

to rink *must skate*; for standing, walking or sitting around in a damp rink was conducive to catching colds. So Miss Fay had to begin and try to do more than stand on skates. At first I began to teach her, but in a very little time Lester took my place, and before the winter was over, I had to look to my laurels for being the best skater among the "Sew girls."

Fay was like wax in Lester's hands, he would teach or persuade her to do anything except study mathematics, and for that she told him she had no brains.

In the meantime Fay had written to her mother asking her consent and good wishes. Mrs. Burns was a woman who thoroughly believed in love, but just as thoroughly believed in having a good reputation; and unknown to her daughter was making enquiries about Lester.

I shall never forget the day a letter came from her saying she had heard the young man was clever and good-hearted, but weak, and was said to be already engaged. Fay had better have it explained. The end of the matter was, he emphatically denied it; and went off in a huff. We soon saw how this would end; and by a little tact Herb Beverly and I managed to bring them together again. Then all went well for awhile.

It was almost the end of the term when Lester's chum told me something of the former's affairs, that disturbed his peace of mind. It appeared his father was dead, and when his college course was through he would be at the end of his resources; but could immediately better his position by marrying a wealthy cousin, otherwise it would be some years before he could think of marrying. His mother wished him to follow the first course. She knew nothing of Fay. The cousin was willing, and her father seemed more than willing to receive Lester as his son-in-law, give him a share in his business, and afterwards give it to him. What would Lester do? He was weak, weak as water. And Fay! Heaven only knew how it would go with her. I said nothing, what could I say?

Grand Reception had come, the last of the term, when all our friends had come to see the "Closing."

Fay looked like a veritable fairy. Dear little girl! I shall always remember her as she looked that evening in her soft creamy white dress, and the bunch of pink rosebuds on her bosom. Oh, she was pretty! But that sad look which that night spread over her face, never left it again. Where was Lester? In the further drawing room, seated on a couch in one corner, talking to one of the handsomest girls I ever saw. Dark as night, she was a very queen in that room. Tho'

she was a stranger, in some way I guessed this was the cousin I had heard of. Fay that evening, through some girls from the same city as Lester, learned the story I had. But through the following days I knew she was trusting and waiting for him to come back again to her.

On Lester's graduation day two bouquets were handed him. One was of superb tea-roses, the other of pure white rosebuds. The latter I knew came from Fay; for "Rosebud" had been his pet-name for her.

Surely, I thought, he will come and take her to the supper to-morrow night; but when the time came my heart was leaden heavy, as I dressed to go, and watched her sitting by the window, her hands folded listlessly in her lap. She saw him come up the path, and soon after we heard the servant come to the cousin's

room, just opposite our's, and say so very distinctly—"Mr. Dobson is waiting in the parlour for you, Miss."

I did not know until long afterwards that Fay had received a parcel and a letter that evening, asking her to release Lester from his engagement, it had been a mistake on his part, he loved someone else better.

There was simply nothing for any woman in such a time to do but gather together all letters, notes, gifts, and last, but the hardest thing of all for a woman to do, to draw his ring from off her finger, the ring that grows to be a part of herself, look at it and touch it with her lips for the last time, hide it among the other treasures, and send them back to him.

It was all done while I was gone; and when I returned she was in bed, and as

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