



FLASHLIGHT, BY JARVIS, OTTAWA.

world of airy winsomeness. They frolicked about their May-pole led by the daintiest little Evangeline in little grey gown and golden cross, whose thoughtful Madonna brow and violet eyes made her a sweeter evangel than she knew to many of the harder older folk who watched her.

The U. E. Loyalist group very aptly closed the historic dances with good old Sir Roger de Coverley, winding up and down, in and out, in hearty fashion.

And last came the State quadrille, led off by their Excellencies and participated in by the brilliant-uniformed men and rich-gowned ladies of the vice-regal court.

* * *

Madam Albani, looking a veritable song queen in her sparkle of diamond coronet and pendants, and Mrs. Potter Palmer, one of Chicago's most beautiful women, both being guests of her Excellency, looked down upon the scene from seats upon the dais; their presence contributing not a little to the brilliant inspiration of the hour.

Moving down among the groups upon the floor came courteous, smiling A. D. C.'s, to pause before each lady and present her, in His Excellency's name, with a pretty souvenir,—a little golden clasp, composed of the letters forming the Aberdeen motto, "*Fortuna sequatur*."

The dainty white program pencils attached suggested a modest use for the pretty trifles, but their fair recipients whispered, "let fortune follow," and placed them gleaming in corsage and lace.

Artistic little programs hung from slender wrists, bearing out in graceful design the

historic data. A group of richly tinted heraldic flags was upon one side of the cover, and opposite it a series of quaint miniature etchings, representing grave seigneurs and noble dames of our Canadian past.

* * *

And now came the presentations of the various courts. Marshaled by their standard-bearers, they formed in procession six hundred strong, and moved slowly up the wide Chamber to be presented individually by their leaders, and make each obeisance before their Excellencies. From the deep sweeping bow of the Venetian lady to the courtesy of the little peasant maid, the military salute of the soldier, the stiff nod of the tall Indian, the half-bashful ducking of Cabot's sailors,—the entire gamut of salutations was performed in excellent character, and was smilingly approved of and acknowledged by their Excellencies. Truly, the names were often fearfully and wonderfully wrought; but the various leaders rang them well out, so that, whether it were Baron de Longueuil, Madame la Marquise de Tracy, or Kiotsaton, chief of the Iroquois,—each passed magnificent.

* * *

How glittering and rich the scene at this moment! The Red Chamber rivaled its highest record of all past years. It was a riot of color and sparkle—a maze of beautiful pictures. The vision could not turn, save to rest upon some æsthetic effect, some bewitching pose or pretty picturesqueness. Individually, in groups, or in *tout ensemble*, the effect was a wonderful weaving charm of color and movement, not easily described, certainly never to be forgotten.

Their Excellencies upon the dais smiling and bending to the latest presentee; their brilliant court of present-day high officials grouped on either side, watching and smiling in sympathy; the glittering groups ranged down the Chamber, the gleam of the standard-bearers' helmets, the flutter of pennants, the iridescence of costume, the white of powdered hair and flowing wig, the scarlet of the judges, the sheen and perfume and warm air, the thronged full dress galleries, and the crimson furnishings of the Chamber for background and environment,—it was a wordless brilliance of human posing.

* * *

Supper came next, the vice-regal court moving first, and the remainder following after in due order. Then historic order and ceremony was tossed aside; the gallery on-lookers came down upon the floor, and all the gorgeous history broke into merry modernness. Valse and lancers and bright two-step—Indian and court lady, peasant and Puritan—they circled in and out, incongruous, yet in harmony, blending into the prettiest and softest symphony of color and form.

Out in the supper rooms, down the luxurious corridors, in ones or two, or a score, the guests grouped in the prettiest historic impossibilities,—all was graceful and merry. But the dances flew fast, the morning hours were peeping; the early risers had already slipped away. It was time to bow good night to their Excellencies, and drive home, through the keen frosty night, from the most delightful and successful fête that the grave old Senate Chamber has ever known.

FAITH FENTON.