

favorably. We have all been in such distress about him. My poor husband could not sleep for thinking of him, but my Jim told me he is going on as well as the doctors could possibly expect."

"Yes, I hope so," answered Belle. "We are greatly indebted to your son for his great kindness to him."

"Jim is only too delighted to remain at Strathearn, I assure you," answered Mrs. Marchmont.

"He is very fond of Captain Gilbert, who is a family connection of ours, you know. His father is a clergyman."

"Yes," said Belle, softly. "I know. Captain Gilbert is an old friend of mine."

"And you met him again at Jim's fête?" It is so nice to meet old friends."

"Yes," again said Belle, still more softly; and then she turned to Mrs. Seymour, and asked her if this was her first visit to the Western Highlands."

"I was once here before," replied Mrs. Seymour, slowly; "but that was when the late Lord Stanmore was alive."

"And you know Lady Stanmore?" inquired Belle.

"I know her slightly," answered Mrs. Seymour, in a reserved tone.

Just at this moment a sudden and violent shower, of mingled sleet and rain, came dashing furiously against the window-panes, and Belle, in common courtesy, could only ask her visitors to remain until it was over, as they had arrived in an open pony carriage.

She rang for tea, and while they were drinking this the sportsmen from the moors, who had also been overtaken by the storm, returned to the Lodge.

They came into the drawing-room a few minutes later, and Belle saw a sudden flash mount to Mrs. Seymour's dark, even brows as Stanmore entered. But this faded as quickly as it arose, and they quietly shook hands with each other.

"Were you caught in the shower?" asked Stanmore; and his voice had not its usual tone.

"No," it commenced after we came here," replied Mrs. Seymour; and her voice also betrayed agitation. "I did not mean to come to Strathearn today," she added quickly; "but Mrs. Marchmont wished to call to ask after some gentleman who was injured on the moors."

"I am very glad you did call," said Stanmore, "I heard you had arrived, and was coming over to see you at Glenwrath."

"I shall be very glad," I remember Strathearn so well," answered Mrs. Seymour, looking round; and something in her tone and manner seemed to disturb Stanmore, for he moved uneasily.

"Yes; won't you have some tea, or something?" he said, and he glanced at Belle as he spoke.

But Belle was not listening. Young Marchmont, who had been on the moors with Stanmore and Sir John Lee, but who had gone up straight to Gilbert's sick room on his return, had now entered the room, and was talking to his mother about his friend.

"He sent down his best regards to you, mother," he said. "I think he is going on all right, but it was a nasty wound you know."

Belle heard this, and turned round quickly.

"But the Edinburgh doctor—Dr. Kennedy—who was here yesterday, thought him much better, did he not?" she said anxiously.

"Ever so much better," answered Marchmont; "he hopes to be up in a day or two."

"Then my dear Lady Stanmore," said Mrs. Marchmont, "I hope you will fix some day to come over and dine with us, as there is nothing now I hope in Captain Gilbert's condition to cause any further anxiety."

Belle hesitated.

"You are very good," she said.

"Mrs. Seymour was so anxious to see you, continued Mrs. Marchmont, "so do come while she is with us?"

"She is a handsome woman," remarked Belle.

"Remarkably handsome; she is a widow, you know; her husband died not very long ago."

"I have heard my Aunt, Lady Stanmore, speak of her," said Belle rather slowly.

"Yes; I was so dreadfully disappointed when I heard Lady Stanmore had left you. I hoped she was going to stay the whole autumn."

"She left rather suddenly," answered Belle; and Mrs. Marchmont, who was shrewd, came to the conclusion, from Belle's tone, that the aunt and niece had had some disagreement.

But Mrs. Marchmont was quite determined to carry her point regarding Belle and Stanmore going over to dine at Glenwrath during Mrs. Seymour's visit. She crossed the room and attacked Stanmore on the subject, and presently Stanmore beckoned to Belle to join them.

"Mrs. Marchmont wishes us to fix a day to dine with her, Belle," he said; "but I have been telling her that I think it would be best for them to come here first."

Mrs. Seymour knew Strathearn in my brother's time, and would like, I dare say, to see over the place."

"I shall, of course, be very pleased to see Mrs. Seymour," replied Belle.

"Let us settle it then. Will the day after tomorrow suit your party, Mrs. Marchmont?" asked Stanmore.

"Charming; we accept with pleasure, and then we can arrange a return visit," answered Mrs. Marchmont. "And now, my dear Mrs. Seymour, the weather seems clearing, so I think we had better be thinking of making our way home."

They rose to go after this, and Stanmore went with them to the pony carriage, and assisted them in. He stood talking to them a few minutes, and when they drove away he returned to the drawing-room, where Belle was standing at the window watching them go.

"Mrs. Seymour is a very handsome woman," she said, as Stanmore entered.

"Yes," replied Stanmore briefly.

"And she is an old friend of yours?" asked Belle. "I have known her for many years," answered Stanmore; and there was something in his tone that made Belle look thoughtfully in her husband's face.

"I wonder if he really cared for her?" she was thinking; and a moment or two later Stanmore left the room, and as he did so there was a cloud upon his brow.

But Belle asked no more questions about Mrs. Seymour. The whole party from Glenwrath came to dine at Strathearn on the day that had been fixed, and Belle noticed that after dinner Stanmore sat a long time by Mrs. Seymour's side, and that they were speaking to each other ap-

parently very earnestly. But the Misses Marchmont—two lively girls—and three young men who were also staying at Glenwrath were Belle's guests as well, therefore she had not much time to devote to her husband's old friend Poor Mr. Marchmont, too, was profuse in his apologies and regrets about the accident on the moors, and insisted on paying a personal visit to Hugh Gilbert.

"He looks better even than I hoped for, Lady Stanmore," he told Belle on his return to the drawing-room. "He hopes to leave his room shortly, and he has promised as soon as he is able to come to us. He feels he has already trespassed on your hospitality too long."

"He could not possibly feel that," replied Belle quickly.

But Gilbert did feel this. He had grown restless and impatient, and had told himself a hundred times that it was better that he should leave Strathearn. To be under the same roof with Belle and never to see her tried him sorely, and Stanmore's kindness more still. In fact a struggle was always going on in his mind; the very struggle he had foreseen when he had weakly yielded to visit Scotland.

He had therefore actually said to Mr. Marchmont that he was ashamed to trespass on Lord Stanmore's hospitality any longer. But this idea disturbed Belle, and she was scarcely her usual gracious self to her guests during the evening after this visit of Mr. Marchmont to Hugh Gilbert's room.

She, however, went into the hall to see them off, when the time came for them to take their departure. There were two carriages to convey them back to Glenwrath, and the young people went in one, and Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont and Mrs. Seymour in the other. Belle happened for a moment to be near Stanmore when he was taking leave of Mrs. Seymour.

"Till to-morrow then," she heard him say; but when to-morrow came he made no mention of going to Glenwrath. But during the afternoon a note from Stanmore was brought to her, which had been written on the moors.

"Lee and I are going over to Glenwrath, and will dine there," Belle read. "Marchmont is going also, and his mother particularly wishes him to remain all night."

These words were written in pencil on a visiting card, and were brought out to Belle, as she was sitting somewhat listlessly in front of the house.

"Who brought this?" she asked of the servant who had presented her with the card.

"One of the keepers, my lady," answered the man.

Belle said nothing more, but still sat listlessly gazing down on the water of the loch, with the card lying on her lap. She had lunched alone—been indeed alone all the day, and she was now feeling somewhat depressed. Presently, however, she rose and went into the house, and just at the entrance she met the Scotch doctor whom she did not know as at Strathearn.

"Well, my leddy, I've got him down," he greeted her with.

"What?" asked Belle, quickly, and her face flushed.

"Captain Gilbert; he fished as sure to be out of his room, I thought it was too him more harm than good to keep him there; so he's in the drawing-room," continued the doctor.

"I am so glad he is well enough; I must go and speak to him."

"He's far from well yet, my leddy; but the laddie's a bit impatient o' temper, and nurse and I have got him down."

"I will go to him," said Belle, and she hurried up the stairs, and softly opened the drawing-room door.

Hugh Gilbert was leaning back in an easy chair by the fire, with the professional nurse standing by his side.

"Here is my lady," said the nurse, as Belle entered the room; and then Gilbert raised himself up and looked around, and Belle saw his face.

He looked exceedingly ill. His features had sharpened, and his pallor was very great. But he tried to smile, and held out his right hand; his left arm, of course, being bandaged and in a sling.

"I am very glad," began Belle with a faltering tongue. "But is this not rash?"

"Yes, it is rash, my lady," answered the nurse; "but Captain Gilbert would come down stairs."

"I was so weary," said Gilbert in a low, weak tone; "but I will soon gain strength now."

"I hope so; but lean back, do not fatigue yourself by sitting up; and I think you should not talk," replied Belle.

"You must talk to me," said Gilbert; and again he smiled.

"They have all forsaken us," continued Belle, nervously; "they have gone on from the moors to Glenwrath and are going to dine there. And your friend, Mr. Marchmont, is going to stay there all night."

"Yes," replied Gilbert, in that weak voice of his.

"I think, my lady," said the professional nurse, "that as you are with Captain Gilbert, if you will excuse me, I'll go down and get my tea. But will you kindly ring if you require anything?"

"Very well," answered Belle; and the nurse accordingly left the room, and Belle and Gilbert were alone.

"I think I had better not talk to you," said Belle, looking at his altered face. "I'll get a book and read aloud to you a little while, and that will help to amuse you, without giving you the trouble to answer me."

She crossed the room as she spoke, and began looking for a book on one of the distant tables. While doing this she heard a faint, long-drawn sigh, and when she went quickly back to Gilbert's side she saw he had fainted. The pallor of death was on his face, and the drops of cold dew stood on his brow. Belle suppressed the cry that rose on her lips; she ran to the bell and rang it violently, and then snatched up a vase containing flowers, and having flung these on the floor, she knelt down by Gilbert's side and began bathing his right hand and brow.

Again he gave a long quivering sigh. The nurse hurried back to the room, and saw in a moment what had occurred.

"I knew it would happen," she said, and then promptly applied remedies to revive Gilbert. But Belle said nothing; she knelt there still holding his cold hand, with fear and over-powering emotions in her heart.

To be Continued.

An ad. in the newspaper is worth two in the circular.

AN OPERATION AVOIDED.

A SMITH'S FALLS CASE OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.

Erysipelas in the Face Develops Into a Running Sore—Doctors Declared That Only an Operation Could Bring Relief—A Medicine Found Which Made the Painful Operation Unnecessary.

From the Smith's Falls Record.

A famous German medical scientist once remarked that the world is full of men and women who are sick because of their scepticism. The wisdom of this remark was never more self-evident than it is today.

There are countless scores of sufferers who would rather suffer than use any medicine not prescribed by their favorite doctor.

To these people, perhaps, the story of Mr. Thos. E. Phillips, of Smith's Falls, may convey a moral. The following is the story as given by Mr. Phillips to a Record reporter:—"Several years ago I began to fail in weight, lost my appetite and erysipelas started in my face, and then a running sore broke out on my cheek. I consulted three physicians and they all said it would be necessary to remove a portion of the bone. All this time I was unable to do any work and was suffering intense mental and physical agony when I chanced to read in the Record about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and resolved to try them, thinking they would do me no harm anyway. I had not used one box when I felt they were helping me. I continued and after taking eight boxes the running sore on my cheek completely healed and the operation the doctors said was necessary was avoided. I regained my weight and am once more possessing a good appetite. In fact I was made a new man so remarkably was the change. We now consider Pink Pills a household necessity."

Mr. Phillips was a respectable and well-to-do farmer of Wolford township until last spring when he sold his farm and is now living a retired life in Smith's Falls. He is about fifty years of age though looking younger, and a living witness of the wonderful curative properties contained in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This great medical discovery has reached the high position which it holds through the power of its own merits. By its timely use the weak are made strong; pale wan cheeks are given a rosy hue; lost vigor is renewed and the suffering ones are released from pain. If your dealer does not keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, they will be sent by mail on receipt of fifty cents a box or six for \$2.50, by addressing the company at Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Remember that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail and do not be persuaded to take either a substitute or an imitation.

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To be Continued.

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fish that have lost both eyes. Fish are often taken that have lost a fin, perhaps the tail.

Fish are often taken with scars upon them made by the teeth of other fish. A fine big bluefish had upon the sides of the upper part of its body scars made by the teeth of some larger fish which had darted down upon it from above, partly closed its jaws upon it, and then, for some reason, had let go before biting the bluefish through; or it may be that the bluefish had been the quicker and had freed itself.

A codfish taken had a hole in its side from near the backbone down through the upper part of the body and out. It had become caught upon a sharp spine of some other fish, or impaled upon some other sharp object. The wound had healed but without closing in; it had left a hole down through the side of the fish through which a lead pencil might have been passed. If a wounded fish is in healthy condition, its wounds heal rapidly, and it may survive injuries that, it might seem, would prove fatal. Many a fish has been killed by the sharp spines of fish it has swallowed; at the same time a codfish has been taken that had a sharp-pointed bone of a fish sticking through the sides of its stomach, projecting half an inch beyond into the abdominal cavity on either side. But in this case the wound thus made had healed and the fish when taken was active and in good condition.

The fish caught in a haul of fish may be substantially all free from injuries, or it may be that a considerable number will show scars or other marks. A fish that is maimed gets through the rest of its life the best way it can; nature does not supply the deficiency; but it may be in some cases that the remaining members adapt themselves in some measure to take the place of one that is gone. In the National Museum at Washington there is a sunfish whose tail together with a part of its body had been bitten off by another fish. The wound had healed and the stump of the body had tapered into a blunt point. Then the dorsal and anal fins had grown sufficiently to extend beyond the stump meeting back to it, where they served also as a tail.

Argument.

Loafers—Yus! Well, wot I say is a stitch in time saves nine.

Hajjater—Well, then, wot I say is it's dashed unfair to the tailorin' industry.—Ally Sloper.

THE WISDOM OF THE WITS.

Experience of the Travelling Man in Western Town.

It was a very small Western town, and the only train out of it that night left at 2 o'clock. The travelling man had impressed upon the night porter of the hotel the importance of calling him in time for this train. Promptly at 1:30 a prodigious knock roused the sleeper.

"Say! be yeze the man what wants the 2 o'clock train?"

"Yes," was the sleepy reply from within. "Well," yez can shaple an hour longer, fer she's so much late."

The heavy feet shuffled off down the hall, and silence ensued. Another hour had passed, when Pat again knocked.

"Say! be yeze the jelly what said he wanted to catch the 2 o'clock train?"

"Yes!" and there was the sound of a man hastily springing from his bed.

"Well," drawled Pat, "you can go back to bed, for she's another hour late."

A forcible remark or two proceeded from the travelling man's room, and were audible to his awakened neighbors, as was the departure of Pat; but soon all was quiet again, and the few occupants of the hotel were left for some time to undisturbed repose. Just at the first faint streaks of dawn were tinging the sky Pat once more made his presence known, and in tones giving unmistakable evidence of recent and heavy slumber, remarked:

"Say! if yeze was the fally what wanted to catch the 2 o'clock train yez can shaple till morning, for, bedad! the blame thing's gone!"

BORN.

Truro, June 24, to the wife of Starr Patillo, a son.

Chatham, June 18, to the wife of H. M. Eddy, a son.

Milfown, May 29, to the wife of George Boyd, a son.

Mainaden, June 29, to the wife of L. B. Casey, a son.

Truro, June 12, to the wife of William Clarke, a son.

Halifax, June 26, to the wife of R. N. McDonald, a son.

Paraboro, June 23, to the wife of John McGrath, a son.

Ellerton, June 9, to the wife of Lorane Belliveau, a son.

Richibucto, June 22, to the wife of B. E. Johnson, a son.

Tusket Wedge, June 16, to the wife of John Surette, a son.

Halifax, June 10, Gordon Penny, 19.

Amherst, May 30, James Hamilton, 96.

Meteghan, June 14, Wm. Melanson, 25.

Glenwood June 20, William Ricker, 72.

Yarmouth, June 26, William Ricker, 72.

Gaspereau, June 12, Stephen Atwell, 66.

St. John, June 28, James J. Christie, 81.

Pt. du chene, June 25, James McGinty, 28.

New Horton, June 18, Joseph Willard, 71.

Halifax, June 18, Rev. Mons. Carmody, 75.

Yarmouth, June 11, Margaret H. Holmes, 3.

Amherst, June 7, Frank Lutes, of N. S. 27.

Halifax, June 28, Eliza widow of John Liswell, 79.

St. Ann's, June 8, Mary, widow of George McKenney, 39.

Amherst, June 21, Jean D., daughter of Amos Logan, 1.

Yarmouth, June 19, Hannah C. wife of Balfour Brown, 54.

D'Escoisse, June 22, Sophie, widow of Vital Pettus, 69.

Brooklyn, June 21, Martha, wife of Charles Whalen of N. S., 77.

Pictou, June 13, Mary E. wife of N. Knowlton, 68.

Camperdown Lunenburg, Co. N. S., June 20, Mrs. Walter Delaney, 68.

La Have, June 20, Zilla only daughter of Henry and Emma Duphine.

St. John, June 28, Charles A. son of James and Isabel Donald, 21.

Long Beach, June 18, Mrs. Joseph Tidd, daughter of John G. Tivert.

Kemptville, N. S., May 21, Elinor B. wife of Nat. Daniel Travis, 76.

Guyaboro, Intervall, June 19, Christina, widow of Colin Chisholm, 79.

Strathorne, June 2, Mrs. Rosena McLean, wife of Duncan McLean, 72.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISE SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

Gloucester, June 18, to the wife of D. A. Morrison, a son.

Boston Mass., June 20, to the wife of M. A. Carder, a son.

Halifax, June 20, to the wife of W. A. Coates,