



There are weeds in every body's garden, and no garden was ever planted in which weeds did not insolently present themselves. They come without invitation and without a welcome. If you recognize them as weeds, and if you have sense enough to know that weeds choke flowers, and pull the weeds up, root and branch, you will save the flowers.

There are weeds in the garden of many a man and woman. Doctors call them disease germs. If you have sense enough to distinguish them from the flowers of health, and root them out, you will be robust, healthy and happy. The most dangerous of all the weeds in the garden of health is that deadly cancer consumption.

There has never been but one medicine that would choke out this weed, root and branch. That medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly on the system through the blood, driving out all impurities and disease germs, and building new and healthy tissue. It restores the appetite, makes digestion and assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver, purifies the blood and fills it with the life-giving elements of the food and tones and builds up the nerves. It sustains the action of the heart and deepens the breathing, supplying the blood with life-giving oxygen. Medicine dealers sell it.

A doctor, who is considered an expert on these troubles, told me I had consumption and would not live long. "Write Mrs. James Gaffield, 107 St. Street, Hamilton, Ont., Can. "Three boxes of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and you are completely cured."

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That valuable 10 acre lot situated on the Quarrie, on Mt. Rd. Road apply to the office of L. L. BEER.



SYNOPSIS.

Peter Clephane and Andrew Kilgour are cousins, students at Edinburg 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. To retrieve his family's fortune Andrew is sent to India.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VIII.

A GREAT SURPRISE.

Ten days must have passed thus in the utter solitude of an unfrequented ocean, days, however, not of depression and despair, but of tranquil joy and gratitude, soothing alike to mind and body after the shocks and perils of the

tempest. A little while before I could have divined nothing more than this desolation; it would have seemed hopeless and maddening. But deliver a man from the grave, and the desert will be to him as a fruitful and umbrageous garden. Now indeed, except for the loneliness, my situation was one that might have provoked the envy of men who hunt happiness or struggle for bread in dusty, noisome cities.

After the thunderstorm the air was cooler, and when there chanced to be a breeze its pervasive and delicious balm was like a forestate of heaven. Morning and evening, too, the Orient spread its flaming pictures along the sky for my sole delight, and the glistening, iridescent sea, lately so terrible in its fury, caressed the ship's side with a liquid murmur of endearment. Slowly and softly the brig heaved on the long foamless swell without so much as a suggestion of the reeling agonies she had just passed through.

On deck I had my improvised awning of sails and tangled rigging under which I dozed and dreamed when I was not cooking or eating or watching the flying fish. Company would have been grateful, but I had my life, and that was more than company. Moreover, I lacked nothing, for the ship's stores were practically untouched, so sudden had been the crew's departure. With plenty of meat and drink in a world where so many people have to go on short commons, one should not complain, and as for society, if it was wanting, there was none to thwart my humours.

A chief part of my pleasure was in the books left by Mr. Watson. "Rob Roy" was there, and truly it would have seemed a ridiculous thing could any one have seen a miserable ocean waif holding his sides at the humours of Baillie Nicol Jarvie. I fear the gallant Rob himself was not a pattern of morality, but his daring Highland spirit was captivating, and if he lifted his prayers he did well when his back was to the wall. Others also of Sir Walter's books I read, among them being "Ivanhoe," which is surely the best romance ever written. "Robinson Crusoe," too, fell to me then, and I dare say, the resource and ingenuity of that immortal castaway somewhat influenced my own mode of life.

Besides these I had some numbers of old reviews, which were good reading for the wiggling they gave unlucky authors, some of whom have since, however, unaccountably achieved fame. I had also a publication called "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," which, I understand, is more familiar to the present generation than the Bible. There was likewise an almanac, which I thought might be valuable for its weather forecasts, but whether it had been written for some other quarter of the globe or was merely a humorous effort, its predictions never had the least bearing on the weather in the Indian ocean.

Then, when books palled, forth would come Duncan's silver mounted pipes from the green bag—which was guarded as if it were gold—and I would blow myself into a species of intoxication. Now it was an old air my mother or my nurse had crooned to me in the dim, far-off dawn of memory; then, being a little sentimental, a wail of lament, maybe Rob Roy's pathetic "H a til mi tulidh" (I return no more), again a pibroch, opening with the weird, dirge-like measure of a coronach, but every moment quickening in time till the excitement and ecstasy of it carried me clean out of myself and away from all thought of forsaken seas and derelict ships. By a natural transition this would lead to a quickstep, a reel, strathspey or Highland fling.

All the while I was back in the Highlands in the gloe of a harvest home or a gathering on the green of a summer's evening, cheering and urging the dancers, whose whirling tails and gleaming knees showed the energy of their resounding "hooshs" and sharp thumb crackings of the men, as well as the panting, joyful half-frightened soughs of the lasses as they were swung off their feet in the fury of the fun. Or again it might be a plumed and kilted company marching with springy step to the strains of "The Highland Laddie," or "The Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," or "The Campbells Are Coming," or "Blue Bonnets Over the Border." And in the wild exultation of the thing up I would get to strut about the deck with as proud a stomach as if I were playing clansmen into the heart of their enemies.

Nor was the strutting always enough, for, oblivious of physical weakness, I often caught myself skipping about in the mazes of a country dance, or leaping

in the Highland fling, or prancing in the delirium of the sword dance, the fingers unconsciously going on the chanter. It would be hard to tell how many times I went over "Reel Thulachan," and the "Reel of Tulloch," and "Ghillie Challum," and the "High Road to Linton," and "The Auld Wife Ayont the Fire," and "Dainty Davie," and "The Marquis of Huntley's Farewell," and "Sleepy Maggy," and such like tunes, trying not always successfully to keep time between the dancer and the piper.

The exercise usually continued till I had to give up from want of breath and did me more good than all the physic doctors could have poured into me. And indeed to this day nothing heartens me like the drone of the pipes humming in my ear, though I fear this will be reckoned a rude taste by the refined young gentlemen who know so much about the pianos, which are things of mystery to me. Yet old Duncan often declared I had notions of music and could make the pipes utter emotion and sentiment in a way that sometimes stirred him, though he owned I was no hand at the warblers. The true piper will stake his life on his warblers or grace notes. Anybody can play a common tune by sticking simply to the air, but a man must be a born piper to introduce variations with skill. It is in the management of these that art lies.

But since there was none on the brig to criticise my deficiencies did not in the least spoil the pleasure in my own music. There was but one drawback to the performances, that my companions fairly abhorred them. No sooner would they hear me screwing up the drones for a bit of piping than they rushed off squealing to hide in the darkest recesses of the ship. Since then I have learned that nothing jars on the sensitive ear of a rat so much as the music of the bagpipes; he will go through fire and water to escape it. Indeed, in the Highlands when rats get troublesome it is a common practice to call in a piper to frighten them off, and the device never fails.

(To be Continued.)

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Secretary Building Committee
apr8-w2i

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