

# Beaton's Bargain.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

## CHAPTER II. (Continued.) 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.

"Better and more distinctively known as *Bonny Mary Hay*," said Beaton.

"Now did you think it necessary to say that?" asked Lady Mary, opening her big tragic eyes. "Do pray give me some mayonnaise; it is commonplace, but nice." And the well-assorted party applied themselves to the good things provided.

"To auld lang syne," said the hostess, with a merry glance at her right hand neighbor, as she raised her glass to her lips.

He bowed, drained his silently, and then asked, "How is Colonel Winington?"

"He is quite well, I hope. Perhaps you think I ought not to have a supper party without him? Pray remember it is a family affair. I have my brother's august protection. Lady Mary is Colonel Winington's cousin, and you—turning her soft, smiling eyes full upon his—"almost belong to us." Maitland returned her glance with an expression of irrefragable admiration, but did not speak. "My husband," she continued, "is away at Cloughton. He has a racing establishment there, and is always going to and fro; the turf is his world. I hope to introduce you to him on his return."

"Thank you, I shall not be much longer in town."

"Oh, you must not run away at the first flush of the season; really, London is very delightful for a short time."

Then, with a few well-timed queries, she drew from him an outline of his life since they parted. Some years wandering unsuccessfully in Canada and South Africa, a few more of better promise on a New Zealand farm, then a summons from his father, whose increasing years made help in the varied duties of the factorship very needful. "And of course since the laird—" He paused in his speech.

"Yes," put in Mrs. Winington, softly, with an air of interest; "since my poor father died!"

"There has been more to do than ever, the young laird being a minor. Now there is a railway bill for a line between Strathkinn and Ardenniny which which they are trying to pass, and I have been summoned to give evidence before the committee. I am afraid it will be a tedious affair."

"It is unfortunate for Mr. Beaton that his elder brother was so foolish as to marry. But for this poor little two-year-old, you would be Beaton of Craightrie, and a good match," cried Lady Mary, laughing.

"Instead of being obliged to look out for a good match myself. If you promise me your ladyship's fair hand, I will post off to Scotland to-morrow and poison the intrusive imp," said Beaton. "Maitland there will not inform the police, for the sake of old friendship. Eh, Jack?"

"Oh, Mr. Beaton," exclaimed Lady Mary. "I saw the very thing that would suit you in the Times this morning. I told you at the time, Jean. Oh, where is the paper? Ring the bell, Mr. Maitland, please." (The servants by this time

and retired.) "It was in yesterday's paper, too, but I did not think about it seriously till to-day. I am quite in earnest. Pray bring this day's Times; I left it in the library. I do hope it is not sent away. (This to the servant.) "I only want the advertisement sheet."

"What may this wonderful find be?" exclaimed Beaton.

"What can retrieve your fortunes," said Lady Mary, solemnly.

"They never wanted retrieving more. Haste! oh, haste, most admirable Miller, with the means of my salvation!"

The stately butler re-entered as he spoke, and handed the Times to Lady Mary.

"It is a tremendous effort to hunt up anything in these endless columns," she exclaimed, stretching out the wide sheet. "Do hold this side, Mr. Beaton, it is for your sake I am incurring the fatigue. Oh, here, here it is, in the agony column. The friends of a young lady of considerable fortune, who have few social opportunities, would be glad to communicate with a gentleman of character and position with a view to a matrimonial alliance. Full and complete information given and expected. Strictest secrecy observed. Address only to A. X. Z., Box 24, P.O. Lombard Street."

"By Mamma! this is a chance. Lombard Street smacks of gold," cried Beaton, taking the paper. "But if the young lady has the needful, why this necessity of hunting for a husband?"

"They must be very extraordinary people to confess to having few social advantages. I wonder is she a lunatic?" said Mrs. Winington.

"Box 24 will be tolerably crammed full to-morrow," said Maitland, laughing.

"They are not 'suited' yet," observed Lady Mary, gravely, "or the advertisement would not be out again."

"I wonder if there really is a good fortune behind this queer announcement, because I am really hard up. I was just able to clear myself when the poor old laird died, and now I feel quite poverty-stricken and cold without my debts. Besides, the children of Israel are rather hard-listed to the fatherless, when they realize there is no longer a paternal purse to pull at. I give you my word I feel as destitute as—"

"As I am," put in Lady Mary. "I am sure if any young or old gentleman of considerable fortune was so deprived of social advantages as to feel obliged to advertise for a wife, I should answer and find out if the game were worth the candle."

"I am sure you would do nothing of the kind," said Beaton, with a peculiar expression, half-admiring, half-reproachful. "You know you are the most diffident of women. Moreover, for the matrimonial stakes a man can hedge his book as you cannot. However, I am grateful enough for the trouble you have taken to follow your advice." He drew out a note book and pencil and took down the initials and address observing, "I will write to-morrow."

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Winington. "I will accept no sister-in-law out of the Times agony column."

"Suppose she has a hundred thousand recommendations," said Maitland.

"That would be irresistible; but a hundred thousand pounds do not go a-begging in the Times."

"Now, Lady Mary, if you have supposed you must complete your friendly offices by assisting me to open negotiations in this very commercial transaction. You must help me to do myself justice, for I distrust my own descriptive power. There are pens, ink and paper in the next room, and we will submit our joint production to a committee of the whole house."

"Very well; I will tone down the brilliancy of your coloring, and give an air of reality to your inventions," said Lady Mary, rising, and leading the way into the ante-room.

"Leslie is much the same as ever," said Mrs. Winington in a confidential tone to Maitland, as soon as they were left alone. "Poor fellow, he has given us great trouble and anxiety. I am sure it is well for the family fortunes that Archie left a son. Leslie never knew the value of money. Do you remember he was always borrowing yours, when you were boys, and I fear rarely paid you back?"

"I imagine my loans were infinitesimal, and I am quite sure I got my cash returned, or I should have been penniless. Yes, your brother is just the same pleasant fellow as ever. I wish he were a little more prudent."

"You were not always prudent yourself, Jack—I mean—Mr. Maitland," returned Mrs. Winington, looking full into his eyes for a moment, and then letting her own slowly droop.

"No," said Maitland, laughing a pleasant unembarrassed laugh. "I was as great a fool as lads generally are, if not a greater fool. It is wonderful what enormous proportions one's early follies assume when seen by the light of mature experience."

"Ah! and you have grown quite wise now," with some emphasis, her eyes still downcast, as she turned a heavy gold Indian bracelet round and round on her arm.

"Quite wise! I wish I could think so. A trifle surer and more deliberate."

"And so have I—grown much wiser."



In J. Fenimore Cooper's *Leather Stocking Tales*, we read stories of the wonderful agility, physical endurance, and the unerring accuracy of the eye of the American Indian when he reigned supreme over this continent. Before he was debauched by modern civilization, he was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood. He lived entirely in the open air, and knew no medicine, save the simple herbs gathered by his squaws. Civilized man leads an unnatural and an unhealthy life. Unlike the Indian if he would maintain his physical and mental health, he must take reasonable precautions to combat disease. Nearly all diseases have their inception in disorders of the digestion, torpidity of the liver and impurity of the blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made of simple herbs. It restores the lost appetite, makes digestion and assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver, purifies the blood and promotes the natural processes of excretion and secretion. It sends the rich, red, life-giving blood bounding through the arteries and corrects all circulatory disturbances. It dispels headaches, nervousness, drowsiness, lassitude, and drives out all impurities and disease germs. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchitis, asthma and diseases of the air-passages. It gives sound and refreshing sleep, drives away all bodily and mental fatigue and imparts vigor and health to every organ of the body. Medicine dealers sell it, and have nothing else, "just as good."

"A few of my symptoms," writes Charles Beck of Chicago, Kalamazoo Co., Mich., "were heart-burn, fullness after eating, pain in my bowels, bad taste in my mouth, and occasional fever and hot flushes. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured all these and I am perfectly well."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are sure, speedy and permanent cure for constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. Found at all medicine stores.

much more enlightened in some directions," with a quick, deep sigh. "We ought to be good friends now that we have left our follies far behind. Ought we not, Mr. Maitland?"

"Who would be anything but your friend, Mrs. Winington?"

She looked up; their eyes met. Hers were inexpressibly imploring. His quiet, searching, not unkindly, but she saw, she felt, he was perfectly unmoved. She was no longer the Jean Beaton for whose kiss he would have risked his life, only Mrs. Winington, a handsome, agreeable woman, with whom it was pleasant to while away an hour. She had rarely been so discomfited. Her brow darkened; she bent over the flowers that lay beside her plate, to hide the change she felt transforming her face.

"Tell me," she resumed, recovering herself, "how long is it since you have returned?"

"About a year."

"But you will not always bury yourself alive in the wilds of Craightrie?"

"Why not? I have no particular ambition. Having no special profession, I must do what I can, and to manage a large estate, develop its resources, and improve the tenantry, is no bad occupation for a man's life. My father is very much broken, and eventually I don't think the guardians or trustees will appoint any one in my place."

"They would be very foolish if they did. And you are content to live and die at Craightrie?"

"At present, yes. Home is very pleasant after wandering about for years."

"You are too young to feel that. Perhaps some bonny lassie with golden locks is the real attraction to the old place; perhaps you are going to follow my good example, and take a partner for life."

Jack Maitland smiled a somewhat grim smile.

"I am by no means inclined to matrimony," he said. "When I am older and more talkative and stay at home, I may look out for a good housewife to make my declining years comfortable, but for the present no!" There was a world of imperative rejection in his "no."

"You are a good deal changed," said Mrs. Winington, softly, almost timidly.

"I see a change in you too," he returned, looking at her steadily as a man might contemplate a picture; "but you are even handsomer, I should say lovelier, than you used to be." A certain familiarity had come into his tone as he talked, and Mrs. Winington, as she met his eyes, felt that it would not be easy to pierce the panoply of his indifference.

"I fear you are hard and unforgiving," she murmured.

"You wrong me, I have no right to be either." Then, with the bright frank smile which lit up his face so pleasantly, "I assure you, I have grown a very easy-going, unheroic fellow since time and social friction have worn down my rough edges."

"You used not to be rough, Jack; you were very, very gentle to me at least."

"Very good of you to say so. I fancy I was something of a boor, or would have been, if I had not known you."

"I wish I could believe I had ever done you any good, Jack."

"Yes, you did; you taught me a great deal," laughing.

"Well," resumed Mrs. Winington, after a short pause, "you must come and dine with us. I want to introduce you to Colonel Winington. You know he is one of my father's executors; it would be well if you became friends. How long shall you be in town?"

"It is impossible to say. I may be called before the committee to-morrow. I may be kept kicking my heels here for a couple of weeks or a month."

"Here," cried Lady Mary, coming in with a sheet of paper in her hand, "here is a magnificent composition. Pray listen." She seated herself at the table, while Beaton, who followed, leaned on the back of her chair.

"Having seen A. X. Z.'s advertisement,

# When Buying Clothing

## Overlook This Important

### Fact

That we are the only firm in this City that retails clothing at wholesale prices, which means that we retail our goods fully 25 per cent cheaper than others. Competitors may talk as they like, never mind, come to us for your Ready-to-Wear Clothing, our prices always the lowest.

#### Have You Seen.....

Our special Shorey's Ulsters at \$6.50, wind proof and water-proof, and guaranteed.

#### Have You Seen....

Our special \$4.75 Ulster, nothing like it in town.

#### Have You Seen.....

Our special heavy, all wool Suit for men at \$5.00

#### Have You Seen....

Our special, all wool, extra heavy Suits for men \$6.00 and \$6.50.

#### Have You Seen....

Our special extra heavy Suit for men, our own make, warranted in every way at \$8.

#### Have You Seen....

Our single and double breasted Overcoats for men, from \$5 00 up; one line at \$13.50, selling at \$9.00. Biggest snap on earth.

#### Have You Seen....

Our special girl reefers, former price \$3.75, now \$1.50, sizes from 22 to 25.

#### Have You Seen....

Our ladies' Jackets, only 30 left to be sold at your own price.

#### Have You Seen....

Special heavy Pants for men, all wool, (but the buttons) at \$2.00, our own make. Canadian heavy pants @ \$1.70

#### Have You Seen....

Our Children's Clothing, home made, extra heavy and strong former price \$4.75, now \$3 00

#### Have you Seen....

Our Clothing. If not, don't miss this opportunity. Free show—no trouble to show our goods

# W. D. MCKAY

I beg to offer myself as a candidate for the matrimonial alliance proposed. I am a man of good family, assured social position, and attractive appearance. I attained my thirty-first year on the eighteenth of February last. My character will bear the strictest investigations, and my references are unexceptional. My fortune is, I regret to say, nil, but wonderful to relate, I am free from debt. If A. X. Z. will consent to a private interview, I shall be happy to satisfy him on all points, and make any arrangement calculated to give satisfaction. Nature has endowed me with a warm heart and an affectionate disposition, which are entirely at the command of the lady who will be so good as to share her fortune with yours, etc., etc.

"JOCK O'HAZLEDEAN."

"First-rate! bravo!" cried Mrs. Winington, clapping her hands.

"Enough to lure the birds from the trees," said Maitland.

"You never could have done it yourself," observed Lady Mary.

"Never," returned Beaton, emphatically. "Give me the precious paper which shall be my passport to fortune."

## CHAPTER II. "ON VIEW."

Ten days had gone by rapidly, and Jack Maitland, in the press of business and amusement, was hardly aware that so much time had elapsed. He had contented himself by leaving a card on Mrs. Winington at the hour she was most likely to be out. He was interested and amused by his encounter with her, and quite able to admire her beauty without being much disturbed by it.

This fine sunny morning he was busy writing letters in his room, before going out for the day, and had laid down his pen before answering an invitation to dinner from Colonel and Mrs. Winington for the following Tuesday.

"I must accept, I suppose," he said to himself. "I have refused a musical evening, and a party to Richmond. I should like to see Jean's husband. It is a droll idea to meet him, and to meet him too, without any deadly intentions. Come in," interrupting himself as some one knocked at the door.

(To be Continued)

## Hood's Pills

Should be in every family medicine chest and every traveller's grip. They are invaluable when the stomach is out of order; cure headache, biliousness, and all liver troubles. Mild and efficient. 25 cents

## PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

Write today for a free copy of our interesting book "Inventors' Help" and "How you are misled." We have extensive experience in the intricate patent laws of 50 foreign countries. Send sketch, model or photo for free advice. **MARTIN & MARTIN, Experts,** New York Life Building, Montreal, and Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C.

TO LET—That comfortable brick well-lit house, situated on Water Street, now in possession of Mrs. McDonald. Possession given about 20th September. Apply to Mr. Brose & Co., Aug. 24th, 1897, cod 11.

## S. B. TOWNSEND AND CO.

Board of Trade Building, Mon.

### Foreign Wine and Spirit Agents.

SOLE AGENTS IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND FOR

Robertson, Sanderson & Co., Ltd., Leith  
Scotch Whiskies.

Pattinson's Limited	Leith,	Highland	Distillers.
Ronald Gordon	"	"	"
A. McGregor & Co.,	"	"	"
D. McIntyre & Co.,	"	"	"
O'Connor & Co.,	Dublin,	-	Irish Whiskies
Santos Ramiro,	Oporto	-	Port Wines
Martinez Garcia Y Ca	Jerez	-	Sherry Wines
J. Ornosco & Co.,	-	-	Reus, Sacramental Wines
Sunnyside Plantations,	Jamaica	-	Jamaica Rum
Schiedam Distillers,	Schiedam,	-	Hollands Gin
Duddington Brewery,	Edinburgh	-	Scotch Ales
Fromy & Roger,	-	-	Cognac, - Brandies
Silver Moon English Dry	Guin.	-	-
Royal Nectar Old Tom	Guin.	-	-
Bass's Ale	-	-	Guinness's Stout.

Orders solicited from the trade only.

S. B. TOWNSEND & Co., MONTREAL, AGENTS FOR CANADA

# Seed Wheat

Specially selected and purchased for cash in the North West.....

## Two Thousand Bushels White Fife Wheat

An excellent opportunity for Farmers to secure seed from the best grown in the great Wheat Belt in the North West Territories

**Horace Haszard,**  
Ch'town, 26th Nov, 98  
276—cod, w2i  
CAMERON BLOCK

## DO YOUR FEET SLIP THESE DAYS?

Does Walking jar your Nervous System?  
Do you dislike wearing Rubber Shoes?  
Do you Run your Heels over?

These Troubles are Relieved by the

### Never Slip Rubber Sole and Composite Cushion Heel

Gentlemen should see these fine walking boots.

# W. H. STEWART & CO

## CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

### SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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.**

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills