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There is a sure and safe life-boat ever ready to be launched for men and women who suffer from this merciless destroyer. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchitis, asthma, laryngitis, weak lungs, spitting of blood and throat and nasal troubles. It acts directly on the lungs, driving out all impurities and disease germs. It soothes and heals the mucous membranes of the lungs, bronchial tubes, throat and nasal cavities. It restores the lost appetite, makes digestion and assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver, and purifies and enriches the blood. It fills the blood with the life-giving elements of the food that build new and healthy tissues. It tears down, carries off and excretes the diseased and half dead tissues upon which the germs of consumption thrive. It checks the cough and facilitates expectoration until the lungs are thoroughly cleared. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. Unlike cod liver oil, it does not build flabby flesh, but the firm, muscular tissues of health. It does not make corpulent people more corpulent.

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Beware of others who it is said use this Company's name, hold your order for or write to S. F. TARBUSH CH'TOWN, the only representative on the Island.

Beaton's Bargain.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

SYNOPSIS.

Mrs Winington, Lady Mary Hay, Leslie Beaton and Jack Maxwell are members of London's smart society set. Beaton is Mrs Winington's brother, and being poor resolves to answer an advertisement that promises to get him a rich wife. Lady Mary is a widow whom Beaton admires. Mrs Winington and Maxwell were lovers before the former married. Beaton, with company with Maitland is introduced to the heiress—Edith Vivian—by the latter's guardian. In the meantime Maitland has fallen in love with Edith, which angers Mrs. Winington, who determines that Edith shall not marry him and lies to her about him. Edith has begun to like Maitland and is mortified to hear Mrs. Winington's false description of him.

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

"If" cried Beaton, interrupting her, and catching her hand in both his own. "I make no condition. I only ask the right of a husband to be with you always, to help to teach you to love me. Do you know—can you see the delight even this faint consent gives me? Make it more, more distinct; give me your promise to be my wife as soon as matters can be arranged."

"Yes," said Edith, slowly, almost solemnly, "I will, and I shall love you when we are married, I am sure I shall."

She spoke calmly, without any of the blushing hesitation, the shy consciousness, natural at such a crisis.

Beaton wisely took his tone from her. He kissed the hand he held tenderly, gravely; he murmured:

"How can I thank you enough! Even for the sake of this delightful moment I would not have tried to win your consent, if I did not firmly believe I could insure your happiness, dearest."

He looked so bright, so joyous, that Edith felt pleased with herself for giving pleasure. Yes, it was well to end her uncertainties, and secure a tranquil future by accepting so devoted a lover; but she wanted to go away, to think, to relieve her heart by a good cry.

"Must you leave me?" said Beaton, as she made a move as if to go; then he exclaimed, "But I must remember there is some difference in our feelings, I must not be too exacting. I shall see you this evening. Now I have your permission to go and speak to old Dargan; he is sure to be in his den early and late. You will tell Jean if I do not meet her; she will be delighted, she is really fond of you. Good-bye, my sweet."

He opened the door for her, he kissed her hand in Grandisonian style, and looked unutterable things after her as she ran swiftly upstairs—in case she turned back. Then he went into Mrs. Winington's sitting-room again, looked at himself in the glass, nodded approvingly at his own image, rearranged his "button-hole," and descended to the dining-room, where he told the footman to bring him a brandy and soda.

Before he had finished this refreshment his sister came in.

"Well, Jean," he cried, triumphantly. "I'm all right this time; she is fully and completely committed."

"I am glad!" exclaimed Mrs. Winington. "I did not think you would strike home so decisively at the first blow. I am glad."

"She is a nice little thing, 'pon my soul she is! I was quite pleased with her. But, mind, she is not one bit in love with me, not an atom, and it's really better. I hope she won't grow too desperately fond by and by."

"Nonsense! Now, the sooner we make it universally known that you are en-



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They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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See you get Carter's,

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gaged the time, as if it were a wedding. We can manage to have the knot tied within a month from this. Ah, Leslie, all's well that ends well. I must go to Edith now. Where is she?"

"Weeping over the tremendous debt. I dare say, in her own room. She ought to have stayed and let me kiss away her tears."

CHAPTER IX. AN intruder.

"You will, I fear, think me heartless for not writing before. It is not that I feel less anxious about dear Mrs. Maitland, but I have been breathlessly busy, as both Leslie and Edith Vivian are anxious to have the wedding on the 28th if possible. For my own part I shall not be sorry to see the last of the turtle doves, who are billing and cooing about me all day long. You know poor Edith's outspoken simplicity, and can imagine how demonstrative she is under present circumstances. Leslie is, I think, growing quite fond of her, and will, I am sure, make a very tolerable husband. He talks of asking you to be his best man. I hope you will come, as you have been in the business from the first. The worst of it all is, I can hardly get away till the 30th, and town is something too doleful. I long for a breath of Craig-rothie air! It is nearly five years since I saw the old place. It then filled me with unspeakable melancholy. I could enjoy it now, because you are restored to your proper place. Pray write soon, and tell me what Mrs. Maitland's plans are for the winter. Always yours,

"JEAN WININGTON."

Jack Maitland read this epistle over a second time, as he walked through a bit of woodland to visit a farm, the tenant of which had been clamoring for repairs. Recognizing the handwriting when the contents of the post-bag were distributed at breakfast, he deferred reading it, feeling certain it would contain something to wound and fret. The perusal justified his anticipations. The letter was cunningly contrived to stab him, and accomplished its end; but he did not dream it was designed. He never imagined that Mrs. Winington had any clue to his feelings. Her letter seemed to him the natural sequence of her announcement that her brother and Miss Vivian were engaged. Yet the picture her words called up made him set his teeth as if in pain, and he wished she had been less suggestive. Not that he believed Edith was too demonstrative, her quiet, somewhat sedate, nature was far removed from the effervescent condition irreverently called "gush." That she would be frankly, deliciously tender he had no doubt.

Well he was internally unlucky. He might have had as good a chance as Beaton, had he not been called away. Now, it would be long before he could banish the cruel heartache that blackened all he looked upon. As Beaton's wife he never wished to see Edith's face again; he would not make her happy, and to see her changed or sad would be more than he could bear. As to Mrs. Winington, she had been his evil genius from first to last, and, for the moment, the thought of her was hateful to him. He tore her letter into tiny morsels, flung it into the brawling burn by which the pathway led, and made a strong effort to turn his mind fully to the business he had in hand, with so much of success, that the farmer, after a prolonged interview, told his wife that young Maitland "was sair dour the day."

Meanwhile Mrs. Winington contrived to keep Edith in a constant whirl. She was positively alarmed at the amount of clothes and toilet accessories which her energetic friend declared to be absolutely necessary.

Colonel Winington enforced his congratulations with the gift of a handsome bracelet, and made much of her in every way. Lady Mary in the midst of her own preparations for her impecuniate marriage, found time to indite a sugary epistle, expressing her hope that they would become fast friends when they were settled in town, etc., etc.

Beaton was constantly with her, and for the first fortnight most judicious. He kept up the tone of friendly sympathy, occasionally dashed with tenderness. He amused her by planning routes, describing the beauties and wonders he was to show her, and he kept her mind full of himself and his projects. Maitland was never mentioned; indeed Edith thought she had forgotten him. The guardians were smiling and satisfied. Mrs. Miles wrote in unmistakable delight, and said she was sure to get a holiday in order to attend her dear child's wedding.

All looked fair and promising. Edith herself felt convinced she had done well and wisely in accepting so kind, so considerate a suitor, and was thankful that the question of her future destiny was at rest; but she longed intensely for the moment of meeting with Mrs. Miles, her one real old friend.

She was almost embarrassed by the number of rings and lockets and little costly "charms" to hang to her watch-

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THE BARGAIN CORNER

W. D. MCKAY

chain with which Leslie loaded her. "I shall never be able to wear them all. Pray do not bring me presents every day," she begged.

"Very well. To hear is to obey. Only whenever I see anything extra pretty, I am seized with an irresistible desire to buy it for you," urged Beaton.

It was finally decided that only such portions of Miss Vivian's trousseau as were suited to traveling should be prepared, and the rest was to be in readiness for her on her return to London.

And now the last week of Edith's girlish life had begun; on Thursday she was to become Mrs. Leslie Beaton, and at the thought of the near metamorphose she felt a curious uneasy creepiness.

The truth was, that Beaton had begun to get a little tired of the part he had hitherto played with such spirit and judgment. He was not less attentive or ready to lavish presents on his fiancée, but he unconsciously fell back into his old mocking tone, which was perhaps slightly harder, because it was somewhat trying to his equanimity to know that "Lady Mary Stanley Brown" had started on her wedding tour just ten days before he was to set out on his own.

Edith felt rather than perceived the indefinable change; she told herself she was nervous, childish, unreasonable; but a vague unpleasant impression would grow upon her, that Leslie Beaton, keen jesting, brightly hard, was a more natural man than the quiet, kindly, sympathetic Beaton, who seemed to understand her thoughts before she uttered them.

(To be Continued)

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