



THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

be worn. The toboggan slide and vicinity fairly blossoms with the merry, romping company. Surplus dignity is thrown to the winds, along with streamers of ribbons, tassels, and bright-hued scarfs. A pretty Canadian girl never looks prettier than when clad in her cloak made of a fleecy white blanket (its gay border carefully reserved as a trimming), a red or blue *tuque* perched coquettishly upon her abundant hair, its saucy-looking tassel bobbing about at its own sweet will, and a bright-colored skirt just showing between her cloak and moccasined feet. Put now a toboggan and two or three beaux at her disposal, and she is happy. She will slide all afternoon, leaving, per-

haps, just a margin for a skim over the ice, and then scamper into the house, replace her moccasins, or skating boots, with slippers, throw aside her cloak, and dance until the stern law of etiquette, or the equally stern command of her chaperon, who, although kind and discreet as a chaperon should be, feels at last the *ennui* and the interest in the approaching dinner hour natural to her age. These afternoon parties never last later than six o'clock, and a few minutes before that time the last guest is usually gone.

"And does the Princess Louise take part in these sliding parties?"

Yes, to a certain extent, though, know-