

to do with the meat, but fortunately found some French Canadians, who were delighted to get it, to jerk and salt for winter use. Jack is still without a buck to his credit, but was married last year, and of course being now devoted to only one of the fair sex, will on the next trip, slay all the antlered monarchs allowed by law.

THE DRYADS OF THE AVENUE.

With their little, green, silk umbrellas,
Half open, as if afraid

Their spring time greens and yellows,
The wind and the sun might fade,

They stood in a bashful flutter,
Shyly peeping about,

Like maidens too utterly utter,
Or sweet girls, just come out.

But now they are gay and debonair,

You may see them every day,

Holding up in the sweet June air,

Their silver candelabra;

Pinks and whites in the long June nights,

When the crescent moon is low,

Twinkling over with cresset lights,

Like Christmas lamps in a row.

But wait till the Autumn dapples,

With rose the peaches' cheeks,

And paints the red, ripe apples,

In yellow and crimson streaks;

Her affluent colors burning,

In flame on the maple trees,

Her russets and rubies turning,

To wonderful harmonies.

And then, their sylvan baskets,

These dryads so shy and sweet,

Will open like jewel lined caskets,

To throw at the passer's feet.

From under their green umbrellas,

Smooth, and shining and brown,

The great, round, bouncing fellows,

The chestnut tree drops down.

K. S. McL.

OUR TABBY.

In April, 1891, we moved to Riverscliff, or as it is more commonly called in Brockville, "the Pines." Three cottages stand facing the river, it was into the middle one that we moved. I cannot here describe the rare happy days I spent at Riverscliff, but must pass on to August, when Tabby arrived. One evening there was a Fireman's Festival, and I went to a friend's house to see the flotilla of lighted boats come up the river. When I returned, there had been an event at home. Father and mother had been walking about in the dusk, when they noticed a little animal running round them with tail erect, which proved to be a tabby cat. He was evidently starving, so a little milk was given him. They tried to entice him into the house, but he was too wild. I think he ran away again. Next day, after dinner, I went out to satisfy my appetite for fruit among the raspberry bushes. Then again the cat appeared, running around with his tail in the air. He was nicely marked, but very thin and miserable. I called him, and we gave him a little dry bread and meat on the doorstep. Finally he entered the house, and smelt all the furniture, after which he concluded to stay. He behaved well and took no liberties with us. When tea was over, mother and I walked about, and he gamboled after us, enjoying himself after the first good supper he had eaten for many a day, poor fellow! We learned afterwards that he had belonged to some neighbors who had moved away. So in he became a resident of our home and I bestowed on him the name of "Tabby." When he grew fat he was indeed a fine fellow. His eyes were as green as emeralds, his breast had a lovely snow-white spot on it, he was tawny and beautifully