



Dirty woodwork or any other part of the house that requires cleaning can best be cleaned by using

SUNLIGHT SOAP

It will remove every particle of dirt and make the whole house bright and cheery. Absolutely pure, and every bar possesses remarkable cleansing power.

ASK FOR THE OCTAGON BAR.

Sunlight Soap washes the clothes white and won't injure the hands. LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO.

THE BEAUTIFUL COQUETTE.

By Laura Jean Libbey.

CHAPTER VIII.

More would spend just five minutes here with Aurelia ere he turned the boat around to go back for Margaret, Gerald told himself. It would be but a few blissful moments stolen out of a fleeting lifetime—why should he deny himself that comfort?

It was delightful to sit there holding those slim, white hands, listening to her gay laughter and ready wit, looking into the heaven of those dark, wondrous eyes. To Aurelia it was pleasant to float down with the tide, listening to the low-breathed words of this handsome young fellow, whose every look, every action told her how madly he was in love with her.

"What should you do, Gerald," she asked, laughing, "if the skiff should overturn in the deepest part of the water? Would you make for the shore and save yourself, or—"

"Aurelia," he cut in hurriedly, drawing back from her with a white, pained face, "can it be possible you think so meanly of me as that? Why, darling!" he cried, huskily, forgetting in the intensity of the thought, the endearing language that fell from his lips, "I would save your life at the risk of my own."

"In preference to saving that of any one else in the whole wide world?" questioned Aurelia, in a low voice.

"Yes," he answered, drawing her toward him.

"Why?" she whispered, giving him another glance from those vine-dark eyes that no man had ever carried away; he threw prudence to the winds, and answered her from the very depths of his heart:

"Because I love you! Yes, I love you, Aurelia!" he cried, "I love you so well that if I could not save you, I would want to die with you."

And, as he spoke, he kissed the lovely mouth, repeating over and over again that he loved her better than life itself, and begging her to tell him that she cared for him just a little in return.

Aurelia struggled out of his arms with a saucy little laugh.

"Well, if you love me, don't quite crush me," she cried.

"But tell me, Aurelia, do you—can you ever care for me?" he urged.

"You must tell me, darling."

"I'll have to make up my mind whether I do or not, and I'll tell you—"

"When?" he cuts in eagerly again.

"Perhaps to-morrow," she answers, her vanity flattered by the eagerness in his face, but the next instant the smile on her lips gives place to a sort of gasp. "Look, Gerald!" she cried in consternation, "look! there is the farmhouse—we are miles away from the island—and Margaret!"

Gerald grew white to the lips. Great Heaven! how completely he had forgotten Margaret!

It seemed to him that all in a moment he had fallen from the heights of Heaven to earth. He glanced at his watch in the clear bright moonlight, and saw that nearly two hours had passed.

"There is but one thing to do, Aurelia," he said hurriedly, "and that is to leave you here at the farm house and go back myself after your—your sister."

To this Aurelia readily agreed. As he helped her out of the boat, holding her in his arms as he stepped again, he could not resist the impulse, strong as life itself, to press her to his heart and murmured

"You might have spared me that!" she said, in a low, intensive voice, drawing her hands haughtily from his grasp. "Do not let me see how pleased you are; it only adds to the cruelty. Show some little regret—you might affect some little sorrow, even though you do not feel it."

"Heaven knows that I am not quite so heartless as not to feel sorrow for what has occurred. Still, affairs like this are better to be adjusted before than after marriage."

The boat touched the shore. He helped her out silently, and silently enough they wended their way together up the house. Never did a man feel himself to be more miserable, contemptible—base. He despised himself for the part he had played, yet he was so completely under the spell of dark-eyed Aurelia, that he could not resist the love that held him in thrall.

"Margaret," he said, as they reached the door—"good-night, and Heaven bless you. Tell me—that we are not to part in anger—could we not—be friends still?"

"I cannot promise that," she answered, turning quickly away.

She did not go to her own room then. She felt that it would be beyond the power of her endurance to look upon the dark, sparkling face of the girl who had won her love. "I do not seem to realize that Gerald and I have parted—forever," she sobbed to herself, her tears falling thick and fast. "It seems like some horrible dream, from which I shall awaken presently, and that I shall find Gerald's arm about my neck, and his lips on my cheek, and he will say to me, when I love him so well!"

Suddenly the door just ahead of her was flung wide open, and Aurelia appeared.

"Oh, here you are at last, Margaret!" she exclaimed. "I thought you would never come. Did Gerald tell you how it happened? That we parted the boat and drifted off? And two white arms were flung tightly about my neck, and a soft, dimpled, flushed cheek was laid against mine. 'Oh, my! but wasn't I terrified, when I discovered we had drifted so far from the island. Oh, how awfully pale you are, Margy; but you haven't answered me. Did not Gerald tell you all about it?'"

"Yes," said Margaret, very faintly. "I sat up and waited for you. I couldn't go to sleep until you came," she said Aurelia. "I wanted to talk to you about something."

"I think I know what it is—it is about Gerald," replied Margaret, more faintly still.

"Oh, bother Gerald," cried the beauty, petulantly. "I do wonder, now, if he has been telling you of all the nonsense he was talking to me to-night? Oh, Margy, you ought to have been in the boat to have heard him—it was as good as a play in a theatre; he was so awfully in earnest, poor fellow, that I had to keep my handkerchief stuffed in my mouth to keep from laughing outright."

"Aurelia," cried Margaret, in a voice ringing with bitter pain, "tell me, do you love Gerald Romaine or not?"

Aurelia threw back her dark, curly hair with a gay laugh.

"Gracious! how much in earnest you and Gerald are in everything you say and do. Do I love him? Why, Margy, anybody would think you were born yesterday to hear you talk like that. He's awfully nice to flirt with you, you know, but goodness! he's not the style of a man for a girl like me to fall in love with by any means. If I ever do love a man he'll be a cultured, polished, highly cultivated man I could be proud of—a man whom all the world looked up to, and the world of women wanted, and envied me for winning."

Margaret dropped on her knees beside Aurelia, and clasped her white hands.

"If you don't love Gerald, be kind to him in leading him on, dear," she entreated, eagerly; "the bitterest pain that a human heart can know, is the pain of loving one whose love you can never, never win in return. Oh, Aurelia, spare him from that death in life. If he asks you for your love tell him the truth, any—"

"I shall do nothing of the kind," declared Aurelia, puckering her brows into the prettiest of frowns.

"If I did, he would go away at once; then I would have no one to flirt with, no one to pick up my handkerchiefs, follow me about and adore me, and life would be dull and unendurable to me in this dull old farmhouse."

"Oh, Aurelia, do not lead him on to believe you love him if you do not," persisted Margaret. "It is a sin to win the heart of a good and noble man just to throw it away. It is awful to think that a dainty, delicate girl who would faint at the sight of a man's hair on his head, would deliberately break his heart and blight his life to feed her own vanity. Do you think man can never feel for suffer?"

"Your goody-goody notions quite overwhelm me, Margy," she cried; "anyone to hear you talk would imagine that we were angels. Pretty things they would make; they would break the heart of every girl they came across if they could. You must have noticed that for every heart-broken man, there are at least twenty heart-broken women. Now don't preach to me, Margy, that's a dear."

And the beauty buried her laughing face in the pillow, pressed her pink palms tightly over her ears, and was blissfully unconscious of all Margaret was saying; and in this way she dropped off to sleep, leaving Margaret still talking.

In another part of the house Gerald Romaine was tossing restlessly on his pillow trying to sleep, but sleep would not come to him; one thought seemed to haunt his brain and hold him from it. He was now new-free to win Aurelia if he could. He could hardly wait for to-morrow.

CHAPTER IX.

In an instant Gerald Romaine had sprung forward and grasped the girl's hands.

"For the love of Heaven sit down, Margaret!" he cried hoarsely. He quite believed she intended to leap from the rocking boat into the dark, swirling river.

"You had better take time to think over the matter calmly, Margaret," he said, "and give me my answer to-morrow."

She turned her white, wistful face toward him, and Gerald Romaine was startled by it. Years could not have aged it more in passing over her than this one hour of anguish had done.

She held up her slender, white hand with a quick gesture.

"As well now as at any other time, Gerald," she said, in a very faint, quivering voice. "It is best to have it over a repetition of this now, never again. You ask me to set you free, Gerald—to break for you the solemn pledge that binds you to me—forgetting that a betrothal vow is as solemn and binding in the sight of God as a marriage vow."

"I leave you to your hands, Margaret. If you say that I must keep my engagement and marry you, I will do so. Oh, it grieves me to speak the truth, but it must be told—we should never be happy, for my heart would be Aurelia's."

"May Heaven, in its mercy, spare me from marrying a man whose heart is another's," breathed Margaret, adding, faintly: "I—I give you back your freedom, Gerald. From this hour our lives part forever."

But the "forever" which would part him from Margaret would give him Aurelia, and that thought shone plainly enough in his eyes.

"Oh, Margaret," he cried, gratefully, "how generous you are—how noble!" and he bent his fair, handsome head eagerly over the little

white hands he held.

"You might have spared me that!" she said, in a low, intensive voice, drawing her hands haughtily from his grasp. "Do not let me see how pleased you are; it only adds to the cruelty. Show some little regret—you might affect some little sorrow, even though you do not feel it."

"Heaven knows that I am not quite so heartless as not to feel sorrow for what has occurred. Still, affairs like this are better to be adjusted before than after marriage."

The boat touched the shore. He helped her out silently, and silently enough they wended their way together up the house. Never did a man feel himself to be more miserable, contemptible—base. He despised himself for the part he had played, yet he was so completely under the spell of dark-eyed Aurelia, that he could not resist the love that held him in thrall.

"Margaret," he said, as they reached the door—"good-night, and Heaven bless you. Tell me—that we are not to part in anger—could we not—be friends still?"

"I cannot promise that," she answered, turning quickly away.

She did not go to her own room then. She felt that it would be beyond the power of her endurance to look upon the dark, sparkling face of the girl who had won her love. "I do not seem to realize that Gerald and I have parted—forever," she sobbed to herself, her tears falling thick and fast. "It seems like some horrible dream, from which I shall awaken presently, and that I shall find Gerald's arm about my neck, and his lips on my cheek, and he will say to me, when I love him so well!"

Suddenly the door just ahead of her was flung wide open, and Aurelia appeared.

"Oh, here you are at last, Margaret!" she exclaimed. "I thought you would never come. Did Gerald tell you how it happened? That we parted the boat and drifted off? And two white arms were flung tightly about my neck, and a soft, dimpled, flushed cheek was laid against mine. 'Oh, my! but wasn't I terrified, when I discovered we had drifted so far from the island. Oh, how awfully pale you are, Margy; but you haven't answered me. Did not Gerald tell you all about it?'"

"Yes," said Margaret, very faintly. "I sat up and waited for you. I couldn't go to sleep until you came," she said Aurelia. "I wanted to talk to you about something."

"I think I know what it is—it is about Gerald," replied Margaret, more faintly still.

"Oh, bother Gerald," cried the beauty, petulantly. "I do wonder, now, if he has been telling you of all the nonsense he was talking to me to-night? Oh, Margy, you ought to have been in the boat to have heard him—it was as good as a play in a theatre; he was so awfully in earnest, poor fellow, that I had to keep my handkerchief stuffed in my mouth to keep from laughing outright."

"Aurelia," cried Margaret, in a voice ringing with bitter pain, "tell me, do you love Gerald Romaine or not?"

Aurelia threw back her dark, curly hair with a gay laugh.

"Gracious! how much in earnest you and Gerald are in everything you say and do. Do I love him? Why, Margy, anybody would think you were born yesterday to hear you talk like that. He's awfully nice to flirt with you, you know, but goodness! he's not the style of a man for a girl like me to fall in love with by any means. If I ever do love a man he'll be a cultured, polished, highly cultivated man I could be proud of—a man whom all the world looked up to, and the world of women wanted, and envied me for winning."

Margaret dropped on her knees beside Aurelia, and clasped her white hands.

"If you don't love Gerald, be kind to him in leading him on, dear," she entreated, eagerly; "the bitterest pain that a human heart can know, is the pain of loving one whose love you can never, never win in return. Oh, Aurelia, spare him from that death in life. If he asks you for your love tell him the truth, any—"

"I shall do nothing of the kind," declared Aurelia, puckering her brows into the prettiest of frowns.

"If I did, he would go away at once; then I would have no one to flirt with, no one to pick up my handkerchiefs, follow me about and adore me, and life would be dull and unendurable to me in this dull old farmhouse."

"Oh, Aurelia, do not lead him on to believe you love him if you do not," persisted Margaret. "It is a sin to win the heart of a good and noble man just to throw it away. It is awful to think that a dainty, delicate girl who would faint at the sight of a man's hair on his head, would deliberately break his heart and blight his life to feed her own vanity. Do you think man can never feel for suffer?"

"Your goody-goody notions quite overwhelm me, Margy," she cried; "anyone to hear you talk would imagine that we were angels. Pretty things they would make; they would break the heart of every girl they came across if they could. You must have noticed that for every heart-broken man, there are at least twenty heart-broken women. Now don't preach to me, Margy, that's a dear."

And the beauty buried her laughing face in the pillow, pressed her pink palms tightly over her ears, and was blissfully unconscious of all Margaret was saying; and in this way she dropped off to sleep, leaving Margaret still talking.

At last the pink flush in the eastern sky heralded the birth of a new day. Gerald was up with the dawn, but it was late as usual when Aurelia made her appearance. He did not have an opportunity to exchange a word alone with her all the morning, and this fact nearly drove him distracted. The dark, laughing eyes that met him, invited him to linger near her; but at his approach, Aurelia invariably flitted away.

At length he found her alone in the garden, and in an instant, like all impetuous lovers, he was at her side.

"Oh, Aurelia, have you purposely avoided me?" he cried. "You must have known that I was counting the hours until I could talk to you. Don't try to break away from me, Aurelia, and do listen to me. You shall listen—you must."

"Now, Gerald," she cried, gayly, "what could be so important enough for you to wear a sober face about—like that?"

He looked at her reproachfully. "Surely, you have not forgotten—have you, darling?" he whispered, tenderly. "You remember, dear, you promised to give me my answer to-day, whether you will be my wife, and whether you will love me or not, and how I adore you, precious. I love you so well that I cannot live without you."

He was certainly blind that he could not see that it was not love which shone out of the laughing eyes into which he gazed so eagerly.

To Aurelia it was the wine of life, listening to the tale of love that every man that had ever known her had whispered in her ear. He put his arm about her gently and drew her toward him.

"Answer me, precious," he whispered—"don't you see how eager I am waiting for it?"

"Can't I wait a week or a month more to think it over?" she pouted, giving him a swift, shy glance from those wondrous dark eyes.

"No—a thousand times no! Suspense would kill me," he declared. "My darling, tell me, will you be my wife?"

Down deep in her heart Aurelia was thinking that this playing at love would give a new zest to her life. Why not give him the promise he pleaded for so earnestly?—words were easily spoken.

"I suppose I must, if you want me so very much, Gerald," she answered, coyly.

"When, my darling?" he cried, straining her rapturously to his heart.

"Oh, we won't trouble our heads about that just yet," she said, demurely.

CHAPTER X.

Gerald looked down into the lovely, dimpled face with a fond smile. "We must settle the all-important question here and now, Aurelia," he declared, with all a young lover's impatience; "you have promised to be my wife; now you must tell me how long I will have to wait ere I can claim the treasure that I have won—will it be days or weeks?"

"It will be neither days nor weeks—it will be months, Gerald," she declared, shaking her curly head decisively.

"Cruel Aurelia," he cried, "you surely cannot mean that; why, one month will seem a year—how could I live through two or three of them, and be near you? I would get along best away from you until the time of probation was over."

He would go away—that did not please Aurelia at all; a lover who is away from one is as good as no lover at all. True, there may be letters, but affection transmitted by pen and paper soon cools, unless the love-letters are of at least ten closely-written pages—and every line teems with ardent adoration.

The desire to be loved is strong enough in all of us—in Aurelia Lancaster it amounted to a mania; it is the key to all the foolish, wicked, senseless things you will find her doing through this history's short course. If she could have had her will, every man, woman and child would have bowed down in adoration before her—and in the summer time most girls like to have a lover.

In the winter the fire is lover enough for any one. The frosty splendor of the stars provokes no yearning in any human soul towards any other; we peep at them through our casements, and leave them alone to their high, cold play in the sky. But who can look at a July moon—alone?

No; the summer days at the old farmhouse would be unendurable without some one to help her pass the time away.

"Aurelia," he pleaded, "could you—would you marry me in three weeks' time?"

"If you had said three months' time I would have said 'yes,'" she murmured, "either three or six months."

"Then it shall be three months, my darling," he cried, "three months from to-day. I shall live through that time somehow and then—oh, the joy, the delight of the anticipation of claiming you! You are my own dear, precious wife."

"Tell me that no one else shall ever make love to you, or kiss you; you will never be another's."

"Of course not," replied Aurelia with delicious assurance.

"You will be true to me forever, dear?"

"Yes, I will be true forever," declared Aurelia.

He caught her little hands in his, and covered them with burning kisses; his heart was too full for utterance. Of his love—passionate, reckless, fervent—there was no doubt; with Aurelia it was simply the deep desire to keep him at her side; she liked to see his face flush and pale under her words; she liked to see his head bowed in such utter humility before her; she liked to watch the light in his eyes grow tender or hard, as he willed it; she liked to see that he trembled at her frown; she found it inexplicably sweet, as most girls do, to hold this power over her lover.

(To be Continued.)

You Can Buy **BEST FOR WASH DAY.**

SURPRISE SOAP.

BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

of any Grocer

In order to reduce stock I offer **SPECIAL reductions on**

PIANOS, ORGANS and SEWING MACHINES

From NOW until January 1st, 1904. Intending purchasers are invited to call and inspect goods.

J. J. WETHERUP

Box 415, Lindsay, Cor. Sussex and Peel-Sts.

HOLIDAY SPECIALS

—AT—

W. A. CAMPBELL'S, Woodville

Oranges	Lemons	Hickory Nuts	Chestnuts
Bananas	Pineapples	Chocolates	Creams
Grapes	Figs	Bacon Bones	Special Mixed
Dates	Cranberries	Maple Sugar	Sugar Sticks
Cluster Raisins	Cocanuts	Peppermints	Cough Drops
Walnuts	Almonds	Lozenges and	100 kinds of
Filberts	Nigger Toes	Cent Goods	
Peanuts	Peanuts		

Pickles, Catsup and Sauces
Oysters, Finnan Haddie, Herring and Codfish
Tobacco and Cigars.

A LARGE DISCOUNT OFF FOR CASH.

Mail Orders Personally Attended to.

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON TO ALL!

H. J. LITTLE'S

JANUARY SALE CONTINUES.

WE HAVE A NUMBER OF WINTER GOODS THAT WE WILL SELL AT PRICES TO CLEAR.

Fur Coats. Rubber Lined Coats. Jute, Kersey and Wool Blankets. String, Shaft and Team Bells. Mitts—lined and unlined. Harness kept in stock and made to order. Trunks and Travelling Bags. To keep horses in good shape feed them Colonial Stock Food—accept no other.

H. J. LITTLE

SOLE AGENT. 98 KENT-ST.

PASCOE BROS.,

GENERAL MERCHANTS, OAKWOOD.

Ten Departments always kept well assorted.

Stock Taking Sale

We intend to take stock February 1st, 1904, and are anxious to have all odd lines cleared out by that date. In the following lines you will find special value at greatly reduced prices.

Dress Goods, Waist Ends, Wrapperettes, Heavy Frieze suitable for Overcoating, Winter Trousers, Robe Lining, etc.; Men's Overcoats, Men's Suitings, Men's and Boys' Ready-made Suits and Overcoats; Ladies' Dress Skirts and Underskirts; Men's and Boys' Long Boots, at less than half original price; Crockery, short ends in Carpet, Floor Oils, and other articles too numerous to mention. Call and get prices.

ORDERS TAKEN FOR FURS

TERMS—Cash or Trade.

PASCOE BROS.

Early Closing—Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings

WIVES SISTERS BROTHERS

IF ANY MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY DRINKS the toxic liquor can be removed permanently by giving Tasteless Samaria Prescription secretly in food or drink. Failure impossible. Free sample. Tasteless, price kept secret. Write SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 87 Jordan street, Toronto, Can.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Care's Grip in Two Days.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.

This signature, *E. W. Brown*

On every box, 25c.

Some other boxes sold in past 12 months.