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## CUPID-CASHIER.

Winifred and Jackson followed an obsequious waiter between a long row of snowy tables about which animated couples were seated, past a group of palms, in the centre of which a fountain sparkled, to a second room also plentifully decked with palms, and were shown to a little table set for two. On the table in a slender vase long-stemmed carnations reflected themselves in a high and narrow mirror. Other vases and cardracks, pink, white and lemon, were mirrored elsewhere about the room.

The waiter, with a bow and a flourish, proffered a chair. Winifred took it, and Jackson seated himself opposite her.

"It is lovely, isn't it?" said she, drawing off her gloves and glancing about her with a pleased smile. "Flowers, lights and music."

For at that moment unseen violins burst into a familiar air from the Cavalleria Rusticana.

Winifred listened eagerly.

"I like it," she murmured. Then she laughed. "Anybody would know that I was from the country," she added. "Wouldn't they?"

Jackson did not reply. He was scanning the bill of fare.

"What do you want?" he asked.

She reached her hand across the table. "Give it to me," said she, "and I will see."

He watched her as she glanced casually down the list while the waiter filled their glasses with ice, poured into them water from a long-necked carafe, laid immense napkins at their plates and patiently awaited their order.

"I think," said Winifred slowly, her finger on her lip, "that I should like some canvas-backed duck." The waiter took out a little tablet and wrote rapidly—"canvas back duck."

"Some terrapin, some pate de foie gras," the waiter's pencil skimmed daintily over the pate de foie gras.

"And some whitebait. But the whitebait comes first, doesn't it? Well, I will order what I want and it can be sorted afterwards." She studied for an absorbed moment or two. "There are a lot of other things I want," she went on, biting her under lip while the waiter developed into one broad and expansive smile as he hung upon her next words, "but that will do at present. I will be studying up the next course while you are bringing that," she concluded.

Jackson turned pale.

"Winifred!" he gasped. Their contemplated marriage in the early spring warranted the familiarity of her given name. "Hand me the bill of fare. Do you know how far we are from home? I don't want to have to walk."

Winifred looked up in surprise.

"What's the matter?" she cried.

"Oh, nothing," said he. "Only if you go on ordering like that you will break me. I haven't got a fortune in stocks. I'm no multi-millionaire, no bloated bond-holder, rolling in wealth. I'm living on a salary. Hand me that bill of fare."

She passed it to him and sat staring at him with wondering eyes as he bent frowningly over it.

The waiter, with an almost imperceptible shrug of his broad shoulders, scratched out the items jotted down on his tablet, and pencil in hand, courteously contemplated the ceiling.

Finally Jackson looked up at him.

"Is the table d'hote dinner over?" he enquired.

"It is," answered the waiter.

Jackson once more scrutinized the bill of fare.

"Then we shall be obliged to order," he said, disconsolately. "How would you like a little consommé to begin on, Winifred?"

Winifred was busily engaged in remembering. Small facts seemingly inconsequent at the time now assumed giant proportions.

For instance, Jackson that very evening had brought her a bunch of violets and pinned them on her jacket. She remembered that he had said to her, "I got them on the corner, and I made the man throw in the pin. Anywhere else I would have to pay three times as much for those violets."

At another time, on their way to the park, he had said, "Shall we walk? It will save car-fare. Besides it is only fifteen blocks." It occurred to her now, that notwithstanding the pleasure of his society, it had been a very long walk and she had been exceedingly tired when she got back home again.

In the sudden glare of those and other recollections her eyes widened in a premonitory stare as they rested

upon Jackson. He was fast appearing to her in a new and formidable light. Absorbed in her own thoughts his question penetrated to her ears, but the drift of it was lost.

"What did you say?" she asked.

"Will you have some consommé?"

"Anything," she answered wearily. "I don't care."

The waiter disappeared, returning by and by with the consommé which Winifred sipped daintily. Somehow she had lost her appetite.

Presently, laying down her spoon, she looked across the room at a girl in a pink waist, who showed two rows of small white teeth as she laughed and talked with the young man opposite her. By the side of their table were tall candlesticks of silver, in which burned rose-colored candles, flanking the flare of the flowers. These carnations were delicately pink, and matched the shade of the girl's silk waist.

But Winifred was not thinking of the girl, nor of the candles, nor of the pink blossoms. The room and its occupants faded before her, and she saw instead a frugal kitchen with one large window, the panes of which were very bright and clean. At this window hung a snowy curtain, beneath which was a table spotlessly scrubbed. Before the table stood a fragile woman in a dark-blue calico dress, a gingham apron tied about her waist, the starched strings hanging to the hem of her skirt. The woman was her Aunt Clorinda, engaged in the humble occupation of peeling potatoes.

As she stood there, in her attitude of so resigned and profound a sadness, that, accompanied as the remembrance of it was with the wails of the violins, it served to bring a rush of sudden tears to Winifred's eyes.

She blinked them back and forced a smile to her lips as Jackson asked: "Shall we have quail on toast?"

Examining the price list more minutely, he added: "It isn't very expensive."

"By all means, then," said Winifred, "have quail on toast."

The waiter bent his head attentively.

"Two?" he inquired.

"One will be enough for us both, won't it?" asked Jackson, looking interrogatively and appealingly at Winifred.

At the same time he cautiously touched the toe of her shoe under the table.

"Plenty," said she. She laughed a trifle hysterically. "Plenty," she repeated.

The waiter removed the soup plates and passed through the room toward the kitchen. At the door he nudged another waiter and jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of Jackson. It was impossible for Winifred to hear what he said, but her face flushed scarlet at the gesture.

While they waited for the quail, Winifred's mind again drew a picture for her. This time it was a room in her own home that she saw. Her mother sat in a low rocking chair before the grate fire, knitting and talking. "Clorinda was one of the brightest and prettiest girls I ever saw," she was saying, "and now look at her. Don't talk to me. There is nothing that so warps a woman's life as stinginess in her husband. Do you know that, on her wedding trip, when she wanted to bring back some little presents to her friends, he wouldn't let her? 'Save your money,' he said, 'don't throw it away on foolishness.' And that has been the cry ever since. 'Save your money, save your money.' That poor thing hasn't a decent dress to her name. I wouldn't be seen on the street in the things she wears; and work! she slaves from morning till night to save his money. The change in her is pitiful. It hurts me. From a bright, happy woman, she has become a machine set going for the performance of endless tasks—a hopeless drudge. Sometimes I wake in the middle of the night and cannot sleep, thinking of her."

Jackson broke in upon her reverie. "I suppose they had to go out and shoot that quail," said he, "from the length of time they are taking to bring it in."

Winifred laughed faintly.

"Maybe we can make him deduct something from the price of it," said she, "since he has taken so long."

"What?"

"Oh, nothing."

"What else will you have after the quail, Winifred?"

"Let's stop at the quail," she implored. "Really, I am not hungry; that is, not any more."

"But you must have a little dessert. Have some ice cream. It isn't expensive."

By this time the waiter had brought the quail. Jackson portioned it out, reserving for himself the larger piece.

"You said you were not hungry, I



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Our 50 years experience and the continual increase of our trade are a guarantee that we always give satisfaction. We spare no expense to put our House on a footing superior to the best and largest Fur Houses in the world.

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in the largest and best markets of the world, and direct from the trappers,

We are in a position to secure the choicest of the finest furs at prices which permit us to give you for the same money

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Better Value than you can get elsewhere.



1537 St. Catherine Street

## CHAS. DESJARDINS ET CIE.

THE KINGS OF FURRIERS.

believe," he observed, by way of apology, "and I am. Bring us some multifarious attentions were being lavished by her waiter, in whose pocket reposed a snug fee, and tingled with mortification as she and Jackson pushed back their chairs unassisted, walked the length of the two rooms and down the carpeted steps to the street, followed by the glare of their waiter, who stood aloof, his arms folded, indignantly imparting his grievance to a fellow-waiter.

Jackson tucked her hand under his arm.

"It's so jolly to be together. We shall be awfully happy in our little flat," he whispered. "Shan't we?"

Winifred disengaged her hand, and, putting it into her muff, walked apart from him through the brilliantly-lighted streets to the elevated.

"I have changed my mind," said she. "I think we are unsuited. There will be no 'little flat' for us."

"Why?" he asked, wonderingly.

"Because."

"Is that a reason, Winifred?" he exclaimed. "Because?"

"It is a woman's reason," she replied, "and it must suffice."—Zoe Anderson Norris.

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## ENGLAND'S ARISTOCRACY AND OURS.

An Englishman, speaking to a Yankee, said: "The great drawback to America is this: It has no aristocracy."

"What do you mean by aristocracy?" asked the American.

"Aw—well—an aristocracy is a class of privileged persons who live well, but never do any kind of work whatever. Occasionally we put them into Parliament to frame laws for the country."

"Oh!" retorted the American, "we have thousands of that class of persons in America, but we call them loafers, branks, or bunnies. Occasionally we put them into jail for breaking the laws of the country. There may be a distinction between the two, but I guess there's precious little difference, except, perhaps, in their clothes."

## CULTURE AS A BY-PRODUCT.

(Providence Journal.)

A strange doctrine is set forth by the President of Brown University when he says, discussing the purpose of education, that culture is not an aim in itself, but a by-product. The fallacy that technical training is all-sufficient has been stated before, but hardly with such bluntness as by Dr. Faunce. If a liberal education has meant anything in the past, it has meant the development of the mind—a development not achieved by the mere acquisition of information. It has meant not merely the possession of facts, but the right way of looking at facts. Dr. Faunce's theory is in effect that of Mr. Gradgrind. The youth of the land are so many pitchers, waiting to be filled to the brim.

The value of technical training is no doubt very great. But to confuse such training with education can work only evil. It may be questioned whether the universities are called upon to conduct technical schools. Certainly, if they undertake to do so it should not be at the expense of what our fathers called the humanities. A knowledge of art and literature is not incidental to the work of an analytical chemist. If he can add such knowledge to his scientific attainments he is a happier and more useful man. But he can be a competent analytical chemist without it. On the other hand, science, abstract or applied, cannot take the place of the classics in the general educational scheme. To say this is not to deprecate scientific research. Such research is, however, properly the work of the specialist. Culture does not imply more than an intelligent passing familiarity with the important laws of nature. But it does imply close familiarity, in Arnold's phrase, with "the best that has been taught and known in the world."

This best is found, not in the material triumphs of man, important to his welfare as they may be, but in the operations of his mind. It is the poetry and philosophy of the world which creates the atmosphere of sweetness and light where we may use ideas freely. These constitute culture—the armor of the breast, as Horace calls it. No schemes of education, mapping out the mind into distinct fields to be ploughed and harrowed in turn, deriding everything that has not an immediately utilitarian purpose, can truly cultivate the mind. That is one reason why a fresh and inquiring intelligence often finds out for itself what its teachers have denied it. There have been many who "needed not to go from home for good instruction." The function of teaching is strangely misapprehended when culture is characterized as a by-product. It is only so far as education produces culture that it offers a salutary equipment for the duties and problems of life.

The most loyal to duty are ever the simplest—the last to see their own glorious light.—Georgina Pell Curtis.

## DOES YOUR HEAD

Feel As Though It Was Being Hammered?

As Though It Would Crack Open?

As Though a Million Sparks Were Flying Out of Your Eyes?

Horrible Sickness of Your Stomach?

Then You Have Sick Headache!

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