

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

held her soft fingers within his own, he was wondering how it was he had ever thought he loved her.

CHAPTER VII.

PHIL HAS A SURPRISE.

Later in the evening, on his way from Dr. Maberley's Phil passed by a West End theatre.

A gentleman was coming down the steps with a lady on his arm.

The lady was so muffled in a pink silk shawl that Phil could not see her face, but the gentleman he recognized in a moment. It was Mr. Templeton.

The next moment, he saw it was Jean with him.

She pushed back her wrap, and thus disclosed her face.

'She is married!' thought Phil, and his heart gave a great throb of anguish.

He was about to move away without making his presence known, when suddenly Jean caught sight of him.

'Oh! there is Phil,' she said to her escort, and he held out his hand to the young man with a frank, pleasant smile.

'Delighted to see you, Doctor Morton,' he said. 'You'll jump into our carriage, won't you? Then we can chat as we drive along; we'll set you down wherever you like.'

Poor Phil muttered his acceptance of the offer.

In half a minute he was inside the carriage.

'Now I must introduce you properly,' Jean said in her sweet voice. 'I daresay you guess who this is, Phil—my dear uncle Major Emerson.'

'Uncle?'

Again Phil's heart gave a great throb, but this time it was with wonder and joy.

'I—I thought his name was Templeton,' he stammered.

'Templeton Emerson,' corrected the major, with a genial smile. 'I presume you have heard of me under the first name.'

'You got your father's letter didn't you, Phil?' asked Jean in some surprise.

'No—that is, it sent any letter to Australia. I started back three days after I got there, and the mails had not come in.'

'Then you don't know about my uncle?'

'Not a word.'

'Please let me tell that story,' interposed the major, laughing. 'I warn you, Doctor Morton, that if you don't, you'll have to listen to a whole volume in praise of "Uncle Templeton." Jean fancies she is under wonderful obligations to me, whereas the truth simply is that about a year ago I found myself a childless widower, with a dislike to the thought of marrying again.'

'This being so, it occurred to me to find out my dead brother's child, and persuade her to come and brighten my lonely home. Being anxious to make her acquaintance under a sort of disguise, I took a place near Braeside, under the name of Templeton, and so got to know my niece.'

'There was only one drawback,' concluded the major, laughing heartily, 'and that was that at first people took me to be Jean's lover instead of her uncle. That's one of the misfortunes of a juvenile appearance. Nobody believes I'm eight-and-forty years of age.'

'And now, Doctor Morton, will you make your home with us for a few weeks? We shall be in London until September, and shall be delighted to have you if you'll come.'

'Thanks,' said Phil, 'but I couldn't think of taking you by storm in that way; besides, I've promised to run down to Braeside tomorrow. May I—he was looking at Jean as he spoke, looking deep into her eyes—'may I come in and see you before I go?'

'We shall be so pleased if you will,' said Jean in her full, sweet tones, and her uncle seconded her with genial heartiness.

The next morning, as he could decently presume to make a call in such a neighborhood, Phil rang the bell of Mager Emerson's house in Cavendish Square.

He sent up his card, and was immediately shown into a big bow-windowed parlour, where Jean was arranging great creamy-budded roses in a china bowl.

She came forward to meet him with a beaming smile of pleasure.

'It is so good of you to come early, Phil,' she said frankly. 'My uncle is out riding, but he will be in soon. You must stay and lunch with us.'

She went back to her flowers.

He took a chair near, and watched her—watched her with longing, hungry eyes, which took in every detail of her face and form.

What a noble figure she had! he thought, what swelling curves!—what a glorious roundness of outline!

And what other woman had such a satin skin; such a rich yet delicate bloom; such a perfect mouth, or such deep, clear eyes? How had he ever fancied he loved Clare?

Clare laughed now in bitter mockery and self-derision at the very thought.

Where had his taste been to prefer, even for a moment, Clare's pink-and-white prettiness to a grand beauty such as this?

His heart burned within him, and he broke the silence with abruptness.

'Jean,' he said, 'you remember what your uncle said last night—I mean about people fancying he was your lover?'

'Yes?'

Jean spoke with a faint shade of interrogation. The color deepened ever so slightly on her cheek.

'I thought that, Jean.'

'Did you? Then that was what you meant in your letter to me before you went to Australia. Your father wrote to explain everything; but, of course, if you don't get his letter, you wouldn't know.'

'No; I didn't know.'

He paused a moment, looked very earnestly at her, then added—

'That was why I went to Australia, Jean. Went without as much as bidding you good bye. I felt as though I couldn't bear to see you if you belonged to another man.'

Jean said no word in answer; but the flush on her cheek deepened, and her fingers trembled a little as they moved among the flowers.

The silence became almost oppressive.

Phil broke it—broke it by uttering a single word.

'Jean?'

That was all he said; but he said it in a tone of loving, humble entreaty such as thrilled her heart to its innermost core.

She raised her eyes from the flowers and looked at him, and in that look he learned all that he yearned to know.

Jean loved him. He would not have to plead in vain.

'Darling!' he whispered, catching her in his arms, and folding her in a close embrace. 'Oh, my own darling! Is it possible you can really care for me?'

'I have cared for you always, Phil,' she answered softly, her lips trembling a little beneath the sense of her new great happiness.

'As a cousin, yes, I know you have; but now I want something deeper than any mere cousin's love. Oh, Jean! can you give me that?'

'Dear Phil, I can never love you better than I have always done, breathed Jean in her low sweet whisper; 'but if you want to know how I love you, I can only tell you this: It will make me very happy to be your wife.'

Of course their lips met after that; and to himself Phil registered a vow to be more worthy of this pure, noble heart.

Presently he said, very earnestly, and with almost a touch of sadness in his tone 'I'm not worthy of you, Jean. And—and there's just one thing I ought to tell you, dear; it's a sort of confession I feel it's my duty to make.'

'Is it about Clare Beverly?' asked Jean, seeing and pitying his embarrassment.

'You needn't be afraid of speaking about her to me, Phil. Of course I saw you loved her.'

'Nay, Jean, never that. Now that I know what true love is, I cannot bear that my feeling for her should be called by such a sacred name.'

'She fascinated me—bewitched me, if you will, but she never truly won my heart. I was a fool, Jean, but I have paid for my folly. I saw the price I had paid when I fancied it had cost me you.'

'I understand all about it,' said Jean softly. 'Nay, I think I understood even then. I knew she only meant to play with you, just to gratify her vanity, and it hurt me so that you should be hurt, my good tender-hearted Phil.'

And then, with almost maternal tenderness, Jean laid her shapely white hand on his brow, and pushed back his thick, clustering chestnut hair, while she looked into his eyes with a serene steady gaze which said her trust was equal to her love.

Phil caught her other hand and pressed it to his lips, not so much with the ardour of a lover as with the reverence with which a repentant sinner might have touched the robe of a pardoning saint.

'Some day I will try to make it up to you,' he whispered. 'I shall never forget your sweet forgiveness—never, never!'

'Dear Phil, I never felt as though I had anything to forgive,' she answered simply. 'In my heart I felt certain you would come back to me, and give me what I have given you—the best and truest love of your heart.'

What could Phil say to such a noble, generous faith as this?

What could he do but told her silently in his arms and lay his lips on hers, while he mutely called Heaven to witness that his life henceforward had for its supreme object the making himself more worthy of Jean's love?

Lady Hartley was wondering a little how it was Phil had not called upon her.

She had invited him to do so after that compact of friendship in Mrs. Maberley's conservatory and although he had made no promise, she felt quite certain he would come.

She was positively hungry for another sight of him.

He had taken a deeper hold on her heart than she had dreamed possible.

She was amazed to find that she who had lured so many men into a hopeless love, and had smiled at their pain, should now herself be in a very fever of restless expectancy because Phil Morton did not come.

She was quite resolved to marry him.

She had ample means, and could afford to do as she liked.

She shrank from the bare thought of a second loveless marriage and she was quite certain that Philip Morton was the one man in the world whom she could love.

She wondered whether he had come back from Braeside Farm.

She did not know that Jean had left it, and, of course, imagined he would meet her there.

This caused her little pang of jealousy; but she was sure someone had told her that Jean Emerson was engaged to be married; and so she stifled her jealous fears and gave herself up to sweet dreams which were never to be realized.

One evening she was at a musical 'At Home' at the house of a friend, when she heard a voice of thrilling sweetness raised in song; and, although she sat in a curtained corner and could not see the singer, she knew the voice in a moment.

She had heard it at Braeside Farm; and it was a voice that, once heard, could never be forgotten.

What was Jean Emerson doing in a fashionable London drawing-room?

She rose from her seat and crossed the room to where Jean was standing beside the piano, a noble, beautiful figure, gown in simple white silk, with a cluster of roses at her bosom.

'Can you tell me who that young lady is?' she whispered to some near her, at the close of her song.

She thought Jean must be married. She thought she had married someone of rank and fashion, after all?

The answer to the question amazed her.

'Yes; it is Miss Emerson, Major Emerson's niece. That is the major standing against the piano.'

'Indeed!' said Clare, looking puzzled.

'Miss Emerson has only recently come to London,' explained her friend. 'There was some romance about her birth; her father married without his friends' consent; and the major has only recently adopted her as his daughter and heiress. Is she not beautiful? and so perfectly refined and graceful! Everybody raves about her, wherever she goes.'

'Is she engaged, do you know?' asked Clare, a sickening pang of envy at her heart as she gazed at the peerless beauty of the girl she had once despised.

'Yes, she is—to a young doctor, a cousin of hers on her mother's side.'

'Not Doctor Morton?' asked Clare, with lips that had suddenly turned white.

'Yes, that is who I mean. It is not a great match for such a girl as Miss Emerson, who really is quite the beauty of the season; but I understand that he is tremendously clever, and certain to make his way. The major is charmingly generous, and the marriage is to be soon.'

Clare had never fainted in her life, but she came very near to fainting then.

This annihilation of all her hopes was almost more than she could bear.

She got out of the room without being seen by Jean, pleaded sudden indisposition to her hostess, and was driven home; and, once there—once she was in her own room, away from prying eyes and ears, she gave way to a burst of grief, such as had never shaken her vain selfish nature in all her life before.

Dr. Philip Morton is one of the cleverest doctors in London to day.

He is implicitly believed in by his patients, warmly loved by his friends, and highly respected by the whole medical world.

It is said that he has the most beautiful wife in London.

Be that as it may, he loves her with a tender, reverential devotion which mere beauty alone is powerless to inspire.

A man owes much of his success to his wife, is one of his favorite maxims.

He is quite certain he owes all his—as well as his deep happiness—to his beautiful Jean.

Baboo English.

Examples of the quaint English written by Hindoo and other Indian clerks have, from time to time, found their way into the press, and the following letter is about as amusing as anything we have seen in print.

We hardly supposed that the fame of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had spread so far among the not very pale inhabitants of the Indian Empire, but apparently their advertisements have penetrated sufficiently far to suggest to one enterprising native the desirability of entering the company's service. The judicious intimation that this gentleman's ailments only commenced after business hours is especially amusing:—

Calcutta, November 7th, 1899.

Honored Sir,—I can't help but to take it to your kind notice, that I am greatly suffering from a bad attack of fever to my system. Last fortnight I have been in a hospital, but I got no relief. Though somewhat cured, yet that's nothing. The doctors there told that I shall soon within six months get paralysis. I am now 19 years old, the case would be very severe to. Don't leave me hopeless, do try kindly. If I don't get any relief from it. It is sure no doubt I shall commit suicide for I can't bear this horrible torture. By day I live alright, as an ordinary person. I do everything, but as night falls I get into my bed and keep up whole night in agony. I have nobody in this world neither have I got a penny. If you kindly take me to you, and keep me under your treatment, I shall be so much benefited and so highly obliged to you for life as I can't speak out you shall be the savior of my life. I pray you heartily, kindly rescue me from this horrible pain. Do to me as you would do were you my father and mother in this greatest danger, our case is fatal; we get nobody to say. Be kind enough and do stand by me and take me as father of my own. It is very, very simple thing for you. I promise you, I shall work in your office 8 or 9 hours a day, faithfully as I shall land there free of charge. Kindly excuse me for the trouble that you shall take for me. Have mercy on me as your own son. Save me, save me please. Reply me very kindly and soon.

I have the honor to be, your most affectionate and ever obedient,

How Mosquitoes Preter Canary Birds.

Owners of canary birds will receive a valuable tip by reading this story.

A well known educator of youths has for years had as a pet, one or more of the songsters hung in cages about his house.

In the summer it is one of his chief delights to sit on his front porch and listen to them.

Recently he noticed that two of his birds were becoming droopy, irritable and very restless and that little spots of blood mysteriously made their appearance on the bottom of the cage.

He watched the canaries closely for the next few nights and made the astounding discovery that they were nearly bitten to death by mosquitoes.

In speaking of the affair he said:

'I watched one of the birds narrowly for a long while and wondered why it kept hopping from one foot to the other. I saw the mosquitoes in the cage, but it entered my mind that they were attacking the canary until I saw a tiny spot of blood on the bird's leg. I picked the bird up and saw

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that it had just received a well developed mosquito bite.

'The only vulnerable part of the canary is the leg, where the skin is very thin and tender and almost unprotected by feathers. The mosquitoes appear to know the tenderness of the skin and attack in such numbers that in the course of time they could seriously injure the health of the bird by draining it of blood. I blocked the game by draping each cage with mosquito netting. My canaries are now well protected and happy. I suffer so much myself from mosquitoes that it is astonishing I did not think of them in connection with the birds before.'

A COYOTE ROUND UP.

The Prairie Wolves Are Getting Troublesome—How the Hunt is Managed.

Eastern Colorado ranchmen value an ordinary coyote at \$37.50. This extravagant price will result in another great hunt this fall, in which it is estimated thousands of little animals will fall victims to the forty four of the cowboys or the hounds of the sports of the East.

The citizens of the various stock towns in the coyote infested section are preparing to have a day fixed for one big 'round up' of the entire three counties representing the territory that has suffered so severely as a result of the depredations of the animal. If this is done the big hunt will present some interesting features. The three counties represent a territory something like eighty miles square. Yuma is the largest of the three counties and Yuma and Washington counties have suffered most from the ravages of the omnivorous beasts.

The reader can picture in his mind a vast territory of sage brush and sand hills eighty miles across either way. Then he can imagine horsemen from all over the country arranged around the outer limits of this area. At the start the hunters may be some distance apart but as they move in at a certain hour toward one common centre they soon get closer together till they finally meet. Every two miles of horsemen around the square will have a captain who will direct all movements. If the start is made at 6 o'clock in the morning, the scene, it is possible to compass it within the vision of one man, would represent more than a regiment of cavalry and more than one thousand hounds dashing nearly all day across the plains, forcing every living thing before them—a mixed mass—cowboys, tenderfoot, cattle barons, millionaires, eastern sports and withal a howling mob. If the start for the forty mile ride to the centre is made at 6 o'clock in the morning, the forces from all four sides ought to meet at the common centre before sunset and perhaps little past the middle of the afternoon.

According to the report of a nephew of the famous Kit Carson, who practically conducted the hunt during the 80's. The scenes during the last hours of the hunt are never to be forgotten. Coyotes frightened out of the tall grass at the approach of the oncoming hunters run like sheep in a circle in the hope that they may find a friendly outlet to freedom. As a result, by the time the horsemen and hunters get within two or three miles of each other at the close of the hunt, they represent a coral surrounding hundreds of coyotes circling in a mad mass like so many frightened sheep.

The hounds are unleashed and the slaughter begins. If there are 1,000 hounds they will all be slaughtering on the outside of the herd of coyotes, which will number nearly double what the hounds will. Imagine 2,000 wild, frightened, frenzied, maddened wolves, snapping, yelping and hurrying in nearly every direction after the circle is broken. The one that endeavors to pass the corral of cavalry is despatched with a Winchester or a forty-four. Those remaining inside the circle of hounds, human beings and horses, are panic-stricken—biting each other, falling and suffering death in the mad scramble. Excited hunters endeavor to use their Winchesters and hounds as well as wolves suffer. When the

fight is over few have escaped, but the battlefield is red with the blood of the hounds and the wolves. The battle on the occasion of the last hunt lasted for nearly two hours and scores of the best hounds in the country bit the dust.

The Correct Term.

Two clergymen crossing the ocean occupied the same stateroom. The ship pitched violently, and one of the divines was thrown unceremoniously out upon the floor.

'What kind of a curve did the ship describe then, brother,' asked the more fortunate, a parabolic curve?'

'No,' answered the luckless one as he clambered back; 'a diabolic curve.'

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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Farmer Yawp—'No; they didn't have these here big papers in New York then.'

'Society is getting fearful mixed; it is embarrassing to meet one's landlord at a garden party.'

'Yes; especially if you are behind with the rent.'

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