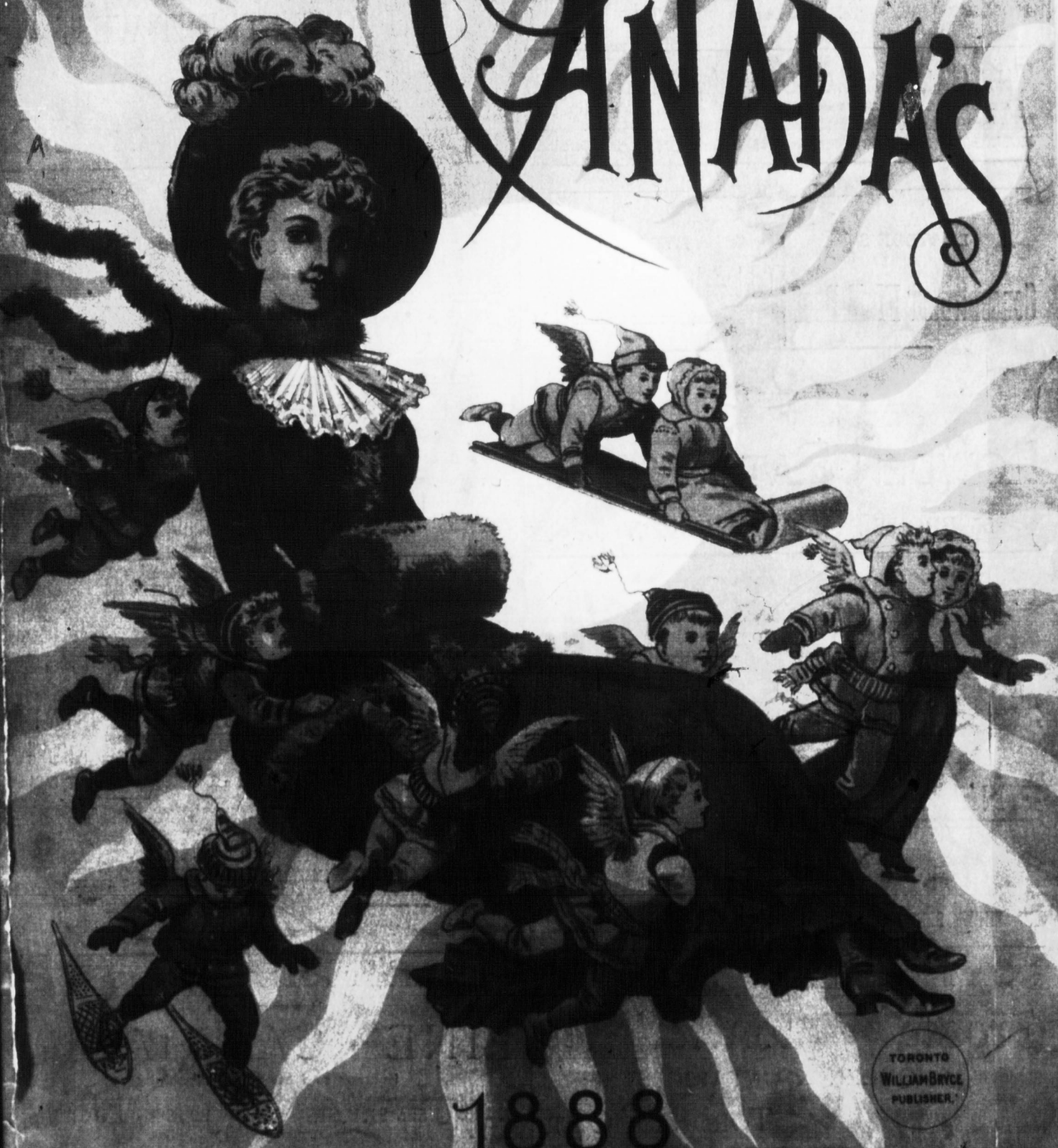


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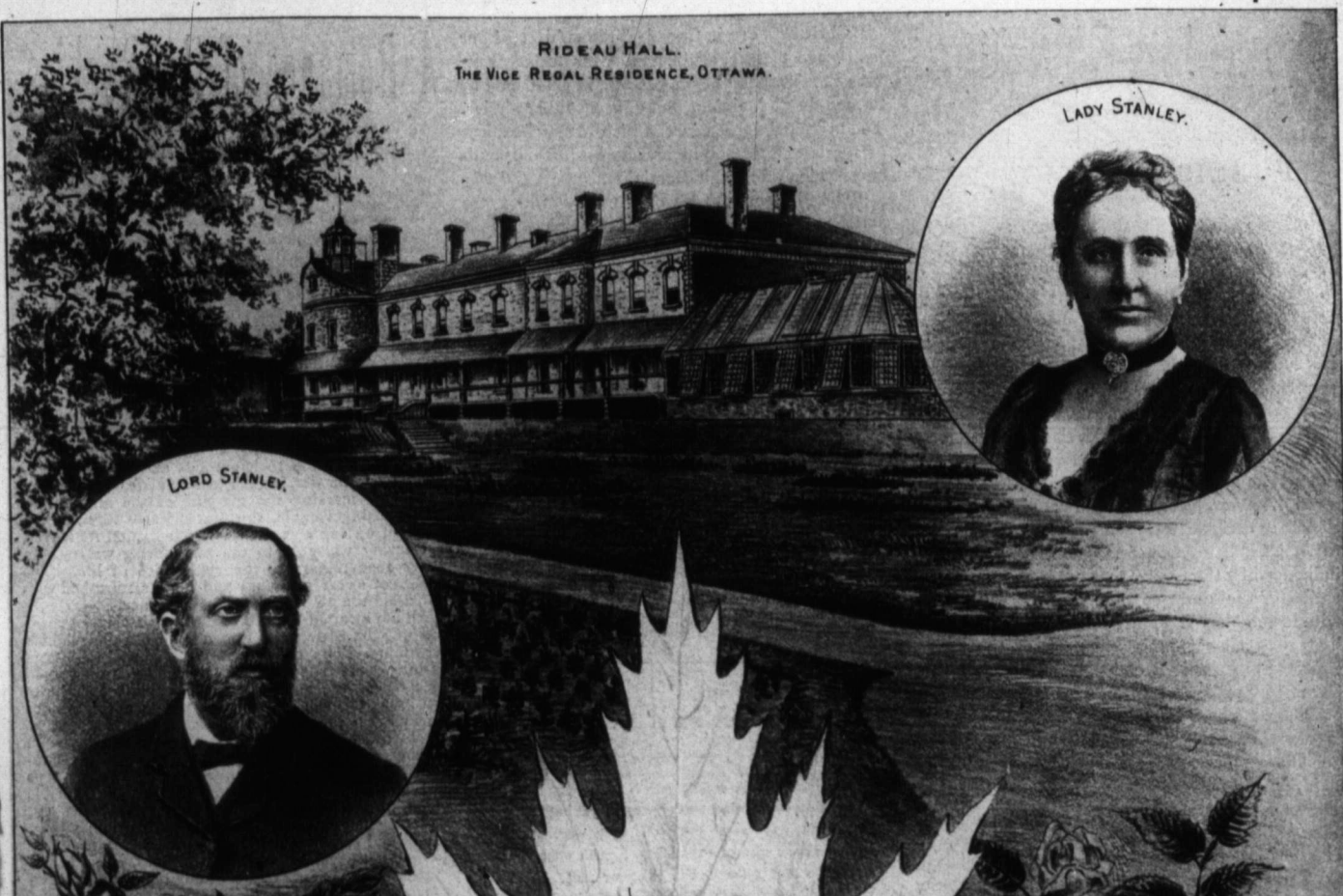
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LADY STANLEY.



LORD STANLEY.

My Own Canadian Home.

Though other skies may be as bright,  
And other lands as fair;  
Though charms of other climes invite  
My wandering footsteps there,  
Yet there is one, the peer of all,  
Beneath bright heaven's dome;  
Of thee I sing, O happy land,  
My own Canadian home.

A noble heritage is ours,  
So grand and fair and free;  
A fertile land, where he who tills  
Shall well be rewarded be;  
And he who joys in nature's charms,  
Exulting, here may view  
Scenes of enchantment—strangely fair,  
Sublime in form and hue.

And doubt not should a foe's hand  
Be armed to strike at thee,  
Thy trumpet call throughout the land  
Would summon righteous be!  
As bravely as on Queenston's Heights,  
Or on its Lady's Lane,  
Thy men will battle for thy rights  
And freedom's cause maintain.

Did kindly heaven afford to me  
The choice where I would dwell,  
Fair Canada that choice should be.  
The land I love so well,  
I love thy hills and valleys wide,  
Thy waters' fresh and free;  
May God in love o'er thee preside  
My own Canadian home!

BY H. G. NELSON.



SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.



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PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.



# Canada's Christmas

- 1888. -

## PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

THE publisher of CANADA'S CHRISTMAS asks for it no fairer field and no greater extent of public appreciation than those it shall be held to justly deserve. The Christmas season usually brings from foreign markets many literary and artistic enterprises, similar to the one the publisher has now the honour to present to the Canadian people. These several publications have, in the past, met with a large amount of public favour, which, it may be frankly said, they well deserved. In their preparation a large amount of skill, enterprise, taste and money has been invested. In no sense, however, have they been national; nor have they been designed to appeal, in any special degree, to the Canadian people. Aware of this fact, and influenced by the feeling that, were a native publication of the kind got up and put on the market with some degree of art taste and regard for literary excellence, the public might reasonably be expected to support it, the publisher of CANADA'S CHRISTMAS proceeded to make the experiment of producing such an annual, and has now the pleasure to offer the result, with some confidence, to the Canadian public. Its artistic features, in the main, speak for themselves. It will be seen that the work is of purely Canadian character, and thus especially addresses itself to a Canadian audience. The illustrations are by Canadian artists, produced by Canadian draughtsmen, on Canadian made paper—and all designed for the delight of Canadian homes. The literary features of the publication are also Canadian. The story which has been specially written for the number, by Campbell Shaw, Esq., of Oakville, Ont., is the work of a young Canadian, and the theme, "A Romance of the Rockies," is also national in its character. These facts should, and no doubt will, commend themselves to the public consideration, and ensure a hearty welcome for this, the first annual issue of CANADA'S CHRISTMAS.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE above PUBLISHER'S NOTICE will hardly be needed to apprise our readers that the illustrations in CANADA'S CHRISTMAS are Canadian in character. A glance through the annual will readily reveal the fact. From cover to close, it will be seen, that in its literary and artistic aspects the publication is of native origin. National in spirit, we trust that, in the best sense, it is also national, or cosmopolitan, in execution. The fine presentation plate, which accompanies the number, speaks for itself. On the cover, we have a typical figure, representing the fair young womanhood of Canada, surrounded by an escort of bright-faced cupids, in the national festival attire, blanketed, shawled, hooded, and winged, and taking the fullest satisfaction in their aerial task of speeding *in belle Canada* on her joyous national way.

The next illustration speaks of Canada politically, with representations of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, and of Rideau Hall, the residence of Vice-Royalty. The portraits of His Excellency the Governor General and Lady Stanley, of the Dominion Premier, and the leader of Her Majesty's loyal Opposition, will be recognized, and doubtless be deemed good likenesses.

Our third page illustrations represent Canadian homes in early pioneer days, and in later times when honest toil has brought its well-deserved meed of modern comfort, ease and elegance, in a well-appointed city residence. The lower half-page picture represents a pleasing and familiar scene on the lakes of the Muskoka District.

"Christmas eve in Canada," the subject of our next page picture, again speaks for itself. It represents the social life of Canada, in what may be termed, in no invidious sense, fashionable circles. The principal figures in the picture may be taken as specimens, not too highly idealized, of the youth and fashion of our fair Dominion.

"The National Sports of Canada," which are portrayed in the central double-page picture, is a fairly emblematic illustration of how our lusty youth amuse themselves and find health and recreation. All the out-door sports in which Canadians engage will be found represented in the picture.

"Drifting," may be taken both in a material and in a moral sense. In either, let Canadian youth see that it leads only to happiness! "Moose Hunting" properly belongs to the picture on Canadian sports. Here, however, it forms a pleasing contrast to the idle dalliance of "Drifting."

"Climbing the Rockies," on the line of the C. P. R., is an invigorating picture, which reminds the reader not only of the rich domain of the Canadian North-West, but realizes, in some measure, the scene of the Canadian tale, written especially for our pages,—*"A Romance of the Rockies."*

## CHRISTMAS IN CANADA.

THE beginning of the seventeenth is a long way back from the close of the nineteenth century; yet human hearts are much the same to-day as they were when the Christmas season opened on the little French colony which the Sieur De Monts founded in the year 1604. With this modest Acadian settlement Canada practically begins her history, on the St. Croix River, in the Bay of Fundy. "Memory is the only Paradise out of which nothing can drive us," writes Jean Paul Richter; and to us, in the year of grace 1888, as to De Monts, Champlain, Poutrincourt and Pont-gravé, well-nigh three hundred years ago, the memory of past Christmases, with those with whom we have spent them, come as freshly and vividly as they came to the handful of French colonists who sought homes for themselves in the Acadian wilderness, and for one day, at least, strove to forget all that was bitter in their lot and desolate in their surroundings in that now far-off Christmas time.

A contemporary historian has handed down to us some account of the Christmas festival kept by that early Huguenot colony on the St. Croix, and from this we learn that while the day was given up to pleasant feasting and jollity, it nevertheless was one of tender longing and sad looking back. To those exiled Frenchmen the Christmas was fraught with many a loving reminiscence of earlier years and of dear ones left behind in Old France; while the circumstances of the little band, in its grim New World environment, impressed the value as it emphasized the need of stout hearts. With brave cheerfulness, however, did the sons of sunny France assemble for High Mass on that Christmas morning long ago, and with full hearts and deep reverence sing the *Gloria in Excelsis*.

Once more, but amid vastly changed surroundings, does the sacred season dawn upon Canada—a Canada which, however, from a coast-line of tractless wilderness has now widened to a half a continent, explored and in large measure cultivated from sea to sea. On the homes of seven fair Provinces and on the far-scattered cabins of the great prairies of the North-West does the Christmas sun now shine; while from innumerable Church towers over the land is the recurring festival greeted and honour paid, to the sacred traditions of the day. In an age which has largely lost its faith and become incredulous and critical, it may be that the rays from the cradle of Bethlehem, which have streamed across the centuries and contributed to their warmth and light, have in no small measure lost their lustre. But they nevertheless still shine, and to the Canadian heart as to the heart of all Christendom the season brings its period of gladness and rejoicing. The old carols of the Church still speak with power, while the message of the Herald Angels—"Peace on earth and good will towards men"—is a message that continues to unlock the doors of our hearts. In Canada as in the Christian world elsewhere, the season evokes its religious fervour, and our people recognize in the Incarnation God's immemorial love for man. In this spirit each citizen of this fair Dominion, can call his fellow citizen brother, and loyally join hearts and hands in the common endeavour to deepen the sense and strengthen the bonds of Canadian nationality.

G. MERCER ADAM.

## A Romance of the Rockies.

BY CAMPBELL SHAW.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight, by WILLIAM BRYCE, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa.

### CHAPTER I.

THE dawning light of a new day descended with chilling steadiness, dispelling the dreamy darkness of night, and heralding the approach of the King of Light in all the splendor and majesty of his golden sovereignty. Scarcely perceptible, and yet boldly asserting their existence, the sharp mountain peaks stood forth beneath the brightening dome as jagged tops to the mighty walls which encircled the valley. Thinner and thinner became the veil between night and morning. The pines, for a time ghost-like in the struggle between darkness and light, cast aside their shrouds and revealed themselves, tier after tier, in their beauty and strength. The shrubbery, marking the margins of the stream and barely distinguishable, the next moment threw off the blur, and on the soft breeze which rustled its leaves, sent loving whispers to the fast-moving waters as a tender recognition for the sustenance of life. The patches of sweet pea-vines and flowers, refreshed with dew, filled the air with delicious fragrance.

All life awaited the kiss of the morning sun! Along the eastern horizon a glow of yellow light is discernible. The color changes to gold. Dashes of blushing crimson dart up in lovely confusion and spread quickly over the golden radiance. Brilliant shafts of light break through between the mountain tops, dance merrily down the wooded slopes, and form roadways, paved with sparkling diamonds, through the dew-laden pea-vines and flowers. The great Conqueror of Darkness moves swiftly upward over the mighty walls, tops the highest peaks, and a bounding, joyous invincible volume of light and warmth pours into the valley, awakening life refreshed and smiling, strong and happy, content and eager for the labors of another day.

Away up, beyond the last tier of pines, where tufted growth marks the space intervening between the green branches and the cold, dark, barren, rock-tapering into lances upon which oftentimes black, rolling, rain-charged clouds break, drenching the valley with their life-blood as they sweep onward in the impetuosity and power of their charge,—small herds of goats and flocks of sheep form into file and confidently pick their way along the high, narrow paths to the choicest feeding grounds. The mountain lion, crafty and bold under cover of darkness, steals to his lair as the sunbeams beat back the shadows, and there indulges in fitful yawns until the effects of the orgies of the night force him to wedge his nose between his paws and quietly yield himself captive to the Queen of Slumberland.

The grizzly, cinnamon and black bears, their piggy eyes betraying gluttonous appetites, prowl through the pines, their surly growls startling the timid doe and lawn into flashing flight. The elk, pushing his way through the thick grass, growing straight and tall in the marsh formed by the overflow of the stream, occasionally stops to proudly toss his antlered head and sound a message, clear and musical, to his mate awaiting him in a covert on the opposite shore.

The buzz of insect life floats out from the bushes and up from the ground, varied unpleasantly with the nerve-tugging hum of the mosquito.

And high above the tall pines, above the serrated walls, circling around the great light from the sun as a moth flies round and round a lighted taper, an eagle scans the valley for food for her young safely nestled in a dismantled tree standing alone on a prominence.

And thus did life awaken and turn from rest to labor one morning in the month of June, 1879, in a valley at the base of Castle Mountain, in the Rocky Mountains, not far from where the Canadian Pacific Railway now forms an iron trail up the eastern slope.

### CHAPTER II.

"I'm Jack Lester!"

"My name is Angus Macdonald!"

Two young men clasped right hands and regarded each other silently and with a blending of astonishment, pleasure and curiosity expressed on their faces. The situation becoming irksome to Jack, he said:

"Come into my smudge and have a pipe with me," and he turned in the direction of a rising piece of ground on which was planted a square-walled, heavy-duck tent. It stood in the centre of a circle of smouldering fire which formed a thin curtain of smoke—made more dense at evening and morning, when the mosquitoes were inclined to be doubly pugnacious.

Macdonald followed Jack into the circle, and evinced further astonishment at seeing two fine-looking blood-hounds stretched upon the skins of two large grizzlies spread out before the tent.

The dogs eyed the stranger suspiciously, but became friendly when their master smiled reassuringly. They lazily moved into the tent and settled themselves upon a pile of pelts which had every appearance of being occupied as a bed by someone who was not without a taste for luxury.

The two men sat down upon the skins, exchanged tobacco pouches, and in three minutes were puffing contentedly at their pipes and ready for conversation.

"I threw these skins down here to keep me from

catching the marked, feeling a repetition which for himself.

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evitably fo "At fr whisper, "

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panionship Macdon loosened t

pillowed s fragrant s earnestly a

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"Oh heart!

"And



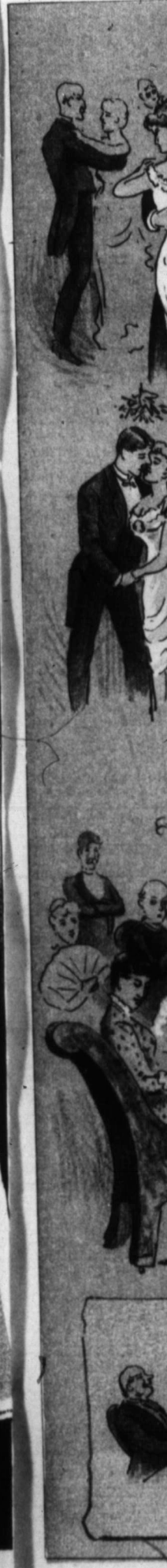


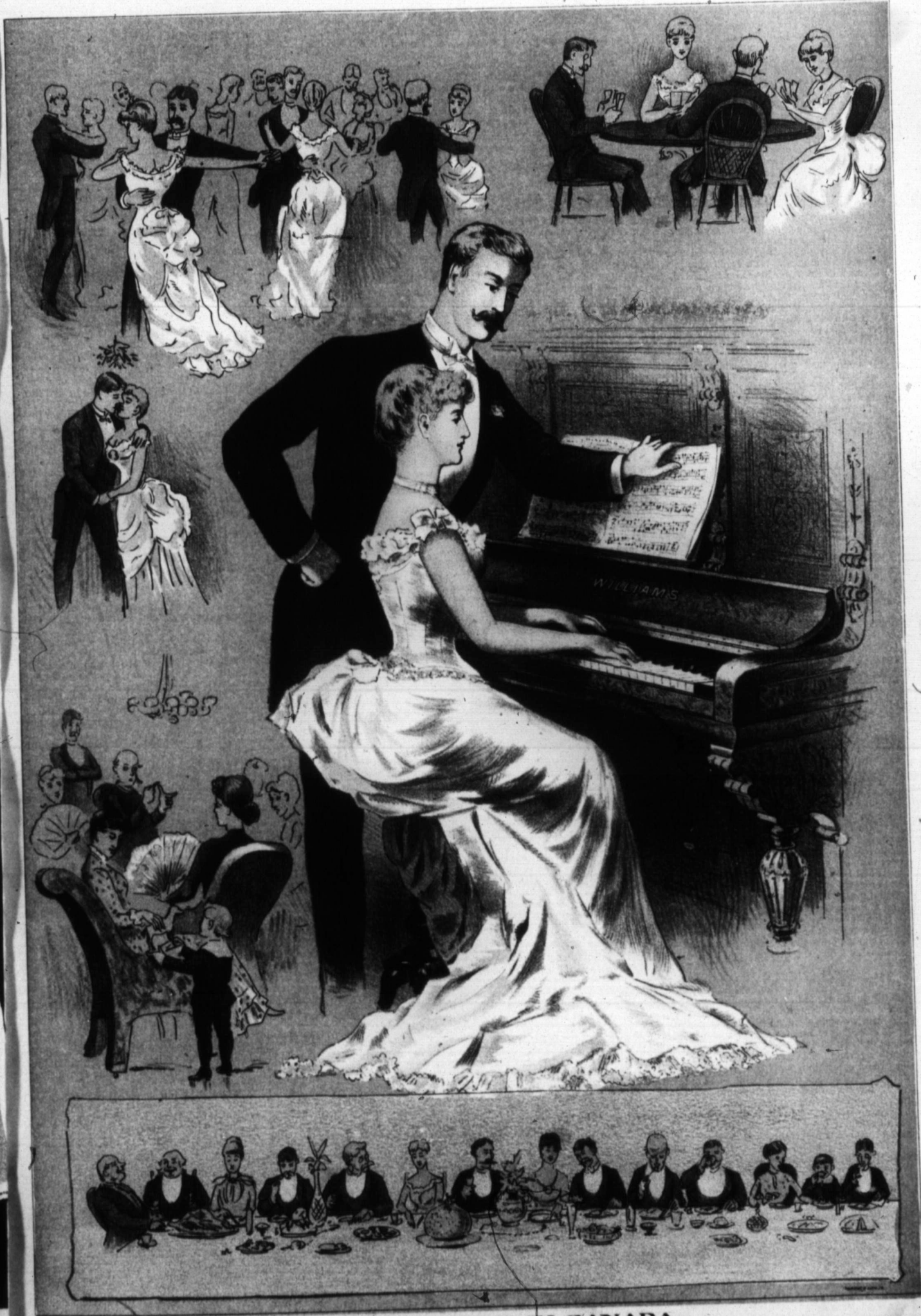
EARLY SETTLER'S HOME.

HOME OF TODAY.



SCENE IN MUSKOKA LAKES DISTRICT.





CHRISTMAS EVE IN CANADA.





have been the only courageous man in the party," was the reply.

Macdonald pondered over Jack's reply as he walked to his camp.

"Yes," he thought; "if Jack had shown fear I would have been braver."

## CHAPTER VI.

In a quiet aristocratic street in Ottawa, a large and handsome residence stood well back from a low, iron paling which guarded a trim, hedge-flanked lawn, divided by a gravelled walk leading from the gate to the house. Two Jersey cows, as graceful and as beautiful and not unlike the deer in autumn, timidly grazed on one side of the velvety sward, and felt none of the enjoyment of their owner in the rural simplicity of their attractiveness. On the other side a lawn-tennis court evidenced frequent battles across the net; and a tent, formed of gaily-striped cotton and fashioned after a Turkish pattern, promised rest and refreshment after the fascinating exercise within the courts.

On either side of the broad, low steps leading to the pillared portico which fronted the house, a tall statue, representing the Queen of Darkness holding an arm's length a gas jet, protected by a colored glass cover of fancy design, bid the first welcome to guests after night-fall.

It was the home of James Macdonald, a wealthy exporter of timber and lumber, and uncle of Angus Macdonald, the young surveyor. Proud of his wealth, satisfied with his high social position, and charitable when he knew his friends would be made acquainted with the amounts he bestowed, he was still unhappy with his own thoughts, and treftul to his family, because his ambitious attempts to secure political power had been frustrated at every election for which he had received the nomination from his Party.

Another slight source of displeasure to the rich lumberman was the presence in his home of his ward, the orphan daughter of his only brother. She was beautiful, and deprived his three daughters of the best prizes in the matrimonial market. She was wilful, and frequently caused him increased fretfulness. She was haughty, and had the power to silence him with a severe glance. She was an heiress, and he was without power to subdue her proud spirit. She was affectionate, and made him love her despite his anger.

Yet, he was proud of his guardianship, when he beheld his ward the belle of every public gathering at Rideau Hall, and at the homes of the wealthiest and most honored citizens of Ottawa. But he felt that she read his inmost thoughts, and he disliked to have his weakness and vanity laid bare to one so near to him.

Did he wish her to leave his home? No, decidedly not! He would miss her lively conversation at the breakfast table, for his wife and daughters were silent under the baneful influence of his bad temper. Her passionate, refined, cultivated taste for music filled his home with song and melody, and made him forget for the time his disquieting moods; his daughters were not burdened with a taste for music. Cabinet ministers and their friends, celebrities from abroad, even visiting royalty, invariably accepted invitations to his dinners and receptions.

The names of himself and household were always among the list of invited guests at every reception given by the leaders of society in the city.

The private carriage from Rideau Hall was before his gate repeatedly, carrying off his niece to informal dinners at the gubernatorial residence, and sometimes returning to acquaint him with Miss Macdonald's intended absence for a few days.

Well he knew that his gifted ward was the centre of attraction to his home, and that his wife and daughters had not the power to give him the social position he enjoyed through his niece.

"Uncle," said Elsie, one morning at the breakfast table, "I was up at sunrise to finish a letter to brother Angus, and had time to glance over the daily. The vacant portfolio, which has been creating so much dissension among the members of the Government, has been given to Mr. Thurston. He is a lawyer, has been made a widower lately, and his home is in Toronto."

Mrs. Macdonald, waiting in vain for her husband to offer a remark upon the gossip detailed by her niece, expressed a wish that the new minister be sent an invitation to dine with them as soon as he became settled in the city. The Misses Macdonald looked conscious and chorused an eager assent.

Elsie watched her uncle narrowly, and saw he was buried in deep thought. The aromatic steam died away from his coffee cup, leaving the once enticing beverage undrinkable. The thin, dry toast in the silver holder before his plate remained unbuttered. He toyed with a quickly cooling roll, but did not take it from its bed in the snowy napkin. Finally, muttering an excuse, he left the table, and his surprised family heard the library door close and the lock answer to the turn of the key.

"My news must have upset uncle," said Elsie, her tone conveying little sympathy.

"Another display of papa's unruly temper," remarked the eldest daughter.

"I think James is brooding over some business trouble," Mrs. Macdonald suggested, her voice betraying a remnant of affection yet remaining for her disagreeable husband.

The meal was ended in quietude. Mrs. Macdonald went off to the kitchen to hold her daily interview with the cook. Her daughters strayed out to the tennis court and practised swiping the balls over the net.

Elsie slipped upstairs to her room to add a lengthy postscript to her letter to her brother before donning a Tam O'Shanter and taking a walk to the nearest letter-box.

Mr. Macdonald sat musing in an easy chair in his library. His thoughts had evidently become collected, for he was smiling to himself and making preparations to light a cigar which he held between his fingers.

"The new minister," he unconsciously said aloud, "shall marry Elsie, and I shall stipulate for being elected a representative of a constituency supporting the Government with a large majority."

For a few days the Macdonald household enjoyed freedom from a restraint which had rested upon them unpleasantly for many years. The master had developed another character in one hour after his hasty exit from the breakfast room. It changed him from a querulous, domineering husband and father to a man apparently anxious to make the lives of those around him contented and happy.

His wife tried to appear joyful at the transfiguration and placed a freshly-plucked flower in her hair every morning before breakfast. But her spirit was crushed. Already she had surreptitiously made her will, and had a brave welcome ready for the message of everlasting peace.

His daughters remembered their wardrobes demanded replenishment, and the nursery again became a scene of busy life. A couple of dressmakers covered the long table and chairs with a variety of dress goods; and, while one made the sewing-machine hum from morning until night, the other wielded a shining pair of scissors and kept the Misses Macdonald prisoners to the stool upon which they were obliged to stand while she exercised her trained artistic taste in draping the elegant silks and other costly material.

Elsie viewed with surprise the complete transformation in her uncle's home. Strangely so, it caused her to seek the society of her aunt more than ever and brighten the careworn face of the too-long-neglected wife with loving smiles of appreciation for the tender caresses lavished by the beautiful girl.

Nor did Elsie believe that the altered disposition displayed by her uncle would continue for a lengthy period. Her keen insight detected his forced demeanor and delved through the thin surface to the superabundance of natural meanness and vanity which filled his heart. She determined to keep a strict watch on his actions and discover, if possible, why the lion masqueraded in a lamb's fleece, and why a foreboding of trouble refused to be shaken off.

## CHAPTER VII.

NOT many days after the introduction of the new and more peaceful regime in her uncle's home, and tired of the ceaseless chatter of her cousins about their dresses Elsie wandered out upon the lawn, calling to the Jerseys in a voice musical enough to coax a sulky Texas steer from the corner of a corral. The graceful animals shyly awaited her coming. They permitted her to place herself between them, throw a lovely arm over each neck and take them for a promenade up and down the plot.

Elsie was unconscious of the entrancing picture she presented on that summer's afternoon. Her highly sensitive ingenuous nature freed her from desire for attraction or flattery. She knew she was endowed with beauty and cleverness, and that she had a great number of admirers and friends; but she did not attribute her good fortune altogether to her physical and intellectual charms. Out of the goodness of her heart she was ever gracious and courteous to those who sought her companionship, and she believed that friendship alone surrounded her with society so agreeable.

As she turned with her pets, coming back towards the gate at a quiet, leisurely pace she was irresistible in her simplicity and loveliness. At least, so thought Mr. Thurston, as he stopped his well-appointed tandem and dog-cart at the gate, handed the reins to his servant, and walked up the path to the house. He raised his hat as he passed her, and received a graceful and friendly recognition of his gallantry.

"That must be Mr. Thurston," Elsie remarked, intuitively, to her companions, "and I must say good-bye, for he is to dine with us this evening, and I have to dress."

And she left them standing, looking after her as she crossed the tennis court and gained her apartments by a side entrance.

When Elsie entered the drawing-room, she found the family assembled, and entertaining their guest over a collection of photographs. Her uncle met her and led her to the group around the table.

"My niece, Mr. Thurston," he said, in his courtliest manner; and, as Thurston turned with a smile to acknowledge the introduction, he continued, "The Hon. Mr. Thurston, Miss Macdonald."

"The dinner is served," announced a tastefully-dressed, rosy-cheeked maid respectfully from the doorway.

Thurston gave his arm to his hostess, Macdonald followed with Elsie, the Misses Macdonald formed into file, and the procession moved to the dining-room.

The conversation was lively enough at first, for Elsie and her uncle were in the best of spirits, and the honored guest discovered himself as a clever wit and able tactician in discussion. When dessert had replaced the meats, Thurston, looking directly at Elsie, asked for permission to have his curiosity gratified.

"Certainly," Mrs. Macdonald assented. "It will please me to give you freedom from formality at any time you bestow upon us the pleasure of your company."

"I feel a grateful appreciation of your kindness, madam," said Thurston, "and sincerely hope that our friendship, commenced so agreeably, will be everlasting."

Mrs. Macdonald and her daughters smiled graciously. The lumberman looked supremely happy. And

Elsie experienced a thrill which provoked a sensation of distrust. She disliked the suave guest now; she would dislike him forever. She determined in her own mind that he was a politician, not a statesman, and at once relegated him to the position of an inconsequent acquaintance. She knew how premature was her decision, but she had confidence in her distrust as well as in her ability to read character.

"My curiosity," said Thurston, again allowing his eyes to wander in quest of Elsie's face, "impels me to ask if the delicious cream in which these strawberries are served comes from the Jerseys which feed on the lawn?"

"You have opened a free channel for conversation," replied Macdonald, indulging in a hearty laugh at the temerity of his guest in broaching the subject; "My Jerseys not only fill me with a proud delight, but they keep my table supplied with the cream which you justly pronounce delicious, and also with most palatable butter from January to December."

"I envy your good fortune," said Thurston; and, as though desirous of thawing the coldness which he discerned in Elsie's demeanor, he continued, "and I also envy the beautiful animals the privilege they were granted this afternoon in their promenade with so charming a companion."

An expression of questioning surprise overspread the countenances of the family. Thurston looked amused and furtively regarded Elsie's face. Elsie, restraining a sarcastic speech, quietly told of her meeting with Thurston in the afternoon and thus silenced further conjecture.

When the ladies had retired to the drawing-room, Thurston pleased his host by showing indifference to any other topic than that which would introduce Elsie. Macdonald, while apparently averse to the discussion of matters pertaining to the privacy of his home, permitted Thurston to draw from him the fullest particulars of Elsie's life, character and position, but was unprepared and startled to hear his guest formally request permission to win his niece in marriage. He raised such objections as he felt certain Thurston could remove with immediate explanations. Then he cautiously selected his words as he stipulated for a seat in the House of Commons.

Thurston listened with well-concealed disdain to the demand made by the ambitious lumberman. He left his chair at the table and paced the room for a few minutes. Then he again took his seat, filled up his glass with wine, neatly drained it at one gulp, and answered.

"I am prepared to use or abuse my power in order that your covenant may be carried out. In the autumn there will be a vacancy which you shall fill, provided my marriage with your niece takes place before that time."

Macdonald was somewhat abashed now that his weakness for power was made known to a man who was little better than a stranger, and he emptied the decanter. Invigorated with the liberal potions of wine, his selfish determination returned with increased strength and he acquiesced in the nefarious contract.

Thurston excused an early departure from the drawing-room that evening, claiming indulgence on account of neglected official business in the long vacated office which so recently came under his control.

The next morning, as Elsie was descending the stairway with the intention of taking a constitutional walk, her uncle called to her from the library. She obeyed the summons with hastened steps, for her heart was light, and the bounding strength of healthy youth was eager for training. As she entered, she noticed her uncle's eyes were nervously shifting from one object to another on the walls, and her thoughts told her that the secret of the agreeable change in his temper was to be divulged.

"Elsie," he began, attempting in vain to fasten his gaze upon his niece, thus leaving himself at a serious disadvantage, "the Hon. Mr. Thurston has asked my consent to woo you for his wife, and I have promised that you shall marry him next month."

"Are you crazy?" demanded Elsie in a tone partly curious, but decidedly ominous of a storm.

"Your question is irrelevant!" Macdonald exclaimed sharply. "You are not yet of age, and I have the authority to give you in marriage to the man of my choice."

Elsie, with a swift movement, lessened the distance between herself and her uncle, and brought her angered face so close to his purple visage that he was almost mesmerized. Coldly and threateningly she spoke her next question.

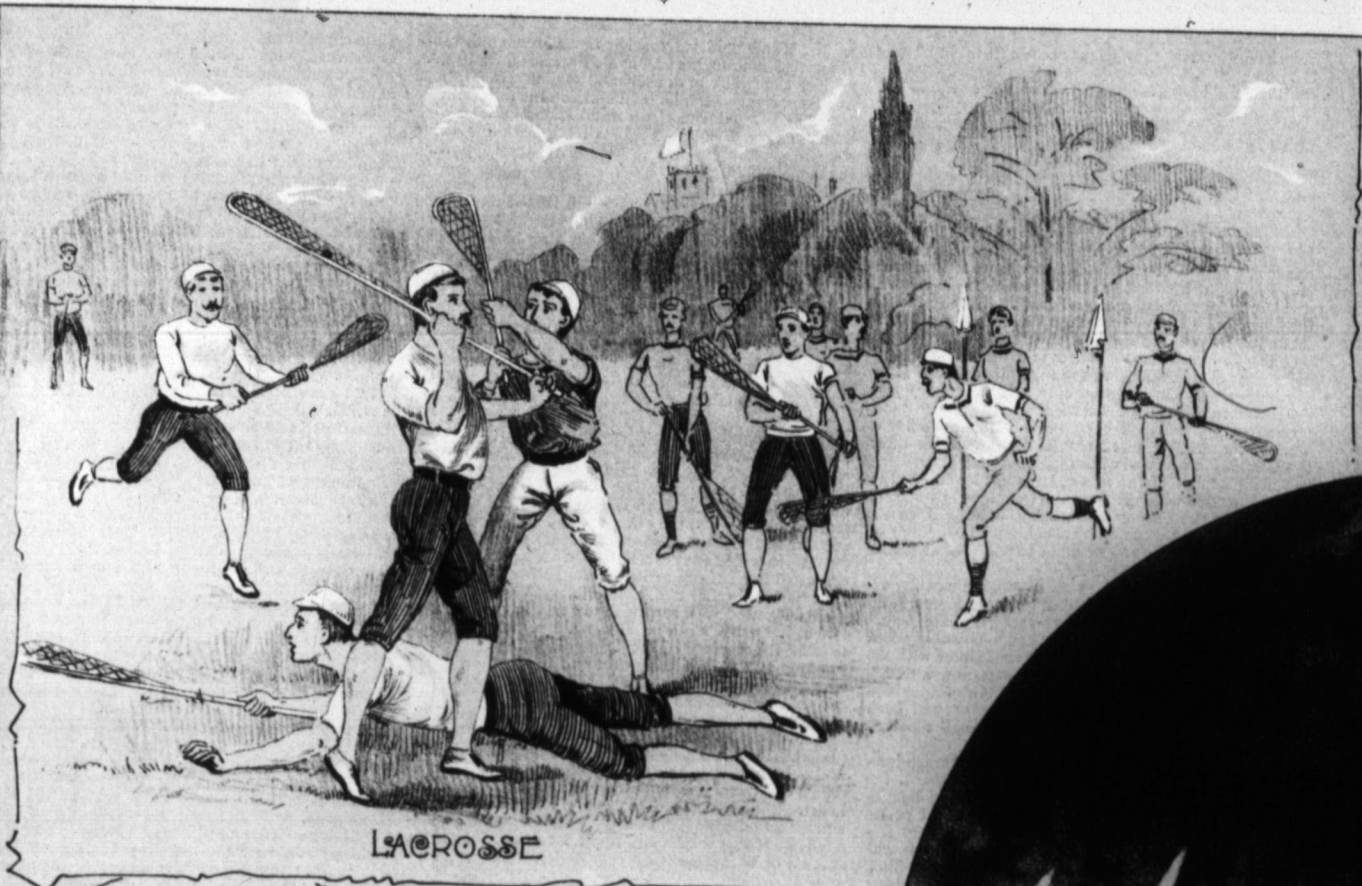
"And what is the price you have demanded from the miserable coward whom you would force me to wed?"

Macdonald was thunderstruck at the boldness and perception in her denunciation of his action, but he nerved himself to equivocations which sank him deeper and deeper into the filth that oozed from his heart. Finally, with a glare of cunning and devilry in his treacherous eyes, his hot breath tingling her cheeks, his voice husky with excitement, he caught her by the wrist and hissed:

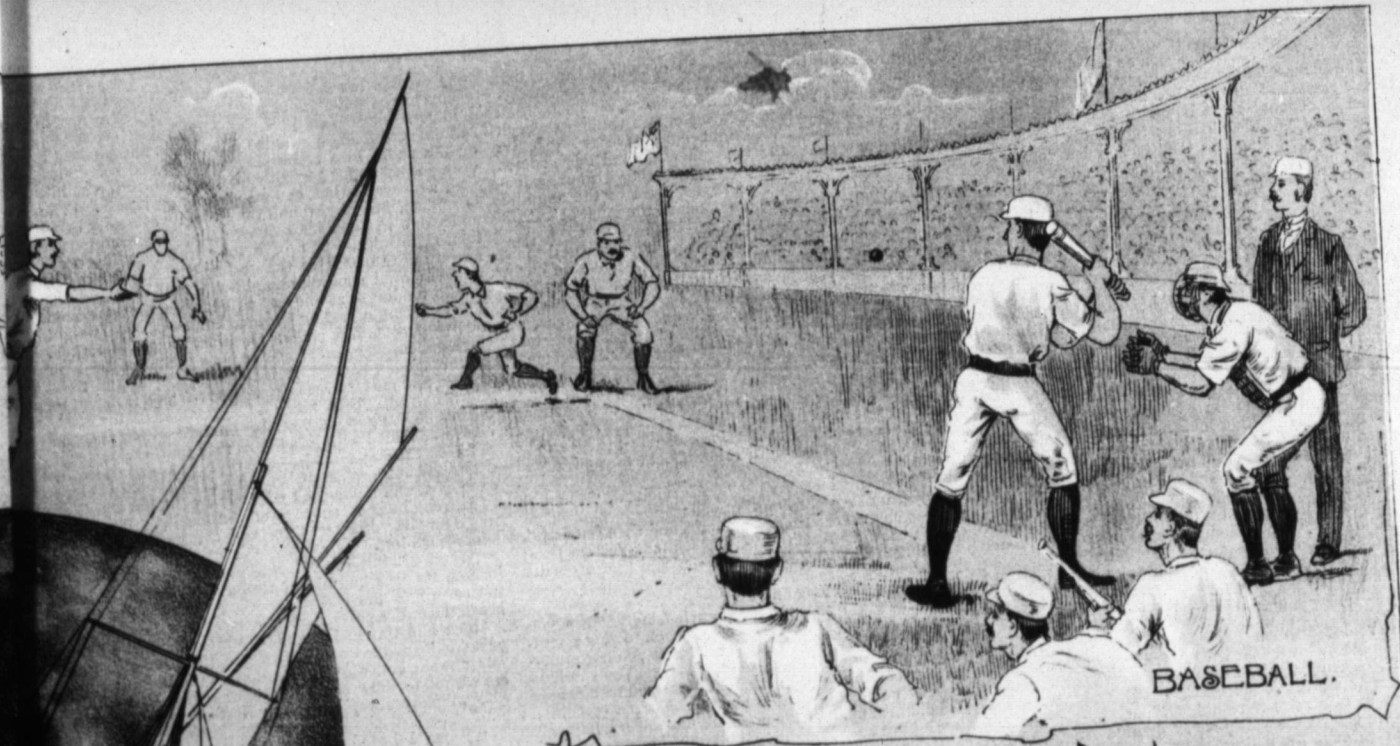
"You hussy! you will marry Thurston or I will break every bone in your body! Your brother is not here to protect you now, and I can crush your damnable high spirit!"

Elsie sent forth a piercing shriek and became hysterical. With curses pouring from his lips, Macdonald forced her into a chair, snatched his hat and gloves and left the house.

When Mrs. Macdonald rushed into the room, Elsie was struggling hard to repress her sobs; but the sight of her aunt caused the tears to start afresh, and it was an hour before her nervousness subsided. Mrs. Macdonald had wisely turned the key in the door, and refused entrance to her daughters and servants, who



LACROSSE



BASEBALL



YACHTING



WILD DUCK-SHOOTING



YOUNG CANADA ON ICE



CURLING



FOOTBALL



TOBOGGANING



SNOW-SHOEING



CANOEING

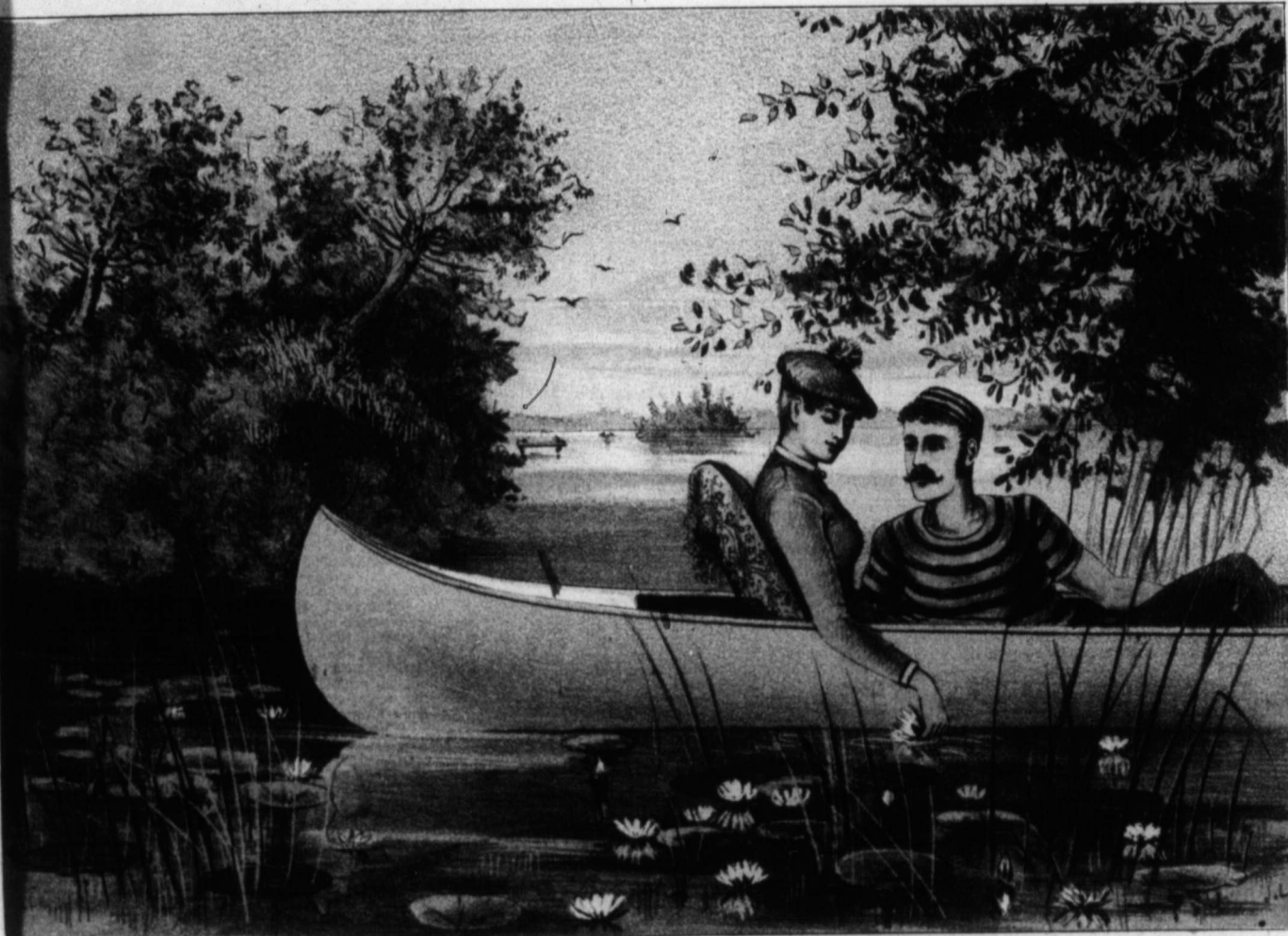
NATIONAL SPORTS OF CANADA.







CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES OF CANADIANS.



DRIFTING.



MOOSE HUNTING.





avored spot he had discovered. And he was not alone. On his arm hung fair Elsie Macdonald, happy and silent in helping Jack to take a farewell look at the charming spot.

"Elsie," Jack said, with a new tenderness in his voice, "here, in this lovely retreat, I want to release the cry that has been sounding from my heart, it seems, forever." Elsie hung more heavily on his arm and drooped her head.

"When your hands have been clasped in mine, as I helped you over the rugged paths, I could not see you, for my eyes were blinded with joy."

He turned and faced her, encircling her with his arms and looking down at her head hidden on his breast.

"When your arm nestled confidingly within mine, I felt the power for protection steal sweetly over my being and I longed to fold you in my arms."

Elsie quivered as a sigh escaped from her.

"When your voice spoke to me in tender tones, and I thought you were learning to love me, the cry rang through my heartstrings, and sounded a chord of melody that flew to my thoughts and gave me delightful confusion."

Elsie's face was upturned. She was gazing into his eyes, and her ears were drinking in his loving words.

"When your warm breath fell on my cheek, as you tried to make me hear you speak at the waterfall, the spring-time of love was in my veins, and a fountain of radiant bliss played over my heart."

Elsie's arms crept around his neck and her fingers fastened in a love-knot.

"When I thought of you leaving me forever, my anguish deadened my heart, the cry bounded to my lips, and escapes now to tell you that I love you with all the passion of a chaste mind, with all the power of my manhood, with all the wealth of my affection."

As he ceased speaking he bent his head and kissed the lips of the lovely woman, who he knew had given him her heart when she drooped her head at his first words.

For awhile they remained locked in each other's arms, their hearts feasting in communion on the love that filled them. Then they strolled slowly back to the encampment.

Angus and Grace were seated before a fire, for the nights were chilly. They had been discussing the probability of Elsie and Jack soon declaring their love for each other, and were quite prepared to hear the confession made by the happy couple as they joined them.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Take them with us to your beautiful retreat at the lake," Angus replied. "We will spend the afternoon there, listening to Grace and Elsie relate an account of their travels."

"Happy thought!" exclaimed Jack. "Hurry up with those dainties, and we will away to the bower."

The dinner was finished with more attention to eating than conversation, and the young people were quickly on their way to the mossy bank. When they arrived there, Elsie and Grace deserted their escorts and stood together in silent devotion before the exquisite scene. Grace was the first to turn away from the enchanting picture, and Elsie soon followed her to a seat on the soft, white carpet.

"Begin at the beginning and end at the ending," Jack said to Elsie.

"And I shall act prompter," laughed Grace.

Elsie repeated an account of her interview with her uncle, and Angus savagely plucked the moss during the recital. Then she told of her reception at Grace's home, and Jack choked back a lump in his throat.

"Tell about the rector's defeat," Grace interposed.

"That is the duty of the prompter," replied Elsie.

Grace fought the battle between the rector and Elsie over again, to the intense amusement of Angus and her brother, and adding that the clergyman was at the depot next morning to present them each with a bouquet from his garden, and to wish them a safe journey.

"When we left M——," said Elsie, continuing her narrative, "we went by train to Bismarck. Then we took passage on the *Rosebud*, and for fifteen days we stemmed the current of the Missouri River ere reaching Fort Benton. The accommodations of the boat were very satisfactory and comfortable, but we travelled slowly and the ride became wearisome long before it ended."

"Notwithstanding the vigorous love the captain made to you," Grace slyly commented.

"Where was the purser most of his time?" Elsie retorted with a smile.

Grace looked confusedly at Angus, and Jack urged Elsie to continue the tale.

"The first event of interest occurred after passing Fort Buford," Elsie continued. "The buffalo were on the banks in thousands. Many of them were wading and swimming in the water, and they would not permit a passage for the boat. The male passengers fired at them with rifles and revolvers and wounded a big brute. It charged at the front part of the boat until it broke one of its horns. The mate, a tall, lank Easterner, who was always cursing at the deck-hands, threw a noose over the head of the wounded animal, and hauled it on deck by putting the rope around the windlass. It was choked to death when the rope was removed. We had buffalo meat several times after that, but it was too tough to eat. When we did push a road through, three of the herd had passed under the boat and received a final kick from the great paddle-wheel behind as they floated to the surface with broken necks."

"Shall I tell about the buffalo calf, Grace?" Elsie stopped to ask.

Grace assented with a nod and a sly glance at Angus; and Elsie continued.

"When the buffalo barred our way the boat was tied up to the bank. The purser went ashore with his rifle and shot a young calf as it followed its mother out of the water. The deck-hands brought the carcass on board, and in a week Grace was presented with a small, silky buffalo robe. It is now in our pack."

"It was very kind of him, indeed," Grace remarked, to kill the silence which Elsie mischievously allowed to follow the anecdote.

"What did the captain shoot?" asked Jack, dryly.

"He was too busy shooting love glances at Elsie to care for other sport," cried Grace, in delight.

"Keep on with the narrative, Elsie," Angus said; grinning: "it grows exceedingly interesting."

"Nothing further worth relating happened until we arrived at Fort Benton," Elsie continued. "There we engaged a two-horse team, a light spring wagon, and a driver who promised to leave us as close to the mountains as a wagon could be taken. The long ride was tedious, but we rested at Fort McLeod and Fort Calgary on the way. At Morleyville the missionary took charge of us and told us where to find you. He sent the wagon back and arranged our transport to your camp. We came on horseback from Morleyville, and here we are, safe and sound."

"But how did you manage to cross the torridats?" Angus asked, curiously.

"The guide swam with his hand on the neck of the pony, and we had no fear while he was with us," Elsie replied.

"You are a couple of clever, courageous women!" Jack ejaculated in admiration.

"We expected you to meet us on the way, Jack," remarked Grace, remembering the death of their expectations at every stopping point after leaving Bismarck. "Father wrote you a long time before we started."

"I have the letter in my guide brought us."

When they returned to camp they learned that the party of Indians had gone on the back trail early in the afternoon, and that Miss Lester accompanied them.

After tea Jack gave up his tent to Elsie and Grace, and spread his blankets where Angus had kept his drawing board.

And the night closed down on the encampment, and only the stars and the faithful hounds kept watch.

CHAPTER XIV.

The month of September was well advanced, and Angus was considering the advisability of breaking camp and leaving the mountains. The snow-falls were becoming more numerous, and he had no desire to be imprisoned all winter in some valley. In a conversation with Jack the day of departure was settled for a week hence. The pack train had come shortly after the arrival of Elsie and Grace and had been gone three weeks. The supply of provisions was not sufficient to meet the demand for another month, and he hurried his men to extend the surveys far down the slope as possible.

Elsie and Grace had entered into the enjoyment of camp life in the mountains with all the ardour of happy youth. Under the protection of Jack they had gathered the pink-bloomed heather, the exquisite fern-moss, and flowers of rare beauty and fragrance. At noon hours they preceded the cook to where the men were at work and chatted with Angus while he ate the lunch they brought him. They had even fished fool-hens out of the bushes.

On the evening before the lake was to bid adieu to the visitors to its shores, Jack's favourite retreat was again offered

ing welcome to its discoverer. And he was not alone. On his arm hung fair Elsie Macdonald, happy and silent in helping Jack to take a farewell look at the charming spot.

"Elsie," Jack said, with a new tenderness in his voice, "here, in this lovely retreat, I want to release the cry that has been sounding from my heart, it seems, forever." Elsie hung more heavily on his arm and drooped her head.

"When your hands have been clasped in mine, as I helped you over the rugged paths, I could not see you, for my eyes were blinded with joy."

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Two weeks later, Mr. and Miss Macdonald, and Mr. and Miss Lester were the guests of the hospitable missionary at Morleyville. One morning at breakfast the clergyman announced that he would perform the marriage ceremony between two natives on the following day, and invited his guests to accompany him. They immediately accepted the invitation.

"Come for a walk, Angus; I have a proposal to make," Jack said, after breakfast.

The young men strolled down to the river and along the beautiful banks.

"Angus," said Jack, "suppose we increase the number of marriages-to-morrow?"

"You would propose that Elsie and you, and Grace and I get married at once?" asked Angus, receiving the idea favourably.

"That is my desire," Jack replied.

"But your father and mother, how will they take it?" demanded Angus, becoming alarmed.

"I will vouch for their willingness," urged Jack.

"If the girls offer no objection, it shall be as you wish, Jack," said Angus.

"We will go to them at once," exclaimed Jack.

Elsie and Grace at first gave a most decisive negative to the proposal; but before noon they had yielded to the entreaties of their lovers and the missionary had agreed to tie three knots instead of one.

The next morning the white chapel was filled with the inhabitants of the settlement. The missionary entered, followed by his young guests. The other pair were before the altar.

"Mose, as sure as I'm alive!" Jack ejaculated, as he caught sight of the third bridegroom.

Mose looked over when he heard his name uttered, and the merry twinkle was again in his eyes.

The ceremony was brief, the one service uniting the three couples.

As they left the neat church, Elsie looked fondly into her husband's face and asked:

"Jack, do you know when I first learned to love you?"

"Tell me, Elsie," answered Jack.

"It was when Angus gave me his copy of your beautiful chant to read," said Elsie. "I understood your thoughts, and I wanted to be with you forever."

Jack gave his bride one proud, fond look and pressed her arm more tightly to his side.

Home again!

Mr. and Mrs. Lester were again on the steps welcoming the wanderers.

"A nice way to treat the old folks," laughed Mr. Lester, as they all stood in the hallway removing wraps.

"You should not have trusted two young girls with two handsome young men," cried Elsie, as Jack helped her off with her cloak.

"I shall not do so again," Mr. Lester retorted, laughing over his speech as much as the others.

"If I have lost Grace," Mrs. Lester observed, "I have found another daughter to fill her place."

"And one who will try to love you as much as Grace does," Elsie added, as she kissed the loving mother.

Christmas Eve.

Angus and Grace are visitors at the Lester home. The household are seated in a circle before the fire-place.

"Jack," Angus asks, "do you remember my presentiment about this Christmas?"

"That I do," Jack replies; "but I never dreamt our union would be so complete in its happiness."

"If I had felt the courage to tell you my presentiment in full," laughs Angus, "you would have commenced dreaming long before we reached the summit."

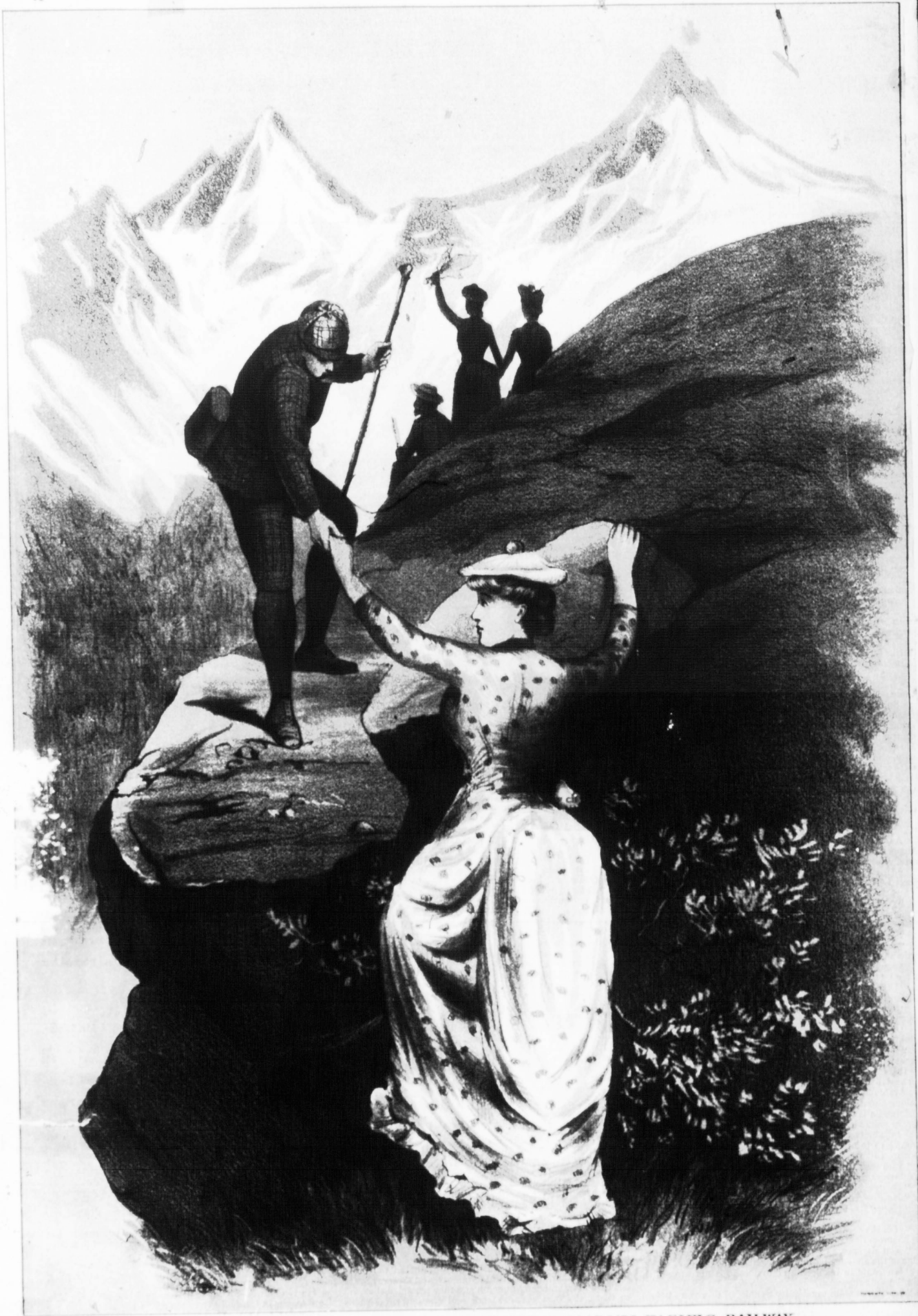
"What is all this about dreaming?" Elsie asks.

"A hint to tumble into slumberland," Mr. Lester replies, rising and moving to the door.

He is followed up the stairway by his children. Mrs. Lester waits in the hallway to attend to her last duties for the evening, and smiles as she hears from over the balustrade the chorused

"Good night!"





CLIMBING THE ROCKIES ON THE LINE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.