

Mr. Wood took the role on short notice, and sustained it in finished and artistic manner, showing remarkable ability. Lieutenant Thompson had not much to do but look handsome, but he did that to perfection. It is a long time since I have seen an amateur performance equal to "Bootles' Baby." The boxes were occupied by Colonel, Mrs. and the Misses Dawson, the Misses



MRS. CAMERON.

Rutherford, Mrs. Manning and party, Mr. and Miss Hodgins, and several officers of the Grenadiers. Among the audience I noticed Col. and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Capt. and Mrs. Pellatt, Capt. and Mrs. Miles, Mr., Mrs. and Miss E. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Croil, Mrs. Charles O'Reilly, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Janes, Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. F. C. Moffat, Capt. and Mrs. Jack Hay, Mr. and Mrs. S. Haas, Capt. Davidson, Mr. Crowther, Mr. J. Macdonald.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

A Very Ordinary Life.

She was a very ordinary woman. Not in any respect like the regulation heroine. She was pale, thin, and sallow, neither old or young. Her grammar was not above reproach. Her position was below par. I am sorry myself, but then if she hadn't chanced to belong to that great army, I might have never met her and you would never have heard her little story. From our first acquaintance with her, Mrs. Sellars used to allude to some one as "He." We subsequently discovered this being to be Mr. Sellars, an individual endowed with all the trouble-giving propensities and none of the delightful mystery surrounding "She" of Rider Haggard renown. There was nothing mysterious about Mr. Sellars, he was merely one of that large class of ne'er-do-wells. A shiftless, weak, lazy creature, generally idle, and two-thirds of the time drunk. We used to wonder how she put up with him, and admired the patient uncomplaining way she lived her weary life, bravely trying to hide his faults. We wondered at her still more when one day, after she had known us some time, Mrs. Sellars gave us her private



AGNES KNOX.

history. She had come for the clothes, while she rested for a few minutes she began to talk. Her voice and accent are indescribable. "He's out of work just now and I do want the money real bad if you could let me have it in advance. He was offered work loading coal at the wharf this week. but somehow I guess he was in hopes of something else, for he didn't go. My son in the country sent me some eggs and a piece of pork from his place this week. It were a real help, times are pretty hard now. Oh! yes, didn't I never tell you I had other children than these? Why there was quite a family of them. They are real warm men now, them two, living out there," with a comprehensive wave of her bony toil-worn hand, "on their farms."

"Why, I was married pretty young at first and had two sons. My husband owned a big farm and worked real well at it. We didn't want nothing in those days. My man died when the boys were quite small and left the farm to me for life. We got on real well for about two years and then I met him, Sellars. He had been in the war, you see, and looked quite the gentleman in his grand uniform, and him a fine good-looking fellow then as ye'd see any where.

"My folks never held with soldiering and felt mad with me for keeping company with him, but then you see I'd a liking for him and wanted someone to run the place and look after the boys, and he was pretty kind to me in those days, so when he asked me I said 'Yes,' and we were married. Well, we stayed on the farm for quite a spell then, but he drank an awful lot and by-and-bye when the boys grew up and kinder began to loook after their own business, they told him he wasn't acting square to them, that he was ruining the farm, and it was going to the dogs, and a lot more, and they wanted to put him out. One night he did get awful drunk and wanted to fight them, so they turned him clear out and wouldn't let him come back. They were good to me too, I'll say that, and said that if I stayed on the farm, the children—his children—could stay too, and they'd never say a word to them. We stayed awhile and then I couldn't bear the thought of that poor body awandering round alone with no one to look after him, and me a'living in plenty, so I took Maria and Melindy and Gren and went back to him and giv' up my right to the farm. Then we came to town, and here we've been staying some years. Will ye want starch in the pillow cases this time Mr. Smith? I'll try and have them done



MRS. GIBSON—(LAURA NORRIS). MISS FRANCIS—(HELEN GRACE).

on the day you said, and I'm real obliged to you for the money. Good-night."

Mr. Sellars was a peculiar specimen. On one occasion a member of the family coming along the street at night, fell in—both literally and figuratively—with that gentleman sitting by the road side to all appearance under the influence of his bosom enemy. Upon enquiry Mr. Sellars explained that far be it from him to be drunk, he had only slipped on the side walk and hurt his foot. The Good Samaritan begged to be allowed to call Mrs. Sellars, but he sadly explained that his wife was not of a sympathetic nature.

As time went on Mrs. Sellars became more and more unfit for her work, till at last she gave up altogether and we learned that a terrible internal disease was eating her life away. Poor patient soul! I wonder if you have found life pleasant enough to care to live any longer.

On our visits we always found her lying uncomplainingly, sometimes in great pain, in the little attic room. "How are ye?" she would murmur, between deep, troubled breaths, "No, there is nothing I could eat thank you; the doctor did say I might have some Graham crackers. I kind o' fancy them, but I hate to ask yer ma, she's been real good to me yer ma has and you too. We're most out of wood Melindy says, but I guess we'll get along. He was mighty unfortinate poor fellow, when he was aworking in the woods, he says as he sent five dollars to us in a registered letter but the money was stolen I reckon for we never got it. Good-bye. I'm always mighty glad to see you."

It was awful to see her through the long months, lingering between life and death, nothing to look forward to but dreadful pain. Reports began to fly around among the charitable ladies of the town. "They say she is a perfect heathen, my dear, fancy the poor creature dying like that without a thought of salvation, someone must speak to her!" Someone did. "That was all settled long ago. You needn't be afraid of that" was the quick response to the questions.

Mr. Sellars didn't change much during this time. He sat by the stove and wept maudlin tears at the thought of his wife's suffering, or hilariously called for drinks in a down town bar, and indulged in drunken fights for the purpose no doubt of keeping up his spirits.

"I feel real bad to-day," she said once, "real bad, I guess I'm most run ashore. I wish your ma could come to see me sometime She's a real good woman is your ma, a real good woman, pity there ain't more like her in the world, but I suppose she's busy and can't get away, never mind, tell her not to mind."

A ray of golden summer sun shone into the room, touching the



ISADORE RUSH.

brow of the dying woman. It rested on the pitifully weak face of her husband, on the white thin faces of her son and daughters. Out in the street were sounds of busy life. A bee flew into the room and buzzed stupidly about. The little beams grew brighter as they prepared to sink to their rest. Perhaps they seemed to her like the forerunners of the coming glory. She opened her eyes and looked around while her arms moved restlessly. Then all was still. She was "ashore" at last. MOLLIE MOORE.

Preoccupied.

HOFFMAN HOWES,—Don't you feel cold, deah boy, sitting theagh by the window?

HOWELL GIBBON.—Ya-as; I guess I do. I knew theah was something the mattah with me. I suppose it must be cold.

SWEETNESS—I heard such a good joke to-day. I have been hugging myself about it ever since.

JACK—You must be tired. Let me assist you.

"There's one thing I can't understand," said Mrs. Trotter to the captain of an ocean steamer. "What is that, madam?" "It is how the wind blowing over the salt ocean can be so fresh."

"MISS FLUSHINGTON says you passed her on the street yesterday without bowing to her." "Oh, deah!" sighed the young man; "it's all the way she manages her complexion. Tell heh foh me, deah boy, that I'm fwightfully color-blind, won't you?"



R. B. MALCHIEN.