

up which the 41st charged to complete the victory. Far up the lane to the right of the line we go over the ground where the troops were thrown forward among the fields of unreaped grain. These were part of the "Kings" and 103rd, who, in spite of the repeated attacks of the best American troops, held their position and even advanced far into the enemy's position.

In a slight depression in a lot a short distance from the church, many of the American dead were burned. They were too numerous and time was too precious to permit of their burial. Local tradition informs us that on this spot no grass would grow until someone scraped over it the earth from the surrounding knolls. Along the front of the same lot are still standing many trees which were scarred and pitted by the musketry.

We had lived again in this short hour the years of the past. We forgot the lawns and the villas and the gardens which mark the Lundy's Lane of to-day as one of the most beautiful spots in Canada. The roar of the Falls had been transformed by our fancy into the roar of cannon. The sleepers on the hill were raised in our imagination as if from bivouac, and seemed to perform again their deeds of valor. As we turned to leave the spot, someone leaning against the soldiers' monument repeated the words, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*," and we thought them appropriate.

May.

MAY is the very month of mirth!
And if there be a time on earth
When things below in part may vie
For beauty with the things on high,
As some have thought earth's beauties given
For counterparts of those in heaven,
'Tis in that balmy vernal time
When Nature revels in her prime,
And all is fresh and fair and gay,
Resplendent with the smiles of May.

BISHOP MAST.

TEACHER—"Johnny, tell me the name of tropical belt north of the equator." Johnny—"Can't, sir." Teacher—"Correct. That will do."

* A Wife's Dilemma *

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By HARRY A. YUILLE.

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CHAPTER I.



WHAT Arthur Watson's wife was in a dilemma will be readily divined when it is related that she had spent every cent of her quarter's allowance and had not a suitable pair of gloves to wear at an afternoon reception on that memorable day—just seven months after her marriage with Arthur Watson—a master machinist in the great "Craven Print Works" in the town of Moncton.

Mrs. Watson belonged to the fascinating type of woman, small and slight, with an abundance of dark brown hair in natural waves, and large, dove-like eyes of the same color. Besides her beauty, she had an air of graceful composure and sweetly modulated voice. She had lived since childhood with a wealthy relative, on whom she had been left dependent. Aunt Smithson, as Vera had been taught to call her, lived in West Moncton among the aristocracy.

As Mrs. Smithson's pretty ward, Vera might have looked a little higher than Arthur Watson, from a worldly point of view, but she was very proud and fond of her handsome, manly husband, who loved her so devoutly. So far, she had been too happy to feel very keenly the change from the luxurious home of her aunt to the simple, though tastily furnished cottage in East Moncton; but on this December morning a little cloud was in the air; and Mr. Watson had finished breakfast and was about to bid his wife good-bye, when she said: "I don't like to mention it, Arthur, dear, but it would oblige me very much if you could advance me a small sum on my next quarter's allowance."



AT THE PAN-AMERICAN, BUFFALO.

"Vera," Arthur said, quietly, "I have overdrawn my salary every month since we were married. The first of January will soon be here, and I am afraid I will not be able to meet all the bills that are due. I do not feel that we should trifle away a cent of money just now, and I do not believe that you do either, dear."

"Never mind, Arthur," Vera replied, "I ought to have a new pair of gloves for this afternoon, as I am to call on John Smithson's bride, but I can manage all right."

Arthur kissed her good-bye, and went to his work feeling somewhat grieved at the necessity for this first denial of a direct request from his wife.

Vera also felt it keenly, but she was a brave little woman, and although it must be confessed that she shed a few tears, and did some serious thinking, yet she resolved to make the best of her disappointment, and spent the rest of the morning arranging her toilet for the call, and despite the mended gloves, she looked not only handsome but stylish when she emerged from the cottage.

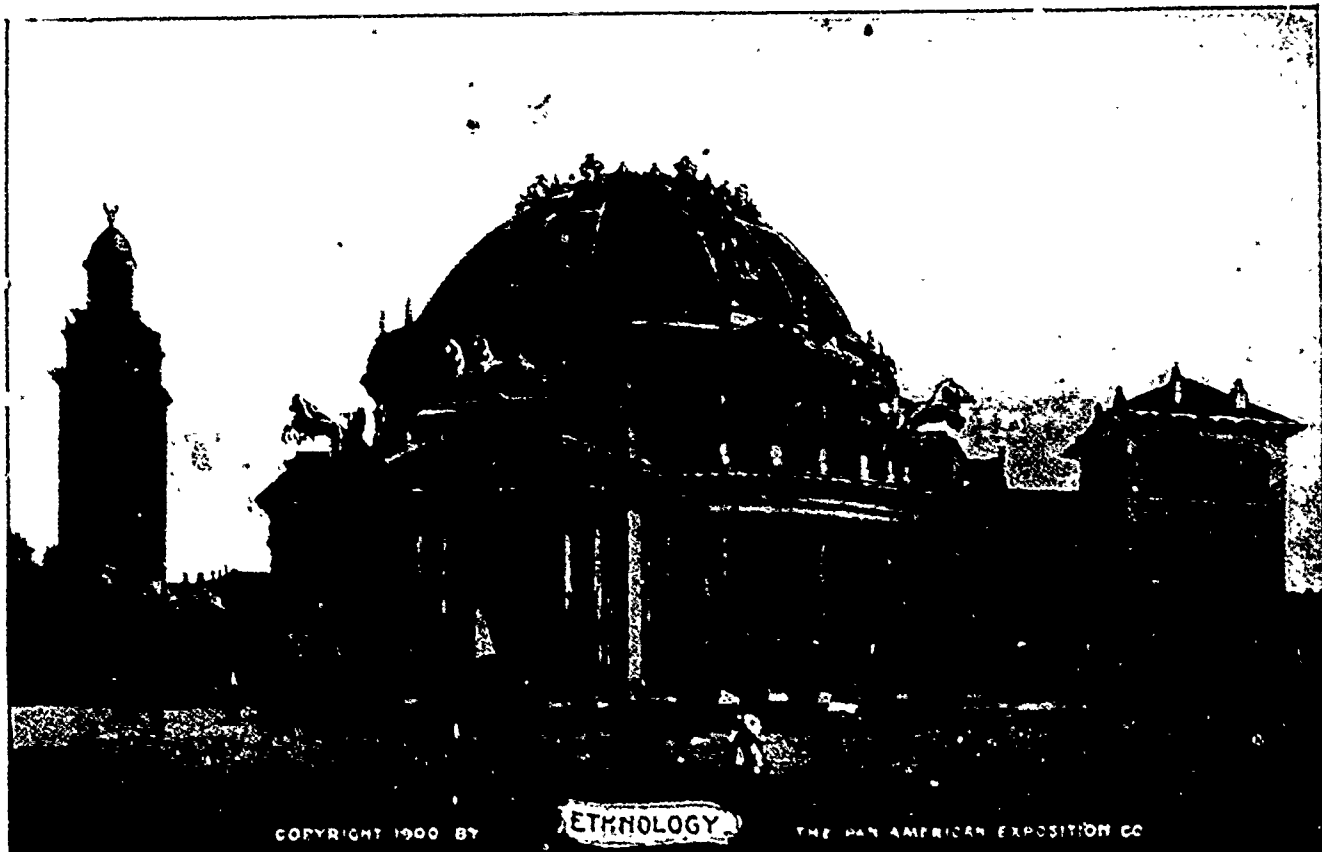
Just as she approached her aunt's gate, the elderly Mrs. Craven, in a magnificent velvet and silk costume, was being helped from the carriage by her son.

The Cravens were the owners of the mill in which Arthur was employed. Harry, the only son, had just returned from a five years' residence abroad; and as Vera had not seen him since his return she was observing him somewhat closely, when he noticed her and raised his hat.

"A pretty face," he remarked to his mother, "I suppose it is someone I have known, or should know."

Mrs. Craven, with her keen eyes, glanced sharply back towards Vera, whom she had not perceived, and bowed slightly—"It is the young person whom Mrs. Smithson brought up; she is married to one of our men, I believe."

John Smithson and his bride were holding an informal reception. The room in which Vera's own wedding had been celebrated a few months before was quite filled with guests. A very dainty and graceful bride was the new Mrs. Smithson; she was the daughter of a wealthy planter. Vera could not resist a little tinge of envy as she looked at her with her superb costume and rare jewels, toned into harmony with her delicate loveliness by the



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