I can't say," Nellie says, more slowly, and watching Gillian closely. "Mossel doesn't know how it is at all," she adds, mysteriously, drawing nearer to Gillian, and lowering her voice to a whisper.

But as it is a whisper of intense caution and secrecy, Nellie elaborates it into a noisy hissing sound sufficient to attract the most wandering attention at a considerable distance.

"Shure—one sez wan thing an' wan sez another," she begins, "an' faix, shure, Miss Deane, a body can't help hearin' this an' that together, when they hear it, shure, you're a friend o' poor Mister George, miss, or I wouldn't let out a breathin' ov it, though shure many's the one that guesses at it—"

But at this point Nellie plainly perceives in Gillian's eyes of alarm and utter astonishment, that there is not even a suspicion of the truth she tries to hint at in the girl's innocent mind.

"But, shure, it's no business o' mine to be inquirin' about me betterers," she says, suddenly, with a great pretense of indifference. "An' it's I'm glad to see yeh wid us," she concludes politely, but edging away from Gillian, and, as the quickest retreat, returning to the room she has just left.

But Gillian has heard so much that now she must and will hear more.

"Tell me what you mean," she urges in a low tone, determinedly staying her with the coaxing pressure of her soft little palm on Nellie's stout arm.

"Do tell me, Mrs. Hagarty—if I can do anything, do tell me! I am Mr. Archer's friend, indeed I am. And you may trust me entirely."

But Nellie is alarmed at her own indiscreet tattle, and uneasily tries to smooth away all significance in her words.

"Faix, nothen, shure, Miss, at all, only they sez, her ladyship doesn't like Mister George, an' shure maybe they had a word o' disagreement and it can't be helped, an' more's the pity," she says, shuffling out of the room.

"Yes, I knew that," Nellie knew that long ago," Gillian answers hurriedly, clasping the other hand now around Nellie's big arm. "I knew it always, Mrs. Hagarty, and—I wonder if Lady Damer had anything to do with Mr. Archer going away so suddenly."

Her lips are parted, her eyes burning like stars, her bosom heaving, in the rising of the wild hope that that cruel departure may be explained in any way but in the intolerable bitterness of the explanation Lady Damer has always given—that George's sudden departure was the result of a sudden selfish longing for change and liberty and worldly success, well knowing what a deeper, crueler significance such an assertion will bear to this girl who loved him so well that she would have clung to his side for life.

Mrs. Hagarty gives one surprised, half-pitying look of astonishment at the innocent, yearning face, and desperately retreats from the temptation to enlighten it.

"Well, o'course, Miss Deane, it isn't no business o' mine to give guesses to what's belongin' to me betterers," she says, stolidly, with provoking suavity of expression. "Shure me lady know, her own mind best, an' Mister George knows his mind, and it isn't for me to spake of what doesn't concern me."

"Well, but what do you think?" persists Gillian, entreatingly. "I am speaking to you in confidence, and you may trust me, Mrs. Hagarty. Mr. Damer was very sorry for Mr. Archer going away, I know. Don't you think he missed him, and would be glad if he was back again?"

Nelly's keen gray blue eyes light up with a flash of scornful assurance.

"For, as in her excitement and longing to learn something of that bitter mystery which had shadowed all the dawn of her womanhood, Gillian forgets, for the moment, every other consideration, so does a certain recklessness impart itself to worthy Nellie Hagarty, bidding her fling prudence to the winds and utter the words which are burning on her tongue."

"Faix, Miss Deane, he misses him so much that I'm afraid it will be the death of him, but foot after poor Mr. James—I've rest his sowl!"

If Mister George doesn't come back and let him see one sight of him!" she says, impressively, folding her arms and shaking her head with im- bittered meaning. "He can't get no rest night nor day, when he is in his senses nor when he's out of them, wid longing the heart out of time to see him, an'—sure—my grief—why wouldn't he?"

She darts a quick look at Gillian while her concluding words, but she sees plainly they are all uncomprehended.

"Then Mr. Archer must be sent for!" Gillian says, determinedly, though she is trembling like an aspen in agitation. "I will see about it at once. Never fear, you may trust me, Mrs. Hagarty. What does Mr. Da- Archer to be sent for?"

"He sez nothen—day nor night— but the wan thing!" Nellie answers, looking down and shuffling her feet about restlessly. "Sure he's not right in his head at all, so he isn't— poor gentleman!"

"What does he say?" persists Gillian.

"He only sez them words over an' over again," Nellie says, rather stumbling over her words, "an' shure it's not—Oh! merciful heavens, bless us an' save us! Oh, Mister Damer—Mr. Harry Damer—now, sir, sure it isn't getting out o' your head this crowdin' day you'd be, sir!" she urges, distractedly, pushing Gillian back, and pushing herself forward, as the bedroom door is suddenly snatched open, and on the threshold she and Gillian see the gaunt, barefoot figure clad only in a dressing-gown, who stands there staring wildly at them both.

"Who's that?" he demands, with a rapid, hollow utterance, which is as dreadfully changed from his pleasant voice, with its soft genial tones as is the wasted shrunken figure, the pallid visage, the sunken, fevered eyes, the pitiful wreck of manhood from 'handsome Harry Damer.'"

"At fifty years of age, a wretched invalid, with a disordered brain and nearly worn-out body."

"Who's that?" he reiterates, pointing at Gillian with a shaking finger as she draws back, pale and terrified, for there is madness in the gleaming eyes under the lined, haggard brow, with the disordered locks of faded, grayish hair clinging damply to the hollow temples.

"Sure, nobody now, sir, but Miss Deane come t' inquire how ye are, Sir Harry," Mrs. Hagarty says, soothingly, barring the door with her rotund figure.

But he hardly seems to hear her, or even to see Gillian now, as he looks up and down eagerly, restlessly.

"I want to go out," he says, suddenly. "I want to go out and see him!"

And then his mood changes again and he lifts up his hands with a dreadful cry of despair—a hoarse, wailing, beseeching cry, terrible to hear in a man's voice, from a man's lips.

"I want to go out! I want to go out and see him. He won't come here, he won't enter my doors. I want to see him. Oh, my son! my son! Oh, my own boy, George, my own son! I want to see him. I want to see him!"

CHAPTER XLII.

At the sound of that terrible cry, these terrible words of remorse and despair, Gillian stands speechless and stiff, riveted, as it were, to the floor, in the shock of the pain and amazement they had given her. But as Nellie Hagarty succeeds in gently hustling her unhappy patient back into his room again, she hurries back to shut the door, and to shut Gillian out.

"Go away, miss, my dear! Go away, now, ashore!" she mutters, huskily. "It's very bad sometimes. Poor Mrs. Lacy had a power o' thrills wud him herself, an' he's got th' unaisy fit on him now!"

(To be Continued.)

UNPARALLELED FAMILY RECORD

The oldest family that the world perhaps ever saw once dwelt in old Ipswich, Suffolk county, England. It was in the reign of William III. that this family lived, and the records of Ipswich verify this story. From the strange peculiarities attaching to this family it earned the cognomen of the "old family." The surprising occurrences, both good and bad, affecting these people happened on the "old day of the month," and each member of the family had something peculiarly odd in person, behavior and manner, as the following description will show:

The number of letters in their names were all odd numbers. The father's name was Peter, and the mother's Rahab. There were seven children, all boys, and named in the following order: Solomon, Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, David and Ezekiel. The father had but one leg and the mother but one arm. Solomon was born blind of the left eye, and Roger lost his right eye by accident. James had his left ear pulled out by a fight, and Matthew was born with only three fingers on his right hand; Jonas had a stump foot, and David was humpbacked.

All of the boys were very short except David and Ezekiel, the latter being 6 feet 2 inches in height when 19 years old. The humpback David and the stump-footed Jonas married two of the prettiest girls in England, who were also very rich and well connected. But the rest, strange as it may seem, neither city nor country ladies looked upon with sufficient favor to marry any of them.

The father's hair was jet black and the wife's hair white, and all the boys had red hair. The odd father of these seven odd boys accidentally fell into a deep pit and starved and froze to death before being discovered. The odd wife with the white hair afterward refused to eat and in five days died. The death of the husband and wife occurred in the year 1701.

In the year 1703 Ezekiel enlisted in the "Grenadier Guards," and though wounded in battle in 23 different places, recovered sufficiently to be sent home. In the year 1713 Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas and David died on the same day, each living away from the other in different places. In the year 1723 Solomon and Ezekiel were drowned together while crossing the River Thames.

This odd family history can be fully substantiated by the records of old Ipswich.

Paris Favors the Jaunty Coatee.

In Paris the popularity of the blouse is for the moment overshadowed by the short, jaunty coatee, which the French call a vestee-habit. This is a well-fitting short coat of some rich brocade or velvet, cut away in front and sloping off into a rounded basque or coat tails behind. It fastens over with two double-breasted revers and a handsome diamond button on the bust, revealing a lace jabot at the throat and below a tight-fitting, straight-fronted, pointed stomacher of cloth of gold or rich embroidery. Such a coat, which may be worn in the house with a pale grey or cream cloth skirt, or for theatre or restaurant wear with a lace or silk skirt, is new and attractive-looking, especially so on a well-rounded figure.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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