

practicing up the song or nocturne that was to rouse the enthusiasm of the enchanted assemblage, and only mortification is the result; the compliments are forced and cold and the "Thank-yous" that echo the concluding chords are at least as likely to represent gratitude that the process is over, as delight in its having taken place. Of the audience those who understand music wished they were hearing better, and those who wanted to talk wished they were hearing none.

If a girl plays fairly well, or sings even but a little, her accomplishment may give real pleasure in the home circle, especially if her brothers and sisters are musical too. The young people get up duets and trios and choruses together, fearless of difficulties, and each too self-intent to be unkindly critical of the others; the older people listening in their easy chairs, and if they do not exactly think their geese are all swans, they feel that such cherey melodious geese as theirs are far pleasanter to hear than any swans in the world; and yet are these family evenings made wiser and merrier with ill-timed music always worth the cost? Think of the hours of practice. Think of the next door neighbors.

A Deadletter.

Cousin Ruth was playing waltzes for the young folks. Near her stood John Graham, one of her old beaux. He had lately come home after an absence of twenty years.

John was looking at Ruth with apparent concern, counting the lines that began to mark her pale face and noting the streaks of gray that ran through her hair. It had been so dark and thick the last time he had seen it! Then he gazed thoughtfully at the merry young dancers, and at last, feeling that he ought to say something, asked:

"Who is that graceful yellow-haired girl?"

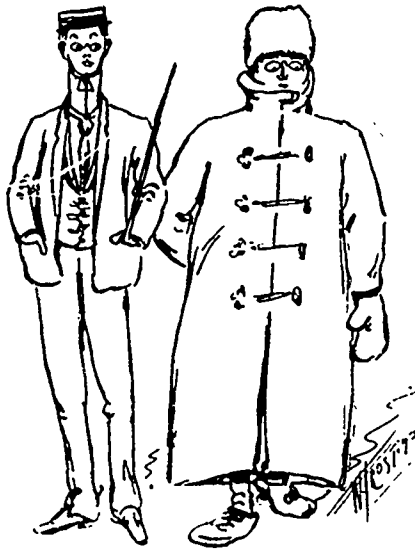
"That is Grace Deering, Cousin Tom's daughter," Ruth replied. Her hearer exclaimed wonderingly:

"Tom Deering's daughter! I remember him so well!" After a pause he added, "I thought you and he would have been married long ago."

Cousin Ruth smiled, shook her head, and played on without speaking.

"The last time I saw you," said John, musingly, "you were waltzing with Tom himself—do you remember it?"

Did she recall it? Twenty years had passed since young John Graham had bidden her a cold and brief farewell.



BINKS, not half the man in Summer he is in the Winter.

and she, amazed and awe-struck by his manner, had merely said, "Good-by," and let him go. Yet the memory of that night had never left her.

"I wonder why Ruth is playing that old-fashioned waltz," said the elders of the party to each other, and John Graham listened spell-bound to the well-remembered strain.

"Ah," he said suddenly, "the tune recalls the past. I sent you a bunch of violets that very night, and hoped that you would wear them. O Ruth, what a heartless flirt you were!"

Old as John had grown, his eyes wore a familiar expression as they met hers.

As soon as the young people had tired of dancing, Cousin Ruth went up to room and locked herself up, giving way to strange emotion. From the lowest depths of her trunk she took an old brass-bound box that had not been disturbed for twenty years. Unlocking it, she hastily raised the lid. Instead of the fresh, sweet violets she had left in it, there were a few crisp, shapeless, and withered petals, beneath which for the first time she discovered a bit of paper, on which were these words:

"Once for all, Ruth, is it yes or no? If yes, wear these violets at the ball to-night. I go away to-morrow; and if it is no, I shall not return. J.G."

For a few minutes Ruth stood motionless. Claspings the little missive she went downstairs. One of her nephews, passing her in the hall, thought how pretty she must have been when she was a girl. Her face was aglow with an unusual beauty. She went into the sitting-room, where John Graham sat alone. He was gazing moodily at the embers of the fire. Ruth approached and, putting the piece of yellowed paper gently into his hand, said calmly:

"I never saw it until this instant."

He looked at her in mute astonishment as she was about to turn away.

"Would you have worn my flowers had you found the note?" he asked hurriedly. "Ah, Ruth, is it now too late?"

The merry voices in the next room drowned her answer to all but John Graham; he alone heard it.—Isabel Smithson.

A CURE FOR A SORE THROAT.

In certain affections of the throat, such as acute pharyngitis, catarrh of the eustachian tube, with pain in the ear, a Swiss confrere says that he obtains excellent results from making the patients yawn several times a day. It produces, it seems, almost instantaneous relief, the symptoms rapidly subside and the curache disappears. Frequently the affection is cut short by this novel treatment. Yawning produces, as everyone knows, a considerable distention of the muscles of the pharynx, constituting a kind of massage, and under this influence the cartilaginous portion of the eustachian tube contracts, expelling the pharynx the mucosities there collected. According to N. Naegeli yawning is much more efficacious or affections of the tube than the methods of Valisnyva Politzer, and is more rational than the insufflation of air, which is often difficult to perform properly.—"Medical Record."

Mrs. E. A. Small and the Misses Small have arrived home after several months' sojourn on the continent of Europe.

The Bachelors' Ball at the Kennels was an unqualified success.

The St. Andrew's Ball at the Windsor on Wednesday next promises to be largely attended.

Mrs. Duncan McIntyre will again receive the guests at the St. Andrew's Ball this season. The chieftain, himself, in kilts was one of the principal attractions last year.

Among the social events of the week is the wedding of Miss Shirley Foley, daughter of Mr. James Foley, oil merchant of this city, to Mr. E. A. Roberts of the Dominion Woolen Co. The ceremony took place in St. George's Church. The happy couple have gone on a honeymoon trip to the Atlantic States.