

low to; he was horribly nervous, almost broke down, stopped in fact and returned; started again nearly as badly. His instrument was a beautiful one, but the playing was execrable, so much so that the people were becoming restless. I was watching his face closely, and it was indeed a study; not an old or disagreeable face by any means, but sad and careworn; neither young, nor old, yet with strength of character written in every line of it. I liked his face, and as I watched him, his playing seemed to improve and the listeners grew quiet again. The piece was unknown, yet familiar; it seemed to grow into one, absorb one, and as it proceeded I gradually became unconscious of all but the player; deaf to all else but that violin and its accompanying organ. Memories of the long ago came crowding in on my mind and some strange yearning from a heart I had thought was dead, almost stifled me; that face so careworn, so troubled before, had undergone a wonderful change; the lines had vanished, the eyes brightened and a smile of rare beauty parted his lips. Why should this music affect me so strangely? I seemed to hate myself for being so mean; lofty, noble ambitions seemed to fill my soul, and I, the cynic and the unbeliever, longed to love again the good and true. And ever as these thoughts strove to master me the player's eyes regarded me, burning their way into my very soul, asking me, as it were, to remember something I had for years striven to forget. I could not, next would not, and finally only wished undone one of the meanest acts in an earlier time in my life. Scarcely was I conscious of my wish, when those eyes grew tender, loving and a softer strain than all ran through the music: telling of love and pardon; rising and falling in sweetest melody; growing in depth of tone; rejoicing in purity of sound, and ever as he played working up to some grand finale, wherein the notes, to my heightened fancy, seemed to change to angels rejoicing in happy chorus, even as if over some poor lost sinner just redeemed.

I fell unconscious. The first thing I remember on coming to, was that violinist leaning over me, grasping my hand as I lay, whilst some kind person damped my brow. The violinist was my own brother, who, in years before, I had cruelly wronged, and whom I deemed dead; he had recognized me in the audience, and that violin, so poorly played at first, and ending in such a triumphant burst of sound, told that audience, had they but known it, of a pardoned wrong and a reunited brotherhood. Only the story of two lives.

REGINALD RIVERS.

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ONLY A DINING-ROOM GIRL.

"Well, old chap, so you have come to stay in this Western town? Going to live here? Glad of it; reminds me of old days."

And as I grasped my old school chum's hand, I looked him up and down. The same, yet not the same. Surely five years could not change a fellow so; five years could not make him look so old; and that scar across his forehead used not to be there. Harry always was a queer sort; did not like to be asked questions; was

slow to confide; yet told me much when he felt like it, so I patiently waited knowing my proud, sensitive companion well.

We had perhaps walked half a block when he startled me by saying: "You must call on us; I want you to meet my wife."

"Meet your what?" I gasped.

"I said my wife," he rejoined.

"But—but—you are not married, surely," I stammered; "you never told me or wrote about it."

"I am just telling you now. Come, get accustomed to it. I know she was only a dining-room girl and the matter was awfully huffed at first—only at first. Say, Dick, would you like to hear a story? You have been looking at my scar for fully five minutes."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," I said.

"No need, dear boy; it does look beastly bad; but I like it, and so will you when I tell you all. That scar brought me my wife."

"You remember I used to board at Hasselton's Hotel in Squaretown some years ago; that big old frame structure-sort of fire-trap business. Used to be rather pretty girls there, too; quieter than usual; 'superior, decidedly superior,' the mater would have called them, and the quietest of them all was Eva, so shy at first; it was her first place, and there was one big chap there, an indifferent kind of cuss, remarkable only for being the worst man about town, and he seemed to take a fancy to Eva, but meant no good. He had lots of money; used to buy her rings and things, and she got to going with him, much to the disgust of the others, and more to my chagrin than I liked to admit. I liked Eva."

"One day she was unusually nervous; looked worried; almost ready to cry, and I asked her what was up, but she would not tell; 'Oh, nothing,' she said. 'Yes there is,' I replied, and made some passing remark by way of consolation."

That same night the hotel was burned, and I nearly killed; struck on the head by something for not waking up soon enough to get out in time. Would you believe it, that little Eva turned nurse and brought me back to health, and it was not until after we were married that I knew it was Eva saved my life; found me stunned and dragged me through the stifling smoke to safety, and when I tried to thank her, she said she owed me more than I owed her; said my kind words that day had saved her from—Oh well, don't let us think of him any more; that 'indifferent kind of a cuss' left town, and came to a cultus end shortly after the fire. Let's go and see the wife."

REGINALD RIVERS.

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PYTHIAN HEADQUARTERS.

Visitors to Victoria, for the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge in May, should not fail to take advantage of the opportunity that will thus be afforded them, of inspecting one of the institutions of the Capital, of which its citizens and the travelling public are equally proud. Reference is made to the Dominion Hotel which under the proprietorship and personal management of Past Grand Representative Stephen Jones, has, in the last few years, become a