

own boots and cap instead of thim hatenish moccashins and Frinch night-cap, sur!"

"Thank you, Mike! How is Spark this morning?"

"An' is it of the Spark ye were axing? Faix it's himself, that's the daisy! Oh, but he's the loving harse entirely, Mither Jack, an' as playful a kitten; he tuke a full mou'ful off the collar ov me jacket when I give him his bran mash the morn, and [in his blandest tones] Mither Jack! the Spark was wanti'g ex'rcise, sir, an' he tuke a ga'lop over the lake and back. We thought that, may be, Miss Mary, poor young lady! would like to know that ye wern't kilt and that—but here's a letter writ by the young lady herself, an' her and her brother will be here to dinner."

"Thanks, many thanks, my kind old friend," I said, seizing the letter. "You have anticipated my most secret wish; you can now tell my mother that I will be down to breakfast in half an hour."

The fifth day of my leave was on the wane. My parents had made much of me, particularly my dear mother, who would scarcely allow me out of her sight. My darling little sweetheart had also blessed me with her presence and the sweet consolations which such a presence ever brings where love is reciprocal and true. Spark was pawing impatiently outside the door; a last adieu, and I was on my way to rejoin my troop.

The greetings of my comrades in arms were warm and most gratifying; they had never given up entirely hope of my safety, particularly after they had heard from Lieutenant Campbell that the murdered officer was clad in a grey military coat at the time of his capture. We learned, later, that the unfortunate officer was [*] Lieutenant Weir of H. M. 1st Royal's.

My service with the Rangers was of short duration, but its brief term was fraught with much that is pleasant to the memory of the few survivors of the stirring events of the time. No. 1 troop, to which I was attached, was mainly composed of the sons of half-pay officers of the British service and of other respectable and influential settlers of the Eastern Townships. A very few, alas! are living to read this little sketch. Brooke, [a relative of the noted Rajah of Sarawak], Crispo, [the *preux chevalier*], Barrie, [our Scotch moralist and philosopher] are, I believe, still "to the fore," and my old military godfather Stuart, I know to be alive and sensible of his assumed responsibilities, for whenever he sees me pass through the village of Lennoxville in which he resides, he shakes

his head knowingly, but not always approvingly at "that boy Jack Weir of Ours."

CONCLUSION.

From 1838 until 1842, I served in various cavalry corps on the lower Canada frontier. In the spring of 1842, I was transferred to the 4th Regiment of Canadian Light Infantry or "*Trics of Ivy Hall*," with whom I also became "That boy Jack Weir 'of Ours,'" and whose gallant achievements in field, ball-room and ladies' bower are no doubt, with those of a certain Gleggarry corps whose regimental number has not been inscribed on its colors, recorded in the annals of the united counties of Stormont and Dundas.

It was said of this famous regiment of Highlanders that they had returned from a very fatiguing march to Chateaugay as *Cavalry*, each man riding a French pony laden with loot.

Patient reader! my story is told. Six of the best years of my life have been devoted to the service of my country. I am now known to my neighbors, who are all my friends, as "The old Captain." I draw no half-pay nor do I wear medals, for the rebellion has been condoned as an unfortunate and untoward affair. The rebels were compensated for the losses they brought upon themselves by their contumacy, and those who saved the colony from the wicked designs of the instigators and leaders of the rebellion were suffered by a pusillanimous Government to return to their respective homes to nurse their wounds or to shift for themselves as best they could.

I am now the happy husband of my boyhood's sweetheart, who has given me eight sons, all willing and ready to serve under the old flag—and so is the old ranger, Jack Weir "of Ours."

THE END.

(*) Miles' history gives him the rank of Captain. See page 236 Miles' history.

—:O:—

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

A BIG WHEAT MAN.

THE C. P. R. track enters Brandon along the south side of a wide ravine through which the Assinaboine river flows. Between the track and the river, a number of houses are built on what are called "the flats," but most of the town is on the gentle slope above the track.

Seven large elevators stand in imposing array along the C. P. R. line, and there is one other elevator near the uptown station of the Northern Pacific R. R.

Rosser Ave., the principal business street, runs parallel with and two or

three streets above the C. P. R. track. This street is about half a mile long and closely built with tall wooden and brick business houses. I will not stop to tell you of the many handsome dwellings on the streets above, of the substantial town hall and market, of the large court house and hospital out on the prairie half a mile from the town, for I wish to introduce you to a gentleman who may be seen very often on Rosser Ave. Not infrequently he appears in full Highland costume. This is Mr. Sandison, one of the largest wheat growers in Manitoba. His farm lies two or three miles from Brandon on the other side of the Assinaboine river, and though he owns a large farm, he has lately bought a great deal more land from the C. P. R. They say it is a pretty sight to see his dozen plows working side by side, making a furrow a mile long, and better still to see a dozen reapers working together gathering in the golden grain.

Mr. Sandison's operations are so large that he employs a bookkeeper who is also fond of wearing kilts.

A very large picture of him has been painted lately, in full Highland costume and exhibited in a store window on Rosser Ave. He expects to clear, outside of all possible expenses, this year \$15,000 on his wheat. One advantage of having so large a crop is, that threshers and other workmen are willing to come to him first, so that this season he was able to send off such a quantity of wheat while the price was high that he realized \$1,500 more than if he had been later.

Would you like a description of the palatial house of this wheat king? Well, it is only a cottage, and not a very handsome one at that, but wait a while for Mr. Sandison has a fondness for "big things," and before very long he will have such a home that it will be worth describing.

Returning to Winnipeg from Brandon, at one of the way stations an old Devonshire man boarded the train, who had been in the North West for twenty years, and was so enthusiastic over the country and its prospects that he evidently could not keep from talking about it. He told of a station master there who sometimes rigged up a sail on a hand car and took a sail along the rails to the next station. "He has persuaded several men to go with him," said the Devon, "but no one ever went twice. It just nearly scared them to death, they went so fast." A. H. J.

—O—

25 complete Novels, free by mail to any reader of this journal, who will send us \$1 and the name of a new subscriber.