

bruous, with letters from a convent in the south, where two gallant combatants from a foughten field had breathed their last in uttering fondly the names of Yseult and Alice. Soon a running footman arrived from the west with a scarf and a ribbon, dyed with the wearers' heart's blood, and delivered the mournful tokens to Barbara and Eremé. And not long ere a palmer, in cockle shell and shoon, returning from the east, related how the youngest and the gayest of the gallant seven had been stricken by the plague, and departed his life in a prayer for little Liliás. The seven sisters sickened and pined. Adela faded first, and as her pure spirit fled, the remaining sorrowing maidens saw that one of the pure white lilies had come into bloom. Another of the ladies died, and another lily opened its fair, white blossom. Another and another of the maidens, and for each white soul that fled another white blossom opened, until the whole seven White Ladies were fair and beautiful in the seven White Lilies. Then came a nipping frost and the blanche blooms shrivelled and died. The white ladies still haunt the scene where their unhappy fate befell. Still they wander in the garden with the ghosts of their lovers, and that is why White Lilies are called White Ladies.

Hernewood, P.E.I.

A TRIP IN A HORSE CAR.

I always had a liking for a ride in a horse car. Other people may enjoy their carriage and sleigh drives, but I, who am of humbler mind, prefer a horse car. There you can be alone, yet not alone. You can lose yourself in a day dream, without any one interfering, or you can interest yourself in the different species of the human family one is apt to meet in this vehicle. Sometimes you meet a friend and enjoy a pleasant chat, and sometimes you have the pleasure of sitting side by side with your worst enemy. You meet all kinds of people in these cars, high and low, rich and poor, the quality and a quantity of the city, and, as "variety is the spice of life," you will understand why I have a weakness for a trip in a horse car.

Many a pleasant half hour, or longer, have I spent riding through the busy streets, engaged in contemplating the faces of my fellow-passengers, catching little glimpses of their lives, and romancing and moralizing, as the case might be. This occupation has afforded me a great deal of pleasure, and, as I do not like to be selfish, and have always wished for some one with whom to share this pleasure, we will journey together in spirit from Mile End to Côte St. Antoine. Time, about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Here comes the car. Jump in and make yourself comfortable. It is occupied by two women; one is about forty and the other a girl of eighteen. They are French-Canadians and evidently earn their living by sewing, for each carries a number of coats on her arm, taking them to some shop in the city, probably. Not much pay do these poor women get for their toilsome work—stitch, stitch, stitching, day after day, and yet they seem tolerably happy and contented. It is well for some to be born unambitious.

Some one else is entering the car now—a portly man, with a red face and a merry, comfortable look. He looks around, as if to find somebody to talk to; but, as there is no one who is likely to prove companionable, he at last settles down into an unsettled state until the next passenger appears.

This happens to be a dark little fellow, whom the stout passenger greets with some genial expression in French. Most likely, he is an acquaintance, for they immediately strike up a voluble conversation, and, although I do not understand their language, their gestures and animated expression afford me no little amusement.

The car stops again to let in a young lady and a little girl. The young lady has a face which makes one think of something good. Very few people possess a really good face, and it rests tired eyes to gaze upon this one. The little girl is about seven years old, so pretty and winning that I feel quite angry when the form of a young man intervenes between us, and I see that some newcomers have taken their places. These new-

comers are a young man and his girl. What strikes me as remarkable about this couple is that the young girl appears to be very proud of her escort and the young man shows plainly that he appreciates himself, if no one else does. He belongs to that class of youths who are sometimes called "mashers"—that is, they imagine they make a great impression on every girl. It is my opinion that he even thinks he has mashed a couple of typical old maids who are set up just opposite him. One of them, at any rate, does not seem to feel so. I hear her whisper to her companion that she does not know how any girl can be so silly as to be pleased and proud to be seen in the company of such a senseless fellow as the one in front of them. She says this rather spitefully, and I am inclined to say "Sour grapes" (inaudibly, of course). But on second thoughts, I refrain from the uncharitable remark, because there does seem some truth in what she says about the young man, and how can we expect one whose heart has lain dormant for years to understand the feelings of a girl in love?

Who is this in dirty rags and a worn-out face, carrying a basket on her arm? Who is this that shrinks into a corner, as if she would willingly shrink out of the world? 'Tis a poor beggar girl, who has perhaps begged money enough to carry her weary limbs home to some miserable den. How wretched, how dull she looks! Life holds nothing bright for such a one. God alone knows what her life is. The sooner 'tis ended the better. Such misery is seen and passed by every day of our lives, and yet, how many think of doing anything to stop it. People preach and preach, but very few obey the old maxim which tells us to practice what we preach. There are some who honestly intend to do good, but when the tale comes for acting they'll let it pass, and chance after chance they miss in this way, until one day they wake up to the fact that their life is over and their dreams have come to naught.

Why is it that so many dream
Of great deeds to be done?

Why is it that so many dream
Of honours to be won?

Why is it that men dream and dream
Till the sands of life are run?

Why, ah, why is there so much planning and thinking and so little doing? But there is no time to puzzle out conundrums in a horse car, and as a man with his arms full of parcels, presenting a rather funny appearance, is struggling to get a seat near me, I break up the train of thought which is perplexing my brain and thought and interest myself in the fresh arrival. He has tumbled one of the parcels on the floor and a little stream of white sugar is oozing out. A couple of fashionably dressed ladies are just behind him, and I think it would be kindness on their part to let him know that he is losing his sugar, but they take their seats unconcernedly and allow the conductor to notify him of the fact. They choose a seat as far away as possible from the beggar girl, whom they regard with faces of disgust and, after they are comfortably settled, begin a conversation about some mission for which they are collecting contributions. They are rich ladies, good church members, charitable in many ways; but I am afraid they will not have the same position in the next world that they have in this.

The man with the parcels has a great deal of difficulty in preventing them from slipping off his knees, and the efforts he makes from time to time to keep them in place are very amusing. At last he produces a large red cotton handkerchief and ties them up. When this is done he heaves such a sigh of relief that every one in the car knows he has at last found ease.

The car is pretty well filled now. A young person of the masculine gender, in passing me, has almost pushed me out of my seat—unintentionally, of course. I can see by his face that he is absent-minded, and not only absent-minded, but miserable, though why he should be miserable I don't know. Young, tolerably good-looking, dressed well and healthy, he ought to be happy enough. Perhaps he has been crossed in love. But I cannot tell. Some people would go through

life with a gloomy countenance if they had all the blessings of heaven showered on them. It may be that those people who persist in looking miserable desire to be pitied. Well, we do pity them. We pity all those whose lot in life is hard, and we pity them because they require pity; but there is a deeper feeling than pity in our breasts for the unknown ones who hide their sorrow from the world's curious gaze, to whom pity gives positive pain when coming from those who do not understand what they are pitying; for we know that they who sorrow the most give no sign; that the saddest hearts are oft the bravest.

Here comes a man I know. At least, I know him by sight, and I have been told by different people that he is a crank. He is a pleasant looking old fellow, with a queer little way of looking at people, but I do not see anything cranky about him. I think the world is getting rather cranky on the subject of cranks. If a person happens to be a little different from the generality of this world's inhabitants, he or she is sure to be called a crank, or something very like that expressive word.

A fine-looking old lady, with white hair, has a seat between the fashionable ladies and the beggar girl. She does not shrink from coming into contact with a fellow being. Her benevolent face beams upon all around her, and the other ladies, with whom she is evidently acquainted, change their disagreeable looks to amiable ones by the force of her example.

A couple of business men are discussing politics in a corner. It seems to me to be a rather one-sided discussion, as one of the men is not at all interested, which can easily be seen by the monosyllabic way in which he replies to his companion. He (the companion) is so enthusiastic that he does not notice the other man's indifference, but goes on discussing and arguing indefatigably.

Now, I have reached my destination and must say good-bye, hoping sometime to have the pleasure of another trip with you.

Montreal.

EDITH EATON.

THE VERDICT OF THE STATES ON BLAINE.

The following, as a sample of Presidential "campaign literature," is worth reading and keeping. It is written by E. C. P., in the *Chicago Globe*. The key is to follow the capital letters downward:—

AlaBama,
CoLorado,
ArkAnsas,
Indiana,
KaNsas,
GEorgia,
Wisconsin,
Ohio,
DeLaware,
CaLifornia,
FloRida,
LoUisiana,
Iowa,
North Carolina,
South Carolina,
MassAchusetts,
ViRginia,
MaRyland,
Missouria,
MisSissippi,
Oregon,
IllinoiS,
Nevada,
PEnnsylvania,
TeXas,
KenTucky,
VermoNt,
MinnesOta,
West Virginia,
Rhode Island,
Michigan,
NeBraska,
MainE,
New Jersey,
TennesSee,
ConnecticUt,
New YoRk,
NEw Hampshire.

[This ingenious collocationist will, perhaps, be a mistaken seer. The return of Mr. Harrison is by no means unlikely.—Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]