

promised him by a young lady a few months ago, Miss Hilton will be at No. 90 Euclid Avenue, Thursday evening." You may be sure it took but a very few minutes to answer the note in the affirmative, and the next day at as early an hour as etiquette would permit, our hero might have been seen wending his way along the Avenue, eyeing each house sharply, as he searched for No. 90. At one of the handsomest of the stately mansions he stopped, and before venturing to mount the steps, fumbled in his pocket for the note to see if he was not mistaken in the address, but no, it was all right, and with a heart by no means as light as might have been expected under the circumstances, in a few minutes he found himself in an elegant reception room. Left alone, he glanced around, noting the evidences of wealth lavishly displayed on all sides; but a sound breaks on his ear, a door opens, and Marie Hilton enters the room, dressed, not in the plain blue merino and linen collar of "the governess," but in a manner becoming her surroundings, and lovelier a thousand times than ever before. There is a slight flush on her cheek, still she advances directly to Mr. Ballenger, and, holding out her hand, "Mr. Ballenger I promised to tell you a story, and now I wish to do it. No doubt you are astonished to see me here, surrounded by everything money can purchase, and

seemingly by everything that can in this world make life desirable, whilst you have known me merely as the governess, working for my livelihood, with no thought of anything more. After all, the story is not a great one. When I was thirteen years of age my father died, leaving me heiress to a considerable amount. My uncle was my guardian, and for four years I was happy as a school girl. At the age of seventeen, as a young lady of good birth, education and wealth, I must take my place in society. For a time I enjoyed it thoroughly, but soon I found that Miss Hilton would not have quite so much attention, if it were not that her large rent-roll would be an agreeable addition to almost every one of the purses of her gentlemen friends. It was then that I determined to leave my home and go out into the world and strive to win friends for myself, knowing that these, however few they might be, would be of the truest and best. This is the cause of my change of position, and believe me, Mr. Ballenger, I am well pleased with the success of my plan, satisfied that it has gained me, at least, one true friend, in yourself." After some time, Mr. Ballenger succeeded in making Marie understand that friendship would not do. We suppose it did not take very long, for the other day we received a newspaper containing a notice of their marriage. L.

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