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WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE.

CHAPTER I.

"At least I think she was pretty, and Bijou thinks she was, and Waters and our nurse Jane too.

"Why not, Miss Bernard?" opening her eyes in surprise. "It's quite true, ask Jane. And you mustn't make me practice too long, or try to teach Bijou sums when he tells you he's got the toothache—and you mustn't flirt with the gentleman that comes to flirt with mamma, like Miss Grahame did, because—"

"Hold your tongue, child!" I interrupted, shocked and greatly disturbed. "How dare you speak like that, speak of things you cannot possibly understand or know anything about?"

"But I must know everything about them," retorted Birdie, hotly. "I know everything about flirting, Miss Bernard, and I have flirted with Archie Clover, only he was so rough and impatient, he wouldn't do it proper or let me teach him—"

"And I know what flirting is too! Indeed in Bijou's school, raising his little cherubic face smeared with jam 'flirting' is trying to hurt one another like William and Jane does when they meet on the stairs, pinching an 'shoving' or throwing water on each other; and I think flirting is great fun—sometimes, I do."

"That's not flirting at all, my silly!" interposed Birdie, contemptuously. "Flirting is looking up like this, with a little laugh, then looking down suddenly as if something had hurt you, like mamma does—to show—"

"You see, Miss Bernard, young as your charges are, you have rather a serious task before you. My little girl is very precocious, and has been left now for some months entirely in the charge of the servants; then, before that, as I dare say Lady Nesbitt will tell you we were most unfortunate in our choice of a governess. My poor wife, trusting to an apparently unexceptional testimonial, left the children, while we were traveling in Switzerland last autumn, in charge of a most injudicious—indeed, I may say most untrustworthy young person. The effect of whose example and influence you have already had the opportunity of judging."

The sounding of the gong for dinner put a stop to a polite assurance of his confidence in my moral worth, testified to so warmly and affectionately by the excellent community I had lived with from my childhood; whereupon I dropped one of my old-fashioned conventional courtesies, hoped my conduct in his household would not disappoint him, or the beloved teachers to whom I owed everything, and that I should soon succeed in gaining

the affection and confidence of his children. Moving toward the door, Birdie laid her cheek against his hand and pleaded in a hissing whisper, which although not meant to reach me, sounded only too clearly in my ears:

"Send her away, pappy, dear, and get us a nice pretty governess, like Miss Grahame. I don't like her; she's so crossy and ugly!"

I had a good cry that night before I went to bed, I freely confess, although I think it was merely owing to the change, excitement, and fatigue of my first long day in the world, and had very little to do with Miss Birdie's free comments, or with the pained, startled look upon her father's face as he turned toward me, and which but too plainly confirmed her unflattering opinion of my poor face.

The next morning after a couple of trying hours in the schoolroom, during which Bijou complained sorely of toothache, and Birdie taunted me incessantly with the superior method and various excellences of my predecessor, we were summoned to spend the afternoon in her ladyship's boudoir, as the weather prevented her from driving out as usual. This gave me a good opportunity of examining the most beautiful face I think I ever have seen, and the occupation brought with it an amount of pleasure that I must say shook my faith in the conventional estimate of the value of mere physical comeliness, and made me turn distastefully away from the reflection of my own face which met me in every corner of the room.

Lady Nesbitt was a fair beauty, with large, blue eyes and silky golden curls, cut short like her children's, which gave her a particularly youthful appearance. She was very small and slight, but exquisitely proportioned, and in everything about her—her voice, her movements, her postures, her conversation—there was such a captivating harmony and fascination that, during the first few days after my arrival at the Court, I could not look at or listen to anyone else when she was present.

Everything she did seemed the right thing; every remark she made however commonplace and even silly it might have sounded from other lips, was clever and to the point from hers; her music, which after a time I had to acknowledge was of a very shallow, mechanical kind, I thought at first the most exquisite harmony I had ever heard; when she played and sung to the guitar—an instrument she was much fonder of than the piano—visions of St. Cecilia and Lorelei transported my sentimental imagination. And though by nature, as well as education, I was troubled with an ultra-prudish, narrow, hard judged mind apt to be scandalized by the most trifling indiscretions, yet somehow I never found it in my heart to condemn the perpetual but charming levity of her life, or bring myself to acknowledge that the cloudless, pleasure-absorbed, love-sheltered path this beautiful young woman so carelessly trod could indeed be the broad road to destruction that I had been warned against from my cradle.

Every one loved her, for she was so bright and sweet-tempered, we got on capitally together from the first, reversing her daughter's

lecture, a message would suddenly summon her to try on a new dress or cloak; and I remember that on the first morning when, after a week's hopeless labor, I was succeeding in awakening in Bijou a glimmering interest in the multiplication table, I was called post-haste to her ladyship's dressing-room to give my opinion about a consignment of spring hats and bonnets that had just arrived from London.

I found her attended by her husband, Waters—her maid—and the garrulous Jane. She was seated before a mirror and almost shedding tears, for not one of the head-dresses, although they had all been made according to order, was entirely to her satisfaction, and she actually had not a thing to put upon her head for the races the day after the morrow.

"Look, Miss Bernard," she cried, pitiously—"Look at the bonnet Sir Richard calls becoming! Becoming, why my head is simply swallowed up in it! You would not imagine I had a scrap of hair—would you? I should be the laughing-stock of the whole course if I appeared in a thing of the kind. Dick, I wonder at you—I do. I don't believe you care a bit but upon what, whether I look a fright or not."

"My dearest Jessie," pleaded Sir Richard, smoothing back her ruffled hair as though he were soothing a fractious child, "how can you talk such nonsense? You know perfectly well that I— Then, as if suddenly remembering our presence, his voice faltered, and I hastily went to the rescue.

"To be continued. Wind's Liment Cures Colds, Etc.

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opinion, she very kindly expressed approval of my manner and appearance, and had not the slightest alteration or amendment to suggest when I presented her with a rule of life and study drawn up for the benefit of my little pupils, based, although in a highly modified degree, upon the scholastic course at St. Philomena's. For a couple of days I adhered to it with some success; but, alas, after that I found that methodical routine could never be maintained at the Court; for its young mistress, who frankly admitted that she hated system and sameness, and would have had her dinner at a different hour every day if only Sir Richard's digestion would have borne the strain, was continually interfering with my poor rules and regulations—calling away the children at critical moments, and keeping them up so very late at night that they used to go to sleep over their morning tea-k.

When, for instance, after infinite trouble I had got little, frivolous Birdie in a suitable frame of mind for her Scripture lesson or piety

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lecture, a message would suddenly summon her to try on a new dress or cloak; and I remember that on the first morning when, after a week's hopeless labor, I was succeeding in awakening in Bijou a glimmering interest in the multiplication table, I was called post-haste to her ladyship's dressing-room to give my opinion about a consignment of spring hats and bonnets that had just arrived from London.

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UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. O. to FEB. 13th, 1912.

Table with columns A, F, M, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z listing names and addresses of unclaimed letters.

Advertisement for Loom Ends! featuring a woman holding a piece of fabric. Text includes 'All LOOM ENDS!', 'Of Snowy', 'Loom Ends', 'If we were to do just should need the whole not read all we could w', '1050 Yards', '36 inches wide, beautiful work and large Floral d', 'COLLIERIES', 'Corset Cover Em', '18 inches wide, worth Collins' price', '7 inches wide, regular Collins' price', 'Muslin Embroidery, 6 with Insertion to m Collins' price', 'P. F. 340, 34', 'The blanket coat is a novelty. It is made of material resembling so blankets. It is reversible, and comes in all shades and tints.'