



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

The Shy Sun.

BY ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

The sun went with me to the wood,
And lingered at the door;
One glance he gave from where he stood,
But dared not venture more.

Nor knew that in the heart of her
Who felt his presence nigh,
His love was all the lovlier
Because his look was shy.

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At the Seaside.

BY SHIRLEY YORKE.

AT the seaside is one thing, and getting to it is another. But as the attainment of the one is dependent upon going through the other, thousands of people annually endure all the bother and fatigue incident to the dismantling of the town house, the packing of many trunks, the long railway journey with much impedimenta, and start on the trip which is to send them home again looking like advertisements for "Grape Nuts," or any other strength inducing cereal. With this object in view the scribe once left a comfortable home, and hied away to the coast of Maine. The first day's trip can only be described as a "pleasure exertion"; crowded cars heated by the sleepers of the night before, and with the wandering cinder a very prominent feature of the landscape.

After a rest in Montreal to gain fresh energies and pick up the baby, a fresh start was made on the thousand-mile jaunt. This time the car was better, and likewise the day; and the baby, that uncertain quantity in most cases, behaved like a veritable angel, slept and ate with never a cry; in fact was a model of all the virtues most needed in travelling, whose example might have been useful if some of the older members had thought of following it. Passing through the White Mountains the travellers were kept well informed, and beheld in turn "The celebrated Elephant's Head, ladies and gentlemen, forming the upper entrance to the celebrated Crawford Notch, the heart of the celebrated White Mountains"; "The celebrated Mount Pleasant House, ladies and gentlemen"; "The celebrated Mount Washington House, ladies and gentlemen"; but the guide omitted to mention that some of these places were chiefly celebrated for their exorbitant charges, only rivalled by one other house on Mount Washington itself, where it costs at the rate of fifty cents to make up one's mind, and one dollar and fifty cents to change it. One finds, in fact, that everything in the White Mountains is "celebrated" until at last one almost feels oneself becoming the same through the mere accident of passing through them. Thus our travellers pursued the tenor of their way, their eyes feasting on the wonderful scenery and their ears constantly assailed by the raucous voice of the boy who sold "Op'ra glasses and cinder glasses, ladies and gentlemen. Op'ra glasses and cinder glasses." The railway here is certainly a stupendous piece of work, and the "celebrated" high trestle is rightly considered one of the greatest engineering feats in America. This the party of loyal Canadians had to acknowledge frankly, however much they might object to the word used to describe it. All through the Crawford Notch one is forcibly reminded of one's own insignificance, with the track perched far above the tops of the highest trees in the valley and other trees as high up above on the sides of the mountain as one could see, or care to imagine. So, "continuing on" as Samantha says, they reached Portland, the City by the Sea, enjoyed a reviving cup of tea and sank to a well-earned repose. Next morning they wended early to the station, to catch the last instalment of train necessary; so

early, indeed, that the angel of the day before became fractious at wasting his valuable time thus, and as his fond parent and grand-parent were soothing His Un-Serene Highness, without beat of drum or toot of whistle the train crept quietly out and away, leaving three irate females and one perturbed infant to mourn its "on-timely" departure. This meant a wait, but recovering its collective equanimity, the party sallied out and took the Belt Line around the city, feeling quite repaid for the loss of the train by the sight of the lovely country surrounding Portland, and the delicious breeze which came to them from the sea—foretaste of the joys to come. Next time, needless to say, they caught the train, and were met by a driver with the "Soorey," afterwards discovered to be a most important adjunct to the establishment for which they were bound, and translated "Surrey." A nine mile drive brought them to the spot where they hoped to recover everything lost during the wear and tear of the past months, including appetites. At last they were at



THE LILY POND.

Here in this stagnant spot, quiet, save for the low hum of insects, and with the tall reeds bending over them, bloom the waterlilies—radiant white faces turned upward to the summer sun.

the sea, the goal towards which they had worked and travelled, and they at once sallied out to make a closer acquaintance with Father Neptune's domains. The rocks were worthy of the name, large boulders upon which one could find most delectable and improper resting-places; and cosy corners where the more proper, and such as had not left Mrs. Grundy at home, could sit in state, with their knees at the proper angle and a green parasol to match. On these rocks one of the party at least, enjoyed many a blissful nap, basking in the sun and wind like an inanimate pussy-cat; at other times wading in the pools left among them by the receding tide, and picking up treasures new and strange to the inland mind. Among these was a horse-shoe crab, very dead, so dead, indeed, that he was carried home on the end of a long stick, put first under the pump and then turned over to Cookie who made him a little less palpably dead. Then he was soaked in disinfectant and put to dry in the sun. The result was a specimen which delighted the heart of the youthful collector, for whose sake the finder sacrificed her olfactory organs on the altar of science.

But, if the rocks were soul-satisfying, what of the beach? It was simply perfect, stretching for three or four miles, firm and hard, an ideal spot to walk or drive upon. And for bathing purposes the most fastidious could not ask for more, except to wish perhaps that Father Neptune would turn on a little more heat below and warm the surface for our benefit. The first plunge was the signal for screams and shrieks in every key, but "c'est le premier pas qui coute," and once in, the only trouble was in having to come out.

And then the buckboard drives! Twelve people

in a carriage intended to hold eight, and a drive of nine miles over a rocky road to the nearest fashionable resort; for it must be understood that our travellers were not at a "fashionable resort," but at one chiefly famous for being "so safe for children"; the result of such fame being sixteen children out of a household of thirty! But let us turn to a more pleasant subject for contemplation, and that is the hayrack rides, without which no seaside resort can be considered complete. The rack filled half full of sweet, fresh hay, cushions and rugs piled in on top, and people piled in on top of them, all bent on having a good time. And with "velvets" and marshmallows freely circulating, plenty of laughter and song, bad jokes and good jokes, bad puns and good puns, bad riddles and good riddles, you may be sure the good time was achieved.

Thus employed the summer does not seem long, and all too soon the party broke up, some staying longer, and others returning to take up as cheerfully as possible the burden so gladly laid down for a time; but one and all resolved that if effort can accomplish another trip to the sea that that effort shall not be wanting.

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A Girl from the Transvaal.

A SHORT ten years ago it would have been considered the most extraordinary thing for a South African girl to have become a resident of a ladies' college within the Dominion of Canada, but Time, the wonder-worker, has so changed the order of things that to-day such a case really exists.

At Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Miss Jeanette C. van Duyn, a Dutch girl from the Transvaal, has taken up her work of education, at the request of her government, with a view to returning to her own land and lecturing on the science of household economy. It is her intention to remain in Canada the better part of two years, in which time she will acquire a considerable knowledge of conditions existing here, and see how they may best be applied to the Dutch women of the farming class, who are most backward in everything pertaining to household economy. Her mission is a splendid one, and as she herself says there is no end to the field which her labours may cover.

"Canada is so lovely that I cannot realise it at all," we are told she has said, which was both a very charming and diplomatic remark. "And, do you know, that when I used to look out of my window in the mornings across the beautiful white fields and far up the ice-locked Ottawa River, all covered with clear white crystals, I had to pinch myself to make sure I was not in fairyland."

Miss van Duyn had never seen snow before, in fact everything was brand new to her, but our country and our ways have made such a favourable impression upon her that she declares it will be her one ambition after her return to home to come back to Canada for another trip.

She tells of changed conditions in the Transvaal. From the bitter enmity which existed at the time of the South African war, the people have come to appreciate the liberal manner in which Britain has treated them, and to look upon England as a friend. She herself was in Pretoria throughout the war and has a very vivid recollection of all the unhappy occurrences. She was one of the first to learn the English language, realising that it would be a great factor in her future welfare. So well has she become master of it that she speaks now with only a trace of an accent.

Miss van Duyn has proved a very brilliant pupil and is undoubtedly the popular girl of the college term. We wish her great results from her splendid enterprise.

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The Obvious Construction.

THEY were a very young and obviously bride-and-bridegroomish couple. On entering the tea shop the maid tactfully led them to a little side room which chanced to be unoccupied. Tea was ordered and served. As the waitress was leaving the room the young man discovered an important fault in the service. "Oh, waitress," he said, "may we have a spoon?" "Oh, yes," said the girl. "I won't come back for ten minutes, and I quite think you will be able to have the room all to yourselves."