

and occupying a situation of trust, which gave him a stand in the village, as collector of Her Majesty's Customs. These official relations won him friends at Montreal and Ottawa, while his personal good qualities made him a favourite at home. As to the two young ladies, I was puzzled how to fasten and keep the first impression they made upon me. Although our conversation had been very short and, to all appearances, perfunctory, I gathered that the taller of the twain—not the fairer, for they were both fair—was named Ellen Greene; that her father was a retired law officer of the Crown, living at ease. The other was Miss Annie Suzor, a true British name, spite of its foreign look and sound, and daughter of a gentleman farmer, who still retained a half dozen of estates in the neighbourhood, but had gone to spend the evening of his life in the good society of Philipsburg. I had a lively recollection of the appearance of these young ladies, from only a few glances, but do not find it so easy to put down a description thereof in writing. Miss Greene was above the ordinary size of a girl, well-built, square-shouldered, full-chested, with slender waist withal, and an expression of arch intelligence, betokened by blue eye, tender nostril and delicate lip. Miss Suzor was shorter and chiefly distinguished by a pretty face, crowned by a wealth of curly, flaxen hair. That splendid hair would draw attention the first thing, and cause her to be remembered everywhere. She seemed more timid and retired than her companion, although there was no lack of readiness in her speech.

Having nearly cleared the white cloth of its contents, and locked up the album of my memory, with the three portraits safely inserted there, I arose and left the inn for a stroll through the streets of the village. This is an exercise that I am fond of, preferring it to company, as I thus make my own reflections on what I see and hear, and enjoy to the full the novelty of strange scenes without the prosaic interference of those who are familiar therewith. In this way I strayed over the hill; tarried in front of trim gardens, aflame with the large blossoms of the coming fall; inspected the neat cottages, fresh in white paint and green shutters, with broad gable chimney betokening the vast hearthstone and abundant kitchen; and looked in at the churches, which, in such peaceful afternoons, appear to keep a misty watch over the people. Then I strayed to the beach, with its stretches of white sand, where Missisquoi Bay spread out before me, an inlet of Lake Champlain, the home of innumerable fish, the haunt of sportsmen, and one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the Dominion of Canada. I stood there, gazing over the tranquil sheet, adding, if so might be, to the unbroken stillness of the hour, and watching the play of a few straggling clouds upon its bosom, mottled with sunlight, when I heard the splash of oars, and was awakened from my dream by the sight of Sharpe in his boat, almost at my feet.

"I called at the hotel"—your true villager never speaks of an inn or a tavern in his place—"and when told you were gone for a walk, I thought I should find you on the beach, and I fetched the boat. Jump in."

I jumped in and took my seat at the tiller, Sharpe refusing to let me row, and promising to go along gently and leisurely.

"I want to let you see the lake"—meaning Lake Champlain—"by sunset, or, at least, by the waning light of the afternoon, and for that we shall have to move toward the mouth of the bay."

It took quite a time to do that, the result being that we had plenty of opportunity to chat. Sharpe ran over commonplaces, at first, giving a brief history of Philipsburg and of Missisquoi, and their resources and remarkable men—some of them of real note—the whites affording me a clearer insight into his own character and career, which simply increased my esteem for him. At last I sharply broke off this talk, and asked him about the two young ladies. He looked up with a shrewd glance, and smiled in a way that meant curiosity and pleasure.

"I thought you would ask about them long be-

fore this," he said, with the same genial smile.

"I was waiting for you to begin and tell me all that relates to them," was the reply, as I shifted the rudder and we entered on a full view of Lake Champlain.

"Well, I'll tell you. It is best not to anticipate. I will say only this, that they were both awfully taken with you, and made me promise to call on them, with you, this evening."

"But they do not live together?"

"No. They are near neighbours, however, and are hardly ever apart. One is in the other's dwelling, and the reverse. They are dear friends of mine, I am proud to say. I am sure that you will enjoy meeting them very much."

I had not the slightest doubt of it. I felt quite safe that the first of my holidays would end as happily as it had begun, and I was eager that the evening should come on. It was now sunset, and we had the glorious view which Sharpe had promised me. The great lake—scene of so much history, in two hundred years—the incursions of the Iroquois to Quebec; the expedition of de Tracy into the Mohawk Valley; the ascent of Montcalm in 1758; the descent of the British in 1760; the triumph and flight of the Continentals in 1776-77; the disastrous march of Bourgoigne, which culminated at Saratoga in 1780; the naval encounters of 1812-15, and the lesser incidents of the Canadian rebellion of 1837-38, the great lake seemed to reflect in sanguine glory all these deeds of victory and defeat as the sun poured his departing fires upon its bosom, tempered by streaks of storm clouds. We sat in rapt wonder, for over ten minutes, then I swiftly grasped the oars, changed seats with Sharpe, and rowed back in one-half the time that it had taken us to go forth.

That evening, after dinner at the inn, which I insisted on my comrade partaking with me, we called at the dwelling of Mr. Greene, where we met that gentleman, his good wife, and their only child, Miss Ellen. Miss Annie Suzor was there, too, and the whole declared that they had been impatiently waiting for us. A most agreeable evening was spent, in which I had my share of the company of the young ladies, without at all neglecting the elder people. I found the father specially well up in the fashionable, cultivated and polite topics of the day, and while I was conversing with him and the two girls, the mother and William Sharpe held a council together, wherein it was resolved that, on the second day from that night, we should go on a picnic to the blockhouse.

(To be continued.)



ALMOST A MONOLOGUE.—"How do you like my new dress?" enquired Mrs. De Jaison of her husband.

"Isn't it a little——"

"No, it *isn't*. Now, Alfred, I think you're just horrid. It's the new colour, emerald green."

"Yes, dear, but I was only going to say——"

"Oh, I know! That it isn't the colour I ought to wear. If it was that horrid Miss——you would think it lovely."

"But I didn't mean——"

"Yes, you did, too. You're mean enough for anything. And you've never noticed my new chip hat, either."

"Why, my love, I thought——"

"You thought! Of course you did—that it makes me look frightful. I—I—(sob, sob)—declare it's to-o-o b-a-d!"

"If you'd only let me speak——"

"Speak! Why, what else have you done for the last half hour—just to find fault, too, with everything I had on? What's that? A diamond for my birthday present? Oh, you dear, precious old sweet! Why didn't you say so, and not tease me so? I could not imagine what you wanted to say."

Barnum says the elephant has got more sense than the average man. You can't name a drink outside of water he will touch, and no one will lead him into bad company.

He (at dinner)—"May I assist you to the cheese?" Miss Vassar (just graduated)—"Thanks, no; I am very comfortable where I am. But you may assist the cheese to me, if you will."

First domestic—"Where are you livin' now?" Second domestic that was—"I ain't livin' at all; I'm married."—*New Haven News*.

Mr. Lightpurse (in theatre aisle after the play, Miss Fairlady on his arm; aisle crowded; Lightpurse's pockets empty, but his brain full of ideas)—"I should like to invite you to stop at the restaurant for refreshments, but of course that won't do, as it is not considered good form for a young lady to go to such places late at night without a chaperon."

Miss Fairlady (deftly causing an elderly female just ahead to turn around)—"My aunt, Mrs. Eatheart, Mr. Lightpurse."

WHY NOT BE A CLAM?—"Don't be a clam" is a warning that meets one very frequently nowadays. Well, why not? What's the matter with a clam? He's all right. If he fulfils his mission and makes the most of himself, what more could be expected and what more does any person do? The clam is as well born, as well bred, and as respectable as the oyster, yet nobody thinks of speaking disrespectfully of the oyster. What has the clam done that it should be made a term of derision? Nobody ever heard of a clam getting drunk, lying, cheating at cards, abusing dumb animals, putting a little dog's eyes out, or doing any of the thousand things by which men distinguish themselves from brutes. The clam is yet to be heard from. Perhaps he would say, "Don't be a man."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

THE HEARTH-RUG MAN.—He put up a job on the hired girl whereby he hoped to sell her a patent process for making fire-rugs she would never need.

Then he rung the door-bell, and, when she answered it, he put on his most insinuating smile, lifted his hat high off his head and remarked in his blandest voice:

"The lady of the house, I believe?"

"Oh, yes!" she said, with a mouth full of sarcasm, "If I'm 60 years old and got a squint in one eye, and a figure like a scare-crow, I s'pose I'm her!"

He saw his mistake when too late, but as he slowly backed down the gravel walk to the gate he said regretfully:

"How was I to know that? I was told she was young and beautiful, and when I saw you——"

"If you've got any patterns I like I'll buy an outfit," she interrupted; "step in and I'll look at them."—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Romans seemed to realize how obstinate woman could be, when they called her *mulier*.

A North of England ferryman has the following motto: "No crown, no cross!"

The Grecian ladies, according to Homer, counted their age from their marriage, not from their birth. They began when they were won, as it were.

HISTORICAL COMPETITION.

The literary and historical committee of the "Cercle Catholique" of Quebec invite home and foreign writers to take part in a competition now opened for the best essays, in English and French, on *Jacques Cartier, his life and voyages*. The Honourable A. R. Angers, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, has kindly offered a silver and a bronze medal for each class of competition. Manuscript must cover at least one hundred pages foolscap, each, and be transmitted on or before the 15th of September, 1888. Each essay must be signed with a fictitious name and be accompanied by a sealed envelope bearing, on the outside, the same fictitious name, and containing inside the author's real name,—the whole to be addressed to Mr. Ernest Gagnon, corresponding secretary of the committee, No. 164, Grande-Allée, Quebec. Manuscripts will be returned to their respective authors within six months from the date of their reception.