

'That's because Lord Villiers's mother monopolized her,' grumbled Colonel Arundel. 'She has just brought her back from Paris, you see, and the old dame is an inveterate match-maker. Jove! she intends Miss Rossmore, with her Irish bogs and foreign securities, for her precious son.'

'Bah! Villiers will never carry off a girl like that,' sneered Rutherford. 'Have you seen her, Beaumont?'

Captain Arthur Beaumont, standing near by, quite pale and distraught, answered by a negative gesture.

'She's handsomer to-night than ever—not a jewel about her, but that curious bracelet which she always wears.'

'Hist!' whispered Arundel, 'here she comes with his excellency himself.'

Beaumont, stepping quickly forward, looked at the advancing couple. There she was just as he expected her, a regal, self-possessed woman, with the air of a duchess—her slender figure draped in point lace and satin—taller, older, a thousand times lovelier, yet Ailsie still. As she came sweeping toward him, he saw that, as Rutherford had said, she wore no jewels, save an odd bracelet of golden coin, clasped with a heart of fiery topaz, on one round, snow-white arm.

He held his breath. Would she see him—would she know him after five long changeable years! She drew nearer—she looked up—looked straight in his face. Over her own swept something that was not a blush, but a white lightning heat, dying as quickly as it came. Then her dark eyes dropped. She went on a few paces, and disengaging her arm from the Lord-Lieutenant's sank into a seat near Lady Villiers.

A few moments afterward Lady Villiers was beckoning graciously to Beaumont with her Spanish fan. He crossed to her side.

'My dear Arthur,' she said, not without a touch of malice, 'is it possible you do not recognize Miss Rossmore? One would think you had cause to remember each other.'

Miss Rossmore gave him her hand.

'Remember!' he murmured in her ear; 'as if I could ever forget!'

She answered nothing. She was pale and cold as a snow-wreath. Only the nervous manner in which she plucked at the bracelet of coin on her wrist betrayed her agitation.

'My love,' said Lady Villiers, beginning to frown, 'here is your fan. Lord John is coming to dance with you.'

Beaumont's eyes looked full into Miss Rossmore's.

'Ailsie!' he murmured, darily.

With a sudden snap the heart of topaz clasping Miss Rossmore's bracelet parted under her nervous fingers. Something concealed therein rolled out and fell to the floor.

The young heiress started.

'Pray—pray help me to find it!' she said to Lady Villiers.

'My love, what have you lost?'

'What have you lost?' repeated Beaumont.

'Something that is very, very precious to me,' she faltered.

Beaumont was down on the floor in a twinkling. When he arose, his face was luminous. He was holding in his hand a silver shilling, one end perforated as if for a cord.

'My dear,' cried Lady Villiers, aghast, 'that is not what you hide so closely in your bracelet?'

'A friend gave it to me long ago,' murmured Miss Rossmore.

'And you have kept it all this time!' Arthur Beaumont said, in an impassioned whisper. 'Ailsie, Ailsie, you will not dance with Lord John Villiers—you will dance with me?'

'Give me back my shilling,' she faltered, smiling.

Something in his eyes made her own fall before them.

'Give me back that which you have had in keeping ever since the night you won your shilling. Ailsie, Ailsie, give me back my heart!'

In the very face and eyes of Lady Villiers he caught her slender white hand in his own. For a moment it fluttered like a frightened bird, then lay quite still.

It was but fair, perhaps, that Arthur Beaumont entered the round tower of the Reeks a second time as master.

#### HOW TO GET A "SUNLIGHT" PICTURE.

Send 25 "Sunlight" Soap wrappers (wrapper bearing the words "Why Does a Woman Look Old Sooner Than a Man") to Lever Bros., Ltd., 43 Scott St., Toronto, and you will receive by post a pretty picture, free from advertising, and well worth framing. This is an easy way to decorate your home. The soap is the best in the market and it will only cost 1c. postage to send in the wrappers, if you leave the ends open. Write your address carefully.

#### THE BOOK FIEND'S DISCOMFITURE.

'Madame,' said the enterprising book agent, inserting one foot upon the threshold as a precaution against the door being closed upon him as soon as his errand became known. 'I called to show you a sample of a valuable work which will shortly be issued at the low price of five dollars, elegantly bound, profusely illustrated with genuine steel engravings in the highest style of art.'

'Well now,' said the old lady, 'that's real kind of you. It does look a pretty nice book now, doesn't it? And that's the picture of the author! Well now, do you know there's something about him that reminds me of my cousin Martha Jenkins' husband when they was first married about fifteen years ago, though he's aged a great deal since then, and only natural too, poor man, for they've had a heap of trouble, what between losing three of their children with the diphtheria and him failing in business its no wonder he has grown gray and peaked-like. We'll thought Martha was doing so well when she married him, for everybody said he was real wealthy and he was reeve of the village then, too; but he was mortgaged to one of those

loan companies, and when his partner swindled him and went off to the States the company sold them up and then he moved down into the city and got a job in a livery stable, which was all he could get to do, but he's had a little money left him since, and I expect he'll go into business again, but land's sake, it's pretty hard when a man has to begin all over again at his age, for he must be about fifty-five now.'

'Yes, ma'am. The very best of the kind on the market. Should be in the library of every intelligent family who desire to keep pace with the progress of the age. Payments, if desired, in monthly instalments of fifty cents. Should be pleased to take your name as a subscriber.'

'I suppose there's many people likes to pay that way, which must be a great convenience for those who have not much money. Now, there was Mrs. Snooper on Berkeley street—perhaps you might know her. When she started house-keeping a couple of years ago she bought everything on the instalment plan, and I think she did right, for Snooper is one of those careless, easy-going fellows that never put by a cent. They'd been boarding for three or four years, but they didn't like it, and as she says to me last time I saw her—it was down at the market,—'Mrs. Dillaby,' says she, 'there's nothing after all like having a home of your own; you can come and go as you please. And Snooper having a steady job all the time, for he's a good workman and well liked by his employers, they was able to pay for it inside of a year, and since then they've managed to put by enough to take a trip to the World's Fair—'

'Yes ma'am—will you—'

'To the World's Fair and I expect they'll have a real good time. Why Mr. Fidd who is a great friend of my son-in-law who has just got back after being away for two weeks, says it's perfectly wonderful and that nothing like it was ever seen before, but I don't hold with opening it on Sunday, and it didn't cost him more than fifty dollars, but then he has friends there, which makes a difference.'

'Quite so—if you wish to—'

'You see his brother has been there for about five years and he's clerk in a big hardware store. He had to take a low salary at first but when he got to know the business they increased it and he got married last summer to a girl he was engaged to in Goderich. She broke it off once and everybody thought she was going to marry Capt. Wadsworth, but the Captain—' What, you're not going, are you? Well, good bye. We've had a real pleasant chat. Call again next time your passing.'

But the agent with a wild and careworn look on his features was already out of hearing.

Summer complaints and all bowel troubles are soon cured by Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

#### Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith



Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

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