

THEATRE

ERA HOUSE.

Napoleonic Comedy.

ME SANS GENE.

Present of Annette Pison, with original cast, and

yn Kidder

Production of

FT NO. 2 "Always

NIGAN'S BALL."

Y MUSIC HALL.

ay Week, 16th

ELBA

secret company with a com-

pany of 100 men, 100 and

a row in lower gallery 50c

morning next.

ESS THRILLY

GARRICK

BURLESQUE

COMPANY

Club Entertainment.

SATURDAY

views of Combination

SULLIVAN

BY KEVIN

Perry Short, Jim Lovell and

reserved seats extra.

ing.

Academy, 244 Yonge-

established 1887.

Hours to

Individual Instruction

Fancy dances de-

taught for theatrical

dress balls, etc.

ation Class.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

N-STREET.

SCHOOL

Lesson will be on

AFTERNOONS at 3

of Wednesday, until

lessons \$2, or 20c single

less Lesson 40c.

Day: Jellied Tongue,

Macarons, Mince Meat

pointment purveyors to

for the Gov-General

SE you cannot ex-

tend bread for the

coolest, because

BEST

BREAD

MADE OF

FINEST

FLOUR

FINEST FLOUR COSTS

MOST

MONEY

my people are willing

more for the sake

of the best. Perhaps you

will think so.

Webb Co., Ltd.

Toronto.

Agents for Hamilton.

MONEY

et in every phase

The BELL

OR ORGAN ac-

ommodates the delight-

ful pleasure they in-

sold by all

Bell branches

and agencies

everywhere.

Cash or in-

stalments.

g and Curling Asso-

ciation, Limited.

ANNUAL MEETING

given that the annual

meeting of the said

association of officers and

will be held at the Victoria

Hotel, at 8 p.m.,

JULIUS MILES.

Sec.-Treas.

JUST RECEIVED

A LARGE STOCK OF

THE CHEESE

English Stilton

Roquefort

Gorgonzola

Gruyere

Pineapple

Edam

Cream, etc.

MICHELE & CO.

KING ST. WEST

468 and 468 SPADINA AVE.

TORONTO.

MARGARET'S SECRET.

"She is so cold!" said those who

knew Margaret. "A fine girl, but so

cold!"

Sometimes Margaret heard them

smiled a half-mocking smile of

warm affection, of fierce re-

sentiments, of passionate dreams, that

kept her lying awake through the

night, of moments of anguish and

tears. She knew that this outward

coldness was but that of snow lying

on a volcano. One whose feelings

were not so strong might be feared

to show them to the world; Margaret

dared not.

She knelt beside her trunk, think-

ing of this as she quietly

and dully packed it for a journey. On

the morrow she was to leave her vil-

lage home to teach music in a city

boarding school. She finished it speed-

ily, and then stood beside the little

window looking out upon the road-

grass-grown, and little troubled by

wheel and beyond a little wood; a

field or two, a spire pointing heaven-

ward, and a purple hue of distant

mountains.

From this very window had Marg-

aret looked upon this scene for

years—almost ever since years had

been for her. It was hard to leave it

to leave her few friends. One

must be richer than the others, and

many. But this was not the pain that

lay deepest at the girl's heart. She

could have left all others with a little

softening of the heart, a tear or two

lingering regret, which she could not

have wished to conquer; but it was

a different thing to leave Christopher

Hayes, who did not care at all, for

being left—who did not care, as she

knew, whether she stayed or went.

Margaret had had admirers, hand-

some and rich; but Christopher

was to other eyes, was only a

ill-looking young man attached to the

servants of the house, and she did

not even triumph in the conquest—they

were all worthless to her since Chris-

topher had proved his month's flirta-

tion by forgetting all about it.

Margaret had but one comfort in

the matter—that was, Christopher

never guessed, never could guess, that

she loved him.

"She is a statue," Margaret had

heard him say. "One had as well

make love to the marble in the church

yard."

Now, the statue was burning for a

glimpse of the man she loved so; for

one touch of his hand before she left

Ferneley, it might be forever. She could

not go without it—she would call, and

she put on her hat and turned village-

ward, and soon came to the little tele-

graph office, on which the setting sun

at the August twilight, his beam

slant lighting up the windows finely,

and lighting also a youngish head with

a rather pleasant face, under which

no argosy of pure was as much as

"Oh!" cried he, apologetic, once more;

"are you going?" So sorry, but busi-

ness must be attended to, you know.

Good-bye."

Again their hands met. He lifted his

hat. Victoria, who did not know Mar-

garet except by sight, regarded her

with that impatient school-girl stare

reserved by some young women, who

are all smiles and blushes before their

masculine admirers.

Margaret's face was a statue; and

she went her way quickly, as though

she had not seen the look.

"Don't you think she's dreadfully

funny?" cried Victoria, a little an-

xious to disparage.

"I've heard her called fine-looking,"

said Christopher; "but she is so cold

—no animation."

Victoria bestowed her arch look upon

him, and said:

"She is cold, a perfect iceberg; hor-

rid, I think," and gathered up her

reins, and drove the pony off, looking

so archly that Christopher's brain went

in a whirl for hours.

Meanwhile, Margaret had made her

adieu, and was whirling cityward,

with Christopher's portrait next to her

face.

She had her admirers, male and fe-

male. She made a conquest in the first

fortnight; had an offer in a month, and

refused it.

So the years passed. She kissed the

pictures every night, and now

and then a tear dropped on it. It was

growing a little yellow, as photographs

will. The eyes had always been white,

pale-blue eyes, the sun will so record.

The cheeks were plump and boyish; the

nose had a retroussé tuck in the air. It

was a pleasant face, but not that of

one who would ever endeavor to do or

be anything, but it was pure perfec-

tion to Margaret.

It was August again—the very

month in which she had left home

three years before. The semi-

nary had a vacation, but she did not

go home. In the holiday she took long

walks in the city, always full of inter-

est to her. She went into the picture

galleries and walked away hours at

pleasant matinees, alone in the crowd.

"What a lovely face!" said a young

man, "strangers said of her, and the

long yearning had made no mark upon

it, any more than had the dull throbs

of pain at her heart."

The face was never older or lovelier

than when she took it one day through

the open door of a church on York

avenue. Carriages were at the door,

gaily-dressed guests within—a wed-

ding was about, and what woman will

not delight in a wedding! Margaret

sat in a seat half way up a side aisle—

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sat in a seat half way up a side aisle—

sat in a seat half way up a side aisle—

sat in a seat half way up a side aisle—

ner alone, for she asked them to do

so.

She bent over him looking at his face

as though she were reading it off to

remember for eternity. The country

sounds came in through the window.

The perfume of hay—the scent of flow-

ers reached her. Within all kept still

because of the wounded man. Once or

twice the landlady looked in and as-

ked:

"Is he quiet?"

And Margaret said:

"Yes, thank you."

At last in the stillness, she dared

to take his cold hand and told it in

one of hers. The touch seemed to

arouse him. His eyes looked at her.

"What?" they asked.

She answered:

"Margaret."

"I remember you," he said, "were

you in the wedding. She lifted me. I

hate her. I hadn't money enough, you

see—money—money—money," and he

muttered

Ten minutes afterward he looked up

again.

"I'm badly hurt. I can't get well."

Miss Margaret, who was so good to

Ferneley, told him the truth. "You'll

think I killed myself because Victoria

killed me. It was an accident. My foot

slipped. I was not so much out of my

head. I should have got over it. I made

a fool of myself by going to the wed-

ding, though. You'll tell me."

"Yes," said Margaret, and then as

she looked, the face, the pleasant, boy-

ish face that she loved so, changed

under her eye with the awful change

of death. "She had no power over her-

self then."

"Christopher," she sobbed, "Chris-

topher, I have loved you so long, so

well. Give me one kiss before you go

back to heaven. Oh, my darling, darling

Christopher!"

Did he hear? Did he comprehend?

A sort of startled look came into his

eyes. He gave her his cold lips. Mar-

garet kissed him wildly. Then she sat

down beside him—beneath what had

been him an instant before—and hid

her face upon the pillow!

"It is very still in there," said the

landlady, an hour afterward.

Then she opened the door, peeped in

and gave a cry that brought others

to her side in a moment.

Christy lay dead upon his pil-

low, and on the floor at the bedside,

Margaret had fallen, face downward.

"She had fainted," said the landlady.

"No," said the doctor, "she was

dead. She had no pulse, and no—any

agitation might have done it."—New

York News.

AT THE STAKE.

In the spring and early summer of

1830 a large body of Creek Indians on

the war path did some atrocious deeds