

facts, and not let imagination and memory get mixed up.

My grandfather's house in Esquimalt was made of bricks and had a large garden and tennis courts. One side of the house was covered with honey-suckle vines, and white roses climbed up the opposite side. In front of the house just within the large entrance gates were my grandfather's offices, quaint green building also covered with honey-suckle. To the east lay the old Esquimalt Road leading in to Victoria, and to the west, just in front of the old house, lay the beautiful harbour, full of vessels and British men of war. Then there was a delicious sandy beach where I spent most of my time. I used to love Sunday mornings in the little Esquimalt church, when the marines and the sailors used to file up the aisle, and the singing used to be so hearty.

On moonlight nights we used to row round the harbour and sometimes visit the war ships, but I did not enjoy these visits, I was always so afraid the cannons would go off by mistake (of course I was only a very little girl at this time.)

My grandfather had a big St. Bernard dog called "Garrie," and a pug called "Julie," and an old horse called "Garnet;" all these are dead now I am afraid, and the house occupied by strangers. Some day I hope I may go across the Atlantic to visit again in his home in the "old country" my dear old grandfather.

MURIEL SHILDRICK.

(Aged 14 years.)

### “The Country Cousins”

**D**ARK and mysterious preparations went on in the Play room one day, and no "study

girls" were admitted there under any pretext whatever. In the afternoon when curiosity had reached its highest pitch, an invitation was sent to the "big girls" to attend a party given by the little girls" who are all members of a secret fraternity known as the Amusement Club.

We went with one accord, and enjoyed a most delightful hour. The entertainment opened with a piano solo, then came a very pretty tableau "Red Riding Hood," in which Edie Bindley made a most ferocious wolf, in a borrowed coyote skin, and Marjorie Armstrong a too smiling Red Riding Hood.

"The Sick Baby" was a capital dialogue; "baby" was so life like, and "Mama" so anxious, and the "doctor" so absent as he consumed all baby's cake, and then in a grave and professional manner represented how bad cake was for babies.

The most laughable thing on the programme was a pantomime "The Country Cousins," where three dear rustics called upon their city cousin, a most dignified dame, (Dorothy Bindley) who with the aid of her parlour maid (Marie Cross) was dispensing afternoon tea to two fashionable callers, (Edith Clyne and Marjorie Armstrong.) "Mr. Country Cousin" (Ella Underhill) bounced in followed by his wife (Dorothy Stocken) and their daughter (Louie Chantrell) greeted their hostess with unconventional warmth, shook hands effusively with her guests, and settled down comfortably to their tea, showing naive curiosity over the sugar tongs and the cups, betraying undisguised astonishment at the city lady's lorgnette. Finally *she* placed her elbows on the table, the child sucked her thumb and swung her legs, and *he*, oh