

Lola's Contribution

The blank is slowly breaking! I've just dared to open the portmanteau and look at one of those yellow posters. I put it away quick; there's a lump in my throat that seems as if it will never go. One look, and I could see my little Lola's brown face smiling up at me, and her hands reaching out to tell me there's nothing in the world to forgive. Nothing! No; she would love to have us think she died for her Canadian boy who's out fighting in the war—died just as bravely as he would. She never knew; and Will Holly, if ever he returns, will find no one to tell him the truth. That is between Heaven and me; and if there's a price to be paid, why, I pay it in full every time I look back—back to dear, terrible Montreal!

Yes! It was just after we knew that the war was going to tighten the bond between Britain and her colonies. The Exhibition had been in full swing, but people were beginning to forget it and talk of nothing but the far-away struggle on the veldt. Still, Lola, and I, who had worked our way up from the South in time for the circus engagement, were doing splendid business; and one of the biggest lines on the yellow bill of attractions was "Twice daily—Little Lola, the Dusky Queen of Snakes."

"Afraid. But now—now he thinks he is going to the war; they tell him he has been chosen; and—" "And—Go on; you know it all!" "He only begged me to tell him where we should be when he comes back! That was all. I couldn't help liking him a little!" "As if it was last night, I can remember how the swimming eyes looked imploringly up into mine; how I had to shut my teeth on words that choked up.

"Going to the war, is he?" I said, with a laugh. "So much the better—for him. If he's a gentleman, and wants to know anything of that sort let him ask me."

comfortable consciousness. And then, on the third day, the new exhibition posters were flaming all over the city. . . . At midday I was in the little heated conservatory at the back feeding the snakes. I can see Lola's face now, as she came to the doorway with that wondering whisper: "Why, I—I am not billed to appear! Not a word—everyone but me. What can it mean? Don't they want me?" "Mean! Didn't I tell you?" I said, sharply. "I never promised. We shall be going on to Toronto by the first train on Monday."

Monday evening, with that dull pain still in my limbs, I was sitting by the fire. I had just been reading of the enthusiastic preparations for the departure of the Canadians, and my thoughts veered to that other scene at the Exhibition—that other outburst of loyalty.

"Who—who—" I whispered pointing. "Why," she breathed, "Miss Lola! She came back with one of the circus men, not an hour ago. She was all excitement—just time for her turn, she said."

One of the Most Interesting Little Curios in the World. The most charming little ring and interesting little curio in the world is the property of Mr. Temple, of London. This gentleman is a nephew of the celebrated Sir Richard Temple, and the ring in question is a highly-prized old family heirloom. Its history is pathetic and romantic in the extreme.

The Station-Master's Story

Across two fields I could see the little station peeping through the crimson and gold of the maples, half a mile away. I had no idea as to whether I should come near to train-time; I had not been living by the clock for a month past. But of one thing I was certain; I was not going to spoil this last day of my vacation by hurrying after a train that might have no existence.

"He didn't answer, only made a bound for the ticket office, snatched a glass from the shelf and was back in a twinkling. One glance was all he needed." "Dan," says he still in that strange voice, "Dan, it's a runaway engine, coming up backward at sixty miles an hour! I think what will happen if it isn't stopped!" "I knew well enough what he meant and my blood grew cold. I knew he was thinking that the four-o'clock accommodation would be hauling in at the Junction—the Junction is two miles up, round that curve, sir—just then, and that the runaway would catch it up and smash it sure as fate. And besides that, the track all the way along after leaving here would be covered with school children; for they know, as well as we, just the time for every train, and couldn't see the engine coming, for that curve till it was upon them.

Greatest Piano. with d. ty is easy. Anyone does not rest its ly of it, though none and skill and ability those who know the and they are of those speak knowingly of l by musical critics n Davies, Nutini, chi, and a host of ast few weeks we sinway and Carreno rist with a piano gratified with the n. be had. Indeed o. was the firmest sed a singing yet urmeister certainly agner music. The vere brought fully srt thapsodic were ile Beethoven and ned tonal effects of we have sornment 2 for we are nufacturers. iculty here our taste or in Chicago. r. Grand for \$275 00 ing Guard Risch that od condition CO. Dnt. Fencings ver fifteen years ying. e Ontario Wire General Dealers ware Jobbers, of Hamilton and Montreal. ewelry ofit k repairing. & CO.

KING KHAMA

Lean, Hungry Looking and Egly as Man in B. Khama is King of the Bamangwato tribe. His 40,000 subjects are called Bechuanas, because they live in Bechuanaland; but they resent this name themselves; and do not acknowledge it as a tribal term.

A THING OF BEAUTY

She—Did you get a good look at the bride. What is she like? He—Fine eyes, good complexion, lovely hair— And teeth? Like a new born babe's

St. Thomas Is to have a new Y.M.C.A. building.