(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

don't know how I're longed to see your bonnie face again."

'Yes, I do; because I know how I've longed to see you. Vi. It was very stupid of me not to ask about the train. I ought to have known I should have to change.'

'Well, it doesn't matter now. Only, I'm so sorry you should have had all that trouble. But now, Kate, do tell me about Mr. Morewood. How edd he should happen to come down with you! He's v.ry nuce, isn't he?'

'Very,' said Kate Lisle, demurely, the soft colour deeping on her cheek.

'I think him just splendid! said Vi, emergetic.ly; 'so strong and manly looking—and handsome, too. D.dn'e you think so?'

'Yes, I b lieve I did. He had nice

Yes, I b lieve 1 did. He had nice

'Yes, I b lieve 1 did. He had nice eyes.

'And such a good mouth. K ite. why aren't you more enthusiastic over him? Do you know, I'm specially and immensely pleased you've got to know Mr. Morewond like this; and I'.l tell you way It sounds like the beginning of a romance, and—to let you into a great se :ret—I quite made up my mind, when I asked you here, that you were to be Mrs. Morewood, of Be.ch Royal.'

'Oh, Vi, what nonsense!'

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'Oh, Vi, what nonsense!' The colour de pened again on Kate Lisle's cheek; but she did not looked vexed

one not in the very least.

'It isn't nonsense at all K. te. There couldn't possibly be a more delightful arrangement, or a more natural one.'

'Do you think so? I should have thought a wealthy landowner, like Mr. Morewood, would have looked rather higher for a wife than the orphan daughter of a poor colonel, who let her 'xactly two hundred a year when he died,' answered Kate dryly.

a poor colonel, who let her 'xacily two hundred a year when he died,' answered Kate dryly.

'You forget that the poor colonel belonged to one of the best families in England, and that his orphan daughter is one of the loveliest, sweetest girls in the world.'

'If I ever knew that, I had forgotten it,' said Kate, still speaking very dryly.

'But, seriously Kate, I should be pleased to see you matress of Beech Royal. It's such a lvely old place; and you would uit it so admirably with that dear, highbred manner of yours'

'That 'dear, high-bred manner' of mine wont prevent me from calling you a little silly, it you go on talking like that,' said Kate laughing. 'And, by-the-'ye, it you admire Beech Royal so much—and its mister, too—why don't you go in for it yourselt? I'm sure you would stand quite as good a chance as I.'

'Because—well, it's a secret, but I'll tell you; indeed, I've been dying to tell you all along,' said Vi, laughing and blushing most delightuilly.

'Oh! there's scmeone else—already! Upon my word Vi, you've been making good use of your time since you came down here!'

For answer Vi drew her chair a little closer to her friend; and, in a low voice.

down here!

For answer Vi drew her chair a little closer to her friend; and, in a low voice, and with sundry blushes, began one of those mysterious confidences in which girls

delight.
And all through these confidences there ran the name of Harry Rolleston.

CHAPTER XVI LAWN TENNIS.

A couple of afternoons la er, Morewood made his call at The Towers, and found Mr. Muggleton alone, in the drawing-

made his call at The Towers, and found Mr. Muggleton alone, in the drawing-room.

'My girls are playing tennis,' said the millionaire. 'P.rnsps you'd like to go and have a look at them?'

Betore Morewood could reply, Mrs. Muggleton bustled in, till of anxiety to do honour to a guest so distinguished as the master of Beech Royal.

'I'm so pleased to see you, Mr. Morewood. We were wondering when you'd give us a ca.l. It's very kind of you, I'm sure; and now you are here, I hope you'll stay a little. My young people are having a game at tenri. They look very happy over it, don't they? Just look at them, Mr. Morewood You can see them quite well from this window'

The good lady bustled across to one of the windows, as she spoke, and Morewood followed her, thinking now pleasantly unotherly she looked, with her 'ace glowing with pride, as she pointed out her daughters.

'That is my youngest who is playing now—a very good player, I'm told she is Mr. Morewood. I don't profess to know much about the game myself. Do you?' Well, no. I can use a racquet without making myself look rediculous—that's about all.'



to resign her to Harry Rolleston, who was

to resign her to Harry Rolletton, who was hovering near.

His own attention was taken up with watching Kate Lisle, who was playing with much energy and skull.

She looked more cha ming than ever, he thought, gowned in pure white, a sailor hat, with a blue ribbon round it, resting lightly on her pretty hair.

The exercise had called a brighter colour thun usual to her cheek, and an added sparkle to her eye.

Moreover, she looked so graceful—so thoroughly lady-like and refined.

She either had not seen him approach, or effected not to see him. Who, that knows the nature of woman, could presume to 1st which?

In a minute or two the game was finished, and then Vi called to her—

'Kate, come here a moment. I want you.'

'Kate, come here a moment. I want you.'

'Kate! Then I gussed her name. How very re markable!' thought Morewood.

It was not so very remarkable if one remembers how few ordinary names, beginning with K, there are in the English language; but it somehow pleased him to think so.

Kate came, with a flitting blush and a sweet smile, and told Mr. Morewood, a gain, how very much obliged she felt to him, and all the rest of it.

And then Miss Vi walked off with Harry Rolleston, and left those other two together. Vi and Harry Rolleston's being together did not commend itself at all to the prudent mother mind of Mrs. Muggleton. Harry was no match for pretty Vi; and, certainly, it would be a thousand pities if Morewood—who was all that could be desired—should fall to the share of Kate Lisle.

Mrs. Muggleton liked Kate very much;

Morewood—who was all that could be desired—should fall to the share of Kate Lisle.

Mrs. Muggleton liked Kate very much; bui it wasn't natural she should like her well snough to wish her to make a better match than her own daughters.

However, if poor Mrs. Muggl ton were not perfectly happy, the four pairs of young folk seemed as though they thought there was nothing left to be desired.

Sir Granville Grantly was in close attendance on Miss Janetta; Harry Rolleston monopolized Vi; and Morewood took care to keep in the near neighborhood of Kate Lisle.

The only other couple were Marie Muggleton and the Reverend Mr. Tiptaft, who had "dropped in" at The Towers, in order to discharge those duties as a Christian and a clergyman to which he was so conscientiously silve.

Just at first these two had beeu afflicted with unsatisfied longings.

Mr. Tiptaft had thought Vi by far the most charming of the millionaire's daughters, and, consequently, the one whom he most wished to obtain; and Miss Marie had certain maiden yearnings in the direction of Juhn Morewood and Beech Royal That impudent Harry Rolleston, and that too charming Kate Lisle, disappointed their hopes; and then, what more natural than that the two should find consolation in each other?

in each other?

The rector of Little Cleeve was a philo

sopher

He bethought himself that one girl's million was as good as another's; and that the older and less attractive Miss Muggleton would not only be easier to get, but would probably be easier managed when she

was got.

There was a flash in Vi's dark eye, and a spice of mischiet in her laugh, which lightly daunted the spirit of the reverend

spice of mischiet in her laugh, which elightly daunted the spirit of the reverend gentleman.

Accordingly, he attached himselt, with great assiduity, to Marie; and, as he had a fine figure, a handsome face, and a fluent tongue, she readily premitted herselt to be thus consoled.

After all, it is a great thing for the daughter of a soap-maker to be courted by the nephew of an earl.

Not that Miss Muggleton really intended to be won by Mr. Tiptatt.

She set a far higher value upon herselt and her father's millions.

The reverend gentlemen would have to play his cards very adroitly before he accomplished that.

However, it must be admitted, he did not lack adroitness.

It was not long before he induced his fair companion to imagine she was tired of tennis: and then they gently sauntered through shady glades together, while he discoursed, in bland solt tones, of themes which made her fancy he was the most disinterested and ingenuous of men.

Poor Marie Muggleton was not a very acute observer of human nature.

Respect for the clergy had been ingrained in her from early childhood; and the fact that she had, in London, met, with

"Well, no. I can use a racquet without making myself look rediculous—that's about all."

"Will you have a game now? Do, Mr. Mor's wood. They would be so pleased, I know."

"Thank you, I think I will. At any rate, I'll go and look on, it I do nothing more. Perhaps they'll want an umpire!"

He had glanced at the six or eight people on the tennis-ground, and had seen that Miss Lisle was among them.

Perhaps this was the reason he had acquiesced so readily in Mrs. Muggleton's suggestion

The good lady herself led the way to the tennis-court; and Vi, racquet in hand, came to meet him, with great animation.

"Oh, Mr. Morewood, you're a perfect godsend! We were just wishing for amother gentleman. How chaving of you'to come at the right moment!"

Morewood laughed, and made some fittingly courteous reply.

Vi looked very pretty, in cool, fresh pink muslin, with her sparkling eyes daintily waving dark hau; and at another time, he would, probably, have constituted himself her partner, but to-day he felt quite willing.

For he rest, he was about five and-forty years of age; his fine clear skin was tanned.

with the sons of Erin.

For the rest, he was about five and-forty years of age; his fine clear skin was tanned hzel-brown with exposure to foreign suns; his teeth were splendid; his brow was scarred with a sabre cut.

His hair was grey and grizzled, and hawaked slightly lame.

'Well!' said Sir Gerald, as he held the other's hand in a long, tight grip. 'I wish I

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LAXA-LIVER PILLS cure Constipation.
Biliousness and Dyspensia. Price 25c.

could tell you how pleased I am to see

could tell you how pleased I am to see you.'

'I know, me boy, I know. Ye needn't throuble to find a singl; word.'

'And where have you dropped from—the skies? It would be just like you.'

'No. me toy, no. I haven't been there yet,' said the Irishman, with a look of shrawd humor '1've simply come from 'the ould counthry'—landed at Holyhead last night—and thought I must run down and take a look at ye before I set out again.'

again.'

'Set out! Where on earth are you go

again.

'Set out! Where on earth are you going now?'

'Anywhere. I m not particular.'

'Well, it you want to go to a fresh place it's my belief it's not in this world you'll find it. for you must already have been to every spot on earth. I never saw such a restless, roving fellow as you, Donovan.'

'Why, my dear fellow,' said the Irishman, suddenly growing serious, 'what csn I do? I can't stay there and starve!—and he pointed westward. 'At least, some people think that I oughtn't to do it. For meselt, I'd about as lief die in ou'd Ireland as live in any other place; and it I thought they'd bury this old carcase of mine anywhere else when the soul's out of it, why, be Jabers! I'd never lie still in me grave. I love the ould place just so; but, nevertheless, what can I do?—as I was saying just now.

''I can't hear to stay at the carle, and

"I can't bear to stay at the castle, and not kepe it up as befits a Donovan. That's about the truth of it, me boy; and so I'm going on me travels again, as I've been many a time before."

And with this Sir Patrick Donovan—late Major of Her Majesty's Dragoons—threw back his head, almost fiercely, while a look of determination flashed in his blue

eyes.
He was something of "a character"—

Donovans, Sir Patrick was almost heartbroken.

But, even in the midst of his grief, he
a solemn vow. never to rest, while he had
breath, until he had paid everyone of those
fatal debts which had sent his young brother to his grave.

'Poor Terry!' he said, softly, laying his
hand on the dead boy's brow. 'Sleep in
peace, darlin.' No one shall throw an illword over your grave. I will see to that.
Ah! but you might have trusted to me,
Terence dear.'

Ever since that day—now nearly a dozen
years ago—Sir Patrick had set himself to
keep his vow; and, by means of noble selfdenial, he had accomplished it at last.

But he was a ruined man; and, as he had
just said to Sir Gerald, he felt he would
rather bear his poverty elsewhere than in

he land where the Donovans had once been so great. Sir Gerald knew and loved him well; for he had been his father's friend as well as

his.

There were few men he honored as he honored Sir Patrick Donovan.

'And how is the Lady Ruth?' asked the

'And how is the Lady Ruth?' asked the Irishman, presently.
'She is always well She will be pleased to see you. Don. Of course, you have come to stay with us?'
'If you'll have me—for a day or two. It may be for the last time.'
'Nonsense! Where's your traps?'
'They're at the station. A clean shirt, and a dress suit. You know my style, me hov.'

I should think I did! I'll send down tor them at once, and, it you speak of leaving us this month. I shall consider you've in-sulted me. Now let's go in, and find Lady Ruth.'

That evening, when Sir Gerald and his guest were sitting together over their wine, after dinner, the younger man remained silent and thoughtful for a long time, then suddenly broke out with—
'Donovan, I've got a plan for you.'
'A plan f'
'Yes. Look here now! How old are

'Forty five on Michaelmas Day,' said

'Forty five on Michaelmas Day,' said Sir Patrick, in some slight surprise.

'Well, don't you think that, instead of tearing off to foreign parts, where nobody knows you, or cares a shots about you, it would be a great deal better for you, at your time of life, to settle down at Castle Donovan—to take a wife, and begin to think about a family, like a Christian?'

Sir Gerald spoke with considerable energy.

ergy. His friend looked at him with a humor-

His friend looked at him with a humorous twinkle in his eye.

'A wite!' he repeated. 'What should I be doing with a wife, me boy p''.

'What do other men do with wives p' Aren't you old enough to be married?'

'If I'm not, I suppose I never shall be. But now, look here, Gerald, me boy, what's in the wind? What is it you're driving at? Ye know, as well as I do, that wife and babes are not for me—and ye know why. A pretty scoundrel I should be to make pretence I could kape a family, when it's all I can do to kape meself.'

Sir Patrick usually put in an extra touch of Irish brogue when he was excited or deeply moved.

of Irish progue when he was excited or deeply moved.

He did so now.

'Well, now. keep cool, and I'll tell you what I'm driving at. What would you say to a nice, bonnie girl for a wife—not too young to be sensible, nor too old to be unpleasant—about seven or eight-and-twenty, we'll say; good-looking, and good-twenty, we'll say; good-looking, and good-tempered, sh?'

tempered, eh P'
'I should she'd be an uncommonly nice
possession for a man who could afford such
luxuries; but that man isn't Pat Dono-

"Well, then, and further, what should you say to a fortune of close on a million pounds, to be had with that girl on the wedding-day 3'

'I should say, again, such things were not for Pat Donovan.'

The Irishman's lips tightened as he space.

spoke.

A gleam of resolution, almost of sternness, shone in his usually gay, laughing

ness, shone in his usually gay, laughing eyes.

'And I should say he's just the man they are for! exclaimed his friend, impetuously; 'and it will be a great shame if you throw the chance away. Ever since you came, I've been thinking of it.

'Now look here; you've heard of old S m Muggleton—or, perhaps, you haven't. But that doesn't matter, for I can tell you who he is—an honest, hearty, sensible fellow, who started in life as a soapmaker, and who, by judicious speculation, has made his millions.

'You see, I tell you the whole truth. I know how sensible you are, and that you

a look of determination flashed in his blue eyes.

He was something of "a character"—a cheleric, fire-eating, devil-may-care Irishman, with a spirit as bold as a lion's, a heart as gentle as a child's.

Everybody who knew him, loved him, and, indeed, it was difficult to help loving Sir Patrick Donovan.

If his spiri's remained almost boyishly gay at forty-five, it was not because he had not had troubles and mistortunes enough to crush half-a-doz 'n men less brave than he.

The Donovans were one of the oldest of the old Irish families.

Kingly blood ran in their veins; and Castle Donovan, in ancient days. has been one of the strongholds of Ireland.

But they were poor—poor with no common poverty; and, rather than back-rent the few toil worn peasants who still owed, and cheerfully paid, fealty to "The Cast, and they were poor—poor more with no common by a search one of the old life in the bad company, had contracted debts impossible for him to pay, and then, in a sudden frenzy of remore and agonized despair, had put a built the remove and agonized despair, had put a built the remove and agonized despair, had put a built to be bad breath nutil be hed and hereath nutil be hed anot have hereath and hereath nutil be hed hed hereath nutil be hed thoroughly nice girls; and they deserve good has ands'
'I'm sure I hope they'll get them,' said the Irishman, still with an unmoved face, and with cheerful energy.
Sir Granville Grantley is after one of them,' went on Sir Gerald; 'and I rather lancy another neighbor of mine, young Harry Rolleston, is sweet on the youngest. But there's still the eldest, and she's as good-looking and as good tempered a girl as you need wish to meet. Just one of your style, I should say. Now, why shouldn't you marry her?'
'Because I hope I am still an honest man,' said Donovans very quietly.
'Humbug! It you were not nearly old enough to be my father, I should take the liberty of telling you you're a fool!' retorted Sir Gerald, proceeding to eat a peach with great equaminity.

In his hear he felt quite sure that Sir Patrick would n'timately be persuaded to marry Miss Muggleton; and what an excellent arrangement it would be.

It was really Lady Ruth who had suggested this; but her nephew had acquiesced in it with enthusiasm at the very first mention of it.
'Very likely, me boy, said Sir Patrick,

in it with enthusiasm at the very first men-tion of it.

'Very likely, me boy, said Sir Patrick, tranquilly. 'I dare say I am a tool—it isn't at all unlikely; but that's no reason why I should be a knave as well.'

'A knave?'

'Yes; I count any man a knave who

tries to obtain some good thing for which he can offer no suitable equivalent.'

There was something truly grand about the quiet, manly pride with which Sir Pa'rick spoke these words.

The look in his blue Irish eyes was a sight worth seeing.

After a moment or two, he resumed, more soberly—

After a moment or two, he resumed, more soberly—

'By your own showing, this young lady is well worth winning, for her own personal charms alone; and, in addition, she has a fortune of something l-ke a million pounds. Now, what have I, a battered old soldier, to offer in exchange for all this?

'What have you to offer? By Jove! all that any reasonable woman could desire!' exclaimed Sir Geral!. 'You would make her Lady Donovan for one thing; and an old title, l-ke yours, isn't to be sneezed at, I can tell you. But above and beyond that, there's you yourselt, a man with the sweetest temper, and the best heart that ever beat in mottal besom. Ah, Donovan, you could make your wife the happiest woman in the world!'

'Ye think so, me boy?' said the Irishman, with a swift, warm glance, which showed how he appreciated the others friendship.

'No; I'm sure of it. I tell you, Marie Muggleton would be a happy woman it she married you. She had to go down on her knees every night to thank Heaven for her husband.'

This time Sir Patrick made no answer.

married you. She had to go down on her knees every night to thank Heaven for her husband.'

This time Sir Patrick made no answer. The shadow of a cloud passed over his fine countenance, and there was a far-away look in his eyes.

Perhaps Sir Gerald's words had stirred some depth of his big, honest heart in which there lurked a longing for the sweet, of domestic life, the love of wife, the smiles and prattle or children.

Assuredly no man was more fitted than he for the relations of husband and father. Sir Gerald was right in that.

His wife, if ever he had one, would be indeed a happy woman.

'And you know,' went on Sir Gerald, 'if you con't go in for that girl, there's plenty of others who will. You'll leave her to fall into worse hands—that's all.

'There's a smooth-tongued parson after her at the present time. I should like to see him bowled over, for he is a sneaking humbug, if ever there was one. How the Church, as you know, Donovan; and, on he whole, her clergy are men to be respected; but, of course, there are black sheep. And if Augustus Tiptati isn't a bit of a hypocrite. I'm a Dutchman!'

T'iptaft!' said Sir Patrick. 'You never mean old Gowan's nephew?'

'Yes; do you know him?'

'As bit!'

'And you don't care for him.' I can tell you that. I hope he doesn't call himself and irishman.

'He doesn't. He's ashamed of his grandmother's country!' and Sir Gerald.

'He doesn't. He's ashamed of his grandmother's country," said Sir Gerald,

'He doesn't. He's anamed of his grandmother's country," said Sir Gerald, dryly.

'Begorra! he is, is he, the dirty scoundrel?' exclained Sir Patrick, his eye blazing with excitement. 'Then let me tell ye, me boy his grandmother's country is ashamed of him! The miserable shalpeen, to dare to say a word against culd Ireland!'

'Well then, you just go and cut him out with the heiress."

'Not I,' said the Irishman, cartly, sternly almost. 'Dye think I'd demean myself to play the same dirty game as Gus Tiptaft! No sir, no! Come let us go to Ludy Ruth.'

'Foolish, bare-brained fellow!' thought Sir Gerald; but he thought it very tenderly.
And, indeed, who could ever think harshly of Patrick Donovan?

For the present, of course, no more was said of Marie Muggleton.

Fate, however, shorely threw that young lady across Sir Patrick's path, in a manner which seemed decidly propitious to his fri 'nd's wishes.

Ab ! it only he had made the best of the

fri 'nd's wishes.

Ah! it only he had made the best of the golden opportunity which his guardian angel prepared for him!

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