

CANADIAN NOTES.

CHAPTER I.

"An officer of the county government, from Brooklyn, N. Y., who is a tall, handsome fellow, wearing eye-glasses and an air that combines jollity with dignity, happened to be in Kingston, Canada, recently with a judge of the Supreme Court, also of Brooklyn," says the *Brooklyn Eagle*. "They went into a large stationery store and were waited on by a young woman of pleasant countenance who seemed very obliging. They purchased quite liberally and were about to direct that their parcels be made into a bundle for them when the officer of the county government—who never wants his name to appear in the papers under any circumstances—saw a large engraving of Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, etc.

'There's a good portrait of Vicky,' he said, attracting the attention of the judge.

'Yes,' agreed the latter. 'Let us take a couple.'

When the Brooklyn men looked up from examining the engraving they found that all their parcels had been swept away, and that the money they had paid was awaiting them on the counter.

The girl was regarding them with a face in which scorn was struggling with an impulse to weep.

The Brooklyn men looked at her in amazement.

'You can't buy anything in this store,' she said. 'I won't sell to people who insult my queen.'