

some northing and the "Phoenix" was in latitude 45', 50", north, and longitude 53', 12", west.

The phenomena of the 2nd of July, 1814, does not appear to have extended much beyond Cape Chat. A mixture of ashes and a black substance in powder fell in showers at Kamouraska; at Quebec the day exhibited nothing peculiar except the yellow tinge upon the clouds, bordering the line of the horizon in the north-east quarter of the heavens.

Chief Justice Sewell in a paper read before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec in 1830 imputed the phenomena above mentioned to Volcanic Action and indicated the existence of a volcano (not yet extinct) in the Labrador territory. "The existence of volcanoes in the north of Europe, particularly Hecla and Jan Mayen, affords ground" (says the learned Chief Justice) "for the belief that volcanoes may also be found to exist in the north of the American Continent. The north shore of the St. Lawrence appears also to exhibit proof of volcanic action. Malbaie, the Eboulments, and perhaps the promontory of Quebec, may be cited in support of the assertion, and the frequent recurrence of slight shocks of earthquake in the places enumerated may be mentioned as facts from which a continuance of this volcanic action may be inferred. There is, moreover, a good deal of coincidence in the facts stated in the preceding narratives of the dark days, and those which are stated by Charlevoix in his description of the earthquake in 1663, which is generally supposed to have been of volcanic origin. 'A Tadoussac' (says he) 'il pleut de la cendre pendant six heures.'—Tom. 1. p. 367—and in page 366, he says, 'Une poussière qui s'éleva fût prise pour une fumée, et fit craindre un embrasement universel.'"

Among the Indian tribes on the north shore of the St. Lawrence a traditional belief of the existence of a volcano to the north existed at an early date in the history of this country. H.

AT THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

OVER the hill-top we gleefully go,
Down like a flash to the hollow below;
Fair faces smile as their bright cheeks aglow
Blush at the kiss of the frolicsome snow.

Round us the snowflakes in ecstasy dance,
Cold in their brightness a thousand gems glance,
Ha! how the north wind—the tempest's keen lance.
Charges in haste o'er the sunlit expanse.

D. J. MACMURCHY.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case," "An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

VII.—Continued.

The excitement of Pauline had by no means passed when she regained her home. Kindelon's last words still rang in her ears.

She declared to herself that it was something horrible to have been called a dainty gentlewoman. At the same time, she remembered the impetuosity of his address, and instinctively forgave even while she condemned. Still, there remained with her a certain severe resentful sense. "What right," she asked herself, "has this man to undervalue and condemn my purpose? Is it not based upon a proper and worthy impulse? Is egotism at its root? Is not a wholesome disgust there, instead? Have I not seen, with a radical survey, the aimless folly of the life led by men and women who presume to call themselves social leaders and social grandees? Has Kindelon any shred of excuse for telling me to my face that I am a mere politic trimmer!"

She had scarcely been home an hour before she received a note from Cora Dares. The note was brief, but very accurate in meaning. It informed Pauline that Mrs. Dares had just sent a message to her daughter's studio, and that Cora would be glad to receive Mrs. Varick there on that or any succeeding afternoon, with the view of a consultation regarding the proposed list of guests.

Pauline promptly resolved to visit Cora that same day. She ordered her carriage, and then countermanded the order. Not solely because of the pleasant weather, and not solely because she was in a mood for walking, did she thus alter her first design. She reflected that there might be a touch of apparent ostentation in the use of a carriage to call upon this young, self-supporting artist. She even made a change of toilet, and robed herself in a street costume much plainer than that which she had previously worn.

Cora Dares' studio was on Fourth Avenue, and one of many others in a large building which artists principally peopled. It was in the top-floor of this structure, and reached, like her mother's sanctum, by that most simplifying of modern conveniences, the elevator. Pauline's knock at a certain rather shadowy door in an obscure passage, was at once answered by Cora herself.

The studio was extremely pretty; you saw this at a glance. Its one ample window let in a flood of unrestricted sunlight. Its space was small, and doubtless for this reason a few brilliant draperies and effective though uncouthly embellishments had made its interior bloom and glow picturesquely enough. But it contained no ornament of a more alluring pattern than Cora herself, as Pauline soon decided.

"Pray don't let me disturb you in your painting," said the latter, after

an exchange of greetings had occurred. "I see that you are busily engaged at your easel. I hope you can talk and paint at the same time."

"Oh, yes," said Cora, with her bright, winsome smile. She was dressed in some dark, soft stuff, whose sombre hue brought into lovely relief the chestnut ripples of her hair, and the placid refinement of her clear-chiselled face. "But if I am to give you a list of names," she went on, "that will be quite another matter."

"Oh, never mind the list of names," replied Pauline, who had just seated herself. "I mean, not for the present. It will be more convenient for you, no doubt, to send me this list to-morrow or next day. Meanwhile I shall be willing to wait very patiently. I am in no great hurry, Miss Dares. It was exceedingly kind of you to communicate with me in this expeditious way. And now, if you will only extend your benevolence a little further and give an hour or two of future leisure toward the development of my little plan, I shall feel myself still more in your debt."

Cora nodded amiably. "Perhaps that would be the better arrangement," she said. Her profile was now turned toward Pauline, as she stood in front of her canvas and began to make little touches upon it with her long, slim brush. "I think, Mrs. Varick, that I can easily send you the list to-morrow. I will make it out to-night; I shall forget nobody; at least I am nearly sure that I shall not."

"You are more than kind," said Pauline. She paused for a slight interval, and then added: "You spend all day here, Miss Dares?"

"All day," was Cora's answer; and the face that momentarily turned in Pauline's direction, with its glimpse of charming, dimpled chin, with the transitory light from its sweet, blue, lustrous eyes, affected her as a rarity of feminine beauty. "But I often have my hours of stupidity," Cora continued. "It is not so with me to-day. I have somehow seized my idea and mastered it, such as it is. You can see nothing on the canvas, as yet. It is all obscure and sketchy."

"It is still very vague," said Pauline. "But have you no finished pictures?"

"Oh, yes, five or six. They are yonder, if you choose to look at them."

"I do choose," Pauline replied, rising. She went toward the wall which Cora had indicated by a slight wave of her brush.

The pictures were four in number. They were without frames. Pauline examined each attentively. She knew nothing of Art in a technical and professional way; but she had seen a host of good pictures abroad; she knew what she liked without being able to tell why she liked it, and not seldom it befell that she liked what was intrinsically and solidly good.

"You paint figures as if you had studied in foreign schools," she said, quite suddenly, turning toward her hostess.

"I studied in Paris for a year," Cora replied. "That was all mamma could afford for me." And she gave a sad, though by no means despondent, little laugh.

"You surely studied to advantage," declared Pauline. "Your colour makes me think of Henner . . . and your flesh-tints, too. And as for these two landscapes, they remind me of Daubigny. It is a proof of remarkable talent that you should paint both landscapes and figure-pieces with so much positive success."

Cora's face was glowing, now. "You have just named two artists," she exclaimed, "whose work I have always specially admired and loved. If I resemble either of them in the least, I am only too happy and thankful!"

Pauline was silent for several minutes. She was watching Cora with great intentness. "Ah! how I envy you!" she at length murmured, and as she thus spoke her voice betrayed excessive feeling.

"I thought you envied nobody," answered Cora, somewhat wonderingly. Pauline gave a little soft cry. "You mean because I am rich, no doubt!" she said, a kind of melancholy sarcasm tinging her words.

"Riches mean a great deal," said Cora.

"But if you have no special endowment that separates you from the rest of the world, you are still a woman."

"I am not sorry to be a woman."

"No? because you are a living protest against the inferiority of our sex. You can do something; you need not forever have men doing something for you, like the great majority of us!" Pauline's gray eyes had kindled, and her lips were slightly tremulous as they began to shape her next sentence. "More of us are sorry to be women," she went on, "but I think a great many of us are sorry to be the sort of women fate or circumstance makes us. There is the galling trouble. If we have no gift like yours that can compel men's recognition and respect, we must content ourselves with being merged into the big commonplace multitude. And to be merged into the big common-place multitude is to be more or less despised. This may sound like the worst kind of cynicism, but I assure you, Miss Dares, that it is by no means as flippant as that. I have seen more of life than you . . . why not? You perhaps have heard a fact or two about my past. I have had a past—and not a pleasant one either. And experience (which is the name we give our disappointments very often) has taught me that if we could see down to the innermost depth of any good man's liking for any good woman, we would find there an undercurrent of real contempt."

"Contempt!" echoed Cora. She had slightly thrown back her head either in dismay or denial.

"Yes—contempt," asseverated Pauline. "I believe, in all honesty, at this hour, that if the charm which our sex exerts over the other—the physical fascination, and the fascination of sentiment, tenderness, idealization—had never existed, we would have been literally crushed out of being long ago. Men have permitted us to live thus far through the centuries, not because we are weaker than they, but because some extraordinary and undiscoverable law has made them bow to our weakness instead of destroying it outright. They always destroy every other thing weaker than