A FAIR MAIDEN'S NO

The Story of an Unprecedented Courtship and a Betrayed Trust.

(Not Yet Published in Book Form.)

She could not resist her passion for semi-polite censure. She was a sort of snave Kantippe, whose tongue had caught the trick of at least occasional decorum, since society would not endure from it less prudent laxities. "You admire my dinger table," she dould not now help exclaiming, with one of her acid little smiles. "Fat I assure you it's a very ordinary table, as such things go. If you had not been brought up, my dear Carroll, to know nothing whatever of society, of life of the great worldly movement, you would take all this sort of mere everyday diversion very minch for granted."

"In that case," he answered, "I should enjoy it less than I do." He smiled as he thus spoke, with is wonted amiability, childlike, and yet maniul. "Don't I gain, therefore, from what you've called my mother's injustice?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Bellasyse, recoiling, "that I feaf, I shall have to face the future mistortune of not getting along with you, since of not getting along with you, since of any conditions of the condition of the surprised if it were all the women of my world."

"And it is then so wicked a world?".

"And it is then so wicked a world?".

"In the women of my world."

"And it is then so wicked a world?".

"And it is then so wicked a world?".

"And it is then so wicked a world?".

"I mean the women of my world."

"And it is then so wicked a world?".

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"And tis then so wicked

"Oh," said Mrs. Bellasyse, recoiling,
"I didn't say that your mother was unjust. I only said"—

"That other people might think her so. But what does that matter, Mrs. Bellasyse, if I do not think her so?" "Ah, yes; then it's all quite your own affair."

"Ah, yes; then it's all quite your own affair."

"That she has wanted me to live at Southmeadow—to live and die there?"

"Well—yes."

"But pardon me," replied Carroll, at this point, with a grave yet kindlypersistence; "Ithink you have treated it as if you thought it your affair."

"Have I?" returned Mrs. Bellasyse, bridling. She laughed a little shrilly here, throwing back her head. "Well, perhaps I have."

"Undoubtedly you have."

"Ludoubtedly you have."

His kinswoman began nervously to finger one of the heavy silver forks beside her plate. "I'm diraid, after all, you're a kind of mild barbarian," she said, not without a certain bland ill-humor.

said, not without a certain bland inhumor.

Carroll did not like this, but, at the
same time he was not hurt by it. The
pique or resentiment of women never
stirred his fre. He somehow always felt
that he might have been wrong in rousing their rebukes on all the few occasions when he had received them, Mrs.
Bellasyse was suddayly engaged by the
gentleman on her other side, and just
then he heard a soft voice on his own side
say to him:

"Pray tell me, Mr. Courtaine, if town
life has yet succeeded in pleasing you."
While answering, he looked upon a
face and figure that he had seen and
admired in the drawing-room just before
dinner was a monumed.

on his attentive face. "My disappointment, however, has a very commonplace name."

"Can I ask the name?"

"Oh, yes. It's life."

"Then you don't enjoy life?"

"Immensely at times. I have transports of such enjoyment. But they generally leave me with a headehe."

He watched musingly for a slight while. "Excuse me," he at length said, "but isn't that a physical effect?"

"Physical?" she repeated, with a lifting of the brows and a drawn down look at the corners of her roseleaf lips, as though to ask what new bludgeon-blow of rural simplicity would now assail her. "In this sense," poor Carroll somewhat confusedly explained. "If you go to many great dinners like the present one, as I suppose you do, with all these wines that it dizzies me even to think of drinks, marked by entieing, but, perhaps, unwholesome, cookery, might not the effect of such a life tend toward unwholesome bodily results, which would react upon the natural vital energies? The old Latin poet, Horace, has truly said —"But here Miss Chadwick gave forth a lightsome ripple of laughter, and, as a gentleman on her other side addressed her, she answered him in tones quite high enough for Carroll to kear:
"I've just been called a wine-bibber

admired in the drawing-room just before dinner was announced.

"Oh," he said, "it's you, isn't it? I'm so glad mou're here, at my other hand. 1-1 was presented to you, was I not?"

I not?"
"Have you forgotten it?" said the lady, with a languid smile. She was young, and had great wavy masses of reddish-gold hair that seemed almost to overweight her small head, poised on a slim and very graceful throat.
"No," Carroll declared. "But I didn't catch your name."

"No," Carroll decimed, "Butl didn't catch your name."
"Didn't you? I'm only another of your cousins, a rather remote one, too."
"Yes? Please tell 'me"—
"My name? It's Philippa Chadwick, Your mother and my mother were second consins, if I mistake not. That makes our relationship rather widely sundered, does it not?"
"Yes, Miss Chadwick, it certainly does. Am I to-call you 'Miss' Chadwick, by the way?"

hearing ber?"

Philippa Chadwick echoed his laugh, but with a note of worldly weariness that jarred upon him. "I, didn't precisely play cavesdropper, Mr. Courtaine. But one can't help overhearing things at these dinners. I heard her call you/a barbarian. Do you know, I've found myself hoping that she is right? A real barbarian would be so pleasant to meet. All the savagery that I ever fell in with is so tediously cultivated."

But Anna Bellasyse called me only a Anna Bellasyse called me only a

ferocity. Did it strike you as a just species of limitations?"

"True. She drew a line at your species of listitations?"

"Very. I'm not at all dangerous."

She looked at him closely with a pair of eyes that were a curious blending of the lightest and darkest blue; and what made them very lovely to him was the glossy curl of their lashes hued like the soft luridness of her hair.

"I begin to think that you might be a trille dangerous without knowing it," she presently said, and laughed her laugh again, which struck him as strungely tired, considering that she was so young and comely.

He now appeared dazed for a moment. Then he said, a little wonderingly:

"Will you please explain these words? I'm afraid I'm stupid enough, not to understand them."

Miss Chadwick took a sip from her white wine, encased in a high, goldenamelled beaker of Bobemian glass, dark-treen with a twisted stem.

"They have no explanation," she said; "they are too stupid."

"T'm afraid, your answer implies that I am stupid."

"No: I'd not any such double mean-

"Wasn't it?" came the drawled reply. "But there, I'm never just or generous where you are concerned; I'm simply idiotic."
"Oh, Winthrop! That's your eld trick; you always try to disarm the people you abuse."

"I'm afraid your answer implies that I am stupid."

"No: I'd not any such double meaning. Do I seem to you like a person who means either more or less than what she says; I'm not sure which."

"And you-pray tell me, are you always quite frank and open?"

"Yes."
"Really? Have you no concealments?"
"I can't say that. But I never inten-

"I can't say that. But I never inten-tionally wound, for instance."

"I can't say that. But I never intentionally wound, for instance."

"Do you realize, however," said his companion, with a frown, which instantly altered to a diverted and yet half-indifferent smile, "that you have just made an attempt to wound me?"

"I'm so sorry!" protested Carroll, flushing like a bashful boy, "I wouldn't have done it for the world!"

"Thanks. Your apology is delightfully genuine. But I didn't say that you had wounded me. I said that you had seemed to make the attempt."

"And how?" he pleaded with an anxiety that kindled sparks of suppressed mirth in the eyes he had already begun to think uniquely fascinating. "Please, please tell me how I have struck you as making such an attempt."

Miss Chadwick gave the fairylike slimness of her shoulders a faint shrug. "Oh, we women hate to be called deceitial. So many of us are such horrid hypocrites that our sensitiveness on the point is easily accounted for."

"But you, surely, are not anything so dreadful as a hypocrite," said Carroll, in low-tolect and shocked disclaimer.

"Oh, I'm not any better or any worse than most of us."

"Most of us? Do you mean —"

A DREAM OF POSSIBILITIES.

I dreamed last night that woman had at last-thrown off the chain by the chain state. The chain state which sic's scanned so many years of tyranny and pain:

I found man hauled from high estate, shorn of his might and power, by those who've had no rights before save courtesy and dower.

And what a wondrous change was made!

The city's streets were clean
as any silvered pin could be-their like
was never seen.

The sidewalks glistened in the sun, as
'spotless as the snow,
And all the curbs were scrubbed until
they dazzled with their glow.

Down in the City Hall, within the office of the Mayor, I found a stately woman sitting in the civic chair:
And all the business of the town with neatness and dispatch
Was there transacted in a way you'd find it hard to match,

And as I walked about the square I found that all was peace
Since that glad day when maids replaced the men on the police,
For man, brute as he is and bad, I think 'twill oft be found,
Refrains from kicking up a row when ladies are around.

Indeed it was a model town, this place
that woman ran:
'Twas cared for like a well-kept house,
but when I came to sean
The homes they'd left to take our city's
interests in their care,
I truly stood aghast to note the changes
that were there.

those many attractions which a woman may possess."

"Ah," said Miss Chadwick, with a loitering sigh, "then I feet I shall have to face the inture misfortune of not getting along with you, since open-mindedness, I deeply retret to say, is my admiration far more than my endowment."

Carroll spoke impertuously here. "You don't look in the least as it that were tyrue!" The squalor that had been without was now, alas I within. now, alast, within.
The rooms were dusty, and the babes
were heavy-eyed and thin;
And while the town was better kept
than it had been before
The home and all its peace and joy had
gone for evermore. "Don't I ? How encouraging! Then you think there is really some hope for

you think there is really some hope for the?"

He gave a slow, perplexed nod, suddenly saying, with a frankness too genuine to be deemed impertinence:

"Do you always talk to people just like this?"

"Pray, how do you mean?"

"As if you were thinking of something else while you spoke—or as if you scarcely thought it worth your while to speak at adi."

Philippa Chadwick gave a faint start.

"I wasn't aware that I wrought any such dreary impressions also answered.

"Oh, it's by no mean's dreary." hastened Carroll. "It's essentially original."

"Thank you. Then at least we share something in common."

Her little dart of satire fell harmless upon him as a drifted feather.

"But it's rather saddening," he continued. "It makes the wonder if you haven't had some severe disappointment."

"You're right," she replied, letting some one must take care of home: and if the woman goes cares political, to man must come domestic woes. I no man ever fived, I vow, with strength to combat these, meet domestic trials with a woman's grace and case.

So, woman, won't you kindly take this little hint from me.

And let things stay just as they are? for surely you agree

A dozen model cities each as proud as ancient Rome;

Aren't half as fine an empire as one simple happy home.

THEMES FOR THE THOUGHTFUL. A good man needs no monument.

We are all ruled by what we love, The question with Christ was not To divide a sorrow with another will lighten it.

"You're right," she replied, letting her strange eyes, full to him of mockeries, fatigues and dreams, rest once more on his attentive face. "My disappointment, however, has a very commonplace and the strange of the s

enough for Carroll to kear : "I've just been called a wine-bibber and a 'gourmande.' Isn't it quite too dreadful? I, who usually drink half a glass of Chateau Yquem, and refuse every course but three?"

every course but three?"
"You deserve it," said the gentle

of Areadian attitudes—that piece of bucolic Brummagem."

"How scandalous, Winthrop! You don't even know him."

"Of course, I don't. Nobody does yet except yourself."

"Still, to call him such names! How can you have meant them?"

"I didn't. I intended to be showing wrath at you."

"A very just and generous proceeding, truly."

truly."
"Wasn't it?" came the drawled re-

ople you abuse."
"I haven't abused you—at least not its evening."

But you said shocking things about

Mr. Courtaine."
"Have I? He's nice, then?"
"Yes; very. He's curious, and he's interesting."

(To be continued.)

this

man, in grumbling monotone. through the dinner with that striker of Arcadian attitudes—that piece of No man goes willingly where his heart does not lead.

No man goes whangly where his heart does not lead.

The highest station in life is taken one step at a time.

The more brotherly we act the more brotherly we feel.

God will not give to us any more religion than we will hase.

Profession that its all pretension has no influence except for evil.

The man who is willing to do wrong to obtain riches cannot enjoy them.

The best soldier is not the bravest, but the one who obeys orders the best.

God nins at the heart when he true. God nims at the heart when he turns he artiflery of his truth at a sinner. Deeds of love are more precious than ewels, because they cannot be bought. It pays to read books that will make you think and dig down into yourself. "How inuch can I do for myself at your expense, but how much can I do for

You may not be able to get people to read the Bible, but you can make them read you.

It is hard to have a revival in a church where everybody wants to be a brigadier general.

Be midful of Ged to the control of the

Be mindful of God in all the small things of life, and you will not forgot him in the great ones.—From the lamis Horn.

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NOTICE OF REMOVAL. The Imperial Oil Company, Limited

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"Yes; very. He's curious, and he's interesting."

Winthrop Rutgers made a grimace while he took a gulp of champagne. "No the wind blows that way, does it?" he muttered. "I suppose there would be no use in my offering myself to you for the eighth time. I've already done so seven distinct times, as you're aware."

He spoke always in the same lazy, lingering manner. He was a man of medium Height and neat build, with a quantity of little creases at the outer corner of each small amber eye, and a heavy moustache that wholly hid his mouth and was colored like straw. A few-side glances had caused Carroll to get a good view of him, to "take him in"; and now he turned to his hostess with certain words of inquiry. "He's Winthrop Rutgers," said Mrs. Bellasyse. "He's very popular, though not at all rich." murmured Carroll: "Good-heavens!" murmured Carroll: BEST CANADIAN AND AMERICAN OILS AT LOWEST PRICES. ANGUS MORRISON, Manager,

Be lasse, "He's very popular, not at all rich."

"Good heavens!" murmured Carroll;

"must you be rich here in order to be Lawn Tennis,

Spaulding Rackets and Ayr's Championship Balls, AT RIGHT PRICES.

"must you be rich here in order to be popular?"

"M-yes; m-no. You take a person so literally! I quite disapprove of Mr. Rutgers."

Carroll said nothing. But he asked himself if there might be anyone of whom this very fastidious lady possibly did approve.

"He believes in skimming over things. If he were, wrongfully dragged to prison some day for having picked some-body's pocket, his first remark to the arresting authorities might be a request for a cigarette."

"He has a sense of humor, then?"

He has altogother too keen a one. And there's every reason why he should look on life with much more serious eyes. One is the extraordinary suddenness with which many members of his family have died. Sudden deaths have prevailed among the Rutgers to a most distressing degree. It's the heart with them usually. Two of his uncles have dropped dead during the past five years. His sister, Mrs. Hamilton Messerole, a lovely woman, expired one evening while dressing for a Patriarchs' ball." THE BOWMAN HARDWARE AND SPORTING GOODS CO., Corner King and Catharine s.s.

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