

with Nurse Jane to the moving picture show of Cinderella."

So the muskrat lady and the little chipmunk girl went to the animal show, given by Jack-in-the-Pulpit in a snow cave with a sheet of white ice as a screen for the pictures.

And Mrs. Bushytail went on washing the dinner dishes, putting the acorn curps and saucers where they would dry in the sun.

And the little chipmunk girl went to the animal show, given by Jack-in-the-Pulpit in a snow cave with a sheet of white ice as a screen for the pictures.

And Mrs. Bushytail went on washing the dinner dishes, putting the acorn curps and saucers where they would dry in the sun.

And the little chipmunk girl went on dust."

Willie Sharp, Mouth of Jemseg—Willie Sharp, M

With the Children
Such as the mixture lay and the full
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stretching and making his picks note of the select of the select first filling, and one whose when when you may a vite of the select filling as the compared not the following some the selection of the selection Scout Contest.

A most interesting contest, open only to Boy Scouts has been running in these columns for the past two weeks. The efforts submitted were both numerous and original. After + giving careful consideration it has been decided to award the prize of instructive Scout Books to Scout Donald MacRae (St. Pauls' Troop.) Who gave the following answer: "Motherland versus Fatherland." Scout Mac-Rea is also to be congratulated upon his good handwriting.

Answers to Correspondence.
S. M. Wood, Welsford—Many thanks
for letter, and shall expect a visit from +
you next week! Tuesday is the best
day to see troops at work. Very glad



which does not include some thousands of names and addresses of others who only enter the contests, and
write occasionally.

Get busy boys and girls and let me
see if we can reach one thousand
two hundred by next Saturday. I am
sure we will be able if you all try
your very best to get that splendid
camera, which if you were lucky
enough to get you would make great
pictures with during your holidays
this summer.

This Week's Prizewinners
First prize.—Alex. MacRae, Age 8,
82 Coburg street.
Second prize.—Jack Rosenthal, 48
Paradise Row.
Consolation prize.—Arnold Sharp,

Second prize.—Alex. MacRae, Age S, Second prize.—Jack Rosenthal, 48 Paradise Row. Consolation prize.—Arnold Sharp, age 6, Lower Jemses.

Certificates of Merit.—Lois Steeves, Renforth; Melda Jamieson, East Bathurst; Myrna Smith, Sussex.

Special mention.—Margaretta Arnold, Sussex; Maggie Akerley, Narrows; Jean Calkins, 109 Wentworth; Hilda Chowen, Milltown; Agnes Miller, Centreton; Minnle Estabrook, Sackville; Vivian Soper, Head of Millstream; Myrtle Cox, Young's Cove; Mary McMurray. Fairville; Evelyn Wanamaker, The Range; Geraldine Madden, Campbellton; Ruby Slipp, Central Hamstead; and Arthur La Point, Sydney

Mis Winnie Brock, of Cumberland
Bay, will be celebrating her birthday
next Tuesday.

Miss Elva Whorton, of Upper Kent,
expects to hold her birthday on Wedneeday next.

Miss Helen Dobson paid a visit to.
St. John last Saturday, and had her
picture taken by the Conlon Studio,
who recently donated a beautifur
framed picture to the Corner. Miss
Dobson was the lucky winner.

Master George Stevens, of 3 Elm
street, Moncton, will celebrate his
birthday next Monday.

A slight error occurred in these
columns last week. Bowser Reva's
name was prefixed by "Master" which
should have of course read "Miss."

The Bro

oge. Let us go away together, now
—anywhere—anywhere, only let us be
together—my—husband."

"Don't!" I cried, "don't! Do you
think it is so easy to remain here with
out you—to lose you so soon—so very
soon? If I only loved you a little less!
Ah! don't you see—before the week
is out, my description will be all over
England; we should be caught, and
you would have to stand beside me in
your of justice, and face the
Lame of it—"

"Dear love!—it would be my pride
—my pride, Peter, to face them all—
to clasp this dear hand in mine—"

"Never!" I cried, clenching my
fists; "never! You must leave me;
no one must know Charmian Brown
ever existed—you must go!"

"Hush!" she whispered, clasping me
tighter, "listen—some one is coming!"
Away to the right, we could hear the
leaves rustling, as though a strong
wind passed through them; a light
fickered, went out, fickered again,
and a voice hailed faintly:

"Come," said Charmian, clasping my
hand, "let us go and meet him"

"Come," said Charmian, clasping my hand, "let us go and meet him."
"No, Charmian, no—I must see this man—alone. You must leave here, to night—now. You can catch the Londou Mail at the cross roads. Go to Blackheath—to Sir Richard Anstruther—let is my friend tell bits.

She was down at my feet, and had caught my hand to her bosom.

"I can't!" she cried, "I can't go—and leave you here alone. I have loved you so—from the very first, and it seems that each day my love has grown until it is part of me. Oh, Peter!—don't send me away from you—it will kill me. I think—"

"Better that than the shame of a prison!" I exclaimed, and, while I speke. I lifted her in my arms. "Oh!—I m proud—proud to have won such love as yours—let me try to be rorthy of it. Good-by, my beloved!" and so I kissed her, and would have turned away, but her arms clung about me.

about me.

"Oh, Peter!" she sobbed, "if you must go-ff you will go, call me—your wife—just once, Peter."

The hovering light was much nearer now, and the rustle of leaves louder, as I stooped above her cold hands, and kissed their trembling fingers.

"Some day," said I, "some day, if there is a just God in heaven, we shall meet again; perhaps soon perhaps

meet again; perhaps soon, perhaps late. Until then, let us dream of that glorious, golden some day, but now—farewell, oh, beloved wife!"

With a broken cry, she drew my head down upon her breast, and clasped it there, while her tears mingled with her kisses and securities. with her kisses and so-crying my name, she turned, and was lost among

CHAPTER XLIII

How I Set Out To Face M

The pallid moon shone down pitiblessly upon the dead, white face that stared up at me through its grime and blood, with the same half-tolerant, half-amused contempt of me that it half wor in life; the drawn lips seem to do mock me, and the clenched fists to defy me still; so that I shivered, that during the word to mock me, and turned to watch the oncoming will half that danced like a will-o-the-wisp among the shadows. Presently it stopped, and a voice halled once

"Hallo!" I called back; "this way—this way!" In a little while I saw the figure of a man whom I at once recognized as the one-time Postilion, bearing the lanthorn of a chaise, and, as he approached, it struck me that this meeting was very much like our first, save for him who lay in the shadows, staring up at me with unwinking eyes. "So—ho!" exclaimed the Postilion as he came up, raising his lanthorn that he might view me the better; "it's you again, is it?"
"Yes," I nodded,
"Well, I don't like it," he grumbled, "a-meeting of each other again like this, in this 'ere fansetly place—no, I don't like it—too much like last time to be nat'rai, and, as you know, I can't abide omat-rainess. If I was to ax you where my master was, like as not you'd tell me 'e was—"
"Here!" said I, and, moving aside, pointed to the shadow.
The Postilion stepped nearer, lowering his lanthorn, then staggered billed backward.
"Lord!" he whimpered, "Lord love me!" and stood, staring, with dropped faw.
"Whese is your chaise?"

me!" and stood, staring, with dropped jaw.
"Whege is your chaise?"
"Up yonder—yonder—in the lane," he mumbled, his eyes still fixed.
"Then help me to carry him there."
"No, no—I dura't touch it—I can't—not me—not me!"
"I think you will," said I, and took the pistol from my pocket,