

THE IMPERIALIST

witnessed few lacrosse matches, though they seldom failed to refresh themselves by a sight of the players after the game, when, crimson and perspiring, but still glorious in striped jerseys, their lacrosses and running shoes slung over one shoulder, these heroes left the field.

The Birthday I am thinking of, with Mrs. Murchison as a central figure in the kitchen, peeling potatoes for dinner, there was a lacrosse match of some importance, for the Fox County Championship and the Fox County Cup, as presented by the Member for the South Riding. Mrs. Murchison remains the central figure, nevertheless, with her family radiating from her, gathered to help or to hinder in one of those domestic crises which arose when the Murchisons were temporarily deprived of a "girl." Everybody was subject to them in Elgin, everybody had to acknowledge and face them. Let a new mill be opened, and it didn't matter what you paid her or how comfortable you made her, off she would go, and you might think yourself lucky if she gave a week's warning. Hard times shut down the mills and brought her back again; but periods of prosperity were very apt to find the ladies of Elgin where I am compelled to introduce Mrs. Murchison—in the kitchen. "You'd better get up—the girl's gone," Lorne had stuck his head into his sister's room to announce, while yet the bells were ringing and the rifles of