

sport to-day," continued Belle. "It's a blessing, isn't it, that Mr. Marchmont won't be with you?"

Gilbert smiled absently. He, in truth, was not thinking of Mr. Marchmont or his gun.

"I have got something to say to you. Can I say it now?" at least he said, with an effort.

"Is it something you do not wish the other's to hear?" asked Belle in a lower tone than she had been speaking in before.

"Certainly I do not wish the others to hear."

"Then you had better not say it now. There is the breakfast bell. Tell me some other time."

"When can I see you alone?"

"Any time, if you come home early this afternoon from the moors. But we had better go on now."

"I will be back by three. Where shall I find you?"

"I will walk down by the trout stream. You know the way, don't you?"

"Yes; then at three o'clock I will be there."

They returned to the house after this, but Belle noticed at breakfast how disturbed Gilbert looked, and how little he spoke.

He started with the others for the moors, the two Marchmonts purposing to go on to Glenworth by a different route, and to rejoin the party at Strathmore at dinner time.

Belle and Gilbert had no further conversation but she felt uneasy all the morning, for something in his manner had alarmed her. What had he got to say? she kept asking herself; and Lady Stanmore wondered what made her so absentminded.

It was a grey, rather cold day, and neither Belle nor her aunt left the house until after lunch, and then Lady Stanmore decided to go out for a short walk, but afterwards changed her mind.

"I think I'll go and lie down with my novel upstairs, instead," she said. "I see no pleasure outside on a day like this."

She accordingly disappeared with her French novel, and Belle was free to do what she pleased. She waited impatiently until the time drew near when she had promised to meet Gilbert, and at half-past two o'clock left the house, and went down to the side of the trout stream, which was rippling on, tinted by the grey, dull sky.

Belle stood watching the water, still wondering what Hugh Gilbert had got to say. But she had not long to wait. By her little jewelled watch, it still wanted a few minutes to three o'clock when she saw him approaching. He looked grave and pale, and the uneasiness deepened in Belle's heart as she looked in his face.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting?" he asked, as they met.

"Oh, no; I have only been here a few minutes," answered Belle.

Gilbert laid his gun down on the grass, and then joined her.

"Let us walk up the stream a little way," he said; "I have something to tell you, Belle."

"Yes; what is it?"

"It is this," answered Gilbert in an agitated voice; "I cannot stay any longer here, Belle."

"Not stay any longer! What do you mean?" asked Belle, in great surprise.

"Belle, I have not the strength; it is not right that I should stay," continued Gilbert, deeply moved. "I cannot be near you, I cannot see you, without remembering what we once were to each other; without feeling what we are now."

These words agitated Belle greatly also. "But, Hugh—," she began in a trembling voice.

"I know what you would say, what you think," went on Gilbert. "We can be friends; we are friends. If I could say my life down in your service, I would gladly do it. This you must always believe; there can be no change in my feelings towards you, but we are better apart."

"Oh! Hugh, this is hard, very hard on me," said Belle, and her eyes filled with tears.

"And is it easy to me, do you think?" answered Gilbert, with quivering lips.

"But I see no other way—I must leave Strathmore."

"But not yet? Surely not yet?"

"To delay will only make the wrench harder; the wrench that must come. Do not ask me to stay, Belle, for I cannot. I will tell Lord Stanmore today I have been recalled home—and tomorrow I must go."

Belle could not speak. Gilbert's decision had fallen on her as a sudden and crushing blow, and there was a feeling, too of anger against him in her heart, that he could leave her so soon. The very depth of the feelings he was forcing back made his manner seem almost harsh, for the words he had just spoken and given him inexorable pain.

They walked on together in silence for the next few minutes by the side of the grey-tinted murmuring stream, through the damp thick fog. Both were struggling to hide their emotion, and when Gilbert did speak again his voice plainly betrayed this.

"Do not quite forget me, Belle," he said; "I shall go back to India soon, and—if they tell you any more lies about me do not believe them. I shall love no other woman; if I never return I shall die true to you."

"And you tell me this!" cried Belle almost passionately, "and yet will go away—will not stay even the short time near me that you can. You call this love, but I do not."

"Yet it is love—the truest, faithfullest love," answered Gilbert earnestly. "I can make no greater sacrifice; it is for your sake; you must know it is for your sake."

"But I do not wish it."

"Because you are not like me. I could not always control myself; some day in my mad selfishness I might ask you to take a step that would ruin your life. And this I cannot do."

Again there was a short silence between them, and then Belle suddenly laid a little trembling hand upon his arm.

"At least stay a few days longer," she said; "promise me this."

The man wavered; those trembling fingers sent a thrill through his whole being and swept away his strength of purpose with their frail touch.

"You know I should like to do this," he said, "but—"

"I will listen to no 'buts'; you will stay—we shall have a few more days."

He could not resist her; he looked at her sweet face, and then bent down and kissed the small hand still resting on his arm.

"We shall have a few more days then," he repeated. "A few more days to live."

(To be continued.)

A MISTAKEN CALLING

He was a familiar figure at the Thespian Club, was Ignatius Binks—and a very impressive figure, too, in his own estimation. When you saw his card (and he always handed them out with a lordly air, from a dilapidated case) you would readily surmise the character of the man, even had you never seen him before in the course of your life.

There was something so absurdly comical in the combination of Ignatius and Binks, when the two names belonged to one individual, that you felt an irresistible inclination to smile the moment your eyes rested on them. Poor Ignatius! He was, it you credited his story, an unrecognized genius. If, on the other hand, you felt disposed to believe the statements of those whom he deemed worthy his notice—a waggish set—he was a "crushed tragedian."

He had endured all the sneers and heartaches which that questionable term implies.

He had studied every character in Shakespeare, from the waiting lady Macbeth to Hamlet, and of each character he had his own original conception. These conceptions, it may be said, were decidedly novel. Fortunately for the public, Ignatius never had an opportunity to air them on the stage.

One day he came home, his countenance betraying mingled sorrow, disgust and anger, flung himself into a chair, dropped his head into his hand, and looked pensive.

Mrs. Binks, a bustling, common-sense little woman, who had formerly played minor parts in various companies, glanced at her liege lord and sighed. It might be mentioned, in passing, that Ignatius's passiveness and the sigh of his wife, were matters of daily occurrence in the Binks household. Today, however, Ignatius appeared even more depressed, than usual, and his wife said sympathetically: "Some new trouble?"

"Yes," he murmured wearily, "and each new trouble is an insult."

"What has happened?" the little woman asked.

"Happened?" thundered Ignatius furiously, rising from the chair after the method of a stage king. "This is what has happened! Today I met Bagsby of the Gaiety, and he offered me a part in a new piece—a part of thirty lines—think of it, and in a farce-comedy. Thirty lines in an obvious connection which will be an outrage on an intelligent public! And I—well, fortunately my wrath did not appear on the surface—you know, Clara, my love, I am a believer in a repressed emotion, and it was simply a merciful Providence which prevented me from strangling the presumptuous ignoramus on the spot."

Ignatius took six Hamlet strides across the apartment and would undoubtedly have taken more had not the space been unpleasantly limited. Then he turned suddenly, folded his arms, and with downcast head, murmured:

"That it should come to this! But—with great arm pointing towards the ceiling—behind the clouds the sun waits to burst into splendor. Even so do I wait. Rest quiet, my ambitious soul: your day will come—it must!"

Ignatius took six strides more which brought him to a dilapidated sofa, and there he threw himself in deep dejection.

"Binks, darling," said his practical better half, "what salary did Bagsby offer you?"

"The beggarly pittance of five dollars a week," groaned the disciple of Shakspeare, adding: "merciful heavens! how my soul cried out in direct agony at the insult!"

"What was your answer?" continued Mrs. Binks.

"Answer?" yelled Ignatius, again rising and assuming the attitude of a man about to quell a howling mob. "I spoke not to him in words. I merely looked at him—aye, gave him one searching glance, and then strode forth, into the world, to forget my woes amid its bustling activity."

"Well, you did a very foolish thing," was the comment of Mrs. Binks.

"What would you?" responded Ignatius tragically. "Think you, I would have so degraded—"

"Listen, Binks," interrupted his wife. "Five dollars weekly will be a great blessing to us. Don't look at it so slightly. Accept Bagsby's offer."

"But, Clara, my love," groaned her spouse pathetically, "think of it—a farce-comedy. Dost fancy I can bring my soaring soul to grapple with such rot?"

"You must, my dear," decided Mrs. Binks. "As I said before, accept Bagsby's offer, and wait patiently for the triumph which, I trust, the future will bring."

"But my soul, my artistic soul rebels," moaned Ignatius.

"Let it rebel," answered his wife, "and conquer it. That will be a victory for you. Recollect, Binks, dear, that we are almost penniless, that we scarcely know where the next meal is coming from. Do you want your wife and child to go hungry?"

"Ae, Clara, good angel of my life," cried the crushed actor, throwing himself on his knees at Mrs. Binks's side, you have suffered much for my sake. It shall be so no longer. You have asked me to make a sacrifice. I will make it. For the sake of you and our helpless little one, I will silence my proud soul, I will away at once to that infamous Bagsby. Let me not tarry a moment, lest my courage forsake me."

Ignatius seized his battered umbrella, straightened himself as if for a mighty effort, pointed theatrically towards an imaginary spirit, and muttered solemnly:

"Lead on, O Cruel Fate. I follow thee!"

Then he was gone. He did not, however, go to Bagsby's. On the contrary, he went to a neighboring public-house, took a seat in a secluded corner, ordered an inexpensive beverage, and as he drank it, much as a stage villain quaffs imaginary wine from a gilded wooden goblet, he gave himself up to reflection.

As an outcome of his meditations, he drew from an inner pocket a small roll of manuscript, and surveyed it disdainfully. It was the "thirty-line part" in the new piece. How came it in his possession?

In this wise. He had really told Bagsby that he "would consider the matter," and he had taken the part to look it over. It will therefore, be seen that he had not adhered strictly to the truth in the conversation with his wife.

Ignatius's soul had revolted at Bagsby's offer, but he had acted wisely, nevertheless, forseeing what the result would be if his wife discovered that he had declined an

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Mr. George J. Smye, farmer, of Sheffield, Ont., writes as follows:

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the pain in my back; it was only by resting on elbows and knees I was enabled to obtain a slight degree of ease. Before I had fully taken one bottle of your medicine I began to improve. I have now taken in all four bottles with grand results. I am a farmer and can now work every day. Any one may rest in me in regard to these statements, or to any of my neighbors around Sheffield, where I am well known. I am a living witness to the worth of Paine's Celery Compound."

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opportunity to earn something each week. Still, he could not lower himself to the level of farce-comedy without a strong protest. Hence the scene with Mrs. Binks.

Ignatius having finished his beverage and his meditations, returned the manuscript to his pocket, threw down a very small coin, with a magnificent air, and again sought the Binks hearthstone, vouchsafing to his wife only these words, which were spoken as if wrung from a tortured soul:

"Bagsby has had his hour of triumph. The part is in my pocket. Henceforth let me hide myself from those who have known me."

The first night of the new piece came, and Ignatius did all in his power to so disguise himself that his friends, if any were in the audience, should not recognize him. The mental torture which he endured while on the stage for his one brief scene is indescribable. He played a serious role, and yet the spectators persisted in laughing at his every word and move. It was wormwood, gall—the bitterest of gall—and when his duties for the evening were over he strode homeward with a countenance which, to one unfamiliar with his character, was indicative of murder.

"Clara, my love," he cried wildly, bursting in upon his wife, "hide me—hide me from my fellow creatures. Let the world not look upon me again. Oh, the agony, the humiliation I have endured this night."

"I was laughed at—actually laughed at, my loved one, by the audience. Aye, Ignatius Binks was laughed at! Oh, heaven! let me not think of it or I shall go mad!"

He took six strides forward, six back, flung his arms wildly and threw himself upon the sofa.

"My love," said his wife joyfully. "I see it all. You have hitherto mistaken your line of business. You are a comedian."

Ignatius rose to his feet like magic, his eyes blazed and his face wore a marvellous expression of contempt.

"A comedian!" he yelled in tones of awful disgust. "I might have expected such an insult from Bagsby, but scarcely from the lips of one who should have consoled me in the hour of my mortification. Madam good-night!"

The next morning Mrs. Binks bought a paper and looked over the criticism of the new piece. Alas! it was voted a failure, but her eyes danced as she read it. Ignatius had made it. The leading part of that of an erratic and impoverished author, referred to as a role of the strongest possibilities for an eccentric comedian, had fallen flat owing to the incompetency of the actor who had attempted to portray.

The criticism went on to say that with a proper representation of the principal role the comedy would undoubtedly prove highly successful. Mrs. Binks sighed. The piece was probably a failure, and in a couple of weeks Ignatius would again be out of an engagement.

Every from the baby in the cradle caused her to drop the paper. She took the little one in her arms, and as she did so it moaned piteously. It had been ailing for some days, but had not seemed seriously ill until this moment. Mrs. Binks grew suddenly frightened at the pale face nestling against her bosom. She knew what was wrong. The child was suffering from lack of proper nourishment, lack of fresh air, lack of almost everything that such a tender life needed. The mother was powerless to remedy the ailments of her little one, and hot tears came into her eyes at thought of her helplessness.

A quick rattle of cab-wheels, stopping below her window, broke in upon her grief. Then there were hurried steps upon the stair, followed by an impatient knock at the door. She laid the child gently in its cradle and admitted the visitors. Great was her amazement to discover in them Mr. Bagsby and the author of the new play.

"Is this Mrs. Binks?" asked the manager blandly.

"Yes," returned the astonished woman.

"Where is your husband?" was the next question. "We must see him at once. He has made the hit in the new play, and I am prepared to make him a splendid offer. Our leading comedian has proved a fizzle, and to save the piece from failure, we must replace him at once. Mr. Binks is the only man for the role. Last night he proved himself an eccentric comedian of

nervines and pills that are present to the public for all the ills of life. Mr. Smye had made a trial of the majority of these advertised remedies before he heard of Paine's Celery Compound, and they failed to cure him. The moral taught by Mr. Smye's experience, and the past testimony of thousands of other people is, that kidney and liver troubles and indigestion can only be cured effectually by Paine's Celery Compound.

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Paine's Celery Compound is an able medical scientist's prescription; it is a preparation that combines all the most approved ingredients that are so necessary for the making of pure and healthy blood and strong nerves. It keeps up perfect digestive action and vigor, thereby giving continued good health and strength of body.

If you are convinced that your condition of health demands the use of Paine's Celery Compound, avoid substitutes and the "something just as good" that many dealers recommend for the sake of profit.

marvelous ability and we want him to study the principal character immediately, so as to appear in it to-night. This is the opportunity of his life. Where is he?"

"I will send him to you," replied Mrs. Binks, talking as if in a dream.

She went to her husband, lifting the sick child in her arms before she left the apartment. Ignatius sat alone in a little room which he called his study, his face expressive of grave concern. His wife submitted Bagsby's proposition to him. He rose to his feet at its conclusion, drew himself up to his full height, and was about to plunge into a violent speech, when Mrs. Binks's went to his side, and said gently:

"My dear, look at the baby's face. Our darling is dying for many things which money can procure. Are you going to jeopardize her life by throwing aside this golden opportunity? Sacrifice yourself for the baby's sake."

Ignatius looked at the child's face, then he kissed the pale little cheeks, while tears stood in his eyes. He saw all the dreams of his life going from him. Hamlet, Macbeth, Julius Caesar and a dozen other immortal creations seemed wailing a last farewell to him, and in their stead he saw only a farce-comedy hero. The baby's face conquered, but it was pathetic after all. The death of an ideal is always so.

Ignatius saved the new piece. Today he is well known as a delightful comic actor and his bank account has assumed pleasurable proportions. He always feels, though that he is in the wrong groove, and that could necessity deprive the stage of a brilliant tragedian.—Selected.

OUR MAIL.

Our mail brings us every day dozens of letters about Burdock Blood Bitters. Some from merchants who want to buy it, some from people who want to know about it, and more from people who do know about it because they have tried it and been cured. One of them was from Mr. J. Gillan, B.A., 39 Gould Street, Toronto. Read how he writes:

GENTLEMEN,—During the winter of 1892 my blood became impure on account of the hearty food I ate in the cold weather. Ambition, energy and success forsook me, and all my efforts were in vain. My skin became yellow, my bowels became inactive, my liver was lumpy and hard, my eyes became inflamed, my appetite was gone, and the days and nights passed in unhappiness and restlessness.

For some months I tried doctors' and patent medicines of every description, but received no benefit. Being advised by a friend to try B.B.B., I am glad to have the opportunity of testifying to the marvellous result. After using three bottles I felt much better, and when the fifth bottle was finished I enjoyed health in the greatest degree, and have done so from that day up to date. Therefore I have much pleasure in recommending B.B.B. to all poor suffering humanity who suffer from impure blood, which is the beginning and seat of all diseases.

J. GILLAN, B.A., 39 Gould St., Toronto.

BORN.

Halifax, June 8, to the wife of B. Chester, a son.

Berwick, June 9, to the wife of C. Bertman, a son.

Moncton, June 10, to the wife of C. R. McLaren, a son.

Chatham, June 19, to the wife of John Ross, a daughter.

Sydney, June 9, to the wife of D. Borden, a daughter.

Halifax, June 21, to the wife of David Colquhoun, a son.

Yarmouth, June 12, to the wife of W. H. Fraser, a son.

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Bedeque, P. E. I., June 14, to the wife of Rev. G. P. Palmer, a son.

Everett, Mass., June 5, to the wife of George S. Beeler, a daughter.

North Kings, June 11, to the wife of Ernest Wood, a daughter.

North Kingston, June 15, to the wife of William Webster, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Sheet Harbor, June 12, to the wife of Fred Eisan, a daughter.

Windsor, June 14, to the wife of J. A. Shaw, a daughter.

Yarmouth, June 11, to the wife of Herman Wetmore, a daughter.

Denver, Col., June 1, James McGrath to Winnie Currie.

Cincinnati, June 10, Russel Freeman of N. S. to Laura French.

Halifax, June 16, by Rev. Dr. Foley, Daniel Henderson to Alice Butt.

Woodstock, June 3, by Rev. Thos. Todd, H. D. Stewart to Eva Shaw.

Woolville, June 17, by Rev. T. Trotter, Donald Grant to Alice Butt.

Woodstock, June 10, by Rev. Thos. Todd, Arthur Seeling to Ceila Haylett.

Truro, June 17, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, John D. McKenzie to C. McKay.

Cornwallis, June 10, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Celeb B. Bell to Evelyn Strong.

St. John, June 10, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Charles Adams to Jennie Dunlop.

Halifax, June 18, by Rev. Robert Laing, Charles B. Taylor to Helen E. McKay.

Carleton, June 7, by Rev. J. R. McDonald, Thomas Wilson to Maggie Ferguson.

Woodstock, June 17, by Rev. Thos. Todd, Albert E. Sparrow to Joseph Frank.

Halifax, June 16, by Rev. J. A. C. Clark, J. A. C. Mowbray to Sadie McMillan.

North Alton, June 15, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Alex. Davidson to Bessie P. Smith.

Gaspereau, June 17, by Rev. J. Williams, Frank Gettridge to Josephine Norman.

Brooklyn, N. S., June 10, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Celeb B. Bell to Evelyn Strong.

Lower Truro, June 10, by Rev. F. Adams, Daniel McLean to Sadie J. Weatherly.

St. John, June 17, by Rev. J. J. Teasdale, Thomas C. Teasdale to Jean McKenzie.

Amherst Highlands, June 16, by Rev. R. William Harvey Hopper to Mary Brown.

Weymouth, June 17, by Rev. Geo. M. Harris, Capt. John A. Tilley to Annie Guthrie.

Port La Tour, June 8, by Rev. J. Appleby, R. Scott Knox to Clissie M. Crowell.

Marland, June 4, by Rev. H. R. Martell, John Temple to Mrs. Martha Hennigar.

Victoria Bridge, June 16, by Rev. S. S. Laugille, William Bacon to Frances Adams.

Sandy Cove, June 17, by J. W. Prestwood, Edgar Hewson to Laura May Morhouse.

Windsor, June 18, by Rev. J. L. Danson, John Henry Wilson to Cordelia Murphy.

Yarmouth, June 17, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, J. Henry Marsh to Lucella B. Goudy.

Jacksonville, June 17, by Rev. T. L. Williams, John F. Everett to Hannah A. Black.

Upper Clements, N