

CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.

house,' she urged.

'Very well, I will go; but I consider you have taken a dishonorable advantage of me,' he rejoined. 'I will not go at this hour of the evening, but I will start early in the morning; though what excuse I am to make to your aunt I do not know.'

'You must make none—you must go without telling her,' Osla added, feverishly.

'Oh very well that will certainly be the least trouble! Perhaps you will order breakfast for me, or do you prefer that I should go without?' he asked.

'Oh Gavin, don't be angry! I meant it for the best—I do indeed. Tell me you are not angry,' Osla pleaded.

'I am certainly not pleased,' he retorted, as he turned away, and left her.

'Well, that is the end of the only romance I ever indulged in, he muttered, bitterly. 'And I was fool enough to fancy she loved me! Very much like it, when she is ready to move heaven and earth to be rid of me!'

#### CHAPTER IV.

'I really do think I have secured a suitable governess for the children, at last, Harry,' said Lady Hamilton, as she entered her husband's own private sanctum.

'Where did you discover her, my dear?' inquired Sir Henry, raising his eyes from his newspaper.

'Mrs. MacAndrews found her for me; she is the niece of your curate, Mr. Graham. Mrs. MacAndrews does not much of her personally, but she knows the family well, and so I told her she might send her to see me.'

'And now you have been putting her through her paces—in other words, examining into her qualifications, I suppose?' 'Yes, and I think she is quite equal to all the children will require for some years. She is very quiet and refined—anyone can see she is a lady, and, better than all, she is very plain.'

'Is that a recommendation?' asked Sir Henry, with a laugh. 'For my part I like a pretty face.'

'Yes; but it is somewhat undesirable in a governess—they attract too much notice; they try to do it. Don't you remember that Miss St. John? She would not even let you alone!'

'Yes; by Jove! She did come it rather strong, Janet.'

'Rather strong' is too mild an expression, Harry. She was simply awful, and ever since I have set my face against a pretty governess. Now, in Miss Graham—Osla Graham her name is—there is nothing objectionable as far as I can judge.'

'Well, I hope your paragon may prove satisfactory.'

'And so do I—most fervently,' returned Lady Hamilton.

It was drawing near to Christmas, and Osla had been nearly six months at Braehed, as governess to the little Hamiltons. She found her new life far pleasanter than she had expected; the children—Barbara and Yolande—adored her, while Lady Hamilton seemed almost to regard her as one of the family.

There was but one cloud on her happiness; the thought that she would probably never see Sir Gavin again, and that he would never know the cause of her strange behavior.

She was thinking of this, one sunny morning at the beginning of December, as she returned with her pupils from their usual walk.

It was not often she had time for thought when they were with her; but today they were purposely keeping in advance to discuss a Christmas present they were preparing for her.

She was just about to tell them that, if they did not hurry, they would be late for lunch, when her attention was attracted by a gentleman advancing from an opposite direction.

As he drew nearer she saw with surprise that it was Sir Gavin himself.

The children saw him almost at the same moment, and rushed to meet him, their rapturous greeting proving that he was an old friend.

'Oh! Sir Gavin, it is good to have you,' exclaimed Barbara, as she kissed him lovingly.

'And you haven't been to the house yet, have you, dear?' asked Yolande, as she rubbed her cheek against his hand.

'No, you are the first to welcome me,' he replied, laughing; 'and now I want to know how papa and mamma are—there is no need to ask about you two spirits.'

'They're quite well, Sir Gavin, every body's quite well,' declared the children.



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The three great vital factors of this body of ours are the heart, the nerves and the blood. It is because of the triple power possessed by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills of making weak, irregular beating hearts strong and steady, toning up run down, shattered, nervous systems and supplying those elements necessary to make thin, watery blood rich and red, that so many wonderful cures have been accredited to this remedy.

Here is the case of Mrs. R. J. Arnold, Woodstock, N.B., who says:

"I was troubled for some time with nervous prostration and general weakness, feeling irritable, debilitated and sleepless nearly all the time. My entire system became run down. As soon as I began taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I realized that they had a calming, soothing influence upon the nerves. Every dose seemed to help the cure. They restored my sleep, strengthened my nerves and gave tone to my entire system. I think them wonderful."



All this time he had not once looked at their governess, and Osla wondered, with a sharp pang, if he intended to ignore her altogether.

But in truth he had not recognised her. When he did so, the astonishment on his face was almost ludicrous.

'Osla! Is it possible it can be you? I thought you were miles away,' he exclaimed.

'And I had no idea that they were likely to be here,' she replied, her eyes showing the gladness she felt.

'Do you know Miss Graham, Sir Gavin? I was going to introduce you to her,' said Barbara, disappointedly.

'I'm sure we are both much obliged to you my dear,' returned Sir Gavin, with great gravity, 'but we know each other quite well—she is my cousin.'

'Your cousin!' echoed the children.

'Yes,' it is quite true, isn't it, Osla?' 'Yes,' she answered, quietly.

'Now I hope you two are satisfied that I am not romancing,' observed Sir Gavin to the children. Then, turning again to Osla, he said: 'I did not know you were acquainted with Lady Hamilton. How long are you staying here—till after Christmas, I suppose?'

'I am governess to Barbara and Yolande.'

Sir Gavin looked both surprised and annoyed at this announcement, but, before he could speak, Yolande interrupted—

'Yes, and we do love her so! Mamma says she spoils us dreadfully, but we are not spoiled, are we, Sir Gavin?'

'Not a bit,' he replied, promptly. 'Now, tell me how you intend to amuse me.'

'Oh, papa is to have a lot of shooting, and mamma is going to have a houseful of people! There's a number coming to-morrow, and best of all—with a shriek of delight—"Bab and I are to have a ball on the thirty-first. You'll dance with me, won't you, Sir Gavin?'

'When I was young, it was the gentleman who asked the lady,' he said, in a tone of pretended reproach.

'Yes, that's the way the grownups do. But you would never have asked me,' rejoined the child, frankly. 'But you will dance with me, won't you dear?' she added coaxingly.

'I'll see,' responded Sir Gavin, with a smile.

'That means you will,' cried Yolande, clapping her hands. 'Oh! won't it be nice? I shall feel like a grown-up, dancing with a big gentleman like you.'

And the child began to skip backwards over the frozen snow, till her foot slipped and she nearly fell.

'You'll feel like a young lady who has tumbled down and hurt herself, if you don't take care. There will be no dancing then,' said Sir Gavin, warningly, as he caught her arm.

'No; but I know what I should do. I should lie on the couch in the schoolroom, and Miss Graham would read and sing to me, just as she did when Bab had a cold. Oh, you can't guess how she pets you up when you're not well Sir Gavin?'

'But I think I can; and I know something about Miss Graham's nursing,' replied Sir Gavin, with a glance at Osla, which made her color rise.

'Has she ever nursed you, then,' asked Barbara.

But, before he could reply, to Osla's great relief, Yolande exclaimed—

'There's mamma! She will be astonished to find we've got Sir Gavin.'

Lady Hamilton advanced with outstretched hand to welcome her guest.

'How do you do, Sir Gavin?' she said. 'Have you walked from the station? I hope that stupid James did not make a mistake about the time.'

'O, I have no doubt he was to his time! But it was such a lovely morning, that I got out at Peterhead, and walked the rest of the distance,' he replied.

'You must be tired to death. Let us

make haste to the house. I am sure you want lunch.'

'Well, I confess to feeling rather hungry,' he laughed.

'Mamma, Sir Gavin says that Miss Graham is his cousin!' broke in Yolande.

'It is quite true, Lady Hamilton,' said the baronet. 'Though it is as great a surprise to me to meet her here, as it is to Yolande to discover our relationship.'

'Isn't it funny that he should not have known where his own cousin lived, mamma?' laughed Barbara.

'Not particularly, Bab, dear; I can assure you I don't quite know where all my cousins are. But I am glad that Sir Gavin has found an unexpected attraction at Braehed.'

'And do you know, mother, he calls her Osla!' chimed in Yolande. 'Oh, I wish I might! I am sure I love her quite as much as he does; she is such a dear! And do look what a pretty color she has on her cheeks; doesn't it make her look nice?'

The pretty colour, Osla said, contentedly—'Yolande, you must not talk nonsense. Make haste in, or we shall not be ready for lunch.'

The pleasure of meeting Osla was as great as unexpected to Sir Gavin.

He had been furiously angry with her when he left the Red House; but it was not long before he began to repent of the way he had treated her.

He would have returned at once, and insisted on an explanation of what he had regarded as mere caprice on her part, but pride kept him from doing this.

When at last, after some months, he went to the castle—he could not even then bring himself to go to the Red House—Marjorie his old nurse, told him that Osla had long since gone to Edinburgh to reside with her uncle.

She also, on hearing what happened prior to his departure, told him several facts about Mrs. Douglas, with whose past life she was well acquainted, which led him to suspect the danger to which he had been exposed, and he resolved that as soon as his visit to Braehed was concluded, he would go to Edinburgh to find the girl he had judged so harshly.

#### CHAPTER V.

To one person at Braehed the news of their relationship gave great uneasiness.

This was Mabel Sinclair, Lady Hamilton's sister.

She had long since made up her mind that Sir Gavin would make a suitable husband for herself, and she regarded their evident liking for each other as a great danger.

She watched the baronet jealously, and soon divined—that was indeed the fact—that he intended to ask Osla to become his wife.

But she resolved that he should never do this.

With this end in view, she was constantly on the watch to prevent their being alone together for a moment.

She even, though she had always disliked her, affected a great fondness for Osla's society, in order to exercise a stricter surveillance over her.

And so well did she succeed in her designs that, when Sir Gavin had been two weeks in the house, he had never once seen Osla, except in the presence of others.

He was beginning to think seriously of taking Lady Hamilton into his confidence, and begging her to assist him, when, one morning, to his intense satisfaction, he found his cousin alone in the library.

'Oh! there you are, Osla! I have been wondering where you always contrived to hide yourself. I began to think I was never to see you alone.'

Osla looked somewhat uneasy, but did not speak.

'I want to have a talk with you,' he went on. 'You have never told me how you came to be here. I understood you were living with an uncle in Edinburgh.'

'Yes; so I was for a time. But Uncle Malcolm is not rich, and has a large family; so, of course, I could not stay to be a burden to him. I could not live on my own income of thirty pounds a year, and so I determined to try for a situation as governess,' Osla explained.

'Are you happy here?'

'Indeed, I am, Lady Hamilton treats me more like a friend than a dependent, and the children are lovely little things. I used to fancy at first that Miss Sinclair did not like me, but she is quite friendly now.'

'Why did you leave your aunt?' Sir Gavin asked, abruptly.

'Please don't ask me that,' entreated Osla.

'But I must; it is a matter about which I want to be quite clear. I have suspicions of the truth, but that will not satisfy me.'

'I had rather not talk about it. There were good reasons why I should not remain there.'

'Probably; but what were they?' persisted Sir Gavin.

Osla shook her head and remained silent.

"500 ACRES FOR MY HEALTH."

File—Were sappling the Life From Him—Dr. Agnew's Ointment Cured.

Mr. M. B. Emer, of Kootenai, Mich., says: 'For seven years I had suffered from itching and protruding piles. I tried all kinds of cures, but got no relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Ointment. One application did more for me than any remedy I had ever tried. I have been a sufferer from that I would willingly give my 500 acres of land rather than have a return of my suffering from those tormenting things.' 35 cents. Use Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills for liver ills. 20 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.

#### A Kipling Yarn.

This tale has to do with Kipling's little lost Josephine. Once the post was driving

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up Arundel street in London toward the Strand, when all of a sudden, the hand of the 'hobby' ahead was raised. The word was passed down the street that her majesty was coming along the Strand on an official visit to the lord mayor at the Mansion House. Josephine had never seen the queen and Kipling thought it was a good opportunity to instill a little reverence in her. He raised the child high in his arms that she might see Victoria. The outriders pranced by followed by the royal carriage. When it was all over and the finger of the law was lowered, Kipling put down the child. He said, 'Well Josephine, what did you think of it?'

Much to his amazement the child replied 'Papa, did you see the funny red soldiers on horseback?'

Thereafter Kipling never exerted himself to point out her majesty to any member of his family.

## INSURANCE TANGLE

Remarkable Instance of the Uncertainty of Life and Death.

Robert Bond of Mount Brydges, Ont., Paid Total Disability Claim by Insurance Company—Last Stages of Bright's Disease and no hope—Dodd's Kidney Pills Subsequently Cured Him.

MT. BRYDGES, ONT., Jan. 8.—One of the most remarkable complications that ever happened in connection with a claim for insurance in Canada was the Robert Bond claim in the Provincial Provident Institution of St. Thomas, Ont.

Robert Bond is a resident of this town. He took sick and was finally declared by the doctors to be in the last stages of Bright's Disease and a hopeless case. He was now totally incapacitated and claimed total disability from the Provincial Provident.

They looked up his claim, amounting to six hundred dollars, sent their physicians to examine the case, and on their recommendation paid the money.

Then it was that Mr. Bond quite innocently got ahead of the insurance company. He started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. He remembered he was in the last stages of the most fatal disease known, previously considered incurable. Mr. Bond used in all twenty boxes before he was cured, but in the end he was cured, perfectly.

The insurance company could do nothing. Their own doctors had reported him incurable. Bond himself had lost all hope of recovery. They had simply reckoned without Dodd's Kidney Pills, the only remedy for Bright's Disease in existence. Mr. Bond has never had any return of the old complaint. He has used no other medicine or remedy of any kind since, and considers that Dodd's Kidney Pills saved his life.

PRESENT PRICES OF WILD BEASTS  
Lion Cubs Almost a Drug Because Easily Bred in Captivity.

The importation of lions has almost ceased because it is cheaper and easier to breed them in captivity. Formerly an importer of fine lions could calculate up on getting \$5,000 for a good specimen, but to day young lions bred in captivity are almost a drug in the market. The only demand for imported lions is to keep up the stock of breeding ones or for very large, or powerful creatures, for it is noticeable that the tendency in the cage breeding is for the animal to degenerate in size and ferocity. Tigers do not take as kindly to the cage as the lions, and they do not breed so satisfactorily in captivity, and considerable numbers are imported every year. Elephants do not breed well in captivity, not more than two or three ever having been bred in this country; but the importations of these animals are so large that the prices obtained for them have dropped from \$10,000 to from \$1,000 to \$2,500 each.

Numerous as monkeys are in this country they are not bred here, as they do not breed well in captivity. They are so easily obtained in the country south of us, that prices obtained for them are merely nominal and there is little danger of their immediate extinction. In their native countries they multiply so rapidly that the supply always keeps well up to the demand. Among the highest-priced ani-

mals of today are the rhinoceroses. They are quite scarce and they do not breed in captivity. There are probably not more than half a dozen in number in this country; all were bought years ago at good round sums. Thus the full-grown one in Central Park cost the department \$7,000, and a similar sum was paid for the fine African specimen in the Philadelphia Zoo.

The most recent purchase of a rhinoceros was the full-grown one for Barnum's circus, which cost the proprietors \$7,250.

The hippopotamus is another extremely rare and expensive creature, and sales of these African products are so few that it is difficult to quote a price for them. It is seldom that dealers have a good specimen to sell, and few private circuses could afford to give the prices that would be demanded. The hippopotamus born in Central Park is the only instance of these animals breeding in this country. Had this baby hippopotamus belonged to a private show it would have made a fortune for its owners.

#### He Saved Two Trains.

It does not take heroics to make a hero; it only takes a man bent on doing his duty in the face of odds. Such a man is among the employees of the Canadian Pacific Railway in British Columbia. He is a watchman, and he puts duty first and life second. The Michigan Christian Advocate tells the story of his devotion. Not long ago a bridge on his section of the road caught fire and tumbled into the raging mountain river. It was midnight, and the watchman was alone in the mountains. Coming toward that yawning gap was the limited express from the east, while from the west an excursion train, containing four hundred American journalists, also drew near. The excursion train was due first, and it was coming from the side opposite that on which the watchman stood. The man did not hesitate. He plunged into the swollen stream, reached the other shore, ran to the flag-station and signalled the excursion train. Then he disappeared in the darkness. Back to the river he ran without a moment's pause, cast himself in and crossed again. Another rapid run to the flag station on that side, and the exhausted watchman ready to sink with fatigue, stood by the Pacific fier that had been brought to a stop at the flag station east of the bridge. He had saved two trains, and perhaps a thousand lives. His own comment on the occurrence was that he had done his duty.

'Julius,' said the shade of Napoleon, 'I've always been curious to know if you really exclaimed "The die is cast" when you had crossed the Rubicon.'

'No,' replied the mighty Caesar, 'it was a mistake of the young officer who wrote my commentaries. You see, I was wearing a \$2.98 toga at the time, and as I wrung the water out of it upon reaching the other side I made a wonderful discovery. I cried out with joy: "The dye is fast!"'

#### A CARD.

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

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