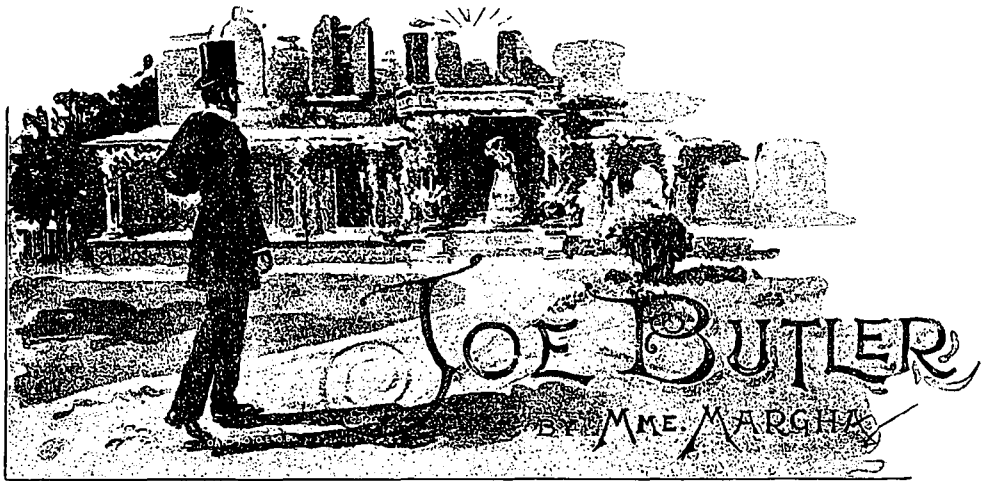




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FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN

SECOND PORTION.

BELLEVUE, in 1860, was a pleasant town on the shores of the Bay of Trent. Its streets were shaded by the elm and maple. The painted frame houses, and more pretentious brick ones, which composed the town, showed signs of thrift and taste. The lawns were neat and well kept. Geraniums, verbenas and foliage plants in great variety, skirted the grounds, or were gathered into beds, while the never-failing rose bush and stately oleander, occupied dignified positions near the portico or verandah. Beds of mignonette, violets and pansies were to be found in the sheltered nooks, and ferns, brought from the low lands outside the town, were nursed in mimic caverns. On the lawns of the well-to-do townsmen, flourished summer-houses over whose sides climbed the scarlet-runner and morning-glory while croquet-balls and mallets, grace hoops and skipping ropes, lay quietly together, waiting for the hands of youths and maidens, to bring them into life. Yes, Bellevue was an attractive town—not on account of its wealth, for no millionaire dwelt there—but for its bright, homely ways, its comfort and cheer. Visitors lingered in the hospitable homes, loath to depart, children, reared by its happy firesides, dreaded the time when they would have to go out in the world “to do for themselves.” When they had gone and found the world not so cold, or bad as they thought, they still remembered the old home in Bellevue

as something which no mansion, however grand or stately could replace. Now it is a city. It has cast off its shell of “Old Town” and has got into its new dress of “A young City,” but to me, to those who are middle-aged, it must ever be “Dear Old Bellevue.”

Up the gravelled walk of one of the most pleasant of these homes, one afternoon, walked a gentleman, the owner of the lawn and house. If we had been observant we would have seen his name on a wooden sign at the side of his office door, on the main street:

ANGUS MORRISON,

Attorney, Barrister-at-law, etc.

Over his shoulder he carried a blue bag, which was stuffed with law papers. It is true that sometimes it contained his mail or an evening paper; but generally, he did not deceive the public. The papers that thrust their ends and sides out of the mouth of the bag were legitimate law business which had to be waded through before the lawyer could sleep. Angus Morrison was a busy man. Gifted by nature with a logical mind and a ready tongue, he was engaged in all cases where special pleading was necessary. As the people in that county had the same habit of falling out with their neighbors, contesting wills, quarreling over bits of land, and failing to turn up on the wedding day, that poor epraved human nature has in all parts of this round world;