

# LITTLE MARIE OF QUEBEC.

BY MARGARET LILLIS HART, TORONTO, CANADA.

"Good-bye, Jess."

"Good-bye, Allen."

This was all said on either side as the young man and maiden stood face to face, perhaps for the last time.

As the words were spoken the train carrying the Toronto contingent began to move slowly out from the Union station, and Allen had but time to vault lightly to the platform of the outgoing train, and make good his footing there, when turning to get a last look, he found that Jessie had disappeared from view. Pushed aside by the surging crowd, her dainty lace handkerchief waving midst the sea of canonic suroundings, was undetected by Allen, and he reiterated "Good-bye, Allen," was all unheeded amidst the tumultuous hurrahs and farewells of Toronto's thousands.

Thus it happened that the picture of Jessie which Allen carried away was as when they stood together, hand clasping hand, her clear grey eyes looking into his with all the pride, admiration and love of a true womanly heart.

And surely Allen was worthy of all this.

Fully six feet stood our Toronto boy, with limbs and shoulders which in their symmetry might have been envied by the Greeks of old. His face though at present clouded by the woe of parting, was wont to beam with the very joy of living, and his eye to sparkle with the ever bubbling kindness of a generous heart. As he took off his cap, and he had possessed himself, the sun broke in upon him from one of the windows near, and tinged his bonnie brown curls with a warm glint of gold, as though nature were desirous of adding a finishing touch to this perfect specimen of manhood.

Passing down the aisle looking for a seat also, came a dark, straight-featured handsome man, but a furtive expression of the eye and a disdainful curl of the upper lip, warned one to be wary before crossing the desires of this black-browed soldier.

Allen, however, saw none of this. He and Tom had been friends for years. Neighbors at the homesteads of adjacent farms in childhood and youth, now citizens of the same city, though each had followed a different path in life, yet they often met and continued the friendship begun in childhood days. Allen had now the right to inscribe himself Allen Fraser, M.D., as indicative of his name and calling, while Tom looking to a quicker way to amass wealth, had invested his share from the farm in a flourishing insurance business, and already large dividends had been forwarded him. Both had enlisted in our "Highlanders," both had volunteered in the present crisis, and both owing to their fine physique and spotless record were amongst the first accepted.

And now as Allen spied Tom looking around evidently in search of a seat, he called out, "Hello, Tom! here's a seat. Come stow your things on top here, and then let's have a chat, for in spite of the splendid send off they've given us, I'm just feeling as blue as indigo already."

With an impatient movement Tom did as directed, saying as he did so, "Pest take all their fuss and feathers, it's enough to sicken a man. For my part, I should not care, if one of those bullets which the Boers are said to know as well how to handle, had already found me out, for I'm sick of the whole world."

Why old chap, what's up? said Allen, greatly astonished at this outburst, for though he had expressed himself as feeling blue, it was merely a passing cloud which he knew would disappear with the excitement of chance and work. He saw that something unusual had annoyed Tom, and being used to his moods tried to divert him by conversation.

"Did you get a chance to say good-bye to Jessie?" he asked.

No, growled Tom, that young lady seemed to have time to say good-bye to one only. But what care I for her whims and fancies. War ought to be our study at present, and a pretty large subject too, I dare say we will find it. Women and war together are too much for a man of my limited powers.

Finding his companion in so cynical a humor, Allen thought it well to leave him to himself for a while, so he strolled to the other end of the car, where the boys were already regaling themselves on the good things kindly hands had prepared for them, and whence also came the melody of "Home Sweet Home" and the patriotic strains of "The Soldiers of the Queen."

After a satisfactory run they came into the old city of Quebec, where a most enthusiastic reception awaited them. The picturesque old city with its crooked narrow streets and grand old Citadel, guarded at every turn by the muzzles of its great guns, was to our Toronto boys an incentive to still greater interest in the cause in which they were embarked, and in the excitement of their surroundings all home-sickness was for a time at least forgotten.

Amongst the motley crowd gathered to meet them at the station, were vendors of all manner of wares; and as Allen stepped to the landing, he was accosted by the words, "Will Monsieur not buy a pretty flower?" Looking down, Allen saw the prettiest and daintiest creature upon which his eye had ever rested.

Petit in stature, slight and lithe of form, a face lighted by dark eyes that now looked appealingly into

his, while the red parted lips showed rows of the evenest and whitest of teeth, stood a young girl apparently not more than thirteen years of age. On the black silken curls covering the shapely head, rested coquettishly a crimson toque, faded it is true, but worn with a natural grace, that seemed to hide all defects. A short, well turned ankle, black stockings and low shoes, with a tightly fitting coat or tunic of rusty black velvet, completed her costume, and as she stood with a bunch of carnations held out persuasively in her little brown hand, few could have resisted her appeal, and Allen with his big heart and artistic eye was not amongst the number.

"Well, little one," he said, "you want me to buy your flowers—hard to say which is the sweeter, he muttered to himself—as drawing a coin from his pocket, he handed it to his pretty petitioner, and received in return the sweet smelling boutonniere. As he gallantly pinned it on the lapel of his coat, the young girl watched him with open-eyed childish admiration. Lifting up his head after criticizing his own somewhat clumsy performance, Allen encountered the admiring look, and was encouraged to further conversation.

"How is that?" her look answered him, "and now tell me your name?" "O, I am Marie! everyone knows Marie, and everyone buys my flowers."

"Well, Marie, I don't doubt but they do, but I want you to keep your prettiest for me. Be on this spot the day we leave, and bring me your sweetest carnations—carnations signify true friendship you know—and as the big ship takes us away your flowers will remind me of the new friend I have made in this quaint old city, and of the sweetest little girl it has ever been my luck to meet."

"Bye-bye Marie, for the present," and courteously raising his cap, Allen had but time to fall in to line when the word "quick march" was given, and the troops followed by admiring crowds wended their way to the temporary quarters prepared for them.

On the day of leaving Allen did not forget his compact, and Marie for her part, was there from early dawn, so fearful was she of missing Monsieur the brave soldier, who had completely won her heart by his sunny smile and courtly ways.

Her large basket was soon emptied of its fragrant bloom, save for a bunch of the freshest and best safely ensconced in a corner, and resting on a dewy bed of moss.

Allen's manly form graced by its flowing tunic was deemed by Marie long before he had discovered the little creature so eagerly waiting for him.

"Ah! Monsieur, see I have not forgotten, here is your boutonniere," Marie said, and when it was seen that the leaves which he must keep, will remind him of her. Allen, thinking her but a child—though in reality she had seen some sixteen summers—in a spirit half playful and half earnest, for he was touched by the words of the young girl, took the flowers from her hand, laid them lightly to his lips, then hid their stems in the folds of his tunic, while their pretty bloom made upon his breast a bright and fragrant star.

"And now Marie, good-bye, and I have the luck to return to you a gift from Marie, and even when it is dead, the leaves which he must keep, will remind him of her. Allen, thinking her but a child—though in reality she had seen some sixteen summers—in a spirit half playful and half earnest, for he was touched by the words of the young girl, took the flowers from her hand, laid them lightly to his lips, then hid their stems in the folds of his tunic, while their pretty bloom made upon his breast a bright and fragrant star."

As he took her small brown hand in his, Marie answered "not good-bye, but au revoir, au revoir, and the voyage to mon ami the brave soldier."

Waving a last farewell to the little flower girl, Allen jumped into one of the boats in waiting, and was rowed out to the big ship, where in the hurry and bustle of embarking, the picturesque image of the little Marie was obliterated, and the face which appeared to him, was that of Jessie with the true eyes of grey, and she bade him farewell in his old home.

On the second day at sea, our men were becoming accustomed to their surroundings, though to the majority who had never before seen old ocean, the whole affair was as yet a great novelty.

Their great ship like an immense creature, plunging her way through the surface of the water, leaving behind a path of seething foam, changing from pearly whiteness to all the hues of the rainbow and at length losing itself in the far distant blue; the clear air above, the unbroken expanse below, the leviathan swell of the waves rising on either side as if in mockery of their vessel huge as it was; the sometime glimpse of a shiny fin rising for a moment above the darkling water, the occasional scream of a fugitive gull and the one sail they met since their leaving, were one and all a new and interesting experience. The ship itself was still a marvel. The great guns nothing threateningly from her port holes, the ponderous machinery of her engines, the compactness and spotlessness of everything were wonderful. The Jackies in white duck sailor collars, and round caps from which the short ribbons flew jauntily ran about the decks putting things in order with the activity of monkeys, so that by the time the bugle sounded for breakfast everything was nothing remained to be done for the rest of the day, but to make time pass as pleasantly as possible. So it happened that on the second afternoon, when most of the men were gathered on the deck taking advantage of the short hours of sunshine,

some reading, some engaged in checkers or other game, that quite a sensation was created, when a stoker appeared leading by the hand a young girl, looking somewhat white and frightened it is true, but still with such an undercurrent of triumph in her carriage bearing as showed she was not sorry, though somewhat surprised at the position in which she found herself.

The stoker, grimy from his work, face and hands almost unrecognizable made a strong contrast to the flower faced maiden in his custody.

And how had this come about? Needing some tools for the machinery of his engine the engineer had sent his stoker to that part of the hold where they were kept, in order to get them. When searching in the obscurity of the dark corner, his eye was attracted by an unusual and strange looking bundle on the ground before him. Touching it, he found it moved, and a curiously hoarse, raised, and a plaintive voice said:

"O, Monsieur sailor, it is only Marie, and I shall not do anything any harm."

Only Marie, are you, said the surprised sailor, how in the wide world did you get here?

I got over in the Pilot boat the night before the big ship sailed. I knew the old pilot, and persuaded him to take me with him, and I told him I could return in one of the boats belonging to Jacques Le-mieux, who was carrying stores backwards and forwards.

Afterwards the old pilot forgot all about me, and I remained on his boat until night came, then when it was dark I easily crossed to the big ship, because the Pilot boat was lashed to it for the night. Then I crept quietly about looking for a hiding place, for I wanted to nurse them, when they are sick and wounded, and then I could not do otherwise, for I had no money to pay my way on the big ocean. A little flower girl makes not enough money for that.

The stoker had listened to all this explanation given in breathless haste, with surprise almost as breathless.

Well, little girl, he said, taking her hand and gently lifting her to her feet, I will have to see what our captain says to this. Come with me to meet him.

Raising the basket in which Marie had brought her small supply of clothing, and the loaf and apples upon which she had so far subsisted, she started off Marie with him, and so appeared before the astonished soldiers on deck.

Allen and Tom were at a most critical moment in a game of chess, for Tom, though still sullen, could not deny the merits of his efforts for his enjoyment, when to Tom's astonishment Allen jumped to his feet, exclaiming: Heavens! what does this mean? Why Marie, can this be you?

He added, as Marie on her way to the Captain's cabin gained that part of the deck where they were playing. Yes, mon ami, said Marie, while the color sprang to her pale cheeks, and a look of intense pleasure lighted up her face, and made her eyes like twin stars. Yes, mon ami, did I not say when parting, that it was as au revoir and not "good-bye," for if the soldiers go to fight, Marie will go to nurse them.

O Marie, Marie, I'm afraid you've done a very foolish thing, said Allen. However, it cannot be helped now, and we must at once inform the Captain of what you've done.

So saying Allen at once accompanied the stoker, who still retained the hold on Marie, and the three proceeded to where the Captain was busy with his charts and papers in his cabin.

His astonishment was as profound as that of the stoker and Allen, but Marie's winning presence and plaintive tones soon won his heart, and though he tried to discipline and without precedent, yet there was nothing to be done, but to make the best of the situation. Accordingly he sent for his wife, who always travelled with him, and for the former he gave Marie as companion for the voyage, telling her laughingly to put her in training for "nursing the brave soldiers."

And to the stewardess he gave orders to prepare a meal of all the nice things available, for he was sure "the poor child must be famished."

So far Marie's venture had not turned out badly, and she was simply elated at her success. During the long voyage of nearly a month Marie won her way into the heart of everyone on board. So ready was she to do a kindly act, so life and soul in her eyes, that she looked upon as a veritable mascot, and by common consent was adopted as the "child of the Regiment."

Marie in return looked upon all as her good friends; all save one. On Tom at their first meeting she had looked with intuitive mistrust, and he in turn felt this and resented it. In Allen she saw her special friend and protector, and before the voy-

## Consumption

is contracted as well as inherited. Only strong lungs are proof against it.

Persons predisposed to weak lungs and those recovering from Pneumonia, Grippe, Bronchitis, or other exhausting illness, should take

**Scott's Emulsion.** It enriches the blood, strengthens the lungs, and builds up the entire system. It prevents consumption and cures it in the early stages.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

## During July and August,

the warmest months of the year, most people have difficulty in keeping cool. By clothing lightly, dieting lightly and refraining from alcoholic drinks, a long step towards physical comfort is made. But the most satisfactory refrigerant is

## Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

A teaspoonful of this delightful preparation in a glass of ordinary cool drinking water reduces the temperature of the blood, and quenches thirst in a natural manner without chilling the stomach suddenly. It stimulates the digestion and refreshes the body.

A pamphlet explaining the many uses of this fine preparation will be mailed free on application to The Abbey Effervescent Salt Co., Limited, Montreal. For sale by all druggists, 25c and 60c a bottle.

age ended, though Allen was quite innocent in the matter, looking upon her as a child needing his protection and care, she had learned to regard him as the grandest of men, a hero, one far above the earth, one for whom it would be a pleasure to live, a privilege to die.

At length the long days on ship board came to an end. The looked for land was sighted. The troops were enthusiastically received, and were marched off to a short distance to where a banquet prepared by their brother soldiers awaited them. A guard, of which Allen was one, however, was left at the wharf in charge of the baggage still there. Marie was left on board to be taken to the nearest red-cross station, and all the soldiers hoped to meet their little favorite again.

As Allen walked on sentry along the river where barrels, boxes, and many other articles were piled, his mind seemed to his old home and those he had left there. During a turn in his beat he thought he saw something move in the clump of bushes, situated on the far side, and he at once called out, "Halt! who goes there?" Receiving no answer, he thought himself mistaken, and resumed his regular walk to and fro, and took up the broken thread of his thoughts.

Night had now fallen deep upon the earth, and only the late rising of the moon, dimly lighted the scene. As Allen communed with himself, still however keeping a watchful eye on his surroundings, something light and sprang before him, he felt loving arms clasped him, and instantaneous with this a shot rang out on the silent air. Allen was stunned. When he regained his senses, the remainder of the guard carrying lanterns, and in the utmost consternation had surrounded him, while the warm arms of Marie still clasped him in a close embrace, and her face like a crushed lily lay upon his breast, while the stewardess, who had been passing through a dense wood they met a reconnoitering party of the enemy, and a short skirmish ensued, in which several of our men were wounded.

In the thick of the fight Allen suddenly saw Tom fall, and when in a few minutes the affair had ended, he remembered his friend, and went to his assistance.

Seeing Allen a look of relief crept into the fast fading eyes, and grasping with frantic effort the hand held out to him, he said:—

"Allen, Allen, can you forgive me, say you do, or I cannot die in peace."

What do you mean, Tom, said Allen, greatly mystified, and thinking only of the sufferings of his friend.

'Twas I who fired at you. 'Twas I who sent that fatal missile that killed little Marie. You remember when I was leaving Toronto, I told you I was sick of the world, you did not know sick of the world, you did not know love, and spurned my affection, and the way, she might have been mine. On the night we landed here, old memories returned. Leaving the guard, I unconsciously stroled to the wards, where you were on guard. I swear to you, that the thought of what happened had not come to me, but seeing you alone, some friend whispered, "Fate will never kill him in battle, put an end to his existence now, and Jessie must yet be yours."

Scarcely was the thought formed before my hand was on my revolver my finger on the trigger. And then

happy! she will go to the beautiful home of the Bon Dieu, where she will pray for her friend the brave soldier, and where we shall some day meet again. Kiss little Marie. Good-bye. Good-bye.

And like a tired child she lay back in Allen's arms, and in a few minutes they knew that her gentle spirit had fled.

Marie was given a soldier's funeral. All the local troops and our own contingent followed her to her last resting place, in that foreign land. The little casket containing the small form was laid on a gun carriage, draped with the Union Jack and Canada's flag, and amongst their folds the fleur-de-lis of her ancestors gleamed fair and beautiful.

As the long procession wound its way to the little cemetery near, and as the wailing strains of the "Highland Pipes" moaned out that saddest of all dirges "Lochaber no more," there was not a dry eye amongst the train of mourners. The little casket was raised by four of Marie's greatest friends amongst the stalwart ladies, and as they lowered her gently to the mossy bed kind hands had prepared, the rattle of musketry was heard, and the firing party gave a last salute to their little comrade. As the white surplised Chaplain concluded the sublime burial service, he looked from the little mound freshly formed at his feet, to where Allen as chief mourner stood with streaming eyes and throbbing heart, and solemnly uttered the words "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

These words with the name "Marie" were roughly inscribed by a soldier friend on the wooden cross which now marks the spot where lies our little heroine.

That afternoon they started for Kimberly. Towards midnight they saw Tom fall, and when in a few minutes the affair had ended, he remembered his friend, and went to his assistance.

Seeing Allen a look of relief crept into the fast fading eyes, and grasping with frantic effort the hand held out to him, he said:—

"Allen, Allen, can you forgive me, say you do, or I cannot die in peace."

What do you mean, Tom, said Allen, greatly mystified, and thinking only of the sufferings of his friend.

'Twas I who fired at you. 'Twas I who sent that fatal missile that killed little Marie. You remember when I was leaving Toronto, I told you I was sick of the world, you did not know sick of the world, you did not know love, and spurned my affection, and the way, she might have been mine. On the night we landed here, old memories returned. Leaving the guard, I unconsciously stroled to the wards, where you were on guard. I swear to you, that the thought of what happened had not come to me, but seeing you alone, some friend whispered, "Fate will never kill him in battle, put an end to his existence now, and Jessie must yet be yours."

Scarcely was the thought formed before my hand was on my revolver my finger on the trigger. And then

I saw a little figure, quicker even than I rush out before me. But it was too late; the deed was done. Though mad, yet self-preservation was my first thought, and running through the bush, I threw the cursed weapon far out into the water, then rushed wildly from the scene. Since that my life has been a hell. I felt it could not last, that the end must come, and now it is here, none too soon. Again Allen, I swear that I was mad, say Allen that you forgive me, then I shall die in peace, shall die happy.

What could Allen do? Tom's strength was rapidly failing, no time was to be lost, so by a superhuman effort, he gathered himself together and answered.

Yes, Tom, rest easy; I forgive you for the sake of our boyhood days, and for the sake of the sweet spirit of little Marie, that knew not revenge.

As they clasped hands, a smile sweeter than that seen for many years in life, spread over the dying countenance, and the loosened clasp told Allen that another soul had gone before the Throne of the Great Judge, who knoweth the secrets of all hearts.

Though tired and heart sore, Allen yet found time at the next resting place to write to Jessie of all that had transpired, and the letter which reached her early in the New Year, offered her a heart chastened and meliorated by the experiences of the last two months, and though the great love of his life is given to Jessie of the true grey eyes, yet he often reverts in fancy to the little grave where lies Marie who gave her life for his.

Remember this: No other medicine has such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla. When you want a good medicine, get Hood's.

One drop of blood drawn from the country's bosom should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore.



## Songs of Praise

Ottawa, Jan. 20, 1899. I have used SURPRISE SOAP since I started house and find that it lasts longer and is better than any other soap I have tried. J. Johnston.

Fredrickton, N.B., Dec. 15th, 1898. Having used SURPRISE SOAP for the past ten years, I find it the best soap that I have ever had in my house and would not use any other when I can get SURPRISE. Mrs. T. Henry Troup.

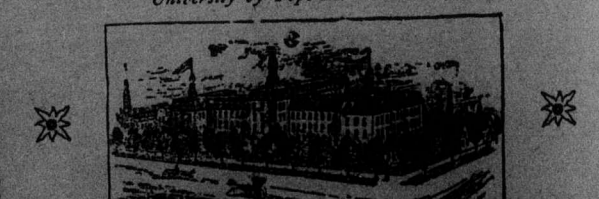
I have to wash for three brothers that work on the railroad, and SURPRISE SOAP is the only soap to use. We tried every other kind of soap, and I tell every body why our overalls have such a good color. Madeleine Logan.

Can't get wife to use any other soap. Says SURPRISE is the best. Chas. C. Hughes.

SURPRISE is a pure hard SOAP.

## CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, CANADA.

Established 1848. State University 1866. Created a Catholic University by Pope Leo XIII. 1889.



Degrees in Arts Philosophy and Theology. PREPARATORY CLASSICAL COURSE FOR JUNIOR STUDENTS.

COMPLETE COMMERCIAL COURSE Private Rooms for Senior Students. Fully Equipped Laboratories. Practical Business Department.

Term: \$160 per Year. Send for Calendar.

WHEN YOU are feeling tired and out of sorts you will find Hood's Sarsaparilla will do you wonderful good. Be sure to GET HOOD'S.

## OUR BOY

MUSSENTON

He lives in my name is Musseinton what the When daring trying to To ravel wot methods it

And Musseinton mamma's t Where many always sto And when bl pink hands Musseinton what the p

And Musseinton mamma's t Monst prett laces white And when the dimpled ar He finds-w that Musse

And he's shut papa's wat For last n tickling, tie And when he Musseinton Cried papa, a baby on the

And Musseinton mamma's t And he's alw side the sil And if baby's mamma's b Why the first will be Mus

Now who is what's his Why can we I body knowa I shoud really And why we e'er the bab

—Maudie Morris Hoodkeeping.

ARMOR PLAT very important that there sh boys. A boy nee of lips—

2. His ears—ments. 3. His hands ing wrong. 4. His heart and doubt. 5. His feet—bad company. 6. His eyes looks, books, a 7. His pock money.

8. His tong words, and ur tions.

PRICELESSNESS—Hoys, and ev appreciate high though they ma only when one life that its pr

It brings honor and pres is known to be faithful and tr place is looked friendship and whom he does sentiments to the key to the business house

He is in the lin wherever he is, him under disti will condemn h coin. So will a pectful conduct Any of these credit. Nothing anything so muc as a pult or young man, precious thing

THE RIGHT A boy on app says the Chincin "We don't H said the manag work?"

"No, sir." Looking the oth face. "Oh, you're we want a boy There ain't doggedly.

"Oh, yes, the over half a po could one have plication of the um of friends a education is a friend is the dic see some one dictiona word or phras course of convers the members in as facts can edu able to aid each er education" o and ethics, but we can form fa ignorance of th as geography, a fish. Slang has

THE BEST what a boy Hood's Sarsa best medicine