

Cracken, I bid you good-bye. I've joined the Queen's Own, Q Company, and I'm off—"

"Off! Oh, Pluvius! where?"
 "Where! why, to the North-West. The infamous Riel has raised another rebellion; the troops are ordered to the front; on receipt of the news I enlisted. I go where glory waits me. False one, farewell forever!" and snatching his dismantled busby from the head of the blind poet he clapped it on his own and was gone. Imogene dismissed the carriage, and burying her head among the pillows of the crimson sofa wept in deep despair.

CHAPTER II.

Pluvius Paladine Purdy, the son and heir of Hon. Senator Patricio Plunket Purdy, was a freshman at the University of Toronto. At home in his father's senatorial residence he was always considered a brilliant youth, especially by his ma, and his sisters Gwendoline, Gertrude and Henrietta, who all felt assured that he would take high honors, and come out perhaps with a double-first. But young Pluvius did not take much stock in Cicero, Ovid, or Sallust, and his mathematical studies were chiefly confined to the different angles used in the games of billiards and pool, and if the truth must be told, he was very susceptible to the enchantments of the fair sex. He had met Miss McCracken at a party and at once fell violently in love with her; the demon of jealousy had got the better of him, hence his present determination to put on the belts, shoulder his rifle and look for gore. Leaving the McCracken mansion he pushed on for the armory. The night was cold, very cold. Pluvius had always had a nice warm bed to lie in, and hot gruel prepared by his mother on the first symptoms of a sore throat or cold. He thought of the bleak prairies, with the booming blizzards whistling through his clothes, and the wet blankets and frozen tents, and the salt pork and hard tack! Pluvius began to repent of his rash resolve. He was ashamed to back out, but what could he do? Suddenly his doleful meditations were interrupted by a voice exclaiming in a husky and whiskey tone: "I say, comrade, have ye the price of a drink to give to an old soldier, faith? I'm starvin' wid the cold. I wondher cudden I get a chance wid the volunteers. Perhaps ye know of someone that's drafted and duzen't want to go—bedad! I go chape."

Happy thought! "See here, my good fellow, I enlisted last night. The officers never saw me before; now, if you go and answer to my name, I'll let you have my uniform and belts, and when I see you on the train for the North-West I'll give you twenty dollars. Here's a dollar for you now, don't get drunk, meet me here this evening and I'll bring you to a place where you can put your clothes on."

"More power to ye, my boy, I'm wid ye every time, and I'll stick to my bargain as sure's my name's Michael Finnerty."

"Your name's not Finnerty now," said Pluvius.

"What the blazes is it, then?"

"Your name is Pluvius—Pluvius Paladine Purdy."

"Oh! be the powers of Moll Kelly. P. P. Purdy! and a mighty fine name it is."

That evening Pluvius got Mr. Finnerty shaved and washed, bought him a pair of eye-glasses, got him into his uniform, and that evening, to the name of Private Purdy, Mr. Finnerty called out "Here." Next day on the cars he got his twenty dollars, and away he went with the gallant Q.O.R. as happy as a sandboy.

CHAPTER III.

Sad was the heart of the fair Imogene when she thought of the hardships that poor Pluvius was enduring on the long and weary marches on the trails through the wet and cold, and all for her sake. He was mistaken as to her fidelity. Yet for her he was suffering all manner

of hardships, and perhaps only to get shot by a wild Indian or swarthy half-breed. The least thing she could do would be to send him up some creature comforts to cheer and sustain him in the campaign. Accordingly weekly she packed up a huge hamper containing cold turkey, cold chicken, cold tongue, Abernethy biscuit, bottle of brandy, bottle of port, 1/2 doz. ale, etc., etc., and addressed the same 'To Private Pluvius P. Purdy, Q Co., Q.O.R., N.W.T."

When Michael Finnerty *alias* Pluvius P. Purdy received the first hamper he was struck dumb with astonishment, but it didn't prevent him giving his Company a good blow-out, he merely darkly hinting to his comrades that he was the son of an Irish Lord in disguise. A note was enclosed with the hamper, but as Michael couldn't read, and he didn't wish to let any of the boys see it, of course it remained unanswered. When the second came it knocked him silly, and on receipt of the third he got blazing drunk and was put in the guard tent, and after that with pack drill and extra guards, the bold Michael had a hard time of it, the upshot of the whole matter being that Michael one fine night stuck his rifle in the prairie and skeddaddled. And the first news the fair Imogene heard of her despairing love was contained in a telegraphic despatch from the front reading: "Private Pluvius P. Purdy, Q Co., deserted last night. It is supposed he has joined the rebels. He was a bad character, and a drunkard, and the battalion is well rid of him."

Imogene fainted. Alas! Her Pluvius a deserter, a rebel, and a drunkard! what a fate! It was weeks before Imogene recovered sufficiently to leave the house. One morning she determined to take the fresh air in the park and see if the walk would not dissipate her gloomy feelings. Entering the park she turned north and walked towards the Volunteer Memorial. Suddenly she was made aware of a horse and rider coming up at a hard gallop. She hastened to get out of their way when her foot slipped and she fell violently to the ground.

The rider checked his steed, dismounted, and came to her assistance. "Are you much hurt?" he enquired.

Imogene looked up. "Pluvius!" she cried, wildly, and fell into his arms.

"Ah! Imogene," said he, "is it thus we meet?"

"Yes; but you—you, why did you desert, why did you join the rebels? How did you escape? Oh! Pluvius, you may be in danger yet if you are discovered."

"Miss McCracken," said the bewildered swain, "will you kindly tell me what in thunder you are talking about? desert what? join what rebels?"

"Why, Riel, in the North-West where you went as a soldier?"

"I didn't go to the North-West, I got a substitute. Didn't you get my letter?"

"No!"

"Oh! I see it all. That drunken brute, Finnerty, didn't post the letter I gave him for you. Your silence made me believe that you wished to see me no more. Oh! Imogene, what I have suffered! But perhaps it's all for the best. I'm studying hard now, and let us once more be friends. I promise never to be jealous again."

"I will consent on one condition."

"All right—name it."

"That you won't join the Queen's Own again."

TABLEAU.

—B.

DR. JOHN S. KING has removed to the south-west corner of Wilton Avenue and Sherbourne Street. Telephone No. 67. Street cars pass the door.



A PHILANTHROPIC MEAL.

THE PROMISCUOUS PROWLER IS OVERCOME BY BEAUTY.

"My good Prowler," said Mr. GRIP, a few mornings ago to his trusty henchman, ambassador, and interviewer, "as you seem partially sober to-day I should like you to sally forth—"

"Sally who?" enquired the Prowler.

"Cease, trifler," replied the Bird, petulant-ly, "Sally nobody: go forth, I say, and find out anything you can about our Palaces of Philanthropy of this city. I give you *carte blanche* to do and say what you please as long as you keep sober. Hie thee away, hie!"

"Lo! Jack," instantly replied the Promiscuous Prowler, "I go, great Raven," and buttoning up his frock-coat to the top, to conceal the dinginess of his linen, he turned upon his heel and departed.

In a very brief space of time he walked into Palace of Philanthropy No. 1. He was so hungry, but his sable master had provided him with much wealth preparatory to sending him forth; so he tapped on the table whereat he was seated, and was speedily attended by a Willowy Damsel with Dark Orbs: to her he made known his wish for food, and was soon engaged in discussing a plateful of beefsteak pie, a diminutive dab of butter, two rolls and a glass of milk: when he had disposed of these viands he felt even yet more ravenous than before he had commenced, so, once more summoning the Willowy Damsel with Dark Orbs, he requested her to replenish his trencher and glass, and to produce another Lilliputian pat of butter and more rolls: the Willowy Damsel did as requested and laid a small ticket with a tailor's "ad" on one side and "42c." in most legible figures on the other, beside the Prowler's platter. That worthy was somewhat taken aback as he saw these suggestive figures. "Forty-two cents!" he muttered, "forty-two cents! and yet my hunger is not appeased: for twenty-five cents I could have had a regular blow-out at almost any hotel: but them hotels sell liquor: it just amounts to this: Philanthropy, no liquor, a poor meal and forty-two cents: or, no philanthropy, liquor sold on the premises, a square meal and twenty-five cents. Seems to me the hotel has the bulge. Now, let me see—Come hither, pretty maiden," and he beckoned to the Willowy Damsel with the Dark Orbs, who was so overcome by the intense expression of the Prowler's eye, that she jabbed the corner of her tray into a Bald-headed Gormandizer's ear and let the tomato-soup, milk, and so forth, that were upon it, slide down between his backbone and his under-garment, astonishing him and causing him to quote from the Koran; the Willowy Damsel, however, unable to resist the mesmerico-electrico-magical magnetism of