

ALLEGORIES OF LOVE.

"There are 71 marriageable princesses to 17 eligible princes, so some of the former must die unwedded or forsake their rank."—MONTREAL LIFE.

LOVE mounted a chair and peered into the mirror anxiously. But what he saw evidently did not reassure him. He sat down dejectedly on the dressing-table, among the cosmetics and aids to beauty belonging to the Princess Xenia, and leaning his head on his hand, said sorrowfully to himself: "It is only too true, what they say of me. There is no doubt that I must be getting old and unattractive. I am behind the age, I fear me. No longer can I point out the way for lads and lasses to follow. The Princess perhaps is right in preferring her rank to her lover, and I cannot help the youth over much. But since there is for her no mate of royal lineage, she must die unwedded, which is a thing to be abhorred in a woman, and much more so in a princess. I like not this dearth of princes—and when the world and I were young—"

He broke off with a sigh, for the subject was too sad to be pursued longer.

Just then the Princess entered the room, dismissed her maid, and unbound her lovely hair, sitting pensively before the mirror.

Love, taken by surprise at her sudden approach, was unable to get away, and hid, therefore, behind the ornaments of the table.

The hour grew late, and still the royal maiden sat before the glass, looking first upon its silvery surface, and then at a miniature she held in her hand.

"He asks too much!" she whispered once. "And, in sooth, what is this love of which he prates? It may have once existed, and even survived the gods, but we have grown wiser now and know its full worth. It has had its day. And a princess is always a princess, while a wife may not even be fair."

And she smiled suddenly at the charming, brightening face before her.

In a reverie she leaned her head on her hand, even as one had done before her, and, as he had not done, fell asleep.

The unseen watcher stole out after a while, and borrowed some paints of his good friend, yet sometime enemy—Time. Then he set to work deftly, for he is clever with the brush. But the results are more satisfactory when the paints are his own. And he imitated Time's hard cruel touch almost too well. Lines and tiny wrinkles came as if by magic, and, at a touch, the bright brown hair grew a dull and dusty grey.

But on the eyes of the Princess Xenia he only breathed, nor suffered the brush to lie.

Then the sleeper stirred, sighed and awoke. She looked in the mirror like one in a dream, and saw a faded woman, with a maiden's eyes, yet not the eyes of the Princess Xenia.

Shocked beyond measure, she stared uncomprehendingly at the reflection, till suddenly she cried joyously, "Why, it is only paint, after all! See, it comes off with a touch. Ah, I understand now! That was only the Princess Xenia as she will be."

And she thought thereon till the candles flickered in the light of dawn. And when they went out the Princess went with them, but a woman and a miniature remained.

ONE day in the golden autumn the Quill Hat Girl stumbled upon Love, the artist, resting in the quiet woodland, but with no sketching materials near at hand.

"Oh dear me!" he groaned, at sight of her, "can I never get away from you and from work? This is not my busy day, let me tell you. I am trying to get a holiday, and I purposely left no address."

"Well, you needn't be cross," she pouted. "I'm sure I did not expect to see you here, nor want to, for the matter of that. In fact"—and she looked cautiously about as she spoke, "I am running away from a specimen of your art as shown in the human form divine."

"I didn't observe your great haste," Love remarked, dryly. "It struck me you were waiting for somebody, to tell the truth."

"Well, I wasn't," she retorted, hotly, while a pretty blush rose to her cheek. There fell a silence, during which Love looked at her curiously.

Far off in the distance came a sound as of a snapping branch. She started visibly. "Oh, I must go!" she said—and did not move.

Love rustled the leaves at his feet somewhat noisily. Then he said with cold dignity, "I should think it was about time you did. I have only just finished with the Bummer Girl, and I vow it is not time for you to appear on the scene. She was one of my aptest pupils, but you have not any of her artistic touches. I am not going to help you one bit. You have not one-quarter of the finesse of the girls I have been looking after lately."

"Haven't I, though?" she broke in laughingly. "Oh, Love, you dear old goose, haven't I just?"

A man's eager face appeared between some bushes he was thrusting aside; in an instant the Quill Hat Girl assumed an expression of deep annoyance; but when she turned to the departing figure of Love her face was very mischievous as she said, in an aside, "I hate to send you away, dear boy, after you have helped me so. Can't you stay? Two may be company, but three (when you are one) is Love."

And Cupid, Master of All Arts, laughed, as he worked on his one holiday.

FLORENCE HAMILTON RANDAL.

A NOBLE WOMAN.

THIS portrait represents a clever and brave Canadian woman, Miss Mary Eugenie Hibbard, who has faced many dangers, and is about to face more, as a war nurse. She is to have charge of the nursing staff of the hospital ship *Maine*, fitted out by United States women for use by the British in the Boer War. Miss Hibbard was trained as a nurse at St. Catharines, Ont., and was afterwards superinten-



MISS MARY EUGENIE HIBBARD.

dent of the training school of Grace Hospital, Detroit. She served as chief nurse at Camps Cuba Libre and Savannah during the Spanish-American War, with the rank and perquisites of an officer, and at the close of the war was attached to the Surgeon-General's staff at Washington. She volunteered to accompany the Canadian contingent, but her application was received too late, but her opportunity came when Mrs. Whitelaw Reid requested her to take charge of the *Maine* as chief nurse. Miss Hibbard is a sister of Mr. T. W. Hibbard, advocate, and Mrs. Geo. P. England, Manee street, Montreal.