

ball. Belle was looking charming; dressed in white brocade, with the costly necklace of pearls that Stanmore had given her before her marriage as her only ornament. Her bouquet was also of pure white flowers and she wore the ostrich feather fan. There was a little murmur of admiration as she entered the reception room leaning on Stanmore's arm; he was so tall and stately, and she so fair, Lady Stanmore, of course, accompanied them, blazoning with diamonds some of which were the family jewels, but Belle had insisted on her wearing these, and Lady Stanmore had been nothing loth. She had, in fact, grudgingly these diamonds passing into Belle's possession, almost more than anything else, and she now consoled herself by thinking that no one could possibly know they were not her own.

Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont received the family party effusively and young Marchmont at once hurried up to Belle. "Will you honour me by dancing the first dance with me, Lady Stanmore?" he said, his good-looking young face flushing with pleasure and pride, as Belle smiled and he placed his hand on her arm. They passed down the room together, the reception room leading to the ball-room, and as they did so many eyes followed them. Amongst those who looked after them was a dark, pale, soldier-like looking man, who was leaning against one of the walls, partly hidden in by the crowd. He smiled a little bitterly as Belle and her companion passed him, but he made no other sign, and was totally unnoticed by Belle. A minute or so later the band commenced a waltz and the ball-room rapidly filled. The man who had looked at Belle so earnestly followed with the rest. Again he leaned against one of the richly decorated walls; again his eyes sought the slim girl in white, and rested on the charming face, and this time he sighed.

Belle danced very gracefully, and she had a good partner. Her cheeks flushed, and her eyes shone with the exercise, and both Stanmore and Lady Stanmore, who had also gone into the ballroom, looked at her admiringly.

"Belle looks very pretty to-night," Lady Stanmore said, though half-grudgingly, to her brother-in-law.

"She is always pretty," answered Stanmore.

Lady Stanmore, however, was not long content to watch the dancers; she proposed to Stanmore that they should go into the cardroom, and Stanmore took her there.

In the meanwhile, the first time that they pined, young Marchmont was entreating Belle to give him more dances during the evening.

"How many may I have, Lady Stanmore?" he said. "You waltz so charmingly I cannot bear the idea of waltzing with anyone else."

Belle laughed a low, sweet, ringing laugh.

"You must, on the contrary, dance with every one else," she answered. "I will dance with you once again, that is all."

"Ah, that is too cruel. Let me at least have the first waltz after supper in addition to the two before."

Again Belle laughed, and this time her laugh reached the ears of the man leaning against the wall who was watching her so intently.

"Do not let us waste our time now," continued young Marchmont. "Shall we commence?"

Belle slightly turned her head to comply with his request, and as she did so she gave a sudden start, and the flush on her cheek paled.

"Not yet," she said, faintly, and young Marchmont looked at her anxiously.

They were standing immediately in front of the soldier-like looking man leaning against the wall, and Belle's eyes had fallen on his face as she turned her head. Again she looked at him, and a thrill of fear passed through her heart. Was it a dream or a vision, such as she had seen dimly on her wedding-morn? This question passed vaguely through her mind, but not for long. The man whose face she knew, whose face she never could forget, seeing that she had recognised him, now advanced slowly towards her. It was Hugh Gilbert, pale and altered, but the strong resolute expression, the grey eyes, were unmistakably his.

"You are surprised to see me?" he said, addressing Belle, without holding out his hand.

Belle made a great effort, and a low faltering "Yes" escaped her quivering lips.

"I am home on sick leave," continued Gilbert; "I have had fever, and I am staying for a few days here with my friend Marchmont; and he looked at the young heir."

"You look better already, Gilbert," said young Marchmont; "I did not know you knew him, Lady Stanmore."

Again Belle answered "Yes," and the two who had loved each other so deeply, who had been parted so strangely, stood looking at each other silently, alike unable to understand how anything could have come between the absorbing passion of their hearts.

It was Belle who first roused herself; who first remembered. There flashed across her brain a memory fraught with pain; a memory that stung and roused her pride.

"And your wife?" she asked, and her voice had lost its usual sweetness of tone. "Is she here?"

"My wife?" repeated Gilbert in the utmost surprise. "I have no wife; what do you mean?"

"No wife?" faintly echoed Belle, her eyes still fixed on his face.

"No, of course he has no wife, Lady Stanmore," said young Marchmont, with a light laugh. "What an idea, fancy old Gilbert married!"

"Then I have been deceived," murmured Belle, faintly, with quivering lips.

Young Marchmont looked from one to the other. He was quick-witted, and he saw that between these two lay some heart secret unfitted for other ears.

"I must go and seek my next partner, Lady Stanmore," he said, hastily. "Gilbert here will take care of you," and he hurried away.

Without speaking, Hugh Gilbert held out his arm to Belle, and she silently took it. They passed together among the crowd, and he led her through the conservatory at the end of the ballroom to the lighted grounds below. They were both greatly agitated, and Gilbert felt Belle's hand trembling on his arm. Then, when they were comparatively alone, he turned and looked in her face.

"What does this all mean, Belle?" he said. "Why did you think I was married, or believe that such a thing could be, though I knew you were?"

"Not until they told me you were married to Miss Vane," answered Belle, in a broken and trembling voice. "Then—then I did not care what I did—I—"

"We have been shamefully deceived," continued Gilbert sternly, as Belle's voice failed her. "Come down here, and tell me how it was."

(To be continued.)

Play-Room for Children.

"I wish," said the small boy lately, "that I lived in Neddie's house." Neddie's house was a much more spacious and elegant residence than the small boy's home, and naturally his mother supposed that some of the grandeur of the neighbor's residence had caught his childish eye. Inquiry developed, however, that the sole reason "Neddie's house" was to be desired was because "you don't have to put your toys away there. One big room was set apart for the play room, and used for no other purpose. Here forts could be left built, trains of cars could be deserted loaded, engines and horse carts playing away on an imaginary fire shed from instantly when meal time or some outdoor attraction summoned the restless children. All model mothers and teachers descend on the virtues of children picking up litter made by themselves in their play, and it may be the ranklest heresy to dispute such an august body, but at least one listener to the small boy's plaint sympathized with him. It is a trial to restore things when the enthusiasm of the occupation is gone, and it must be done by the children, it should be made as easy as possible.

For really small folks, a big low basket, with a handle and one cover, is an excellent receptacle for blocks, soldiers and all the odds and ends of toys dear to the youngsters' hearts. It is easy and quick work to put them away in a basket—much easier than to attempt to pack them in a toy drawer which is never big enough to hold the bulky and queer-shaped articles. Best of all is the box below a window seat, and it may be mentioned in passing that the window seat itself is a never-failing source of delight to a child. No matter on what it looks, it is a comfortable perch from which there are always possibilities of views, and the mother who has not one in the children's room will be repaid by consulting a carpenter to-morrow morning. Any window will take one, and the space beneath it is the best of places for the children's toys. It is well to have the windows weathered-stripped before cold weather, for too much air circulates about the ordinary hastily built house to make a seat in the window safe otherwise. With this simple precaution, however, a wonderful occupation provider is secured.

—New York Times.

A Storyteller.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith did not live happily together. He was a pretty fair average husband, and got along pretty well with her, when she let him. She did not get along so well with him, and oftentimes let him know it, after the manner of her kind. But the trodden worm will turn. Time, the great leveller and evener up of all things, brought the occasion. Her tombstone, erected by the bereaved husband, has inscribed upon it, after the customary birth and death announcements, the Scriptural quotation: "There remaineth therefore a rest unto the people of God."

Burnt Almond Caramels.

Blanch almonds, then shred them and place them in the oven to take a dark brown color. Have the irons arranged on the marble; spread the burnt almonds evenly on the marble; pour on them a boiling made same as for vanilla caramels. Arrange the bars to give a sheet a little under half an inch in thickness. When cold enough mark and cut up the same as for ordinary caramels. If you prefer to put the almonds in the boiling, do so just before removing it from the fire.—Good Housekeeping.

Letters Come.

Letters come day by day telling us that this person has been cured of dyspepsia, that person of Bad Blood, and another of Head-ache, still another of Biliousness, and yet others of various complaints of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood, all through the intelligent use of Burdock Blood Bitters.

It is the voice of the people recognizing the fact that Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood.

Mr. T. G. Ludlow, 334 Colborne Street, Brantford, Ont., says: "During seven years prior to 1886, my wife was sick all the time with violent headaches. Her head was so hot that it felt like burning up. She was weak, run down, and so feeble that she could hardly do anything, and so nervous that the least noise startled her. Night or day she could not rest and life was a misery to her. I tried all kinds of medicines and treatment for her but she steadily grew worse until I bought six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters from C. Stork & Son, of Brantford, Ont., for which I paid \$5.00, and it was the best investment I ever made in my life. Mrs. Ludlow took four out of the six bottles—there was no need of the other two, for those four bottles made her a strong, healthy woman, and removed every ailment from which she had suffered, and she enjoyed the most vigorous health. That five dollars saved me lots of money in medicine and attendance thereafter, and better than that it made home a comfort to me."

—Good Housekeeping.

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A CRUMPLED ROSE LEAF

The well-known boy at Algiers was most delightfully still. The sun glinted down on the white hill's of a yacht lying a mile or two out, making the brasswork glitter and the pretty little breakfast table, set under the awning, look most cool and inviting. It was charmingly arranged a deux, and everything, from the delicate eggshell china to the little rat tailed spoons, was of the daintiest description. Everything around looked as though a spell lay over it, and the ship were about to sail into an enchanted city—the brilliant blue of the Mediterranean, and the cloudless southern sky, with the white roofs and orange groves of Algiers in the distance, making up a picture worthy of a fairy-story. At least, so thought the man and woman who were leaning against the rail watching a tiny boat which was slowly making its way out of them. The woman held a big scarlet sunshade over her, to shelter her fair curly head and sweet mobile face from the sun.

"Fancy Harry," she was laughing, just a month to-day since we were married! What a charming remembrance! And what a lovely idea of yours to have all those flowers brought over to decorate the ship with for to-night! The sun beat down on the little white bands holding the parasol, and made the brilliant rings upon them glitter again. "We'll begin at once, as soon as he comes," she went on. "I think that a festoon of big yellow flowers would look splendid over the saloon door."

"Oh, no," answered her husband, laughing; "we won't begin at once, we'll have breakfast first, and a look at the papers; in fact, don't you think it will be too hot for us to do anything, little woman? I meant to sit in our deck chairs and direct him you know!"

"You lazy old thing!" she cried. "I do believe you get worse and worse every day, and the idea of wanting to look at papers when you're on your honeymoon! I never heard of such a thing."

"Well, I'm sure you were as eager as I was for the letters this morning," he laughed. "It would serve you right if there were none, keeping me waiting all this time for my breakfast, too," and he cast a longing and smiling look towards the little table under the awning.

"Don't go yet, Harry," she said; "he's just coming now," and even as she spoke the boat drew up at the yacht's side. It was, indeed, a goodly cargo that she carried, baskets of oranges, bananas and purple grapes, whilst the other end of the boat was a mass of brilliant blossoms, and on the seat beside the tall swarthy African lay a precious little packet of letters and newspapers.

"Oh," gasped Molly, who was an artist in a small way; "Oh, what a glorious mass of color, what lovely flowers!"

Meanwhile, the men carried the baskets on board, and Mr. Astley, with his letters, walked over to the table and sat down in a low deck-chair.

"Now, sweetheart," he said, "you'll give me a cup of tea, won't you? Here are two letters for you, do come and sit down!"

But Molly was kneeling beside the flowers, burying her face first in one basket, then in another; and had to be coaxed away and comforted by Harry himself before she would get down to breakfast and her letters. Such a pretty picture as she made!—her white dress and scarlet parasol standing out against the deep blue of the sea, and behind her the large basket of flowers and fruit.

They were both engrossed in their posts; she, reading her first letters from home since her trip, he, looking over the latest town news and reading eagerly all that had happened in his beloved London during the three weeks he had been away. Sometimes he looked up with a smile, and read her out a bit of news, and asked how her mother was, and the boys, and at last, finishing off his tea with a sigh of satisfaction, he handed her his cup to refill.

"How perfectly delightful it is here!" he said, looking round on the beautiful scene, and then letting his eyes rest lovingly on his wife; "and I think you look charming pouring out tea," he added, with a laugh.

"Fancy paying your wife compliments after having been married a month!" she smiled; "you are not keeping up your role of old married man!"

"I can't do that at the expense of truth," he answered; "and you know I always had to say out what I thought. But you have a tiny frown, sweetheart; what's the matter? no bad news, I hope?" he said quickly.

"Oh, no," she returned. "This is a letter from Olga, and she always rubs me up the wrong way, somehow. She says: 'I presume you are having a perfect time; tell me what is the crumpled roseleaf in all this happiness?—for one there must be! And I thought for a moment, ever one should come; if it could be on like this always without changing. It seems too good to be true,' she added, in a low tone; 'but there is absolutely not even a crumpled roseleaf so far!'"

"No, dear," he said, quietly, bending down and kissing her hands; "there is no serpent in our Eden!"

It was only afterwards he remembered the bitter irony of fate that prompted those words, and they were soon absorbed again in their letters and themselves. The men were downstairs in the cabin, and no one noticed the tiny black adder which had crept from the basket of flowers, and now lay sunning himself on the deck just behind Molly's chair. The warmth of the sun made him quite lively, and he began creeping about, and gradually disappeared under the chair.

Suddenly she sat up with a sharp cry. "Oh! Harry something has hurt my foot," she said; and, looking down, there lay across her instep the little snake, its head firmly fixed into the silk stocking with a muffled exclamation of horror Harry tore it off, and flung it into the sea; the pretty white foot lay bare, and seen through the rent in the stocking were three tiny red punctures. Mr. Astley rushed down the cabin steps in a mad hurry. "Williams, Williams," he called; "you must go on shore at once, at once—do you hear? Mrs. Astley has been stung by a snake, go and bring a doctor as quickly as you can."

Coming back, he took up a large basket of flowers, and picked them over; then, taking poor Molly in his arms, he carried her to the cabin, where his maid bathed the poor little foot. It was swelling already, but there was no pain.

"I'll sit on the deck till the doctor comes, Harry," she laughed. "Please don't worry, I don't believe it was anything but a common adder."

But when the boat brought the doctor, in about an hour, he looked very grave, "I cannot say anything for some time yet," he said, after examining the sting. "I don't like the entire absence of pain. Can you not describe to me what the snake or adder looked like?"

But poor Harry had flung it away without looking, and was in such a state that he could absolutely remember nothing. Gradually poor Molly got worse, the swelling increased, and a terrible numbness, which crept slowly right over the body, set in. The doctor stayed on, but more for the sake of Mr. Astley, who was beside himself with grief, than for Molly, who lay quite still and quiet in a kind of stupor from which nothing could rouse her. About six in the evening she awoke, and faintly asked for her husband.

"Dear love," she said, putting her arms round his neck. "Try not to take it too badly, it is—"

"Good God, Wilson," he cried, to the doctor, "can't you do anything? Let's have some one else, let's—"

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BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISE SUN STOVE POLISH

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With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO.,

WHOLESALE AGENTS

Laurelton, May 31, to the wife of J. Harry King, a daughter.

Taunton, England, May 19, to the wife of Rev. H. McNeil twin, sons.

Valley Station, May 27, to the wife of Melville Johnson, a daughter.

Middleboro, Mass., May 16, to the wife of J. M. Deane of N. S., a son.

Letches Creek, C. B., May 26, to the wife of Willie Ball, a daughter.

Near-gus, Central America, May 3, to the wife of J. H. S. McDonald of N. S., a daughter.

MARRIED.

Palmer Settlement, June 3, by Rev. Joseph A. Cahill, Charles W. Ramer to Alice J. Campbell.

Montreal, June 3, by Rev. Dr. Kerr, S. D. Crawford of St. John to Minnie L. Wilson of Springfield N. B.

Salmon River by Rev. A. B. McLeod, H. A. Hattie, to Janis Allen.

Truro, June 3, by W. F. P. Ker George E. Spencer to Laura A. Morris.

Cocagne May 12, by Rev. E. Ramsay, James Johnson to Sarah Dyrart.

Pictou, June 2, by Rev. R. McArthur, George A. Jordan to Annie King.

Halifax, June 3, by Rev. H. H. Pitman, Hugh F. Flick to Bertha Lowndes.

Bathurst, June 2, by Rev. Thomas W. Street, David J. Miller to Jennie Hinton.

Halifax, June 2, by Rev. Mr. Wright, Willis E. Hebb to Francis Johnston.

Blackville, June 4, by Rev. T. G. Johnson, Daniel A. Wales to James Duncan.

Sackville, June 3, by Rev. S. Howard, Frank J. Wilson to Elizabeth Casey.

New Glasgow, June 3, by Rev. Father McDonald, A. McDonald to Mary Ryan.

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

Upper Sackville, June 3, by Rev. W. C. Vincent, Finney to Grace Estabrooks.

Yarmouth, June 3, by Rev. E. B. Moore, Edward A. Smith to Helena M. Moore.

Boston, May 1, by Rev. P. M. McDonald, Katie Morrison to Thomas E. Curry.

Shelburne, June 4, by Rev. Dr. White, Rev. A. R. P. Williams to Jessie Jamieson.

Halifax, June 4, by Rev. A. C. Borden, William H. Taylor to Elizabeth Mercer.

Halifax, June 4, by Rev. Dyon Hagne, Walter R. Ward R. N., Irene S. Paynter.

Ohio, N. S., May 23, by Rev. C. W. Sabes, Calvin S. Bower to Martha Alice Snow.

Lorvale, May 25, by Rev. J. A. McKeezie, Rupert M. Cressman to Lella Campbell.

Chipman, N. B., June 4, by Rev. D. McD Clarke, David Allen to Annie J. Lasky.

Boston, June 4, by Rev. Father Walsh, Thomas Grace to Belle Grace all of Halifax.

Halifax, June 1, by Rev. Richard Smith, George William Clarke to Maud Brown.

Green Harbor, June 1, by Rev. C. E. Crowell, Robert B. Stuart to Lila A. Stuart.

Green Harbor, May 26, by Rev. C. E. Crowell, James Thorburn to Mildred Stuart.

Woodstock, June 2, by Archdeacon Neales, Col. F. H. J. Dible to Ella S. A. Connell.

Bear Point, N. S., May 26, by Elder Mr. Halliday, Freeman Allen to Rosie Nickerson.

Milton, June 3, by Rev. J. H. Saunders, Robert Williams to Margaret L. Woodburn.

Cardwell, N. B., June 2, by Rev. C. W. Hamilton, James McKnight to Letitia Bustard.

Boston, by Rev. P. M. McDonald, Katie E. Morrison to Thomas E. Curry both of Windsor.

St. Margaret Bay, June 2, by Rev. M. W. W. Brown, Howard Pulsford to Jessie Hubley.