

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY R. E. YOUNG.

When the gate creaked that October night, Marion Hartley, wife of the unsuccessful author-wright, was torturing her husband for a way to securely induce some theatrical manager to recognize her husband's genius.

"Good evening," he said, bowing studiously. Tall, broad and perfectly dressed, he possessed a face only spoiled by its expression. "Is he accessible? Ah, yes, I see his light in there. Alas! I must disturb his inspiration, then."

"Indeed? He is very busy," she simply said. "Of course." He sat down. "Er—may I ask how the great play progresses?"

No answer. It had come back that morning for the fourth time—declined. She pretended to sew until the position grew unbearable and then rose and tapped at the door of that inner room in which her husband spent more hours than she liked to total.

"My husband cannot see you to-night." "Oh, very good, madam! Half this house was furnished with the £100 he coolly borrowed through me—before I knew, of course. Sympathy means forbearance. As you don't want it, I'll sell him up now!"

"You—you will not!" She ran and caught his arm. "I did not know that I simply say—if you but know how he has slaved and tried—let me tell you something. Wait—and his play will be accepted. Yes! Tonight he has found his plot—the great idea he has missed for months. There!"

"Found his plot?" He stared incredulously, appearing to weigh the chances. "Bah! That was to have thrilled country long ago. I will call once again next week, and then—" He went out without finishing it.

"It's most strange," said the doctor one day. "I've been thinking—what mild excitement would be likely to rouse him?"

"Oh, the theatre—the play," she answered mechanically. "Then take him. Here. There's a man—advised for tomorrow at the Jollity—some new and wonderful drama to be tried. The very thing!"

Gilbert never seeming to wonder where the money came from, assented, and accordingly that next day, Christmas eve, found them both seated in the Jollity. It failed—

The play commenced, but Marion herself had not come to be thrilled. Holding her husband's hand tightly, she sat stealthily watching for a sign of dawning comprehension. In vain. During the first and second acts his expression remained all but lifeless. Suddenly, however, Marion almost cried out. His thin fingers had been quivering. Now, half through the last act, they closed upon her own crushingly. The lights were low, but she could see his eyes dilating. Only too thankful that every one appeared engrossed by the play, she whisperingly implored:

"Try, try and keep calm dear! It's nearly over." "My plot—my play!" he said. "You—you have let them steal my brains!" For the moment she was stupefied. Then, "Nonsense, dear," she whispered. "It is safe."

"My very words," he gasped, not heeding. "Let me go. I've been robbed, robbed! I'll about it all over the city!"

Then, indeed, she stared and tried to realize the plot, but he was struggling past. There would be a scene. So, holding his hand still, she followed him out into the corridor. Before she could prevent it he had gripped an attendant's shoulder.

A NIGHT SONG.

Under the white moon, Nita, The lilies lie awake, And red as blood in flower and bud, And all for your sweet sake.

The dead sweet scent of the woodbine Some lingers through the air, And out of the dark, dark haunted park Floats the pipe of a restless bird.

Yet rest thee, my beloved, since No prayer of mine may win The crystal walls of slumber That shut thee so fly in.

But, ah, that the mystic angel Who kneeps the peary key Of sleep would open some door of dreams And lead thee, sweet, to meet And hush me in New York Ledger.

Legend of St. Cecilia. The legend of St. Cecilia is one of the most ancient that has come to us from the church, and as related in the simple language of the early days is as follows:

In the third century there lived in Rome a young girl who possessed all those qualities that make an ideal woman—beauty, grace, modesty, nobility and a pure heart.

From this time the three devoted themselves to giving and preaching the gospel, converting hundreds. They were commanded by the Roman governor to do so, but they refused, and the two brothers were thrown into prison and executed. Cecilia remained firm, and when commanded to sacrifice to the gods or be tortured she only smiled and kept silent.

HIS SIXTH BIRTHDAY.

He has given up his cradle and his little worsted ball, He has hidden all his dolls behind the door; He must leave a rocking horse, And a hardwood top, of course, For he isn't mamma's baby any more.

He has cut off all his curls, they are only ditto curls, And he has left them in a heap upon the floor; For he's six years old to-day, And he won't let mamma say, That he isn't mamma's baby any more.

He has heard his parents sigh, and has greatly wondered why They are sorry when he has such bliss in being six, For he's now their darling boy, And will be their pride and joy, Though he cannot be their baby any more.

When you are buying bananas never purchase the long thin ones unless you want fruit which will ripen quickly.

It is estimated that at the beginning of the present century not more than five or six million copies of the Scriptures were in existence in the whole world.

The moderns may boast of their extraordinary achievements and discoveries, but what are they compared with the works of the ancients?

On the borders of the Everglades you often see a large yellow spider. It swings a strong web from two plant twigs on each side of a path of clear space of ground and waits for its prey.

CHANGE OF COLOR IN ANIMALS.

Observation and experiment go to show how largely in influence food has in determining the color of animals. Every body knows how easily the color of the yellow canary can be altered to an orange red by mixing cayenne pepper with its food, though it is true that the color change may be produced only in very young birds whose feathers are not completely matured.

Another perplexing part of the subject is the color of deep-sea animals. It is an established fact that marine animals can and do live at the enormous depth of more than five miles below the surface of the water.

Tommy was a strategist. A little boy dropped his drumstick into a well. In vain he entreated his parents, the footman, the gardener, the coachman, the cook, the housemaids to go down into the well to recover his drumstick.

A small boy who lives with his parents in the east coast was brought to school one day this week to get his first pair of trousers. It was one of the cases where the youth had a mind of his own, and had decided on what he wanted before the store was reached.

The Argentine Republic has passed a remarkable law to encourage marriage. It inflicts a fine upon any person of marriageable age who rejects a proposal.

The white hand of a lady, if it is bridged, is pretty sure to display a turquoise set in silver or gold, just now. There is quite a demand for these gems, not only for finger-rings (and no stone seems to set off the whiteness of the complexion as does the robbin's egg colored stone) but for earrings, as studs and as slides in the long gold muff-hairs and watch chains.

These were lowered slowly, a signal for the audience to depart. These chandeliers furnished a goodly amount of light on a circular zone immediately below them; the actors' faces and figures were lit in the natural way, as the sun would illumine a scene.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA. Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Do not allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

TREASURER'S SALE OF LANDS FOR TAXES IN THE TOWN OF LINDSAY

TOWN OF LINDSAY. Whereas by virtue of a warrant issued by the Mayor of the Town of Lindsay, and authenticated by the corporate seal of the said Town, bearing date the 9th day of November, 1897, and to me directed, commanding me to levy upon the following lots or parcels of land for the arrears of taxes due thereon and costs, I hereby give notice that unless the said taxes and costs are sooner paid, I shall on WEDNESDAY, THE TWENTY-SIXTH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1898, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, at the Court House in the Town of Lindsay, proceed to sell by Public Auction the said lands or as much thereof as may be sufficient to pay such arrears of taxes and all lawful charges incurred.

Table with columns: Street, Lot, Part, Acres, Arrears, Advertising, Total Commission. Lists various lots for sale in Lindsay.

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