The Stouffville Tribune.

SUPPORT LEGITIMATE HOME MANUFACTURES AND ENTERPRISES.

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The Tribune

—IS PUBLISHED—

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—AT THE OFFICE—

MAIN STREET, - STOUFFVILLE, ONT

TERMS.

$1.25 Per Year; $1.00 if Paid in Advance.

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Half column	40	25	15
Quarter column	25	15	10
Eighth column	15	9	6

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Advs. of Stray Animals $1 for 3 insertions.

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We have also a first-class Jobbing Department in connection, and are prepared to do business in that line at prices that cannot be beaten.—TERMS CASH.

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Special attention given to commercial collections.
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OFFICES—Masonic Buildings, Toronto St., Toronto, and Main St., Stouffville.
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CENTENNIAL SHAVING PARLOR.
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THE PARIS TONSORIAL PARLOR
For first-class Hair Dressing and Shaving. Satisfaction guaranteed.
My stock of Shaving Soap, Cosmetique, Magnesia, Lather Brushes, Strops, &c., is complete.
Also first-class Razors for sale and guarantee Razor Honing and Shears Sharpening specially.
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New York Life Insurance Company,
Established 1845.
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New business written in 1892
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We Stand at the Head.
Because
The Insurance Commissioner of New York says we have all we claim.
He has inspected our surplus and says it all there.
It is the largest surplus of any Mutual Life Insurance Co. in the world.
The public has placed us "at the head after having inspected us" inside and outside.
We Defy Competition.
Because
We issue a policy so simple that no man can misunderstand it.
The only policy that gives immediate insurance.
It has no restrictions as to residence, travel, military service, occupation or manner of death.
It has no suicide clause.
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It grants loans to the insured.
It charges only five per cent. interest.
It gives one months grace in payment of premium.
It embodies all the good points in every policy in existence and omits all the bad ones.
We believe in ourselves and we stand at the top. Everyone should have a policy in the New York Life—the leading company.
For particulars apply to
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Also agent for Imperial Fire Insurance Co. of London, Eng.

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MILLER & CO.,
BANKERS,
Daley's Block, - - Stouffville.
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ON GOOD SECURITY
Sale and Farm Notes Cashed
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Drafts Issued on the Imperial Bank and its Branches, and on all points in Canada and the United States.
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STANDARD BANK
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CAPITAL PAID UP, - $1,000,000
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ALSO AGENTS AT
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Drafts issued and collections made on all points in Canada at lowest rates. Farmers' notes discounted. Sale notes and good business paper negotiated at current rates of interest. A
SAVINGS BANK
Has been opened in connection with the branch at STOUFFVILLE
Where deposits of $1 and upwards are received and interest allowed thereon at current rate. Deposits of a special nature, trust funds, &c., received on favorable terms.
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J. L. BAKER,
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As the world grows older competition grows sharper, prices lower than ever. There is probably nothing that is wanted so badly in the average household as a good

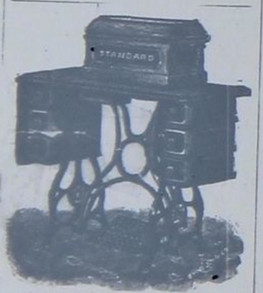
WASHING MACHINE.

Of the many hundreds I have sold of this machine, I have never had a single complaint. Where it is once given a thorough test it makes its want felt, so that it is almost

Impossible to Get on Without It.

Washing that usually takes all day is now done in a couple of hours, and without that fatigue and exhaustion that accompanies the old washboard. It will wash from 10 to 15 pieces at one time, and do it thoroughly and quickly; it will wash the heaviest quilt or the finest lace. A trial solicited. Orders, send by mail, promptly attended to. For sale by

H. B. LOTT,
ATHA, ONT.



Standard Rotary shuttle is the Queen of all Sewing Machines.

We wish to persuade those who have not seen the "Standard" to look at one, and let it persuade you. We are proud of its beatiful finish. How we love to look upon a clear complexion. The "standard" furniture is clear and clean and the japanning is as glossy as the finest finished piano. The nickeling has the polish of silver and the ornamentation is modest and elegant. Nothing loud about our beauty; all in perfect taste. The Standard runs as easy again as old style Machines, and has the largest Bobbin of any family Sewing Machine, and will run either way without breaking the thread. Dressmakers, anyone can run the "Standard" and fear no evil results. Quit bracing up on patent medicine and buy a Standard. Every part of the Standard is interchangeable. You can keep it new forever. Test a Standard on the lightest and heaviest cloth and with the finest and coarsest thread and you will buy. For sale by

H. B. LOTT,
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D. STOUFFER & CO.

The spring of 1893 finds us fully stocked with the largest, best, most varied and cheapest supply of Boots, Shoes, Oxfords, Ties, Slippers and Rubbers for men, boys and youths, women, misses, children and infants we have ever carried.

The great bulk of our stock is from the best and most reliable manufactures in the Dominion which have established for themselves the best possible reputation. That is the class of goods we recommend.

Of course we handle some of the cheap goods. We are almost compelled to, as there is a class of customers who are always asking for "the cheap things." We try to meet their wishes, but we don't recommend the goods.

We never had such a variety and quantity of heavy *Gangers* and bellows tongued *Plow Boots* as this year, and then the prices are more favourable than ever before, quality considered.

See our novelties in gents', ladies and misses *Button and Lace Boots, Oxfords and Ties.*

We have sold more Trunks and Valises this season than ever before since we have been in business. A good stock always to select from.

It is well known to everybody that there is not nearly so much home made work done as formerly, yet still, we keep three men employed on new work and repairing.

We try to keep Thursday forenoons for "right away jobs" for our country customers.

Repairing done every working day in the week

We will try and do with you, as we would wish to be done by. Your faithfully,

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DEALER IN LUMBER,
Lath, Shingles, Salt, Plaster, Coal, Water Lime, Plaster Paris, Coal Tar, Tar Paper, Fire Brick, Fire Clay, &c. &c.
Cash paid for Hides, Wool, Sheepskins, and all kinds of Grain.
Warehouse opposite railway station, Stouffville

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INSURANCE, REAL ESTATE
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GENERAL AGENTS FOR
The Sun Life Insurance Company.
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Money to Loan
On Farm and Village Property.
Farms and Village Property for Sale and to Rent
Office: Daley's Block, Stouffville.

MEAT! MEAT!
NEW MEAT MARKET.
The undersigned is pleased to inform the public that he has opened a Butcher Shop in
STOUFFVILLE
On the Corner of Main and Market Streets, next to Daley's Hall, and is prepared to supply the wants of all who may favor him with their orders for
FIRST-CLASS MEATS
Of all kinds, at reasonable prices.
John McDonald

"Mantello"
IS THE LATE-T STYLE OF
PHOTOS,
SEE THEM AT
MERTENS' STUDIO.

CHANGE OF BUSINESS.

J. W. TURNER,
LATE OF UXBRIDGE,
Successor to A. VonBuseck; will keep on hand a large and full stock of goods consisting of first-class
HARNESS,
SINGLE AND DOUBLE,
ROBES, BLANKETS,
TRUNKS, VALISES,
BELLS, WHIPS,
CURRYCOMBS,
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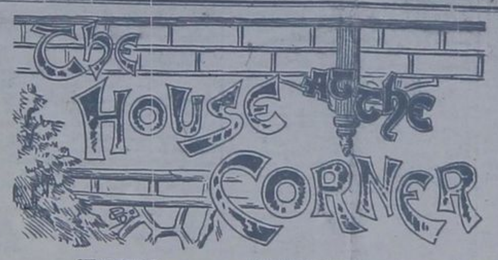
Repairing promptly attended to.
Every effort will be made to give entire satisfaction.



CHAPTER I.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

NOT much was known about the little villa, in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park, where Muriel O'Connor dwelt in the summer of 18—. It lay back: hidden in the trees and shrubbery of its well-grown garden, and behind a high wall at the junction of two pleasant thoroughfares lined with more pretentious residences, it was at once self-contained and inscrutable.

There was no number to the house; it had been overlooked by the authorities to this extent; there was no name either, but that of the tenant, on the gate-post of the one modest entrance: only a tiny brass-plate bearing upon it the word "O'Connor." The neighbours, such of them as took any interest in the matter—a trifling minority, for this is not an inquisitive quarter—were undecided as to the precise identity represented by this simple name O'Connor, and, for lack of the information, were content to place the worst construction upon the mystery surrounding it. The servant-girls, from a fairly reliable source in private inquiry, knew nothing about the "house at the corner," for none of them had succeeded in making the acquaintance of the domestics there. The tradesmen called for orders and received ready-money for all goods delivered; so these recording angels had nothing to tell about the latest comer, except that he (or she) had the best of everything, plenty of it, and "paid regular on the nail."

No one seemed to have caught so much as a glimpse of the house or garden. The supplies were taken in at a wicket in the solid gate, and the postman popped a correspondence into the box, rang the bell, and went on his way as unenlightened as he came. But the postman was the best-informed person of any, for he could read the subscription of the letters he delivered. Some were for "Mrs. O'Connor," some for "Miss Muriel O'Connor," and some for "M. O'Connor, Esq.," so there appeared to be a family living at the corner-house; but so many persons passed through the gate in the wall that it was impossible to distinguish those who belonged there from those who were merely visitors.

It was remarked that, although the gate was at some distance from the house, and those who pulled the loud-clanging "servants' bell" were always kept waiting for some minutes before their application was responded to, those who pressed the little electric button, designed especially for visitors, had the gate opened for them without an instant's delay. The visitors, therefore, were subjected to the least possible public scrutiny. No sooner did they halt at the gate than they usually touched the electric bell, and, the gate spontaneously opening, they lost no time in stepping inside.

The gate not being overlooked by the adjacent houses, this arrangement might have escaped observation, had not an impatient butcher-boy, tired of waiting to deliver a forequarter of lamb, on one occasion tried to "hurry them up" by pressing the visitors' bell with his greasy finger. The gate promptly opened, and he stepped inside, urged by curiosity, but a good deal awed by the mystery of the place. But the gate closing automatically behind him, merely shut him into a little covered porch, where it was evident that the visitors were accustomed to await the coming of a man-servant, half-porter, half-gardener, who, now, finding the butcher-boy squatted upon a seat devoted to his betters, rated him soundly for his impudence, and turned him and his excellent fore-quarter of lamb roughly into the street.

But, however jealously guarded the entrance to this mysterious villa, we, in our invisible and spiritual quality, may pass within, and take note of what is happening under its roof.

There has been a very pleasant little dinner-party at the house at the corner, in number five persons—three ladies and two gentlemen. The latter have just sauntered through the conservatory, which links the dining-room with the drawing-room, to "join the ladies," after the privilege of an extra glass and a cigar all by themselves.

Ernest Clavers, Lord Willmore, a slightly-built but athletic and graceful young man of twenty-six, with dark hair and eyes, and a small blonde mustache daintily curled at the ends, has been for some months a regular caller upon the lady who in herself represents the whole family of father, mother, and daughter pictured by the postman's imagination.

Muriel O'Connor is addressed as a spinster by those who know her well, as a matron by those who have but a slight acquaintance with her, and as a man by those who only guess at her sex by the indications of her square handwriting and the masculine tone of her letters.

There is no "M. O'Connor, Esq.," nor is there any "Mrs. O'Connor." Muriel is a single woman, with apparently a comfortable independence. She has a friend and companion, one Laura Kingdon, who goes with her everywhere, frequent the house. The chatellany of and helps to entertain the guests who the O'Connor stronghold, however, appears to rest with a gaunt, square-built woman of uncertain age and taciturn manner, who seldom talks, and usually disappears directly after dinner, but who nevertheless either is, or seems to be, for propriety's sake, the head of the O'Connor household. Between this lady, Mrs. Donovan, and Muriel a sort of understanding subsists, by virtue of which the former is uniformly allowed as hostess.

When last Lord Willmore made a call at the little villa, Muriel received him alone, and his disappointment was so perceptible that she laughingly took pity upon him, and invited him to meet her companion at dinner on the following Friday.

She laughed again at his eager acceptance, and remarked:

"It is plain that, if you are to enjoy yourself, I shall have a very dull time of it unless I invite other guests, and if I do that I shall spoil sport altogether. Have you not some particularly agreeable friend who is dying to know me, whose society will compensate for the loss of yours, should you by any chance become absorbed during the evening?"

And it happened that Lord Willmore thought at once of his very excellent guide, philosopher, and friend, the Hon. Cecil Chester, a rising politician, M. P. for a Scotch borough, and at this time acting as unpaid private Parliamentary secretary to the Chief Secretary for Ireland, in virtue of which he occupied a seat in the House immediately behind the Irish Secretary.

Cecil Chester was Lord Willmore's senior by fully ten years, but they were chums of the closest description, and the counsel of this oracle was always sought by the younger man on occasions of doubt or difficulty.

Doubt and difficulty had now arisen. Willmore had fallen pretty deeply in love with the modest companion of the brilliant and fascinating Muriel O'Connor; and the man of fashion, who had entered that house as a heart-whole idler, returned to it again and again with awkward affections and honourable aspirations. Lord Willmore was not a bad fellow, judged by the standard of the jeunesse doree; but had he been the worst of his class, his vicious impulses must have quailed before the indomitable innocence of Laura Kingdon. The radiance of her dark blue eyes spread a halo of sanctity about her, an adamantine shield from which all evil thoughts fell shattered. Willmore had sought the acquaintance of Muriel O'Connor out of idlest curiosity at the instance of a friend. He was presented to Laura Kingdon, and henceforth had no other dream than to make this girl, whose gaze was like the deep summer sea, his wife.

But Laura Kingdon was of obscure origin—clearly, emphatically a daughter of the people. The contemplated alliance involved desperate trouble with the Earl his father and the Countess his mother, and a huge scandal among all his relations as well as the outrageous busybodies he had to recognize as his friends.

However, as the time went on, and his passion dominated him more thoroughly, he thought himself equal to defying them all if he had but the approval of Cecil Chester. Chester was no sentimentalist; Chester was a cold, shrewd man of the world; Chester was his best friend and truest well-wisher; Chester should decide.

And so it happened that Lord Willmore jumped at this opportunity, and begged leave to bring the Hon. Cecil Chester with him to dine on the following Friday.

He was a little piqued at the nonchalance with which Muriel consented to receive his friend.

He did not observe the strange gleam of satisfaction, one might almost say of anticipated triumph, that flitted over her handsome Celtic face.

CHAPTER II.

THE ADVICE OF A FRIEND.

"The ladies are doubtless in the garden," said Lord Willmore as he entered the drawing-room, followed by his friend; "shall we join them there?"

But Chester did not seem to be so disposed. He deliberately deposited himself upon a lounge near the open French window, and began to trifle moodily with a dagger of curious Oriental workmanship that was stuck in its sheath against the wall. Ti[illegible]ly light-hearted and vivacious [illegible] seemed to have something [illegible] upon his mind. Willmore [illegible] under the verandah and came back to him.

"What's the matter, Cecil? What's up, man? You've become very silent during the last half-hour. I've been running on, and didn't notice you. Dinner disagreed?"

"Devilish good dinner. I came prepared to be made ill, but that's all right. First-rate cook—can't be Irish."

"There's something you want to say to me—something unpleasant, I can see. Out with it, old chap! You don't like her, eh?"

"Who could help liking her?"

There was an evasiveness in the reply which did [illegible]tisfy a lover's craving for unqualified approval. Willmore drew a chair close to his mentor, and, seating himself, said:

"Tell me frankly your impression."

Chester ceased playing with the dagger, and looked his young friend straight in the face.

"Let's get away as soon as we decently can," said he.

Willmore stared at him.

"Get away?" he muttered.

"Yes," replied the other decisively, adding, "and never come back."

Willmore's face expressed the utmost bewilderment.

"You cannot mean that you distrust her!" he gasped.

Chester replied with some reluctance:

"It is hardly generous to say so, after taking salt together, but as friend to friend I must own that I think her a dangerous woman."

"Dangerous? Ah, yes! to one's peace of mind, of course. She's more—she's fatal."

"Fatal is the word."

Chester drew the Japanese dagger again from its sheath, and felt its razor-like edge with his thumb.

"But that is her beauty," pursued Willmore anxiously; "You don't mean a word against—"

His friend interrupted him by humming an air sufficiently familiar:

"I know a maiden fair to see—
Take care!
She hath sweet eyes and wonderful hair—
Beware!"

"Upon my soul!" cried Willmore, "I was not prepared to hear you draw unfavourable deductions from her eyes—such a heavenly blue—"

"Are they blue?"

"Are they blue! If you had looked into them as passionately as I have done, you would know they are most wonderful eyes."

"Wonderful eyes, but not blue."

"Not blue? What are they, then?"

"I'll bet you ten to four they're yellow."

"You must be mad, Cecil!" cried the lover indignantly. "If you are as mistaken about her character as you are about the colour of her eyes, I can't rely much upon your opinion."

"Pardon me, I have said nothing about her character."

"You call her 'dangerous.'"

"And you call her 'beautiful.' Come, Ernest, be sensible, and admit that there is something too much of the enchantress's spell about this house and at least one of its occupants."

"Indeed, I see nothing here but elegance without pretentiousness, an unaffected, generous, and graceful hospitality, a couple of ladies who have all the charm of good breeding and cultivation combined with a most refreshing Bohemianism."

Cecil Chester nodded, and replaced the dagger on the wall.

"My dear boy," said he, "you might run on in that strain for hours, and I should not have the heart to disagree with you. Thank your stars if I have so far retained the use of my brains as to sound the alarm and pass the word to retreat in good order."

He rose and stood by the window, gazing into the garden brilliant with June blossoms; the flower-beds were well tended, but apparently without design, their gaiety having the same natural grace as that of the presiding genius of the paradise. Willmore rose also and followed his friend, linking his arm in Chester's and speaking in lower tones:

"I told you candidly, Cecil, when I proposed to you to come here with me, that there was a certain dubiousness about this house and the lady who was to be virtually your hostess, for, of course, the old she-dragon is only a chaperon. There was a mystery here which I could not fathom. My original opinion has been modified by the discovery under this roof, in permanent association with Muriel O'Connor, of so unmistakably pure and high-minded a woman as Laura Kingdon. I perceive that you, having no such bias, are inclined to think we are in the domain of Circe. Assuming that to be the case, I am the more bent upon rescuing Laura from a compromising connection which must have come about from circumstances beyond her control. You would not venture to include Laura Kingdon in your suspicions?"

"I have not thought about her," was Chester's reply.

Willmore seemed taken aback.

"Not thought about her? Why, man, that was the very object of your visit! Not thought about her? Whom have we been speaking about, then, all this while?"

"Muriel O'Connor. I bet you ten to four that she has yellow eyes."

"They may be any colour, for all I care. I wanted your opinion of Laura. I am in love—I own it. That being the case, I mistrust my own judgment and want yours, you cool-headed, unimpressionable devotee of books and politics."

"Unimpressionable!" Cecil Chester stroked his close-clipped golden beard, and a soft light shone in his dark eyes, different from any expression Willmore had seen there before. "Unimpressionable? Let me tell you, Ernest, in the strictest confidence, that our hostess has made a stronger impression upon me than any woman I ever yet saw in all my life."

"But Laura Kingdon?" urged the other, too much absorbed in his own interests to weigh heedfully this confession of his friend.

Chester shook his head.

"I am awfully sorry, my dear fellow, but I was so attracted, so allured, that—that I fear I have neglected my duties as your special privy councillor sadly: I will observe her more closely now."

"But surely she must have made some impression upon you?"

"She seemed very quiet."

"Altogether different from my Lady O'Connor, eh? Quiet but full all misgiving—you admit that?"

"Indeed, I admit nothing of the kind, I counsel you to run away. The very fact of her being here in close companionship with a—with such a lady as Muriel O'Connor is—"

"Nothing, my dear Cecil! nothing in the world! She will explain all to me in due course. It is such a delicate matter to question her upon. It is not as if the shadowness of the O'Connor were admitted thing; for all you and I know, she may be the most respectable of ladies."

"She may," commented Chester dryly.

"Laura and I," continued Willmore, "have never had a chance of a private confab. The O'Connor, in the absence of the dragon, has always played upon propriety in the strictest fashion. If she has a fellow-feeling, it has not made her indulgent to her companion. Indeed, her care of this girl has gone far to assure me of her own strict propriety and virtue; but it may be jealousy, mere jealousy, after all."

"It may," said Chester cynically, as before.

At this moment the two ladies whom they had been so freely discussing emerged from a shrubbery on the left of the broad lawn, now dappled with evening shadows.

"They are they both are now," Lord Willmore exclaimed; "let us go and meet them. They have seen us. Now I will take charge of the O'Connor, and hand Laura over to you. As an old friend, I beg of you to prepare a sound report of her. Remember my life's happiness may depend upon your advice."

"My advice is given," said Chester in an undertone, as they crossed the lawn together. "Praise the flowers and the fine evening, plead an engagement, cut away, and never come back any more."

CHAPTER III.

MISJUDGED.

Scarcely had the friends left the drawing-room when the door opened, and a short, thick-set man, with a black beard and unmistakably Hibernian cast of countenance, swung boldly into the room. He wore a dark tweed suit, and a his throat gleamed a cravat of livid green. In his hand he carried a drab-coloured slouch hat. He showed himself at the window for an instant, and then began to pace to and fro on the rich carpet with a familiar air, which implied that he was an accustomed visitor, and at the present moment an excited and impatient one. He had scarcely taken a half-a-dozen turns when Muriel O'Connor entered to him by the window.

As she parted the drooping branches of stephanotis, the red rays of the setting sun flooded the piled-up masses of her bright hair, she seemed almost a divinity; and in the soft twilight that bathed her gracious form as she stepped

HESITATION.—"WHAT'S THE MATTER, CECIL? WHAT'S UP, MAN?"

into the room she showed, indeed, as a superbly handsome woman. The ample fold of her dinner gown gathered in her small white hand adorned her queenliness fittingly, and she was in perfect accord with the luxury of an apartment furnished with some richness and a thousand details of good taste and elegant fancy. Not so the man, who advanced somewhat ardently to meet her, and took almost by force her dainty fingers in his coarse clutch. There was an aggressive activity, a persistent self, will in his general bearing and the harsh Belfast accent of his speech which stamped him as being out of place amidst opulent and peaceful surroundings. But Muriel O'Connor did not seem to think so. She greeted Dennis Donovan with cordiality, and drew him to her side in the growing darkness of the room.

"He's here," she murmured in the first moment of their meeting; and a rapid conversation ensued between them, whispered so confidentially as to imply a perfect mutual understanding. He seemed to be urging upon her certain projects, to which, after some hesitation, she assented. Then some question arose between them as to a fitting agent in a scheme which, from the earnest manner of its discussion, appeared to be of vital importance.

Muriel O'Connor suggested the name of one Ralph Kestrel, and, being met with some objections, replied decisively, "There is no one else; I will answer for him."

Footsteps were now heard upon the gravel path, and the voices of her guests in conversation outside gave notice to Muriel that her privacy would be interrupted.

"They are coming," she exclaimed, starting up; "I forgot to tell Laura to detain them in the garden until my return. Shall we go into the library, or have we finished all there was to say?"

"Let us go into the library," said Donovan; and without ceremony he opened a small door at the end of the room, and passed through, leaving the lady to follow.

This strategic movement was swiftly executed—not so adroitly, however, but that Cecil Chester approaching the window, noted Muriel's departure, and caught a glimpse of the bearded stranger who disappeared into the inner room.

It was difficult to construe the retreat in any other way than as being occasioned by the coming of Chester himself, and the man of society stood on the threshold for a moment, transfixed with this confirmation of his uncharitable doubts. It was only a moment, but in that short space of time he was struck with a keen distress. Had he believed in this woman and obtained proof of her worthlessness, he could hardly have felt a heavier weight at his heart as he turned back and encountered his friend and Laura Kingdon under the verandah.

Both saw that he had grown pale, and passed some playful remarks upon the fact, Laura urging him to go and rest himself after the fatigue of a long walk round the acre and a half of garden. He made an incoherent excuse and left them standing there in the red evening glow, returning alone to the shrubbery, where he was speedily lost to sight. They gazed after him in astonishment.

"Chester is not himself to-night," explained Lord Willmore. "You can have no idea what a rattling, pleasant fellow he is when he is in good form."

"I saw nothing the matter with him when we were conversing just now," replied Laura; "he manifested a most kind interest in me."

"I trust you did not find him intrusive. He had good reason for expressing an interest in you."

"A special reason? May I know it?"

Willmore gazed into the deep blue eyes raised so ingenuously to his own, and his breath came quickly as he answered with suppressed emotion:

"He is my best friend."

Laura Kingdon was no coquette: she she did not affect to misunderstand him. A wave of colour richer than the sunset swept over her sweet face, like a Madonna's in its modest loveliness, and when it faded there was a momentary crossing the smooth brow. Insensible, indeed, must that man have been who did not read in those signs a favourable augury for his dearest hopes. All measure of prudence were discarded. Lord Willmore utterly forgot his father and mother, all consideration of friends and kindred; he waited not for Cecil Chester's report, but flinging to the winds his mentor's recent earnest counsel, poured forth his adoration then and there. He told how her silent sweetness had fascinated him from the first, how ever present she had been in his thoughts and in his dreams, how far she excelled all the women of this world, how restlessly he always longed for their next meeting, and how the time had come when his happiness demanded that he should see before him a prospect of meeting to part nevermore.

In all that he said there was no mention of marriage, no direct proposal that she should be his wife. But Laura Kingdon either did not notice this, or she was supremely indifferent to the omission.

She said simply:

"You make me very happy. I may tell Muriel, may I not?"

Lord Willmore had been quiet prepared to scandalize his family by a mesalliance, but his passion had not blind him to a sense of his social importance, and he certainly had looked for the raising of such obstacles as a girl in the dependent position of Laura Kingdon might be expected to appreciate as standing between her and marriage with a nobleman; and further, he had anticipated that this virtuous girl (as he fully believed her to be) would at once detect the hollowness of professions of love in which the sacred name of wife was never spoken.

But Laura's sentiment was one of such unworldly, simple reciprocation that she did not attempt to trifle with love, and insult her lover by the suggestion that sordid and class interests could come between them; nor did she dream that, with a passion so true, to which her soul freely responded, could be joined a reckless selfishness, a brutal design to destroy all that was worthy of being loved.

Perhaps had he met her in her parents' home, instead of in a house that he had entered upon a somewhat equivocal footing, he might have understood her purity of mind. Unhappily, the influence of his associates and the feverish experiences of his youth had led him to distrust all women, and, where there was any doubt betwixt good and evil, to assume the worst as a safeguard against the terrible danger known as "being made a fool of."

He drew her into the shadow of the stephanotis, and, as he kissed again and again the fair forehead that stooped towards his breast, he blessed his happy stars that had given him so rich a prize without the exaction of a serious sacrifice.

Situation Wanted by an Angel.

A southern paper publishes the following: "Wanted—By a young lady, aged 19, of pleasing countenance, good figure, agreeable manners, general information and varied accomplishments, who has studied everything from the creation to crochet, a situation in the family of a gentleman. She will take the head of his table, manage his household, scold his servants, nurse his babies, check his tradesmen's bills, accompany him to the theater, cut the leaves of his new book, sew on his buttons, warm his slippers and generally make his life happy. Apply in the first place to Miss ——, Hickory Grove, Ga., and afterward to papa on the premises." Any young man looking for an angel for a wife will get as near his ideal as anything short of heaven can furnish in this Hickory Grove, or else the girl that inspired that ad is the most mistaken young woman south of Mason and Dixon's line.

To Aid Self Supporting Young Women.

A new and worthy beneficence is that of the Helping Hand Visitors' club. Its object is to bring about introduction and communication between people having homes in the country who would receive into their households for a short summer vacation well recommended young women from the city willing to spend part of their time each day helping with sewing or other domestic duties in return for a home during their vacation time, and the respectable young women clerks and seamstresses whose means are too limited to allow of their paying regular rates for board and who would like to avail themselves of such opportunity for a summer sojourn in the country. It is greatly desired that philanthropical women of the smaller towns and villages will take up the work and communicate with the central society in the nearest city, for the work is not confined to New York alone.—New York Letter.

A Prompt Cure.

GENTLEMEN,—Having suffered over two years with constipation, and the doctors not having helped me, I concluded to try B. B. B., and before I used one bottle I was cured. I can also recommend it for sick headache.

ETHEL D. HAINES, Lakeview, Ont.

Minard's Liniment, cures burns, &c.

UNSIGHTLY PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, TAN, and all itching humors of the skin are removed by using DR. LOW'S SULPHER SOAP.

Mr. John Anderson, Grassmere, Ont., writes: "The Vegetable Discovery you sent me is all gone, and I am glad to say that it has greatly benefited those who have used it. One man in particular says it has made him a new man, and he cannot say too much for its cleansing and curative qualities."

OVER HUMILITY.

The Business Man's Set Habit of Self-Depreciation.

Swift as they would be to deny and to laugh at the bare idea, a capital fault, none the less, with the majority of the business men of America is excess of humility. They neither know their own intellectual strength nor what a rich world of enjoyment they are shut out from through a set habit of self-depreciation. Of course this statement would make many a business man gape in open-mouthed astonishment and cry: "Does the fellow take me for an idiot? Too humble, forsooth! Let him try me in a matter of hides or tallow, or jute or sheetings, and see whether I know what I am up to! Humility! I leave this to my saintly wife and consumptive minister, as a quality better suited to the Sermon on the Mount than to State street or to Wall street." None the less the accusation is true.

"Well, then, if you insist on arguing the matter, too humble about what?" might be the business man's answer. "Why, just to astonish you a little further, suppose we begin with saying about Plato." "Plato for a business man! As well talk about Homer for a Hottentot!" "There now, in excess of humility, you have begun by calling yourself a Hottentot! Just as naive your surprise as though you had shown a mirror for the first time to any of those natives in his wilds, and he had started back in terror at seeing a man in it. That man is but an image of yourself, only you have never been brought face to face with him in Plato's mirror. If once you had, you would see that he was a vastly more beauty-loving, humor-enjoying, sublimity appreciating fellow than you ever took him for, with a soul in him clear above hides and tallow."

Now hides and tallow are a capital thing in their way, particularly when there is a fine margin of profit in them. Not, however, if they subdue a man to thinking himself nothing but a Hottentot. Then they engender a ruinous excess of humility. The only cure for this is making an outright trial whether a man is actually so hide-bound in intellectual barbarism as, in his own abject self-depreciation, he thinks he is. Let him read, for example, Plato's "Apology of Socrates," his speech when tried for his life in Athens. It is just as easy to read, just as modern in feeling, as the trial of Capt. John Brown before his Virginia judges. So sublime is it, however, such an image does it call up of a heroic, quietly humorous, triumphant life, that, from beginning to end, it keeps the heart beating with emotion. Now, the man that thinks he was not made for such things, and such things for him, is a Uriah Heap of humility, bating the hypocrisy of that lowly gentleman. "Nothing too good for a business man" ought to be the motto adopted instead.

Of course, this instance of Plato is only a single one taken as an illustration of the poverty-stricken kind of humility so many capable business men indulge in. It dooms them, however, to live in such a barren, commonplace world. Just as a man sound in every muscle may be physically bedridden by a false delusion that he cannot stand up, so are thousands mentally bedridden by a false idea that they can neither swim nor fly in the grander oceans and sublimer ether of the highest revelations of the one soul common to all humanity.—Boston Herald.

English Servants as Paul Pry.

Another society scandal has our newspapers, or, at least, divides their columns with the current political topics. About Lord Howard de Walden and his lady opinion is decorously quiet, according to English rule, until the case