

ITER BIARRITZIANUM.

Och, ye Muses all ten,
Come, inspire now me pen—
It's meself Oi'm countin' as one of ye;
For elsewise Oi opnoie
Ye would still be but noise,
Ev'ry swate mother's faymale son of ye.

Oi am fain to wroite down,
And to thus give renown,
To each township 'twixt Calais and Dover;
Yit, bebad, whow should Oi
To describe that route try,
As it wasn't that way we crossed over?

Though Oi'd much hoped to dip
Me thumb dape down, and sip
Draughts o' po'try in strames of Castalia;
But Oi'll whisper to you
Whoy that plan wouldn't do—
They were droyed up, loike thim in Australlia.

'Twas at Folkestone's bright bay
That we put out to say—
If there's no bay there, whoy are ye troblin'?
Are not rhyme, war, and love
All dull facts far above?
And besides, there's a foine bay at Doblin.

They say it was liquid,
And also was thick wid
What a mixtur of verdure and sheen looks;
And sez Oi, The Saxon
Thim waves will lay tax on
For their trayson in "wearin' the green" looks.

But that wasn't quito all;
For some men I recall
(As quare bastes take tints loike things surroundin'),
Who had dared to asshume
A thick vell of green gloom,
Loike the waves that beneath thim were boundin'.

Now, wholst one floys down-athairs,
And one at the say glares,
And one lays wholter cheeks on wholte pillows,
On deck, 'neath tarpaulin',
Me mother—the darlin'—
Loike Bri annia, derided the billows.

At the last here's Bull loin—
Well, yia, that accent's moine;
But Bull lone, ev' ye plize, take yer choice, sorr;
If ye think both ways wrong,
Be all manes say Bull long—
Still, don't stare at me in such fierce voice, sorr!

Whatsolver it's name,
O'd be bigly to blame
Its douaniers were Oi to flatter;
For they proved our sore bane,
And they lost us our train
By long arguments on a small mather.

Well, at Par's that noight Oi
Found two soft beds hard by
The big Shamming-a-Fairy due Nor, sorr;
Both o'ane, toily, and droy,
Where sound slape we enjoy,
And in bed who on airth would want more, sorr!

Oi couldn't help thinkin',
Before to slape sinkin',
Ask Briton or Prussian or Rayrisoh man,
That on one point with me
One and all will agree—
The ex-President is an Irishman!

In the owld streets of Cork
Brave MacMahon learnt to walk—
Oi spake facts now, 'tween me fancy stirs—
And full well I recall
Games at marble and ball
My boys and girls played with his ancestors.

We next day reached Orleans
By the vapour machines;
And ate—if my mem'ry errs, pardon her—
An owld hen, moighty lane,
Some shoeow'rs at the Quane,
And bafe at the wolfe of the gardener.

The cathedral we saw,
Jeanne Darc's statue on hor-
seback, her house, and loikewise Agnes Sorel's;
Then to Poitiers went,
Where our thonghs his backwards bent
Unto one not the laste of big quarrels.

In that charmin' owld town,
If they e'er put ye down,
At th' Hotel de France put yerself op, sorr;
Where the landlady dear
Will, with woin and good cheer,
And good cheerfulness, all op yer oop, sorr.

Wrote Oi Bædcker in,
Oi would say Deck ber inn
With three stars, and "anfermkeesse Wirthin."
Praps ye're thinkin' Oi'm paid
For these notes that Oi've made;
But Oi'd ne'er crack op koid hearts for mere tin.

At the Quatr' Sœurs, Bordeaux,
Sich another Oi know;
Yia, indeade, she moight pass for her brother,
If his mother had been—
If their father, Oi mean,
Had not both been the sex of no other.

If ye're passin' that way,
Stop, as we did. The quay,
Churches, bridges, streets, make a foine city;
And the Quincoense, where play
Childhren all thro' the day;
And, belave me, the colleens are pretty.

To the town of Bayonne
We the morrow push on;
Thence drive here, and ne brother outseek we;
Hip Hurrah! here he is,
And, as owld Horace siz,
Here's my "Finis chadiseque visque."

PATRICK O'SQORKS.

ON the occasion of the centenary of Voltaire, Victor Hugo was driven to the Gaité Theatre by a coachman who obstinately refused to take the poet's money. "No, Monsieur Hugo, I will not take your money! The honour of driving you is enough for me!" Victor Hugo insisted, and forced the coachman to accept twenty francs. Then, whipping his horse, he drove up to the *Rappel* office and gave the twenty francs to the subscription for the political prisoners in New Caledonia. The following day, in the list there figured the following: "Charles More, Cocher, prix d'une course payée par M. Victor Hugo, twenty francs."

PROSE AND POETRY.

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

By the author of "Lazy Dick."

CHAPTER V.

THE SEA-KING'S CAVE.

"What are you going to do this winter now that navigation is closed?" asked the Lieutenant of his nephew the next morning.

"Take the command of a ship to the Bermudas," he answered. "The Company gave me my choice, either that port or to work in the Marine Office all the winter, and I preferred the former."

"I should have thought you would have had enough of it in the summer," his uncle remarked.

"Oh, I was meant for a roving life," he answered, and, catching Millie's eye, smiled brightly, and no one knew what self-denial the effort cost him.

"You ought to have finished your grotto by this time, Millie," Sylvia said at this moment.

"I shall have to wait till next spring now," replied her sister.

"I don't see why."

"Because I'm bent upon having some shells from the Sea-King's Cave, and it's too late to go there this year."

"Why?" It was Morton who asked the question this time.

"It is two or three miles down the gulf," Millie explained, "and we always go to it by water; the cliffs are too high to reach it in any other way; but it is bitterly cold on the water now, besides, the high tides are another drawback."

Millie went away after this to see about some household duties, and when she returned, a long time afterwards, she found Sylvia sitting at her fancy-work alone.

"Why, where's papa and our cousin, Syl?"

"Papa's gone to the village, and Marcus went out in the large boat just now, I do believe to get some of those stupid shells you made such a fuss about."

Millie went out of the room very pale.

"Oh, I wish, I wish, I wish we could be like the old happy friends we used to be before he knew Sylvia," she said to herself with a great sobbing sigh.

Poor Morton, you see, was in the awkward position of a man who is in love with one girl and appears to be with another.

At dinner the Captain did not make his appearance.

"He has gone a good deal farther than the Cave, I fancy," said the Lieutenant, and went out again as soon as the meal was over, telling his daughters not to wait tea for him, as it was not likely he should be home very early. The hours wore away and still Marcus did not come.

The bed reading a novel, but Millie was full of unreasoning fears, and wandered about restless and miserable. At five o'clock she went to the foot of the stairs and called out:

"Sylvia, don't wait tea for me either; I'm going out."

"That I can't, really, Millie," replied her sister, "for Marcus is sure to be dreadfully hungry when he comes back. You're going to the Rectory, I suppose; you'd better stay for tea there; Mrs. St. James is sure to ask you."

"Good-bye," cried Millie.

She had dressed herself more warmly than usual, and went down to the boat-house with a fixed purpose in her mind. She could manage a boat perfectly; no wonder, she had been used to them all her life. She got out the small boat, threw in two pair of sculls, an overcoat of her father's, and then pushed off. Something had happened to Morton, though what she could not, dared not imagine. Her intention was to go to the Sea-King's Cave to see if he were, or had been, there. With hard rowing she might reach it by sun-down, she calculated. It was a forlorn hope, certainly, but even fruitless action is less miserable than patient waiting; so Millie rowed on. Only the exertion kept her from freezing, she thought, she was so terribly cold.

It was a clear, bright evening, with a sharp frost. At last the sun set, dropping like a burning mountain into the sea; by-and-by the great red streaks in the sky grew paler and paler, and then vanished away, giving place to the clear, solemn twilight, and the sea stretched far and wide, a heaving mass of many-voiced waters; and little Millie rowed on, numbed with cold, but the Cave was in sight now.

But let us see what had become of the Captain.

As Sylvia had supposed, he had gone to the Cave to get the shells for Millie. "It is the first and last thing I shall ever give her," he said to himself in despair. Whilst there he became absorbed in his search, and wandered as far into the Cave as possible. When he returned a long time afterwards, he found he had neglected to secure the boat properly, and the tide coming in had washed it out to sea. The prospect was hardly a cheerful one.

"To be left till called for," seems to be the only course open," he said with grim horror, "but if no one takes the trouble to do it there'll be the dickens to pay."

No boat or vessel passed near enough for him to signal, and cold, tired, and hungry he grew

as the hours passed. As night came on he grew desperate.

"I think I'll have to swim for it!" he exclaimed, "but there's little chance of my ever reaching the shore alive."

He sat down and waited, feeling more solemn than he had ever felt in all his life before. He prayed, too, silently, first for Millie, and lastly for himself. How fast the darkness grew! All at once his practiced ear caught a familiar sound—the dip of oars, and a shadow swept across the entrance of the Cave. It was Millie come to rescue him. She saw a dark figure coming towards her, and, pushing the boat upon the rocks, she sprang out. She could but just make out his face in the ghostly twilight.

"Marcus!" she said, in a strange, sobbing whisper, "are you safe? are you hurt?" and her hands were feeling him all over tremblingly, her eyes raised to his in an agonized inquiry. He put his arms about her suddenly.

"Millie, you have saved my life," he said, huskily.

"Are you hurt, Marcus? answer me," she entreated.

His own name, at last! How his heart leaped up at the sound!

"No, I am all right," he answered, still holding her; "but how did you come, Millie?" She told him in a few hurried words.

"You brave little woman!" he cried; "you have saved my life."

"Are you telling me the truth? are you sure you are not hurt?" she again reiterated, and even in the dim light he saw her frightened, anxious eyes. He could have laughed for joy.

"Quite—quite sure, my blessing. Come, let us have done with these miserable misunderstandings. Millie, I dare to hope you love me. You don't need to be told that I love you."

"Yes, indeed, I do," said Millie between a laugh and a sob.

"Then I'll keep telling you all my life long," he cried, with a true lover's ardour.

"I thought it was Sylvia," whispered Millie; "everybody likes her best."

"Sylvia!" he ejaculated in astonishment; and then a light broke in upon his mind. "So that's it, is it? that's why you've treated me so shabbily; and you don't care for Tom Graem after all?"

"Tom Graem!" most indignantly.

"Never mind!" our Captain cried in a tone of ringing gladness, and here—there, there, my good friends, taste compels me to stop; I really will not describe what followed. Of course, Millie was blushing when she got back into the boat, as, indeed, I should think she ought to be. The Captain absolutely refused to wear the Lieutenant's overcoat, but wrapped it round Millie with elaborate and unnecessary care, took up the oars, and away they shot at lightning speed.

"You may as well make a virtue of necessity and stop at the church, Millie," said this sly young man, who was as wise as a serpent, and as harmless as a dove, too—God bless him! "They're certain to say we've eloped, and all protestations to the contrary will be quite useless."

"They won't believe anything of the kind," retorted Millie.

"I can only say that it looks uncommonly like it," replied the impertinent fellow. And it certainly did.

"Don't!" cried Millie so piteously that the Captain laughed outright.

"I shall ask your father for his consent and blessing before getting out of the boat, and if he refuses it then I won't land. There! Possession is nine points of the law, my wee woman," he said merrily. And then in the joy of his heart he broke into the "Pirate's Serenade," with a ring of gladness in his voice that found reflection in Millie's eyes.

The moon had risen ere they approached the village and was flooding land and sea with a pale glory. Higher still the stars were shining, larger and brighter than ever in the frosty sky. Over all lay a silence, not oppressive, but full of a profound peace. When they rowed beneath the cliff on which stood the Lieutenant's cottage, the Captain sprang out and drew up the boat upon the beach.

"Are you very cold, Millie?" he asked in an anxious tone, for the girl was shivering in spite of herself.

"Rather."

"Give me your hand and we'll run over the cliffs."

She did so, and away they went, hurrying up the steep ascent, the Captain lifting Millie over one or two rough places. At last they reached the top, Millie breathless, flushed, declaring she had never had such a scramble before, but warm and glowing once again to her companion's supreme satisfaction. As for the Captain, he was by no means flustered, but then, be it remembered, he could climb like a cat. There was a light shining from the sitting-room as they went through the gate.

"They don't seem to have missed us," said Millie, feeling relieved; "of course papa has not returned yet, so Sylvia is not alarmed."

"Why should she be when we're so common-place," said that mischievous Marcus as they entered.

There was a warm fire by which Sylvia was seated, still buried in her novel. The tea-things had been removed long ago. She looked up with a start at the sound of her sister's voice.

"Oh, you've come back, Millie, with papa, I suppose. Where is Marcus?"

"Here, to answer for all his high crimes and misdemeanours," said the Captain, his old gay,

happy self again, as he came in. Sylvia's languor speedily departed, and her book was thrown aside.

"Oh, you naughty, naughty cousin! frightening me so with your long absence; where have you been?" she cried, with a pretty assumption of anxiety.

His eyes once opened, Marcus was not such a fool after all.

"Listen and you shall hear," he replied, and determined that from henceforth there should be nothing but plain sailing between Sylvia and himself, he told her everything.

"So you see this dear little heroine has saved my life," he concluded, as he drew Millie's hand within his own, and the look that passed between them at that moment was sufficient to show the state of affairs, even had there been no previous explanation.

And what said Sylvia the Fair? Did she rise up, and declaring herself a shamefully deceived and trusting woman, fling scorn upon their devoted heads and rush weeping from the room? Nothing of the kind, good people. What if there was rage in her heart, do you think she was the woman to let them know it? Not she. She merely sank back in her chair with a languid droop of her pretty eyes. Was she surprised? Well, yes, for really they might have confided in her; and Millie, with a little laugh, she really had been very, very sly; but of course people would make allowances for her. They were so happy. Well, she hoped it would be always so, she was sure. Then she pulled Millie down to her and gave her two or three unsatisfactory kisses, and "my deared" her her so sarcastically (if there be such a word) for the rest of the evening, that our small maiden very nearly lost her temper, and went to her bed with a wounded heart—for, mind you, when they got up to their own room, Sylvia's loves and darlings were left downstairs, every one of them; and if ever Millie had needed a scolding in her life she got it there and then. But, after all, what did it matter? A thousand bitter words could not drown that low song in Millie's heart, as she recalled her lover's parting words, heard by herself alone.

"Good-night, my precious little love, now I can look upward and thank God for to-morrow."

As for the Lieutenant, when he was informed of what had occurred, he was by no means displeased, and gave his consent readily enough, but even he seemed highly surprised, and asked Marcus twice over if he really meant Millie, and was quite sure he had made no mistake in the name; at which our Captain, who was quick to see the ridiculous side of anything, at first was inclined to laugh, but, comprehending in time the perilous position he had occupied, was thereby saved from the offensive action. First amongst those who were sincerely pleased was the Rector, in spite of his nephew's disappointment. Tom did not remain till Christmas after all, but went away the next week with a sore heart, poor fellow! not the first man, however, who has possibly lost a prize through neglecting an opportunity.

And Millie and Marcus were happy in spite of Sylvia, though there was no wedding till the following spring. The Captain went to the Bermudas, as in duty bound, and I know there isn't a man on board the *Viking* (the ship he commanded) who won't uphold me in the statement that there wasn't another Captain on the Royal Canadian Line half so popular as Marcus Morton. And no wonder either. The last time I saw him he was just the same bright, happy, fine-hearted fellow that it has been my privilege to know; a little over-conceited about his wife, perhaps, which at first rather astonished me, considering he had been married five years. But to be sure he was never like ordinary men. It was this weakness of his which made him take his wife upon all his summer voyages and go into the Company's office in the winter, when he resided in town.

And you are anxious to hear about Sylvia the Beautiful—eh? Well, she used to visit her sister, of course, and one winter picked up a rich widower. She ought to be happy, certainly, for she drives about in a fine carriage of her own, beautifully dressed, and considers herself quite a star in society. People so often envy her husband that it would appear he believes himself the most fortunate of men. So much the better then; only, good people, as I always speak the truth, though you mayn't believe me, the only thing I say when I am pressed to give an opinion is that, perhaps, it would be better for him if he were a widower again.

Prose and poetry; poetry and prose; so swings the great pendulum of time. Ah, me! what is the poetry of life? Sometimes it seemeth wholly pain. What is the poetry of life? for we know well enough what the prose is. Those "high hopes that rise like stars sublime!"—to go down again. Ah, well, what of that! Peace, anxious heart and busy brain; for when the stars set the morning comes. The morning of God, my friends.

THE END.

Montreal.

MAPLE-LEAF.

INDIGESTION.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column.