

sympathize in my irrepressible wonder and amusement, I must sketch it for you. It was a heavy wooden edifice, about the size and form of an old-fashioned lord mayor's coach, placed on runners, and raised about a foot from the ground; the whole was painted of a bright red, and long icicles hung from the roof. This monstrous machine disgorged from its portal eight men-creatures, all enveloped in bear-skins and shaggy dreadnoughts, and pea-jackets, and fur caps down upon their noses, looking like a procession of bears upon their hind legs, tumbling out of a showman's caravan. They proved, however, when undisguised, to be gentlemen, most of them going up to Toronto to attend their duties in the House of Assembly." One of these, she notes, proved to be the possessor of large estates in the neighborhood; "partly acquired and partly inherited from his father-in-law, Brandt, the famous chief of the Six Nations." The wife of this man, she adds, "has been described to me as a very superior creature. She has the good sense to wear habitually her Indian costume, slightly modified, in which she looks and moves a princess, graceful and unrestrained, while in a fashionable European dress the effect is exactly the reverse."

The journey continued through "Wellington Square," Port Nelson, and across "that very remarkable tongue or slip of land which divides Burlington Bay from Lake Ontario," thence to Stony Creek and on to Beamsville, which was reached long after night, and where a stay was made until morning. "I can give you no idea of the intense cold of this night," runs the narrative. "I was obliged to wrap my fur cloak round me before I could go to sleep. I rose ill and could eat no breakfast, in spite of all the coaxing of the landlady; she got out her best tea, kept for her own drinking, and buttered toast, i. e., fried bread steeped in melted butter, and fruit preserved in molasses—to all which I shall get used in time." Next morning through St. Catharines, which then contained "more than 700 inhabitants," thence on to the town of Niagara, where Mrs. Jameson found some old Irish friends ready to welcome her.

At this point the writer pauses to give some description of the neighboring country "particularly fine and fertile, longer cleared and cultivated than in other parts of the Province," yet which she finds, as other places, cursed by drink, the worst vice of the time.

In regard to the famous Falls, she experienced the same disappointment felt at first by the majority of visitors.

"Well! I have seen these cataracts of Niagara," she exclaims, playfully, "I have beheld them, and shall I whisper it to you?—but, O tell it not among the Philistines!—I wish I had not!" It must be her own fault, she concludes. "What has come over my soul and senses?—I am no longer Anna—I am metamorphosed—I am translated—I am an ass's head, a clod, a wooden spoon, a fat weed growing on Lethe's bank, a stock, a stone, a petrification—for have I not seen Niagara, the wonder of wonders; and felt—no words can tell what disappointment!"

She describes her trip in a sleigh, accompanied by Mr. A. "How still it was! how calm, how vast the glittering white waste and the dark purple forests! The sun shone out, and the sky was without a cloud; yet we saw few people, and for many miles the hissing of our sleigh, as we flew along upon our dazzling path, and the tinkling of the sleigh-bells, were the only sounds we heard. When we were within 4 or 5 miles of the Falls, I stopped the sleigh from time to time to listen for the roar of the cataracts, but the state of the atmosphere was not favorable for the transmission of sound, and the silence was unbroken. Mr. A., who is a magistrate, pointed out to me a lonely house by the way-side, where, on a dark, stormy night in the preceding winter, he had surprised and arrested a gang of forgers and coiners; it was a fearful description. For some time my impatience had been thus beguiled—impatience and suspense much like those of a child at a theatre before the curtain rises. My imagination had been so impressed by the vast height of the Falls, that I was constantly looking in an upward direction, when, as we came suddenly to the brow of a hill, my companion suddenly checked the horses, and exclaimed, "The Falls!"

I was not, for an instant, aware of their presence, we were yet at a distance, looking down upon them; and I saw at one glance a flat extensive plain; the sun having withdrawn its beams for the moment, there was neither light, nor shade, nor color. In the midst were the two great cataracts, but merely as a feature in the wide landscape."

An hour or so later, however, and at closer range, the magnitude and power of the great mass of falling water became more impressed upon her. "We held on our way to the Clifton Hotel," she continues, "Most desolate it looked with its summer verandahs and open balconies cumbered up with snow, and hung round with icicles—its forlorn, empty rooms, broken windows, and dusty dinner tables. The poor people who kept the house in winter had gathered themselves for warmth and comfort into a little kitchen, and when we made our appearance, stared at us with a blank amazement which showed what a rare thing was the sight of a visitor at this season."

Afterwards—"we now prepared to walk to the Crescent fall, and I bound some crampons to my feet, like those they use among the Alps, without which I could not for a moment have kept my footing on the frozen surface of the snow. As we approached the Table Rock, the whole scene assumed a wild and wonderful magnificence. Down came the dark green waters, hurrying with them over the edge of the precipice enormous blocks of ice brought down from Lake Erie. On each side of the Falls, from the ledges and overhanging cliffs, were suspended huge icicles, some 20, some 30 feet in length, thicker than the body of a man, and in color of a pale green, like the glaciers of the Alps; and all the crags below, which projected from the boiling, eddying waters, were incrustated, and in a manner built round with ice, which had formed into immense crystals, like basaltic columns, such as I have seen in the pictures of Staffa and the Giant's Causeway; and every tree, and leaf, and branch fringing the rocks and ravines, were wrought in ice. On them, and on the wooden buildings erected near the Table Rock, the spray from the cataract had accumulated and formed into the most beautiful crystals and tracery work; they looked

like houses of glass, melted and moulded into regular ornamental shapes, and hung round with a rich fringe of icy points. Wherever we stood we were on unsafe ground, for the snow, when heaved up as now to the height of 3 or 4 feet, frequently slipped in masses from the bare rock, and on its surface the spray, forever falling, was converted into a sheet of ice, smooth, compact and glassy, on which I could not have stood a moment without my crampons. It was very fearful, and yet I could not tear myself away, but remained on the Table Rock, even on the very edge of it, till a kind of dreamy fascination came over me; the continuous thunder, and might and movement of the lapsing waters, held all my vital spirits bound up as by a spell. Then, at last, as I turned away, the descending sun broke out, and an Iris appeared below the American Fall, one extremity resting on a snow mound; and motionless there it hung in the midst of restless terrors, its beautiful but rather pale hues contrasting with the death-like colorless objects around."

"It was near midnight," she concludes, when we mounted our sleigh to return to the town of Niagara, and, as I remember, I did not utter a word during the whole 14 miles. The air was still, though keen, the snow lay around, the whole earth seemed to slumber in a ghastly, calm repose; but the heavens were wide awake. There the Aurora Borealis was holding her revels, and dancing and flashing, and varying through all shapes and all hues—pale amber, rose tint, blood red—and the stars shone out with a fitful, restless brilliance; and every now and then a meteor would shoot athwart the skies, or fall to earth, and all around me was wild, and strange, and exciting—more like a fever dream than a reality."

(To be continued.)

A curious farm in France is devoted to rearing tortoises. They are sold chiefly to be used as scavengers to eat up snails, slugs and other harmful grubs in the fields and gardens. During winter the tortoise hibernate, so the upkeep of the "farm" during cold weather cannot be included in the high cost of living problems of the owner, M. Pailler.



Art in Photography.—"Autumn."

Photo by Boyd.

The Children's Poem.

Old Shag.

MARION FORSTER GILMORE.

Shag is a real dog who went overseas with a farmer from Sioux Falls, S.D. His master was killed in the battle of Chateau Thierry, and Shag refused to leave him, returning even when dragged away by a member of his company. To quote a newspaper account: "The Americans went over the top at dawn. Shag did not greet them. Instead, they found his body, riddled with machine-gun bullets, across that of his master."

Old Shag and his master had travelled together,

From home farm to camp and then over the sea;

Unflinching they'd roughed it in all kinds of weather.

True brothers-in-arms were his master and he.

They had both known the mud and the funk and the stench

The boys have to face when they go up the line;

And Shag had caught rats in the shell-shaken trenches.

And stuck by his master with never a whine.

When, in the gray morning, the shrill whistles sounded

And every grim soldier went over the top,

By the side of his master, right over Shag bounded

And ran through the shell-storm with never a stop.

Death soon found the man,—and then Shag, deeply grieving,

Lay down by his side in the thick of the fray.

Through the lone night he lingered, it may be believing

His friend would awaken at dawning of day.

But certain it is that they could not be parted;

What cared he for life if his master was gone?

In the darkness he mourned him, old Shag the true-hearted,

And dead, on his body, they found him at dawn.

—Our Dum's Animals.

The Ingle Nook

Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in a stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.

Procedure at Meetings.

DEAR Ingle Nook-Friends,—Have you ever noticed how often you think you know all about something until you have occasion to act in connection with it—when you find there is a great deal indeed about which you are not exactly sure? The experience came to me recently when it fell to me to take the Presidency of a Club. I had reported so many dozens of Conventions and other meetings "in my day" that I was under the impression that I knew all about that office, and the Secretaryship, and the conduct of any meeting that could be brought on the tapis. No sooner, however, did I become President, that I found out that there were a few things I had to look up. As some of you may be "in the same box" or may be threatened with it, I herewith tell you my solution of the perplexities that beset me.

I found it, of course, in Mrs. Parsons' little "Manual for Women's Meetings," which is published by the Macmillan Co., Toronto, and costs, I think, only 50 cents.

Of course everyone knows that the President must act as Chairman at meetings unless it is impossible for her to be present, when a Vice-President takes her place. The part at which I stuck was in regard to whether she might offer suggestions in a meeting. Also I was not very clear about her privileges in voting.

Here is what Mrs. Parsons says about it: "It is a sound rule that the President