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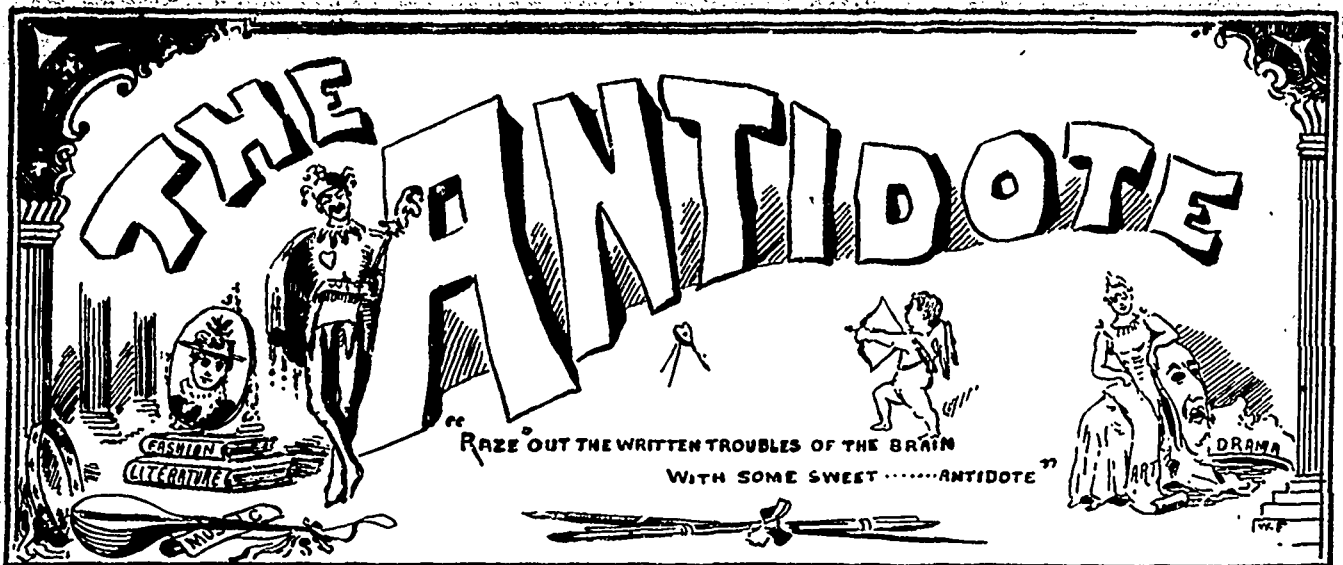
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### \*OUR PRIZE LIST\*

TO any one obtaining for us One Thousand new annual subscribers before 1st January, 1893, we will send one first-class Upright Seven Octave Piano-forte; for Five Hundred subscribers we will give one first-class ticket to Europe and return; for Two Hundred and Fifty subscribers, one first-class Sewing Machine; for One Hundred subscribers, a Gold Watch; or Fifty subscribers, a New Webster's Dictionary, Unaltered; and for Twenty-five a Silver Watch.

### THE SEIDL CONCERTS.

It is not often that our citizens are given a musical treat such as that afforded by the Seidl Orchestra in this city at the close of last week. It is needless to say that the large hall where the three concerts were given and that in the audience were to be seen representatives of our city families of musical taste and culture. The Orchestra is not inferior to anything of its kind in America or even in Europe. It can boast among its members, men of high professional attainments. Chief among them, perhaps, is the well known and highly popular Victor Herbert, for some time past a resident in New York, who is known to some of our citizens, doubtless, as the son-in-law of Samuel Lover, the celebrated Irish novelist and song writer. Mr. Herbert, who obtained a portion of his musical education in Wurtemberg, Germany, is, probably, one of the most finished violincello players of the day, and he occupies also high rank as a composer for the violin or violincello and piano. The numbers performed by the Orchestra, which consists of upwards of fifty-five instruments, were chosen from the works of the great masters of musical composition, Beethoven, Rubenstein, Saens-Saens, Schumann, Dvorak, Wagner, Liszt and others, dead and living. The close attention with which these numbers were listened to by the large au-

dience goes to show that our citizens are not mere pretenders in their appreciation of classical music of a high order. The soprano singer, Miss Amanda Fabris, who gave one or two numbers at each performance, has a remarkably powerful soprano voice, but there is still room for improvement. This was especially seen in the difficulty with which she reached some of her higher notes, and those with sensitive ears could scarcely fail to notice that the concluding note of the Polonaise from "Mignon" on Friday evening was slightly sharp. Her rendering of some minor pieces in response to vociferous encoring, did her more justice, especially the "Du bist wie eine Blume" ("So like a flower thou seemest"), which one of our city contemporaries referred to as "She cometh up as a flower!" a rather free translation of the first line in Heine's beautiful lyric. The music, if we remember aright, is by Rubenstein but we should have much preferred Liszt's beautiful setting of the words which is now to be seen in most of our drawing-rooms and music-chambers. Were we to express a preference for any of the numbers, we should mention the "Pastoral Symphony" of Beethoven, the second "Rhapsody Hongroise" by Liszt, and the Overture to "Tanhauser." Wagner's music filled a large part of the programmes throughout, and appears to have been very well received. The pianist, as might have been expected, suffered somewhat by association with such a fine Orchestra and it is no discredit to him that the applause was not so loud as in the case of the full band, or of Victor Herbert and Miss Fabris. He disappointed many of the audience by substituting another piece for the "Chants Polonais" of Liszt, which the great master formed into a musical drama on subjects taken from six of Chopin's beautiful Polish songs.

As exemplifying the difficulty with which translations are made from the writings of the best poets in foreign languages, we give room elsewhere for the original verses of Heine and for three translations, none of which, as those who understand German can testify, affords but a slight idea of the original. The translators all miss the

poetry of this lyric, perhaps the most beautiful ever written.

There was general regret that but one opportunity was given to hear Mr. Clifford Schmidt, the leading first violinist. His rendition of some selections from Sarasate's "Gipsy Dances" at the Saturday Matinee, went to show his thorough mastery of the technical difficulties of the "King of Instruments." He seemed to toy, as it were, with the difficult passages in the movements chosen, and rather to err on the side of too rapid execution.

It is to be hoped the people of Montreal may have other opportunities ere long of testifying to their appreciation of such music as that rendered by the Seidl combination.



### Blinkers in Domestic Service.

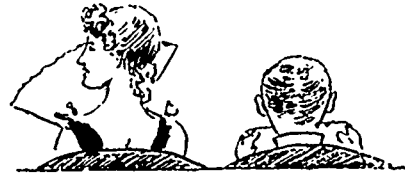
There are very many positions and predicaments in customary life in which the wearing of moral blinkers is decidedly helpful to our getting along. It is not advisable to see all around us at all times, and our necessary road may be pleasanter to us if we do not know more about it than what lies immediately before us. If we do but get smooth room for our feet we may pass on in comfortable indifference under the shelter of our ignorance, where the knowledge of what is at our right hand and our left might startle us aside into a hundred perils and perplexities or enfeeble us with a nullifying despondency. We cannot have contentment and composure in our daily doings if we keep ourselves conscious of the misdoings of others with whom we are, will we nill we, in contact; and the chief secret of being comfortable is not to find out that things are uncomfortable. In the great business of making life easy, to detect is talent, not to detect is genius. Even in diplomacy, to see only what we are meant to see may prove more profitable than the most lynx-eyed astuteness; and as a system in social and domestic tactics, it is usually found to be as much the most prudent as it is the least troublesome. Let us wear our blinkers wherever we can, and let no hand be thanked that rashly tears them off us.

There is no manner in which the policy of not seeing more than you must is of more general and time-honored acceptance than in that of our dealings with our servants, or rather their dealings with us. It was recognized even in the days of absolute authority of master over servant, that abiding obedience, in sight and out of sight, is more than one human being ever got from another; such obedience being only conceivable as from Divinity to Divinity, and that frankness and fidelity, the virtues of an exalted education, cannot, in either justice or common sense, be accepted as the habit of an uneducated class. The merits demanded of a servant, the zeal, the energy, the integrity, the courtesy, the unselfish loyalty, amount to the perfection of a noble character; but the demand was a make believe; nobody hoped for such perfection; the standard of servatorial virtue was kept high on the principle that "Aim at the moon and you hit the clouds," but masters and mistresses could never afford to know all the faults of the faulty servants and not take the good servants for better than they were. If it were insisted on that soldiers should be six feet high, we should be forced to allow six feet to go by the only available measurement or we should have no army, and for generations this was the sort of compromise about servants. The demand for too much was counted fulfilled by enough or a little less than enough, and prudent people did not always know too closely how great the "little less" might be. And so long as on either side servants accepted the idea of having something to "put up" with, even in a good place, and as one of their own blinkers has it, the more distasteful but indispensable duties of their employment, domestic service went on, like to her home affairs, more or less smoothly according to the times or persons, with a good deal of imperfection in its working, both by employers and employed but with no signs of anything vitally wrong in the system. The relations between master and servant—and more especially, because of the frequent contact, between mistress and servant—must have many moments of difficulty,

### A MATTER OF TASTE.



A LOVE SCENE,



ENTRANCE OF THE BALLET.



THE DANCE.



THE PAS-DE-QUATRE.

many opportunities for mistakes in conduct, not to speak of faults on either side; but so have many other relations which are not found incompatible with mutual trust and good will. But in this relation the mutual trust and good will are gone, at least, fast going, and it is too late now for blinkers; if they had not been already torn off our eyes we must have laid them aside, for the road we are on is becoming impracticable, and it is time to look about us and see where we have got to and if there is any getting back or finding a better road.

There is a saying—once not meaningless—"Good mistresses make good servants" which is the munificence of cheap wisdom. Is with comments to the rude text, bestowed on inquirers into the reason for this uncomfortable state of things, and on the troubled housewife, weary of her life because of changes of servants from worse to worse—bestowed chiefly by persons of lively judgment, whose experience of

servants is—to have had none. In days when the mistress was overseer of the "maids," the saying was a wise lesson; and if she was sensible and firm, and above all considerate, a servant with any head and heart to speak of, would get good training, and would profit by it in a kindly spirit; but this supervision by the mistress is worse than absolute. The mildest approach to its revival nowadays is resented as tyranny and espionage. Servants do not understand it; the mistress having read with contrition that all the troublesomeness of the household comes from neglect of her, and such as issue from their ignorance of the details of housework, —from their want of active interest in its execution, their keeping their hands from the cooking, their limited personal intercourse with the servants, resolves to become an expert in the duties of all of her staff, to win as it were, their respect by her practical knowledge; and their affection by her friendly interest in the way they do their work and in their conversation and affairs in general.

But such a mistress the servants look upon as an unwarrantable intruder; they consider themselves watched, and complain of her for prying and meanness; in all probability one of them at least breaks out on her in her wrath, gives her a "piece of her mind" and says she "never was in a place where any lady (with emphasis on the word "lady") thought of coming after the servants at their work or of walking into the kitchen." And the mistress who perseveres in practical knowledge and friendly interest will never have order in her house again as long as she lives; she will always be in a revolution or on the brink of one; for one change of servants in her neglectful days she will have a dozen; and her personal influence will resolve itself in her being treated as an enemy by all in her service and all their guests. The very last mode, for the virtuous woman, who wished her servants as well as her children and husband to call her blessed and to praise her, is the virtuous woman of the Book of Proverbs, to which we need scarcely direct the attention of our readers.

The Stolen Diamond.

On the Island of Orleans, about the end of June last, three people were assembled in a pleasant little room fronting a neat little garden. They seemed to be discussing a subject of importance; they were a young man of about twenty-five a girl of twenty, and the father of the latter, a man of about fifty.

"Why do we need riches?" asked Theodore, the young man. "Can they by chance maintain our happiness? Anna and I would live very happily in a cottage, and the bread earned by my labor would be for us both sweet as ambrosia." Anna replied with a tender glance, which seemed very eloquent to Theodore, because it openly repeated that which the girl's heart had secretly told him many times. The father, who had a kind face, turned his head aside to hide a smile, then he exclaimed:

"My children, I might tell you many things which you would only use to repeat in your turn in vain to your children twenty years from now; till then you would neither believe them nor understand them; but as I love my daughter more than my life, and esteem him who desires to be her husband enough to confide her happiness to his care, I cannot consent to your union till Theodore returns from the voyage that he is obliged to make under his employer's orders."

Theodore spoke slightly of the profit which he would derive from this voyage, whose sole motive was commercial reasons; but Anna's father was inflexible, and the lovers were obliged to yield to what they considered an old man's whim.

"Good-by, Theodore," said Anna; "I shall pray Heaven, not that you return rich, but constant."

II.

Theodore assured Anna with a loving glance that her wish would be granted, and a few days later embarked.

During the long voyage Theodore thought of the places which he was to visit, which were entirely new to him. The splendors of the Tropics evoked by his imagination offered marvellous pictures; and little by little he formed an idea of the extraordinary luxury of Brazil.

But when they arrived in Pernambuco his disenchantment was intense. In disgust at the difference between the reality and the descriptions, he resolved to think only of his beloved; and as the merchant whom he accompanied was to share the profits with him, he calculated about what he should receive and exclaimed: "Anna's father



HER VISION OF THE COMING WINTER.

A WINTER VISION.

MISS CANADA'S PROSPECT.

will be satisfied, I am now certain that nothing will interfere with our happiness!"

One evening, seated in his modest room with his elbows on the table and his head in his hands, he amused himself by arranging the expenses of his future home, discussed the grave question of servants, formed an interminable list of furniture which he considered necessary to adorn his house, and, not content with all this, even thought of how his beloved would look at the wedding, when suddenly two knocks at the door interrupted his agreeable task. He opened the door, and was not a little surprised at the entrance of a man who after glancing around the room, turned and locked the door. Before Theodore could speak the unknown said:

"Sir, we have only ten minutes to make a bargain on which depends your fortune and my life."

"I do not understand you."

"Listen," replied his mysterious in-

terlocutor. "I am employed in the mines. I have stolen a diamond and, feigning illness, have succeeded in being sent here. No prince in the world possesses a stone so precious as this; but my diamond is a treasure useless to me, because I am in need of money and without resources I cannot escape to sell it. So, you understand, I cannot hope for any benefit from it; and if you will give me enough to escape, the stone is yours."

"But—" stammered Theodore.

"Look at it and accept my proposition; it will make you rich and me happy, because it will assist me to return to the bosom of my family."

And the slave showed an enormous diamond to Theodore, who contemplated it with intense astonishment.

"Certainly," he said, "it is a magnificent stone. I have seen many of its class, but none so perfect nor so large. Any ruler would be proud to adorn his crown with it."

"Do not lose time; by depriving

yourself of a few dollars you will be a millionaire and I will be happy."

"And if they pursue me?" observed Theodore.

"Pursue you! Who would suspect you? And then you can escape."

Theodore was in doubt, but as the slave was going, he took the diamond, and gave for it what money he had; then, taking part of his portion from his employer, he also fled.

### III.

Theodore provided himself with a good guide and travelled by the most rugged paths, the more easily to escape any pursuit.

However one day they met a band of thieving Indians.

"Have you money with you?" they asked.

"We have only enough for the journey," Theodore answered.

"Then do not offer any resistance; after searching you, we will leave you enough to finish your journey."

"That won't do," replied Theodore and raising his pistol, he discharged it at the first man, who fell.

Other thieves came to the aid of their companions, and, after a fierce struggle, killed the guide and took Theodore prisoner; and, notwithstanding the fierce resistance which he made, they took possession of the diamond.

His grief at losing it made the Indians think that it was an amulet, and one of their women gave the stone to her child as a plaything.

After a time the chief, becoming fond of the prisoner, told him that when his wounds were healed, he would be free to leave them with all that they had taken from him.

So Theodore recovered with his health his diamond and his liberty.

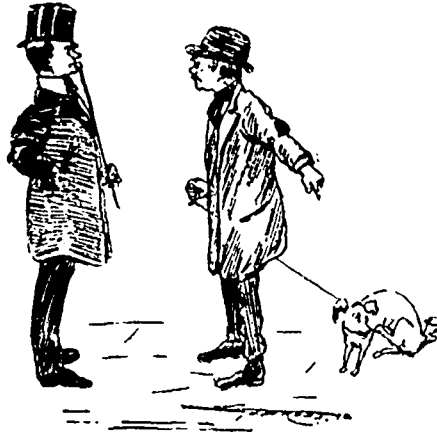
Not knowing which way to go, he concealed himself in a cave, where he remained two days, when a caravan appeared, which he joined, and was thus able to continue his journey.

Always worried and suspicious, he took the poorest accommodations in the inns, and the cheapest food, so that no one might suppose he possessed a treasure. Near the end of his journey he wrote to Anna's father, and began his letter with this phrase:

"I am rich! immensely rich!"

This displeased Anna, who thought that Theodore should have written of more important things first; but she silenced her misgivings, concluding that his conduct was only another proof of his love for her.

However, the thought of the immense fortune of her lover robbed her of her natural light-heartedness; her father also was very reserved—not to appear covetous; and Theodore, considering



TOUGH:—"Say mister, you lost this dog?"

FLINDERSON, (who has done his best to do so)  
—"Do I look like a man who would lose a dog?"

TOUGH, (who has caught on)—"Sure then the dog must hev done the losing."

that he would be conferring a favor by marrying Anna, gave himself the airs of a protector.

As they thus mutually were deceived, their first interview was cold and unsatisfactory to both.

A few days later Anna said to Theodore:

"I do not know why, but your fortune frightens me; it destroys all our plans."

"What does that matter?" Theodore answered. Thanks to my riches, we can now go to Montreal and live in one of the finest palaces."

"Oh; I should have preferred our dear little house, our trees and our dreamed-of happiness, to all the fine houses and riches in the world!"

### IV.

Theodore went to Quebec to see the jeweller to Prince Arthur; but the latter was absent and would not return for eight or ten days. So he employed the time in looking for a splendid house and furniture, and ornaments to correspond. He also ordered a carriage and a pair of magnificent horses. He soon found that he had a multitude of relations, who, till now, had not troubled themselves about him.

When he entered a drawing-room his name caused a sensation, and people talked of the immense fortune he had made in South America.

He was well received everywhere. Mothers tried to attract him for their daughters, and the daughters decided that he was very eligible.

Poor Anna was running grave risks of being forgotten. However, shortly afterward the two lovers, now husband and wife, were living in the same little house of which Anna had so often dreamed.

### IV.

When the jeweller had examined Theodore's diamond, he said:

"Truly, it is admirable! However, I do not wish to possess it, for I do not deal in false stones. This is a splendid imitation, and it will not be difficult for you to sell it. Any jeweller will give you ten francs for it."

With those ten francs Theodore was able to get to Montreal by boat. There he fortunately found a position with a salary of \$600 a year, and shortly afterwards he and Anna were married.  
--Adapted from the Spanish of Dr.--

### THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

By A. E. Anderson.

I see it yet, the village school,

To which I trudged with pail and primer;

I see the master's dreaded "rule,"

And as I gaze my eyes grow dimmer,  
Exactly as they did that day

I felt its sting upon my fingers.

The school, the "rule," have passed away,  
And yet their memory sadly lingers.

I see the stammering, blushing "fool,"

In cap that almost touched the rafter,  
A perch upon a creaking stool,

Amid our smiles and smothered laughter.

We did not read the future then,

His awkward posture gave no token  
Of how he later towered o'er men—

Of how his praises now are spoken.

I see the little blue-eyed maid

Who shared my pencils and my speller;

I see the violets I laid

Upon her desk, that they might tell her  
Of all the love my boyish breast

Had felt for her—would feel forever.

Sweet little maid, she lies at rest

Beside a singing, sunlit river.

Dear village school, I see it yet,

I would not have that vision vanish;

Amid the cares of living, let

Fond memory have the power to banish

The long and intervening years,

And lead me through familiar places;

And, though obscured by mists of tears,

Let me behold those old-time faces.

### SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

Mrs. Luviduv—"Why are you so changed, Charles? Before we were married you used to talk to me by the hour; now you scarcely ever have a word to say to me."

Mrs. Luviduv—"Speech, my dear, was given to man to conceal his thoughts. Being my wife, you know I have nothing to conceal from you."

NEW MUSIC.

We are favored by A. & S. Nordheimer, Montreal and Toronto, with copies of two new songs by F. Boscovitz, the well-known pianist, who composed them while recently making a successful tour of Canada, one with the original title of "White Shells," the other named "Eventide." The former has a pleasing melody in G, with a waltz refrain, and within easy compass for mezzo-soprano or baritone. The accompaniment is quite taking and effective, and well adapted to players of moderate ability. "Eventide" is adapted to "mezzo-soprano or tenor" voices. It is a simple pathetic melody, quite in agreement with the words and title, and cannot fail to haunt for a while those who do not value music alone for the lilt in it. The words of both songs are by Chas. D. Bingham of Toronto. The title pages and the printing are marvels of good taste.

WOMAN'S LAUGHTER.

Women very generally neglect a powerful weapon of offense and defense placed at their command by nature. A woman's laugh, if intelligently and skillfully used, can wither a man in his tracks or elevate him to the seventh heaven of happiness.

Several causes have contributed to the decadence of woman's laughter. The chief one, perhaps, is the modern habit of dressing. Full, free laughter depends upon a perfect development and exercise of the respiratory muscles. Confined as these are by steel and whalebone, laughter becomes an impossibility.

With a loss of the art of laughing comes a loss of the sense of humor. When the expression of any of the senses becomes difficult, the sense itself dwindles. Don't mistake giggling for laughter.

HIS JUST REWARD.

A young man, at the risk of his life, saved a beautiful girl from drowning. Her grateful father seized the rescuer of his daughter by the hand, and in a voice trembling with emotion, said:

"Noble youth, to you I am indebted for everything that makes life dear to me. Which reward will you take—two hundred thousand dollars or the hand of my daughter?"

"I'll take the daughter," replied the heroic rescuer, thinking thereby to get both the girl and the money.

"You have well chosen," replied the grateful father. "I could not have given you the two hundred thousand just yet, anyhow, as I have not laid up that amount, being only a poor editor, but my daughter is yours for life; take her and be happy. God bless you, my children!"—Texas Siftings.



From London Queen.

Die bist we eine Blume,  
So hold und schon und rein;  
Ich schau dich an, und Wehmuth  
Schleicht mir ins Hertz hinein.  
Mir ist als ob ich die Hande  
Auf's Haupt dir legen solt,  
Betend, das Gott dich erhalte  
So rein und schon und hold.

Heine.

Oh! Thou art like a flower,  
So gentle and so sweet,  
I gaze on thee, and sadness  
Steals o'er my lonely heart.  
I long my hands to lay gently  
Upon thy head in prayer  
Ask that the Lord will preserve thee  
So sweet and pure and fair.

Trans. by F. A. Dillaze.

"So fair, so pure, so gentle,  
Like some dear flower thou art;  
I gaze on thee, and sadness  
Slides dumb into my heart.  
I yearn, sweet one, to bless thee,  
To press thy sunny hair,  
And pray God aye to keep thee,  
So gentle, pure, and fair."

Trans. by James Geikie.

From "The Strand."

Thomas Greatorex, who during the reign of George III. held the post of conductor of "His Majesty's Concerts, Ancient and Modern," made one of a party at a dinner given by the directors. On the same occasion the Prince of Wales was also a guest, and after dinner endeavoured to persuade Greatorex to remain at table longer than his duties as conductor would admit of. Greatorex, however, pleaded the necessity of being punctual, especially as the king was to be present. "Oh, never mind him," said the prince jocularly, "my father is Rex, I confess, but you are a Greater Rex."

SICK(O) OMNIA.

Racked through and through with ceaseless pain  
For days I had not rested,  
While lungs and liver, heart and brain  
Were woefully congested.

"Is life worth living thus," I cried,  
With all my nerves a-quiver,  
"That question oft," a friend replied,  
"Depends upon the liver."

G. M.



## A Woman with a History.

By Hurkaru.

### CHAPTER I.

My tale commences a few years ago, shortly after the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, when Calgary was beginning to emerge from a village, and was rapidly growing into a thriving town. The "Royal" was at that date the only hotel in the place; there were one or two taverns, but these could not lay claim to the dignified title of hotel, and even the "Royal" by Montrealers or Torontonians would be considered very third rate indeed. However such as it was, it was the best Calgary could boast, and one morning in August a man entered the dining room and seating himself at one of the tables called for breakfast. He was a splendidly built fellow six feet in height, and though dressed in an ordinary farmer's costume, there was an air about him which told plainly that he had not always been in that rank of life. The head well set on, was held erect in military fashion, and the handsome aquiline features with the heavy drooping mustache all betrayed the soldier.

I have named this tale "A Woman with a History," and I find at starting that my hero, Howard Clifton, has also a past belonging to him which is briefly as follows. He had once been in the Guards and had almost run through a large fortune by wilful and stupid extravagance. He was going downhill very fast, when suddenly, as he himself would have said, he put on the break, jammed it down, and pulled up in the middle of his headlong career. He left his regiment, and with the residue of his fortune came out to the Canadian North West, where after looking about for a few months, he bought a farm some few miles from Calgary and prepared to breed cattle.

As Clifton took his seat on the morning in question a large bull-dog coiled himself up under his chair, and dozed and slept alternately with the indolence of his breed. The animal was picturesque from his very ugliness, and as he lay with his great jaw resting on his fore paws, while his eyes blinked lazily now and again, he looked the image of quiescent strength, whose teeth, which the lips could not cover up, seemed to say "Noli me tangere." He was the only friend who had stuck to his master through every vicissitude, and indeed was difficult to shake off when once he had taken hold!

The waitress who brought Howard Clifton his breakfast might have passed unnoticed in a large city, but in Calgary she arrested your attention at once. It was not that she was wonderfully beautiful, for she was not, but her deep blue eyes (the best features of her face) had a melancholy, far away, expression, which could

not fail to rouse interest in any keen observer, while her manners and pronunciation at once attracted the ex-guardsman as being so totally different to what he had hitherto met in that rough region.

After watching her as she placed the various dishes he had ordered on the table, and noticing the nervous glance she bestowed all the time upon the dog beneath his chair, Howard remarked with a smile "You need not be afraid of Trust, he is perfectly well behaved I assure you Miss—"

Then he stopped not knowing what name to add.

"Thank you very much; I was a little bit alarmed Mr.—"

When she too stopped.

"My name is Clifton," said Howard promptly and in a tone as if he expected a similar confidence in return, but he was disappointed for the girl merely bowed and hastened off to some other guest.

Howard Clifton's curiosity was now fairly excited, and quickly finishing his meal he sought out the landlord and enquired what the latter knew about his new waitress.

"Very little," was the reply. "Her name is Jessie Graham and she has been with me about a week. I believe she came out here intending to find a situation as governess, and when her funds were exhausted she was glad enough to take the place you see her in. She suits pretty well, and that is about all I can tell you."

"Jessie Graham—governess"—mused Clifton as he strolled into the town to make some purchases. "How the deuce did she drift out here. Poor girl; poor girl."

It is a very trite and true saying that "pity's akin to love," and once let a young fellow of five and twenty begin to compassionate a blue-eyed damsel some few years his junior, it does not require any vast amount of wisdom to foretell the result. Howard Clifton had, what is called, gone the pace in the old country, and having discovered, after squandering some thirty thousand pounds, that "all is vanity," severed himself from society and coming out to his cattle ranch determined to live the rest of his days like a hermit. At first he had no difficulty in sticking to his resolution, for he met with no one whose intimacy or friendship he cared to cultivate, and the free life on his farm was a pleasant change after the dissipations of London. But Jessie Graham's sad eyes and refined bearing upset in an instant his calculations and he began to make excuses for frequent journeys to Calgary. He would linger over his meals at the Royal Hotel in order to make opportunities for conversing with her, which conversations he would carry on in French, having found out that Jessie spoke that language quite as well as her own. Need I continue? One afternoon he persuaded her to take a drive with him, and when they

were quite alone, away from the town, he asked her if she would be his wife and share his new home.

"Are you sure you love me well enough?" asked Jessie with a certain amount of indecision in her tone.

"I am quite certain of myself Jessie," he replied. "But what are your feelings?"

"Oh I have no fears," said Jessie trembling, and then glancing at him with her great blue eyes she added "Mr. Clifton I will put your love to the test, and only consent to marry you upon one condition. You must not enquire into my past life and trust me when I tell you that I have done nothing dishonorable."

"I should never have asked you if I could not trust you implicitly and I give you the promise," was Howard's answer.

"Happy's the wooing"

"That's not long a-losing"

are old lines oft repeated and you will easily understand that very little time was required for Jessie to prepare a *trousseau*, which had not to be inspected by fashionable bridesmaids or inquisitive friends. So before the first blast of winter bore down upon Calgary Jessie Graham had become Mrs. Clifton, and guided the indoor arrangements of her husband's farm.

### CHAPTER II.

The next twelve months passed away without any event worth recording, save that a baby in the shape of a fine strapping boy made his appearance in Clifton's home, and the melancholy look in Jessie's eyes had gradually given place to a sort of relieved and happy expression, her musical laughter being often heard to gladden her husband's heart.

Trust, the bulldog, had taken serious council with himself, when his master was married, as to whether his own ugly nose, which wore the appearance of having been smashed by a blunt instrument, soon after birth, had been put out of joint or not, but after deep consideration, deciding in the negative, he devoted himself to his new mistress with the tenacity for which his breed is celebrated. He even condescended to take the baby under his protection, and would station himself on guard beside the cradle in a manner which gratified the young mother greatly.

It was an early day in January when after a hard frost, the chinook wind blowing from the Pacific through the Rockies, giving a brief and deceptive foretaste of spring, that Clifton drove off to Calgary to complete the sale of some cattle, leaving his wife and child practically in charge of Trust, for the few ranchmen, belonging to the farm, were employed at a distance from the house, and the girl who helped Mrs. Clifton did not count for much. It would have amused some of Howard Clifton's former acquaintances to have seen the ex-guardsman, who had been used to all the luxuries of civilized life, a member of two or three of the leading London clubs,

and ran after by dowagers having daughters to dispose of, roughing it in his North West home with one general servant, his wife performing more than half the work in the house. Yet he looked both healthier and happier than he had ever done before, believing, as he did, that someone, beyond poor Trust, loved him for himself alone. But to return.

Clifton's ranch stood off the road leading from Calgary to the Indian Reserve, which latter tourists and others were in the habit of visiting while passing through to the Pacific Coast, laying over twenty-four hours at Calgary for the purpose of making acquaintance with the "noble savage" in his native state, and having their minds disabused of the romance which may have been instilled into them by Cooper's novels.

Two men were walking along the road leading past Clifton's ranch. They were not ordinary tramps, though somewhat shabby in their dress—a kind of genteel shabbiness you understand. Both of them were of medium height, but one was strongly built, with a coarse red beard, half concealing an unprepossessing countenance, to which a pair of hard cruel eyes did not add beauty. The other was of slight form with a more educated and refined face than that of his companion, but his eyes were shifty and restless, never looking straight at the object he desired to behold, but glancing sideways thereat. Robert Parsons was the name of the former and Dennis Rodney of the latter.

"There is a farmhouse yonder Dennis," remarked Parsons, "where I dare say we can obtain a drink of milk and some bread."

"Let us try at all events, for I am nearly famished," was the reply, and accordingly the pair struck off from the road and approached Clifton's dwelling.

Jessie was seated in the room which, on his marriage, her husband had fitted up as a parlor for her, busy on some needle work, while she rocked the cradle where her baby was sleeping, with her foot, and softly singing some tune, as perhaps most of us have had sung to us when we lay as helpless as that infant. Trust, the dog, was stretched out on the floor in his usual lazy fashion when he suddenly raised his huge head and gave vent to a half suppressed growl.

"All right Trust; a couple of tramps I suppose," said Jessie as she caught a passing glance of the two figures through the window before she heard the knock at the door, and Betty the maid having gone out to bring some fuel for the stove, Jessie answered the summons herself closely followed by the dog.

On opening the door and perceiving Parsons and Rodney, Jessie uttered an exclamation of horror and turned deadly white, while Parsons cried out "Ida Montmorncy by all that's holy!"

Rodney did not speak for a moment or two, when he observed with an unpleasant smile "You need not be frightened Jessie—Ida—let us in and we will talk over matters quietly."

"Oh go away for God's sake! You have made my life miserable already; leave me in peace."

"Can't afford it Ida," broke in Parsons, "we are about dead broke, and you know 'necessity has no law.'"

At that moment the baby began to cry, and the sound of his voice roused all the maternal instincts in Jessie's breast, so that she was transformed into a different being. Before she had been trembling and fearful, now she stood resolute and brave.

"You shall not cross this threshold," she cried. "Here Trust," and seizing the dog by the collar she placed him in front of her. This move completely checkmated the would-be intruders, for the lazy indolence of Trust entirely vanished, his eyes glared with the ferocity of a tiger's and with his teeth hard set he strained at his collar, literally thirsting for battle. It would have fared ill with the man or beast who had felt the grip of those terrible jaws in defense of his mistress; and so Parsons and Rodney appeared to think, for they started back sufficiently to allow Jessie to close the door, when she hurried off to quiet her baby who was yelling with the whole strength of his infant lungs.

Trust, convinced that the enemy had fled, resumed his "Dolce far niente" position once more, and never moved until he heard the wheels of his master's wagon, when he sprang up with a joyful bark and wagged his small stump of a twisted tail.

(To be concluded in our next.)

"WHAT NEXT?"

Mistress (to new house-maid fresh from the country)—"Now, see, Mary, this is the way to light the gas. You turn this little tap, so, and then apply the match, so. You understand?"

New House-maid—"Yes ma'am; quite ma'am."

Mistress (next morning)—"Why, what a horrible smell of gas! Where can it come from? We shall all be suffocated."

New House-maid (with much pride)—"Please, ma'am, what shall I do next? I've made all the beds, and dusted the room, and turned on all the gases ready for the night, and—"

Dear God, the baby you sent us  
Is awfully nice and sweet,  
But 'cause you forgot his toothies  
The poor little thing can't eat.  
That's why I'm writing this letter,  
On purpose to let you know;  
Please come and finish the baby,  
That's all, from little Flo.

THREE KISSES.

I.

Your little maid with golden hair,  
As at my thin grey locks you stare,  
Your hisping tongue  
Half asks the question which your eyes  
Half mirror in their sweet surprise,—  
Was I once young?

II.

Well, yes; there was a time, I think,  
When even you could scarcely shrink  
From saying so;  
Some thought I was a handsome youth,  
But then they died, in sober truth,  
( Long years ago.

III.

Your dimpled face, so rosy round,  
Recalls, as on my lips you bound,—  
Another  
As fresh and fair, which some one wore.  
Who was she? Why, my pet, 'twas your  
Grandmother!

IV.

Once in those days I kissed her hand  
(I was in love, you understand);  
She married  
Your grandpapa; and, as for me,  
A broken heart across the sea  
I carried.

V.

When I returned, your mother, sweet,  
Was there my wearied steps to greet  
With gladness:  
But then came days of lovers' tryst;  
Her fair brow as a bride I kissed  
In sadness.

VI.

Since then I've travelled far and wide,  
And now you're sitting by my side,  
Her daughter!  
And often from your voice they ring,  
The songs your mother used to sing,—  
I taught her.

VII.

But as I kiss your baby lips,  
And little rosy finger-tips,  
My laughter  
Is mingled with regret: I know  
The bird will to a blossom blow,  
The child must to a woman grow,  
Hereafter.

ANON.

"SOMEBODY BLUNDERED."

"Medico" directs our attention to some errors in typography in the article on "Curing a Sore Throat." Every printing office has a junior who, because of his many sins, is called by a name not proper to mention before "ears polite." The editor himself falls occasionally into emphatic use of the name—when his careful manuscript is distorted in the said junior's hands. We are not medical, although claiming to be an Antidote, but we do pretend to some knowledge of the Greek orthography with which the disciples of Galen clothe their language.

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