

## Miscellaneous Advertisements.

## Mutual Marriage Aid Association of Canada.



Unquestionably the Most Popular Institution of the day is the above Association. **AND WHY?** Because at comparatively small cost it makes provision for the payment on marriage of from \$250 to \$5,000.

UNMARRIED PERSONS OF BOTH SEXES and parents are particularly interested in this institution, and should be made to know the extent of over \$500,000,000 paid in benefits during the past year. For full particulars address WALTER R. WHEELER, Secy., KINGSTON, Ont.

Agents wanted. The following have been duly appointed to handle business in their respective districts:

A. J. B. BROWN, Kingston, Ont.; G. W. G. GIBSON, Montreal; G. H. JOHNSTON, Toronto, Ont.; J. H. JOHNSTON, Ottawa, Ont.; A. C. MCNAHON, Agent, Kingston.

## HEAD OFFICE

## MY MARRIAGE.

What Troubles a Lack of Confidence  
Brought - A Foolish Wife's  
COURTSHIP.

"Felicia, I wish you were coming." I am standing dressed in the drawing-room, waiting for the carriage, and I present a strange contrast to Felicia Grant in her black dress. "If I am afraid you will be home."

She smiles a little sadly. "I mean to study. If I can't teach, I must learn; and I had better begin my new life at once."

A bracelet falls from my wrist on to the ground. She picks it up and clasps it on my arm, and then her sad sweet eyes look up.

"Mrs. Cartairs, do you know what your husband said of you?"

"That you had the sweetest, most lovely face that was ever given to woman; and he spoke the truth."

"The sweetest is all in my fine face," I say, with some bitterness. "Felicia, I like to be a good wife, but I have a better heart and a less lovely face."

"Our hearts are what we make them," she whispers softly.

In silence I look at the quiet figure in sombre garments, and wish with a sudden wild longing for the dear old home-life, with Bob's companionship to make my happiness. Oh for the days when I wasまだ young and carefree! But now, when men tell me my face was fair, before poor living Humphrey staled his happiness on the beauty of a girl's face, and wasted his manhood trying to win a child's love!

"Our hearts are what we make them," says Felicia Grant. But I ask myself, is it not rather that they become what they are through the love of others?

"We gave, Madge!"

Humphrey's voice breaks in upon my reverie, and I say with sudden and well-assured cheerfulness—

"How do you like my dress?"

"I think as I speak what a fine looking man your husband is, and how perfect a gentleman he looks in his evening-dress! And, in spite of the beard, I find an absolute pleasure in contemplating the grave rugosities of the great of the earth."

"How do I like your dress?" he echoes, stepping back a little and gazing more at my face than the dress. "You look like Marguerite bright."

I am wearing a plain white cashmere dress, with sleeves tight to the wrist and puffed at the shoulder. It hangs high to the throat, and has a ruff of lace and velvet.

"Round my neck is a heavy gold chain with a locket, and I wear gold bracelets to match."

"You look like it!" I say, and read the approval in his eyes before he speaks.

"I won't say all I think," he returns, smiling. "The dress suits you and you suit the dress. What do you say Felicia?"

"I think it is very pretty and very becoming."

And other people think so besides Humphrey and Felicia.

"Madge, I never saw you look so well! Your dress is lovely!" George whispers.

And everybody is asking if the beautiful Mrs. Cartairs is to be here to-night. I am glad you are looking your best."

Captain Delcourt is in a state of wild excitement, and Chris is at his wits' end.

"This dress—this dress—this dress," he says pitifully. "Mrs. Cartairs will you tell me what I am to do, for I have not an idea, when or where I appear, or anything?"

"No humbug, Chris!" calls out Clive.

Captain Delcourt is terribly in earnest tonight, for something has gone wrong with the curtains. When it is up, however, I beg to bring it down again—"

"The curtains are lighted, and the stage is dazzlingly bright."

At the last moment most of the actors are following the example of Chris, and grow nervous suddenly. The three Misses Blake in a state of excessive nervousness and frantic excitement, seem to think of nothing but rouge and powder. With their faces plentifully powdered, cheeks rosy, and eyebrows blackened, they are evidently satisfied with their appearance.

"Won't you make up your face Misses?" they ask in a breath, as I stand arrayed as Mary Queen of Scots in black velvet and diamonds with my family jewels made.

"Mrs. Cartairs, is independent of that sort of thing," George says with a good natured smile.

I see the Misses Blake exchange glances; and with a laugh, I run down stairs and find Captain Delcourt waiting impatiently.

"My Queen!" he says, and bows low before me, his plumed hat in his hand. His rich green suit the little well-made figure admirably, and right well and handsome he looks. "And I long—ever to be, white, and perfectly perfect."

I know he refers to his lock and meaning last night.

"I never forgive importance," I answer in an equally low voice, blushing as I speak, and then look up to see Humphrey watching me intently, with a stern unloving expression.

## CHAPTER XXI.

My four Maries come flocking in. Georgia as ever, and Mary Hamilton. And I think there is a difference, for Georgia is pale and passive. I know she is the darling of the time when she most shone as Elsie, and never in the world dreamt that she loves Sir Lancelot verily and truly as deadly and hopelessly as the "Lily Maid." So Mary Hamilton's eyes are sad with no imaginary sorrow.

It is the first tableau, and we all feel a thrill of suspense of mind full upon our hearts and minds. I know it is suspense. I know there are rows and rows of people watching us, and I gain with a fixed gaze at Dorothy knowing before me in a graceful attitude, his white plume sweeping the ground, and his hat held unswervingly in the same position. The two minutes seem an eternity; then the curtain falls. We hear a burst of applause, and the Queen, Mrs. Maries, and Dorothy feel immediately drowsy.

"They have brought down the house," Humphrey whispers; "but I doubt if Mary herself was one half as fair."

And so the tableau goes on, all more or less successful. Chris rendered bold by despair, comes to the front in a manner that I think surprises himself as much as any one else. The Misses Blake flutter and quiver, and lay on more powder and rouge at every opportunity.

"One thing, though," says Captain Delcourt, "there is no room for this transatlantic making."

Humphrey looks bored and uninterested.

Flushed with excitement, I have no time to study his grave looks. But, when the curtain falls on Dorothy and Amy Hamilton, I find Humphrey waiting for me at the stage-door, and leaving the Earl of Leinster, as takes one of the blinds.

"Mrs. Cartairs is tired. I was going to get some glass of wine," Captain Delcourt says vaguely.

Even Sir Jasper is bitter, and I have heard him condemn the bitter wine in Georgia.

Business. They both reach me together.

"May I," begins Captain Delcourt.

"Madge, this is our dance," Humphrey says in a quick and determined manner, and I lay my hand upon his arm and go with him, not before I have said a word, a voice which I have not heard since I was a boy.

"The next walk, then, please."

In perfect safety Humphrey and I dance the quadrille.

"Beauty and the Beast," Georgia says with a smile.

"Madge, the Devil," Mrs. Cartairs, never was man more malignant.

"Beauty and the Prince," I return, and we continue to dance until we have reached the center of his master's room. It was some time before he could answer.

"Such a job—it would kill me."

"A job on whom?"

"On a third—a postscripton. I can just imagine him—in! in! in! feelings!"

"How was it?"

"Well, you see, I brought \$50 here with me. About an hour ago a stranger ask'd me to change a \$20 bill for him, and so doing he must have seen how much money I had. In fact, I mentioned that name to him, and I took notice that he watched where I put my wallet. I told him he was a thief, and I determined to give him a little surprise—in! in! in!"

"But you have been arrested on suspicion?"

"Arrested? No! But I had a plan to take him down a little. He took me for a greeny, and I wanted him to find out who I was and my own name. Well, we had a bit of fun, and he laughed until the tears came."

"Everybody is dancing with much glee, and tremendous energy, as people usually do at an impromptu dance which comes with the delight of an unexpected pleasure. To the great joy of the Misses Blake, and indeed all the eligible and festive to girls present, officers are plentifully seated; and the men being in the majority, even ugly unattractive young fellows did not go in for fast dancing!" Captain Delcourt says.

"I have waited with politeness and patience for the dear old home-life, with Bob's companionship to make my happiness. Oh for the days when I was still a boy!"

"The sweetest is all in my fine face," I say, with some bitterness. "Felicia, I like to be a good wife, but I have a better heart and a less lovely face."

"Our hearts are what we make them," she whispers softly.

In silence I look at the quiet figure in sombre garments, and wish with a sudden wild longing for the dear old home-life, with Bob's companionship to make my happiness. Oh for the days when I was still a boy!"

"I am standing dressed in the drawing-room, waiting for the carriage, and I present a strange contrast to Felicia Grant in her black dress. "If I am afraid you will be home."

She smiles a little sadly.

"I mean to study. If I can't teach, I must learn; and I had better begin my new life at once."

A bracelet falls from my wrist on to the ground. She picks it up and clasps it on my arm, and then her sad sweet eyes look up.

"Mrs. Cartairs, do you know what your husband said of you?"

"No. Tell me."

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