

and ran after by dowagers having daughters to dispose of, roughing it in his North West home with one general servant, his wife performing more than half the work in the house. Yet he looked both healthier and happier than he had ever done before, believing, as he did, that someone, beyond poor Trust, loved him for himself alone. But to return.

Clifton's ranch stood off the road leading from Calgary to the Indian Reserve, which latter tourists and others were in the habit of visiting while passing through to the Pacific Coast, laying over twenty-four hours at Calgary for the purpose of making acquaintance with the "noble savage" in his native state, and having their minds disabused of the romance which may have been instilled into them by Cooper's novels.

Two men were walking along the road leading past Clifton's ranch. They were not ordinary tramps, though somewhat shabby in their dress—a kind of genteel shabbiness you understand. Both of them were of medium height, but one was strongly built, with a coarse red beard, half concealing an unprepossessing countenance, to which a pair of hard cruel eyes did not add beauty. The other was of slight form with a more educated and refined face than that of his companion, but his eyes were shifty and restless, never looking straight at the object he desired to behold, but glancing sideways thereat. Robert Parsons was the name of the former and Dennis Rodney of the latter.

"There is a farmhouse yonder Dennis," remarked Parsons, "where I dare say we can obtain a drink of milk and some bread."

"Let us try at all events, for I am nearly famished," was the reply, and accordingly the pair struck off from the road and approached Clifton's dwelling.

Jessie was seated in the room which, on his marriage, her husband had fitted up as a parlor for her, busy on some needle work, while she rocked the cradle where her baby was sleeping, with her foot, and softly singing some tune, as perhaps most of us have had sung to us when we lay as helpless as that infant. Trust, the dog, was stretched out on the floor in his usual lazy fashion when he suddenly raised his huge head and gave vent to a half suppressed growl.

"All right Trust; a couple of tramps I suppose," said Jessie as she caught a passing glance of the two figures through the window before she heard the knock at the door, and Betty the maid having gone out to bring some fuel for the stove, Jessie answered the summons herself closely followed by the dog.

On opening the door and perceiving Parsons and Rodney, Jessie uttered an exclamation of horror and turned deadly white, while Parsons cried out "Ida Montmorency by all that's holy!"

Rodney did not speak for a moment or two, when he observed with an unpleasant smile "You need not be frightened Jessie—Ida—let us in and we will talk over matters quietly."

"Oh go away for God's sake! You have made my life miserable already; leave me in peace."

"Can't afford it Ida," broke in Parsons, "we are about dead broke, and you know necessity has no law."

At that moment the baby began to cry, and the sound of his voice roused all the maternal instincts in Jessie's breast, so that she was transformed into a different being. Before she had been trembling and fearful, now she stood resolute and brave.

"You shall not cross this threshold," she cried. "Here Trust," and seizing the dog by the collar she placed him in front of her. This move completely checkmated the would-be intruders, for the lazy indolence of Trust entirely vanished, his eyes glared with the ferocity of a tiger's and with his teeth hard set he strained at his collar, literally thirsting for battle. It would have fared ill with the man or beast who had felt the grip of those terrible jaws in defense of his mistress; and so Parsons and Rodney appeared to think, for they started back sufficiently to allow Jessie to close the door, when she hurried off to quiet her baby who was yelling with the whole strength of his infant lungs.

Trust, convinced that the enemy had fled, resumed his "Dolce far niente" position once more, and never moved until he heard the wheels of his master's wagon, when he sprang up with a joyful bark and wagged his small stump of a twisted tail.

(To be concluded in our next.)

WHAT NEXT?

Mistress (to new house-maid fresh from the country)—"Now, see, Mary, this is the way to light the gas. You turn this little tap, so, and then apply the match, so. You understand?"

Her House-maid—"Yes ma'am; quite ma'am."

Mistress (next morning)—"Why, what a horrible smell of gas! Where can it come from? We shall all be suffocated."

New House-maid (with much pride)—"Please, ma'am, what shall I do next? I've made all the beds, and dusted the room, and turned on all the gases ready for the night, and—"

Dear God, the baby you sent us
Is awfully nice and sweet,
But 'cause you forgot his toothies
The poor little thing can't eat.
That's why I'm writing this letter,
On purpose to let you know;
Please come and finish the baby,
That's all, from little Flo.

THREE KISSES.

I.

You little maid with golden hair,
As at my thin grey locks you stare,
Your lipping tongue
Half asks the question which your eyes
Half mirror in their sweet surprise,—
Was I once young?

II.

Well, yes; there was a time, I think,
When even you could scarcely shrink
From saying so;
Some thought I was a handsome youth,
But then they died, in sober truth,
Long years ago.

III.

Your dimpled face, so rosy round,
Recalls, as on my knee you bound,—
Another
As fresh and fair, which some one wore.
Who was she? Why, my pet, 'twas your
Grandmother!

IV.

Once in those days I kissed her hand
(I was in love, you understand);
She married
Your grandpapa; and, as for me,
A broken heart across the sea
I carried.

V.

When I returned, your mother, sweet,
Was there my wearied steps to greet
With gladness:
But then came days of lovers' tryst;
Her fair brow as a bride I kissed
In sadness.

VI.

Since then I've travelled far and wide,
And now you're sitting by my side,
Her daughter!
And often from your voice they ring,
The songs your mother used to sing,—
I taught her.

VII.

But as I kiss your baby lips,
And little rosy finger-tips,
My laughter
Is mingled with regret: I know
The bird will to a blossom blow,
The child must to a woman grow,
Hereafter.

ANON.

"SOMEBODY BLUNDERED."

"Medico" directs our attention to some errors in typography in the article on "Curing a Sore Throat." Every printing office has a junior who, because of his many sins, is called by a name not proper to mention before "ears polite." The editor himself falls occasionally into emphatic use of the name—when his careful manuscript is distorted in the said junior's hands. We are not medical, although claiming to be an Antidote, but we do pretend to some knowledge of the Greek orthography with which the disciples of Galen clothe their language.