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CONSERVATORY CONCERT.

opera House, Dec. 27th.

Programme.

PART I.

in G Minor. Mendelssohn.

to allegro confucoco.

ante.

to.

to allegro vivace.

enade. Moskowski.

May Jamieson. Chopin.

to. Waltz.

Eva Fulton.

arto, violin and piano.

Solo. Les Sylphes.

J. B. Accolay.

Sustle Webb.

it within a collar cool.

German Ballard.

Randall.

to. Polacca. Weber-Liszt.

Ella Fraser.

o.

via. Martine Marsick.

to. Perpetuo. N. Paganini.

Sustle Webb.

PART II.

of the Toys—A Children's

Operetta.

Cant.

to. Soloists.

Miss Jamieson.

Master Frank Lewis.

Sustle Griffin.

Charlie Stuart.

Lloyd Linton.

Miss Jessie Jarvis.

Miss Alice Linton.

to. Solo.

Leta Craig, May Jamieson

the McCollum.

to.

Archibald.

on Smith.

Murray.

Lys Ryan.

Linton.

Lis Stevens.

Lis Olive.

Linton Henderson.

Lis—Earl Lewis.

to.

to.

to.

to.

to.

to.

to.

to.

to.

to.

to.

BEAUTY'S EYES.

A LOVER'S FASCINATION.

Delightful, Dashing, Daring.

Continued from last issue.

had stepped between her and the fortune which should have been hers, as well as the love of handsome Max Forrester.

When her eyes had first rested on his portrait, a strange throb shot through her heart. She realized that she could love such a man with all her soul.

Yes, she would be merciless to the girl, who had won him from her. She would never spare her. She would lay traps to draw out her want of culture, her want of worldly knowledge.

"Max Forrester will soon tire of his village love—a girl who is nothing but a pretty face—and we shall see what will happen next."

There was a slight murmur among the guests, and, raising her eyes, she saw Max Forrester entering the room, leading his bride by the hand.

CHAPTER V.

It was a moment of intense nervousness to Florabel, as she faced the throng of curious eyes. Max could hear her heart beat, and the slight weight leaning upon his arm trembled.

"Ah! there is Miss Clavering, Max," she said. "Take me up to her first; I have something to say to her."

While the guests were passing forward, she whispered to Inez:

"Please stand beside me; I—I—always feel so timid among strangers."

"Florabel is quite a child, Miss Clavering," said Max, laughing. "This is a trying ordeal for her."

Do as she would, Inez Clavering could not repress the sarcastic smile that curled her beautiful lips.

"Mrs. Forrester does me honor," she said.

Max laughed again.

"What a society speech, Miss Clavering," he said. "You will frighten my little wife."

Florabel looked from one to the other with some trepidation.

"I—I—hope I have not said anything wrong," she stammered, her face blushing crimson.

For the first time since his marriage a frown of annoyance marred the beauty of Max's face as he looked at his young wife and wondered whether the simple, natural manner that he had always thought so charming, was not, after all, a defect.

"Wrong? Oh, no, certainly not," laughed Miss Clavering. "I shall stand beside you, Mrs. Forrester, if you like."

The girl looked up at her with a sudden, half-wistful glance.

"Do not call me Mrs. Forrester," she said; "my name is Florabel."

"I must try to remember it," returned Inez.

The style of conversation annoyed Max, and he saw a nervous, distressed expression on his wife's face. From the bottom of his heart he wished that there had been no wedding reception or that it was all over.

Beautiful little Florabel was not accustomed to society, and, to use her own words, she knew nothing of the ways of fine ladies. Poor child! She was utterly ignorant of the manners and habits and customs of the class with whom for the future she had to live.

These deficiencies had not been noticed during those few brief weeks of wooing. The time was coming when they could no longer be hidden.

For years afterward Florabel had but a confused idea of how that reception progressed.

She did not hear the murmur of admiration that greeted her. She stood in the midst of that elegant assemblage confused and embarrassed. Her sweet face flushed and paled; the hand that held the white rosebuds trembled.

Inez Clavering sneered, and one or two were malicious enough to whisper witticisms about "country manners and bad taste." But many hearts warmed to the fair, sweet face, and gentle, timid manners.

As the evening wore on Florabel became physically fatigued and exhausted; it over-taxed her strength. The chances are that she would have gone through the evening successfully had it not been for a pitiful incident that occurred.

The reception had ended in a grand ball, and during the progress of one of the quadrilles Max had sought her, saying hurriedly:

"Come into the conservatory a moment, darling I have something to say to you."

As they reached the green arched entrance Max was called away.

"Sit down by the fountain and wait for me, darling," he said. "I will be with you almost directly."

Florabel sat down on the rustic bench beside the fountain, giving herself up to her own thoughts until Max should return to her.

"I am not sure that I shall like this kind of life," she murmured, with a sigh, as she bent over the perfumed water. "And, oh!" with a little

childish sob "I almost wish Max had been poor, then we would never have had all this to go through. How will it all end?"

Had she but known! It was well that the dark, pitiful future which awaited her was as yet unknown!

"Oh, how I wish—"

The thought was never finished in her mind, for at that instant two young and beautiful ladies entered the conservatory. They did not see the slender, girlish form in the dim, green light, half screened by the drooping palms and trailing branches of blooms, or the words which fell from their lips would never have been uttered, and this story would never have been written.

"You ask for my opinion in regard to the bride," said one, turning her laughing face towards her companion, "and I will answer you. She is pretty and sweet, that I grant, but, ah! so unfitted for Max Forrester. A woman should be the equal, if not the superior, in accomplishments of the man she marries. Any one can see she has not been accustomed to mingle in good society, she is so ill at ease."

"I thought," replied the other lady, "when I heard that Inez Clavering was visiting here it would surely end in a wedding; she is so suited to him."

They passed on. Every word they had uttered fell like chill drops of hail on the heart of the girl, who sat white-faced and motionless under the green, drooping palms. A passionate cry rose to her lips, and she clasped her little hands so tightly together that her shining rings cut into the tender flesh, but she did not feel the pain of them.

"Why did they think Miss Clavering more suited to be Max's wife than she?" she wondered, bitterly.

How long she sat there, lost in deep reverie, she never knew. The sound of the music brought her to a realization that time was passing. She must have been sitting there, away from her guests, quite half an hour.

What had detained Max? Why had he not returned?

She waited a little longer; five, ten, fifteen minutes passed; then she rose from her seat and re-entered the ball room in search of him.

One rapid glance, then she saw him. He was waiting with Inez Clavering. As she watched them floating through the mazes of the dance so gracefully together, the words she had so lately heard came back to her like the keen, sharp thrust of a dagger—"they are so well suited to each other." She turned away sick with jealous pain.

And happening to glance toward the conservatory just as the waltz ended, Max saw her, and, exclaiming himself from Inez, came hastily toward her, with a frown on his handsome face.

"I beg your pardon, Florabel," he said. "I am at quite a loss how to apologize. As I was returning to the conservatory I met Miss Clavering, and stepped to speak to her, the moment slipped away unheeded, and—"

She interrupted him with a little cry. He might have seen the dawn of a great tragedy in her face, but he did not. He did not even see that her face was pale with passion and wounded love.

"Did you forget me?" she asked, quickly. "Never mind any apologies or excuses. Say—did you—forget me?"

He was taken too much by surprise to think of his reply, or of framing a diplomatic answer to appease her, or excuse himself.

"Yes," he said, simply. "I did."

"You forget me; and that, too, on the very night of all others when you should have had cause to remember me most—at our wedding reception."

"I did, Florabel."

"I was not in your mind or your thoughts; you had completely and entirely forgotten me?"

"I am afraid it was so," he admitted, frankly, "but the very moment I remembered, I came to you."

She clutched at the branch of a blooming lemon tree close by, as though she were afraid of falling. The iron had entered her soul. She could have forgiven him anything and everything except that he had forgotten her. There could be no balsam for such a wound as that.

As she moved among the guests again, a strange sensation seemed to take possession of her. It seemed to her every one was remarking, in quiet whispers, that she was not fitted to be handsome Max Forrester's wife—Miss Clavering would have been better suited to him.

Oh, how she wished the grand affair over—her heart was so heavy, and she was so wretched.

Of course she was the center of attention—the attraction of the evening—this beautiful, hapless, shy little bride; but she would have given anything in the world to be alone by her self, to have that luxury so dear to the feminine heart—a good cry.

Then, during the half hour that followed, Mrs. Forrester made her way to Florabel's side.

"I hope you will contrive to look a little more happy, Florabel," she said, sharply. "People are beginning to speculate, from the looks of your face, whether my son's marriage is a happy one or not."

She looked up piteously into the cold, hard face, with the startled glance of a child.

"I am trying to do my best," she faltered. "I am frightened."

"Women of the world know no such fear," said Mrs. Forrester, with a frown dark as night.

"I wish to Heaven I were not forced to be brought into contact with women of the world," was Florabel's passionate cry. "To-morrow I shall ask Max to take me away."

Without deigning a reply, Mrs. Forrester turned away.

"If I had to live under this roof long, I should surely die," murmured Florabel to herself, bravely choking back a sob. "Max's mother hates me, I can see it in her face; and I—ah, yes, I may as well own the truth—I cannot endure her."

Over the crashing of the dance music—over the sound of the voices of the people talking to her—Florabel heard but these words:

"The guests are speculating whether my son's marriage is a happy one or not."

Was her handsome young husband, whom she loved so well, ridiculed for having married her?

The thought preyed upon her, until she could not keep up appearances an instant longer, and her grand reception ended by Florabel falling to the floor in a dead faint—body and mind alike exhausted.

This event created dire confusion, causing the guests to disperse sooner than they would have done, and leaving Max Forrester with a tingling sensation of discomfiture and failure.

CHAPTER VI.

"It is all my own fault," said Florabel to herself the next day, as she stood alone by the lace-draped window. "I knew that my world and his were different when he told me he was Max Forrester. I knew then that I could never be all his wife ought to be, and I should not have married him; it is my own fault."

It was a fortnight after the ball, and matters were going from bad to worse. It was no secret in the house that Mrs. Forrester and Max's young bride did not agree. She made no attempt to conceal her bitter disappointment with regard to her son's marriage; she never lost an opportunity of lamenting the ruin of his life.

In every little fracas that took place between Florabel and her mother Max tried to make peace. His mother was hurt, thinking he ought to take her side; his young wife was angry, feeling quite sure that he ought to fight her battles. He would have taken Florabel away, but his father persuaded him to remain, for he liked his son's young wife, and he had great hopes that, by seeing more of each other, the two ladies would be sure to learn to like each other better.

That was the reasoning of a man. He had yet to learn when women dislike each other at first sight, the feeling never grows less.

Florabel had long ceased to complain, and gradually a shadow fell between herself and young husband—a shadow that was far more fatal than a lover's quarrel.

Poor Florabel could have borne all this better if a greater cause for unhappiness had not clouded her existence; and that was the preference her young husband seemed to have for the society of beautiful Inez Clavering, the girl who every one had said "was so suited to him." Florabel wished from the bottom of her heart that this beautiful Southern girl had gone away before they arrived home.

Looking into the dark, sparkling face one day, Florabel wondered if he would ever have learned to care for Inez if he had never met her. Unfortunately, she put her thoughts into words when she found herself alone with Max one evening.

The young husband drew Florabel toward him, caressing her curls with a hearty laugh.

To be Continued.

For Xmas.



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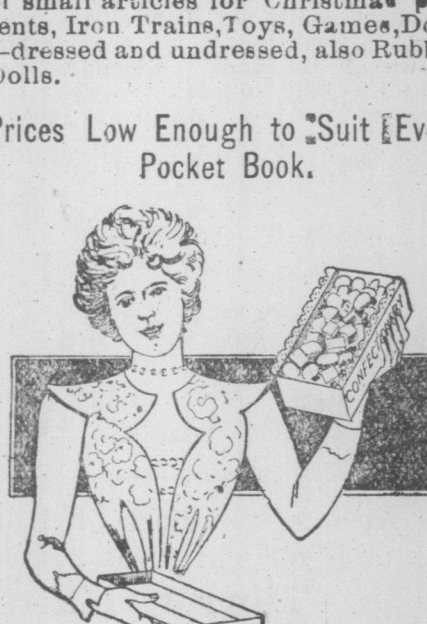
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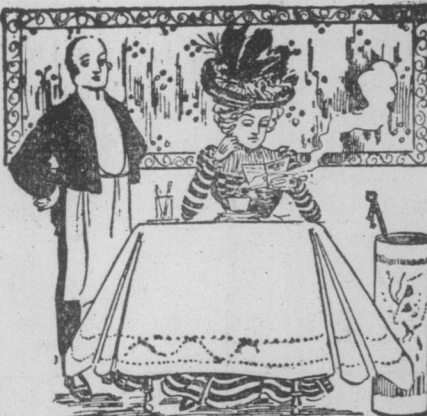


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From Halifax.

No.	Local time.
75 Accommodation	2.50 a.m.
25 Express, C. P. R.	9.50 a.m.
1 Express	10.30 a.m.
85 Express, C. B. Flyer	3.10 p.m.
33 Express, Maritime	4.35 p.m.
17 Accommodation	5.10 p.m.
57 Freight	6.35 p.m.
13 Express, Local	7.35 p.m.

From North.

16 Freight, daily	9.45 a.m.
34 Express, Montreal	3.00 p.m.
2 Express, St. John	5.35 p.m.
24 Freight	7.25 p.m.
26 Express, C. P. R.	8.20 p.m.
From Pictou and Mulgrave.	
18 Accommodation	9.40 a.m.
56 Accommodation	3.35 p.m.
20 Express	4.25 p.m.
86 Express, C. B. Flyer	7.40 p.m.

DEPARTURES.

For Halifax.

14 Express, Local	6.10 a.m.
58 Freight	7.80 a.m.
18 Accommodation	10.50 a.m.
34 Express, Maritime	3.10 p.m.
20 Express, Mulgrave	4.50 p.m.
2 Express, St. John	5.50 p.m.
86 Express, C. B. Flyer	7.50 p.m.
26 Express, C. P. R.	8.50 p.m.

For North.

23 Freight	8.00 a.m.
25 Express, C. P. R.	10.00 a.m.
1 Express, St. John	11.05 a.m.
33 Express, Montreal	4.45 p.m.
15 Freight	6.35 p.m.
For Pictou and Mulgrave.	
55 Freight	7.00 a.m.
19 Express	10.45 a.m.
85 Express, C. B. Flyer	6.15 p.m.
17 Express for Pictou and New Glasgow	8.35 p.m.

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