

THEIR LOVE'S DEBUT.

They were having their coffee after a rather elaborate dinner—Quavers and Oliver.

Quavers, the composer, was the fashion. His host, St. John Oliver, known to his friends and acquaintances as Coaly, only three and twenty, was the son and heir of the great coal mine proprietor, Matthew Oliver.

"Well, Oliver, what do you want to get out of me? Out with it. Come to the point at once. Your inner voice is good dinner."

"Oh, hang it, Quavers, you know—"

"Don't eat about the bush, my boy. Diplomacy is wasted on a chap like me. You want something, of course. I hope you haven't been writing a sentimental song and are wanting me to set it."

"Oh, it is not so bad as that," replied the young fellow with a blush, "though it is a sentimental matter. It is about some one I take an interest in. I want to speak to you about Lelagie Broughton."

"Oh, little Lally Broughton. What has she done? Been making an ass of yourself and want your letters back, eh?"

"It isn't exactly that," replied young Oliver.

"Quavers," cried the young man excitedly, "I want you to introduce me to her. I—hang it, man, I worship the very ground she walks on, and I've sent her the quietest and floral banjos, and I have sat in the same seat all through the long run of that new comic opera of yours, and every night I've tossed a floral tribute of some sort at her feet. And every night, Quavers, she has bowed and smiled at me—until last week, and then I was ass enough to put a ring and note among the flowers, and the next day I got 'em back in a registered letter, and now she just pushes my flowers aside with her foot."

"You dear boy, you've evidently got it very badly, and I'll oblige you, though it isn't the sort of thing I'd do for everybody, but because you're not a bad sort of chap, and you mean honestly. You do mean honestly, eh?"

The young fellow took Mr. Quavers' outstretched hand.

"I'm sorry for you," said the composer kindly. "You'll have to wait a fortnight, and then the run of 'The Little Siren' will be over, and the next day I'm going for a little tour, and I'll introduce you to Lally Broughton in the morning. Is that good enough?"

"Quavers, you're a brick!" cried the young man excitedly. "I!"

"Oh, I know—the devotion of a lifetime, time, etc. I'll take a whisky and soda instead, and then I'll spin you a little yarn."

It is just three years ago (beginning the composer) that I made Lally Broughton's acquaintance under very peculiar circumstances. My first comic opera had been accepted, the final rehearsal was on.

We began at 9.30 a.m., not done—not really done—till 10 o'clock that night, and we went right through everything, and a precious anxious time it was, I can tell you.

And everybody was down upon me, and the stage manager was down on everybody, and the ballet master had lost his head. The chorus master was like a raving lunatic.

And the prima donna's understudy had just sent in a medical certificate—not that I cared very much about that, for Miss Dulcet, our sheet anchor, was in splendid voice.

Just then a very curious incident happened. A little pale, blue-eyed chorus girl suddenly fell down in a heap at my feet. Wackles and I picked her up and popped her into a property chair. The girl had fainted.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said Wackles, kindly enough, when she came to herself.

"Oh, Mr. Wackles!" said the girl—for she is but a girl—"I didn't mean to. I really didn't. Please don't say anything about it."

"It ain't a time for fainting, Miss Broughton," said Wackles, beating on his chest in a low, steady manner. "Look at me. I don't faint. When a professional lady wants to faint, she should faint out of business hours."

"Please don't, Mr. Wackles," said the girl, with a little sob. "And, oh, Mr. Wackles," she added—and there was an awful look about her eyes—"is that a real loaf, sir?" she said, gazing hungrily at one of those long French loaves of bread which Mr. Wackles was carrying over his shoulder, as though it had been a battleaxe.

"Of course it's real," said Wackles.

"Oh, please," said the girl, "would you give me a slice of it, sir. I haven't got a penny in my pocket, and I haven't tasted anything since 8 this morning. These nine weeks' rehearsal, sir, don't bring any salary, and mother and I are very poor."

At that moment I was sent for from the manager's room. Sparklebury was there. So was Mr. Mephioseth, who represented the syndicate that was running our piece.

"Miss Dulcet has thrown up her part and has left the theatre," Quavers, cried the manager.

"We are just bust," said Sparklebury. I rushed out. I ran across the stage.

"Wackles," I said hurriedly to the low comedian, "we are done! Dulcet has chucked us, and there is no understudy."

"Please, sir," cried little Lally Broughton, clutching my arm. "Oh, please, Mr. Quavers, do give me a chance, sir. I'm better perfect in the music and words, and I know all the business, and I feel—I know I can pull you through."

Lally Broughton did the trick, sir. We rehearsed the last act. We went through the other three with the principals the next morning, and in the evening we sprang our new prima donna upon the world of fashion.

That girl has made my fortune, Oliver. I'm to be married to her this day fortnight, added Mr. Quavers, with a smile. I think I should like you to be my best man, because, you see, we are both in love with her.

"Quavers," replied Oliver, after a pause, "I—I shall be delighted. You're a lucky fellow."

HONORS WERE EASY.

A sunny morning in June. The platform crowded—cheap trippers for Southsea, heavy swells and swells for the links at Hayling Island with bags of golf sticks. The yachting man, strongly in evidence, sunburnt and puffing a cigarette vigorously. He is a new hand—a Dickey-Sam—he wears a cloth peaked cap with a club bur-

gee, a well cut coat of serge or pilot cloth bristling with bronze buttons, loose flannel continuations, and white shoes. No man was ever so much a sea dog as the yachting tyro looks.

The older sailing men, those to the manner born—"Swagger Squadron men" who can fly the white ensign, are dressed in long, lean frock coats, loose trousers turned up, pointed boots, immaculate collars and glossy hats—the aim of the man who has lived to look as much like a stockbroker as possible. Of course, down at the Castle or on Ryde Pier they will blossom into a seasonable crop of buttons and burgees, and display remarkable activity in dodging that tyrant of the deep—the sailing master—if the water looks a bit choppy.

Two people attracted a lot of attention by their palpable efforts at concealment. He, although the day was so hot, was enveloped in a long cloak with a collar reaching past his ears, and his cotton-white hair and his moustache showed up occasionally in strong contrast to the deep brown of his face as he turned to watch the porters attacking a huge mound of his belongings.

Each box and bag was blazoned with an imperial coronet over a monogram, and men told one another guardedly and under promises of profound secrecy "that was Prince Paul Demoff, the owner of the new 100 rater now lying off Southampton."

She, the lady, was tall and gracefully girl-like, a neat, natty blue serge Redford frock, a sunburnt straw hat with a dark blue ribbon, tiny tanned boots, a white shirt with a turn-down collar and flowing tie completed her costume, saving a thick blue gossamer veil that completely hid her face; and, but for the whiteness and purity of her neck, it would have seemed she suffered from some facial disfigurement—it was evidently a desire not to be recognized that led to the adoption of the yashmak.

She was evidently expecting or avoiding some friends. Her head moved with a bird-like quickness as she scanned each new arrival on the platform, and her slender hand, white and jewelled, twined nervously round the handle of the Morocco monogrammed case she carried.

The trouble of each seemed to communicate itself to the other, and they drifted unconsciously nearer. Her anxiety was self-evident, and many a stalwart breaker of hearts on the platform would have gladly offered his service; but they were "English, you know," and insular reserve keeping them back, it was left to the princess to rush to the rescue. "Rush" is the wrong word; he knew the world too well. Catching her eye from a distance, he walked towards her with the easy, firm self-assurance that women like. She saw he was coming to her, and waited calmly—perhaps she breathed more quickly.

He raised his soft hat, and with a courtly bow said, in perfect English, with the mere scent of an accent, "Pardon me, you are distressed. Have you missed your maid? Can I be of any service to you?"

Now his hat was off, he appeared a prematurely white-haired man of forty-five or fifty with a firm face and voice—a man evidently used to command.

"Thank you very much," came in a soft, sibilant voice from beneath the thick gossamer. "I have not only lost my maid, but my portmanteau. I am afraid it is under that pile of luggage, and," with an little shrug, "I am afraid that pile of luggage is yours!"

"That is mine, madame; I will get your bag at once. May I ask where you are going?" To Southampton, and it is of the highest importance you should not miss this train. Pardon, do not trouble, I will see that all is arranged."

A few words to the guard, a rapid passage of backbeech, and the missing bag, with a dainty monogram and a small crest, was placed carefully on the rank of the first-class carriage by which the veiled lady was standing. With the coolness that seemed part of his nature, the Russian indicated to a porter a small hamper and had it placed in the same compartment. There must have been some collision and a lavish tip, for though the train was crowded, the guard, after the imperceptible manner of his kind, kept that carriage empty until the train started, and they found themselves securely locked in.

"No, madame did not object to smoking. She even occasionally indulged in a mild cigarette. She liked those tipped with real rose petals, they were so soft to the lips. No, madame would not have one now. Pshaw! she was so hot; she must take her veil off."

A sudden start ran through her slender frame. She paused and asked quickly, "Do you know when the next train leaves Waterloo for Southampton?"

"He was desolated. Of course she missed her maid; but he was afraid not for some hours. Madame is glad? Madame is afraid of being followed?"

"Yes, madame is glad; she does not wish to be taken back and forced into a hateful marriage," blushing prettily.

The old, old story—stern father, elderly lover, tilted, rich, but horrid; no mother, no sister, no brother. She was flying from bondage to her aunt, Lady Azuregore, in Guernsey.

"Yes, she was Lady Constance Azuregore. Had he really met her at the Duchess of Arlington's? She thought she knew his face. That was why she had trusted him so implicitly on the platform of course. But if she was veiled, why was he so shrouded in a big cloak? Come now, anxiously, 'a lady? an elopement?'"

"No! no! and again no! Nothing so joyous. He was Prince Paul Demoff, and had fallen between two stools. Had incurred the enmity of the Imperial Court through coquetting with the Nihilists. That meant the Alexiinsky Ravelin or the fortress of Peter and Paul in St. Petersburg; and, on the other hand, finding the 'party of progress' going too far, he was threatened with death for deserting the red flag."

"You must pardon me, Prince, but we seem in trouble together," and she laughed merrily. "Do you know I half thought you were a detective."

By this time he had returned to his hamper and produced deftly a tablecloth, plates, knives, forks and serviettes, a small bottle of Chateau Mouton Rothschild and a dainty cold chicken.

She readjusted her veil and he assumed his big cloak with a sigh as the whistle of the train signalled the station.

"The Guernsey boat does not leave till mid-night. What are you going to do? Where will you put up?"

"I don't know. I will never be taken

back alive. And you, you are hunted, what will you do?"

"Go on board my yacht. She is lying off here, and the gig waits for this train at the landing steps. I must hail them as none of them know me. My agent has engaged an entirely new crew, skipper included, all English. I want no Nihilists on board," and he looked moodily out of the window.

She made a sudden movement as it about to speak, but drew back. Again she leaned forward, and the repetition roused him from his thoughts. He looked up and saw her eyes glistening even through the thick veil. She was crying!

"What is the matter? You are frightened. Can I help you?"

"I hardly dare ask you. You may think badly of me, but I will not be forced to this detestable marriage. Can you?"

May I—?

He divined her thoughts. "Stay on board my yacht and board the boat at midnight? Yes, your ladyship, yes—in all honor, yes," and he held out both his hands, and with a sob almost hysterical she placed her tiny gloves in them as the train stopped.

They left the station by a side door unnoticed, and walking down the broad gravelled road with the soft sward and the old-time cannon, passed the crumbling walls and found the boat manned by six bronze typical yachtsmen, the skipper, a fine looking old man, sitting motionless in the stern sheets holding the yoke lines.

"Do you know a respectable woman who can look after this lady until the mail boat starts?" asked the prince, as he handed her carefully on board and passed her portmanteau. She carried the morocco case herself.

"Well, sir, I've took the liberty of inviting my old woman on board to-day. She's been a stewardess, sir."

"Captain, captain. Now lads, give way."

The boat soon shot alongside a beautiful schooner yacht. The crew manned the gang-way as the Prince and Lady Constance came on board, and a motherly, sun-brown woman courtied her through an exquisitely furnished saloon cabin into a bijou boudoir with a lace curtained bunk and a host of feminine fripperies.

"I may sail tonight. Is all ready? Right. Take the boat and go ashore, bring off my luggage and anything we may want from the ship's husband; and Johnson, keep the men aloft; but you must find out if there is any hue and cry about a lady eloping."

Captain Johnson, an old merchant captain, slowly winked and looked very knowing. "H'm!" he said to himself, "I half suspect as much. That's the sort of owner I like to sail with. Lots of yehow yehow kickin' about this voyage, I lay."

In about an hour he returned, and, doffing his peaked cap, said, mysteriously, "I spoke to my cousin the plecceman, and he says there's a lot of Cockney detectives down a watchin' the station and the Guernsey packet for some young 'ooman."

Her ladyship had washed all travel stains away and changed her frock. She looked like a fresh rosebud, but her face grew deathly pale, her eyes dilated, and the nerve lines deepened into marks of agony when he told her the captain's story. He thought she was going to faint, and made as though to catch her. With a supreme effort she regained her self-possession, and said, in a hoarse whisper, "Oh, save me! Take me to Guernsey in your yacht, or I will jump overboard!"

He turned on his heel without replying and went up the companion way on deck.

"Johnson, your wife doesn't mind a trip to sea?"

"Lor! bless yer royal 'ighness, she's dying for a sniff of the ocean."

"Get under weigh at once."

"Ay, ay, sir. All hands on deck. Tumble up, my hearties!"

Her face flushed deeply when she heard the clank of the chain pump and the flapping of the foresail, and she thanked him with both hands and a sweet smile.

Under a good southwesterly breeze the yacht spun along merrily, throwing the foam in long, beautiful, feather-like curves from her clipper stern.

The lady stood leaning dreamily against the side ropes, and the prince, an experienced sailor evidently, took the tiller, and threaded the way carefully through the crowd of craft. For a time neither spoke; then, abruptly giving the management to the appreciatively critical skipper he beckoned her into the cabin.

"I will land you at Guernsey to-morrow morning," he said; "I have been deceiving you. I am not Prince Paul Demoff, I am his valet. I have robbed him of a million roubles, and am now going to the Argentine in his yacht," and he stood up rigidly and bowed.

"She smiled and said, calmly, 'Very good, take me with you. I am not Lady Constance Azuregore, I am her maid; but I have got her jewel case.'"

ON THE STAGE AND OFF.

It was a "first night," and the curtain was about to rise upon the third act. At the end of the second act the situation was this: The hero of the play had been accused of a great crime. The officers were close upon his track, and disgrace, ruin and imprisonment were hand in hand with them. At this point he was alone with the woman he loved. He had told her of all the evils that compassed him and in the same instant had told her of his love. Would she risk all for him, fly with him, give up all else for love of him, or would she choose safety, comfort, an honorable name and home—all of which awaited her acceptance at the hands of another? The curtain had fallen upon the lover appealing, the woman debating. The house remained silent, hushed, almost like a house of death.

There were two persons in the orchestra chairs who were watching the play with an intensity of feeling that could hardly be veiled. One was a woman, young, bearing in every line of her face and figure testimony that she had never known other than the case and comfort and security that wait upon the same social rank. This was David Osborne, cashier of the 14th National Bank. The woman was Eleanor Wheelright, whom many supposed to be his affianced wife. In this, however, they were wrong, as no word of love had yet passed between the two.

At the end of the second act Osborne had turned to his companion questioningly. "It is rather emotional," he said. "Are you ready to guess the outcome of all this passion? Will the girl be a fool and yield to his persuasions?"

"I hope so," Miss Wheelright replied, her tone gentle and sympathetic. "But I shall not call it 'being a fool.' Unless she can give up much for him she does not truly love him."

"Even if he is the criminal?"

"That does not alter the fact." After this they were silent for a little. At last he spoke again.

"If you were put to such a test, Eleanor, for the man you loved?"

"If I loved him, I think I should be equal to it."

Osborne's face grew a shade more pale as he asked the next question:

"Have you seen this evening's papers?"

"Yes."

"Then you know our bank is in trouble?"

"Yes; I read all the account."

"But that did not tell you all. It did not tell you that I am suspected of embezzling the funds."

She sat very still and waited for him to go on.

"I ought not to have brought you out tonight. But I could not resist the temptation of spending one more delightful evening with you. I knew there would be no public accusation until to-morrow. I could not deny myself these few hours."

He spoke very low, so that his words came to her ear in a mere whisper. "You know that I love you; that I hoped to make you my wife. I ought to have been strong enough not to tell you this now. I ought to have waited. But I could not."

Miss Wheelright made no answer, but she put out her hand and touched the sleeve of his coat. It gave him courage.

"By morning I may be arrested," he said, "imprisoned. The amount of the defalcation is very great. If I start soon—at once—I may be in Canada by morning and at least safe from arrest. A train leaves in an hour."

Miss Wheelright's agitation had been shown only by the nervous plucking at her gloves. One of these had been drawn half off. She began now to draw it on again. She held the hand out to him that he might button it. Then she drew her wraps about her. "Come," she said, "we shall have no time to lose. Let us go at once."

"Eleanor, think? Home?" he asked, not understanding her.

"No; where you said. There is time."

She had risen to her feet. Osborne rose also and put out a restraining hand. "Eleanor, think! You may repent," he said, but even as he spoke he began to move with her toward the exit. As they did this the curtain came up on the third act of the play, and almost involuntarily they paused to see the conclusion of the story which was so much like their own.

The officers had just appeared, armed with the warrant for his arrest, and the lover had turned to confront them. The heroine interposed between him and them, and one of the officers spoke to her:

"Do not make our task any harder, my girl. We have come in time to save you from wasting yourself on this scoundrel. He has stolen the money of widows and orphans who have trusted him, and with this he has sought to pave a golden road to comfort and luxury and indulgence—with you. The man will not deny his crime. You can see that from his face. Do not believe that his heart can be good or his love pure when he has so wronged others."

The girl sank down, sobbing and covering her face with her hands after one long searching look upon her lover. At this he came toward her appealingly.

"No, no!" she cried, waving him away. "Go! I don't love you. I was about to yield all for you. It was madness, for you are not worthy of it. It is past now!"

At the words of the officer, "He has stolen the money of widows and orphans, and with this he has sought to pave a golden road to indulgence with you," Eleanor Wheelright had looked upon Osborne's face and read the truth there.

And when the girl cried out: "It was madness. It is past now," Osborne had looked upon her face and had seen that her own madness was also past.

Seeing this, he put out his arm to her calmly. "Shall I take you to your carriage?" he asked.

She bowed, and they went out together. A moment later Osborne shut the carriage door between them and went alone upon the road, a fugitive—the road that he had carefully paved with stolen gold.

BORN.

Sussex, Sept. 22, to the wife of R. Howes, a son.

Lunenburg, Sept. 24, to the wife of John Hobb, a son.

Halifax, Sept. 30, to the wife of W. R. Racey, a son.

Onslow, Sept. 22, to the wife of Frank E. Copp, a son.

Halifax, Sept. 25, to the wife of James Roberts, a son.

Moncton, Sept. 25, to the wife of S. B. LeBlanc, a son.

Hantsport, Sept. 21, to the wife of A. W. Pattison, a son.

Ohio, N. S., Sept. 22, to the wife of F. D. Crosby, a son.

St. John, Sept. 27, to the wife of Dr. E. J. Meyer, a son.

Moncton, Sept. 21, to the wife of George C. Palmer, a son.

Lunenburg, Sept. 24, to the wife of William Bailey, a son.

Halifax, Sept. 22, to the wife of S. E. Martell, a daughter.

Kentville, Sept. 20, to the wife of John Keylor, a daughter.

Brookfield, Sept. 19, to the wife of L. A. Crocker, a daughter.

Folly River, Sept. 15, to the wife of Fleming Corbett, a son.

Amherst, Sept. 24, to the wife of John McKenzie, a daughter.

Halifax, Sept. 24, to the wife of Vincent F. Farrell, a daughter.

Lunenburg, Sept. 24, to the wife of Edward Bailey, a daughter.

Amherst, Sept. 26, to the wife of William Dobson, a daughter.

Moore's Mills, Sept. 20, to the wife of Frank S. Clark, a son.

Halifax, Sept. 25, to the wife of Charles E. Wainwright, a son.

North Sydney, C. B., Sept. 23, to the wife of Frances Guthrie, a son.

Harmony, N. S., Sept. 16, to the wife of Theopolis Johnson, a son.

Johnston, Sept. 20, to the wife of Richard Hetherington, a son.

Lawrencetown, Sept. 19, to the wife of William Conrod, a son.

Woodstock, Sept. 18, to the wife of Frederick Cookson, a daughter.

Woodstock, Sept. 17, to the wife of Dr. T. F. Sprague, a daughter.

Margaree, C. B., Sept. 22, to the wife of Dr. A. G. Carmichael, a daughter.

Upper Musquodoboit, N. S., Sept. 25, to the wife of David Watson, a son.

New Glasgow, Sept. 26, to the wife of J. Fred McDonald, a daughter.

Harborville, N. S., Sept. 17, to the wife of Melbourne Cook, a daughter.

St. Croix Cove, N. S., Sept. 21, to the wife of Captain Eber Brinton, a daughter.



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MARRIED.

Amherst, Sept. 26, by Rev. R. Williams, Otho Reed to Mary R. Crane.

Blissfield, Sept. 24, by Rev. A. H. Murray, Harry Wiley to Mary Owen.

Blissfield, Sept. 24, by Rev. P. King, Dana Weaver to Catherine Simmons.

Pennfield, Sept. 23, by Rev. Ramond E. Smith, Enos Justison to Mary Sawyer.

St. John, Oct. 1, by Rev. Job Shenton, Willard L. Rand to Kate Doughty.

Kentville, Sept. 19, by Rev. P. M. Holden, Arthur Ward to Maggie Nowlin.

Halifax, Sept. 23, by Rev. Dr. Foley, Richard J. Saxton to Mary Dunay.

Moncton, Sept. 25, by Rev. John Reid, Thomas A. Treen to Ella M. Sifton.