



By Norah Lee Anderson

(PUPIL IN HELLMUTH COLLEGE).

"THERE are a great many ups and downs in life," the Colonel remarked sententiously, as he slowly stirred his lemonade, and looked, with his habitually beaming face, at the man opposite him.

"And more downs than ups," the man added glumly, and, as though his lemonade had suddenly turned as sour and unpalatable as he had found the world, he pushed it slowly from him, and began drumming on the table before him.

The Colonel finished his glass, and, with much smacking of his big, good-natured mouth, remarked how much he had enjoyed it. Enjoy it,—of course he did. The Colonel enjoyed everything. One could tell that from his hearty, smiling face. His friends never questioned whether his life had been of such smoothness as to merit that continual happy expression—in fact, they questioned nothing about the Colonel; they accepted him and liked him just as he was. If he had met with rebuffs and misfortunes, no one knew it; for he never aired his wrongs, but always told of the fortunate things that had happened to him. He was never either apologising or seeking redress; for the Colonel, you must know, never gave offence, nor was he ever offended. If there were sighs and a heavy heart behind that cheerful exterior, no one was any the wiser; and if ever the ghost of a shadow was noticed on his face, it would be forgotten a moment later as he laughingly told his choicest joke or sang fresh snatches from the latest comic opera.

But the man opposite him was still drumming on the table when the Colonel interrupted him with:

"You shouldn't try to persuade yourself that life is such a gloomy thing. I know it isn't the fashion nowadays to be happy, or cheerful, either; but, believe me, you would enjoy it infinitely more than that shrug-of-the-shoulders, skeptical indifference that the world is assuming."

"You must know, Colonel," the man opposite broke in abruptly, "that you could not be a competent judge in this: the world has treated you kindly; you have no cause to complain; you have never had any trouble."

"Well, perhaps not," the Colonel conceded graciously; and for a long time there was a silence between them, broken only by the sounds of life that came from the street outside and the rattling of glasses on a table at the other end of the room.

home surroundings,—and—and a sweet heart"—here the Colonel faltered and his voice trembled slightly—"taking with him only the impetuosity and feverish hope that generally make life pleasant for the young,—and also the picture of a smiling face,—to go, as did the youth in the fairy stories, to seek his fortune. But the elves and the genii never attended him. They must have forgotten," the Colonel added, with a smile; "for he was forsaken quite, and the world struck him blow after blow, and spit at him, and trampled him down, until he returned, faint and weary, to the home he had left.

"The home he had left! That had passed away. The old home was sold; the mother and the father were dead. All was changed. The sweetheart,—she, too, was changed."

The Colonel's voice trembled perceptibly, the corners of his mouth twitched downward, and he shaded his eyes with his hand.

"It was a girlhood fancy that she had outgrown," she said, the Colonel continued in a soft, low voice. "She chose the proper course; my friend realises that now. But there was a blackness in his heart and a bitterness in his soul that took a heavy chastening to remove.

"He did not know how much he really loved this dear little woman until the trial came that proved it all. Her brother, whom she loved very greatly, had committed a crime. My friend knew that her tender young heart would be crushed if anything should happen to this brother. He did all he could to save him, until the worst came and he found there was no other alternative: he proved her brother innocent by confessing that he was guilty. For ten long years he was in the Penitentiary."

The Colonel nodded and covered his face with his hands, as if to shut out some dreadful vision that memory forced upon him. For a moment he sat thus; then continued:

"When he had served the sentence and was released, he walked forth into a new world, so greatly was it all changed for him. Her brother was dead, and the dear little lady was married. And he—my friend;—ah, I scarcely know him now, the transformation was so complete, in fact, there is only one thing that remains to tell me that he is the same, and that is the picture of the woman he loved. I have it with me now; may I show it to you?"

The Colonel thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth a little old-fashioned daguerrotype, and handed it reverently across the

table. The man took it and looked at it, and started; then holding it so the light might fall more directly upon it, he gazed eagerly, intently at the sweet face. Yes, there could be no mistake; the sweet young girl with the old-fashioned ringlets and the old-fashioned gown and the soft, tender eyes that looked out from the little black case, was the face of his own wife.

Slowly he rose, and silently walked around the little table, and grasped the Colonel's hand and shook it long and hard. There were no words passed between them; but they both understood.

Then the Colonel picked up the little picture and placed it tenderly in his pocket; and resuming his bright, good-natured smile, he linked his arm in his friend's, and they passed up the street together as he said, in his old, cheerful voice:

"There's a comedy on at The Grand tonight. Wouldn't you like to see it?"

Grimsby Park will be made a sort of Chautauqua this summer, in one department at least. Starting Monday, July 6, a School of Elocution and Physical Culture will be conducted by Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., and Miss Nellie Berryman, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music School of Elocution. Several courses have been provided that will doubtless prove of great value to clergymen and other public speakers, as well as elocutionists. This will afford an excellent opportunity of combining recreation and rest with interesting study at this charming resort.

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DOES THE HEAT AFFECT YOUR HEAD DURING THE HOT SUMMER MONTHS?

A long time before X-Rays came into prominence, experiments were being made with a substance called X-ODE. It is a product of Electricity, which forms on asbestos while being electrically treated in a solution. One of the most surprising features of this new discovery is the greatest penetrating powers and wonderful effect upon the head and throat. It will be some consolation for the public to know that there is at last a means to fight and overcome the effects that heat has upon the head during the hot summer months. X-ODE is put up in the form of an inhaler. It is perfectly harmless and can be used by anyone. When inhaled through the nose or mouth it penetrates every crevice of the Head, Nose and Throat, and one experiences a sensation unlike anything they have ever experienced before. The first inhalation causes a sharp and penetrating sensation, which gradually gives way to a soothing and healing effect. It kills the minute germs of disease, heals the mucous surfaces, and increases the breathing capacity. The remarkable cures that were effected in such quick time when it first was introduced in New York City, is well known. Long-standing diseases of the head and throat, such as Catarrh, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, Coughs, La Grippe, Sore Throat, Headaches and similar diseases were cured in almost incredible time. X-ODE Inhalers are being placed on the market by the X-ODE Co., of 19 Union Square, New York City, at the moderate price of \$1.00, and, to give everyone a chance to test its merits, they are sending trial size inhalers to all parts of the United States and Canada by mail, for 15 cents. The goods are put up in good form and you do not pay a lot for fancy work and nickel-plating. It is the stuff that does the work that you pay for only.