

# CANADA:

A Monthly Journal of Religion, Patriotism, Science & Literature.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

Vol. I.—No. 5.

MAY, 1891.

50 Cents a Year.

## Contents of May Number.

	PAGE
OUR SHORT STORY: A Queen of Hearts. By Annie Crawford.....	40
OUR CONTRIBUTORS:	
A Summer Evening. By Agnes Maule Machar.....	51
Literature and Politics. By C. G. D. Roberts.....	51
Lux et Umbra. By Pastor Felix.....	52
The Royal Society of Canada. By M. R. Kuzht.....	52
By Whom we Wait. By M. R. Kuzht.....	53
Montreal and French Canada—From the French.....	54
OUR YOUNG FOLKS SERIAL: The White Cottage. By S. A. Curzon.....	54
RED PENCIL AND SCISSORS:	
Canada is not Coming.....	56
Governors and Governors-General of Canada.....	56
Canada's Premier.....	56
Canadians in the Imperial Service.....	57
THE EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO:	
Editorial Notes.....	58
Canadian Literary Notes.....	58
Foreign Literary Notes.....	59
Books and Pamphlets.....	59
Questions and Puzzles.....	60
Olla Podrida.....	60
Publisher's Department.....	60

Original contributions are solicited from Canadian writers and on Canadian themes. While the Journal remains of its present size, contributions should not exceed one thousand words in length. Those not required will be returned, if stamps for postage be sent.

All communications should be addressed: "CANADA", Benton, New Brunswick.

## Our Short Story.

### A QUEEN OF HEARTS.

BY ANNIE CRAWFORD.

"NO, he never thinks about me, why should he? I am thirty years old, and quite homely".

Said a gentle little lady, very philosophically, but she sighed as she turned to her blackboard, and erased the fourth leg of a table, which had been drawn very beautifully and correctly, for the mere pleasure of chalking it in again.

It was Friday afternoon, and the presence of a blackboard suggests a schoolroom. A bare little room it had been, when Miss Burrows had taken charge of it, two months ago; but she had insisted upon a coat of whitewash for the walls, and a coat of black for the tarnished blackboards, and then, with much decorative skill, had arranged pretty prints from various illustrated papers all over the fresh whitewash.

Mary Burrows, the eldest of a family of seven girls, daughters of a poorly paid though hard-working merchant's book-keeper, had passed her childhood and youth in a monotonous round of school and home duties, rudely interrupted one day by the sudden death of the toiling father, by which his family were left in a state of absolute destitution. Happily for them they had been fairly well educated, though, with singular improvidence, none of them had been fitted for other duties than those of the home. The youngest, Flora, was now well in her teens, and Mary, the eldest, all too rapidly approaching thirty. The mother's suggestion, therefore, that each should turn out and see what she could do for herself, was quite practicable, and was soon put into execution. Flora and Jennie, the two youngest, aged respectively fourteen and sixteen, entered a Kindergarten as students of the system, earnestly undertaking to pass all examinations and be ready for work in two years time. The next one, Kate, "poor child", had "secured" a position as nursery governess to half a dozen little tyrants, for whose comfort and edification she was supposed to minister morning, noon, and night, for the magnificent sum of \$10 per month. Eliza, the next, though but twenty years old, and therefore under age for the work, had, by much solicitation and dogged perseverance, battled her way into a Nurses' Training School, and had entered with much gusto upon her interesting, if somewhat ghastly, course. Sarah, the beauty of the family, and the only one of the little circle possessed of a "beau", had finally brought her young man to the point, and rejoiced in the prospect of a home of her own. Good natured, sleepy, chubby Dolly, too, had received an unexpected offer from a "horrid old widower", (according to Eliza), whose redeeming feature was his money, and, in desperation, had accepted him.

After the two quiet weddings, Mary, hearing of a vacancy for a junior teacher in a little country school, had obtained a permit and the situation, and had gone off feeling very lonely indeed, but determined so to win upon the trustees, by careful attention to her duties, as to be allowed to fill, permanently, the very arduous position, with the privilege of drawing the very slim salary.

Mary had rather worried than won upon the trustees, however, by her demands for improvement in her little schoolroom; but she had certainly won the hearts of the