

She had quite recovered her good temper, or which we must not give the 'contents of the bottle sole credit; but allow also for the fine young hare and couple of rabbits which the keeper had drawn from his capacious pockets.

'An' what hae ye been doin' this bonnie day? I haena had time to spier ye afore. Has the young laird been awa' fishin' or shootin'? No that a body should ca' him the young laird noo his auld faither's awa.' Still, it's aye a difficult thing to gie up weel-learned names. I min' that when I was married.'

'It iss fery strange how the laird iss be-havin', replied Lachlan, cocking his head on one side, and speaking with an air of superior wisdom. 'The fishin' will not please him, nor the grouse, nor the deer. This mornin' he said, "Lachlan, we will try the salmon to day." So we went off to Loch Ba. But bekas the first fish was foul-hooked and got away, he flung down the rod in a horrid telfe of a rage, and walked off up the glen alone, and I neffer saw him no more. And for all I will know he may hef gone and drowned himself in the Kelpie's Pool. And that iss how he will behave himself every day. He will walk about alone, and he will shake his head, and will talk to himself, and he iss as sharp in the temper as a razor.'

'Maybe it's the death o' his faither,' said Mrs. Grant, looking very much interested. 'I hae heard tell that sic things dae gie some folk a turn in the heid. No that I hae had ony experience o't myself. I wadna been sic a fule. Mak the best o' yer freends when they are livin', an' wish them weel when they slip awa', mair especially when they leave ye a' the gear.'

'That is a good sayin', Mistress Grant, and ye are a fery sensible woman; but it iss not that. No, no, it iss other things that hef got into his head.'

'Maybe the money issna a' richt?' suggested Mrs. Grant inquisitively. 'There's a sicht o' queer letters come to him, as ye ken yersel'. And maybe ye heard o' things yersel' when ye were in Glasca and Edinbro wi' him, gin ye just cared to tell.'

'I heard many things,' said Lachlan, nodding knowingly; but it iss no the money that iss troublin' him, whatever.'

'Dae ye ken what it is?'

'It iss hatred o' women folk,' replied the keeper in a mysterious whisper. 'Lachlan,' he says to me the other day, "she is rightly called wo man; for woe be to the man that hae anything to do wi' her. They are all ba', and the worst are the bonnie-faced ones."

'Ay, man, he was just laughin' at ye,' said Mrs. Grant; 'he thoct ye were owner fond o' the bonnie-faced anes yersel'.'

'Not at all, Mistress Grant, not at all; he iss a woman-hater. That daughter o' old M'Iver has clean upset him, whatever. I would be sorry to trust any friend o' mine to him.'

'Na, na, ye're wrang, Mr. M'Cuaig; ye mi-judge him. I ken the young laird better nor ye dae yersel'. He's just like a' the rest o' men folk. Ye hum an' bum owre ane an' anither, like bumbees seekin' honey among the gowans; but ye stap at last at the bonniest. An' gin she doens please ye, ye gae to the neist. Whiles ye're here, an' whiles ye're there; an' I hae never yet set een on the man that didna gae daft owre some bit lassie. An' them that think theirsel's maist wise are the greatest fules.'

'Well, Mrs. Grant, what ye say iss no far wrang,' replied Lachlan, ogling with his single eye, 'and ye hef a bonnie face your-

sel', an' Sybil iss the fery image o' ye. But there iss one thing I neffer could understan', and I will ask you to explain it to me. If all the men folk are so daft about the lasses, and aye ready to tak' the bonniest, why do not the lassies tak' the best, and leave the worst?'

'Ay, ye may weel spier that question,' sighed Mrs. Grant; 'but lasses will no tak' gude advice, an' wha can stap them gin they ance mak' up their minds?'

'It iss a pity, whatever, when a lass, who might be the wife o' a man wi' a good many hundred pounds in the bank at Tobermory, will g'e herself away to a poor man, remarked Lachlan slyly, as he rose from his chair. 'But I must be goin', Mistress Grant. I see Ronald Campbell's boat iss coming across the loch. He will be here fery soon, and Sybil will be fery glad to see him.'

'Ronald Campbell! Lord preserve us! exclaimed Mrs. Grant, turning to the window. 'Whi would hae thoct he would be comin' the nicht? Sybil wasna expectin' him till the mornin'!'

'Miss M'Iver will hef sent him.'

'Ay, ay, she'll be lookin' for a letter frae her joe, but she'll no get aye. An' no wonder. For that dairymaid at Fa' Ghlae—Jessie Macdougall—telt auld Lizzie Mac-Duff, and she telt me, that he hae got anither lass in 'Merica, a grand ledly wi' a title. So he was on v' playin' wi' her, an' amusin' hissel' wi' her after a', though she did nearly drown herself to save him. But it's aw the way wi' men folk.'

'Well, Mrs. Grant, I will hef to be goin'. Will ye give me the letters for the Castle? And will ye give my best respects to Sybil, even though she hass not come down to speak a word to me.'

Mrs. Grant gazed at the keeper in astonishment. 'Lord, save us! she cried. 'I thoct ye kent Sybil was no at hame. Did ye no meet her goin' to the Castle? She has been gane awa' these twa hours, an' she took the letters wi' her.'

'Neffer!' answered Lachlan with a black scowl. 'Who told her to tak' the letters to the Castle?'

'Oh, hae ye no heard, Mr. M'Cuaig?' replied Mrs. Grant in a conciliatory tone. 'Noo I thoct ye kent a' about it. Weel, Sybil an' the new housekeeper hae become great friends, and she has invited Sybil to drink tea wi' her ance a week; an' I hae consented, for ye ken it's a wee bit change for the puir lassie, wha doens see muckle, tied up here week after week.'

'But why did she tak' the letters?'

(To be Continued.)

### For Your Mother's Birthday.

An idea I carried out on my mother's birthday not long ago was such a complete success I thought possibly some other "Good Housekeeper" might like it. First I asked all my mother's sisters and a number of her most intimate friends to write so that she could receive their letters on her birthday, with the result that eleven were received. Then I prepared my birthday box. There were eight or ten little gifts, and each was wrapped in white paper, tied daintily with ribbon, and on each was inscribed the hour at which it should be opened. For instance—at breakfast time there was a doily to be unwrapped, and at 9 o'clock a photograph frame. A box of candied cherries was supposed to follow her luncheon, at 1, while at 3 there was a book to claim her attention. And in this way the pleasure of being remembered was prolonged through the day. —Good Housekeeping.

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### Word Play.

"Rob," said Tom, "which is the most dangerous word to pronounce in the English language?"

"Its stumbled," said Tom, "because you are sure to get a tumble between the first and last letters."

"Good!" said Bob. "Which is the longest English word?"

"Valetudinarianism," said Tom, promptly. "No; its smiles, because there's a whole mile between the first and last letters."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Tom. "I know a word that has over three miles between its beginning and ending."

"What's that?" asked Rob, faintly.

"Beleaguered," said Tom.—Busy Bee.

### Football in Japan

Among the many things that Japan borrowed from China was football, said to have been introduced as early as the middle of the seventh century. The Emperor Toba II was an expert player, and got up a club at his palace. Considering how averse most Orientals are to hard work and vigorous exercise, it may be supposed that the game was very different to ours. Nevertheless, the Japanese form seems to have been popular; and we may trace the beginnings of professionalism to an emperor and his court, of whom it is told that in a time of poverty they earned a little extra money by teaching the art of football.

## HEAD BACK LEGS ACHE

Ache all over. Throat sore, Eyes and Nose running, slight cough with chills; this is La Grippe.

## Painkiller

taken in hot water, sweetened, before going to bed, will break it up if taken in time.

There's a Painkiller, "PERRY DAVIS"