

ABOUT OUR TRY.

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The town-hall in Grafton stood in the square; winter rains had washed and washed against its narrow, faded old bricks, until the plaster between them had crumbled and the angles had worn down. The white paint on the facings and on the great beam, that made the base of the pediment had flaked and blistered; a crack ran from a second-story window down towards the front door, which sagged a little in its battered white frame. Inside, the wooden steps were so worn that the knots stood out on them;—innumerable town meetings fairs, lectures, and all such entertainments as this of the Montague Sisters, made much travel over the wide, shallow staircase. The walls were bare, the plaster stained and cracked, even broken in two or three places, and studded with nails for all the different decorations of pine or flags or crape or flowers which had gone up and come down in more than fifty years. There were lanterns in brackets along the walls, and a dusty chandelier in the middle of the ceiling held eight lamps, that cast flickering shadows down on the bare floor and the rows of wooden settees, which, when Mr. Day arrived, were quite empty—such was his anxiety to get a good seat. The audience came stamping anduffling in, with a good deal of laughter, and much loud, good-natured railery and some cat-cries. Very likely the parson had reason for "being mad," sweet Rosy; or, The Other Man, was the play, and there was a suggestiveness in the names of the acts which would have forewarned anybody but Peter.

He had no experience in indecencies. He was tingling with excitement; the sudden and unusual concentration of thought and feeling was not without pain—it was, mentally, like the awakening of a hand or a foot which has been asleep. The curtain rolled up, caught—and displayed a pair of slender ankles, and opposite them two Wellington boots, fiercely spurred—rolled on, and showed a man decorated with stars and sashes and sword, which informed the audience that he was a soldier; and a girl, in fluffy pink skirts, high-heeled pink slippers, low pink satin skin-tight bodice, pink lips, pink cheeks, pink hat and feathers. Her neck and bosom were as white as swan's down, and glittered with "diamonds," that did not seem any more sparkling than her arch brown eyes, which laughed over her pink fan—laughed and winked and looked right down at Peter Day in the front seat. He grew white, and his mouth fell open; he looked at his programme, the flimsy sheet rustling in his big trembling hands until his neighbors looked at him with impatience.

"Bessie Montague." That was her name—Bessie! The soldier, it appeared, was Bessie's brother, who was instructing her about the "Other Man," Mr. Wilson, who was shortly to appear—humped, indeed, by Mrs. Wilson; but if Bessie and her sisters, Minnie, Nellie, Mamie, would play their cards properly, the mere incident of their wife would make no difference. They would go to a picnic with the Other Man, and then, and then, and then—came a rickshaw chorus, with Minnie and Mamie and Nellie dancing round and round, Bessie, the gayest of them all, and the Other Man and the Incident coming on to be hoodwinked, in sober and decent clothes and sanctimonious air. The audience roared at each incident; and Peter, smiling and palpitating like a girl, took it all to mean that the four girls wanted the fun of a picnic and were going to get the old dodger with the hay seed in his hair to give it to them. At least, when he thought about the play at all, that was his construction of it; but he thought of it—the dancing and the rickshaw chorus. It seemed that Mamie and Minnie said things that weren't just modest sometimes, but a girl doesn't understand half the time what words mean; very likely they didn't know why the masculine part of the audience roared so. Nellie had almost nothing to say, and Bessie was the prettiest, and only joined in the chorus. To Peter, from the first moment on the stage, her dancing and prouetting, her gurgling and gurgling laughter and gesticulation, went to his head. He saw nothing else; the tawdry scenery, the soil-cotton velvet and flimsy crumpled dress, the reek of vulgarity, never touched his innocent mind. He looked at her open-mouthed, over, when it seemed to him that this was, or fairy, or whatever she was, charged and began to look tired. Once he saw the soldier frown, and make a gesture to show that she had done something wrong, and he saw a fright on the girl's face. Peter Day ground that way at his sister! That was no that point he only saw Bessie; he saw her growing whiter, though he no as bright as ever—which seemed to him a very unhealthy sign.

"It's that way in consumption," he thought. He felt impelled to leap up on the stage and tell her brother he ought to take better care of her; and then her dancing fascinated him so that he forgot her pallor for a while—then he forced it with sharp compunction. The last whirl and pigeon-wing, the last kick and flurry of gauze skirts, the last sister kissed her hand, on one leg, lip, looked down into the audience and winked, and—it was over! Peter Day sat like a man in a dream. Somebody euffed him on the shoulder and said, "Did they put you to sleep?" and there was a puff of laughter.

He shook his head silently and got up; he looked about in a dazed way for a minute and then went stumbling out into the cool night. As for "Bessie," she sat down on an overturned soap-box behind the scenes and panted. "You've got a mash, Liz!" one of the girls called out, beginning to wash off the paint. "Oh, I'm so tired!" she said, faintly. "Guess he's waiting at the side door, Mamie suggested; "he looks good stand up to us all, Liz, will you?" "Shut up," the girl said. "I'm nearly dead."

"You'll hear that from Dickinson, I bet," one of the "sisters" informed her; and then, with rough kindness, brought her a dash of whiskey in a dirty tumbler. "There, brace up! I don't believe he'll say anything. My God, I thought you were going to drop there once! Did you see Johnny Mack, glare at you when you crossed behind? If he'll keep his mouth shut and not complain, I guess you won't hear from it. I wish you didn't have to move on to-morrow, though."

However, they did move on; that is what it means to be "on the road" and have one-night stands. The "Montague Sisters" moved on, and Peter Day moved with them. The first step into liberty had been taken when he went to the play; then some door seemed to shut behind him; the automatic life stopped short; he felt, for the first time since he was twenty, when his mother had nipped in the bud certain tendencies towards love-making, the consciousness that he had a life of his own. And he began to live it. He announced that he was going away for a week or two. "What! now?" ejaculated one of the hands. "Why, we're that busy—" "I'm going," his employer said, and set his lips in a dogged way that he had learned under his mother's scoldings; it meant that he had no explanation to give, and no retort; but it meant, too, in his instance, will. So he packed a valise made of Brussels carpet—crimson roses on a cream-colored ground—and said good-by to Jim, and started.

The Montague Sisters went to Mercer, and on to two or three smaller places, and then back again on the circuit towards Old Chester. It took nearly three weeks, and Peter Day never missed a performance. The company grew hysterical with laughter over him; the "sisters" played to him, and winked at him, and kicked their high-heeled slippers feet in his direction, and threw kisses to him over their white shoulders that were so dangerously above their bodices; but it was more than a week before he made the acquaintance of the manager and was introduced to them. "It's a dead mash for Liz," the manager announced. "Say, Liz, can't you get him to give you a theatre? Come, now, don't forget the company when you strike it rich." Liz laughed, and groaned, and dropped down on the broken springs of the horse-hair couch in the parlor of the little hotel. "Somebody'd better give me a grave," she said. "Say, Dickinson, I'm played out." She began to cry, and the manager told her, good-naturedly, not to be a fool. "I'll send you up something that'll make you feel better," he said. But the cocktail and the kindness only made her cry the more. "I don't know what's going to become of me," she told the "sisters." "I can't keep this up; there's no use talking!"

Mamie sat down on the table swinging her legs back and forth, and looking concerned. "Well, now, can't you Bessie looked up impatiently. "I haven't any home. I haven't had for mother, and when she—died, I didn't get some relations somewhere. I've got 'em too good for the likes of me! No, no!" She got up, the tears dried, and her dark eyes sparkled wickedly; into her cheeks, and she was as pretty in vivid rouge and snow-white powder. She took two dancing steps. "No—for me!"

"Except Hayseed," Mamie reminded her, with a thoughtful frown. "He cares, it appears. I say, Liz, I suppose you could lay off, and—" The girl turned on her savagely. "Now look here; shut up! He's good." Mamieshrieked with laughter. "Oh, he doesn't bite, doesn't he?" "He doesn't try to make me bite," the other said, sharply; then suddenly she broke down again, and flung up her arms, and said she wished she was could stop, if I could have a little house of my own and maybe a garden—well, there! I'm a fool. You needn't tell me; I know it. But I tell you what, Mamie, it's awful; that's what it is, this road business—putting yourself up to be insulted by every man that pays fifty cents to see you dance. I'm dead tired of it. Oh, my God, I wish I was dead!" But even as she said it she burst into a laugh, her brown eyes crinkling up with fun. "Mamie, what do you suppose? He asked me to-day what my sisters thought of my working so hard. 'Sisters?' I said—I was so tired I was just dead stupid. 'Sisters?' I says. 'I haven't any sisters.' He looked dumb-struck. Then I caught on."

"He is an innocent!" Mamie said. "He's good," the other answered, with a sob. She was as inconsequent and unmoral, this little, flashing, suffering, shine on a rippling wave. And she was just now, almost at the limit of her strength. The simple-hearted man who, through his big steel-rimmed spectacles, looked at her every night from the first row, and came to see her every morning, as silent and as faithful as a dog, saw in her all the beauty and grace and good-nature of which his harmless life had been starved. He thought to himself, over and over, how pleasant she was. He had had little enough pleasantness in his forty arid years, dear knows! so it was easy to recognize it when he saw it.

He was bewildered and dazzled, and happy, and tumultuously in love. He felt as if he wanted to play with her; to romp, and run, and laugh, as though they were boy and girl. He was getting young, this sober, elderly man, and the warm-hearted, quick-witted little actress, with her peals of laughter, her funny winks, and grimaces, and good-natured railery, was the cause of it. He never knew how hotly she defended him from the suspicions of the rest of the company; she was so quick to recognize his "goodness" that she turned white with anger when his motives were assailed. When he told her once, blushing, that he was glad she just only danced, because some of the things the other young ladies said weren't just according to his notions, she winced and set her white teeth. "I don't like those jokes," she said; "truly I don't, Mr. Day."

He laughed at that, in his soft, big voice, his eyes beaming at her through his spectacles. "You! Well, you needn't tell me that, Miss Montague. You don't understand, even. Well, now, a girl seems to me just like one of those white butterflies that's always round milkweed. You know 'em? 'Brides,' the young ones call them. Their wings—you can't hardly breathe on 'em but what they're spoiled! Well, it's like touching their wings, to have girls sing trashy songs; and I'm right sorry the other ladies feel obliged to do it."

"Oh, if I ever had time to go to walk in the country and see the 'brides!' she said, her eyes suddenly wet. "I'm pretty tired of this kind of life." He made an impulsive gesture, and opened his lips; but he dared not speak. As for her, she went up to the hotel parlor, and sat on the horse-hair sofa under the steel engraving of the "Landing of the Pilgrims," and told Mamie she wished she was dead. Peter Day knew no better than to make his protest to Dickinson, who winked at the barkeeper to call his attention to the joke. "I'm thinking of getting up a Sunday-school play for 'em next season," he said. Peter was no fool; he did not pursue the subject; but he had his own views. In his cramped, unlovely life,

the single exponent of the everlasting feminine had been his mother. Yet he had his ideals; he believed in goodness and in purity in a way that even a man who had known them in their prime, in his grave and simple way he would not have those white-winged creatures whom he revered have even so much knowledge as that. At the end of the third week the Montague Sisters came to Old Chester; they had two nights here, and it was on the second night that Bessie broke down absolutely, and fainted dead away. They were all very kind to her—the manager and the other "sisters." They were in and out of her room all that night, and Dickinson would have given her all the whiskey the tavern afforded if it would have done any good. But business is business; the troupe was advertised to appear in the next town, and they had to move on. So, with protestations, and most honest anxiety, and the real, practical kindness of leaving some money for her board with the tavern-keeper, they moved on. But Peter Day staid behind.

He saw her every day for a week; he went up to her room, and washed her little hot face and hands, and fed her with cracked ice, and told her about Jim; and his eyes, behind his magnifying spectacles, beamed like two kindly moons. "I'm going to marry her," he told the tavern-keeper; "just as soon as she can get out." It was a week before she could sit up; when she did, in a big wooden rocking-chair, with roses painted on the back, and slippery linen covers tied on the arms, he came and sat beside her and put his hand on hers. "Miss Montague," he said, his voice trembling. "I am going to ask a—a favor." "My name isn't Montague," she told him, her eyes crinkling with a laugh; "that's only my stage name." "Oh!" he said, blankly; "I thought it was. Still, it doesn't matter, because Miss Montague—" "Donald," she interrupted, smiling. "Because, Miss Donald, I was going to ask you to—change it." "Change it? My name?" she said. "You don't mean—" "I want you to marry me," he said, his hand suddenly closing hard on hers. She drew back with a cry; looked at him with wide eyes; then she put her hands over her face and began to cry, poor child, in a wailing, heart-broken way. To cry—and cry—and cry, while he just put his arms about her and stroked her soft, dark, curling hair, soothing her and cuddling her, and saying: "There—there! I frightened you. Never mind; it's only me. It's only Peter. There, there, there!" She tried to say: "No; oh no! he must not think of it. He—he didn't know her. Oh no—no! She was not good enough. No, she couldn't she couldn't!"

But he gathered her up in his arms, and put his cheek down against her hair and said, "There, there; it's all right, and I've got the license." She was so weak that suddenly she fainted, and Peter was like a madman until young Willie King had been rushed in, and said it was all right, and she would be none the worse the next morning. Which, indeed, she was not. Something had braced her; perhaps it was the human kindness that went to her heart like wine. "I'll be good to him; I'll make it up to herself," she said, crying peacefully to him. "Oh, I will be good to him; and I'm so tired—tired—tired. And I'll do everything for him. And I can rest; for all my life I can just rest." So that was how it came about that, the evening of the first day she was able to go out, Peter took her, carried her almost, to Dr. Lavendar's study, where they were reminded that marriage was not to be entered into lightly or unadvisedly—but soberly, discreetly, and in the fear of God. (To Be Continued.)

ANAEMIA, OR BLOODLESSNESS. (The Victims are Pale in Color, Subject to Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart and Other Distressing Symptoms.) From the Echo, Plattville, Ont. Anaemia, which literally means bloodlessness, is prevalent to an alarming extent among young girls, and young women of the present day, and is a fruitful source of "decline" and consumption. The symptoms of this trouble are many, but among the most noticeable are pallor of the face, lips and gums, shortness of breath on slight exertion, dizziness, severe headaches, weakness of the vital organs, palpitation of the heart, and dropsical swelling of the limbs. The more of these symptoms shown, the greater the necessity for prompt treatment. Among those who have suffered from anaemia and found a cure is Miss Emily Webb, a young lady residing near Wolverton, Ont. Miss Webb, says:—My illness first came on when I was about sixteen years of age. My complexion was a pale waxy color; I was troubled with general weakness, dizziness and palpitation of the heart. I was placed under medical treatment, but the medicine prescribed by the doctor did not appear to do me the slightest good. As time went by I was slowly but surely growing worse. I was unable to do any work about the house, and my limbs would tremble to such an extent at the slightest exertion that I could scarcely stand upon my feet. Then my stomach became so weak that I vomited almost everything I ate; I grew dependent and feared I would not recover. While in this condition a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I followed his advice. After I had used two boxes I noticed an improvement and my heart was gladdened with the hope of renewed health. At the end of six boxes my appetite had fully returned, and with it strength, color to my cheeks, and brightness to the eyes. I still continued taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken in all twelve boxes, and I can truthfully assert that I am healthier and stronger than I ever was before. I owe this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I would urge all girls who suffer as I did to give them a fair trial.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done more to make strong, healthy, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girls than any other medicine ever discovered, and mothers should insist upon their daughters taking an occasional course of this medicine. Sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Offered in any other form the pills are substitutes intended to deceive.

FUNNIGRAMS. 2nd Edition Photographer, to Captain in his new uniform—Look fierce, please. She—You say you have never been in love. How near have you come to it? He—I was married once. How much do you charge for a ride in the balloon? Forty cents going up. And down? Four dollars. Bacon—Your wife spends hours at the dressmaker's. Now, what does it all amount to? Eggbert—A pretty figure.

Johnny—Pa, what's the difference between puncture and punctuation? Pa—Not a great deal, my son. They both cause one to stop. Dar isn't much comfort in de remark dat contentment is better dan riches, said Uncle Eben. One is jes' about as hard to git as de other. It is Contraband—Spatts—There is one King who is not on the side of King Alfonso. Bloomer—What King is that? Spatts—Old King Coal. Short—Young Doctor—Did you diagnose his case as appendicitis, or merely the cramps? Old Doctor—Cramps. He didn't have money enough for appendicitis.

He—If you will marry me I will make it my duty to anticipate your every wish. She—But are you sure that your anticipations would be realized? Business Man—When they say "money is easy," it means simply that the supply is greater than the demand. His Wife—Goodness! I shouldn't think such a thing possible. Throckmorton—Eve made her appearance while Adam was asleep, we are told. Goldthrope—That is right. Throckmorton—I wonder if she seized the opportunity to go through his pockets? Is there any danger of the boa-constrictor biting me? asked a lady visitor at the Zoological Gardens. Not the least, marm, cried the showman. He never bites; he swallows his wittles whole.

Similar—Waters' talk reminds me so much of a river. It does run pretty steadily. Yes; and though there is undoubtedly some connection between his head and his mouth, it is not apparent. You must admit that your argument was rather thin. My dear sir, remarked the man who was filibustering, in a case like this it is not the thickness of an argument that counts. It's the length. His First Engagement—I think I know now, said the soldier, who was making a determined effort to manifest his first ration of army beef, what people mean when they talk about the sinews of war. The Father—Do you know, my son, if we moved our legs proportionately as fast as an ant we should travel nearly 800 miles an hour! The Son—Then you'd never miss your train in the morning, pop, would you?

SHE WORKS IN THE SLUMS. Mrs. Heloise Durant Rose is the author of several plays that have been acted in London and New York, and has also written a volume of short poems, a novel of New York life and many short stories. Most of her works have been published in England, where she took a diploma as trained nurse for her mission work in London slums.

STRONG EVIDENCE. The Judge—What evidence have you that the deceased was not in full possession of his faculties at the time of his death? Lawyer—Why, simply that all his relatives were at his bedside. If that ain't enough to drive a man mad I'd like to know.

THE HARBOUR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA—(From a photograph.)



- 14. City of Santiago. 1. Point Blanc. 10. Cayo Raton. 6. Lighthouse. 1. Morro Point. 7. Cayo Smith. 2. Morrillo Point. 8. Niapero Bay. 3. Estrella Battery. 4. Santa Catalina Fort. 5. Fort La Zocapa. x. The Swan Merrimae.

NEWS AND MUSIC.

do not dance to the sound but let the people they dancing; scorpions, how- dding, according to the view, and lizards go err any kind. As for ser- a constrictor and pytho- to melody, but the col- by the flute and still- fiddle. Polar bears en- chase to listen to a co- ts are fond of the flut- upper notes; tigers, wh- violin and flute, can- harmonics, while the be- wa no emotion on hear- ment, not even the be-