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(Continued.)

SYNOPSIS.

Peter Clephane and Andrew Kilgour are cousins, students at Edinburgh University, between whom is a bitter 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.

"It's a curious coincidence," said my father, when the voluble Mr. Clephane had been induced to take a seat, "that we should just have been talking about a profession for him."

A very important matter, cousin," responded Mr. Clephane, with deep gravity of tone and countenance. Then, assuming his sprightliest manner, and looking at me, he added, "The most important except getting married. Aye make that exception, Andrew. Faith, the lassies take the lead, will we, nill we. Solomon with all his wisdom couldn't resist them, and when he failed who's likely to succeed? What's this the poet says? There's nae poetry in law, cousin, and I'm clean forgetting the warblings of the muse, but anyway he means that in camp or grove love's supreme. A man meets his fate when he meets his wife. Mind that, Andrew. But about the profession, cousin—excuse my digression into the realms of sentiment and romance. Lawyers go there but seldom, and, truth to tell, dinna feel ever well at home when they do make an excursion. What's to be Andrew's profession, if it's a fair question?"

"There's a difference on the point," answered my father. "I'm for the law partly because I remember your own prosperity, cousin, and he's—well, he's against it."

"H'm, ha!" said Mr. Clephane, stroking his well-nourished chin. "Dear me, that's unfortunate, and yet it would never do for us all to be of the same mind. There are many ways of making a living, cousin, and the laddie has his own tastes nae doot. As to the law, it's with it as with many another thing, those like it best who know least about it. At the best it's a slippery game, in which ten fall for one who keeps his feet. I have sgrackled through—I'll no deny it, but w! the skin o' my teeth, as the man of Uz says. I'm not sure I'd advise another fellow to follow in my steps. But dinna let me interfere; dinna let me come between father and son." Whereupon Mr. Clephane rubbed his hands, thus figuratively washing them of the whole business, and the subject of talk was changed.

When Highland hospitalities had been dispensed, Mr. Clephane and my father went out for a walk, leaving me behind. I was not sorry, since their absence gave me an opportunity of speaking with my mother, who, good soul, was ever willing to take my part. I told her my whole story unreservedly, and she sympathized as only a mother can. I also told her the history of my relations with Peter, which startled and surprised her.

"It is a shame, Andrew," she said, with the tears gleaming in her dear eyes, "but Mr. Clephane probably knows nothing of Peter's behaviour, and at any rate for your father's sake we must uphold the honour of Kilburnie. It must not be said he came here and was ill-received."

And then with many a caress she told me she quite understood my unhappy position, and that she would do what she could to re-establish me in my father's favour. I could see, however, that the loyal heart which she possessed, while pledging herself as a partisan, My blessing-memories.

As fate would have it, when I and my father returned they were accompanied by a neighbouring Sir Thomas Gordon, of the Elms, whom the reader has already casually heard from mine host of the Hound and Stag. Meeting the baronet in the course of their walk, my father, with the impulsive generosity which had wrought such trouble to his house, insisted on taking him home for luncheon regardless of domestic convenience or resource. But my mother was right glad to see Sir Thomas, and he in turn was glad to see her, declaring in his fine old-fashioned manner it did his heart good just to cross the threshold of Kilburnie.

Sir Thomas, my mother had told me, always gave her the impression that he was extremely lonely. He might have been happy as the world goes. A retired Anglo-Indian official, he was wealthy, and though a widower, he had the companionship of a devoted daughter whose equal in beauty and goodness has not breathed since Eve left Paradise. But these blessings were mysteriously counterbalanced. There was a break in his health, and one could see it plainly—a break in his heart, two evils for which money is no medicine, and which even filial devotion can hardly do more than alleviate.

Sir Thomas had both seen and done a great deal in times that history now calls stirring. He had been a prominent actor in more than one memorable and exciting scene. He had fought a valiant battle, and victory had crowned his exertions. Yet he had a skeleton in the cupboard. He sighed often, and his habitual look was downcast. But he was not of those who parade their woes. In company he was cheerful, in a subdued way, and always gentle and considerate. Much knowledge of men

and their imperfections had not hardened him, and bitter experiences had but saddened, not soured, his sweet spirit. Nor had years of authority and much honour destroyed his child-like simplicity.

I hoped that luncheon would pass without reference being made to what had brought me home, but in that I was disappointed, for the matter lay too near my father's heart to be kept out of his conversation. Sir Thomas was told of the plans that had been made for me, and how for some unaccountable reason I was bent on strolling them.

"We must not be angry or disappointed if youth does not see with the eyes of age," said Sir Thomas, graciously, looking at me. "Morning and evening have different lights. Mr. Andrew has the fresh vision and quick intelligence of his time of life. They are not to be despised. At the same time I am sure he will consider soberly, and not underestimate the importance of the decision he is called on to make. Least of all will he grieve by any obstinacy those to whom his welfare is perhaps dearer than to himself," and then he added, after a pause:—"People's thoughts run on the lines that are most familiar to them. India occurred to me. I make a mere suggestion. How would you like to make your fortune in India?"

"No better place in the world for a young man of ability and enterprise," put in Mr. Clephane, quickly. "Dod, many's the fortune has been made in India. I think I see in Andrew a nabob in embryo."

No one took the least notice of him, the attention being bent on me. I was embarrassed and flustered like a man out of his depth and reckoning. I had not thought of India, but as the drowning man clutches at a straw so I ardently expressed a desire to go to India, greatly to the astonishment of my father, and the horror and consternation of my poor mother.

"Do not make a hasty choice," said Sir Thomas, in his kindly tone. "Come to The Elms to-morrow evening, and we will talk the matter over at dinner. Perhaps we may have the honour of Mr. and Mrs. Kilgour's company also, and Mr. Clephane, I shall be honoured if you, too, will join us. Then we can all help destiny to choose a career for Mr. Andrew." And so it was arranged. For the present at least I had relief.

(To be Continued.)



The athletic woman is the woman of the day. The past twenty years has seen wonderful progress in this respect. That this tendency will result in a more robust womanhood, better able to bear the burdens and duties and pleasures of life, there can be no question. But this result will be accomplished by the building up of those women already in reasonably robust health, and the killing off of their weaker sisters. Athletics will make a naturally strong woman stronger and healthier; they will make a naturally weak, sickly woman weaker and more feeble, and if indulged in to excess, may result fatally.

A woman who suffers from weakness and the delicate and important orality feminine, cannot hope to possess general health through athletics, as she remains locally weak. A woman entering in this way is unfitted to bear the strain of athletics just as much as she is unfitted to bear the duties and burdens of wifehood and motherhood. There is a sure, safe, speedy and permanent cure for all disorders of this description. It is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on the organs concerned in wifehood and maternity, making them strong and healthy and vigorous. It soothes pain, allays inflammation, heals ulceration and tones the nerves. It fits a woman to indulge in, and be benefited by, athletics. All good medicine stores sell it.

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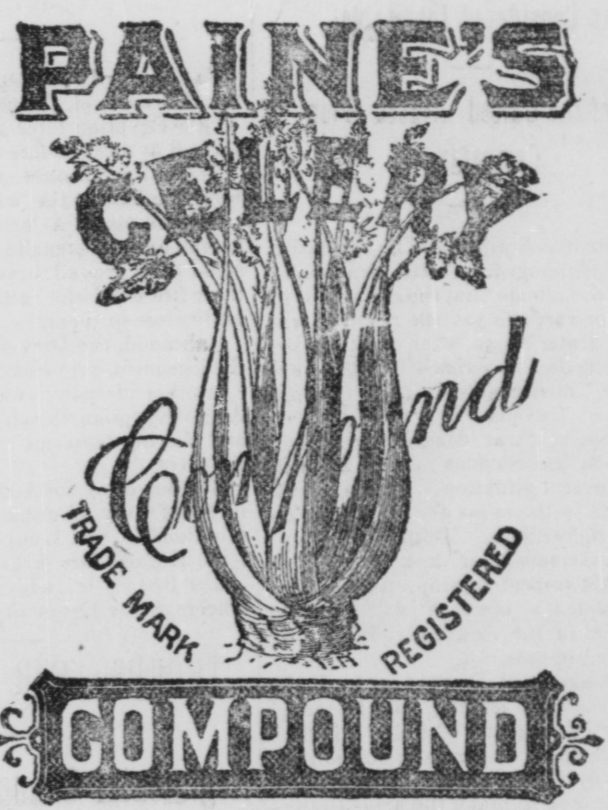
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QUEER AMERICAN RIVERS.

One Florida River That Seems Undecided Just What to Do.

F. H. Spearman tells of "Queer American Rivers" in St. Nicholas. The author says: "Every variety of river in the world seems to have a cousin in our collection. What other country on the face of the globe affords such an assortment of streams for fishing and boating and swimming and skating—besides having any number of streams on which you can do none of these things? One can hardly imagine rivers like that, but we have them, plenty of them, as you shall see."

As for fishing, the American boy may cast his flies for salmon in the arctic circle, or angle for sharks under a tropical sun in Florida, without leaving the domain of the American flag. But the fishing rivers are not the most curious or the most instructive as to diversity of climate, soil and that sort of thing—physical geography, the teacher calls it.

For instance, if you want to get a good idea of what tropical heat and moisture will do for a country, slip your canoe from a Florida steamer into the Ocklawaha river. It is as odd as its name, and appears to be hopelessly undecided as to whether it had better continue in the fish and alligator and drainage business or devote itself to raising live oak and cypress trees, with Spanish moss for mattresses as a side product.

In this fickle minded state it does a little of all these things, so that when you are really on the river you think you are lost in the woods, and when you actually get lost in the woods you are quite confident your canoe is at last on the river. This confusion is due to the low, flat country and the luxuriance of a tropical vegetation.

To say that such a river overflows its banks would hardly be correct, for that would imply that it was not behaving itself. Besides, it hasn't any banks—or, at least, very few! The fact is, those peaceful Florida rivers seem to wander pretty much where they like over the pretty peninsula without giving offense, but if Jack Frost takes such a liberty—presto, you should see how the people get after him with weather bulletins and danger signals and formidable smudges. So the Ocklawaha river and a score of its kind roam through the woods—or maybe it is the woods that roam through them—and the moss sways from the live oaks, and the cypress trees stick their knees up through the water in the oddest way imaginable.

Bookmaking in the Middle Ages.

It required a man of great parts to be a successful publisher at that time, as much as or even more than it does today. Such an institution, for example, as the Sorbonne or University of Paris required the highest guarantees of character, capital and literary capacity in the licensed bookseller. He must be an adept in all the knowledge and science of the period, as well as perfectly skilled in the mechanical needs of his business. The university, too, which was always in close touch with the church, even when its studies had begun to broaden, exercised a jealous censorship, lest some religious heresy should creep in. Whenever an error of this or even of a more trivial sort was found, the transcripts were burned and the bookseller heavily fined. Sometimes his privileges might be entirely revoked, indeed, and he himself imprisoned. The bookseller could not even fix a price on his own products.

Four of the guild in Paris, for example, were sworn as appraisers by the authorities of the Sorbonne to fix the selling value of a book, and any deviation from this was a penal offense. To students the price was fixed at two-thirds of the charge asked of the general purchaser. The booksellers could not dispose of their entire stock and trade without the license of the university, which must also approve the purchaser. As an additional help to students, the Sorbonne in the middle of the fourteenth century framed a law compelling all booksellers to keep books to lend out on hire, and this example was imitated at Toulouse, Bologna, Vienna and Oxford. In this way circulating libraries were established in the middle ages.—Harper's Round Table.

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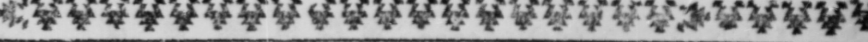
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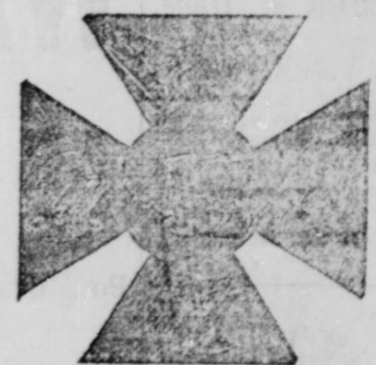
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