Prosperity and the sea had deserted Stroan altogether. As the waves receded, leaving a bare stretch of sand where once whole fleets had ridden at anchor, the once flourishing town had dwindled and sunk, in spite of valiant struggles to revive and retain her ancient supremacy.

In the length and breadth of the land, no place could be found so sleepy, so much behind the times, so tortuous of street and so moss-grown of stone, as Strean had become when by happy chance, the game of gol came down from the north, and tablished itself as the fushion. The somebody discovered that the ball

and unproductive sands between Stroan and the sea made excellent to arrive, and ew hotel, built "Mnks." Visitors bega to put up at a brand-1 expressly for their accommodation, and a little breath of lve life began to stir once more in the narrow, winding streets.

Among the visitors one warm Sepcame down from London three friends, who tempered their de votion to golf by various other pursuits, each according to his inclina-

Otto Conybeare, the eldest of the three, was a journalist, who had aspirations to literature of a less eph-emeral sort; he used his holiday by trying his hand at both prose and poetry, on which his two companions offered trenchant if not discriminating criticism. He was a tall, thin, smile. dark-skinned man, with clean-cut, aquiline features, and was looked upon by the two others as their cham-pion and social leader.

Willie Jordan, the youngest of the party, was short, and, alas! fat, with curly light hair and a huge tawny mustache, which he cultivated as the trade-mark of his calling, which was that of an artist.

Chifford King, the remaining member of the trio, was a barrister, to whom no one had as yet entrusted a brief. He was a dark-haired, blue-eyed, good-humored young fellow, whom A light broke over Otto's face, but everybody liked, and in whom all his Miss Bostal looked grave. good-humored young fellow, whom Cifford had brains, and was only waiting for the opportunity which comes to all who can wellcomes to all who can walt in the right here."

They had been at Stroan five days, and the little god Cupid had already spoilt the harmony of the party.

It was always Willie who could not business. ist a pair of handsome eyes-black, Nell." blue, or gray; so that when he believed that they had probed successfully into the mystery of Willie's

justly incensed at Willie's duplicity, for that young man had spokslightingly of Miss Bostal's attractions, Otto and Clifford determined upon tracking the traitor to his

when the straight road over the re-claimed marsh between Stroan and without moving from where he stood. Shingle End was thick in white He was much struck with what he

They knew the colonel's house from the outside, having passed it on many a walk from Stroan to Courtstairs, the next town. It was about half a mile beyond the "Blue Lion," a picturesque roadside inn, which was the half-way house between Courtstairs and Stroan. Very poor the colonel was, as he took care to inform everybody, and very poverty-stricken his dwelling looked to the observant eyes of the two young men, as they rang the bell and waited a long time be-

dore anyone answered it. Shingle End was a pretty, tumbledown house, which stood at the angle formed by two roads; it had once while cracked and dusky windows; rickety shutters, and untrimmed trees and bushes combined to give the place a dreary and unprosperous appear-

Behind the house was a garden with a poultry-run and a paddock; and Otto had seen, as they passed, usual maid of the inn, nobo the colonel reading his paper under an interesting as Miss Bostal." apple tree, while the flutter of a petticoat in the background among the trees seemed to confirm their suspi-

hearts sank; for there stood before the bare, long drawing-room, and I lean, dowdy, precise of manner and and sordid struggles as made me long slow of speech, wearing a pair of gar-dening gloves and a sun-bonnet, who Clifford groaned. looked at them in some surprise, and asked them stiffly what they wanted. Otto, who was acute enough to per- think your subject a very interesting beive that this must be the colonel's one."

daughter, apologized for disturbing

er, and said they brought a letter for

their friend Jordan, who they und

AFTER TEN YEARS SUFFERING

Two Box Cure

MILVERTON, 28TH JULY, 1895. Gentlemen.—For the last ten years I had been troubled with kidney disease, being so bad at jutervals that I could not lie in bed at night nor stoop to the ground.
I had tried all the remedies I could find without effect, but heard of Dodd's Kid-

ney Pills and procured a box.
I am most sappy to say it for my own
sake as well as for others that I am perred after using four boxes.

stood was spending the afternoon with Col. Bostal. They would not have intruded, but that they believed the letter was very important, as it was marked on the envelope, "Please de-

liver immediately."
And the plotter drew from his pocket with ostentatious care, a missive which he and Clifford had prepared together, and which, with great ingenuity, had been made to look as if it had passed through the post.
But Miss Bostal glanced at the let-

ter and shook her head. "There is no one with my father," she said, "and I don't know anyone of that name; but if you will come into the drawing-room I will ask him."
"Oh, no, not for the world. We could "Oh, no, not for the world. We could not think of intruding. We must have that. We may be doing the poor chap erman to be so contemptuous. So he

gate into the road. In the meantime, however, Col. Bostal, having heard the voices, had come through the narrow passage from the unusual sound. The matter was explained to him by his daughter, amids

further apologies from Otto.

The colonel—a withered-looking,gray-aced man of about 65, in a threadbare nd battered Panama hat-remember-

ed the name at once. 'Jordan-Jordan; yes, of course, know him," said he at once. "A little cllow, with a long mustache. Yes. he often walks home with me as far as e bridge, but there he always turns ack, and excuses himself from comng any further.'

Otto looked perplexed at this information, but over Miss Bostal's thin, pinched face there came a little pale "Try the Blue Lion," said she rather

primly. Otto grew stiff "My friend is no frequenter of ta-

verns," said he. "Try the Blue Lion," said Miss Bostal again.

Her father burst into a dry laugh. "The Blue Lion has a good many frequenters who are not frequenters of other taverns," said he. Claris, the niece of the man who keeps it, is a protegee of my daughter's, and the prettiest girl in the place.

But the colonel smiled and shook his head doubtfully.

"It's of no use speaking to a pretty girl," said he with decision. "You will only get told to mind your own And there's no harm in

"I know that," retorted his daughter, came attached to the society of old not spitefully, but with a spinster's Bostal, and would insist on ac- stern solicitude. "I shouldn't be so companying that old gentleman from | much interested in her if I didn't to his home, three miles know that she's a good little thing. away, Clifford and Otto exchanged But she's giddy and thoughtless. I winks; and having found out that the shall really have to advise her uncle had a daughter, at once be- to send her back to school again." "She won't go," said the colonel. "And if she would, old Claris wouldn't part with her. We must rely on the

Father and daughter had carried on this dialogue without including visitor in the conversation; so that Otto, who prided himself on being an acute observer, had an opportunity This they did on a sunny afternoon, of peeping into the rooms on each side saw-by the carpets worn so threadbare that there was no trace of pattern to be seen on them; by the carefully

darned table covers, the worn-out furniture. All was neatly kept and spotlessly clean-all showed a pinched poverty which there was no attempt to He withdrew with more apologies as soon as the short discussion between

father and daughter was ended and refoined his friend outside. "Well?" said Clifford, as Otto turned towards Stroan in silence, "what kept you so long talking to the severe-look-

ing lady?' "I wasn't talking, I was listening," answered Otto, "and working out in been white, but neglect and hard my mind a romance, of the kind that weather had made it a mottled gray; is not showy enough for people to care

to hear about." "What! Do you mean to say that Jordan's fallen in love with that mature and lean spinster?" asked Clifford in astonishment.

"Oh, dear, no. He's fallen in love, I've tound that out; but it is with the usual maid of the inn, nobody half so "Interesting!"

"Yes; I have an idea that the lean spinster is a heroine. Not the sort of heroine one troubles oneself about, "We's unearthed the rascal!" smiled of course. But while they talked about Otto, as they at last heard footsteps a certain 'Nell,' who is evidently the In the house, in answer to their sec- object just now of Jordan's priceless but transient affections. I looked into But when the door was opened their their rooms, the poor little dining-room, them a woman of 40 at least, small, saw such a history of pinched lives

Clifford groaned. "It doesn't take much to make you do that," he grumbled. "And I don't lie, sharply.

"Of course, you do not. It is obvious, or common-place, or highly-colored enough for you," retorted Otto, "But to my mind there is something infinitely pathetic in the tattered old coat of this dignified and distinguishel-looking man, and in the darns which the daughter must have

Otto would have retorted, but they

had now reached the little bridge over the River Fleet, and were within a ew yards of the half-way house.
"This is the place where Jordan spends his afternoons," said Otto, lead-

g the way to the little inn. "Let's have him out." The Blue Lion was a very unpretending establishment; old, but with-out any pretension to historical or archaeological interest, small, venient and weather-beaten. Standing succeeded in bringing the boats up as it did midway between sleepy on the slimy bank. troan and democratic Courtstairs, it was the house of call for the carriers, Conybeare made no offer to assist him, and ver farmers and cattle drovers all the it was a long time before he manrear round; while in the months of | aged, first by baling the water out

howls and discordant songs. A few late visitors of this sort were in the little bar when Clifford and Otto entered, but there was no sign of Jordan. Both the young men looked with curiosity at the girl who was a stained jersey, and a huge pair of some months and she reasonable. Which set Clifford's beaten old punt, in which sat a young fisherman of the realistic, not the operation of the realistic, not the operation who was a stained jersey, and a huge pair of some in which set Clifford's beaten old punt, in which sat a young fisherman of the realistic, not the operation when the provided him with an extended him with an extended him with an extended him with a provided him with an extended him with a stained jersey, and a huge pair of the same and smile. Which set Clifford's beaten old punt, in which sat a young fisherman of the realistic, not the operation when the same and smile which set Clifford's beaten old punt, in which sat a young fisherman of the realistic, not the operation when the provided him with a provided him wi serving behind the bar, a portly young sea-boots, who regarded him with an ed her head triumphantly, "he's been woman with a ready tongue, who in air of mingled pity and contempt. able to do without a man to look after JOHN BILEY. her sturdy build and large coarse . "She always get moogs to do her things."

beaten look of her complexion, be-trayed that she was accustomed to the house, with outdoor labor she's a rare 'un, she be!"

of the roughest kind. When the two friends came out they looked at each like to be classed among the "moogs"; other in disgust. and Clifford, who could "She isn't even young!" cried Otto. "Nearer thirty-five than twenty-five, "And her voice! And her detestable Kentish accent!" added Clifford. "And those high cheek-bones, and that sort

of cut-off nose! It's a type I loathe -the type of the common shrew."
"I shouldn't have thought it of Jordan!" murmured Otto, in pity tempered with indignation. "But where is the ruman himself?" asked Clifford, stopping short.

after all?" "If it were anybody but Jordan I should say yes," said Otto, deliberate-"But his susceptibility is so colly. ossal that I see no reason to doubt

even this."

you think we're on the wrong scent,

Nevertheless he followed Clifford. when the latter turned back towards her, I wasn't, an' I thank my stars for the little bridge. "There's a cottage," said the more humane King, "a little cottage by the

roadside. Let us see if we can discern

an injustice after all."

But before they reached the cottage made a mistake, while Clifford hurriedly passed out by the little wooden the attention of the two young men | would mind doing a man's work to was arrested by the sound of a giri's save a woman's hands. voice on the left, just before they The fisherman puffed away at his came to the bridge. It was a voice dirty little pipe for a few moments in garden, to learn the meaning of this so bright, so sweet, with such a sug- sillence.

full of remorse.
"That's Nell!" said Otto.

"We have done him a cruel wrong," murmured Clifford. And with one accord they bent their with some indignation. "Do you know steps in the direction of the voice; what you mean by that?" and after getting over a wooden paling by the roadside, scattering a colthe folks about here what sort of ony of fowls on the other side, and character the Blue Lion's had since making their way over the rough young miss was about. Ask if it's a grass beside the river, where the boats were drawn up which carried excur-sionists to Fleet Castle, they came put two and two together, like what I upon a wooden shed, and a strong do, an' everybody does as knows what smell of pitch, and two human figures. the place was afore she came, an' The one was Jordan, coatless, with his straw hat tilted to the back of the humble but useful task of covering the cowshed with a new coat of pitch. erman's face that he was in earnest. But his two friends scarcely glanced at him; it was the other figure that absorbed all their powers of vision. A slender girl in a print frock, with a white cotton blouse and an enormous straw hat-this was the Nell who wasted the time of half the young men of Stroan, and who would have wasted the time of half the young men of London if they had only once seen her. A beauty of pure Saxon type she was, with the opaque white skin which the sun does not scorch or redden, with rose-pink cheeks, a child's pouting mouth, and big blue childhood from flaxen to a deeper

could not fail to astonish a stranger who found her in these strange circumstances. She saw the new-comers long before poor Jordan did, and she watched them approach while the unfortunate artist toiled on at his inglorious task. Perhaps the girl had seen the three

young men together; perhaps it was only feminine quickness of wits which made her jump to a right conclusion. "I think there are some friends of yours coming this way, Mr. Jordan, she said in a voice as refined as were her appearance and manner.

Willie started back, stumbling over the rough ground, and presented a very red, moist face to their view. But they took no notice of him. Stepping genially over the rough mounds, looking beautifully cool, and clean, and smart, and well-dressed beside the besmirched and perspiring Willie, they threw back their heads, halfclosed their eyes, and proceeded to criticise the work before them with as much care and conscientiousness as if it had been a painting on the

wells of the New Gallery. "I say, old chap, it really is quite the best thing you've ever done!" began Otto, with kindly admiration. "By Jove, Jordan, I never thought you could paint before!" added Clif-"There's a broad touch and, at the same time, a nice feeling for effect which shows an immense advance

on your previous work. You seem, so to speak, to have put all your strength into it. It does you immense credit, it really does, old chap." "Some meaning in it, too! And that's the point where you always failed be-

pretty Nell was evidently much amused by these remarks; and although a feeling of condescending gratitude like this! Eh, Nell?" to her abject admirer made her try to control her enjoyment, Clifford saw attention to his tea; while Clifford, in her blue eyes a merriment none in some surprise, enjoyed the knowlthe less keen that she subdued its edge that he had cut Jordan out withoutward manifestation.

"It's easy to chaft," grumbled Willie, hotly. "Perhaps you'd like to try the work yourselves!" "No, old chap, we should never get that depth of color." said Otto, calm- ting together, looking through

ly surveying the artist's heated, crim- open glass door into the garden beson face. "It wants a natural aptitude for that sort of thing," added Clifford.

"Well, you can take yourselves off if you have nothing better to do than to find fault with what you haven't in her cheeks, as she looked down the pluck to do yourselves," said Wil-

"We're not finding fault: we are expressing admiration," said Otto. "And we are quite ready to try hand ourselves," said Clifford, as, with a sudden burst of energy, born of his desire to linger in the neighborhood of Nell, he threw off his own coat and struggled for possession of the tarbrush

But Willie resisted, and there was danger of their both suffering from ness. "Decidedly, my dear boy, you must the nature of the prize, when the do it in poetry, not prose," said Clif- object of so much singular loyalty in-

'If you really are so full of energy that you want some vent for it," said Don't you know yourself that a great she, in a voice which was full of sug-many men, gentlemen, too—or they gestions of demure merriment. might help to pull up those boats."
And she glanced at two of the small pleasure-craft in the river, both of evidently suffered some injury, as their water-logged condition

hore witness. Clifford set about the task with enthusiasm, and, not without difficulty.

July and August its little bar was of the boats with an old pail, and thronged with the denizens of the then by turning them a little on one of these young men who come out with concertinas and task. When he at last raised his head place—as I treated you to begin with."

hands, as well as in the weather- dirty work, she do!" he observed, with a jerk of the head in the direction of the fair Nell. "And the better dressfill up her time, when work was slack ed they are the more she likes it. Oh,

Now, it is not in human nature to a deeper crimson than he had already done with his exertions tried to as sume an air of philosophic indiffer-

ence in vain.
"I'm afraid you're not chivalrous, my man," said he, thrusting his arms into his coat, and feeling that he would like a plunge into the river. "I don't care to pull the 'eart out of my body and get no thanks for it,"

rejoined the fisherman. Clifford, in spite of his assumed stoicism, began to feel like a fool. He looked towards the spot where Nell had been standing beside the shed, and saw that she, as well as his two friends, had disappeared. The fisherman grinned, and stuck the end of an old pipe in his mouth with an air of satisfaction.

it; it's saved my back many a good Then Clifford felt satisfied that it was pique at having his advances re-

"I wasn't fashionable enough for

said without irritation: "I should have thought no man

gestion of bubbling laughter, in its tones, that they both stopped short "An' maybe I'd say the same of some and looked at each other with faces women. But not for a little lightfingered hussy like yon," And he jerked his head viciously in the direction of the Blue Lion. "Light-fingered!" exclaimed Clifford

honest to stay the night in if you've do, an' everybody does as knows what

what it is now!" Clifford shivered under the hot sun of his head, a tar-brush in one hand and the September afternoon as he listena tin can in the other, engaged in ed to this torrent of accusation, and by the passsion in the young fish-Before he could answer, Nell's sweet voice addressing himself startled him.

CHAPTER II.

"I'm so much o'bliged to you-so very much obliged to you.' Clifford looked round, and saw pretty Nell Claris standing beside the two boats, which he had pulled up on the bank by her direction.

'U'm afraid it must have given you a great deal of trouble. One of them was nearly full of water, I know." "Why, yes, it wasn't too easy to get them up, because the bank slopes, and the girl's amusing min the earth is so slimy just there But ness and simplicity. eyes that made s young man hold the earth is so slimy just there But the breath. Her hair had turned since I'm very glad to have been able to do

> which he felt to be intoxicating. like a short mocking laugh, and turning, with a sudden flush, towards the river, he saw the fisherman, with a face full of scornful amusement, punting away slowly up-stream towards Fleet Castle, Clifford, though he felt a little uneasy, was glad the man had

"Your friends have gone back to Stroan," said Nell, who had blushed a little, on her side, when she heard the fisherman's contemptuous laugh. 'Is that a hint for me to follow their example?

"Oh, no, indeed. My uncle said, when I told him what you were doing for us, that I was to ask you to come in and have a cup of tea with us. If you would condescend to accept the

niece!" Nell smiled a little as she added these words; and the manner in which she uttered them showed so keen a perception of social distinctions, that ord was confirmed in his belief that the girl was ridiculously out of her proper element in this wayside

He followed her into a tiny sittingroom at the back of the inn, where they were joined by her uncle, a burly. jovial man with a round, red, honest face, who was evidently very fond of his niece, although every word each uttered seemed to emphasize the strange difference in manners and speech which existed between them.
"Proud to know you, sir," said
George Claris, when Clifford held out his hand. "Proud to know anybody

my Nell thinks worth knowing. She's mighty particular is Nell. Lor', what woudn't your friend Mr. Jordan there have given for an invite to tea in here Nell blushed, and turned her uncle's

out even a struggle. Nell herself explained this presently. when her uncle had been called away by press of business in the bar, and two young people were left sit-

"I'm afraid you will think I didn't treat your friend very well, after setting him to work to pitch that shed for us," she said, with a pretty blush

the tablecloth, and thus enabled Clifford to see that her long, curled golden-brown eyelashes were the pret-"I'm afraid he will think so," said Clifford, with affected solemnity. "I

think that myself, after such heavy work as that, he did deserve a cup of Nell looked up in distress, her blue eyes brighter with excitement, and her voice quite tremulous in its earnest-

"Ah, you don't know!" she said, quickly. "I'm not ungrateful, but I anickly. am in a very difficult position, and I poor you may be, you have always have to be careful how I treat people. to be thinking of them, and studying Don't you know yourself that a great | what their feelings would be if they call themselves so-think they have a right to treat a girl who lives at an know it is not strictly correct to have ing differently from other girls? Surely you must know that?"

girl had penetrated a weak spot in "Well, but--" "Oh. you needn't say but," Interrupted Nell. "You know it is true.

Now, I don't want to say anything It was warm work, and as Otto against your friend; he is very nice, only human nature to be proud of good-natured, but-"You have to keep him in order?" said Clifford.

with a great sigh of satisfaction, he And she gave him a pretty little shy

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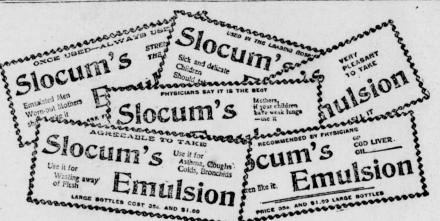
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Clifford could not help laughing. "Why, you're a Mascotte; you bring

wherever you go," said he. "Indeed, I like to think that I have brought it to Uncle George," said the "I may tell you-for everybody knows it-that just before I came back to him he was on the verge of lord and his niece to wait until the bankruptcy. And now," and she shot | rain had cleared off. As, Clifford a glance of triumph, "he has instead of clearing, the weather gradubought another piece of land and two more cows, and enlarged the stables, and put money in the bank besides. What do you think of that?"

man to have such a niece," said Clif- firmative, decided to spend the night ford, more charmed every moment by at the inn. the girl's amusing mixture of shrewd-

which he felt to be intoxicating.

At that moment he heard a sound from—from—" "Civilization?" asked Nell, smiling. "There are some disadvantages, certainly. Of course, I know what you really mean, and what you don't like

to say. Put when the choice lies be-tween living with my old uncle and helping him, and going away to please myself, is there any doubt what I ought to do? Miss Theodora, who is the best woman in the world, says I ought to stay, I am right to stay." Clifford hesitated a moment before answering.

"It seems to me that there is somebody to be considered besides your uncle. Now, this is a terrible life abled her to bewitch him as no mer, for you. Everything must jar upon you-the sights, the sounds, every detail in the life of a place like this. and saw again in imagination the litinvitation from an innkeeper and his Oh, don't tell me it is not so. It is the soft fingers, smoother and fairer very amiable of you, of course, to than any girl's he had ever touched, deny it, but I should not believe you." which had lain for a moment in his

> tled conviction. have to own that I don't come up to | palm, intoxicated with his thoughts. your estimate. But I don't. I don't say there's nothing in the life I would have altered if I could. But then there's something to be put up with his custom was in a strange place, he in every sort of life, isn't there? If found that it had neither lock nor you get fresh air, and the sea-I do bolt. And the words of the young love the sea! - and old Uncle George fisherman, his warming about the -I ought to have put him first, by character of the house, flashed with the bye, instead of last!-Surely you unpleasant chill through his mind. can be satisfied to do without a few things you've been used to!"

"But the things you have to do without are such important ones!" said Clifford, earnestly. "The companionship of-of-He was going to say "people of edu-cation and refinement," but stopped short, lest the girl should think he understood his reticence, however, for

she threw at him a demure glance of amusement "I know what you were going to say!" cried she, merrily. "Only you this, although for a few minutes, as daren't say it. And you're quite right he lay with his eyes closed, he heard not to dare. However, I have the nothing but the ticking of the watch companionship of—of—of—" and she under his pillow. After that he became gave a series of comprehensive nods. "Miss Bostal is kind enough to treat

me as an equal-"As an equal! So I should think!" retorted Clifford, indignantly. that's what annoys me; that you should have to talk about any one's kindness in treating you as an equal. It's preposterous! It seems to me that the kindness is all on your side. You bring a little youth and life and-and —" He looked at her shyly, and leaving his sentence unfinished, began another: "I should think she must look forward to your visits more eag-

erly than you do to hers."
Nell smiled at his indignant tone. Oh, Miss Bostal would not be seen coming here!" said she, promptly. "That would be quite a different thing. Miss Bostal has had ancestors, you know; and they are encumbrances which force you into a very narrow way of life indeed. No matter how knew you were doing things which were not strictly correct. And you an innkeeper's niece on your visitinglist. Miss Bostal relaxes her rule so Clifford grew red, conscious that the far as to receive my calls, but she

doesn't call back." "What nonsense!" said Clifford. "I do think all these little middle-class pretensions to a grand ancestry are so absurd!" "I'm more tolerant," said Nell. "It's

something, isn't it?" "Well, I suppose so." "Then it seems to me to show a fine modesty to feel that there's nothing to be proud of about yourself, and to fall back instead upon the qua'ities

of your pedigree!" "That's a very good-natured way of putting it," said Clifford. He was delighted beyond measure to find that Nell's talk was as bright as her face was pretty. And as she with her, listening her prattle about her uncle and his F. Hierex Co., 853 B'way, B. N., or Book and Proofs FREE

goodness, and Miss Theodora and her goodness, until the light of the sunset

began to fade in the sky. When he reluctantly rose to leave he found that some heavy drops of rain had begun to fall, and he allowed himself to be persuaded by the landally became worse, until the day ended in a steady downpour which threatened to last for hours, Clifford asked What do you think of that?") whether they could put him up for the "Why, I think he's a very lucky (night, and being answered in the af-

The room they gave him was small, but beautifully clean, and was at the "It's very nice for your uncle," he front of the house, with on outlook tint, and was now a light bronze color. There was about her an air of refinement as well as modesty which he felt to be interviousling. red the view. He began to feel that he wanted to spend his life in this spot, digging Nell's cabbages for her, trimming the hedges of her garden,

watering her roses, doing anything, in fact, so that he might be near her. He was in love, more seriously, too, than Willie had ever been, or than he himself had ever been before. He asked himself what sort of a spell it was that this young girl had been able so quickly to cast upon him. sweetness of her nature, the purity which shone from her young soul through her blue eyes, which had enbeauty of face and person could ever have done. He looked at his hand, But Nell was smiling broadly, and as she bade him good-night. He felt shaking her head with an air of set- again the satiny touch which thrilled "It's rather dreadful," said she, "to sat sentimentally caressing his own

It was late before the dying candle warned him to make haste to bed. As he returned to the door to lock it. as character of the house, flashed with an

The next moment he was ashamed of having remembered them. Of course, there was a possibility, then whispered his common-sense, that even the house which sheltered a goddess might also contain a man or a maid servant who was a common thief; so, as he had a purse and a valuable watch with him, he tucked these possessions was casting a slur on her uncle. She under the pillow and went to sleep

> thinking of Nell. He as awakened out of a sound slumber by feeling that there was someone in his room. He felt sure of he lay with his eyes closed, he heard conscious that, in the darkness, there was a shadowy something passing and repassing his bed and the heavily-curtained window. His first impulse to shout aloud and alarm the would-be thief, as he could only suppose the intruder to be. The next moment, however, he decided that he would wall until the theft had been actually committed, and take the perpetrator red

handed. He waited, holding his breath. Sometimes the shadowy something disappeared altogether for a few seconds, but to reappear stealthily creeping round the walls of the little room. Only one thing he could make out from the vague outline, which was all he saw of the figure-the intruder was a woman. He heard a sound which he took to be the dropping of his clothes when they had been ransacked. Then, though he hardly saw it, he felt that the figure was approaching the bed.

To be continued next Saturday.



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seemed to be in no hurry to get rid of him, he stayed on and on, chatting