

to us, but I have not received your attentions willingly, and have taken some trouble to prevent you from doing what you have to-day."

Seeing he had gone too far, Clifford, with no very good grace, tried to redeem his error by protestations of love and despair, which somehow rang falsely even in his own ears, and which she ended by saying decidedly: "I can hear no more, Mr. Clifford, and of course, I shall tell no one of what has passed between us. I am sorry you think you have cause to blame me;" and with a sigh of relief, she left him and returned to the Chateau.

At breakfast, some mornings later, Mrs. Clifford sat opposite her son, who, with a restless and moody air, read the morning paper, while he ate his meal. Presently she remarked that she was going to call on Mrs. Fortescue that day, and receiving no answer, continued as much to herself as to him: "I hope Miss Aline is going to make Carleton Sinclair happy. He deserves it, and will not waste her money any more than he has his own."

"What?" cried Fred, nearly springing out of his chair. "Her money! what do you mean, mother?"

"Well, she has money, hasn't she?" asked Mrs. Clifford, startled by his vehemence.

"Why, of course, not," replied Fred more quietly. "It is Miss Darrell who has the money—\$5,000 a year," he added savagely.

"Then I must have made a mistake," said Mrs. Clifford, looking puzzled, "but I have had the impression all along that Aline had a good deal of money, and that Edith was poor. In fact I seem to remember Edith telling me one day that she had been teaching music last year."

"Nonsense, anyone can see which of them has the money." And then, as Mrs. Clifford rose from the table, he began to think, as deeply as he was able, if the thing could be possible. He had been so absolutely certain about Edith, even without the testimony of Mr. Willing's letter, and then how could the latter have made a mistake? He found he had to turn all his preconceived ideas topsy-turvy under this new aspect of affairs. Oh, no! It was too absurd to believe, and yet—his position was precarious. He knew his proclivities for cards and dice had come to the ear of his manager, and on the previous day had received a curt intimation that, unless he was more attentive to business, his services were likely to be dispensed with. He had never needed money so badly, and those \$5,000 danced tauntingly before his eyes. What if there were still another chance? It would be worth trying at any rate, but how to work the sudden change of tactics surpassed even his fertile imagination. His mother passed on her way to market, and he said with as much carelessness as he could assume: "I say, mother, find out from Mrs. Fortescue to-day, will you, which of the girls really is the heiress? I had a bet with a fellow about it. He said he could tell that Edith Darrell had always had lots of money simply by looking at her, and I don't want to pay him if he is wrong."

He was preparing to go out himself when the telephone bell rang, and a man he knew slightly, and who boarded in the same house as Carleton, informed him that the latter had sprained his ankle, and wished Clifford to tell his friends at the Frontenac, that he would not be able to see them that evening. The

gallant Fred was struck by the news. Things had come to such a pass that no chance must be neglected, and it seemed as if a "special providence" (so he called it) was thrusting an advantage into his hands, if what he had heard that morning should prove to be true. He sat down and stared thoughtfully at the carpet for at least fifteen minutes, trying to arrange the details of the risky game he had half resolved to play, now that the stage was cleared for him; and then, lighting a cigar, he strolled leisurely down town, forgetting the old adage:

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-glee."

Mrs. Fortescue had been out when Mrs. Clifford called, so the latter had no further information to impart, but he had no time to lose, for Carleton's opportune sprain probably would not give him more than a week's free play, so trusting to Edith's promise that she would be silent, about his proposal, he repaired to the Frontenac as usual about eight o'clock. Edith was rather astonished to see him, and introduced him with some embarrassment to a Mr. Hugh Grahame—her lover, he at once guessed—who had arrived, unexpected, but not unwelcome, if Edith's blooming looks could be relied upon for witness. She could not understand why her rejected suitor had come, but seeing him doing the agreeable to Aline, she thought amusedly: "I suppose he wants to show me he is not heart-broken, which I knew before, anyway; or perhaps, though I won't have him, he thinks it will annoy me to see him consoling himself with someone else." Then she and her fiancé went off to the Terrace, and Fred proceeded to business, but could elicit no information, as he was too anxious, and not clever enough for detective work.

Aline was kind, for she thought the arrival of Grahame must have been a blow to him. He did not guess her heart had passed beyond her own keeping, not having paid much attention to Sinclair's wooing, nor considered him a likely man to attract a girl.

(To be continued.)

A Jolly Tin Wedding.

OCCASIONALLY, when the mistress of a home has a spacious, spotless, well-appointed kitchen, she sets the table for the tin wedding supper there and gives the affair an old-fashioned spirit, such as one sees at a real country Thanksgiving. If you celebrate in this style, serve old-style dishes,—beans and brown bread, doughnuts, pie of every sort, cider, raised cake, pickles, buck-wheat cakes with maple syrup, lifted straight from the stove to the table, baked apples and coffee. Set style wholly aside for once. Serve the food on bright tin pie plates, the coffee in a tin pot, pouring it in tin mugs. Tin spoons and tin forks are the proper thing. Light the table with candles, set in tin candlesticks, and let the centrepiece be old-fashioned flowers set in a large tin pan. A dance to the rollicking old tunes that can be evoked by a country fiddler from his treasured violin, may round out a merry evening, with old country games interspersed between the Virginia reel and Thread the Needle. When it comes to the question of gifts for a tin wedding, my advice is to spend fifteen minutes in some big ten-cent store,—*Good House-keeping*.

Ever a Song Somewhere.

THERE is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a something sings away
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are grey
The sunshine showers across the grain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above dark or fair,
There is over a song that our hearts may hear,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a song somewhere.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black, or the madday blue
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrup the whole night through.
The buds may blow and the fruits may grow
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sero,
But whether the sun or the rain or the snow,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above dark or fair;
There is over a song that our hearts may hear,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a song somewhere.

How to Improve Our Intellects.

THERE is one thing we possess which cannot be taken from us. We carry it about with us at all times to be a comfort or discomfort to us as we will. I mean our intellect.

Although, to a certain extent, the cultivation of our minds is governed by others, yet how much depends on ourselves! With what different emotions a group of hearers will sit through a carefully prepared and instructive lecture! Here is one thinking "How much longer will he be?" Another, "I am afraid I will miss that At Home." A group of girls are comparing rings or gloves. Men are settling some weighty question of state on the sly. While a few—a very few, are taking in the intellectual food which is being spread before them.

So is it not through lack of cultivation that so many minds are incapable of seizing on good material? Teach yourself to make what you read and hear yours. This is done by thinking.

We must always be careful not to feed our minds more than they can digest. David Harum's idea that "a leetle too much is just right," will not do in this respect. If you find that you are gathering in too much for your mind to sift and store away in memory's granary, stop till the over supply has been used up.

A cultivated mind will repay you, and with interest, too. Thorough enjoyment of a good book is worth working for. I will say no more, but leave these few thoughts with you, trusting that they may be of some use.

F. B. P.

Bernhardt on Beauty.

SARAH BERNHARDT says that writers on beauty often try to impress upon their readers that neither joy nor grief, neither laughter nor tears, should be permitted to mar the smoothness of the skin or the softness of the mouth's curves. They would have the face look like a waxen mask. There is, however, a happy medium between the expressionless, dull unwrinkled face and the face which is full of character, but wrinkled by uncontrolled temper and ungoverned moods. We should never try not to feel, but cultivate the self-control that subdues the manifestation of feeling in frowns or puckerings. Cultivate repose is her advice, if you desire to remain beautiful.