

to a claim they have located and are attempting its development. The life of many of these men is strongly colored with romance, as away back exists some fair one who is eagerly waiting for his good luck to come, and then his return; or often a strong man is struggling to crush out an affection that cannot be returned, or that has been cruelly trifled with. There are many such up among the mountains.

In the towns, drinking and gambling places are many and always open. Stepping into a saloon on a tour to "see the sights," near the door is the bar, at the other end billiard tables, and along the sides tables supplied with stacks of chips and all the paraphernalia for faro, roulette, or poker. Around each table, especially after pay day, is a crowd of men looking on or playing. There is not much noise, as all are intent on the game, except the ceaseless tum-tum of a piano and screech of a violin with which they try to make the place more attractive. Along the same street are variety theatres and dance halls, very ribald and coarse, where Thespis and Terpsichore are sorely degraded and burlesqued, these nightly revels only ending at the glinting of the mountain peaks by rising sun.

The miners themselves as a whole are a fine class of men, many well educated, and everyone of them is living in expectancy of the time when their "strike" will be made.

The social life is always a great surprise to the newcomer on becoming a member of the best social class, as then he finds quite a large circle of very delightful people whose intercourse is always bright and interesting. Social "functions" are frequent and entertaining, and conventionalities are generally carefully observed. At an evening dance or "at home" the men put aside flannel shirts, corduroys and big boots, and appear in irreproachable evening dress, and the ladies look charming in dresses as fine and beautiful as would be seen in the East. But one of the very greatest pleasures is riding. Nearly everyone, perforce, rides, and fine saddle horses with Western saddles and bridles can be got at the stables at reasonable rates, and then such beautiful scenery is seen as different canons are explored, or narrow mountain trails lead the horseman to points of vantage, from where the views are glorious and inspiring. The writer spent many days in the saddle, and with another B.A.Sc., who was well known at College in foot-ball and athletics as well as in the lecture hall, had many a ride, never to be forgotten, when we recalled our College days at McGill or tried to foretell what the West had in store for us both. The mountain streams are very beautiful, the water perfectly clear and sparkling comes dashing down its uneven, tortuous bed whose bottom is covered with pieces of gaily colored rock, the home of the large and gamey mountain trout. The air, dry and bracing, is almost intoxicating as our nimble-footed and speedy horses climb the steep road or go racing away over the more level places. It is hard to conceive of much greater pleasure than these rides among the mountains.

Of course everything in such a town is affected by the mining interests. Some men are reaping bountifully,

while many more are sowing capital, hoping for a good return. Daily all are asking, "Any new strikes?" wondering what claim now unknown or unnoticed will be the next to spring into fame. Here is a place of constant change; what the morrow will bring forth, no one can tell. Men suddenly become rich, while others are forced to give up in despair, having lost their all in an unfortunate venture. Few men have moral strength enough to bear sudden access of great wealth, when a mine begins to pour out riches seemingly without limit. Often some old prospector makes a big "strike" that yields him a hundred thousand or more after many years of rough life and severe toil. He at once becomes known as "major" or "colonel," no longer Pete or Mike; but in many cases he will scatter his money broadcast, and in a few months, only to be poor again, to go on once more with his former hard labor, but quite content, as he has had his "time."

C.

SKATING.

There's much philosophy in skating, sliding,
And playing on the ice at what's called *trickey*—
Rare game, I like to see a blithe young jockey,
Just out of school, o'er ice triumphant riding;
He's more than paid, though he should get a hiding;
He never thinks of saying "What's o'clock, eh?"
But on he speeds, light-footed as a trochee
In sede teriti the verse dividing.

What though he sometimes tumbles? 'tis all one;
He makes the best of what were else but gloom,
And chill, and hardship,—Reader, if your doom
If after life with ills be overrun,
That early knowledge may you wise resume,
Make evils bend, and turn them into fun.

H. M.

PROSE BALLADS.

THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN.

(Translated from the French by G. W. M.)

The little Dauphin is sick; the little Dauphin is dying. In all the churches of the Kingdom the Holy Sacrament remains exposed night and day, and the great tapers burn for the recovery of the royal child. The streets of the old capital are sad and silent, the bells no longer ring, the carriages pass slowly by. At the outskirts of the palace the curious bourgeois look through the railings upon the porters with gilded paunches who gossip together in the court-yards, with an air of importance.

The whole chateau is in a stir. Chamberlains and major-domos run up and down the marble staircases. The galleries are full of pages and courtiers in silken doublets who pass from one group to another asking in low tones for the latest reports.

On the wide perrons the maids of honor, in tears, exchange low courtesies, wiping their eyes at the same time with daintily embroidered handkerchiefs. In the orangery, a numerous gathering of robed physicians is assembled. They can be seen through the glass windows, shaking their long black sleeves and nodding their periwigs in a most professional manner.