

LITERARY AND MUSICAL.

Mrs. Frances J. Moore, of London, Ont., (a daughter of the late Mr. J. L. Hutton) is one of the musical contributors to the "St. Nicholas Songs," about to be published by the Century Co. Mrs. Moore inherits her celebrated father's gifts as a composer, and has already done much excellent work.

Messrs Bengough and Browne's descriptive song, "The Charge at Batoche," is growing in popularity every day, and is sure to be a favorite selection with tenors and baritones at future concerts, as it never fails, when fairly rendered, to "fetch" a Canadian audience.

Rev. Dr. Beattie, of Brantford, has favored us with a copy of his recently published work on the "Utilitarian Theory of Morals." The book makes pleasant reading, which, considering the subject, is no mean praise to the author. We mean, of course, pleasant reading to the anti-utilitarian moralist. The other fellow cannot be expected to see his pet system knocked to pieces with emotions of rapture, but in his case the work may at least be described as instructive.

MARION PULSIFER;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A FEMALE FRENCH COOK.

CHAP. I.

"Mamma, I will Go and Be a Cook."



Most young ladies in a similar predicament to that in which my heroine was placed would have said "governess" in place of "cook," for that is the way they do in all novels, but Marion Pulsifer was not an ordinary girl, and besides, this is a true story, and no bogus novel affair.

The facts leading to the announcement which heads this page are briefly as follows: Pulsifer pere had failed in business, and from being one of the wealthiest merchants in Montreal, he was reduced almost to beggary. He had failed, and, strange to say, had not made over sufficient property to Mrs. Pulsifer to fire up again and make another spurge.

And so the mother and daughter sat in the handsome drawing-room, in the house once theirs but now no longer so, but which they were allowed to inhabit till furnished apartments could be procured, and talked over the plans and prospects for the future.

And so it came to pass that Marion Pulsifer made that startling announcement:

"Mamma, I will go and be a cook."

"A cook, child!" exclaimed her astonished parent. "Why, you were never in the kitchen in your life. With your expensive education, surely something more suitable in the way of employment may be found."

"Mamma, I shall be a cook—a French

cook," and the little foot tapped ominously on the carpet, and the brown eyes flashed like a black tomcat's on a dark night, when he hears his lady love's sweet song from afar.

"Be it so, child; you were ever wayward and headstrong. Go and be a French cook, and heaven have mercy on the family that employs you," and with these words the elder lady sailed (waddled) out of the room.



That night Marion left Montreal for Toronto or somewhere.

CHAP. II.

"Mademoiselle de Petitpois, lately arrived herself from the France, a cook very accomplished, is of an engagement desirous. Address No. 50, — Street."

Such was the advertisement that appeared in several of the city papers in Toronto or somewhere a day or two after the events recorded in the preceding chapter. Of course the reader will at once divine that Mlle. de Petitpois was none other than my heroine—there is no mystery intended about that—but why, you ask, should she word her "ad" in that Franco-English style? Simply. I reply, because she was no slouch, and knew how many blue beans made five, if she didn't know how many went to a gallon of soup, or even how many were contained in one of E. King Dodds' jars.

A day had not elapsed ere she received several answers to her announcement, but amongst these, she selected the following one, as being the most promising:

"Mademoiselle de Petitpois,
"No. 50, — Street."

"If the Mademoiselle will call upon Mrs. E. Ponsonby Huggs, at my mansion, The Oaks, on — Street, I shall be glad to make arrangement with her. Mrs. E. Ponsonby Huggs will be at home to you between 3 and four P.m., when she will here of something to her advantage.
Yours truly,

"MRS. E. PONSONBY HUGGS."

Now, old Huggs was just about as wealthy as they make 'em—a retired something or other, and accounted the richest, as well as the most ambitious-to-be-considered-aristocratic man in Toronto or somewhere. But Mrs. Huggs was 50 per cent worse. She had, at one time, been a most accomplished office scrubber, and when engaged in her professional duties one day, was encountered by the ambitious Huggs. Being of a plump and pleasing person, her charms overcame the aspirations after the aristocratic of the great Huggs. Love is omnipotent. Huggs succumbed, and Nancy Bogs became

"MRS. E. PONSONBY HUGGS,
"The Oaks,
"— Street."

as her cards announced.

CHAP. III.

Having picked out Mrs. Huggs' elegant communication, my heroine, attiring herself in

her most Frenchified costume, set out for the Oaks. She soon found it, and a very imposing place it was. The mansion, for such it might be called, was a vast pile of brown stone—handsome, certainly, but that was due to the taste of the architect who designed it, and not to that of its owner—standing in a very small piece of ground, and looking like a large loaf of brown bread on a very diminutive plate of vorious colors, for the—ahem!—lawn was laid out in most gorgeous style, and flowers of every hue were to be seen wherever it was possible to shove a flower into the ground. Not an oak on the premises, though, in spite of the name of the place. So much en passant.

Mlle. de Petitpois drove up to the door—though a cook, be it borne in mind she was a French one and was bound to cut a dash, for she knew from Mrs. Huggs' letter the style of woman with whom she was about to deal, and it was a big salary she was after—and accordingly she had hired a *coupe*, and here she was. Alighting from her equipage, she ascended the massive stone steps before the hall door, and rang the bell. A flunkey in quiet dress appeared in answer to the summons, and to him she thus spake:

"Madame Oogs, est elle chez lui?"

The man was evidently an English importation, and stared at her blankly. She repeated her question.

"Hi don't hunderstand, miss; me not speaky Frenchy," and the poor fellow was almost in despair.

"C'est bien. Is the Madame Oogs within, at home?" enquired Marion, (let me call her so,) affecting to make an immense effort to speak her own language.

"Ho! it's Mrs. 'Uggs you want, miss. Certingly, certingly; please walk hin, miss," which Miss did, handing the man her card, and desiring him to announce her to his mistress.

She was ushered into a handsome apartment—evidently a library, as book-cases, filled with brand-new books of the richest binding, and looking, as was doubtless the case, as though they were never touched, surrounded the room—and requested to wait whilst the menial did her bidding.



In a few moments he returned, and desired Marion to follow him. He preceded her up a magnificent staircase, and in a couple of minutes she stood in the presence of Mrs. E. Ponsonby Huggs, a large, fat, coarse-looking woman—for many years had elapsed since she was plump and pleasing Nancy Bogs—gorgeously attired and loaded with jewellery, who was loling in what she imagined to be a graceful and fashionable attitude on a crimson sofa with blue cushions and green tassels.

Suppose we leave her there for a little while.

(To be continued.)