

who dares to stand there and call not only his own steadfastness of purpose in question, but the principles of his art.

"Truth must conquer in the end," he says at last.

"If it is backed up by deliberate, mechanical, matter-of-fact toil."

"I will work for you Allie, if you will only give me the chance?"

"Will you work for me, Gerard?"

He bends down and kisses my hair—a quick passionate kiss.

"As long as there is breath in my body, darling."

"Then I will tell you what I'll do," I say gravely and deliberately.

"On the day that you sell a picture for one hundred pounds, if you come and ask me to marry you, Gerard Baxter, I will say, 'Yes.'"

"For the sake of the hundred pounds, Allie?"—smiling a little.

"No," I answer, smiling back again; "but because it will prove to me that you have begun to work."

"You will marry me then, Allie?"

"Yes."

"I won't be long painting that picture," he exclaims boyishly. "My darling, do you know how happy you have made me?"

"Allie?" they call to me from the other end of the room, turning their dazzled eyes from the piano and Crawford's long haired friend to peep into our shadowy space of twilight. "Allie, come and sing 'Gala Water.'"

I move down the room in my long dress, a faint white presence with no spot of darker color about it than the bunch of heliotropes fastened into the coil of filmy lace about the throat, and followed by a darker figure which looks like its shadow in the faint perspective of the long shadowy room.

"We want you to sing 'Gala Water,' Allie, and 'Logie o' Buchan.'"

And I sit down and sing them with the careless gayety, the dash and assurance without which, Olive Dean tells me, I should not be Allie Scott. But all the time I am thinking of two shadowy figures outlined against a faint gold green sky, of a star that "flickered into red and emerald," of a voice that had said "And you will marry me, Allie?" and of another voice that had answered "Yes."

"Your aunt has come."

Such is Mary Anne's greeting to me in the hall of No. 33 Carleton Street.

"My aunt! What aunt?"

"Your aunt from the country. She came about an hour ago, and was that surprised to find you had gone out?"

"But what has she come for? Is anything wrong at home?"

"Not a thing in the world. She says she wrote to tell you she was coming, and to have a room ready, because she meant to stay."

"Meant to stay?" I repeat, thinking of the unopened letters of the morning.

"So she says. She's in the drawing room now, giving it to the mistress."

"Giving her what?" I asked stupidly.

"A piece of her mind, she says; but I think it's the whole of it," the maid-of-all-work says, grinning. "It's all along of the Count she he come, I expect. She says Mrs. Wauchop deceived her about having no lodgers but the Misses Pryce."

Who can have told Aunt Rosa anything about him? And what a state of mind she must have been in before she would decide to come up to town in such a hurry!

"Aunt Rosa!" I exclaim, in a tone of the most innocent astonishment.

"My dear Aunt Rosa, I am so sorry you arrived while I was out."

The sentence may be ambiguous; but Aunt Rosa does not perceive it.

"So am I," she says, when she has planted a cold kiss upon my nose.

"I did not think you came up to London to go to evening-parties."

"But I was with the Rollestons, aunt—perfectly respectable people."

"Humph! And how did you come home?"

"They sent me home in their carriage—they always do."

"I wrote to you yesterday. Is there anything the matter with the postal arrangements?"

"Not that I know of, Aunt Rosa."

"Then I am to conclude that you never open my letters?"

"I was in a hurry this morning—breakfast was late, and I was afraid of being late at Madame Cronhelm's. I did glance through your letter; but I must have overlooked anything you said about coming up to town."

She says nothing to me about Mrs. Wauchop's contraband lodger; but I know as well as if she had told me, that somebody has been officious enough to write and tell her all about him. I suspect Mrs. Deane; but I ask Aunt Rosa no questions, nor does she volunteer any information to-night.

"It seems Mrs. Wauchop has no spare room for me. In those circumstances—"

"My dear Aunt Rosa, you can have my room. I will sleep here on the sofa, and just run in there to dress. There is a dressing-room—indeed, perhaps I had better have a shake-down in the dressing-room, if Mrs. Wauchop can manage it."

"She is managing it now. I don't like that woman, Rosalie. She has most virulent tongue."

"She has always been civil to me, Aunt Rosa."

"Oh, because you just let her do as she pleases? Have you been burnt nothing but Scotch coal since you came up to town?"

"I have had very good fires, auntie."

"I am surprised at it, then. That coal in the grate is nothing but rubbish, though I dare say you are paying the very highest price for it. And the tea she gave me was execrable—perfectly execrable!"

"I'm not much judge of tea, Aunt Rosa," I say, yawning. "I hope you've brought me up some jam from Woodhay, though, and some of our butter."

(To be continued.)

## DRY GOODS.

Every department now complete.

## CLOTHING.

Our own make, better and cheaper than any from Montreal or elsewhere.

## CARPETS AND FLOOR CLOTHS.

Largest Stock in the Maritime Provinces.

## W. & C. SILVER.



### MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY, 14th May, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, three times per week each way, between  
THREE MILE HOUSE P. O. AND  
FOUR MILE HOUSE STATION.

Under a proposed contract for four years from 1st July next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Three Mile House and at this office.

CHARLES J. MACDONALD,

Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,  
Halifax, 2nd April, 1886.



### MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY, 14th May, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, three times per week each way, between  
ISAAC'S HARBOR AND ISAAC'S  
HARBOR, EAST SIDE,

under a proposed contract for four years, from the 1st July next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Isaac's Harbor and Isaac's Harbor, East Side, and at this office.

CHARLES J. MACDONALD,

Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,  
Halifax, 2nd April, 1886.



### MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY, 14th May, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, twelve times per week each way, between  
BEAVER BANK P. O. AND RAILWAY  
STATION.

Under a proposed Contract for four years from the 1st July next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Beaver Bank and at this office.

CHARLES J. MACDONALD,

Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,  
Halifax, 2nd April, 1886.



### MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY, 14th May, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, twice per week each way, between  
MIDDLE MUSQUODBOIT AND  
MURCHYVILLE.

Under a proposed contract for four years from the 1st July next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Middle Musquodboit and Murcbyville, and at this office.

CHARLES J. MACDONALD,

Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,  
Halifax, 2nd April, 1886.



### MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY, 14th May, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, three times per week each way, between  
HOLLAND HARBOR AND PORT  
HILLFORD,

Under a proposed contract for four years from the 1st July next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Holland Harbor and Port Hillford, and at this office.

CHARLES J. MACDONALD,

Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,  
Halifax, 2nd April, 1886.

## CAPE BRETON HOUSE

163 Lower Water Street,  
HALIFAX, N.S.

Constantly on hand, a selected Stock, comprising Family FLOUR, Fine, Superfine and Extra Corn Meal, Oatmeal, Pork, Beef, Beans, Peas, Rice, Barley, Soap, Tobacco, Teas, Molasses, Sugar, etc., for Family and Ships' Use.

Also, —A choice stock of

## ALES, WINES, and LIQUORS.

Orders Promptly filled. City Goods delivered Free of Charge.

JOHN LAHEY, Proprietor.

## WHAT HAVE WE FOUND?

### THE PAUL E. WIRT FOUNTAIN PEN.

A Fountain Pen that does the business.

A 14 karat Gold Pen, simple and durable, never wears out, does not corrode or get out of order, will write fine or coarse, hard or soft points, diamond faced.

Call and see samples at

JOHN W. GABRIEL'S,  
17 Buckingham St., Halifax.

MOIR, SON & CO.

## MAMMOTH WORKS

MANUFACTURERS OF

Bread,

Biscuit,

Confectionery,

Fruit Syrups, etc., etc.

Salesroom—128, 130 and 132 Argyle Street  
HALIFAX, N. S.

## Refined Sugars!

THE

Halifax Sugar Refining Co.,  
(Limited.)

This REFINERY situated at Woodside, Dartmouth, Halifax Co., is prepared to supply the Wholesale Trade throughout the Country with the best Refined Sugars at lowest market prices. For terms and price apply to

S. (UNARD) & CO.,

Agents Halifax Sugar Refining Co., (Limited)  
Upper Water Street, Halifax.