

One of the recent Society papers gives the following little romance from real life:—A certain Captain was promenading in the Bois de Boulogne, mixing with the gay crowd and enjoying the flattery conveyed through the attention of many a lorgnette. He had been cross to his poor little sat upon wife, whom he was always grumbling at because she could not make ends meet when he spent all the household money on his own flirtations. He had ogled a pretty girl in a Stanhope phaeton and one or two others, and the chill breeze was threatening to dislodge the lily-of-the-valley which rested on the lapel of his coat, when all of a sudden, as if she had fallen out of a cloud at his feet, The Captain saw the most beautiful woman of a generation right upon him, and before he knew what was happening this beautiful creature was clasping his hand and chatting to him about the weather, the news, the everything.

Puzzle as he would, the Captain could find no trace in his memory of the beautiful face that he was now watching so intently; the lady was dressed richly but quietly, and probably belonged to an aristocratic family, which her conversation and manners suggested. They had continued walking along the Bois, and the Captain put upon his gallantry, had warmed up and was talking in a most entertaining way to his companion. She had made a mistake and taken the Captain for some person of her acquaintance. Of course, the proper thing for the Captain to do was to acquaint her of her error and leave her at once. He looked at her beautiful face and the alternative was too tantalisingly sweet. So the charmed moments fled—the pair walked about and chatted, finally bringing up in the Champ de Mars at about an hour before fashionable folk sit down to dinner.

The time had come for the Captain to raise his hat, bow, and say farewell to madame for ever. Too horrible a contingency altogether. The Captain had lost his heart during the first five minutes, and by the time he reached the Champ de Mars he had lost his head also. "Adieu, madame. I have a confession to make to you," said the Captain, with a tender look in his dark eyes. "What is it?" replied his companion. "I am not the person you took me to be. I have never met you before; but you were so charming I could not help imposing upon your confidence," he stammered. The lady did not look in the least embarrassed, not even surprised. She only looked at the Captain rather sadly as she said, "And must you really leave me? I like you so much." An electric shock would not have affected the Captain more. Leave her! Why, no; never again unless she desired it. He could certainly endure her presence for ever; but he only said: "Well, then, you must dine with me." "Yes, let us have something to eat; I am hungry," answered his companion simply. So they sought a quiet restaurant in the vicinity.

During the progress of the meal the couple got better acquainted. The Captain learned, as he had surmised, that his mysterious companion was extremely well connected, and that she was wealthy, possessing a large fortune in her own right. At last, in spite of all spinning out, the dinner came to an end. Would his friend go to the opera? No, she did not care for any amusement of that kind. Then he would bid her good-night. Said she: "Will you not stay with me always?" Was the Captain in possession of all his senses? "That could not be, unless we were married," he stammered; for it was a little too rapid even for the Captain. "Then let us get married. I do not wish to return to where I came from. Let us get married and go away, far away," she answered. For a moment the Captain forgot that anything existed in the world but the beautiful creature before him. "I cannot," he replied hoarsely. "You

must," replied the temptress. "My fortune will keep us all our lives." The Captain looked into the fair face which was regarding him so fondly once more, and, like Lot's wife, he was lost. "We will go and find a priest," he said.

Two hours afterward the Captain and the lady stood on the railway platform waiting for the midnight express for the South. They were too engrossed with each other to notice that they were the subjects of *espionnage*. A man came out of the crowd and touched the Captain on the shoulder, drew him on one side and said something to him which made him reel as if intoxicated. They talked for five minutes. Then the Captain said to his newly-made bride: "We will not go out of town to-night. There has been an accident on the line. We will go to an hotel." The couple then left the platform and hired a cab. The man who had spoken to the Captain got up beside the driver. After traversing a considerable distance the carriage stopped before a tall, sombre building. Then a kind-faced woman came out and spoke to the beautiful woman in the carriage. A look of terror came over the beautiful face. Then the young woman came out of the carriage and walked into the house, the servants following and bolting the doors. The Captain stole softly home to his wife, but he did not tell her that he had met the mad wife of one of the most wealthy men in Paris, who had escaped from her keepers and induced him to marry and elope with her.

A Correspondent, commenting on an article on "Beauty and Ugliness" which appeared in MODERN SOCIETY of the 6th June, writes as follows on "Beauty of Countenance":—

"One touch of mind over the various muscles of the countenance daily is worth all the cosmetics. Now, it is well known in physiology that more blood flows to that part of the body than any other; and with more blood flowing, comes nourishment to the nerves and muscles, and therefore more strength, and the feeling of strength, warmth, and motion. If, therefore, the thoughts and feelings are separately directed to the various muscles of the countenance, they speedily become fuller, firmer, and feel stronger, and gradually pass into repose, peace, and even beauty; sometimes of goodness.

"Never omit, then, to repair and obliterate by daily self-healing and self-strengthening all the ugly ravages done daily to the various muscles of the face from the agitations of the feelings and emotions, and the troubles and anxieties of the mind."

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