

passed for the payment of the quarter million, on the condition that, if the local authorities failed to complete the work, the Dominion Government would assume the responsibility. In 1884 the task fell to the Department of Public Works at Ottawa, and a contract was entered into with Messrs. Larkin, Conolly & Co. for that purpose. The sum agreed upon was \$374,559. In 1885 Parliament voted \$490,000 for the completion of the dock. A contract was also made for a wrought iron caisson (costing \$50,200) to be built into the dock. In 1886 a further sum of \$295,000 was voted, and the work was ready for vessels before the close of the fiscal year. The total expenditure was \$1,058,418.77, of which, by the original agreement, the sum of \$250,000 was refunded by the Imperial Government. The harbour of Esquimaux is very capacious, and affords a safe and commodious anchorage for vessels of every size. It is three miles from the city of Victoria. It has long been the headquarters of the British naval squadron in the Pacific, and, before the dry dock was built, it had already a navy yard, a hospital and other buildings requisite for a station. The graving dock is 400 feet long by 90 in breadth, and is constructed on the model of the best works of the kind.

THE MONTREAL CURLING CLUB.—Among the winter sports, of which Canada boasts of not a few, curling is one of the most popular games. Young men and old men, bachelors and benedicts, display the same enthusiasm when once they are initiated into the mysteries of the "in and out turn," the "inwick and the draw." The first curling club in Canada (probably in America) was the Montreal Curling Club, founded on the 22nd January, 1807, with the following members, limited to 20: Rev. Jas. Somerville, Wm. Logan, G. Garden, G. Gillespie, Alex. Allison, Jasper Tough, Thos. A. Tyrner, David Mitchell, jr., Alex. J. Shakel, Alex. Cunningham, Alex. Davidson, Rev. James Harkies, David Mitchell, Jas. Caldwell, Robert Armour, T. Crawford, W. Scott, J. C. Stewart, A. Roxburgh, Thos. Blackwood. At this time the club met to play on the river. Some years later they played in a shed near the foot of McGill street, and later on the club built a rink on St. Catherine street, near Dummond, where they fought their battles for nearly a quarter of a century. About two years ago the old club's prospects for further existence looked slim. The ground on which their rink stood was sold, and the club was homeless. Through the kindness of Sir George Stephen, they remained in possession during the winter of 1888-89, and it was during this season that, while a party of the Montrealers were on their way to curl the Quebecers they started a subscription of funds to buy land and build a rink. The amount realized that night was \$1,500, and so hearty was the response of the members that enough money was raised to purchase a block of land on St. Catherine street, near Mark, and upon this site was built the present magnificent rink, with three sheets of ice (the only one in the Province with more than two). To the liberality and energy of Messrs. F. Stancliffe, Abbott, Cowan, Hon. G. A. Drummond, T. Darling, W. J. Fenwick, C. J. Fleet, R. W. Macdougall, Capt. Newton, W. W. Ogilvie, A. F. Riddell, E. Stanger, R. W. Tyre, D. Williamson and others is due in a large measure the happy position of the club to-day. Among the old records of the club are some most interesting items, showing the tendencies of the times. Among the old membership roll will be found such men as the late Dr. G. W. Campbell, Jas. Tyre, Col. Dyde, Sir Hugh Allan, Robt. Esdaile, Gen. Earl. Later on we find the names of J. S. Macdougall, Geo. Denholm, E. A. Whitehead, Hugh Paton, Sir F. de Winton, Alexander Uaquhart, H. A. Budden, Rev. James Williamson and many others—keen, bent curlers. Our engraving shows the interior of the new rink, and gives the portraits of two of its most popular and energetic officers, Mr. F. Stancliffe, President, and Mr. A. I. Hubbard, Secretary. Both have held office for two seasons, and much of the success that has attended the Club's efforts in every way is due to their vigour and devotion to its interests.

Dick and John.

(AN EPISODE IN COLLEGE LIFE.)

By SPRIGGINS.
(CONCLUDED.)

As he rises from his seat the deep, regular breathing from his friend's room announces that the latter sleeps the sleep of the sound and healthy. John listens to him a moment half enviously, and, as he listens, the demon of mischief enters into him. A brilliant idea occurs, and a grin of prospective joy illumines his melancholy face. Entering the room softly, he lights the gas and takes a hurried look at the sleeper. No fear of disturbing him, and no fear of his pretending sleep, either. There is that in the face of the slumbering youth that speaks for itself. The strong-limbed, fleet-footed Dick is undoubtedly deep in the land of dreams. John notes this, then his eye wanders about the apartment, until, finally, it rests on a small table near the head of the bed. An alarm clock is thereon, and it ticks right merrily. The unbidden visitor's face broadens to a grin, and he steps cautiously over. He examines the set alarm and sees it is placed to ring at a quarter past six. One deft push of his finger alters this to half-past three or thereabouts, and then exit the unbidden visitor with a smile.

When he is safe in his own room the smile develops to a chuckle, and he mutters, gleefully:

"Great Scott! Dick will wish he had got up and smoked when I asked him. If he had I should never have dreamed of this racket." Then John disrobed, and soon he, too, is in the arms of Morpheus.

"Hello! Confound that clock—deuce take it. Oh, come off, can't you! I hear your blamed voice." And Dick jumps from his bed, yawns sleepily, and stares viciously in the direction he supposes the alarm clock to be. "Dark as pitch!" he groans, "and cold, too," with a shiver. "Didn't think the mornings were so horribly dismal at this season."

He lights the gas, as he speaks, and then proceeds to get into his jersey.

"I had no idea it was so dark at this hour," he mutters, taking a gloomy look at things through his bedroom window. However, I suppose it will brighten up presently. It won't take long once it starts," with an effort at cheerfulness.

He beats his egg in the tumbler, gulps it down, and puts the finishing touch to his toilet. Then he departs hastily. It is only a distance of a hundred yards from his boarding house to the practice ground, and his long legs make short work of this. The rapidity of his passage prevents him from noting the unusual darkness. But when he arrived at the grounds and finds them stretched out before him shrouded still in the gloom of night, he feels perplexed.

"Must have made a mistake setting that clock," he thinks, ruefully. "Surely, it is never so dark at half-past six in the morning—at least, I never remember it being so before." He takes a few turns around the cinder path to get warm, then strolls out to the street feeling rather foolish. "I could have sworn that clock was set all right," he muses. Suddenly the idea strikes him, and he jumps high into the air.

"That villain, John!" he almost shouts. "Oh, what a fool I am! Could it have been him?"

He buttons his overcoat tightly, and stalks thoughtfully back in the direction of his boarding house. As he does so, a sound is borne to his ears along the shadows of the street, and, instinctively, he stops to listen.

There is no voice to be heard how, but athwart the ghostly stillness strikes the tramp, tramp of boots on the stone pavement. Dick peers curiously in the direction whence these sounds come, and, dimly, he makes out two figures advancing under the light of a distant lamp. And, as he awaits their approach, the words of a well known college ditty is borne to him:

The other night I came home late,
In a way that was a sign,
I'd supped and wined in jovial mind—
I seldom sup and wine.

I came up-stairs and there—but ah!
Details are such a bore!
And there and then, like other men,
I slept—I seldom snore.

As Dick listens to the well known tune (trotted out, regardless of possible sufferings on the part of nervous sleepers in the vicinity, by strong, youthful lungs), his vexed expression clears somewhat, and a sympathetic smile replaces it as he beats time with his foot on the stone pavement.

"Little Mark, the sleepless one," he murmured to himself, smilingly. "The beggar is never in bed before daylight."

"Hello, Mark!" he shouts, and the two figures swagger along arm in arm. "What time is it?"

Little Mark unhooks his companion and surveys my hero critically.

"Why, it is Dick!" he says in solemn accents to his friend.

The friend laughs, strikes an attitude. "Richard is himself again," he says, tragically. "Oh, Richard, let me embrace thee!" and he advances with outstretched arms.

"Keep off," warned Dick, laughing. Then, as he recognizes the second person, he adds, reproachfully: "You are a nice one! You promised me to be up for practice this morning, and here you have not been to bed yet."

Little Mark interferes to defend his companion. "Best thing in the world!" he avers, gravely. "Sleep is a mistake, it unsettles one's constitution. We have been down at the hospital waiting to see an operation that never took place. Business before pleasure, dear boy!"

Dick brightens up at this. "Look here, you two," he says, eagerly, "come with me as far as my boarding-house, I want you to do me a favour. What time is it, by the way?"

Little Mark draws from his pocket a watch, and, after looking critically at it for a few moments, he answers briefly, "Watch stopped."

Scarcely were the words uttered when the church clock near by strikes four deep, sonorous strokes, and then Dick's suspicions become certainty. He feels sure he is the victim of one of John's jokes, and, at the thought, his half-formed plan for revenge matures. Rapidly he explains the state of affairs to his two companions and begs their aid.

"All you have to do is to ring the bell and tell the girl Doctor K— wants John to come at once to the hospital. The operation is to be performed immediately. Then, when she goes up-stairs to call him I shall sneak in. I have no latch key, you see, so it will kill two birds with one stone." And Dick laughs gleefully.

The others are quick to enter into the plot and promise obedience. And, as Dick anticipated, so it happens. The girl leaves the door slightly ajar, and, muttering a hasty acknowledgment to his two fellow-conspirators, my hero

creeps into the hall. He hides in a dark corner thereof until he hears his friend's steps descending. He listens to him fumble at the door a moment, then it opens and closes again with a bang. And this time John is off on a fool's errand.

Thereupon Dick stalks complacently to his room, and is soon once more in the land of nod. An hour of refreshing slumber and he is conscious of an oppressive sensation. His senses collect themselves gradually; finally the oppressive sensation is located, and lo! he opens his eyes to find John calmly seated on his stomach. One sweep of that brawny arm and the oppressor no longer oppresses. He is sprawling at full length on the bedroom floor and Dick towering over him with threatening crest.

John raises himself on his elbow, caresses gently the back of his head, for it has come into contact with the hard boards with no small violence.

Dick's anger vanishes at once. "Did I hurt you, old man?" he says, anxiously.

And John heaves a deep sigh. "Sir," he says, with as much dignity as his very undignified pose permits, "you have wounded my feelings, but let that pass; you have sent me tramping to the other end of the city all to no purpose, but let that pass; you have afflicted me personally with grievous bodily pain, but let that pass; and your present attitude is an insult, but even that I pass. Only, oh, my friend, let us not henceforth waste wantonly on each other that genius which aims at our mutual discomfort. Let us even combine and war against the world. Let us cry quits, oh, Dick, my friend!"

And Dick grasps him by the hand, and straightway they swear never again to play pranks at each other's expense. And thus far they have kept their word.

Remembrances of the "Meadow Hen."

The two Indians carried their light but bulky loads of birch bark down to the shore, where their little canoe lay upturned among the grasses. The nearness of the sun to the distant hills and the red flush on the Tobique's hurrying breast told them that it would be wise to stay where they were all night and wait for the morning to start on their homeward voyage.

A fire was soon kindled, and over it a small kettle was hung, for Indians, as well as white men, enjoy and use the beverage so soothing to weary hunters called tea, also a small frying-pan filled to overflowing with pork and beans and set in a bed of coals. While one Indian sat on a log and acted as cook, his companion cut two large arm-fulls of ferns, that grew near by, for beds. After the meal was finished and every drop of tea in the kettle and every bean in the pan had vanished, our two friends spread their blankets on their fragrant couches, rolled themselves up, with their feet towards the fire, and went to sleep. When they awoke next morning the sun had just risen, and the gentle breeze and cloudless sky bespoke a fine day. After cooking a breakfast very similar to their tea, they placed the huge rolls of bark in the canoe and started on the homeward voyage, that began and ended in a day.

In less than an hour the Red Rapids were reached, and with one plunge the canoe sported on the foaming half mile track, speeding quickly for the quiet waters beyond. Again the canoe glided smoothly, low hills grown with hack-ma-tack and birch rose close to the water, and their reflections quivered in the stream as it quickly sped by. A meadow hen started from the grass and flew northward, and the two Indians drowsily kept time with their paddles to the song of the rapids now far behind.

As the canoe and the river sped on, so sped the day. Again the sunset came and again the hurrying breast of the Tobique was flushed with crimson. The light canoe was run into shore near a small village and unloaded under the admiring gaze of half a dozen papooses.

Mornings and sunsets came, the gunwales were cut and smoothed from strong white spruce, ribs were shaped from the youthful cedar tree, and the frame-work of the "Meadow Hen" was finished.

Next a huge sheet of bark was cut into shape, spread tightly over the canoe and sewn to the gunwales, and, after all weak places being liberally daubed with rosin, the "Meadow Hen" became a canoe.

While she was still in the prime of youth, she was taken to Fredericton to distinguish herself on the blue waters of the St. John.

Weeks and months lengthened into years, and when the once dashing "Meadow Hen" came down to our Island home to help make merry a rural fortnight the memories of the Tobique and her youth were but dim in her mind.

On the warm sand of the Island shore lay the "Meadow Hen." Truly, she had seen the day when her bark was smoother and devoid of so many scratches, and her gunwales white, but what cared she for all this; was she not keeping good company, for there on the sand beside her lay the "Blue Heron," once a dashing young canoe from Grand Lake? The sun slowly sank away in the west, and as the stars came out one by one and the "Lady Moon" unveiled her face from the gossamer clouds, a gay party of campers wound their way to the shore. The two canoes were launched, and as the "Meadow Hen" glided along under the same stars that had silvered her track so often before, the memories of the Tobique and her youth crowded back into her mind, and she was happy.

G. E. THEODORE ROBERTS.

The Rectory, Fredericton.