

A BRAVE FIGHT.  
BY HARRY OLMORE.  
"I declare I feel as light as a bird," Stella Markham observed, as she stood before the mirror, combing out her soft brown tresses with the utmost deliberation. "Your Canadian air is as exhilarating as champagne. Nora, winter in England means fog, damp and general disagreeableness. Here it is simply the perfection of weather. Quite too lovely, isn't it?"  
And Stella, who had gone out to Montreal on a visit to her uncle—Gen. Markham, commanding the garrison there—only a month before, gave a deep sigh of pleasure as she gazed out of the window at the glorious prospect before her.  
Her cousin Nora, seated at the window, looking out upon the same view, with perhaps as much of admiration, but hardly the same amount of enthusiasm, for she had been nearly two years in Montreal, and the novelty was of course worn off in her case.  
"Oh, I don't know," she said with a coy smile of deep significance, "I had two lovers always in attendance, I suppose even a desert might be made tolerable."  
A dead silence fell upon the room; then Stella went on placidly arranging several rows of ringlets over her forehead, wondering what had started Nora on such a path, but venturing no remark until her cousin said, with abrupt emphasis:  
"What do you suppose will be the end of all this, Stella?"  
"Of what, pray? Put it in plain English."  
"You know perfectly well what I mean, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You have no right to trifles with such men as Alan Douglas and Major Valcour."  
"My dear Nora, you are, without exception, the most absurdly, inconsistent person of my acquaintance."  
"I do not deny that I have had various little affairs in my time, but I never carried a flirtation beyond my bounds, as you have done."  
"Indeed?"  
"I am really in earnest, Stella. I refuse to be a party to any such performance; and if this sort of thing is to continue, I shall leave you to end the affair as you see fit."  
"Dear me! what a fuss about nothing! I don't think they intend to murder each other just yet."  
"Perhaps not; but you know they both love you devotedly, and you do your best to keep them hovering around? You can't marry them both, and I doubt very much whether you mean to marry either."  
"I don't know that I do," she answered, but the color in her cheeks deepened somewhat, and she did not meet her cousin's questioning glance.  
"Then you are worse than I thought you were!" cried Nora with righteous wrath. "I never would have believed you capable of such wickedness, Stella. It is a sin and a shame for any girl to act as you have done! It is what I call contemptible!"  
"It is, though you are a little better with a little embarrassed laugh. 'Don't get in such a rage with me, Nora. It isn't my fault that I can't make up my mind. I am sure I would be perfectly willing to oblige you by marrying one of the gentlemen, but I can't for the life of me, find out which one to prefer."  
"You had better not have either if you have any doubts about it," Nora said bluntly.  
"Now you are going back to what you said before."  
"I wish you would have done with this trifling!"  
"Nothing was further from my thoughts," Stella answered so gravely that Nora said, in quite a different tone: "You are not in love with either of them then?"  
"I—I don't think I am. I believe I like Al—Mr. Douglas best; but the Valcour fortune and family rank quite balance my preference. So you see I am in a dilemma. Ah, there they are! My cousin's rival suitors, she vented her feelings in the brief remark that Stella was the queerest girl she had ever met.  
"The gentlemen were waiting for them in the sleigh at the front door, and it was not long before the robes were wrapped about them, and they were off at a rattling pace on the road leading out of the quaint old town.  
It was a clear, breezy day, but not too cold for pleasure, and the two boats—those swift-winged sleighs so common on the Canadian rivers in winter—were skimming over the frozen surface of the water like beautiful white gulls.  
To see those dainty little vessels, mounted on runners, cutting along over, thrilled Stella's venturesome soul with envy.  
"Oh, I would give anything in the world for a ride on one of those boats," she cried with girlish extravagance, and her speaking eyes followed the graceful movements of the trim little ice fleet.  
"Have you never ridden in one?" Eugene Valcour asked in surprise.  
"No; but I have always wanted to. I should think it would be perfectly delightful."  
"It is," Valcour answered. "We have a boat, Miss Markham. If you will, I will take you on a very dangerous sport, Alan Douglas observed, sententiously. "You may dive into an air hole, or capsize at any moment."  
"So they say," Valcour answered carelessly, "but I've been out on the river scores of times, and have never met with a single accident. It's all in the management of the boat. I wouldn't be afraid to take half a dozen people in the Victoria."  
"That a man has occupied a hundred times is no indemnity against possible accidents," Douglas said tersely. "I wouldn't care to take anyone with me in the Victoria—certainly not a lady."  
"Oh, I wouldn't be a bit afraid!" Stella cried. "Major Valcour, do take me? I am dying to go."  
"I am perfectly willing to take you," he said laughing; "only you must promise me immunity from prosecution in case anything dreadful happens to you."  
Alan Douglas's face was overspread with a sudden frown.  
"Major Valcour," he said sternly, "I hope you have no serious thought of doing anything so foolhardy."  
The color rushed to Stella's face, and his eyes emitted an angry spark.  
"I am at Miss Markham's service," he said shortly. "I shall take her if she wishes to go."  
"Certainly I do!" Stella cried. "If there is any real danger, it will only add zest to my enjoyment, and I will like it above all things—wouldn't you, Nora?"  
"No, thanks!" her cousin answered, nervously. "I would rather be excused."  
"What are you afraid of, Stella?" she exclaimed, with an accent that brought a resentful flush to Alan's face.  
She might as well have called him a coward.  
"Whether we are afraid or not, Miss Markham," he said with quick, cutting emphasis, "I feel it my duty to inform you

that ice-boating is not a suitable sport for a lady. In the first place, the boats are mere skeletons, and the only way to accommodate oneself to them is to lie down flat in the stern. There are no seats, no cushions, nothing—in fact there are only the bare ribs of timber to hold on by. No lady can ride in one without real courage, and—no! a little discredit to herself."  
"What do you mean to insinuate, sir?" Valcour exclaimed angrily.  
"I insinuate nothing," Douglas replied coolly. "I state the case without equivocation."  
Then he turned to the coachman and said in a low tone:  
"Stop here, please! Ladies, I am obliged to leave you. Good morning, Major Valcour!"  
"Drive on!" Valcour cried as he muttered something under his breath.  
Alan Douglas had leaped lightly out of the sleigh, and, lifting his hat, began to retrace his road back to Montreal.  
"Well, all of the pretty exhibitions I ever did see!" Stella exclaimed with a look of scorn.  
"He was afraid we'd ask him to join us," whispered Valcour, "his nerves have disturbed himself."  
"The idea of a man of his age being so superlatively cautious!" Stella added derisively. "I call that downright cowardice."  
Valcour was, of course, not ill pleased to find his rival in disgrace; but Nora looked back at the retreating figure of Alan Douglas with a different feeling.  
"You will take me, won't you, Major Valcour?" Stella asked coquettishly.  
To which Valcour, of course, replied that he would take her anywhere she wished to go.  
"We might go this afternoon," he said reflectively, "the ice looks pretty sound, and there's a nice breeze blowing."  
"Yes, yes! do let us go this afternoon!" Stella urged eagerly.  
And so it was arranged.  
The Victoria, a splendid little ice yacht, lay just off the landing. Valcour had provided cushions and robes for her, but Stella was somewhat surprised to learn that Alan Douglas had come pretty near the truth.  
They had met him on their way down to the river, but he passed on with the slightest of formal salutes.  
"Is there no one else going with us?" Stella asked in surprise, as Eugene Valcour tucked the robes about her, and seated himself in a half-reclining posture at her side.  
"No," he answered with a smile. "I can manage the boat myself, and the Victoria is so small there is hardly room for more. Besides," he added in a lower and more tender tone, "would not another person be a drop? You are not afraid to trust your seat with me?"  
"Oh, no!" Stella answered were height ened color.  
Then the sails caught the wind as it went whistling by, and away they sped over the smooth, glittering surface of the ice.  
Lying in the stern of the boat, Stella looked up at the clear blue sky, and out at the snow-capped mountains which skirted their path on either side.  
Every object she fixed her eyes upon appeared to vanish as if by magic. The boat seemed to skim through the air. Even the express train which came howling along the east bank of the river was left far in the rear.  
The wind fluttered Stella's hair, and fanned the color in her cheeks into a bright flame; her eyes sparkled with enjoyment, and laughter fairly bubbled to her lips.  
"Isn't this perfectly splendid!" she cried for the sixth or seventh time, as the Victoria circled and tacked in a lively breeze.  
"There is another boat making this way," Valcour observed. "It must be a poor sailor. With only one man in it, it ought to have passed us long ago."  
Stella watched it for awhile, and then lay back in the stern of the Victoria with her eyes closed.  
"She is catching up with us," Valcour exclaimed presently; but Stella was not the least bit interested in the chase.  
"I feel as if I were drifting away into dreamland somewhere," she said; and then she felt a firm hand held softly over her eyes.  
This brought her to her senses; she opened her eyes with a start and found Eugene Valcour looking down at her with an expression she could not mistake.  
"I wish we could get drifting on this way for ever," he said passionately, "you and I darling."  
For the moment his hold on the rudder had relaxed, and he forgot that constant vigilance was required of him.  
"Look out!" was the clear ringing shout that came from the boat in the rear, but it came too late.  
The Victoria had borne down upon one of those treacherous air-holes. In an instant she had capsized, and both Stella and Valcour were struggling in the water.  
A cold and frightful plunge was all that she remembered till hours had passed, and she found herself lying in bed, while Nora shared her writs and temples with alcohol.  
"Thank God!" Nora cried fervently, as Stella opened her eyes. "Tell Mr. Douglas she is safe."  
"Where is Mr. Valcour?" Stella asked feebly.  
"Nora's face flushed indignantly. "At home!" she answered shortly. "He has behaved shamefully. Stella. When the boat upset he just left you to drown and tried to save himself. If it hadn't been for Alan Douglas you wouldn't be here now."  
"Did Alan save my life?" Stella asked tremulously.  
"Yes. Oh, he has acted like a hero to-day. He saw you set out, and felt so fearful for your safety that he took another boat and followed you. He was right near at hand when the accident occurred."  
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The actor is frequently obliged to bring a suit for his salary. The tailor expects he will bring his very for a suit.  
There is nothing sadder to Mother Graves' Worm Extremator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such a reputation.  
A writer in the London Times having referred to Bishop Hallmuth as an infidel bishop of Liverpool, the bishop of that diocese writes to the Times explaining that the statement was inaccurate. Bishop Hallmuth holds no official position in the diocese of Liverpool. His lordship adds that perhaps it is not generally known that Dr. Hallmuth resigned the bishopric of Huron under a misapprehension.  
In Charles Reade's manuscript of the dramatized form of "Never Too Late to Mend," the author has penned this margin note to a passage, "If the audience fails to weep here the passage has not been properly acted."  
—West Toronto Junction is within a few minutes of the Union station by the train of either the Ontario and Quebec and the Grand Trunk or the Northern.  
Real estate in the neighborhood has steadily risen in value and prominence. Some of the best lots in West Toronto are to be had from George Clarke, 236 Yonge Street.  
"What is more awful to contemplate," said a lecturer glancing at him, "than the relentless power of the Malaria?"  
And a hen-pecked looking man in the rear of the building softly replied, "The Malaria!"  
—Mrs. George Simpson, Toronto, says: "I have suffered severely with corns, and was unable to get relief from treatment of any kind until I was recommended to try Holloway's Corn Cure. After applying it for a few days I was enabled to remove the corn, root and branch, and without pain and inconvenience in using it. I can heartily recommend it to all suffering from corns."  
A Successful Result.  
—Mr. Bloomer of Hamilton, Ont., suffered for many years from a skin disease, and sore upon one of his legs, which baffled all attempts to heal until he used Burdock Blood Bitters, which speedily effected a perfect cure.  
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An Irishman having been obliged to live with his master some time in Scotland, when he came back some of his companions asked him how he liked Scotland. "I will tell you how," said he. "I was sick all the while I was there; and if I had lived there till this time, I would have been dead a year ago."  
—The reason why "Nonacid Washing Compound" should be used in preference to all other washing preparations. First, it is perfectly harmless. Second, it saves more than half the labor. Third, it is the cheapest in the market. Many more could be given but this should be sufficient. For sale by all grocers. Lowden & Co., Wholesale, Agents for Toronto.  
Women have a great respect for age. Watch a young lady seated in a street car, between a young gentleman and an elderly one, and see how determined she is to accommodate the latter by crowding against him.  
Prompt Measures.  
—Prompt means should be used to break up sudden colds and coughs in their early stages. Haggard's Pectoral Balsam does this most speedily and effectually. 246  
The Hudson Bay Company is the largest taxpayer in Winnipeg, contributing over \$10,000 annually to the civic revenue.  
—Miss Mary Campbell, Elm, writes: "After taking four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspepsia Cure, I feel that I were a new person. I had been troubled with dyspepsia for a number of years, and tried many remedies, but of no avail, until I used this celebrated dyspeptic cure." For all impurities of the blood, sick headache, liver and kidney complaints, constiveness, etc., it is the best medicine known.  
It was proposed to employ Baker Pasha in connection with Lord Wolseley's expedition to Egypt, but the project was promptly vetoed by the queen. Her majesty took advantage of the opportunity to announce that her decision on this subject is unalterable, and therefore she wishes to hear no more about it. The personages who urged in favor of General Baker were sharply rebuffed.  
—A stinging sensation in throat and palate called heartburn, and oppression at the pit of the stomach after eating, are both the offspring of dyspepsia. Alkaline salts like carbonate of soda may relieve but cannot remove the cause. A lasting remedy is to be found in Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspepsia Cure. Those associate organs, the liver and bowels, benefit in common with their ally, the stomach, by the use of this remedy, and blood purifying remedy.  
"I do so like Miss Badger's singing, don't you?" she asked. "I can't say that I do, exactly." "But you must realize that she always sings without her music."  
"I don't doubt it. That's just the way it sounds."  
—A. B. Des Rochers, Arthabaska, Que., writes: "This year ago I was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism in the head, from which I nearly consented to die. I used cod liver oil, and, bathing the head, etc., when I was completely cured, and have only used half a bottle."

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