

## MARY SECORD.

On the sacred scroll of glory  
Let us blazon forth the story  
Of a brave Canadian woman with the fervid pen of fame,  
So that all the world may heed it,  
And rehearse it through the ages to the honor of her name.

In the far off days of battle,  
When the rifles rapid rattle  
Far resounded through the forest, Mary Secord sped  
Along  
Deep into the woodland maze,  
Over pathway wild and maze,  
With a firm and fearless footstep and a courage staunch  
and strong.

She had heard the host preparing,  
And at once with dauntless daring  
Hurried off to give the warning of the fast advancing  
foe,  
And she fitted like a shadow  
Far away o'er fen and meadow,  
Where the wolf was in the wild wood and the lynx was  
lying low.

From within the wild recesses  
Of the tangled wilderness  
Faint sounds came floating fiercely as she fastly fled  
ahead,  
And she heard the guttural growling  
Of the bears, that, near her prowling,  
Crushed their way through the thickets for the food  
on which they fed.

Far and near the hideous whooping  
Of the painted Indians, trooping  
For the fray, pealed upon her with a weird, unearthly  
sound,  
While great snakes went gliding past her,  
As she sped on fast and faster,  
And disaster on disaster seemed to threaten all around.

Thus for twenty miles she travelled  
Over pathways rough and travelled,  
Braving danger for her country like the fabled ones of  
yore,  
Till she reached her destination,  
And forewarned the threatened station  
Of the wave that was advancing to engulf it deep in  
gore.

Just in time the welcome warning  
Came into the men, that, scorning  
To retire before the foe, rallied ready for the fray.  
And they gave such gallant greeting,  
That the foe was soon retreating  
Back in wild dismay and terror on that glorious battle  
day.

Now returned to tell the story  
Of the conflict sharp and gory,  
That was won with brilliant glory by that brave  
Canadian band,  
For the host of prisoners captured  
Far outnumbered the encaptured  
Little group of gallant soldiers fighting for their native  
land.

Beaver deeds are not recorded  
In historic treasures hoarded,  
That the march of Mary Secord through the forest long  
ago,  
And no nobler deed of daring  
Than the cool and crafty snaring  
By that band at Beaver Dam of all that well appointed  
troop.

But we know if war should ever  
Boon again o'er field or river,  
And the hordes of the invader should appear within our  
land,  
Far and wide the trumpets pealing  
Would awake the same old feeling,  
And again would deeds of daring sparkle out on every  
land.

C. E. JAKWAY, M. D.

Stuyvesant, Ont.

## ELLA'S LETTER.

"Who can this letter be from, I wonder?"  
exclaimed Ella Chase, as she finished reading a  
short, but evidently very interesting, epistle.

"I wonder who could have written it?"  
"Why, hasn't it any signature?" inquired  
her sister Edith, who looked up very languidly  
from the book she was reading.

"A signature! Yes, but it isn't the true  
one!"

"What is it, then?" inquired the young  
lady, condescending, in a lofty way, to mani-  
fest a little curiosity. "What name is given?"

"Edgar Mortimer—do you want to hear the  
letter?"

"Yes, if it is neither very long nor very in-  
teresting."

"Neither one nor the other, but somewhat  
presuming, I think," and she began to read:

"MY DEAR MISS CHASE.—You will be sur-  
prised, no doubt (as I am myself), at my pre-  
sumption in addressing you; but having met  
you several years ago in Jersey, I have never  
been able to forget the impression which you  
made upon me then, and it is with the hope  
that our slight acquaintance there may ripen  
into something warmer and dearer, that I now  
address you."

"Pretty impudent that, I should say," inter-  
rupted Edith.

"Yes, decidedly; but then, you know, I  
like a little spice of impudence in a man."

"Rather too much spice there, I think. But  
go on."

"I know," continued Ella, "that there is a  
great deal of prejudice existing against an an-  
onymous correspondence; but I have tried a num-  
ber of times to renew your acquaintance in the  
usual and proper way, and have always been  
disappointed; and I feel so confident that you  
and I are in every way adapted to make each  
other happy (I hope I am not conceited), that I  
can wait no longer; and if you will kindly con-  
descend to answer this letter, I will then write  
to you in my true character. Please address to  
A. B. C., District Post Office, Holborn."

"Very romantic, indeed!" observed Edith  
dryly, as she returned to the perusal of her  
book; then in a few moments lifting her head  
again, she said, "Have you any idea who it is?"

"Well, there are two gentlemen that I have  
been thinking of—I met them both at St.  
Helier's, and one I liked very much indeed—  
the other not at all. So you may be sure that  
the letter is from the latter, for that is the way  
such things always turn out in this world."

"Are you going to answer it?"

"I don't know—would you?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Because papa would be so angry; you know  
how strongly he disapproves of anything of the  
kind."

"Shall you tell him, if I answer it?"

"No; I am not a tell-tale, and I wouldn't  
take the trouble."

"Well, I shouldn't tell him, that's certain;  
so how would he ever have a chance to disap-  
prove?"

"I shouldn't write to the gentleman, if I were  
you."

"I rather think I shall."

"I knew you would."

"Yes, you always know everything."

"I am pretty well acquainted with Miss Ella  
Chase," and the young lady was soon wholly  
engrossed by her book.

A young gentleman was seated in a suite of  
handsome chambers in Raymond's buildings,  
Gray's Inn, looking somewhat abstractedly out  
of the window.

"I wonder if she will answer my letter," he  
said aloud; "that pretty face of hers has  
haunted me ever since I first saw her. Ah!  
there's my clerk!" and in a few moments after-  
wards he was nervously tearing open a delicately  
scented envelope, the whole appearance of which  
gave evidence of the writer's culture and refine-  
ment.

Charles Latham, barrister-at-law, but with a  
good private property, was a fine-looking man  
of perhaps twenty-seven or eight years of age,  
with a pale, serious face, that might not per-  
haps please a gay, laughter-loving girl; but  
when he smiled, his whole countenance was  
lighted up in a way that must have been very  
fascinating to some women. That smile lingered  
upon his somewhat haughty curved lips, as he  
read the letter.

"A cautious little pen," he said; "but for-  
tunately for me, her curiosity exceeds her cau-  
tion. She must know at once who I am, or she  
will not write again. What will she say when  
I tell her? I could not make her out at St.  
Helier's, whether she really disliked me, or was  
simply indifferent. The best, I hope, for dis-  
like is easier to combat than a cold indifference.  
Now, little beauty, you shall know who I am!"  
and seating himself at his desk, he wrote rapid-  
ly for some time.

About a week after this, Edith was reclining  
one morning upon a couch in her room, reading,  
as usual, when suddenly Ella came rustling in,  
with a flushed excited face, and throwing her-  
self into a chair, exclaimed, quite petulantly,  
"How provoking it all is! That letter was  
from Charles Latham. I never could bear him,  
with his long face and stiff ways!"

"I advised you not to answer the letter, but  
you never condescend to take my advice under  
any circumstances."

"Well, if I did, I should sit with my hands  
before me, and never care whether the world  
turns round or not."

"You would spare yourself a great deal that  
is disagreeable."

"I don't care; I had rather have some dis-  
agreeable experience than never take an interest  
in anything."

"Are you going to answer this letter?"

"Yes; I shall tell him in very plain words  
that if I had supposed that first epistle was from  
him, I never should have replied to it."

"That will be rather disagreeable for him, I  
think."

"I can't help it, if it is. I was so in hopes  
that that handsome Mr. Wheeler had written  
the letter! But men that I like never like me!  
I think it's a shame!"

"Perhaps you're too anxious, Ella," suggest-  
ed the provoking Edith, in her cold, dry way.

"How hateful you are, Edith!" returned the  
former, seating herself to write the very un-  
gracious reply.

"I think Mr. Latham will be apt to apply  
that term to you, if you write what you said you  
were going to. It is altogether uncalled for, in  
my opinion."

But Ella was in a decidedly very bad humor,  
and she wrote and posted the letter that very  
day; but no sooner was it gone than she repen-  
ted it, for she was a very kind-hearted girl, al-  
though quick-tempered and impulsive, and she  
was almost inclined to send a second letter of  
apology.

"He will think me very rude and ill-natured,"  
she thought. "I wonder if he will write again?"

She waited very impatiently this time, but a  
week passed away, and then another, and she  
felt very sure that she had offended him, and  
was really quite distressed about it, considering  
that she disliked him so much. She was hesi-  
tating whether she should write again and  
apologize, when one day a card was handed to  
her, upon which she read the name, Mr. Charles  
Latham. Then all her feelings changed again,  
and she was quite indignant at his presumption.

"What an impudent fellow he is!" she  
thought. "I won't see him—yes, I will, too!"

And she went straight to the glass, and pulled  
and twitched her hair into the most bewitching  
little curls, adding a ribbon here and a flower  
there, until she seemed at last perfectly satisfied  
with the general effect. She certainly seemed

somewhat anxious that he should admire her,  
at any rate.

When she entered the dining-room, the gen-  
tleman rose from his seat, the laughty curve of  
his lip being rather more conspicuous than  
usual; and making a formal bow, he said,  
"Miss Chase, I have come to make an apology  
for my presumption in addressing that letter to  
you—a very foolish letter, that would hardly  
have been excusable in a boy of nineteen. I  
have been severely but rightly punished. I now  
return your two notes,"—he handed the dainty  
little missives to Ella, who felt very much in-  
clined to toss them back again; "and," he con-  
tinued, "if you will be kind enough to burn my  
letters, I shall consider it a great favour."

"Would you like to have me do it now?"  
asked Ella, feeling exceedingly mortified and  
angry, she hardly knew why.

"Oh, no," he answered; "I will not trouble  
you now. I am very well aware, Miss Chase,  
that I have incurred your displeasure, so I will  
not intrude upon your time any longer;"—and,  
with another formal bow, he left her.

The young girl went up stairs in a kind of  
maze, but disappointment was certainly the pre-  
dominant feeling.

"I wonder if he thinks that I have grown  
ugly!" she thought, going straight to the glass  
again. "I believe he despises me!"—and she  
pulled the flower out of her hair in a most fero-  
cious way, and then began crying as if her heart  
would break.

This was certainly a strange mode of pro-  
ceeding for Miss Ella Chase. After the weeping  
was all accomplished, she seized his letters, and  
was about to tear them up, when she suddenly  
stopped, saying, "No, I'll keep them just to  
spite him, the proud, hateful fellow, with his  
lip curling all the time, as if he felt himself su-  
perior to every one else. I hate him!"

Charles Latham's reflections as he left the  
house were scarcely more agreeable than those  
of Ella.

"She is prettier than ever," he said to him-  
self. "What lovely eyes! I wonder why she  
dislikes me so. Some women even more beau-  
tiful than she have seemed well pleased with my  
attentions; and yet I cannot think of any one  
but her. I believe if she were to put her little  
foot on my neck I should love her still. I must  
see her again. Ah, that party to-night—per-  
haps she will be there."

Ella was gliding gracefully through a quad-  
rille that same evening, when, suddenly looking  
up, she saw Charles Latham, standing at a  
little distance and gazing intently at her. After  
making a bow as haughty as his own, she turned  
her pretty head away. At the end of the dance  
Edith drew her aside, and, with most astonish-  
ing eagerness for her, said, "Ella, who was  
that gentleman you bowed to so coolly?"

"Mr. Latham," was the concise reply.

"Well, you are a goose, then. There isn't a  
man in the room can compare with him. Why,  
he's splendid. I mean to have an introduction,  
and then cut you out."

And not long afterwards Ella saw Edith  
leaning on his arm, talking in quite an ani-  
mated manner, while his face was turned to-  
wards her with an expression of surprise and  
pleasure. She could not keep her eyes away  
from the two; and although she talked and  
laughed even more gaily than usual to the group  
of gentlemen around her, she felt very much in-  
clined to have a real good cry, jealousy, anger,  
and disappointment all gnawing at her heart.

Now Edith, notwithstanding her languor,  
dearly loved to tease her sister; and thinking  
also that the latter had treated Mr. Latham  
very unkindly for his only offence of loving her  
better than she deserved, she herself took pains  
to treat him with particular attention, while he  
seemed fully to understand and appreciate her  
motives.

That evening, when the sisters were alone in  
their room, Edith said, "Well, Ella, did you  
enjoy the party?"

"Oh, yes; well enough. You seemed to be  
enjoying yourself."

"I did; Mr. Latham was exceedingly enter-  
taining."

"Well, I thought you seemed to do all the  
talking, for a wonder."

"Why, were you watching us?"

"No, I do not know that I was; but every  
time I did look at you, the gentleman had the  
appearance of listening very attentively."

"Did he? I hope he liked me, for I tried  
my very best to captivate him."

"Yes; I never saw you so animated."

"Well, it isn't often I care to exert myself,  
but Mr. Latham I considered really worth pay-  
ing some attention to. I have given him per-  
mission to call and see me to-morrow; so, if you  
do not wish to encounter him, you must keep  
out of the parlour."

And with a tantalizing little laugh, she pre-  
pared herself for sleep.

Poor Ella tried to follow her example; but  
alas! sleep would not come to her, and she  
tossed and tumbled about, nervous and un-  
happy. Mr. Latham's face haunted her as she  
had seen it that evening.

"He certainly looked as though he loved  
me," she thought; "but he thinks I dislike  
him; and now, if Edith tries to please him, she  
is prettier than I am, and he will soon change  
and like her best."

And so she fretted all the rest of the night,  
falling into an uneasy slumber just before her  
usual time for rising.

When Edith saw how pale she looked, her  
conscience reproached her a little.

"I do believe she cares for him after all," she  
thought; "poor little goose!"

And darkening the room, she went out on  
tiptoe, closing the door softly as she left.

When the expected visitor came, he received  
from the young lady a very cordial greeting.

"Ella is ill this morning," she said. "I  
believe the child hardly slept at all last night."

Charles looked up quickly, the colour rush-  
ing to his face, but hardly knowing what to  
say, maintained a somewhat embarrassed sil-  
ence.

"Mr. Latham," continued Edith, "I am  
afraid that you think my sister has been very  
rude; but I know that she regretted sending  
the last letter just as soon as it was gone. It  
has troubled her ever since. She is very impul-  
sive, but very proud; and as I imagine that  
you are just as proud, I do not see how you will  
ever make it up, unless I give some of my  
valuable assistance. Do you still feel as you  
did towards Ella?"

And she looked pretty enough to have be-  
witched any man not already in the toils of a  
fair charmer.

"I love her better than ever," was the reply.

"Then wait a moment, and I'll send her  
down here. I shall have to cheat her a little;  
but then all is fair in love or war, you know."

"But she dislikes me, Miss Chase."

"Do girls lose their sleep for men they dis-  
like, Mr. Latham?"—and, smiling at the effect  
of her words, she left him.

After waiting ten or fifteen minutes, the  
door opened, and Ella came in, looking very  
pale and languid. She started violently when  
she saw Charles, and drawing up her slender  
figure, said, "I did not know that you were  
here."

"I will leave at once, if you wish it, Miss  
Chase," he answered; and was about to do so,  
when he noticed the proud look in her face  
change to an expression half pleading, half  
reproachful.

A moment more and he was by her side, her  
hand in his.

"Ella, Ella," he exclaimed, "why are you  
so cold, so proud?"

She tried to answer, but the tears ran down  
her cheeks, and as he passed his arm around  
her, she rested her head upon his shoulder.

"Oh, excuse me!" they heard at that very  
interesting moment; and looking up, they saw  
the long train of Edith's dress rapidly disap-  
pearing.

But Charles did not complain of Ella's cold-  
ness after that.

## DOMESTIC.

**BROILED BEEFSTEAK.**—When your steak is  
broiled, put it on a hot dish, sprinkle with minced  
parsley, salt and pepper, lay on lumps of butter, and put  
it into a hot oven until there is no juice or butter visible.  
Before cutting it draw your knife through a clove of  
garlic.

**CAULIFLOWER SALAD.**—Boil a cauliflower in  
salted water till tender, but not overdone; when cold,  
cut it up nearly in small sprigs. Beat up together three  
tablespoonsful of oil and one tablespoonful of tarragon  
vinegar, with pepper and salt to taste; rub the dish  
very slightly with garlic, arrange the pieces of caulif-  
lower on it, strew over them some capers, a little tarragon,  
chervil, and parsley, all finely minced, and the  
least bit of dried thyme and marjoram powdered. Pour  
the oil and vinegar over, and serve.

**TO PRESERVE FRUITS FOR YEARS.**—Take  
wide-mouthed bottles and fill them with currants, cher-  
ries, gooseberries, raspberries, or strawberries. Cover  
the mouths with thin muslin, and place them in a kettle  
of warmish water, not above the necks of the bottles.  
Place them over the fire, and boil for twenty minutes  
after the water first bubbles. Now take them out and  
cork them tightly, putting sealing-wax made of resin  
and tallow—two parts resin to one of tallow—all over  
the corks and necks of the bottles. Set them in a cool  
dry closet in a cellar, heads downward, and the fruit  
will retain its flavour perfectly.

## LITERARY.

MR. TENNYSON is trying to give up the habit  
of smoking.

THE poet Longfellow says, "I wouldn't touch  
a toast list with a pair of tongs," and in this way he  
escapes after-dinner speeches.

THERE is a report that Miss Broughton, who  
in fiction has led so many heroes and heroines to the  
altar, is herself soon to enter the nuptial state.

MRS. OLIPHANT is about to celebrate her  
silver wedding with *Blackwood's Magazine*, to which  
she has been for twenty-five years a contributor, by a  
water-party from Windsor to Medmenham Abbey.

## NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform  
the Ladies of the city and country that they will  
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