

commonly known as a radiator, while above it to the right is a picture which is not the property of my landlady—my ballet girl. Again the old question arises—*who, when, where?* Have I ever seen her at Shear's? Or did her shadow ever fall on the stage of the Princess? Or did others see her in the calcium light of Toronto's Theatre of the Planets? Again—I do not know.

On either side of my four poster hangs a picture belonging to a series which, I am pleased to say, is not completed in my room. One is entitled "Alone at Last," the other, "Dreams of the Future." The first has two figures, the latter one. This, I think, is a sufficient description of them.

Another picture yet remains to be spoken of. It is flanked on the one side by a picture of H. R. II. the Duke of York; on the other side by his handsome Duchess. As if to explain the purpose of this picture the words, "An Anxious Moment," are painted beneath. The foreground is occupied by a couple seated on a brick wall; behind them is a sea-green pond, probably eighteen inches in depth; while forest occupies the background. The artist apparently was dwelling in a land of giants when he committed this outrage, as the hero is a magnificent specimen of manhood, probably eight feet in height, while his sweetheart is a tender, clinging, little thing of a similar altitude. In using the word *clinging* I do not wish to insinuate that she has been actually doing so—at least not while I have been looking. Her beauty is enhanced by her evening dress, a pink waist with white skirt, while her headgear consists of a farmer's large straw hat, worth probably five cents (at Eaton's) trimmed with about six feet of wide ribbon, pink in shade. I should be highly pleased if the offending artist would come back and tell me what it all means, though probably it would be cruel to bring him back from his warm nest, especially when the weather in this world is so cold. I should, however, like to know the meaning of the "Anxious Moment."

My journey, alas, is nearing its end. The carpet alone remains to be eulogized, and as it is on the floor I feel that it, like a great many things in a boarding house, is beneath description; it is at least beneath me. Poor Willie.

UP IN MEADOW LARK.

BY W. KINLOCH MILLAR, M.A. (McGill).

I wonder if a course in the study of prediction secular or religious, would enable one to predict a single event in the life of Meadow Lark, or a course in diplomacy help one to deal with her citizens. When I think of Meadow Lark I think of the Northern Kingdom, the North Country and everything of interest in history or geography which has this particular direction attached to it, for you must not forget that the town is very far north. I wonder what causes one to write "very far north"! I was doubtless thinking of the winters there, when the mercury drops into the bulb and men's ears freeze. But when I reflect on summer, I would be tempted to designate this town as a southern one, since many of the dog days dimly pass before my memory. Whether I am accurate in speaking of the far north or the far south in reference to Meadow Lark, there is no danger of misconception, if I affix "the glorious," and in doing so I am quite free from the terrors of homesickness.

There is a round of gaieties up there worthy of a country's capital. The servant question is, I believe,

very acute, and one observing lady was tempted to write on her invitations, the commonplace "brooms" instead of the customary "thimbles." The guests did not bring the required implements, but looking for novelty found none, for with them, too, the servant question was a vexed one.

In no biographies of famous men are you likely to find illustrations marked "The Birthplace of Charles Brown, Meadow Lark," or "The Spot where Charles Brown met his Catherine, outside Meadow Lark." Nevertheless, there is a literary air in the place, and it is the desire of many of those who frequent the Thimble Teas and the Bachelors' Balls to inhale this. The most exclusive club is the Striving Readers' Club, the membership being limited to those who have made some mark in local literary annals, the size of the mark to be judged by the executive. Reading as a means of preparation for the litterateurs is recognized desideratum.

The Browning Club includes many who were quite ignorant of that author when they subscribed their names to the club pledge. But shortly afterwards they were relishing Pippa and the Ring with the aid of the Browning Cyclopaedia. The president is prone to giggle and a superfluity of advice. She poses principally as Constance, but is too busily engaged in hunting Norbert to give the members of the club that consideration they require. Many of this aspiring circle consider it their duty to attend the weekly Theological Club in St. Saviours, but whether they benefit themselves or their neighbors in so doing, I know not. Their logic is quite good, for if the club is synonymous with *It* or *The Thing*, all outsiders are castaways. Poor outsiders! These good people feel it not. Their studies are the studies that count and their satisfaction is at a premium.

The Moszkowski Thirteen are neither superstitious nor musical. They are in opposition to the club just mentioned, and hate the adjective "literary." "Why should we be dissatisfied if we be exponents of the highest art?" is a characteristic question of the Thirteen. I believe there is a musical education for those in connection with this society which takes the places of a conservatory in the town.

"We do amongst ourselves the work of the College of Music, though we are more exclusive." I tried to understand. The exclusiveness extended both socially and from the standpoint of curriculum. I was shown the typewritten prospectus of work. It began with "Musical Studies by Beethoven, in fifty-eight volumes."

"I suppose you are at the twentieth or so by this time?" I ventured.

"Oh, no! We try to be thorough. We are as yet only at the introduction."

I was about to remark that there might be thirteen graves in St. Saviour's churchyard before the fifty-eighth was reached, but prudence enveloped me and I returned the prospectus to the secretary. She was indeed a very estimable lady and seemed under obligation to honor me. On my departure she handed me her photograph with this key, "Yours Musically, Clara Schumann Smith." She was evidently of a musical family or had been bantized anew.

Nor was this the end of my connection with the Moszkowski Thirteen. A month or so after my visit I was presented with a beautifully bound book, "Memories of Chopin," with the author's compliments. Clara Schumann Smith again! It appeared that Miss Smith had