To be idle is the hardest of all tasks. Our grandmothers understood this and even in their leisure moments were never found without some little task in their hands, if it were only knitting, tatting or crocheting. There was a reason for this that does not appear upon the surface. Our grandmothers were healthy women, imbued with a spirit of ambition and activity that would not permit them to be idle.

If many modern women are much less active and more given to idleness than the stately dames of yore, it is because they enjoy a smaller measure of good health. A woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organs, who is racked with pain, and tortured with headaches and nervousness, cannot be active and helpful. Idleness and invalidism are the natural results of suffering of this description. The poor invalid woman is not at fault, save in her ignorance of her own physical make-up or neglect of her womanly health.

Thousands of women are neglectful in this way because they shrink from the embarrassing examinations and local treatment insisted upon by the majority of obscure physicians. Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., has discovered a wonderful medicine that cures all diseases peculiar to women, in the privacy of the home, without the necessity of these embarrassing ordeals. This great medicine is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of wifehood and motherhood. It makes them strong, healthy and vigorous. It heals internal ulceration and inflammation and stops debilitating drains. It transforms weak, nervous invalids into healthy women.

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R. M. YOUNG,

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TO CONTRACTORS.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to April 19th, at noon for finishing the inside of Afton Hall, West River, according to plans and specifications to be seen at the office of C. B. Chappel, Architect. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

JOHN McMILLAN, Committee.
Secretary Building

apr8—w2i

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(Continued.)

SYNOPSIS.

Peter Clephane and Andrew Kilgour are cousins, students at Edinburg University, between whom is a better fued. The former is the son of a rich city lawyer and his cousin is the heir of an estate in the Highlands that has almost passed into the hands of creditors. After a bitter fight with his cousin, Kilgour is on his way home when he falls in with company at the "Hound and Stag" inn at Perth. Arrived home his companion on the journey turns out to be his uncle, Peter Clephane's father. To retrive his family's fortune Andrew is sent to India.

His improvement may be judged from the fact that ere long I began to think there are worse things in the world than a morsel of food. I got out of my berth, and, after some rummaging on hands and knees, I discovered a box of biscuits, for happily I had ample provisions on board, the crew at their departure having been more afraid of drowning than of getting hungry. My fare was rather dry, and not so much as might be supposed to suit the taste of a sick person, but I gnawed with so much relish that when the first biscuit was done I took up another; it, too, was finished. Then I took a drink of water, bathed my hands and head, and felt much revived.

So much was I restored indeed that it occurred to me to go on deck, and take my reckonings, and see how the crippled brig looked, and perhaps hoist a signal of distress. But that proving an enterprise still beyond my strength, I had another mouthful of fresh air and returned to bed. Lying there I tried to judge of the ship's condition by her movements, but these guided me to no conclusion save what I might have arrived at without taking them into account—namely, that since she had floated through the storm she might continue to float in the calm and that I might still be saved. So my courage remained good.

That day I passed in a sort of dream, suffering somewhat from thirst, which I frequently slaked, but otherwise almost free from pain. My head, which had greatly troubled me in the earlier stages of the disease, was now clear, albeit occasionally rather light. I continued to enjoy the boon of fresh air, having by this time opened every port I could get at.

When night fell, I was lonely, but untroubled by the multitude of horrors which had weighed upon me all the previous night. Nor on this second night was I doomed to darkness. During my peregrinations in the day I had found an oil lamp, which, after careful trimming and lighting, I swung from a rope in the centre of the cabin. On the approach of darkness I lighted it, then lay and waited for the rats, feeling certain they would repeat their visit. Nor was I disappointed.

After awhile I heard a suppressed squeak, then a furtive scraping, and half a minute later a whiskered gentleman peered cautiously in to see how matters might stand. Being in a fantastic humour, I called on him to enter, which, of course, had the effect of sending him instantly into hiding. But presently he came back, bringing a companion with him to keep up his heart, and the two standing just outside the door cocked their heads very wisely and surveyed the apartment. Then they retired as if for consultation, then came advancing boldly into the centre of the floor, but catching sight of me scampered off in great alarm. When they returned after the space of some minutes, they were accompanied by numerous friends, and the entire body reconnoitred, now advancing, now retiring, and all the time keeping up a running commentary of squeaks.

I threw a shower of crumbled biscuit, with which I had provided myself, on the floor, and they made off again; but, gaining courage, presently they came back, and with many cautious looks and squeaking whispers, began tentatively to nibble. The second shower disturbed them less than the first, the third less than the second, and the fourth hardly at all. By the time the sixth fell they were quite at home and feasting royally. I should say the whole company did not number more than a score, though to judge by the chatter there might have been several hundreds. The banquet lasted for fully half an hour, and I am sure the host enjoyed it quite as much as the guests. Having finished the feast, they slipped quietly away, judging it good manners evidently to take their departure with as little fuss as possible.

Next night they returned with increased confidence and good will, and indeed every night so long as we remained on the brig they came to cheer my solitude and eat their supper. We gradually got so familiar that toward the close of our strange companionship they evinced no fear or bashfulness whatever in my presence, but as, as if they knew they were welcome, hardly even getting out of my Had when I moved about the cabin together, I we continued long enough only have am confident I could put to gambol taught them to love me as it was, they and perform tricks. Nestle and would knew my evening ring eyes and looks come with quest have their meals. of expectancy. Bird of Paradise con-

Meanwhile ulously to float. Many tinued and ere I could make a surdays to ascertain the actual damage very had sustained or what stress of weather she might still be able to stand, but after the first day it was obvious that if the crew had not been cowardly in leaving her they had at least been precipitate. But as I grew accustomed to the loneliness—my hope keeping strong—I was not sorry they had gone; indeed as time ran and I was still safe my fear was that they might spy the brig and return. The wish that I might never look on one of them again. Mr. Watson only excepted—and he, I knew, must have perished—grew with my growing strength, and my strength increased hourly. For some time the fever troubled me in the evening, but hope and a good constitution, with a few grains of quinine per day, gradually overcame it, and within a week I was able to make my way with comparative ease about the lower part of the ship.

It might have been the fifth or sixth day from the time I was deserted when I managed to crawl up the companionway, and surely never shall I forget the strange, ecstatic feeling that came over me on stepping again into the sunlight and the open air. It was lonely and desolate enough, heaven knows, to find one's self the only soul on board a derelict ship in the midst of the ocean, but even with desolation it was returning life, and I was glad beyond expression. I stood for awhile at the head of the stair inhaling the balm, then I turned my attention to the brig.

She was as ragged and battered as any craft that ever encountered and survived a hurricane in the tropics. The jib boom was gone, the broken foremast lay over the side entangled in a mass of shrouds and rigging that it had pulled down, the unfurled sails were hanging in ribbons, showing that the blast had caught us unexpectedly and found us unprepared, and the deck was strewn with wreckage. I could not discover, however, that the hull had suffered very seriously. There were sprung planks and boards indeed, the bulwarks were smashed, as well as part of the after deck, but as these injuries were above the water line they might not mean much. The most serious damage was to the steering gear, which was completely wrecked. The brig lay heavily to one side like a vessel running close hauled, and she was going so slowly that there was scarce a ripple at her cutwater. My examination increased my hope. So long as the weather held fair I was safe.

My survey finished, I sat down on the booby hatch to take the air. The ocean was asleep. There was not a sound in all the wide solitude, nor, so far as I could see, any living thing to break the eternal silence. The brig was all alone, "a speck on sky-shut seas," and a very insignificant speck, too, when you come to think of it. I wonder if any man ever before sailed those seas in a plight like mine or was so utterly alone since Robinson Crusoe built himself a hut on his island.

I suppose it is evidence of the inherent cupidity of human nature that very soon I began to think how I should dispose of my goods in the event of my being picked up or of my drifting into some port. Would the profit be honourably mine or ought it to go to Mr. Matheson? Yes, it should be his, for he owned both ship and cargo. I decided to sell the goods, return to Bombay, hand him over his money, report the conduct of his men and turn to my own affairs. My experience had not yet taught me the folly of speculation. Providence had decreed that ship and cargo were to be disposed of in a manner that I little expected.

(To be Continued.)

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