

prettiest little thing in the world. Jack, nake by surprise, looked out.

"It's a heavenly night," Laura whispered.

"Come out quickly, you queer, melancholy Jack!"

He hesitated a moment, and then did go out by the window.

"Play me something," he said, and stuck his hands deep into his trousers pockets. She smiled sweetly.

The moon shone, the banjo tinkled, the soft wind sighed through the trees. The pair strolled slowly side by side, Laura playing softly. Suddenly and unexpectedly, when they were far down the drive, she whipped the banjo under her arm, half turned, and stood still.

"Jack!"

"Well?"

"Tell me what it is."

"What what is?"

"O, you must know! Your trouble, your wretched looks, your silence—the way you have avoided me these two days. Jack, darling, tell me what it is: tell me what it all means!"

She pressed forward and clung to his arm. His face was raised to the moon, the curly hair thrown back from the forehead; face and forehead were wrung and wrinkled with pain.

"I cannot!" he groaned—"I cannot!"

She drew back. "Jack, if it has to do with me—with your love for me—"

"It has not! No—do not touch me again. I am not fit for you to touch. O, Laura! I am a liar and a villain!"

"I shall never, never believe it!"

"Then I must tell you everything. Can you hear it?"

"I can hear anything but your silence, Jack."

They walked side by side in the moonlight, very, very slowly; but their shadows on the shiny drive went wider and wider apart. Often he paused; but she put in no word, no syllable, until the whole shameful tale was told.

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"You have kept back nothing?"

"I swear I have told you the worst."

"Ah!" (a deep sad sigh)—"well, I was hasty to say I never could believe you a coward or a villain; for I am afraid you have been both."

Her voice was very sad, but very firm.

"I know it! I own it," said Lovatt in a low, husky tone. "One knows except myself the mean despicable cur I have been. Yet it seems hard to hear it from your lips—yet that have bewitched me so! I swear, until two nights ago, I was bewitched! I seemed to have forgotten her, and my life on there, completely, utterly. But then I dreamt of her—dreamt I saw her dead! And now she haunts me, now that it is too late. For what can one do after so long?"

"Leave me a little; then I will try to tell you. I cannot think in your presence."

He moved on, bowed and broken and learned over the plain wooden gate at the entrance to the drive. It might have been a moment later or an hour (he never knew) when she touched him on the shoulder.

"Will you do what I tell you?"

He bowed submissively. It touched her to see him so sadly humbled—and all at once—before her stronger will. Her own power rose up before her, and frightened her. With a calm, strong, spiritual effort she nerved herself to use this will of hers for once as her conscience ordered her heart forbade.

"Will you go back to her?" The words came in a tremulous whisper; but the tremor was only the vibration of faint, resolute nerves.

When he had bowed his promise (for though his lips moved, no words left them), and when thus it was all over, a greater calmness, and with it a chill dread feeling, came over this strong-minded girl.

"I tell you to go back to her," she said, speaking quite steadily now. "Go back to her at once. Leave England within a fortnight, at latest, from now. This will be easy; we are all in our last week here; and you and I must act a part until my father telegraphs for me, which must be to-morrow. Then you go back to her, and all is over for even between you and me. You may find her dead; but between us two all, all is over. All is over!"

Her dress whispered as she turned and went. The tall trees on either side the drive whispered too; and their dewy leaves, quivering in the moonlight, shimmered like phosphorus on a dark and tranquil sea. Over the gate the black hills cut out into the moonlit sky as though heaven and hell touched one another; above, the stars were shifting like the eyes of angles; below, the fir trees sighed and sobbed like the spirits of the lost.

a young man tramped into Timber Town from the south. He did not carry the "swag" of the common traveller, nor were his clothes bushman's clothes. He wore a suit of some thin light material, and a pith helmet; yet, for all this, he seemed to know every inch of the way.

His tactics indicated a desire to glide swiftly through the township without either stopping or being stopped, if possible without being seen. He took the very centre of the broad straggling street, and showed in this a nice judgment, for the night was so abnormally dark that from neither side of the street could one see half-way across it. But the flaring hotel verandahs on either side were plain enough from the middle of the road, and not only could the traveller hear the sounds of revelry issuing from them—for these had been audible for the last half-mile—but he distinguished some of the voices, and caught scraps of the high-toned conversations. In what was generally known (though not from its signboard) as the "opposition shanty," they were talking politics—Colonial politics, and in that instance tipsy ones. In the verandah of the Royal, however, a more practical discussion was on foot—the ringing of the Timber Town church-bells. One roysterer wanted to ring them at twelve o'clock—it was then 11.40—another roysterer objected on traditional grounds. The latter said the good old English custom was to ring in the New Year, but not Christmas; the former ridiculed the notion that old English customs should obtain, unchallenged, in the bush; and this one, who was the more fluent swearer of the two, and had all the popular arguments on his side, seemed to have a majority of roysterers with him.

"The bell ringers win—it's odds on them," said the new arrival, and he hurried noiselessly on.

He was soon in the region of the little iron church for whose bell-ropes those roysterers' fingers were itching. The church was invisible in the opaque darkness; but the traveller knew well enough where it was. The State school and the police barracks, on the other side of the road, were also invisible, at all events their outlines were; but faint lights revealed their whereabouts.

The mysterious visitor now left the middle of the road, skirted the police barrack fence, and came—with steps that all at once became halting and unsteady—to the school gate; and there he paused, and started backward with his hand upon the latch.

Barbara was seated in the verandah, leaning forward, her head bowed and her hands clasped. Seth Whitty bent over her.

"You know how I have waited," he was pleading—and dignity and humility jostled each other in his deep manly tones; "how long I have loved you, how hopelessly once, how deeply all through. You must know that what I profess is at least true."

"I know that. O, I know that so well!"

"Yet you still refuse me."

"No, no. I say, give me time. Do not count upon me; never again count upon a woman."

"And I have said I will give you until we both are gray!"

"It shall not be so long as that, if it is to be at all," said Barbara gently; only do not count."

They were both silent. Seth disturbed the eloquent silence most rudely by flying incontinently to the gate, where he stood motionless in a listening attitude.

"What was it?" Barbara called to him.

"I heard something."

"Can you see anything?"

"Nothing. The night is like pitch. But I feel certain—"

At that moment the bells rang forth, and unholy shouts came with the clangour from the iron church over the way. Seth came back to the verandah.

"It was those men that you heard," said Barbara.

"I don't think it was; it seemed like footsteps quite near, and I thought some one touched the latch. But it doesn't matter now; for it's Christmas morning—Christmas again, Barbara! And I wish you a very happy Christmas, and—and I will wait as long as you like!"

He turned for the door and dropped; he took her hand again, and raised it reverently to his lips.

Those merry souls tugged at the bell-ropes until they were tired, and that was not immediately. But before the wild ringing ceased the solitary mysterious pedestrian had retraced his steps rather better than a mile. None knew his coming nor his going; and the single street of Timber Town never saw him more.

[THE END.]

One night some two months later, a night of intense darkness and of intolerable heat,

He—"I love you passionately, my darling." She—"Ah! That remark has the genuine engagement ring."



"TRUTH" CENSUS COMPETITION

NO. 1.

Large Cash Prizes for the nearest calculations to the Population of Canada and the different Provinces and Cities in the list below.

Send now, as the First Correct Estimate in, takes the First Prize in each case.

The publisher of Toronto TRUTH in order to extend the already great circulation of that popular weekly magazine, will give the following series of cash prizes to the persons who first send him the nearest calculation, guess or estimate of what the population of the different Cities, Provinces or the Dominion of Canada, named in the list following, will be in 1891. The official government figures when they are given to Parliament will decide who the winners are. As a guide we give the populations in 1871 and 1881. You can see what the increase has been in the past, guess or estimate what it will be in 1891 and send in your figures now.

POPULATION		PROVINCES AND CITIES	CASH PRIZES.						
1871	1881		1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th
3,692,596	4,324,646	Dominion of Canada....	\$1000	\$250	\$100	\$50	\$20	\$10	\$5
1,620,851	1,925,228	Ontario	500	150	50	25	10	5	3
1,191,516	1,339,627	Quebec	400	100	50	25	10	5	3
387,800	410,572	Nova Scotia	200	75	25	10	5	3	2
28,594	321,332	New Brunswick	200	75	25	10	5	3	2
94,021	108,891	Prince Ed. Island	100	25	10	7	5	3	2
12,228	65,951	Manitoba	200	75	25	10	5	3	2
10,536	39,495	British Columbia	150	75	25	10	5	3	2
	55,445	N.W. Territories	200	75	25	10	5	3	2
107,225	110,717	Montreal	250	100	50	20	10	7	5
56,092	86,415	Toronto	250	100	50	20	10	7	5
59,694	6,446	Quebec	100	25	10	7	5	3	2
29,582	36,100	Halifax	100	25	10	7	5	3	2
26,716	25,961	Hamilton	100	25	10	7	5	3	2
21,515	27,412	Ottawa	75	20	10	7	5	3	2
23,805	26,127	St John	75	20	10	7	5	3	2
15,826	19,746	London	100	25	10	7	5	3	2
12,407	14,941	Kingston	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
8,807	11,455	Charlottetown	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
7,874	9,890	Quebec	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
7,861	9,631	St Catharines	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
8,107	9,616	Brantford	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
7,305	9,516	Bellefleur	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
7,570	8,670	Three Rivers	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
2,197	8,367	St Thomas	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
4,315	8,293	Stratford	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
2,111	7,381	Windsor	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
5,873	7,873	Chatham	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
6,102	7,609	Brockville	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
6,691	7,507	Levis	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
4,432	7,227	Sherbrooke	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
4,611	6,890	Hull	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
4,253	6,812	Peterborough	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
	6,361	Windsor	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
	6,380	Yarmouth	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
	6,415	St Henri	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
	6,218	Fredericton	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
6,006	6,925	Victoria	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
8,270	4,900	Vancouver	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
5,636	5,791	Sorel	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
5,114	5,585	Port Hope	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
3,982	6,373	Woodstock	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
3,746	6,321	St Hyacinthe	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
3,827	6,157	Quebec	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
4,949	6,080	Lindsay	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
	6,032	Moncton	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
	5,484	Sydney	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
	5,762	Chatham, N.B.	50	20	10	7	5	3	2

TERMS ON WHICH YOU CAN COMPETE.

- Any person sending one dollar will receive TRUTH for three months and will be allowed six guesses or estimates on any six of the above cities or provinces or on the Dominion.
 - Any person sending \$5 will receive TRUTH for fifteen months (or if preferred, the paper will be sent to five addresses for three months each) and will be allowed one estimate on each city and province in the list, as well as on the Dominion; or thirty-five different estimates on any one city, or province, or on the Dominion.
 - Any person sending twenty cents will receive two numbers of TRUTH, as a trial, and will be allowed one guess or estimate on the population of any one of the cities, provinces or Dominion in the above list.
- Should any guess or estimate of any city or province or of the Dominion be the exact number of the population, or the nearest to that number, the first cash prize opposite the name of the city or province or the Dominion will be given to the guesser. The person who comes next nearest will receive the second prize, the third nearest the next, and so on till all the prizes are distributed. If there is more than one correct guess or estimate of the population of each city, province or the Dominion, the prizes will be awarded in the order the letters arrive at TRUTH office. That is, first come first served. So don't delay sending in your estimate.
- These prize offers will be withdrawn and the competition closed in ample time to prevent any government official from sending in who might be in a position to know the exact figures before they are given to Parliament.
- No one knows now what the population will be, therefore, you have as good an opportunity as any to strike the nearest figures. Even the government census enumerator himself knows no more than you do.
- The Publisher of TRUTH doesn't decide who the winners are, the official figures of the government of Canada will settle the matter, and the prizes will be paid over at once on the official announcement being made in Parliament. Full results will be published in TRUTH the moment the actual official figures are known. The Publisher of TRUTH has acquired all copyrights of these Census Competitions, and will prosecute all infringers.
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