

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

"I shall see you again," he said, and, turning, walked off sharply.

"Poor child!" he said to himself, "it isn't all her fault; no one has been kind to her, I verily believe. How pretty she looked sitting in that chair! But I don't like those tears in her eyes."

CHAPTER III. A COUNTRY WALK.

He found out what the tears meant before long. It was easy to melt the girl's constraint and reserve, and get into her good graces, though how he managed to see her, Marjorie had no idea; she thought it was all chance.

At her home he got the merest glimpses of her, and sometimes none at all, and, when she was spoken of by her relatives, it was always in blame or disparagement.

As for her, she could not understand having a friend of her own, who took an interest in her, and sympathized with her troubles.

Marjorie was reluctant to complain, or seem to, but she found it impossible to resist Faulkner's kindness, and he got out of her a bit here and a bit there—much of her miseries, and her vague intentions of escaping from them.

His novel rather languished; he found himself suddenly plunged into a romance a hundred times more absorbing than any thing pen could write.

It was Annette who first hinted that Mr. Faulkner was taken with Marjorie.

Annette was in the position of the look-on.

Lydia was indignant.

How could he see Marjorie.

She seldom came into his presence when he was at their house.

Annette persisted; his work stood still, she said.

At which Lydia bridled and blushed.

She thought she was making way with the handsome novelist, else why did he come so often, and neglect his novel?

"If I really thought Annette was right," she said to her mother, "Marjorie would have to go away."

But this was a proposition which was set upon by Mrs. Gascoyne with the unanswerable logic of pounds shillings, and pence.

She also discredited her second daughter, but more genuinely than Lydia, who had a lurking fear, and watched her cousin.

"Marjorie is trying to look smart," said Annette, one day.

The poor child had certainly made the best of her shabby clothes of late.

She had always a vague, unacknowledged hope of meeting Mr. Faulkner somewhere.

If she merely caught sight of him in the distance, she felt less desolate.

This very day she had re-trimmed her hat, saying to herself that there was no need to look extra ill dressed; and she went for one of her rambles, looking even more lovely than usual.

Some miles from home she came across Desmond Faulkner, who noticed, at once, the freshened-up hat, and admired it openly.

"Why, how smart you look!" he said, taking the willing hand, and keeping it in his—be usually did, and as long as he chose; the girl was always childlike with him. "Is that the work of your clever fingers?"

"The hat?" said Marjorie, with a flush of pleasure. "Yes. I didn't expect to see you to-day, Mr. Faulkner."

He knew this was absolute truth.

"I did hope to see you," he said. "Where shall we go?"

"Are you coming with me?" said the girl, delightedly.

Her eyes glowed with pleasure.

Faulkner drew his hand caressingly over the rounded cheek.

His eyes might have made hers sink if she had been less childish.

"I must after that," he said, "even if I had not meant it before. Anywhere will do, won't it, being together?"

"Yes, anywhere," said the girl, joyously.

Her hand was still in Faulkner's; she met his downward look with happy sparkling eyes.

The man did not speak for a minute.

What he would have done, if he could, would be to take the girl to his heart, and tell her how much he loved her.

But he dared not—yet; he only drew his breath slowly, and said—

"You are always happy with me, are you not, little one?"

"You are the only friend I've got," said the girl. "And, besides, you are so kind to me! I think I get the best out of our friendship."

"Do you?" But I haven't any friends

either, except you—not like one's self, I mean. One has reserves from them; they only halt get into one's life. You are looking puzzled, Marjorie."

"Because you speak as if—as if I—"

"As if you were like one's self. But, why not?"

"I'm young—a child, they call me—stupid, ignorant," she said, with a slight choke in her voice. "They all dislike me; but, perhaps, that's half my fault. Why should you be different?"

A veritable child, he thought, half amused, half vexed.

Could one ever teach her?

Then he said, softly—

"You don't like your relatives, but you are a little bit fond of me?"

Again her eyes met his, and gave mute answer.

Well, that was something, he thought, and he dropped his hand to her shoulder, keeping it there while they walked.

Presently he began to talk to her about the Gascoynes, taking up her words, that they disliked her, and lecturing her, as he did sometimes; but Marjorie always listened meekly, she was never hard and defiant with him.

She answered now in a sort of subdued protest when he told her he thought she was partly to blame for the state of things at home.

"Yes, I daresay, but indeed I didn't begin it, and why should I be nice to people who are horrid to me?"

"It's difficult, I know, and I am hardly entitled to preach; but why do you always give taunt for taunt, and take up every little annoyance?"

"You've said that before," she returned, in a low voice, "and I have tried sometimes—I'll try again, if you tell me; but Aunt Lucy treated her own son—at least, so I have heard—not much better."

"Her son!" said Faulkner; "I thought she had only those daughters."

"Oh, no—but he died some years back. I was so little then: I saw him very seldom and he ran away before we came here."

Was that his mother's doing?

"I know he was a great trouble," said Marjorie, "but I've heard the servants say Aunt Lucy turned on him—I don't know how. He has been to this house a few times, just for money, I think; but I didn't see him. And now he is dead."

"He has been something of a disgrace, I suppose," said Faulkner, "and so, naturally, they say nothing about him."

"I wouldn't talk of him to anyone but you Mr. Faulkner, and I didn't do it to justify myself—"

"No, no, de r—I understand."

She glanced up, smiling.

"I will try to please you," she said, so earnestly that there came a slight quiver into her voice.

Faulkner looked at her.

"Some day," he said, slowly, "I may put that promise to the proof in another way."

"I hope you will," said she, brightly; but looking a little puzzled.

Faulkner drew a silent breath.

They parted soon afterwards.

Desmond never took her right up to the house, but as near as he could without observation; but, to day, instead of walking sharp home after he had sent her on, he threw himself under some trees by the wayside, and fell into a reverie.

Marjorie walked on.

She had left Faulkner some minutes, when a man she had not before observed rose from the bank beside the road, and came towards her, as if he would address her.

He looked something like a gentleman, and Marjorie was over-pleased, so she halted paused—he, perhaps, had lost his way.

But, at the first tones of his voice, she looked at him with a sense of recognition.

He asked to be directed to the village, and, when Marjorie had told him, and made him to go on, he kept at her side talking about the neighbourhood.

His manner was respectful, but Marjorie did not like the liberty.

She answered coldly, then not at all, debating rapidly whether to go on to the house or turn back to Desmond Faulkner—he could not have gone far.

She decided on the latter course, and turned back quickly.

The man seemed disconcerted, then followed her; but the instant he saw somebody lying under the trees—who moreover started up at the sight of Marjorie—he rapidly retraced his steps, and vanished among the trees.

"What's the matter, Marjorie?" said Faulkner, going to meet the girl.

Now that she was safe she began to feel frightened.

"A man followed me," she said, glancing round nervously.

"The deuce he did! Where is he?"

"He has gone," said Marjorie. "I shouldn't have been frightened if I had known you were so near. He looks somewhat of a gentleman, but the voice is the same as that man's the other day."

"What man? If somebody is taking to annoying you, I'll thrash him as I would a dog," said Faulkner, looking black. "Who do you mean Marjorie?"

The girl told him about the laboring man who had asked her for the London road.

He did not look exactly like a labourer either," she said, "nor this man quite like a gentleman."

He glanced at her. To his mind it appeared likely the man wished to make her acquaintance; but it did not seem necessary to say so much to her.

"There are all sorts of scoundrels," he said; "and you mustn't be about the country by yourself—you're too pretty—and too precious."

"But how can I get out, then?" said Marjorie, in dismay.

"Went I do for an escort?"

"Oh, indeed, yes! but you can't always be at my beck and call."

"We'll manage it," said Faulkner, smiling at her delight. "I'll take you home now."

He took her up to the gate this time; but they met no one on the way.

Faulkner paused.

"Now you are safe," he said. "Once more, goodbye, my child."

He took both her hands, held them fast a minute, then loosed them, and bade her "run in."

Marjorie obeyed and Faulkner turned homewards.

ST. JOHN NOW,

New Brunwicks Big Sea Port
Fortified by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The Banisher of Backache is on the Bay of Fundy—W. H. Bowser reported to Have Been Rescued—Dodd's Kidney's Pills' Victorious Campaign.

ST. JOHN, N. B.—Dec. 28.—The despatch from Zealand last week and from Antigonish the week before announcing the rescue of Mr. Mills and Mr. Spears of those two places respectively, has been triplicated here by the announcement made by Mr. W. H. Bowser, of this city.

Mr. Bowser is a knight of the grip, being one of the best known commercial travellers in the Maritime Provinces. He is a jovial good-hearted fellow and justly popular wherever he is known. It greatly gratified his many friends when they learned he was taking Dodd's Kidney Pills for the kidney trouble from which he was known to be suffering.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have such a reputation in this province both as a cure for the formerly incurable Bright's Disease and Diabetes and all these other forms included in Rheumatism—Dropsy, Sciatica, Lumbago, Urinary and Bladder Complaints, Women's Weakness, and Blood Disorders, that nobody had any doubt of the result. And the result has justified their faith, for Mr. Bowser has given out the following letter for publication:—

"Re Dodd's Kidney Pills I beg to state that I have used them for pain in the back and kidney trouble and have found them to be all they are recommended, namely a positive cure for kidney troubles. I believe them to be a splendid tonic—good enough for me anyhow."

PARROTS AT SCHOOL

When They Swear at a Preacher, It Is to the Credit Of Their Teacher.

"If you can judge by what you can hear almost anybody say," said the little old man in the bird store, "even if you was to take the word of lots of them that sells birds there would be any need of my business, which is teaching birds to talk and sing. I guess if I was a younger man with a good deal more push than I've got now I'd call myself Professor and be running a Conservatory of Bird Music. As it is I guess I get all the promising birds and when I send them back to the dealers it's not until I'm sure they'll do me credit. Take parrots. There's plenty to tell you that all the education any parrot needs is to put in a cage for a few days and swear at it regular. I have known dealers who would pay \$2 for a bird on the docks here, give it a regular cussing every day and at the end of a week charge \$50 for it as an educated bird, and what's more, get it, too, and no questions asked. Now mind you, I'm not denying that there is something educational in swearing at a parrot, but that's only one part of the business and a mighty small one at that."

"A parrot is a mighty sagacious bird. It's got just as much intellect as it has beak, and it uses both for the same purpose, namely to wit, improving itself and taking unexpected nips out of somebody else. You can't begin to teach a parrot without recognizing its intellect and devoting your attention to that in order that you see how you can best bring it out. The first thing I do is to feed the bird properly, for on the ships which bring them here they get almost anything and it most likely disagrees with them. You've got to remember that the parrot is a fruit-eating bird [and its strong beak was not

The Crow of Croup.

It strikes terror to a mother's heart to have her child wake up at night with a croupy cough.

Child can scarcely speak, can hardly breathe—seems to be choking.

There is no time for delay—apply hot poultices to the throat and upper part of the chest, and give Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup—nothing like it for giving prompt relief—will save a child when nothing else will.

Mrs. Wm. Young, Frome, Ont., says: "One year ago our little boy had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs and croup, which left a bad wheeze in his chest."

"We were advised to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which we did, and it cured him completely."

"Now we always keep this remedy in the house, as it excels all others for the severest kinds of coughs or colds."



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given to it for nothing; so don't crack the nuts first; let the bird do that and it will be so much the better for his health. Brazil nuts are what I give them and I let them feed hearty until they are plump and in good feather. When the bird is content with his material [surroundings then's the time to begin his education.

"Just about the strongest sentiment there is in a parrot is curiosity. Did you ever notice how a parrot acts when there is anything new about? Doesn't he side up and examine first one side and then another, first with one eye and then the other? Well that's his curiosity. When I have a parrot to teach I put a light bag over his cage. It should be thick enough to keep him from seeing through and at the same time light enough to give plenty of light. Whether there's one or a dozen birds in a class it's all the same. Each bird is in a cage by himself, and a bag over that. Then I speak distinctly the sentence I want the bird to learn. I say it over once a minute, and it may be that I have to keep it up as much as an hour before a single parrot does anything but scream. But all the time the birds are devoured with curiosity to know what's going on outside their own individual bags. After a lot of figuring the parrots begin to repeat the sentence to themselves in what you might call a whisper. As soon as one of the birds gets so he can say the sentence without an error my work is done, for that parrot will teach all the rest and I can go away and leave them in the bags all day, with a knowledge that their education will go on.

"Then comes the very important thing, and that is the application of the lesson. We'll suppose I've been teaching the class the sentence 'Come kiss me.' The birds, we will say, are all letter perfect in their parts, but they have no idea of the business. The first impression when the bags are lifted off the cages is what does the application. For that sentence I have young girls come in and lift off the bags. That fixes that sentence in the parrot's deep brain with pretty girls and he uses it ever afterward in the right place. When they've been learning to say 'Granny, where's your specs?' they learn to associate it with an old woman with glasses and white hair. Then, of course, people have a right to expect that every parrot shall have a few phrases that are unfit for publication. Well, when I've been giving a lesson in the damns and dashes I uncover them with a very exaggerated clerical make up. That's the real reason why most birds fairly rip and tear when the minister is making a pastoral call; they've been taught to do it as a part of their education. But most people think it's natural, and I've had 'em tell me it showed the old Adam in the birds. It didn't do anything of the sort it only showed that they was a credit to their teacher."

"Sometimes I have special orders, and it may be that I spend as much as a year teaching some particular bird. But the most of my work comes from the dealers. They buy up the young birds and send them to me to work over. That takes about four months, and in that time I figure on teaching them twenty phrases with the words and business complete, to scare a cat and a dog, to whistle five ways, and to sing one line of a song, and that's the hardest thing there is to learn in my academy. A bird with those accomplishments has also acquired a great deal of self-confidence, and that makes it easy for him to pick up a whole lot of things apparently without teaching, and that makes the parrot seem like a member of the family. Some things they really do invent for themselves. Look at this old bird of mine. She's so wise that you might almost call her a professor in the academy. Now, listen, will you, to what she says when I show her this tin pail and say, 'Polly, chase the can.' Would you listen to that now? 'To hell with the beer.' There, that's not nice language for a genteel bird, but somehow or other she learned it for herself, and she's proud to teach it to

the other birds. She well knows what she's about."

RHEUMATIC STING.

South American Rheumatic Cure Sways the Wand and Suffering Ceases in a Trice.

Mr A. S. Kennedy, 44 Sussex Ave., Toronto, says: "I had been attacked very frequently with acute muscular rheumatism, affecting my shoulders and arms. I used South American Rheumatic Cure and found immediate relief after a dose or two. My family have used this remedy with the most satisfactory results. I think it truly a very efficacious remedy for this very prevalent ailment." Sold by E. C. Brown.

PRAYED—AND WAITED.

Religion Was Practical and His Faith was the Common Sense Kind.

The name of the Rev. George Muller of Bristol, England, represents to many minds a man who achieved great success by simply asking God for it. This is a mistake. Although the mainspring of his work was in his closet, Mr. Muller was too practical to make a lazy dependence of his faith. He was a man of common sense, and 'a man among men.' An incident showing how he understood the command to 'watch and pray' furnishes one of the best commentaries on the text.

When on one occasion, a party of his fellow-workers were going abroad, and conveyance was ready to take them to the shipping-pier, he noticed that a cabman, in stowing their small luggage, hastily thrust several carpet-bags into the boot of the carriage.

Mr. Muller had prayed for the safety of his friends and their property, both on water and on land, but he had also made sure that their ship was seaworthy, and he had counted all their baggage. He accompanied them to the wharf, and in the confusion there, kept a cool head and clear eye.

When the driver unloaded the movables from his cab nearly half the number of pieces he had put in were missing. He was mounting his box to drive away, but the watchful minister stopped him, and the luggage hidden in the boot was delivered to its owners.

In the school of prayer one learns many new lessons, and Mr. Muller lived long enough to learn them all. None knew better than he that a trust in God which ignores ordinary prudence contradicts itself.

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Skin diseases of every nature, from the merest pimple on the flesh to the most distressing eczema, salt rheum and tetter, are quickly, pleasantly and permanently cured by Dr. Agnew's Ointment. In disease where outward applications make a cure Dr. Agnew's Ointment never fails. One application gives instant relief. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Good Clock.

A lady visiting in the South was told a story of an old colored man, who came to a watchmaker with the two hands of a clock.

"I want yer to fix up dese hands. Dey aint kept no correct time for mo' den six munts."

"Well, where is the clock?" responded the watchmaker.

"Out at my house."

"But I must have the clock."

"Didn't I tell yer dar's nuffin de matter wid de clock 'cepting de han's? An' here dey be. You jest want de clock so you kin tinkin wid it, and charge me a big price. Gimme back dem hands." And so saying, he started off to find an honest watchmaker.

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When she had finished her remarks relative to something he had done that did not meet her approval he spoke.

"I don't see why you should want woman suffrage," he said. "You already hold office."

"What office?" she demanded.

"Speaker of the house," he replied.

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