

# New Dominion Monthly.

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## A TRIP TO THE SUGARIES.

It was a beautiful April morning, in the year 1870, when we started on our long-talked of trip to the sugaries, delightfully and picturesquely situated on the borders of Lake Calvaire, about twelve miles out of the ancient capital of Canada. Our party consisted of Minnie Elliott, Frank Trevor, Willie Shaw, Katy Lee, Clara Seymour, Arthur Sterling, Emma Vial, and myself. We started at the early hour of half-past seven a.m., so as to take advantage of the hard condition of the road, which was quite a desideratum, knowing that had we allowed Sol time to have exercised his melting rays, all prospects of a safe journey would have been blighted. In about twenty-five minutes we had arrived at the outskirts of the city, and before us lay the wide and desolate-looking country, here and there dotted with a small forest of pine; when Clara, in an excited voice, cried out: "Oh, my purse! I'm sure I've dropped it!"

"Are you sure you did not leave it on the looking-glass, my dear?" ejaculated Minnie, who was awaked by this sudden *contretemps* from a deeply interesting *tête à tête* with Frank.

"Oh, no, dear; I remember perfectly well placing it in my pocket. It was the last thing I did before coming down stairs."

Frank suggested that, as the purse contained money, it would be advisable to retrace their steps; and as only a few *habitants* had passed on their track, they would, no doubt, soon discover the missing article.

Arthur, who did not seem to relish the idea of facing homeward, moved in amendment, that it was not at all necessary for the whole "crew" to return; but that Willie and Clara, who occupied the same cariole, were quite sufficient; that as Clara was so stupid as to lose her purse, it would serve her right well to find it herself, without troubling any one else.

This rather impertinent proposition of Arthur's, which was not given in the pleasantest manner possible, was, after some ado, agreed upon. So, without losing any further time, Willie turned his horse around, and with his eyes wide open watched on one side, while Clara, seemingly very crestfallen at the probability of having lost her purse, endeavored to maintain an outward composure and keep as good a lookout on the other side as her watery eyes would permit.

Thus separated, we left them to pursue their solitary search, while we drove slowly on, hoping to be soon overtaken by them.

It was now a quarter past eight