



When a man gets down flat on his back, so that he has to be carried about like a baby, he finally realizes that he is a sick man. Very frequently he has been a sick man for years, but has recklessly refused to recognize nature's warnings. Severe illness is something that does not strike a man like a flash of lightning. It creeps upon him by degrees, and at every step warns him with a new danger signal.

When a man feels "out of sorts" or "knocked out," or whatever he may call it, he is a sick man. It is time to take warning. Headaches, drowsiness, loss of sleep at night, loss of appetite, nervousness, bad taste in the mouth in the morning, and frightful dreams—all these are warnings of encroaching illness. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery creates appetite, cures dyspepsia, stimulates the liver, purifies the blood, quickens the circulation and tones the nerves. It makes rich, red, fleshy, building blood. It builds firm flesh, but does not make corpulent people more corpulent. Unlike cod liver oil, it does not make flabby flesh. On the contrary, it tears down and excretes the unhealthy tissues that constitute corpulency, and replaces them with the firm, muscular tissues of good health. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. All bronchial, throat and kindred ailments, as lingering coughs, spitting of blood and weak lungs are cured by it. Thousands have testified to its merits. At all medicine stores, or it is a dealer's business to give you what you ask for; not to tell you what you want.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Druggists sell them, and nothing is "just as good."

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It CANNOT BREAK

The D & A "Crest" CORSET
Is the Mothers' Ideal.

It cannot break at the hip. Lifting your child, stooping to dust, etc., ceases to remind you of your corset steels.

The D & A "Crest" is yielding and unbreakable, and one trial is sure to make a permanent customer.

Ask your dealer to show it.

Delicate children! What a source of anxiety they are! The parents wish them hearty and strong, but they keep thin and pale.

To all these delicate children Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites comes with the best of news.

It brings rich blood, strong bones, healthy nerves, and sound digestion. It is growth and prosperity to them.

No matter how delicate the child, it is readily taken.

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ENGLISH BREAKFAST COCOA

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Empty bottles wanted, cheapest cash price paid for all kind of empty bottles.
JOHN P. JOY,
Victoria Cafe (St. George St.)



(Continued.)
SYNOPSIS.

Peter Clephane and Andrew Kilgour are cousins, students at Edinburgh University, between whom is a better feud. The former is the son of a rich city lawyer and his cousin is the heir of an estate in the Highlands that has almost passed into the hands of creditors. After a bitter fight with his cousin, Kilgour is on his way home when he falls in with company at the "Hound and Stag" inn at Perth. Arrived home his companion on the journey turns out to be his uncle, Peter Clephane's father.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ELMS—A MOMENTOUS DECISION.

Youth has an enviable knack of turning its back upon the troublesome past so soon as a blink of hope shines out of the future.

Next day I had forgotten my woes, and was as snugly in conceit with myself, as if, instead of being the football of fortune, I had been her first favourite and grand vizier. I passed the day zealously cultivating those aerial estates which make so fine a show in the eye of imagination and promise so rare a revenue, and waited with impatience for the evening. Yet when the hour came, and I found myself at The Elms, somewhat my elation forsook me, and with it my confidence and self-possession. The ordeal of the introduction to Miss Gordon was trying. It left me with hot gills and an uneasy foreboding that I was going to make a fool of myself.

When we sat down to dinner, I was still haunted by this fear, and consequently very flustered. It would have been unspeakably grateful to sink into an obscure corner whence I could watch without attracting attention, but a perverse fate placed me disconcertingly close to the radiant being who presided as hostess. It may seem an odd thing, but in the distress of the first fifteen minutes, had there been the choice, I would gladly have resigned my seat beside the beautiful young mistress of The Elms to charge upon a blazing park of artillery, and I would sooner have fought ten men than address a voluntary remark to her. To find her so much as looking at me was to be struck with a ridiculous palsy that sent a nervous tremor all through me, as if there were an electric battery in her eyes, to be directly addressed by her was total overthrow of the wits and paralysis of the tongue.

That was during the first half hour of our contact. By degrees I came to feel it was good to be near her, and listen to her wondrously vivacious and penetrative talk, and watch the flying shadows of thought on her superbly moulded and expressive face, and the gleam of her raven hair, and the sunshine that rippled in dimpled cheek and chin, and the sparkle of her dark eyes, eyes which were equally ready to laugh in joy or melt in pity or flash in stern indignation and rebuke.

I am not going to attempt a description of her surpassing beauty, a formal portrait being to me a thing clean out of the question. She was twenty, a child of the sun, and the peer of any queen on earth—fair as her whose face had launched a thousand ships and burned the topless towers of Ilium, and if she caused me a flutter of fright it was a species of delirious ecstasy, a delicious pain, that was the very essence of delight.

Dinner had not long begun when my business was introduced.

"It is not a thing to be lightly decided upon," said Sir Thomas, seriously. "You are at a time of life now, Mr. Andrew, when every act, every decision, is momentous. Our acts and decisions indeed are always momentous, but they are peculiarly and particularly so in youth, when we give the tone and bias to our whole later life. A hasty or an unwise decision in early years, too, often involves a lifelong regret. I hope you have well-considered with your father and mother."

"As to that, Sir Thomas," chimed in my father, ere I could speak a word, "his mother and myself have come to no decision in the matter. To be perfectly candid, we have not been consulted. But he is free to choose. If he thinks it will be to his advantage to go to India, let him go to India. He will be the likelier to succeed if he decides for himself."

"My sentiments exactly," said Mr. Clephane, emphatically. "I have a son of my own, and I say: 'Peter, my boy, choose for yourself. We are all endowed with different tastes and different faculties, therefore choose for yourself.' I make no doubt that Andrew is quite competent to select a career for himself."

"Probably he is," responded Sir Thomas, quietly. "Yet most of us are wiser at sixty than at twenty." "And India is so dreadfully far away, Sir Thomas," put in my mother, tremulously.

"Why, as to that, cousin," said the lawyer, with an unctuous smile, "colum nium animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt" (crossing the seas does not change a man's nature).

No notice being taken of this speech, I stammered what I regret to have to confess was hardly the truth—namely,

Ladies wishing hats or bonnets trimmed for Easter are requested to leave their orders as soon as possible at F Perkins & Co, Sunnyside.

that I had given the matter careful consideration and was fully resolved to go to India.

My mother said nothing, but it was clear the dinner had little relish for she and Isabel left the table early. There was silence for a little while after their withdrawal.

Then Sir Thomas said: "Since you have decided then, Mr. Andrew, if it would not be prying too much into private affairs might I ask—if I am impertinent pray tell me so—what your plans are after your arrival in India. I have a special reason for asking."

To this I was forced to confess that I had not thought out my plans, that, in fact, I had no plans at all.

"Youth trusts to luck," said the lawyer ever ready to thrust his tongue in where it was not wanted.

"Fortune favours them who have the pluck to show they don't care a rap for the jade."

"I trust, Kilburnie," said Sir Thomas, turning to my father and ignoring the lawyer's remark, "that when you have heard my reason you will not deem me tolerably selfish. I wished to ascertain that Mr. Andrew had fully made up his mind before intruding any personal concern of my own, lest his generosity might lead him to neglect his own interests."

"You are quite incapable of doing anything from selfish motives, Sir Thomas," returned my father, quickly and cordially. "Whatever be your reasons, I am ready to wager they do you honour."

"You are extremely good to express such sentiments," said Sir Thomas, "but I am afraid my motives in this instance are selfish."

"Then, Sir Thomas, I shall be very much surprised, indeed," responded my father, promptly.

"You are too generous, Kilburnie," said Sir Thomas, "but you will be better able to judge when I have explained my reasons for being inquisitive. The fact is I am anxious to find some trustworthy friend going to India who would—well—who would undertake a delicate family mission for me."

My heart jumped at this. What could the family mission be? And would Isabel be interested in it?

"There are those in India," continued Sir Thomas, after a short pause, "of whom I should very much like to have intelligence." He stopped a moment, fingering his glasses absently, lifting it to his mouth and putting it down again without drinking. Then he went on, while we all listened intently:

"I think it is generally supposed by my friends and neighbours that Isabel is my only child, but that—I speak in confidence, gentlemen—is a mistake. She has a brother Donald—Donald Gordon—and it is of him I would fain have news. The young man himself is not addicted to letter writing, and my correspondents in the East seem somehow or other to have lost sight of him. It may be that he is dead, and there was a quiver in his voice. "If so, it would be some satisfaction to know it. And, to be brief, I thought that if Andrew were going to India he might possibly be able to look Donald up."

"Gad, Sir Thomas, Andrew is just the very man to do that," put in Mr. Clephane. "I'll warrant he'll find your son. It is a mission to suit one of Andrew's adventurous spirit. I only wish I could substitute my own son. But Andrew is not to be superseded. I envy him his opportunity."

"We all envy the opportunities of youth," said Sir Thomas. Then turning to my father, with a smile, "You see, Kilburnie, my motives are selfish after all."

"As I was ready to wager, your motives do you honour, Sir Thomas," answered my father, stoutly, "and he were no son of mine, who, going to India, would not exert himself to do what you wish."

With that my father looked at me as if to say:—"There, now, speak up. There's something to your taste perhaps."

"I need hardly assure you, Sir Thomas," I said, clearing my throat, for my excitement was great. "I need hardly assure you that if ever I set foot in India my first business will be to find Donald."

"Thank you, my dear boy," responded Sir Thomas, while his voice shook and his eyes glistened. "Thank you. Only pray remember that should you change your mind you will not let this generous promise to me in any way hinder you. I will not accept your service on any other condition."

"Never fear, Sir Thomas. Never fear," answered my father for me. "Make yourself quite at ease on that score. If he changes his mind, he will tell you so frankly."

"My heart's thanks to you, Kilburnie," murmured Sir Thomas. "You have made me fifty years younger. My spirit—ah, me! But there, there. Shall we join the ladies? I dare say they are feeling rather lonely." And we rose and left the room.

"My dear Isabel," cried Sir Thomas, with the glee of a boy, as we entered the drawing-room: "come here, child. I have news for you." She rose instantly and met him with a pretty look of expectation on her face.

"Mr. Andrew is going to India and will search out Donald," continued Sir Thomas. "There's news to gladden your heart, my child."

Isabel turned toward me, her eyes gleaming with a dewy, wistful brightness, and her hands shaking with a sudden tremor, so that I would fain have taken hold of them to comfort her.

to repay you?" And I, with my hot face and leaping heart, certainly could not tell her.

The joy that gave Sir Thomas and Isabel new life filled me also with an exquisite delight, but when they were radiant with hope and happy by anticipation, my dear mother's face blanched so that my gladness was checked by the duty of comforting her. In this office Isabel came to my help with the sweet words and winning ways that were all her own, and by dint of our unceasing perseverance in looking at the sunny side of things and keeping the dark out of view, in a little while my mother smiled through her tears, owning, with a fervent embrace, that it was good for young men to go out into the world and try hazards with fortune. "Few have such friends, Andrew," she said, looking toward Isabel, while chiding to me. "And I would not stand between you and 'distinction, far less would I hinder you from doing a worthy action.' And then she and Isabel laughed and cried together, while I chewed my thumb in a corner, and there was an end of objections.

It must be understood that I was not to go solely as Sir Thomas' emissary to seek out Donald. I was going primarily on my own account—to push my own fortune—and Sir Thomas' mission was, as he was pleased to put it, "a mere act of charity done to a stranger out of the goodness of my heart." Yet in truth the charity and goodness were all on the other side. Sir Thomas

to mind ye of old friends, and when ye come back ye'll can march to your own quickstep, and maybe Donald will be there to fling his bonnet in the air. Hooch aye! God bless ye—God bless ye!" and a tremulous hand patted me like a baby on the back. Then Duncan leaped down and stalked back to his horses, daring any one to say tears were on his cheeks or that his hands were shaking as if with a palsy. His was an odd gift, but I took it, knowing how refusal would hurt him. In another minute the driver had gathered up the reins, touched the prancing leaders with his whip, and we were off. I reared back, waving my hand to the little group by the inn door till we turned a bend in the road. Then, seeing none too well, I turned, setting my face resolutely forward.

(To be Continued.)



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