

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

pretty, appealing fashion which is so soothing to the susceptible vanity of man. 'I think I never learned so much in half an hour in my life,' she said. 'Oh, Doctor Morton, how clever you must be!'

The mention of half-an-hour made Phil remember it was high time they returned to the house.

Breakfast would be waiting. So they turned back.

That awkward stile had to be encountered again, and again the soft, white hand was put into Philip's, while he all but lapsed the sylph-like form in his arms.

When they reached the garden, Jean was standing at the breakfast room window for them.

But that did not prevent Clare from stopping to admire a specially lovely rose.

Of course, Phil had to get it for her, and she entered the breakfast room with it in her bosom.

Jean herself for feeling angry.

But all the same, she could not have helped the feeling, even if it had been to save her life.

After breakfast Clare took care to monopolize Dr. Phil again.

It was easy enough to do.

She had only to express a wish to see a pretty bit of neighbouring scenery that was mentioned.

Mr. Beverly and the farmer were going round the farm together, so that Phil was in duty bound to offer himself as escort to the young lady.

'Will you go, Jean?' he asked.

But Jean declined.

There was a feeling of irritation in her mind, try as she might to repress it.

She thought she might be happier superintending the jelly making than walking out in the company of Clare Beverly.

That evening, when tea had been cleared away, Miss Beverly and Phil strolled out onto the lawn together.

It is wonderful how rapidly acquaintances ripen in such places as Braeside Farm.

One long summer day spent in visiting woods and hayfield, in gathering flowers, sitting on grassy banks and listening to the song of birds, can do more to draw young hearts together than a whole month spent amid less surroundings.

By tea time Dr. Morton and Clare Beverly were quite like old friends, and the doctor had begun to take himself severely to task for having fallen into the bereavement of thinking her proud.

'It was Jean who made me think so,' he reflected. 'I suppose women never do quite understand each other, especially when they are both beautiful. I'm quite sure that Miss Beverly hasn't an atom of pride.'

'There will be a full moon to-night,' remarked Clare. 'Doctor Morton, do you know what I should love?'

He looked at her questioningly. His look said that it was anything he could get for her, she should have it.

'A row on the river. Wouldn't it be delightful?'

'Yes, it would; and I should be delighted to take you, only—'

'Only what?'

And her lovely violet eyes raised themselves to his face appealingly.

'Why, the truth is, Miss Beverly, my cousin and I are reading "Dante" together, and we had arranged for a long spell of it to-night.'

'Dante?' said Clare in a tone which was dangerously near implying that she didn't think such things were read in farmhouses. After a moment she added: 'I should never have dreamed Miss Jean cared for poetry. To me she seems just the perfection of a housewife. I can't imagine her caring for poetry or romance.'

'Jean cares for everything that is good and beautiful,' said Phil, stung a little at this, in spite of his admiration for Clare. 'She devotes herself to household affairs, because she believes in performing the duties that lie near her hand; but she is passionately fond of poetry. Indeed, she has the true poetic mind. When we are reading together, I feel my inferiority often. Why, she is so fond of Dante, she has taught herself Italian so as to read it in the original.'

A farmer's niece who read Italian! Clare Beverly, who wouldn't have given a rush for Dante in either English or the original, felt that this was a ridiculous anomaly.

Moreover, she was piqued at Phil's defence of Jean.

In a moment she had laid a malicious plan.

'Perhaps Miss Jean would go with us on the river,' she suggested sweetly. 'Possibly she wouldn't mind putting Dante aside for just one evening. May I go and ask her? I shall tell her how much I'm longing to glide down the river in the moonlight.'

'If you tell her that I'm sure she'll consent in a minute,' said simple Phil, never dreaming that Miss Clare would couch her appeal in very different fashion. 'Jean is always ready to give up her own wishes for other people's.'

Clare went into the house and found Jean sitting alone in one of the parlors—sinking, Miss Beverly decided, though in truth, Jean's nature was too noble to permit of her ever sinking into such a petty hateful frame of mind.

She looked a little grave and sad as she sat with her beautifully-moulded chin resting on her hand, her eyes fixed dreamily on the deepening twilight.

It was hard to see Phil so engrossed with this new comer. A mean jealousy could never disturb Jean's breast, but she could not help feeling that this was hard to bear.

'Miss Jean, I've come to beg a favor for Doctor Morton,' said Clare in her gayest, sweetest tone. 'He wants to take me down the river as soon as the moon rises; but he remembers he had promised to read with you. Will you be generous and excuse him?'

Wicked little Machiavelli in petticoats! How artfully she had framed her little

speech! How certain it was to arouse resentment in a proud nature like Jean's.

'Of course I will excuse him,' she answered, with swift decision, though she had much ado to keep her voice from trembling. 'He need not have troubled to ask.'

'Oh thank you! And will you come with us?'

'You must excuse me, please. I have a slight headache, and shall be better resting quietly here.'

Miss Beverly fluttered back to Phil. 'We can go Doctor Morton. Miss Jean has a headache and doesn't care about reading to-night. For the same reason she would rather not go with us. She wants to rest quietly at home.'

And so those two glided down the river alone in the moonlight and poor Jean watched them from her chamber-window with a sad heart enough, and with eyes that were heavy with unshed tears.

CHAPTER IV. IN THE ORCHARD.

The Beverleys had arranged to spend six weeks at Braeside Farm.

Five of the weeks had fled, and Phil was hopelessly in love with Clare.

He almost worship her shadow, and hung upon her voice as though it was the sweetest music earth contained.

Do you think this unnatural, remembering that five weeks ago, it was Jean he loved?

If you do, you know little of a man's heart or of woman's power.

Philip Morton was young, only five and twenty in years, and younger still in his experience of women.

There he was, in truth, a very boy.

And Clare Beverly was so bewitching an enchantress, so skilled in all the arts whereby a young man may be lured into an unworthy love.

She had been his constant companion; she had leaned confidingly on his arm during the heat of the summer days, or beneath the light of the silver moon; she had professed her ignorance of a hundred things and looked to him for wisdom.

Her lustrous violet eyes had gazed into his face as though in artless wonder and admiration at how much he knew.

Her soft white hand had lain in his often and often; her sweet voice had sounded its sweetest when she breathed her pretty nothings into his ear.

In short, she lured the poor, simple, honest fellow to the top of her bent.

He was simple as compared to her, in spite of his intellectual superiority.

Brains enough had Philip Morton, but he had none of the shrewdness which would have made him a match for Clare Beverly.

He believed, bumbly, trembling, that he had won her heart.

That belief it was which melted him till he was wax in her hand.

There was such joy and pride, such incense to his masculine vanity, in the thought that he was loved by so divine a creature, one who, so poor Phil thought, might, if she had chosen, have had all London at her feet.

Even her elegant wardrobe had not been without its effect on him.

When a man is unused to such things, tiny shoes of pearl-grey silk stockings, and billowy petticoats, and lace frocks, and exquisite confections in tea-jackets and breakfast-gowns, find an avenue to his senses, and exercise a charm which, in his later and wiser years, he will laugh to scorn.

Clare was armed at all points cap-a-pie, and he was without defence.

His love for Jean might have saved him but Jean had been reserved to him during these five weeks, and the foolish, blunder-fellow had taken it into his head that it was because she foresaw what he would have said that night in the shrubbery, and wished to discourage it.

It was evening—a lovely summer evening, when the sun had set in a glory of crimson, and a great moon hung like a monster jewel in the purple heavens.

The orchard at Braeside Farm was a delightful spot to sit in on such a night.

The scent of ripening fruit filled the air; the moonlight shone through the branches of the trees; the murmur of rippling water fell softly on the ear, for the river flowed close by.

On the pretty rustic seat under the apple trees Phil sat with Clare beside him.

At such times he was constantly reading poetry to her, or repeating it from memory; not that she cared for poetry in general, but she found it passing pleasant to listen to Phil's deep musical voice, giving utterance to his love in some love poet's words.

On this night he had been telling her that lovely story of Coleridge's, which begins—

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever thrills this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the light of eve,
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eye and modest grace,
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

His voice trembled as he told that exquisite tale of love. Nay, his whole frame trembled.

Every fibre of his being was thrilled with love and hope and joy.

As he uttered the last words—
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beautiful bride.

A soft sigh broke from Clare's lips, a sigh that might well have seemed to invite some passionate avowal; and at the same moment her hand touched, as though by accident, Phil's own.

At that touch the last vestige of restraint was melted away.

'Clare, you are my Genevieve,' he cried in a voice that was hoarse with emotion. 'You know it, don't you? My love! My sweet! My darling!'

His heart was throbbing madly, his bronzed cheek was quite pale.

He bent his handsome head, and tried though vainly to look into her eyes.

She pretended to try to withdraw her hand, but it was only a pretence; her soft little fingers were, in truth, willing prisoners in this strong man's clasp.

She uttered no word, only a half inarticulate exclamation, as though of surprise.

He was not discouraged by her silence; he deemed it, indeed, a favorable sign.

How could he know that she was silent simply because she found it very pleasant to have him pouring out his tale of passion at love? because she knew that, when she did answer, he would plead with her no more, and because she found those pleadings too sweet to put an end to them—yet?

With an eloquence borne of the depth and strength of his passion, the misguided young man poured out his tale of love.

He told her he knew he was unworthy of her, inferior in birth, in rank, in fortune, as well as in body, soul and mind.

But he vowed to work night and day to win a position more worthy of her adornment; and above all, he vowed to love and worship her as no other man ever did or could.

LIONS, TIGERS AND ELEPHANTS. What an Animal Trainer Says About Their Traits in Captivity.

'Personally I would rather undertake to train jungle bred lions than lions that are born in captivity. You may win the regard of the first class, but the others are so accustomed to seeing everybody that they respect nobody. The idea that lions desire to eat up their trainers is preposterous. I feed these lions twelve and a half pounds of fine meat every day at 5 o'clock. If a lion was ravenously hungry the case might be different. When a beast gets mad and knocks you down with a blow from his paw you must lie still. It would be useless to fight back, for if he should close his jaws no bone would stand the pressure. I do not fear the lion's jaw and teeth—the paws and claws are the things that have left their marks all over my body. Their claws are sharp as fishhooks and take hold in the same fashion.'

'Yes, I have been nipped by lions a number of times, generally in the fleshy part of the hand and the leg; the teeth have gone clean through with a snap. Still, the claws are the things that make the life of the lion tamer an "unpreferred risk" in life insurance writing.'

'Tigers are much brighter than lions, and can be taught many tricks, but they can never be relied on, as treachery appears to be their disposition and inheritance. They are tremendous fighters, and if they cannot get up a row among themselves they are ready to help others. The closest call I ever had in my life was when a jaguar got over the partition in the big den into the cage occupied by a lion and undertook to take a bone away from the latter. I went in and undertook to drive the jaguar back into her own cage. The beast turned upon me and clawed me horribly, while the lion took a whack at my back. When I was finally dragged out of the cage the new suit of clothes that I wore was a mass of tatters, and I was scarred and bloody from head to heels. This famous fight occurred in Washington with the W. C. Coup show. I had a number of encounters with Wallace, who was set down on the bills as the "man-eater." He had chewed and clawed many men, but never eaten one, but he did occasionally feast on a horse. So many stories have been told about Wallace by trainers that never handled him it would be idle for me to repeat them, as I had him all the time he was in this country. That famous lion died two years ago in an express car while on his travels.'

'Tigers have a fancy for sliding on their backs and getting you at a disadvantage, as they lie and claw upward. The moment you turn to leave a cage they are liable to slide its whole length and drag you down before you can raise your whip.'

'But take my word for it, the most dangerous animal you can encounter in a menagerie is a "bad elephant." I've been with 'em for forty years, and I know.'

He knew the Handwriting.

'Before beginning my lecture,' remarked the professor, 'I will, in order to more fully establish the influence of handwriting upon character, ask some gentleman in the audience to come forward and give me a sample of his penmanship.'

A pale young man with short hair rose and stepped to the platform. Seizing the pen he hastily returned to his seat.

'Excellent,' remarked the professor, as he surveyed the man's work. 'This writing shows the advantage of acquiring a fixed style—I don't suppose the man who wrote this could vary in his penmanship if he practised a month of Sundays. It shows an adherence to established principles, unswerving directness of purpose, a fixed moral code, an aspiration for orderly methods. I should classify it as a combination of conscience and commerce, so to speak. It's the style of [writing] Oliver Cromwell might have affected. And now, young man, may I inquire your business?'

'Hain't had no business lately,' replied

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the young man, hoarsely. 'I've just finished a term in prison for forging cheques.'

ADVENTUROUS ARISTOCRAT.

Men Who Risk Their Lives in Search of Pleasure.

There are many Englishmen of rank who have made light of risking their lives in the pursuit of pleasure; but none, perhaps, with the same reckless daring as Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, the Essex baronet.

For many years of the baronet's adventurous life it seems as if he was actually courting death; for wherever danger was he was sure to be found. Nor did he escape scatheless; for he has a record of injuries of which any Army veteran might be proud; indeed as he jocularly puts it, he has 'broken every bone in his body.'

He has broken half-a-dozen bones while hunting and steeple-chasing, two whilst ballooning, two fingers were fractured while boxing, besides other fractures too numerous for detail.

He was the most venturesome rider that ever followed hounds; the most daring aeronaut who ever courted death in a balloon. He has narrowly escaped death while campaigning on the Nile and hunting big game in every corner of the earth. He was nearly killed in a Florida forest by a falling tree; in India by a snake; in Portugal by an assassin, and on the Nile while swimming a catamaran. He has been soldier and sailor, traveller and hunter, ballonist and steeple-chaser, war correspondent and amateur hangman; and now that he has passed his half century, he pines for fresh adventures.

Several of our aristocrats have sought excitement and adventure by acting as war correspondents for one or other of our newspapers.

Lord Dunraven, of yachting fame, was known thirty years ago, when he was a young army officer, as one of the most reckless and brilliant correspondents in the Abyssinian War; and Viscount Finckley won his V. C. by an act of almost mad bravery in the frontier war, two years ago, while he was acting as war-correspondent.

Mr. Winston Churchill, Lord Randolph's clever son, risked his life many times with the Malakand field force while searching for material for his pen, which he wields quite as cleverly as his sword; and it was while on a similar errand that the too adventurous son of Lord Carlisle lately met his death in the streets of Omdurman.

It will be remembered that when Lord Randolph Churchill's nerve for political fighting was failing, he sought to restore it by an African expedition under the auspices of a London daily paper, and that he found African lions less formidable than political foes.

Not long ago Miss Alice Balfour, the able sister of the First Lord of the British Treasury, made a long pilgrimage in a wagon over 1200 miles of the least explored parts of South Africa, and wrote a charming narrative of her adventures.

It is some four years since the elder brother of the present Earl of Aberdeen preferred the life of a common sailor to the titles and vast estates which were awaiting him at home. It was the same love of adventure, or distaste for rank and society, which led the Archduke John Salvador, of Austria, to risk his life at sea as captain of a merchantman, and, as rumor goes, to lose his life as a penalty.

The Earl of Rantuly, now Governor-General of New Zealand, is a well known adventurous aristocrat. There is little of Australian bushlife that Lord Rantuly has not personally experienced. He was one of the pioneers of the Mildura fruit farmers, and worked so vigorously on his 100 acres that they are now the show farm of the Colony.

Lord Delamere is perhaps the most adventurous of our younger peers. He has explored some of the darkest recesses of Africa, has shot lions and elephants in Somaliland, and like Mr. Stanley has crossed the 'Dark Continent' from east to west. His nearest rival among titled hunt-

ers of big game is perhaps Sir Edmond Lechmere.

Few men have travelled farther afield in the pursuit of knowledge than Lord Curzon, Governor General of India. He has explored almost the entire continent of Asia, from Persia to Korea, and has been in many districts where no white man's foot had trodden.

Perhaps the most adventurous men of rank on the continent are the young Duc d'Abuzzi and Prince Henri of Orleans, who rarely rest in their search of adventure, whether it be the climbing of Mount St. Elias, an expedition to the pole, or explorations of central Asia and Africa.

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Mendacity as an Art—So that young Coinman is studying here to perfect himself as a court official in his own country. 'Exactly,' answered the professor. 'What works is he reading now?' 'Baron Munchausen, Marco Polo and the European summer resort circulars.'

'What makes you think the doctor didn't know what was the matter with you?'

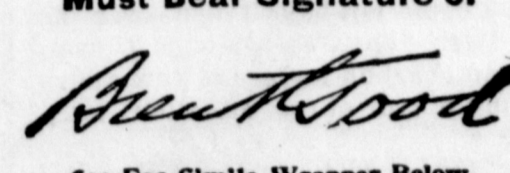
'He didn't tell me to come back in a few days. I think he was afraid it was a severe case of some kind, and wanted to get rid of me.'

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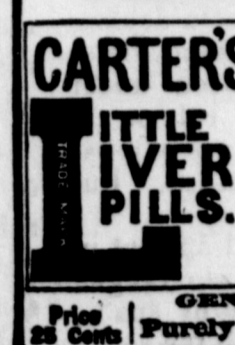
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