

A LEAF FROM THE PAST.

Scene—A sitting room. Time—8 p. m.
Place—Anywhere. Characters—Henry Dolliver, Mrs. Jennie Dolliver.

(Mr. Dolliver discovered putting on his top coat. Mrs. Dolliver reading).

Mrs. Dolliver (looking up)—You are not going out?

Mr. Dolliver (carelessly)—You have been misinformed. I am going out.

Mrs. D. (reproachfully)—I think you might stay at home once a year.

Mr. D.—You are more than usually inaccurate, my dear. I am confident that I was at home last Sunday night.

Mrs. D.—When it was raining heavily and you had a sore throat.

Mr. D. (shortly)—We will not discuss that point. Naturally I have demands upon my time that I cannot explain—

Mrs. D. (quickly)—Pray don't try.

Mr. D.—Now, you are angry. Come, now, my engagement is not so pressing that it cannot be postponed until nine. I will give you an hour of my company. (Removes top coat.)

Mrs. D. (sarcastically)—I feel honored. Will you sit down (melting) by me.

Mr. D. (as he sits on lounge)—For heaven's sake, give me room? Do you expect me to sit on air?

Mrs. D. (with symptoms of tears)—You did—didn't use to talk that way. The less room you had the better you liked it.

Mr. D. (remorsefully)—I remember darling, I used to press you closely—

Mrs. D. (in alarm)—Don't—don't—you are tearing my lace fichu!

Mr. D.—You didn't use to talk about lace fichus. (Takes a chair.)

Mrs. D. (coming to him)—Now, you look splendid! You always do when you are angry. It makes your eyes bright. (Sits on his knee.) Ordinarily your eyes—

Mr. D. [struggling]—Say, is this one of those Louis Quinze chairs? They won't bear one, let alone two.

Mrs. D.—Chairs! [reproachfully] You were never afraid of breaking my father's chairs.

Mr. D. [seriously]—You forget that I pay for these chairs. Besides, you are musing my shirt front, and I am going out at 9.

Mrs. D. [rising]—Nine? You never left me before 11—not so long ago.

Mr. D.—You would not let me go.

Mrs. D. [warmly]—Indeed! Many and many times have I called your attention to the clock.

Mr. D.—With your eyes—your arms were around my neck.

Mrs. D. [indignantly]—You will tax me presently with making love to you.

Mr. D.—Well, of course—[hums softly.]

Mrs. D.—Sir!

Mr. D.—Are you going to leave me?

Mrs. D.—I should—but—[tearfully] I have no place to go.

Mr. D. (callously).—Go to bed—you look sleepy.

Mrs. D.—Do you suppose I can sleep after this?

Mr. D.—This? What?

Mrs. D.—This cruelty (icily). Isn't it time for you to go? (Sits at piano). I am about to sing—it may annoy you.

Mr. D.—Sing! I haven't heard you sing for six months.

Mrs. D.—No? I do sing—when you are

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not here. (Sings "Queen of my Heart.") That was Mr. Lite's favorite song.

Mr. D.—Litewait (scornfully)! Puppy.

Mrs. D.—(after prelude)—Did I tell you I saw him last Wednesday?

Mr. D. (sharply)—You don't mean to say he had the cheek to come here?

Mrs. D. (mildly)—Don't get furious. I saw him on the street with his wife. They say he is very happy, and so is she. He is very devoted and attentive—stays at home every night.

Mr. D. (tartly)—What a bore he must be!

Mrs. D. (softly)—I don't know—I always found him very entertaining. You know he sang very nicely.

Mr. D.—That's not such an unusual accomplishment. I sing myself—a little.

Mrs. D. (indifferently)—Do you?

Mr. D. (piqued)—I suppose you think I have lost my voice.

Mrs. D. (graciously)—You used to sing very well. Do you remember this? (Plays "Les Rameaux.")

Mr. D.—I should say so. (Sings.)

Mrs. D.—Or this duet? (They sing "Come with Me.")

Mr. D.—My favorite duet, however, is "Dost Thou Recall That Summer Night?" Suppose we try that? (They sing.) Do you remember (laughing) we sang that the evening I first met you at Mrs. Pendercombe's. Do you know it was your sweet voice that first attracted me?

Mrs. D.—Was it really? And do you remember we sang it that night at home when—(pause.)

Mr. D. (vacantly)—When?

Mrs. D.—When you—oh, Harry! (weeps.)

Mr. D.—(dismayed)—Merciful heavens! What's the trouble now?

Mrs. D.—(gently)—Have you really for-

gotten? You stood by my side at the piano, and as we concluded you put your arm around me—and—and—

Mr. D.—(beamingly)—Told you I loved you! I remember. You had on a lovely pink dress—

Mrs. D.—(quickly)—Blue, Harry! I never wear pink.

Mr. D.—No matter what color—you looked like an angel!

Mrs. D.—[nestling]—So you told me.

Mr. D.—And I was almost afraid to touch you.

Mrs. D.—But you did!

Mr. D. [passionately]—Yes, I kissed you. [kissing her], I hugged you [hugs her], and swore I never would leave you.

Mrs. D.—And you never have, Harry.

Mr. D. [fondly]—No Jennie, I never have. I love you after these three years. By Jove, [confused] I see what you mean Jennie—sweetheart—do you really think I had ceased to love you?

Mrs. D. [anxiously]—It's quarter past nine, Harry. You have an appointment.

Mr. D. [decidedly]—I don't care if it is a quarter past 12, unless [extricating himself] you wish me to go away.

Mrs. D. [capturing him again]—Ah, you know better than that. [After a pause] Harry!

Mr. D.—Yes, dearest?

Mrs. D.—How natural this seems! We have been civil and sarcastic, indifferent and ardent, quarreled and sang duets, and wound up by loving each other more than ever. Why, Harry, it doesn't seem as if we were married at all!

SIDNEY.

There is a chestnut tree at the foot of Mount Etna which is said to be 2,000 years old. It is 213 feet in circumference.