

[CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.]

rood between the lines, as an older woman would have done.

She was his love, his darling, his wife to be—that was all sufficient for her, and so she waited patiently for his coming.

Ways and means of living had, however, to be considered.

Her store of ready-money was small, being just five pounds, and no more—her wants, it is true, were few; but still, the present needs must be faced; the future—was it not Adrian's?

It was the first of August.

Already the reapers were busy in the golden fields; the ripe harvest was being gathered in.

Mavis had no companion in whom to confide her doubts her fears, her difficulties, unless, indeed, Jenny, the red-checked, fifteen-year-old daughter of a village matron, could be called one.

Jenny had been engaged during Mrs. Dunscombe's last illness to do their modest housework, and Mavis still retained her.

After all, she was someone to talk to.

As Mavis walked in the tiny garden of the cottage, her thoughts were busy.

That very morning, Mr. Brock, Lord Carolin's steward and agent, had called upon her, and asked if she intended keeping on Myrtle Cottage, or what did she mean to do?

He looked at her askance as he made these inquiries. He had heard rumors; village gossip was already busy with the fair tale of Mavis Dunscombe. However, his manner was perfectly respectful as yet. Was not the Honourable Adrian Carolin his employer's son and heir?

He told her that her term of tenancy had already expired. What were her plans?

Brought face to face with stern realities, Mavis could only beg a little grace.

Her plans were still unsettled, she said; she would let Mr. Brock know what she decided on in a week.

Mr. Brock bowed, and left her. He thought it a pity she was so young and so very pretty—she had daughters of her own—but men will be men, and the Honourable Adrian had money sufficient to indulge in whims and fancies.

He shrugged his broad shoulders, mounted his horse, which had been tied to the gate, and galloped away.

Of the existence of Mavis at the cottage Lord Carolin did not even know.

All minor matters, such as the going and coming of his tenants, he left in the capable hands of Mr. Brock; therefore, as far as his father was concerned, Adrian's secret was still his own.

* * * * *

'Miss! I say, where be yer, miss?' Jenny's shrill voice was heard calling.

Mavis rose wearily from the rustic bench where she had thrown herself.

Oh, how hot it was! Surely a thunder-storm was brewing.

'What is it, Jenny?' she asked languidly.

'I've bin to mother, an' she says, please, I ain't to stop w' yer no longer.'

'And why not?' inquired Mavis, innocently.

'Cause she says—mother do—folks be a-talkin' about yer and young maister, but she's a-comin' up herself this evenin'.

Any'ow, I'm to go 'ome now.'

So saying, Jenny disappeared, leaving the girl to use a mild expression, aghast. Talk about herself and Adrian! Her love, so sacred in her eyes, made a jest in village cottages, and, maybe, in the inn parlour!

Oh, it was too—too horrible!

Mavis hid her face in her hands.

She would ask Mrs. Webb, Jenny's mother, what they were saying, and she would go—but where?

Alas! she had but little experience of the world, and how cruel it can be to one friendless and without money.

She realized not the bitter tongues—the temptations that must assail her.

She sat on a miserable dream till the evening shadows deepened, and with the dark came the virtuous, respectable Mrs. Webb.

'I'm sorry to disturb yer, miss, but I've come for Jane's wages, seein' 'er fether won't let 'er come 'ere no more, and—'

'What are they saying about me, Mrs. Webb? Tell me! Oh, please tell me!'

And Mavis looked up into the matron's face so pitifully that it would have melted a heart far harder than Mrs. Webb's, who was by no means an unkind woman.

'Well, miss, they're a-sayin'—Jim, 'e 'eard it at the Red Lion—Mavis' fair head sank lower with shame—that you an the young lord's a-courtin', an' that o' course 'aint likely as 'e'll marry the likes o' you.'

Mrs. Webb did not mean to be insulting; it was only her way of putting things, as she herself said, 'plain.'

'But he will marry me! We are—'

She had been about to say 'engaged,' but how could she?

What had she to go upon?

In very truth, nothing.

She paused, and Mrs. Webb resumed, more stiffly, thinking this statement was a little too much, coming from the lips of one poor and unknown.

'Well, miss, I'm glad to 'ear it, if so be ye're right; but I 'ave my doubts. Gents will be gents, remember that. Any'ow, ontill things right theisel's Jane's to come 'ome; 'er fether says so.'

'Very well, Mrs. Webb,' said Mavis, rising wearily, and going towards the cottage. 'I will get Jenny's money for you.'

'Sorry to trouble you, miss, but fether would 'ave it so,' said the woman, a trifle ashamed of herself.

Ere Mavis reached the open door of the cottage, the latch of the garden gate clicked, and, passing through the tangle of shrubs, she came face to face with Adrian.

Her lover had returned to her.

She sprang forward with a glad cry—

'Thank God, you have come!'

She would have fallen to weeping in his arms for very joy, but that, Adrian's keen eyes spying the poorly formed Mrs. Webb among the roses, he made a sign which en-

joined caution, and which Mavis did not misunderstand.

How she wished that it was not so; that then and there he would claim her before the eyes of this woman who had uttered such bitter words!

But it was not to be, and Adrian's will was her law.

Jenny's wages were paid, and Mrs. Webb departed, curtseying, and full of curiosity. She wished now she hadn't so outspoken and plain.

Funny things did happen. The gentry took up queer fancies. Suppose he did marry her. She was a pretty enough girl; but, there, the Lords of Carolin always mated high. So what was the use of thinking?

Adrian was annoyed that his arrival should have been witnessed by one of his father's dependants; but the rare beauty of Mavis—the adoring love in her beautiful eyes—soon drove all other thoughts from his mind.

Once more he lived in the present—his fatal weakness again triumphant.

They talked late into the sultry night. They sat together under the spangled heavens amid the lilies and roses.

A nightingale serenaded them.

Long after, when sorrow was the portion of one, did the memory of this night of happiness arise, bitter as the taste of ashes.

CHAPTER VI.

'Till death us do part!'

The thunder crashed overhead.

Thr rain descended in torrents.

Vivid flashes lighted up the interior of the dingy city church, wherein Adrian Carolin had elected to make Mavis Dunscombe his wife.

'Till death us do part!' repeated the girl solemnly.

She stood before the altar, with its faded hangings, with shining eyes.

She heeded not the storm that burst in fury above them.

She heard and comprehended only the words that made them twain one flesh.

No friend stood beside the bride.

No voice whispered in her ear sweet words of affectionate congratulation as she turned to leave the big, silent church, with her newly made husband.

A few conventional words from the pale-faced curate who had performed the ceremony, and who had had hated to be brought out in so fierce a storm to marry an unknown couple—that was all; but Mavis Carolin missed nothing.

She now had her heart's desire.

She was the wife of Adrian.

What did it matter if she had to keep their secret—now, indeed, an important one—a little longer?

Before long Adrian would acknowledge her before his father—before the world—as his lawful wife.

Had he not said so?

Mavis was well content that it should be so.

She was convinced that his reason was a good one for thus acting.

But two short weeks had elapsed since his arrival at Myrtle cottage had given Mrs. Webb and the other folk such ample food for gossip.

Mavis had told her lover all she had suffered during his brief absence. Inflamed with love and passion, and being now free from the chains that for ten long years had galled him, Adrian determined to make the woman whom he loved, with such love as he was capable of, his wife; and the result of his determination was a special licence, and the ceremony in a dim city church.

The rain was still beating down, and the thunder still rumbling in the distance, as Adrian led his young wife down the stone steps and placed her tenderly in the hired brougham which was waiting.

They had arranged to cross over to Paris that night, and there spend a brief honeymoon; and Adrian was looking forward, with a certain amount of pleasure, to showing the inexperienced girl at his side the wonders and glories of the gay French capital.

'Deuced awkward for me if I run across any of my friends or acquaintances,' he thought.

And another thought crossed his mind, which, to do him justice, caused his cheek to burn with shame.

He, however, put such thoughts from him as he reflected that Paris would be tolerably empty at this season of the year.

'Adrian,' the sweet voice was saying in his ear, 'Adrian do you think this storm an illomen? I have heard that a wedding taking place in the midst of thunder and

lightning is a sure forerunner of bad luck,' and Mavis hid her face, which was now very pale, on her husband's shoulder.

To be Continued.

RHODE ISLAND'S SACRED BIRD.

Fish Hawks Protect Hens and Preenage the Fishing Season.

While in Voluntown, near the Rhode Island state line, recently, I was shown a large clump of forest trees just within the border of 'Little Rhody,' which was literally blackened with fish hawk's nests. The farmer who took me to the spot told me that the fish-hawk or osprey was a sacred bird in that state, and said that Rhode Island alone, of all the New England states, protected the life of this majestically soaring creature by law. All up and down the line between Connecticut and Rhode Island are to be seen the results from this protection vouchsafed by our neighbor. On our side of the fence, for miles and miles, scarcely a nest of this great bird is to be found, while in Rhode Island the nests are everywhere, even in the tops of the chimneys of old houses. Some of the nests are within easy reach of the ground that the wonder is that eggs and young are preserved from the itching palm of the school-boy and from the predatory animals.

So far as known there is only one pair of fish hawks resident in southern Connecticut. These haunt the lower waters of the Thames and Fisher's Island Sound, but their nest, instead of being near by their fishing-grounds, as is the case in Rhode Island, is ten miles inland, in the top of one of the tallest and most inaccessible pine trees in Pine Swamp, in the town of Ledyard.

On the other side of the Rhode Island line, these birds, have been protected so long that they are about as tame as the stock in Holland, they flap carelessly about almost everywhere, outside of the settlements. People to the manor born, never think of touching them. It is no uncommon spectacle to see six or eight of the great nests at one look over a strip of field and woodland.

The Voluntown farmer said in this connection: 'Yes, the fish-hawks are protected over there, but there's nothing sentimental about it. They protect the Rhode Island farmers in a way. The latter hold that the fish-hawk drives away the hen-hawk and similar birds by his rather cumbersome appearance. This is the reason why the state passed a general statute protecting his life. A fine of \$20 is rigidly imposed upon any one found guilty of killing or disturbing fish-hawks in any serious manner. This law has been enforced so long that a Rhode Islander would about as soon think of shooting one of his prize fowls as of killing a fish-hawk.'

'There's no doubt that the fish-hawks are worth the care taken of them. My fowls, even on this side of the line, are rarely troubled by hen-hawks, and my neighbors' fowls are not. About all the damage the fish hawk does is to kill the trees he builds his nest on. He usually selects an elm tree to build on, returning there year after year.'

'It is the clustering of the hawks about the schools of 'scup' (porgies) in the spring, looking for food, that gives the first knowledge the fishermen have of the arrival of these valued food fish. The favor done the fishermen by the bird's timely warning is a considerable one, as it hastens the getting of the fish-tree ready.'

He Could Swim.

At a time when slang and slugging are recommended to teachers and to the public as ladylike and gentlemanly accomplishments, it is encouraging to find a good word said in behalf of the art of swimming. It comes from England, and is in the form of a story.

'I knowed a man,' said the story teller 'as saved his life and got made a coast guard officer 'cos he could swim. He wor a sailorman on a frigate as wor wrecked on the Afrikian coast, and he wor the only one saved. Why? 'Cos he could swim.'

'Well, he got ashore, an' wor taken prisoner by them savages. He wor a bit stoutish like, poor feller, an' the savages thought as 'ow 'e would eat tasty; so they put 'un on one side, as it might be, to fatten 'un up jist a triff; more; but a savage as took a fancy to 'un come along one day and pats 'un on the back and makes signs out to sea; and there sure enough wor a ship.'

'Well, the nigger spreads 'is arms like as 'ow 'e would say, 'You strike out, mate; and that sailorman he makes off for the beach, into the water, and away to go. 'Twor a longish swim, and shankes about; but there, you might as well be eat by shankes as by niggers. And presently the chaps on the ship sights 'un. They backs torp'sle, lowers a boat, and pull 'un on board. There he wor saved again, and why? 'Cos he could swim.'

'Then he come home and wor made boatman in the coast guard. And what d'ye think 'appened then? Why, one day he wor sailing 'long the coast with 'is officer and 'others when it come on to blow suddint. The boat wor capsizeed and every man jack drowned 'cept 'e. Why? 'Cos he could swim.'

The story-teller struck the ground

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sharply with his stick. 'An' so they made un chief officer! What d'ye think o' that?'

A WOMAN'S SUFFERING.

Was Troubled With Palpitation of the Heart, Extreme Weakness and Nervous Headaches.

In the little hamlet of Montrose, Welland County, resides a lady who gives much praise to the curative power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The subject of this testimony is Mrs. Richard Hanna, an estimable lady who has resided in that locality for many years. A reporter seeking an interview with Mrs. Hanna found her willing to give full details, which are given in her own words. Five years ago I was taken ill. I attributed the trouble at the time to an injury sustained by a fall. Time went on and I did not get better. The symptoms of my complaint were palpitation of the heart, extreme weakness, stomach troubles and terrible headaches. I was very nervous, had no appetite and experienced much wakefulness at night. Finally I was compelled to take to my bed, being too weak to sit up any longer. In this condition I was treated at different times by three doctors, and took a great quantity of medicine but realized no benefit. Not one of my neighbors thought I would get well. In the meantime I thought myself that death would soon end my sufferings. One day Mrs. Smith of Port Robinson came to see me and persuaded my husband to procure for me some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he purchased six boxes. After taking the six boxes I have improved very much and was able to be up, though yet too weak to walk. I sent for another six boxes and as a result consider my cure complete. I can relish food better, sleep soundly, and stand more fatigue than I could for years previous. Although I have passed the meridian of life I feel as healthy as when I was in my twenties. With great pleasure and a grateful heart I give this testimony.

The public is cautioned against numerous pink colored imitations of these famous pills. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the words "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not have them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

His Name for It.

Practise people who have an explanation always ready are none too numerous. All the better, therefore, is the following story from the Gentlewoman:

The lawyer asked the witness if the incident previously alluded to wasn't a miracle and the witness said he didn't know what a miracle was.

'Oh come!' said the attorney. 'Supposing you were looking out of a window in the twentieth story of a building and should fall out and not be injured. What would you call that?'

'An accident,' was the stolid reply.

'Yes, yes; but what else would you call it? Well suppose you were doing the same thing the next day; suppose you looked out of the twentieth story window and fell out, and again you find yourself uninjured, now what would you call that?'

'A coincidence,' said the witness.

'Oh, come, now,' the lawyer began again. 'I want you to understand what a miracle is, and I'm sure you do. Now, just suppose that on the third day you were looking out of the twentieth story window and fell out, and struck your head on the pavement twenty stories below and were not in the least injured. Come, now, what would you call it?'

'Three times!' said the witness rousing a little from his apathy. 'Well, I'd call that a habit.'

And the lawyer gave it up.

How Kate had Company.

The housekeeper knows no such content as that which follows the solution of the servant problem. After a dozen misadventures, a Washington lady secured a colored woman who summed up all the virtues of waiting-maids. She was tidy, quiet, respectful, alert, never asked for an extra afternoon, and never had a visitor.

Judge, then of the amazement of her mistress, when one day, if we may believe the New York Sun, she heard the girl cry out in sharp, hysterical accents:

'How d'ye do, Aunt Jane! Well, gran'paw, I declar! And Uncle Job, too! I've glad to see you, 'deed I is. Well, well, de baby's come, too! W'y, you deah

lil' cully-head pickaninny, jus' you kiss me dis minute! Well, I nevah! To think

Aunt Sallie's along with you all. I nevah was so glad to see you befo, nevah! How's mothah! W'y for didn't she come 'long? She jus' might's well's not. Mary, you jus' tell her how I hollered 'bout her!'

The mistress could stand it no longer. If all the darkies of Virginia were to come trooping in, the kitchen would presently overflow into the parlor. She stepped to the kitchen door and opened it. There sat the girl entirely alone, busily shining her tins.

'Why, Kate!' said her mistress. 'Where are all your relatives? Weren't they all here excepting your mother?'

'Deed, no, miss,' replied Kate. 'I've jus' homesick, so I had to prittient like I've talking to the folks's else I'd got to jus' set down and cry! I hope I ain't done nothin' wrong?'

'No,' replied her mistress, kindly, 'you've done nothing wrong? You're a good girl, Kate, and I'm glad to have you talk to your family whenever it will make you feel better.'

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Have convinced people that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor should be given preference. Get rid of your corns; get rid of them without pain; use Putnam's Extractor and no other.

POETRY WHICH BURNED.

The Successful Scheme of a Rhymester to Make Money.

A very wealthy, sedate and enterprising manufacturer in Pennsylvania has a bother who is trifling, dissipated and of course a spendthrift. But the fellow now and then displays remarkable ingenuity in 'making a raise.' All his life he has indulged, among other bad habits, that of writing execrable verse, much of which, however, he has managed to get printed.

Lately he conceived the monstrous idea of having all his stuff printed in a book and with the aid of an unscrupulous printer, succeeded in bringing out the 'work' in quite handsome shape. But in the most affectionate terms he 'dedicated' the book to his wealthy brother, who regards near and distant kinsman's 'poetry' as really the most reprehensible thing that the incorrigible fellow does.

But the rhymester and his 'black art' accomplice knew their business. They printed a large edition of the book and sent a copy to the wealthy man, who immediately purchased the entire edition and the plates and made 'words that burn' of the 'poems' by means of a bonfire. He also sent to his cruel brother and induced him to accept a salary to do nothing but throttle his verse fiend.

The wicked printer obtained capital enough to go to Chicago and carry on reputable printing establishment, and the bad brother is earning more money by keeping his verse fiend silent than better poets do by keeping their muses constantly at work.—Woman's Home Companion.

A CARD.

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'I suffered with dyspepsia for years and tried everything I heard of, but got no relief until I took Burdock Blood Bitters.'

'I only used three bottles and now I am well, and can eat meat, which I dared not touch before without being in great distress. I always recommend B. B. B. as being the best remedy for all stomach disorders and as a family medicine.'

