

CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.

been washed ashore on their raft at the same place.

They had believed Darrell and Nora to be drowned; but in the early hours of the morning someone had reported a fire on one of the islands, and they had set off in the hope that they might be there.

Presently Darrell took his cousin aside. 'Gerard, have you spoken to anyone of what happened yesterday—the marriage?' he asked anxiously.

'No.'

'Then you have not been to Glenuskie?' 'No. I couldn't face the old lady; and that's the truth, knowing how we had taken the girl away. I sent a message to her, explaining that we hoped to find you safe on one of the islands.'

'Then, Gerard, give me your word of honour that you never will mention the marriage.'

Gerard stared. 'You don't mean to say you're going to give it up?' he cried.

'Yes, I do.'

'Why I should have thought this would have been your grand opportunity. Surely you might easily have got the girl or give you when you'd saved her life.'

'It's no use, Gerard. She is engaged to someone else. There's no hope for me.'

'When?' 'Whistled Gerard; 'we never dreamed of that, did we? Well, and what shall you do?'

'Set the marriage aside publicly if she wishes it. In any case, it is better not to speak of it. I may trust you, mayn't I, Gerard?'

'Of course you may; but, Hubert, old chap, if I were you I wouldn't give her up.' 'I have given her up,' said Darrell steadily. 'You don't quite understand me. I don't want the woman if I can't have her heart.'

Five minutes later they set off, and in less than an hour were safely landed at Glenuskie.

The next morning two letters came for Nora by the post.

One was in the bold, firm writing of Darrell. She opened it first, and found it to run thus—

'I have been thinking much of my sin against you, and my one thought is how I can best atone for it.'

'No one knows what passed except my self and my cousin, and we shall both preserve an inviolable silence. If, however, you feel any scruples, and would desire the ceremony to be publicly annulled, I am willing to avow my own baseness and make a public expiation.'

'I am entirely in your hands in the matter; do with me as you will.'

'HUBERT DARRELL.'

A wave of pity surged through Nora's heart as she read this letter.

A moment or two she sat quite still, thinking; then she opened her other letter, ran her eye down it, and turned very pale.

It was from a friend, and told her that Keith Talbot was false to her.

He had married the daughter of a wealthy diamond merchant at Johannesburg.

#### CHAPTER VII.

October had passed into November. Nora was still in her place at the village school, but people noticed she had lost much of her lovely bloom.

The knowledge that Keith Talbot had betrayed her had been full of bitterness; and through pride, in part, sustained her, there were moments when she felt so wretchedly unhappy, that she told herself that she almost regretted she had gone down with the yacht.

To Darrell she had sent a brief note in reply to his.

'Let things be as they are,' she had written. 'I shrink from publicity; and after all, it seems to me impossible that such a ceremony should be binding.'

He did not write to her again, neither did he attempt to bring about any meeting. Once or twice he called on her aunt at the cottage, but it was only when she was absent at the school.

One evening, a month after that eventful day on the yacht, she met him.

It was early in the evening, the sun was setting, and a mellow light was in the sky.

She had been walking by the side of the lake where she had first met him, and if the truth must be told, she was thinking of him, when, suddenly he turned a bend on the path and stood quite still before her.

There was light enough for them to see each other's countenances distinctly.

She saw that he looked stern and haggard; he saw that she was very pale.

He uttered an exclamation of surprise. She said nothing; but she did not attempt to pass on and leave him.

'May I speak to you?' he said humbly, as though he knew he had forfeited the right to do so.

'Of course you may.'

'I have wanted to see you, and yet I have not known how to ask you for an interview. What I wanted to say to you is this—I am going away.'

'Going away?' she repeated, as though she scarce knew what she said.

'Yes; to Australia. I am going away for good; I shall never return.'

She turned pale.

Her heart gave a great leap and then seemed to stand still.

His news came as a shock to her, a greater shock than she would have cared to own.

'There is nothing to keep me in Scotland,' he continued steadily; 'and, on the other hand, there are strong reasons why I should go away. I notice you rarely go out now; perhaps it is for fear of meeting me. If that is so, it is my duty to relieve you of my presence.'

'I don't think I have been afraid of meeting you,' said Nora, struggling hard to seem quite calm and quiet. 'If I have stayed indoors lately, it has simply been because I am not very well.'

'Nevertheless, I have decided that I ought to go. Of course the sight of me is hateful to you.'

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

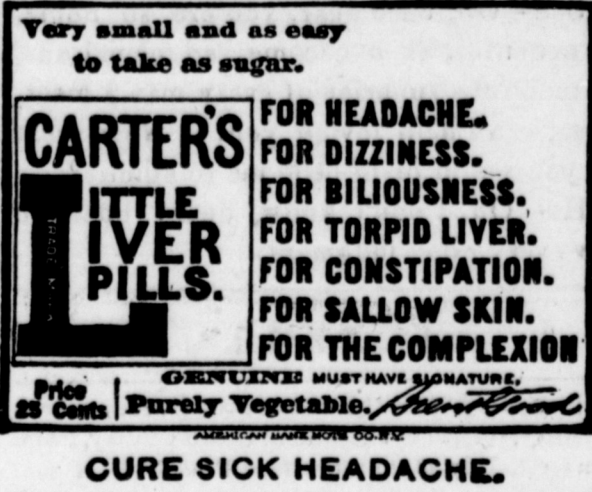
Genuine

## Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

*Wm. Wood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



He paused, perhaps waiting for her to contradict him, but she did not.

'If I refer,' he went on, after a pause, and in a lower voice, 'to a subject which must seem almost like an insult to you, it is only because I want to make what little atonement there is in my power. Before I leave Scotland, I want to tell you once more that, if you have in your mind any fear lest you should be fettered by what took place that day, I am still ready to do you justice publicly, at no matter what cost to myself.'

'Thank you. You are very good; but—but, of course, I don't feel fettered, and—please don't go away because of me.'

She was flushing now through her paleness.

Moreover, she was trembling very much. 'I cannot stay,' he answered almost sternly. 'I cannot stay. It is torture to be near you, and yet to know I can never so much as take your hand.'

'Nay; you may do that now—if you like,' she said, faintly smiling, and holding out her hand to him.

'You are better to me than I deserve,' he muttered hoarsely. 'Good-bye. Try to forgive me.'

'I have forgiven you; and—and are you quite sure it need be good-bye?'

It cost Nora a great effort to say this; but she saw all her chances of happiness slipping away, and, still worse to her generous mind, his chance of happiness too—and this made her brave.

Just before she met him, she had been meditating drearily on her own future prospects.

Dreary enough they seemed. Gently nurtured and tenderly cherished as she had been from infancy, it was hard for her to earn her bread as mistress of a village school.

While she had looked forward to becoming Keith Talbot's wife she had faced her lot bravely, cheered by hope; but now she told herself, there was nothing left to hope for, and something like despair settled on her soul.

It was not that she was mourning over her faithless lover.

She had torn him from her heart once and for all, and with an ease which surprised even herself, as soon as assured of his faithlessness.

But, nevertheless, the future looked dull and dreary, and in her heart there was a curious yearning which was akin to pain.

Little by little it dawned upon her that she could have loved the man who loved her with so great a love—nay, that she did love him—that it would have been well for her if she had accepted that strange betrothal as a legal thing, and permitted him to claim her as his wife.

This conviction had grown and deepened.

She remembered how nobly brave he had been in rescuing her from the waves how truly generous afterwards upon the island.

His image was constantly in her mind, and she realized that she admired his dark, manly face and splendid form far more than she had ever admired the Saxon fairness of Keith Talbot.

Often lately she had thought it would be pleasant to belong to such a man; so strong as well as tender, so well able to protect as well as to cherish.

The thought that, as his wife, she would be mistress of great wealth weighed little with her; still, it could not be without its weight in the scale.

No wonder, then, that she told herself very often she had done unwisely to reject this Wild Darrell of Dare.

And now he was beside her with his dark face eloquent with the love of which he dared not speak, and—he was going away.

If she did not speak, they would part, never, perhaps, to meet again.

Thus ran her thoughts, and she nerved herself to a great effort, and murmured timidly—

'Are you quite sure it need be good-bye?'

The sudden shock of joy almost unmanned him.

She saw his hand tremble. His face flushed deeply, then grew very pale.

'What do you mean?' he asked almost fiercely, for he thought she mocked him. But the next moment, he read the blis-

ful truth in her flushing cheeks and lovely down-dropped eyes.

'Dearest! Is it possible? Do you mean it? Could you really care for me? he questioned breathlessly. 'Oh, my love, my darling, if you could—if you could!'

'I do!' she whispered, in the lowest, most tremulous of voices; and as she said it, she leaned forward and suffered him to take her in his arms—nay nestled there like a wearied bird that has found safe shelter, and is well content.

'And that other?' he whispered. 'Oh, my darling, tell me all—don't keep me in suspense!'

'He has left me,' she answered briefly. 'His love was not true like yours.'

'And you?' he persisted, gazing eagerly into her face. 'I am not a jealous man, dearest, but I do—oh, I do want my wife's heart!'

'And you shall have it,' she answered firmly and steadily. 'He—that other—is dead to me—nay, I think now I never really loved him. He was the friend of my childhood, and I mistook affection for love. Trust me, Hubert. If you care to take me, you shall have a loving wife. I will atone to you for all you have suffered.'

'God bless you! God bless and reward you,' he whispered in a tone of tender reverence, as he softly kissed her cheek. 'My generous, generous love!'

After a moment or two he said slowly— 'You know what they say of me, Nora? You know they accuse me of having killed a man?'

She pressed closer to him; she raised his strong brown hand with a touching gesture and held it against her lips. 'Don't speak of it, dear; I am content to believe it was not your fault. It was an accident perhaps; you did not mean it. You have been too good to me—too truly generous and gentle for me to doubt you.'

'My love, my darling, when you are mine, I will repay you for this. But dearest, I have something to tell you. You are right in thinking I never meant to kill even the base wretch who tempted me as I think man was never tempted yet. He insulted me, struck me, and in self defence merely, I struck back a blow which sent him reeling over a precipice. If he had died I should have acquitted myself of blame; but, darling, he did not die. His miserable life was saved by a miracle, as I have known for the last two years.'

Nora gave a little cry of joy and wonder.

'You have known it? Then why didn't you—'

He interrupted her gently. 'Why didn't I publish the whole truth? you would say. Simply because I was too proud to seek the favor of those who had shamefully wronged me. But I am not proud where you are concerned, my darling. For your dear sake, I will make known the truth. Those self-righteous Pharisees shall know how they have wronged an innocent man!'

Darrell kept his word.

He made known the true facts of the case which his stubborn pride had led him to conceal.

Proofs were not wanting; and in an incredibly short time he found himself lauded on all hands, and indeed regarded as a mingling of hero and martyr.

He bore the laudation of his neighbours almost as disdainfully as he had born their scorn.

There was only one person's opinion for which he cared; and he knew that she had learned to love and trust him even while that dark dark cloud rested upon his name.

All Glenuskie was en fête when the Master of Dare put the finishing touch to his romantic past by leading to the altar the beautiful but penniless young school-mistress.

Old cronies of fourscore years declared she was the bonniest bride their eyes had ever seen; and assuredly it would have been hard to find a fairer.

The marriage took place early in the spring; and the honeymoon was spent in Darrell's new yacht, the Nora, built to replace the ill-fated Gadfly.

As the vessel glided away from Glenuskie, and the bride and bridegroom stood leaning over the taffrail to watch Dare Castle in the distance, Darrell murmured—

'I don't know how you feel about it, dearest, but to my mind, today's ceremony has just a mere matter of form, and nothing more. I feel as though you did really become my wife that day on the Gadfly.'

'And I feel the same,' she whispered. 'And so, Hubert, in our secret hearts, we will always regard that as our real wedding day!'

When This Paragraph Catches your eye you will see at once that it is an advertisement. But how else can we let you know what a capital thing Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is? Write and tell us. 25c. all Druggists.

His One Conundrum.

The old captain of the little steamer Maid of the Mist, which used to carry passengers right up into the spray of the falling waters beneath Niagara, says the Mail and Express, had just one conundrum, and like a college professor, he used it on every new 'class.'

The pilot always led up to it in the same way. He would move his hand along the woodwork of the pilot-house, as if examining it, and remark:

'Stranger, do you know what this little boat is made of?'

An odd question, the stranger would say to himself, but he would reply, 'Why, of pine and oak, isn't it?'

'No, sir.'

Then would come a round of guesses, generally winding up with the acknowledgment of ignorance.

And the old pilot's eyes would twinkle as he replied:

'Why, she's Maid of the Mist, stranger!'

# Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

Every bean effuses fragrant Coffee of absolute purity.

It is largely imitated. Examine your purchase closely.

CHASE & SANBORN,

MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

#### KNAPSACKS OF MANY NATIONS.

English Soldiers' the Lightest Because They Rely more Upon Transports.

When the Germans heard of the recent enormous casualty list on the fatal Aldershot field day, about which official inquiry has been held, there was much self-complacent head-wagging and many unkind things were said regarding the stamina and marching capacity of Thomas Atkins.

As a matter of fact, any body of troops under identical conditions, because in their manoeuvres they, and indeed all the track continental armies, [without doubt, do these things better.] But the Germans can march and so can the Frenchmen and Russians, and, moreover, the two former in 'marching order' carry a bigger load on their backs than the British soldier. Marching with them is an important accomplishment, and one not to be taken for granted.

The German recruit, after he has had his parade-drill ground thoroughly into him, is taken out to stretch his legs. First, he marches in uniform only, then he is given a rifle to carry, next his knapsack, and so on until his marching order is at full weight.

During all this the distances are being gradually lengthened, and finally the pace is increased. When trained he is going his twenty miles regularly twice a week, and he may be called upon to do a thirty-mile march occasionally, and fit as he is, he accomplishes it 'on his head.'

That Tommy Atkins can march, too, nobody will deny, but when comparing his comparatively spasmodic pedestrian efforts with those of the foreigner, general conditions must be taken into account, and here he does not, as a rule, compare too favorably except after a fortnight or less in the field.

Then, again, though some of our authorities differ, on the point, he must have a breakfast to march upon, and a small amount of food every five hours or so, and an occasional mouthful of water to wash the dust out of his throat.

They get all these things on the continental manoeuvres, as a matter of course. In ours it is not always so—in fact, an officer writing from the front has said that so far as hardships and lack of food are concerned, the Transvaal is a paradise compared to Salisbury Plain as it formerly was.

The continental soldier carries a heavier kit on his back than the British soldier because he relies less upon his transport, and so matter where the baggage train is he can always pitch his tent at night and roll himself up in his blanket.

When in heavy marching order Tommy Atkins carries a coat and cape, mess tin (comprising plate, frying pan and kettle), a valise holding spare uniform, shirts, socks, boots, brushes, &c., a canvas haversack for small articles and a water bottle. This weighs complete, with rifle, pouches, bayonet and 100 rounds of ammunition, sixty-six pounds.

The German is provided with a great coat, one blanket and ground sheet, a quarter of a tent and pole, a mess tin (which for the present is also his water bottle) and an axe. His valise contains a spare pair of boots, three pairs of socks (or foot rags if he is a Bavarian), spare uniform and fatigue dress brushes, &c. The whole equipment, with bayonet, rifle and 150 rounds of ball cartridge, weighs seventy-two pounds.

The Frenchman carries much the same, including tent section and blanket, but no waterproof sheet or haversack. The company cooking pots are divided up among the men. A drinking cup and spade completes his rig-out, which weighs, with rifle, bayonet and 110 rounds of ammunition, seventy-two pounds.

The Russian carries only sixty-eight pounds of kit, but then he has no blanket or waterproof sheet. He is only burdened with seventy-five rounds of ammunition, which is fastened above him in somewhat clumsy fashion.

So far as food is concerned the redcoat,

for all the millions that are spent on him, really fares worse than his conscript comrades. With them biscuit and coffee or chocolate at 5 A. M. is the rule. Dinner is at 12, and consists—and this is on manoeuvres, too—of soup, meat, salad and beer for the Germans, and one pint of wine per man for the French. At 6.30 is a supper of cold meat, salad, bread and cheese and more wine and beer. The Russian menu is varied with salt fish, but he fares well on the whole—London Express.

#### A Good Little Girl.

Childish sympathy for the unfortunate and childish trust in man were charmingly illustrated in a recent incident which happened in New York.

A little four-year-old, with a sadly maimed cat in her arms, approached the policeman guarding the entrance to Bellevue Hospital, and asked to see a doctor. The amused but sympathizing officer led her to the receiving ward.

The surgeon was at first disposed to reprove the policeman, when the nature of his 'case' was revealed to him, that the imploring tears in the little one's eyes softening him, he did his professional best in relieving the sufferings of the mangled animal.

'Now,' he said when he had finished, 'you can take your kitty home.'

'It aint mine,' replied the child; and then, with engaging frankness, 'I des found it all hurtled! Tate care of it. Dood-by!'

And smilingly grateful, she departed. Policeman and surgeon looked at each other.

'It strikes me,' said the surgeon, 'that I am the victim of an innocent confidence game. Have the cat sent to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It will 'tate care of it.'

And this was done.

#### Simple but Trying.

A man who is growing gray in business and has forgotten all about the lessons of his school days, is often troubled when a grown up daughter asks him some simple question she has heard at school or college. He is the more likely to be puzzled because he starts with the belief that he 'does not know.'

A Detroit girl who is attending the normal school, says the Free Press, told her father, the other night, that she had some exercises in punctuation for him to correct. Then she wrote this sentence:

'It is not and I said but or.'

The man gave it up, but laughed at his own stupidity when she showed him, 'It is not and, I said, but or.'

'All O' was another tesser.

'Oh, it's 'nothing after all,' the girl said when her father confessed that it puzzled him.

#### A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wills' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipations and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Wills' English Pills are used.

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