

supplies, that should be arranged with the dealers for their delivery at the nearest point possible, if not at the tent.

I suppose a little experience related now will not be amiss. Having previously selected our site—what campers should first do—we proceeded, bag and baggage, as the saying is, with a definite understanding as to our destination. It was but a few hours' drive, and when there it took us but a short time to pitch the tents and arrange things. By this time it was evening, and the work and fresh air had well sharpened our appetites, so that when the cooks called out for fuel, let it be known we did not lose any time striking "attitudes," but the wood.

Perhaps you have never seen campers at table. Well, if you had peered in, you would have seen a table well laden with brimmers of milk, plenty of good bread and butter, and heaps of fruit and vegetables. You would not have seen the appetites to clear them, but they were there "all the same," as John Chinaman would have said. Yes; each member there felt quite capable of assuming much responsibility toward the demolition. Eureka! what a devastation passed over that table! Well, that was its general aspect after meal time in the tent. After we had gone through our domestic routine—for, let it be observed, none were exempted—we adjourned to our hammocks and tent-seats outside, for the purpose of enjoying the balmy air and viewing the sun setting in the west, casting and o'erspreading its golden light upon the great waters of the St. Lawrence, and bathing the assembled tents in a golden hue. It was a pleasant sight and one to be remembered. Being all too tired to roam far that night, and as

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight;
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds,"

we "turned in," snuffed out the electric light and allowed ourselves to sink into the arms of Morpheus, leaving our bullpup to be guard.

Bump! What is that? Amid the noise of crashing delf and table-turning was answered—an intruder. Oh! where is he? Ah! I see him, the green eyed monster. Give him a bead, quick—bang—but he was gone. Though not before, as we found out the next morning, he had eaten part of a print of butter, and damaged irretrievably the pride of our *cuisinière*, a custard pie, and succeeded with our help in overturning things in general. The cat never returned.

Energies exhausted, intruder gone, we sank once more to our couches. Time soon passes when asleep. The birds were now singing, the early worm had been up and in again, and the cows were wending their way to the milking inclosing. Up boys for a plunge. Right smart we reached the beach, two minutes and we were stripped, another two and we were cleaving the waters downward, up again, once more and again, exhausted, we now sat on the great boulders near by, awaiting second breath. After a few more minutes bathing, we returned to the tents refreshed and ready for a hearty breakfast.

Inner man replenished, we parted, proceeding in various directions to take in all the good fishing points. After a patient wait of over two hours, I had to return without a finny prize. It was not a half hour later when another stepped up with visage blue and nary a fish. Others came and had to recount the same sad tale, till finally the last one loomed up with countenance sad and weary step, but he had something, a minnow. "I would not have caught this," he said, "had not the oldest inhabitant come along and given me a pointer; he said it was the catch of the season, and remarked that the place was noted for the fish—that passed two miles away on the other side."

To relieve ourselves from the general depression consequent upon our meagre catch, we proceeded to spin yarns; coming to my turn, I related this true incident:—"Our party were camping right on this spot—tapping the earth with the palm of my hand to carry conviction—and a hard old time a friend and I had one night. It was the

last one of a two months' camp. We had been up to "the very witching time of night," packing, then dancing and singing with the greatest *éclat*.

The bonfire had gone out. Yes, right into an adjacent field where lay a heap of tick straw—which we had not paid for yet. The living embers, hurried over by the hurricane of forty an hour gait, and fanned by the same, soon had the whole mass aflame. We were profoundly asleep then, and, save for the nasal gamuts in certain quarters incessantly rehearsed, were as dead. But I was awakened. A flapping curtain touched me on the head. Now thoroughly aroused, I heard other noises than the winds. Old Ringbone was having a set-to with the native plugs. I felt assured I could hear his thugs against some body. Distressing neighs were nearing the tent. Ringbone was getting worsted, I was sure. Bump! down went something—the fence. Now they were surrounding the tents. Up H. or we will be trampled and Ringbone killed. "O, we went home 'till mor. Wake up—boy, do you hear?" Finally after a good deal of tugging I got him up. Without further dress than night robe and rubber coat each, for it was raining rivers and haste was required, we sallied forth to the raging elements and infuriated beasts—they were trying to kick him to pieces so as to distribute equally a piece as a trophy; but so far his hinders had kept them at bay.

After much difficulty and not a few hair-breadth escapes, we succeeded in driving them out to their field. But we had a task on hand. That fence had to be put up, if we were to keep them out and finish our sleep. While one went for the tools, the other kept guard. Then, like Nehemiah of old, we worked, yet prepared for the enemy—the horses thereof.

Montreal.

J. H. H. D.

THE NATIVITY.

'Tis midnight—the weird hour of midnight—and sleep
O'er all its deep spell of oblivion throws—
When, lo! on the Eastern firmament's steep
A peerlessly brilliant star suddenly shows!

All queenly it moves on its Westerly way
Athwart the vast, shadowy stretch of the skies,
Its passage reflecting the lustre of day—
A vision to awe the most learned and wise!

But, see! it now tarries—its march it arrests,
Locating its zenith o'er Bethlehem's walls—
For to-night the grand drama there played it attests—
The grandest that earth's proud history recalls!

The plot of that drama the Redemption of man,
The conquest of hell and subjection of sin—
A drama that only Jehovah could plan,
One destined renown never-ending to win!

And what are the *dramatis persona* who'
Enrich the world first with this drama's blest fruits?
Ah, lowly their station—their number but few,
Their stage, but a stable—their audience, dumb brutes!

For there, in that stable's rude manger, behold
As a babe, in coarse swaddling-clothes thinly arrayed—
The warm breath of cattle scarce temp'ring the cold—
The Mighty of Majesties—all things who hath made!

Behold Him of God-head and power bereft,
Who fashioned from nothing the heavens and earth—
Behold Him, with nought of divinity left,
Nor courtiers, nor court pomp to herald his birth!

The sole recognition to mark the event,
Are angel choirs chanting on mountain and hill
That hymn blest in precept and harmony blent:
"To God on high glory—peace to men of good will!"

On the lesson here taught, ah! did royalty dwell,
Less haughtily, surely, 'twould carry its head—
'Twould practice humility—practiced so well
By the King of all Kings, there in Bethlehem's shed!

'Twould think less of self, than the general weal—
Of war's gory crown, than the olive of peace—
No longer aggressive or vengeful would feel,
But seek the scant store of man's good to increase!

Montreal.

W. O. FARMER.

The proposal which has emanated from certain of the gold mining men of Nova Scotia looking to the establishment of an official assay office at Halifax, in lieu of a Dominion mint, which has been found too costly, is at length taking practical shape.



Socrates died like a philosopher, but the average old widower dyes like a fool.

Some one should preach a sermon on the bad taste of pursuing good taste too exclusively.

The sentence, "There is no such word as fail," can hardly be classified as a "cant" phrase.

A survivor of the famous Light Brigade is now a plumber in Indianapolis. He still knows how to charge.

The philosopher's trouble is that while he can give fifty years to evaluating life impartially, life has spent several thousand years in snaping his prejudices.

"There is one thing that you can always buy at a drug store without being overcharged," sighed a victim of pharmaceutical extortion, "and that is a postage stamp."

Irate passenger (as train is moving off): "Why the — didn't you put my luggage in as I told you—you old—" Porter: "Eh, man! yer bagyage es na sic a fule as yersel. Ye-re i' the wrang train!"

A fearful riot of the students arise in a German town and no one, not even the best-liked tutor, is able to pacify them, till a professor, hiring a barouche, takes in all the master tailors of the city and drives them through the Campus, when the mob dispersed as by magic.

Willie Popinjay: "Sis, what is meant by 'unconscious humour'?" Angelina Popinjay: "I can't give you an exact definition of it, Willie, but I can give you an example." Willie: "Well, give us an example." Angelina: "When pa came into the room where ma was trying to nail up that bracket, yesterday, and said, 'Wel, what are you driving at now?'"

The popular craze—Agent (to boy): "Is your ma in, sonny?" Boy: "Nop; she's gone to the walkin' match." Agent: "Big sister?" Boy: "Nop; she's there too. They're all there, even down to the cook." Agent: "Why didn't you go?" Boy: "I was left to take care of the house. I suppose they think the house would go to the walkin' match, too, if there wasn't somebody to watch it."

MILITIA NOTES.

A copy of plans for cypher telegrams has been received from the War Office by the Militia Department.

The trouble in the Ottawa Field Battery has been satisfactorily settled. Major Stewart retains command.

It is reported that Major Prevost, of the 65th Battalion, has been appointed A.D.C. to the Governor-General.

Captain A. Roy, of the Sixty-fifth Battalion, has been appointed brigade-major of the Sixth military district, in place of Major Hughes, resigned.

It is reported that Lieut.-Col. Macpherson, ex-commandant of the G. G. F. G., will be appointed extra A.D.C. to His Excellency the Governor-General.

The Militia Department has been informed that work on quarters for "C" Battery at Victoria, B.C., had been suspended, the appropriation being exhausted.

Gen. Sir J. Lintorn Simmons, of the Royal Engineers, will be the new field marshal in succession to the Earl of Lucan. He is at the top of the active list of generals. During the Crimean war he performed the masterly operation of fortifying Slobodzie and Georgeovo, with 70,000 Russians only seven miles away, he keeping them in doubt as to the movements of his own 20,000 men. During the dispute with the United States as to the Maine boundary, Sir Lintorn Simmons made a reconnaissance of the whole frontier, and his memorandum now in the military archives is looked on as the basis for any defensive operations to-day.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

SPECIAL.

During the month of December we will give to new subscribers the current first six months, twenty-six numbers, of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, making a volume of 416 pages, containing over 250 beautiful engravings, and a great amount of interesting and instructive reading, ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR, the conditions being that the subscriber remits, at the same time, \$4.00 for a full year's subscription, beginning 1st January, 1889. In other words, we offer eighteen months' subscription for \$5.00, or again, we give away three months' subscription gratis. Persons wishing to form clubs can obtain their own subscription FREE, by sending us the price of four subscriptions, as now offered.

This offer is open for December only, and should be taken advantage of early, as our stock of back numbers is limited.