

The Canadian QUEEN

Good morning



DEVOTED TO

CANADIAN HOMES

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THE QUEEN PUBLISHING CO.

TORONTO, ONT.



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Insurance written in 1889, - -	10,148,883
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Office of J. L. HUGHES,
SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

DEAR SIRS,—Your valuable prize was duly received for which please accept my sincere thanks. The genuineness of the prize shows the reliability of the "QUEEN" to be as trustworthy as any firm can be.

I enclose you two dollars to pay for two new subscriptions.

Hoping to do more for you and awaiting the results of your last word contest which I entered.

I remain yours for the spread of the "QUEEN"

NEWMAN, ILL. April 13th. J. L. HUGHES.

H. M. NAVAL YARD, ESQUIMALT, B. C.

SIR:—I beg to acknowledge receipt of an extra prize a pretty silver after dinner fruit service (Cream and Sugar) awarded to me through the generosity of the Publishers of "CANADIAN QUEEN," and which gave me both surprise and pleasure.

All who have seen it admire it. My father has thought fit to insert a paragraph in local paper (*Victoria Times*) in reference to its delivery. I am desirous of entering your National History Competition and enclose coupon for same and answers to February's questions in national History.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

March 19th. 1891. JAMES P. BERRY.



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Prize Story Ballot.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE QUEEN:

In my opinion the first prize of \$100.00 in cash should be awarded to the author of....., and that the second prize of \$60.00 in cash should be awarded to the author of....., and that the third prize of \$40.00 in cash should be awarded to the author of.....

SUBSCRIBER.

NOTE.—The publishers of THE QUEEN offered three prizes, consisting of \$100.00, \$60.00 and \$40.00, for the three best original stories written for this magazine. The three stories selected were "Miss Granger of Chicago," "The Little Canuck" and "A Canadian Romance." The first ended in March, the second in April and the last is completed with this number. After reading the stories, kindly advise us what position each should occupy in your opinion as regards order of merit. THIS BALLOT MAY BE ENCLOSED TO US with any other communication which you may be sending during the next sixty days.

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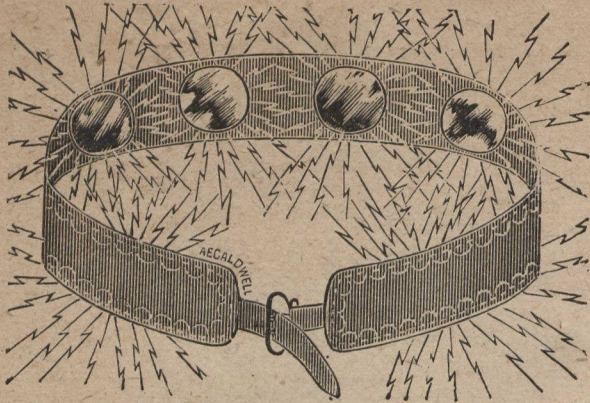
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Samuel W. Abbott, Millichamp's Building, cured in six weeks. Rheumatism in knees and feet—Knee Pads and Insoles.

A. E. Caldwell, Engraver, 71 King street, City, Rheumatism in the knee cured.

J. McQuaig, Grain Merchant, cured of Rheumatism in the shoulder after all other failed.

Jas. Weeks, Parkdale, Sciatica and Lame Back cured in fifteen days.

W. J. Gould, Gurney's Stove Works, City, not able to work for three weeks, cured in four days—Sciatica.

Mrs. J. Swift, 87 Agnes street, City, cured of Sciatica in six weeks.

C. C. Rockwood, 16 Bulwer street, City, cured of Lame Back in a few days.

Mrs. Geo. Planner, City, Liver and Kidneys, now free from all pain, strong and happy.

Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton avenue, City, reports a lump drawn from her wrist.

Josiah Fennell, 287 Queen street east, City, could not write a letter, went to work on the sixth day—Neuralgia.

Mrs. Wm. Bennett, 14 King street west, City, after years of sleeplessness now never loses a wink—Butterfly Belt.

Mrs. S. M. Whitehead, 578 Jarvis street, City, a sufferer for years, could not be induced to part with our Belt.

Mrs. F. Stevens, 140 Lisgar St., City. Blind with Rheumatic Inflammation—cured in three weeks by Actina, Butterfly Belt and Insoles.

Geo. H. Lucas, Veterinary Dentist, 168 King street west, had dyspepsia for six years, entirely cured in eight weeks—Butterfly Belt and Insoles.

Richard Hood, 40 Stewart street, City, used Actina three months for a permanent cure—Catarrh.

Alex. Rogers, Tobacconist, City, declared Actina worth \$100. Headache.

E. Riggs, 220 Adelaide street west, City, Catarrh cured by Actina.

John Thompson, Toronto Junction, cured of Tumor in the Eye in two weeks by Actina.

Miss E. M. Forsyth, 18 Brant street, City, reports a lump drawn from her hand, twelve years' standing.

Senator A. E. Botsford advises everybody to use Actina for Failing Eye-sight.

Miss Laura Grose, 106 King street west, City, Granulated Eyelids, cured in four weeks—used Actina and Belt.

Mrs. J. Stevens, 82 Tecumseth street, City. Rheumatism in the Eyelids, spent three weeks in the hospital, eyes opened in two days.

Mrs. M'Laughlin, 84 Centre street, City, a cripple from Rupture, now able to attend to her household duties.

Giles Williams, Ontario Coal Co., says Actina is invaluable for Bronchitis and Asthma.

J. H. McCarthy, Agt N. P. & M. Ry., Atto-mont, Man., Chronic Catarrh and Catarrhal Deafness for seven years, entirely cured by Actina.

THOMAS JOHNSON, New Sarum, suffered with Weak Lungs and Asthma—Lungs strengthened and Asthma cured.

Mrs. Beard, Barrie, Ont., cured of Catarrh of three years' standing—Actina and Insoles.

Rev. R. W. Mills, Brinston Corners, Ont., entirely well, had Catarrh very bad—used Actina and Insoles.

H. S. Fleetwood, a wreck mentally and physically. Cause, nightly emissions. Perfectly cured.

Thomas Guthrie, Argyle, Man., says our Butterfly Belt and Suspensory did him more good than all the medicine he paid for in twelve years.

Thos. Bryan, 541 Dundas street, City, Nervous Debility—improved from the first day until cured.

Chas. Cozens, P. M., Trowbridge, Ont., after five weeks, feels like his former self.

J. A. T., Ivy, cured of emissions in three weeks. Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of Impotency, writes J. A. I would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for \$50, writes J. McG. For General Debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price, says S. N. C. Belt and Suspensory gave H. S., of Fleetwood, a new lease of life. K. E. G. had no faith, but was entirely cured of Impotency.

W. T. Brown, 73 Richmond street west, City, Varicocele, tried several doctors; all advised the knife. Cured in six weeks with Butterfly Belt and Suspensory.

John Bromagem, Varicoceles, cured in five weeks—Butterfly Belt, Suspensory and Insoles.

Reuben Silverthorn, Teeterville, was almost a wreck. Entirely cured by the Belt and Suspensory.

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All Electric Belt Companies in Canada use Vinegar or Acids in their Appliances excepting this Company.

Send for Illustrated "Health Journal" and List of Home Testimonials Free and Mention This Paper.

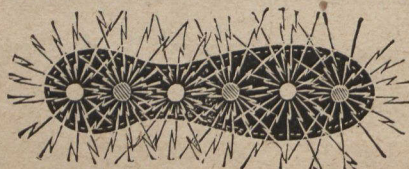
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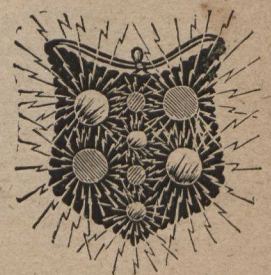
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Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1891, by THE QUEEN PUBLISHING CO., at the Department of Agriculture.

VOL. III.

TORONTO, CANADA, MAY, 1891.

No. 5.

Written for THE QUEEN.

MY JO, JOHN.

BY HELEN MATHERS.

AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," "SAM'S SWEETHEART," "MY LADY GREENSLEEVES," "CHERRY RIPE," &C.

"To make a happy fireside clime
For weans and wife:
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

"WHY NOT separate?" said Mrs. Anderson, as easily as she might have said, "will you have another egg?"

Col. Anderson jumped up from the breakfast table as if a gad-fly had stung him.

"Did you say separate?" he said calmly, though his features worked with emotion.

"Yes," said Mrs. Anderson, looking perfectly sweet; "but while we are about it, why not divorce?"

"Why, indeed?" he said with a forlorn courage. "But unfortunately, the law does not grant a divorce for incompatibility of temper; and I'm not aware that I have taken to beating you—yet."

"Why don't you?" said Mrs. Anderson, coming insultingly close to him, and lifting a dimpled chin and rounded cheek in invitation to a slap. "You needn't hit hard, and then I can divorce you!"

Col. Anderson looked at his wife swiftly, his cheek coloring with shame as she stood there with hands closely clasped behind her smart breakfast gown, and heart beating wildly in her breast.

"So you are afraid," she said very low, "yet men find courage to do worse things every day of their lives than box their wives' ears."

He turned abruptly away from her to the window, through which the air blew fresh and sweet, as it can do even in Harley street, bringing with it the scent of the flowers that filled the boxes; and from where he stood he could see the delicate green of the trees in Cavendish square, and he especially noted their beauty as he said to himself. "Has she heard? Can she know already?"

His silence made her desperate. She sharpened her tongue—O! little rosy cause of much evil—like a sword, and does not a woman's tongue always wag the fiercer, and cut the deeper,

when it is met with a silent and passive resistance? And a woman always forgets all the bitter things she has said, and is astonished to find that a man does not forget them too.

"After all," she said, in a voice that trembled suspiciously, "I don't know that I should care about a divorce. Of course, I should marry again and—and I'm so afraid of making a second mistake!"

John Anderson straightened himself up suddenly, but made no answer, probably because in great crises a man's sense of humor is usually in abeyance, while a woman's remains in full force. O! why did he not laugh, turn round, and box her ears, or kiss her? A terrible feeling that he was slipping away from her, from her voice, her influence, her very life, came over the poor woman, much as if she were a shipwrecked mariner who sees a ship recede from the shore on which he stands.

"There must be some reason for this," he said at last; and she knew by his voice that he was angry, with the unappeasable wrath of the sweet-tempered man when he is really roused. "I suppose you know?"

"Yes, I know," she said, drearily looking at his back; "and I think that for both our sakes we had better separate."

"So be it," he said, and his voice, with a curious note of relief in it, sunk into her heart like a knell. "I will see the solicitors this morning, and the sooner the deed is drawn up the better."

"Hadn't they better draw up one of attachment at the same time—yourself to Lady Blanche?" said Mrs. Anderson, with poignant sharpness.

"Be kind enough to leave Lady Blanche's name out of the discussion," said Col. Anderson. "What! are you becoming a slanderous woman, as well as one whom no man could dwell with on terms of peace?"

"How loud you talk!" she cried, impatiently and irrelevantly. "We have lived together for twenty years, and yet you have not got the right pitch of my ears yet!"

"And you have lived with me twenty years without understanding me in the least at the end of them," he said gravely.

Mrs. Anderson blanched for a moment, and glanced at the tall, usually slack figure now knit up and made erect by manly indig-

nation, and her heart fluttered, while her temper remained obdurate as ever.

"Lady Blanche's husband is evidently not covetous of the peaceful charms of her company," she said, untying and tying a ribbon, to hide the trembling of her hands, "I wonder why other people's husbands are so much more entertaining than one's own? Perhaps when we are both separated, I shall have an opportunity—of—finding—out!"

Col. Anderson turned swiftly, and looked full in the face of the woman who had been his wife for so long, and whom he had only lately discovered to be—not perfection.

"No, Mary," he said, "you will not. Tom will see to that. I would rather put up with all our late bickerings, and your naggings and insulting suspicions than——"

"Don't alarm yourself!" she interrupted him with a passion entirely past his comprehension, "I am much too proud to put myself on a level with you! All men may do as they like—and all women must be good—there you have the laws that rule the sexes in a nutshell! But I despise your sex too heartily ever to give one of them a chance of making game of me!"

"If you think so badly of us all, and of me in particular," he said with dignity, "I could not ask or expect you to put up with my company any longer. I spoke in anger when I first agreed to a separation, but now in sorrow and deliberately I reiterate my consent. Where there is no trust there can be no happiness, and when quarrels come to be such a matter of everyday and hourly occurrence, as they have become lately, it is far better that such cat and dog companionship should cease. A man likes a smile and a pleasant word when he comes home——"

"*Toujours perdrix!*" said Mrs. Anderson, looking sweet and dangerous. "What do you want with smiles at home, when you can get so many abroad?"

"I get courtesy, ma'am," he said warmly, "which I don't get here, and a welcome."

"For which you pay," said Mrs. Anderson, suddenly growing very pale, the little bitter core of knowledge in her heart making it almost inhuman in its cruelty.

He remained perfectly silent and still, and again his silence maddened her.

"What an absurd name it is for you—John Anderson!" she said in her clear, soft tones, while her knees trembled beneath her, "faithful, noble, good John Anderson!"

"And I'll be shot if her name was Mary," said her husband. "Mary! What a name for a nagging, grumbling, evil speaking——"

"I am not Lady Blanche, I know," she cried out, suddenly, "but I can't help that. Only I can relieve you of my presence. Fortunately, we have two houses, this and Pigeonwick, and I imagine you will give me my choice between them."

"Certainly," he said, in a voice that sounded curiously flat after its lately raised tones, and he resumed his gaze out of the window.

"And I choose Pigeonwick," she said. "I always liked the country, especially at this time of the year. Did the poor woman think how it would not be always 'this time of the year?' I can take Martha, and Fletcher can remain with you."

"You can have Pigeonwick," he said, quietly.

How easily he fell in with her plans. Yet she had proposed them in angry jest, and he had leaped at the idea and turned them into deadly earnest.

"You will, of course," he said, and if he had turned his head she must have seen the color in his face, "have your own income. I suppose that will be enough to keep the place up on?"

Mrs. Anderson drew in her breath sharply, and stood looking at her husband's back with astonished eyes, as at some unfamiliar sight.

"Does she mean to ruin him, too, like the other ones?" she said to herself, after some minutes of bewilderment. "O! this is too much! One would think his sense of shame would hold him back! But let him keep his money—it won't last long with her *pattes de mouches* in it. . . . O! what a shame, what a shame!"

"I have no doubt it will be quite sufficient," she said, icily.

"Perhaps you would like me to pay Tom's college expenses out of it, too?"

Col. Anderson drew a deep breath, and she saw him brace his shoulders suddenly as he answered in a low voice:—

"If you could manage it—yes."

Mary stood quite still, scarcely believing her ears. There had never been any talk of money between these two all the years of their married life. What had been hers was his, and his hers, and he had written the cheques, and she had spent as she pleased.

She drew up her head haughtily—and Mary could look very haughty when she pleased—and make a gesture as if she shook all ownership in him from her.

"I have no doubt that I could manage it," she said, in a voice so astonishingly unlike her own that he turned round to see if indeed she was still there, and then she saw the shame, the hang-dog look in his face, and a boundless pity for him filled her generous soul.

"I can put down the carriage," she said, quietly, "and Tom must curtail his 'wines' at Oxford, and I have no doubt we shall be able to manage very well."

He made a movement as if to speak, then checked himself, drank up in one short comprehensive glance the expressive shrinking of her face and attitude, then with bent head and looking absolutely crushed, passed out.

She heard Fletcher in the hall brushing down his master and making him tidy after his usual methodical fashion, knew the exact moment that the carefully polished hat was handed, heard the front door opened, and from where she stood saw her husband, with abject air, pass the window.

"That he should come to that, my Jo, John," she said in a whisper, standing in the midst of the pleasant room; then she walked directly up to a mirror, and looked earnestly at herself therein.

"I am not tall like Lady Blanche," she said to herself scornfully, "I have not 'fine lengths,' as painters say, or as homely people would put it, a figure like a hop pole that can be draped by art into anything. And I could afford to lose a few pounds—but what has gone from me that I used to have, something that kept him always beside me, and made us both happy, though only when it was gone we knew how happy we had been?"

She glanced round the room, her lips trembled, and a feeling of forlornness, vivid as a nightmare of terrified loneliness in a strange place, swept over her. Bit by bit, and year by year, she had grown into the house, and all around her were signs of that building in of her life, as of a nest, and the biggest bit of all, and the most valuable, was the sweetheart who had just gone out to instruct his solicitors to set him free of a woman who had tried to hold him back from going to perdition. What if for some time past she had been of uncertain temper and irritating moods, was it not her very love for him that made her so, and if she had been indifferent, would it not have meant that

her heart had ceased to throb with love for him? When a woman really loves, she must either say kind things to a man, or cruel ones—there is no middle way for her in which to hold her tongue. And she was to turn out from her beloved home for many years, leaving him free to spend his time and fortune on a woman who was notorious for quickly ruining any man who surrendered to her his purse strings.

And at the thought of John Anderson's ruin his wife put her soft brown head down on the breakfast table and wept bitterly.

CHAPTER H.

"A windmill and a woman are always wanting something."—SPANISH PROVERB.

No. 300, Harley street, was not one of those fashionable houses in which the master occupies the dressing-room, and madam entertains gentlemen at afternoon tea, nor was the one addicted to dining at his club, and the other to "doing" a little dinner and play with a friend. The house, in fact, was conducted more on the lines of a country than a town one, and the tone was that of the old courtier's in the ballad, who

"Kept a brave old house at a beautiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate,"
And who had for wife

"An old lady, whose anger one word assuages,
And every quarter paid their old servants their wages."

But if this description of the pair did not exactly apply, it was certainly a more faithful portrait of them than that sketched of the old man's successor :

"Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land."

While his young wife is—

"A new-fangled lady that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belonged to good house-keeping or care
Who buys gaudy colored fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair."

So that when on that particular evening the clock had struck eight, and the Colonel was not yet in, something like consternation reigned in the kitchen, while apprehension sat in state upstairs.

Dinner was served at last, and Mary went to it valiantly, having got over her tears in the morning, and made during the past hour a little resolution that did her credit, while at the same time it comforted her marvellously.

How dull it was without him! How entirely was she at a standstill now she had not him to nag at, and nagging with Mary was a brand-new accomplishment, and like all new acquirements, must be thoroughly well aired while it was fresh.

She had lately come near to positively hating him, yet she felt to-night how infinitely better was his despised presence than his empty chair. A little absence will sometimes serve a man in kinderstead than whole volumes of spoken excuses and repentance; and an awful thought of how she would probably dine alone for the major part of her existence (save during Tom's vacations) took the spring out of her figure and the flavor out of the food which Fletcher, wearing an air of the deepest reproach, served her.

When she suggested that something should be kept hot for his master he acquiesced with a reserve that said as plainly as possible, "You drove him out, how can you expect him to return?" while his aggrieved lips seemed to ask "What have you been doing to our youngest child, now? you have upset him, and he will go without his dinner and be made ill, and really ma'am, considering the life you have led him lately, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Our youngest child," was the Colonel's nick-name, invented by Mary in a moment of hilarity by Tom, and the name had stuck to him—the old servants knew of it, and its suitability was thoroughly recognized by everybody throughout the house.

A born student, he had been thrust much against his will into the army in early youth, where he found himself called upon to display those qualities in which nature had made him most singularly deficient.

Alertness, smartness, punctuality—even the soldierly quality of flirtation—he had never really acquired any of them; he had been pitchforked into his uniform, and somehow it had held him up, while the duties of his position were performed *nolens volens*, so that it was a matter of extreme astonishment to himself, and probably his friends, when at the age of forty-two he found himself Colonel, and left the army on half-pay.

But he had seen plenty of fighting since he so unwillingly put on his subaltern's dress, and fight he could with a vengeance, when his blood was up; his gentleness all vanished then, and many a deed of heroism had been performed by the great fellow of which he thought nothing, but that made Mary's heart throb with pride, and which pushed him forward in the service at a rate of speed with which some of the smartest men in the service could not keep pace. So in comparatively early middle age he was able to throw aside the trappings and the habits that he abhorred, and settle down with Mary among the books that he loved, books that overflowed both the town and country houses between which they passed their time very pleasantly, and without regard to those fashionable periods for migration which governed their less fortunate neighbors.

Probably no one would have called them an ideal pair, but they had been a thoroughly comfortable one, though neither perhaps was altogether aware of how indispensable one was to the other. And now—after nearly twenty years of married life, the thread of their slow-winding happiness had broken off abruptly, or rather, as Mary said to herself, it has been cut in twain by her own sharp tongue in less than a minute. But could it not be knit together again, ay, and so that the join should be neither seen nor felt?

Mary was (that sweetest hall-mark of a noble mind) forgiving, and when Fletcher had finally shut the door on her with a subdued sternness which said he shut her in to her own reflections, and much consolation might they bring her, she began to make excuses for her absent man, until gradually all his faults dwindled, and were swallowed up in the enormity of his own.

Even Lady Blanche receded, and only that morning she had seemed to stand there in the very flesh between husband and wife! And if a woman ever has any doubts about her possessing a heart, let her be really jealous, then a long darting skewer will run through a bit of her anatomy, and she will know.

"To-day is Friday," said Mary absently, her eyes wandering round the room—the room in which the very pictures seemed to have suddenly put on unfamiliar faces, "and everything always goes wrong with me on a Friday. If I die on a Friday respectably in my bed, I shall be very much astonished; but if I am buried on a Friday my coffin is sure to be a misfit!"

She smiled ruefully and then took herself short up for that smile, for she was matronly in her ways, very matronly indeed for thirty-eight, which is only the age of a gay young frisker, as married women nowadays go. Only Mary did not frisk, possessed no curling tongs, and made home her hobby, and if she sometimes looked approvingly at a smart man, only did so wistfully, wishing that she could make her husband smart and well set up also. But, alas! once released from martial restraints

and the vigilance of any army tailor, Colonel Anderson had subsided into one of those well-clad, but ill-knit figures that have always the appearance of wanting stitches taken up everywhere, and gradually it became his wife's and Fletcher's incessant care to make him look respectable, and try their level best to keep him so. Somehow his cravats always would gravitate to one side, his collar-stud invariably revolted and gave way, the polish disappeared from his hat when not a drop of rain was falling, and a mysterious dust collected over his clothes, perhaps from the book stalls over which he might often be found poring, and from whence he brought home large volumes lovingly hugged up to his breast.

"It ain't no good," soliloquized Fletcher, dejectedly, one day, when having brushed up his absent-minded master to the last point of perfection, he watched him down the street, "he's just like a baby; wash him up, dress him, make him as nice as a pin—and down he sits and makes mud pies—bless him!" he added, fervently, with that accent of loyal devotion used by most people in speaking of John Anderson.

Mary thought of all his little faults and weaknesses, and of how lovable he was with them all, as she sat twisting her wedding keeper round and round the finger that had certainly got a little thinner during the past weeks.

Very few women wear keepers now; it is because a wedding ring is a mere accidental thing, nothing to keep, and liable to slip off at a moment's opportunity, or because there is so little to guard, or nothing much worth retaining?

She thought of the gradual change that had come over him of late, of how easily she had discovered that he was hiding something from her of which he was both sorry and ashamed, so that often he found it impossible to meet her eyes with those grey ones of his, that were usually guileless as a child's.

Tom used to say that to draw his father's attention to outside matters when he was engaged in abstruse meditation, was like watching the dawn of reason in the eyes of a baby; first a gleam, then a slow wavering light, then partial comprehension, and finally a satisfied and clear awakening.

This absence of mind made him peculiarly liable to imposition of all descriptions, and Mary viewed his occasional visits to the city with the deepest distrust, for if he did get an idea, poor innocent, it was pretty sure to be a wrong one, and tolerably certain to bring him to grief. These visits however had lately been entirely overlooked in Mary's dumb-founded amazement at one day finding him tucked comfortably into Lady Blanche Jessop's ingle nook, a cup of tea in one hand, a piece of muffin in the other, and upon his comely face a look of complete satisfaction such as latterly it never wore at home.

"John!" she gasped, but the deluded man had not even the grace to seem ashamed of himself, and presently she found that this dropping in process had been going on a considerable time, and in telling her Lady Blanche had laughed—not triumphantly, but as if she were intensely amused at either her husband or wife—possibly both.

And one or two men standing about—the usual cut of Lady Blanche's men, which John Anderson was not—had smiled, and then been ashamed of themselves, seeing the color rise in the cheeks and the tears in the eyes of the dear little woman to whom Col. Anderson evidently belonged. But afterwards when Mary, grieved and hurt, had asked him why he could not come home to drink his tea with her as usual, he had actually informed her that he found Lady Blanche's chimney corner a nice cosy, soft nest to creep into occasionally, that there he got smiles

and pleasant words—for she had a knack of making a man thoroughly comfortable.

Mary had smiled a little bitterly at this.

"Oh! yes. No doubt Lady Blanche had warmed many a man at that ingle-nook, and not cold men, or hungry men either, but rich men, easy men, who were only too pleased to supply the many costly wants of the tall, black-eyed woman who knew how to pet and put on good terms with himself every man on earth, or every man save her husband! Lady Blanche was a bit of a gambler on the Stock Exchange, and occasionally carried on some exceedingly risky operations in which, or report lied, she lost none of her own, and a great deal of her friends' money, and Mary, though not at all conversant with current *chroniques scandaleuses*, was aware of this, and knew that her husband's pocket stood in equal danger with his heart.

And she naturally disliked and mistrusted this emphatically *fin de siècle* woman, with whom she had never been on terms of more than slight acquaintance, and with whom she had not an idea or taste in common, and no doubt from the bottom of her soul the other despised one who could be perfectly charming and lovable, but never by any possibility "smart," that word of magic which covers with its ægis every mad, wicked, and outrageous act that a woman nowadays can commit. And in thinking of her to-night Mary could not find where the attraction in her lay for John Anderson, for long as she had looked into that simple, sincere, faithful soul, she had found only reverence for good women; and pity, but no contempt, for bad ones, and so far as she could tell only two human figures had loomed large through the abstraction in which he lived, and they were herself and their only surviving son, Tom.

Tom! The thought of him struck Mary suddenly, as of some one she had forgotten to reckon with. What would he say, what explanation could she make, that would not cover her with ridicule; or, on the other hand, hold his father up to that sweeping condemnation which only youth knows adequately how to feel or express for the conduct of its elders? And then she consoled herself by thinking that Tom would never know, of course; this quarrel, the first big one of over twenty years of married life, would all be done with before to-morrow morning, and she and John would kiss each other, and perhaps love each other better than ever, for in her heart she did not, could not, believe he loved Lady Blanche, and his sternness that morning had worn the livery far more of innocence than of guilt.

She lingered so long over her thoughts where she sat, dreading to face the empty drawing-room upstairs, that Fletcher, who had preserved a lofty air of injury below stairs, giving vent to various oracular utterances, carefully in the plural, about women and their "strange" ways, brought coffee to her there, and the letters that had come by the evening post. She was thinking of Tom, and looked up with a smile as the man came in, a smile that in his heart he thought most unbecoming under the circumstances, and met with a severe expression. It was just like a woman, he thought, to drive a man out, and then alter all her usual habits because she could not support life without his company—exactly like a woman, or his own wife, for instance. Mary took a sip of coffee, and glanced uninterestedly at the letters that lay on the white cloth, then gave a cry of pleasure, for there was one from Tom, and several obvious cards of invitation, and one other letter that immediately fascinated her attention—there was such an air of business, legal business, about it.

What possible business could there be for any one to write to her about, she who knew even less of business than the "young-

est child?" There was a fatherly old lawyer who attended to all the money affairs of those two babes in the wood, and managed indeed very excellently for them, and if he ever wrote, it was to the husband, not the wife.

And John had said that morning he was going to his solicitors. . . . She repeated the words over in a strange little whisper to herself, and this letter was not from them . . . what could it be? She stretched her hand out at last and took it. As she read its contents a horrible, creeping feeling seemed to stir through her brain, and a coldness as of death numbed her fingers and spread upwards to her heart. She read it a second time without believing what it said, then came complete comprehension, and she sat as one who no longer breathed, frozen in her place.

The letter was from a firm of lawyers whose name she had never before heard, and it was very short, very much to the purpose, and entirely conclusive to her mind. It said that Col. Anderson had that day requested them to draw up a deed of separation between him and his wife, by which her own income and Pigeonwick were to be hers, for her own separate use and maintenance, out of which were to be defrayed the expenses of Mr. Tom Anderson, now at Oxford. That the house in Harley street, with its contents, save such things as actually belonged to herself, were to belong solely to the Colonel, also his income from half-pay and all private property whatsoever. Such servants as she required, Mrs. Anderson was desired to select and take with her to Pigeonwick, and finally she was courteously desired to make all her arrangements as speedily as possible, as Col. Anderson wished to go abroad immediately.

O! with what cruel, what indecent haste was he hurrying to be rid of her, giving not even time for her to draw breath!

The humble words of prayer for forgiveness that had trembled all day on Mary's lips were driven back and choked by the deep burning sense of injustice that succeeded the first speechless anguish of her soul. . . . would he have dared to turn even a servant out so abruptly without giving her even a chance of begging forgiveness for the fault she had committed?

But a wife is an upper servant who cannot even claim the right of giving or receiving a month's warning, who has no wages or perquisites, and is never expected to be ill, or unfit for her duties from year's end to year's end.

Mary had for some time ceased to tremble, and now she rose up and walked with the dignity that sometimes comes with a great calamity, upstairs. It seemed to her that she stayed for hours upon hours in the dainty rooms, sweet with flowers and gay with the many gleanings of a delightful taste, and the treasures that accumulate naturally in a house that has been dwelled for in many years.

Yonder hung his portrait, as good-looking and sweet-tempered a young fellow then as ever wore the uniform of the "Pinks," close by hung the miniatures of the children who had died, and of the little Mary, over whose death John had grieved most of all, and a lock of whose hair he wore always next his heart.

Mary looked at them all, with that proud anger still in her breast, and Lady Blanche's face very clear and distinct before her, and when at last she went upstairs, she was proud and angry and irreconcilable still, and it was with a sense of relief that missing her maid, Mrs. Fletcher, she remembered that she had given the woman a holiday to go into the country to see her child, to remain until the next day. When she had got into her dressing-gown, and was brushing out her abundant, curly brown hair, she suddenly heard someone moving softly in the

adjoining dressing-room, and stood still, with beating heart, to listen.

It was not John, but Fletcher.

She opened the door partly, and called to him. "What are you doing Fletcher?" she said.

"I have had a telegram from master, ma'am, saying he would be very late, and I had better prepare the dressing-room for him to-night."

She shut the door softly, and went back.

CHAPTER III.

"Put a stop to our suspicions with which we babble against each other, and blend us with the balsam of friendship. —ARISTOPHANES.

It was two o'clock in the morning, and Mary was standing by the half-opened window, listening to the last echoes of the night traffic dying away.

She was sorry when it ceased, for, all alone in body and spirit as she was, the hum and movement, the life that beat in such full current without, insensibly soothed her, and when the last sound had ceased her ears ached with listening for more.

She knew now that her wicked passionate words that morning were entirely to blame for the judgment that had fallen upon her.

True, she had flown in the face of Providence, and Providence, if it does sometimes seem to smile at your folly, and lead you on to worse errors, mostly slaps you soundly in the face before it has done, and she richly deserved a lesson, but not such punishment as this.

Horace says "Do not slay him who deserves alone a whipping for the fault he has done," but Mary knew that something far deeper than mere exasperation at her temper had made John Anderson take her at her word, and bind her to her own decision with such cruel swiftness.

He loved the other woman so much that he could not make a pretence even of tolerating his wife, and was resolved to go to the devil his own way, obstinate, foolish mortal that he was.

And was it not her duty to drag him out of danger, just as one would save a child who blundered headlong into it? Should a good woman leave a man for a single fault—a fault to which his whole stainless life gave the lie? No, no! a thousand times no! It is a woman's noblest mission to forgive, and forgive she must and will, even unto seven times seven, if she be worthy of the name. "For better, for worse;" she repeated the words over to herself; and if wife deserted husband, or husband wife, when either most needed a strong arm to save them, then the marriage service was null and void, or the vows deliberately made were broken. She could not stand on the bank and see him drown before her eyes—sucked into the whirlpool of Lady Blanche's cast-off, ruined lovers; she would plead with him, she would pray with him for Tom's sake, as well as her own, to overcome this worse than folly, and return to her and the company of those beloved books which he had of late entirely neglected.

No greater proof of the utter upheaval of his life could have been found than in this total abstention from his one luxury, just as Mary's irritable ways and sharp tongue were an altogether new departure from her usual sweet, reasonable ways. But he must love her! O yes, he could not so quickly unlearn the lesson of over twenty years, even if she had strained his patience to breaking point with her temper, and O, how she repented of that temper, how she longed to call back every unkind word she had spoken! All the memories that bind a good woman to the husband of her youth thronged about

her, and cried out to her with her dead children's voices, seeming to touch her with the cherub hands that had faltered and slipped all too soon away from his and hers. There was no sound now in the street below, save some steps that at regular intervals passed the house, and seemed to come back again, then again return, and she said to herself idly that it must be the policeman on his beat, and she was glad that he remained so near. But presently the steps ceased altogether, and not long afterwards Mary heard a movement in the next room, and her heart bounded, for she knew that it was John. She stood looking at the closed door that suddenly struck her as an offence to herself. Why is it shut? What had she done that it should be closed upon her? Then love conquered pride, and she took one timid step forward—only one—and in the same moment heard the key turn softer in the lock.

Then indeed Mary forgot to be good, and towered high on a wave of passion and wounded pride, that when it had spent itself in dumb fury left her shocked and ashamed at her own capacity for evil, and yet for all, her shame left her so hardened that no powers on earth would have induced her now to take another step towards reconciliation.

Thrust out of his heart, locked out of his room as though she were a guilty creature, a thing accursed when she had tried with all her strength to put self by and do her duty . . . cold and calm she extinguished the light, and laid her down to sleep.

Morning found her sleepless, but still calm, for now pride had so entirely encased her heart that it was beyond the possibility of pain to wound it more.

CHAPTER IV.

"Nature has given to men one tongue but two ears, that we may hear from others twice as much as we speak."—EPICETUS.

Martha Fletcher was brushing out her mistress's hair before the mirror, and glancing from time to time at the pale, composed face before her.

She had returned early in the day, and to her astonishment found Mrs. Anderson not yet down, though that lady had long ago taken her breakfast in bed, and was moving about the room putting things together here and there, either as if she meant to re-arrange them, or to take a journey. And, of course, Fletcher had not condescended to enlighten his wife as to the true state of affairs.

Between this pair had waged ever since their marriage (Martha had been maid to Mary for twenty years, Fletcher, valet to his master about the same time, and they had married from sheer propinquity), a never ending duel as to which should be master, and after ten steady years of quietly vigorous efforts on both sides, they were wary combatants still—and stood even.

Mary, secure in her own happiness, had watched with varying emotions the tactics of the opposing parties, but concern had at last given place to an intense amusement that she often shared with Tom, whispering into his ear any particularly diverting skirmish between the pair.

True, Fletcher had the great advantage of being a man, and, therefore, superior to nerves, and a thousand feminine weaknesses, but on the other hand Martha was much sharper of wit, and more agile of tongue (naturally), so that often she got the advantage of him, though his impenetrable front did not suffer her to enjoy the fruits of victory. Martha did not drink, did not live to dress, and consequently had plenty of spare time in which to walk about and talk—talk to a man who seldom or never answered it. There lay the sting—if only he would answer her!

A woman of Martha's class usually talks about a man before she is married, and at him afterwards, and if she pens all her grievances up in her breast, they eat inwards to her heart like a moral cancer, that in time will kill her; but a man does not recognize the healthiness of such a safety-valve, he curses only her garrulousness and does not feel enough (as a rule) to want to talk about it, or to think enough to do himself an injury. And Fletcher profoundly despised women. He had gone so far as to tell his wife on one occasion that for his part he considered he and master got on much better as bachelors while she and her mistress were away, than when they were at home! Mary had laughed, and always took Fletcher's part when Martha railed about him, knowing that the little woman really adored him with all her heart.

Only she would not be mastered, Martha was resolved on that point. Why should she? She was every bit as good as he was—and better. Certainly she never bore any malice, and you can always trust a woman who bangs a door in a rage, but beware to the one who walks out quietly and squeezes the handle!

"I don't understand the men," Martha would say, rolling her nice round arms up in her pink cotton sleeves. "I can't make them out, ma'am, and that's the truth."

And she would adduce such a long list of men who made their wives' lives a misery to them that Mary would come to the conclusion that it must be true, only she had the one exception to the rule.

Weak indeed she knew John to be, but lovable as all weak things are, and probably the men who get the best sort of love from women, the divinest and noblest and most enduring are those who arouse the protective instinct in a woman's mind. It is by no means the best sort of a woman who makes a good slave.

Martha's bosom was this morning evidently bursting with a grievance, and presently out it came.

"What do you think, ma'am?" she said, as she began to pile Mary's hair up, "I'd hardly got into the house when Fletcher told me that he knew me by my waddle right from the other end of the street! As if such a clothes-horse of a man oughtn't to be thankful to have married something comfortable. Dear me, how these tall, thin people do fancy themselves!"

Mary smiled faintly as she looked at the two reflections in the glass.

Mistress and maid were both brown-haired, blue eyed, beautifully complexioned; both were round and soft and cosy looking, but Mary was the taller by at least three inches. Both were domesticated women with no interests whatever save home ones, and each had an only child whom she adored, and was a mother to the core. Tom was nearly always away, and little Molly lived in the country with her grandparents; but mistress and maid often talked of their children together, and were thoroughly good friends at all points.

"Martha," she said suddenly, "would you mind being away from Fletcher for—a time?"

Martha started, and looked apprehensively in the glass.

"You're not going to send him away, ma'am, are you?" she said, the corners of her mouth falling. "He's got his faults I know, but he is a good servant and serves you and master faithfully."

"Especially his master," said Mary, grave and pale. "No, I have no idea of his leaving his master. But I am going to Pigeonwick, Martha, for an indefinite time"—her blue eyes met the other astonished blue ones in the glass—"and I should want to take you with me, and, of course, your master could not do without Fletcher."

Martha went on mechanically and blunderingly putting in hairpins.

Her mind was in a whirl, her thoughts were chaos . . . it was natural enough to her to live with Fletcher on the terms she did, but a quarrel between her master and mistress, one that entailed a division of household and the dwelling-place, she thought she must be dreaming, till here eyes fastened on the sternness of Mary's face, and then real concern moved her.

"Ma'am," she said, "you're not angry with master, are you? And him so helpless, almost as if he was a baby, looking to you and depending on you for everything. Why, he's just lost without you and goodness knows where he'd wander if he hadn't got you to come home to."

"He has wandered far enough," thought Mary, bitterly, but aloud she said, "and I am going as soon as possible. Indeed I have set my heart on going within three days, so you must work hard, Martha, and I will help you to pack up."

Martha rolled a bewildered eye round the pretty room, then sighed hopelessly as if Mary talked of packing up and removing the world, and said, "You mean, ma'am, just your linen and clothes, as usual?"

"No—I mean everything—everything that is mine; but nothing, remember, Martha, nothing, not a stick or atom of anything belonging to Col. Anderson."

She had risen, stood facing that shut door which mutely proclaimed her disgrace (but the key of which was now on their side), and her soft mouth hardened as she looked at it.

"Of course, Martha," she said, "you can remain here, if you can't bear to leave Fletcher, but if so, you would have to cook for your master. In that case I should take the cook and Polly with me."

"As if I should leave you, ma'am," said Martha, indignantly, and thinking that after all this would probably blow over in no time, and everything be as comfortable as before, "and the place will be looking lovely now, and you haven't been well lately ma'am, and the change will do you good."

[END OF FIRST PORTION.]

Written for THE QUEEN.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

O happy Britain with a Queen so fair,
And so far famed;
Though burdened with a kingdom's various care,
So all unblamed.
So loved and honored, all the world around
Since early youth,
And on through patient middle life renowned
For grace and truth.
Remembered far and wide, from east to west,
Where harvests nod;
By millions whom her faithful life has blessed
With thanks to God.
Loved for her serious face and gentle mien,
By honest folk,
Who cherish and defend their gracious queen,
With "hearts of oak."
O Albion, dear and highly favored land,
Of vale and plain,
Whose sovereign rules with fair imperial hand
Her vast domain;
Nor empress only, but as woman true,
And pure and good,
She magnifies to universal view,
Sweet motherhood.
What though lamented Albert, hale and strong,
In other years;
She with affection, loyalty and long
In memory bears;
The widow, none the less because a queen;
May guard and keep
The manhood of her noble lord, I ween,
In memory deep.

Mary did not seem to hear her; she was looking at a row of miniatures that she had unlinked from the wall, and which lay on a table near.

Those little golden heads all gone . . . how she had longed once to put weights on them to keep them down, because she thought they would grow up too fast, and slip away from her, while God had decreed that they should never grow up, or sin or suffer, but be always her own little children, clinging to her with warm loving ways, that now she must for ever go cold without.

Only Tom was left—Tom, whom year after year she had watched, reckoning each day as one more in which he was granted to her, yet seeing always his dead face lying in the coffin, as one after the other, she had seen the rest.

Probably she could never have brought herself to think or say, as our own Princess Royal so nobly did, when her child met his most cruel death, "*that she only thanked God for having spared him to her so long*" but she blessed heaven every day for leaving her yet a mother.

Martha came near and looked over her mistress's shoulder.

"Do you remember, ma'am," she said, "how when Miss Dolly lay in her little coffin master lifted you out of your bed and carried you to her side that you might lay the flowers about her pretty face?"

Mary did not stir.

"And how master Duckie when he was dying—so strong he was for all the fever—put out his hand and pushed one of your hairpins back into its place when you were leaning over him?"

Mary turned abruptly away, her hands clenched, and a spasm of mortal agony convulsing her features.

Did she not remember? O! God! And she would not remember . . . she had work to do, and it must be done quickly, or not at all.

"And now, Martha," she said quietly, "we will begin to pack."

And carry fondly treasured in her heart,
(The loving wife,)
The love of truth, of honor and of art,
He had in life,
And happy he, though sadly cold in death,
Who left behind
A soul so true, her husband's truth and faith
To keep in mind.
Columbia, land of liberty, extends
Across the sea,
Good will, and her sincerest greeting sends
O queen, to thee,
With earnest prayer that God may yet in one,
Both lands unite;
While o'er the earth their mighty plea shall run
For truth and right.

Daughter of David, peace to thee,
And may God's love thy blessing be,
And his white banner o'er thy head,
With grace and beauty overspread.
Meanwhile, let saints with joy await,
The coming in celestial state,
Of Him whose royal hand shall claim
The millions that adore his name,
And rescue from the vanquished grave
The nations that he died to save.

—CLINTON COLEBYROVE, M.D.,
Westfield, Mass

Written for THE QUEEN.



CHAPTER IV.

"When the thing that is base
Seems the thing that is true."—NESBITT.

BEFORE Dr. Markham fell sick, he and his wife were troubled concerning their eldest daughter. She has been engaged for a year to Frank Wedgeley, son of the mill-owner. For a time the doctor and his wife were pleased with their daughter's choice, but, as the months went by, it was whispered that the young man was going too fast. He made occasional visits to Toronto, where, it was said, he spent too much money. He came home from these trips pale and irritable. He talked contemptuously of Wedgetown as "a hole," where nothing could be seen that was worth seeing. He spoke of the city as a sort of Elysium where anyone weary of monotony and stagnation could have "any amount of fun." He was handsome and intelligent, of medium height, and slightly built. His muscles, however, were splendidly developed as several of his friends knew to their sorrow; his face was always pale, and when he smiled, which he rarely did, he revealed a set of white teeth. He prided himself on his two thorough-breds which he drove very fast. He was voted "a good fellow" by his friends, who ate his dainties and accepted his favors. One of the last acts of Dr. Markham before he was taken sick was to send for Frank and enquire concerning the rumors that were afloat. He must have satisfied him, for he blessed him anew, and called him "his son." He was away during the latter part of the doctor's illness, and only came home the day after the funeral. Maud has watched and waited anxiously for his coming. She loves him with all the intensity of youth. He is her hero, her first love, her all. Frank knows this, and knowing it hates himself.

The door-bell rings one afternoon, about a week after the doctor's death. Maud knows it is Frank, knows his step in the

hall, but her heart does not beat any quicker, except with a fear of coming evil.

Why did he not hurry home when he heard of her father's death? Why had he not come to them in their loneliness and grief? Could it be true, that he was drinking? that she would have to give him up, the one she had loved so well?

She comes down the stairs slowly, her black dress falling around her like a dark cloud. Her eyes are sad, and as she remembers that her father who was always by her side is forever gone, the tears drop on her hands and then on the floor. Stopping a moment at the door to brush away the tears, she enters. Frank is standing in the centre of the room, "just where," Maud thinks with a shudder, "her father's body had lain." His face is very pale, and his eyes burn, like fire, in their sockets. She forgets her sorrow and his neglect.

"Frank," she cries, going to him, "are you ill? you were not here when papa—" then she sobbed out amid her tears and grief.

"Oh, Frank, why were you not with us, papa has gone from us, I have only you now."

He does not put his arms around her nor kiss her. He goes away from her and stands looking at her wildly, despairingly.

"Maud," he says, "I did not come to you, for I could not. I have sold myself to folly and shame."

"I do not understand," Maud answers, sinking into a chair.

"I am a married man," comes slowly from his white teeth.

"Married!" echoes Maud.

"Yes," he cries fiercely; he comes and stands in front of her. "I might have killed her or drowned her in the Bay; I thought of it, but was not quite able to play the murderer."

Maud understands now.

"You had better go," she says, coldly, as she rises.

"Will you not forgive me, I have loved you, but—"

She has opened the door.

"Go!" she commands, in cold clear tones.

He goes into the hall, catches up his hat from the rack, and rushes from the house.

CHAPTER V.

"He swears, but he is sick at heart,
He laughs, but he turns deadly pale."—DANA.

He goes to the "Spider and Fly," and drinks, until even the jolly landlord refuses him any more. The bar-tender helps him to an upper room, where he sleeps away his shame, no, not away, for he wakes up the next morning keenly alive to his position. His head throbs, and his mouth is hot and parched. He sits up, and finds that he is still dressed in his clothes, though the thoughtful bar-tender has removed his shoes. He stands on his feet but finds that his knees tremble, and his hands shake as with the palsy. He goes to a small glass that stands on a dressing-table and looks at himself. His hair is standing as if affrighted at the state of the head it covers, his eyes are blood-shot, his collar is crushed and his necktie is under his left ear.

"She said 'Go'" he mutters between his teeth, "and I will go, straight to the devil. I must take something to steady me, then tell the old folks. A pleasant surprise for them! My wife, the daughter of my landlady. What a go! She told Jess to be sure and get a certificate from the parson. My mother-in-law hasn't much faith in me, she suspects my morals. Ha ha!"

He goes down to the bar-room, and calls for a 'John Collins.'

"Just one glass Mr. Wedgeley, please, enough to steady you," the landlord says. "This is a respectable house, sir, is the 'Spider and Fly,' I wouldn't like anyone to go out anyways unsteady, sir. I hope as you won't tell as you were here all night. I set great store by my respectability, sir."

"Curse you and your respectability," answers Frank. "I don't know of anyone that helps a man to the devil as quick as you. Give me some more."

"Only a half-glass this time, sir," and the landlord measures it himself.

Frank throws the glass down with such violence that it is shattered to pieces.

"What's to pay wi' him?" asks the bar-tender, as he goes out into the street.

"He's been up to some caper," answers the landlord. "I know 'em so well. When a man is easy in his mind, and his affairs all right, he comes in and takes his two or three glasses like a gentleman, but if anything's to pay, he drinks like a fish. Now Tom," he continues, "I never was drunk in my life.

'Temperance' that's my motto. I've no patience with men that *must* get drunk."

Tom, behind the bar, puts his tongue in his cheek, and winks one eye at his master's red nose and bloated face.

CHAPTER VI.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child."—SHAKESPEARE.

Timothy Wedgeley and his wife were finishing their nine o'clock breakfast when Frank entered the dining room.

"Where have you been, Frank," his mother asks, "I am afraid the coffee is cold."

He does not answer, but draws a chair to the table and begins breaking a biscuit in pieces. His father looks sharply at him.

"Your excursions to the City do not seem to agree with you."

Frank pushes away his plate. "I don't care for anything to eat, I have something to tell you, and I might as well out with it."

"What is it?" his father demands.

"I was married last week in Toronto."

His mother dropped her knife and fork, and his father pushed back his chair and rose.

"Who is the girl?" he demands again.

"Jessie Brown, daughter of the landlady at whose house I put up."

"What made you throw over a girl like Maud Markham for this—this stranger?" his

father asks, confused and angry.

"A matter of honor," Frank replies.

His father and mother look at

one another, light dawns upon them.

"Her mother threatened me with the law," he says. "I thought it was better to marry her and be done with it."

"Go on," roars his father. "Where is she now?"

"She is with her mother yet. I will bring her here some day this week. I wish you would be kind to her, mother, she is awfully fond of me."

"No, sir," his father hisses. "Your mother is a lady, sir, and is used to clean society. You've disgraced yourself sir."

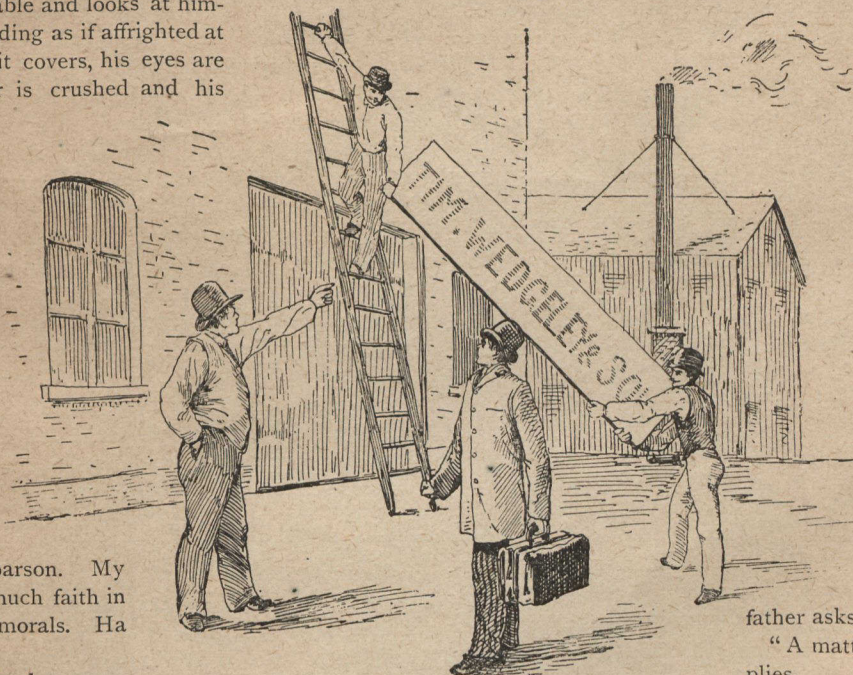
His mother speaks. "We've been setting such store on your marrying Maud Markham and settling down, that it has come like a blow to us."

Frank jerks himself up. "Do not be too hard on me, I have at least tried to make amends."

"When you were forced to sir," his father shouts. "Don't try to deceive me any more. You can rent a house and take your bride to it. Don't attempt to bring her here."

"I think you're too hard on me," Frank says.

"Too hard on you?" thundered his father. "Do you know



IT WAS TAKEN DOWN AND REPAINTED

that Maud Markham is down with the fever, the doctor has been with her all night, her brain is completely turned. When the reason is known, there's not a dog but will turn from you in disgust. Too hard on you? We've spared no expense for you, we've done our best for you, and this is the way you pay us. We built our hopes on you marrying the finest girl in the country, and you take up with some tramp you've met on one o' your larks."

"Take care, sir," Frank says angrily, "she's my wife now, it'll be just as well to be civil."

"Your wife!" again shouts his father, for his son had struck him a hard blow. "Don't talk to me about her, keep her from here, I tell ye. If you've a mind to work at the mill, I'll give you the wages of the other men, no more. Gather up your traps and go to your wife. This is no home for the like o' you."

The old man strode from the room, put on his hat, and went over to the mill. Frank turns to his mother. "I wonder if father thinks I don't feel it; don't know what I've done."

His mother is bathing her temples and head with camphor.

"It is a great blow to us," she answers. "It has brought on one of my headaches."

Frank goes to his room, puts his things in his trunk, and carries it downstairs. Then he goes over to the mill. His father is talking to one of the men.

"A word with you," he says, as the man goes away. "I'll keep the books for you, father."

"Very well," his father answers, "begin your duties on Monday, and I will give you seven hundred a year."

Timothy Wedgeley had just been giving orders to his men to take the sign from the roof of the mill. It was taken down and re-painted. "Son" was blotted out, and only his own name left. When Frank saw it, he laughed and swore a little. When the people saw it, they knew what Timothy Wedgeley thought of his son's marriage.

CHAPTER VII.

"When grief's sharp ploughshare
Hath swept through,
Thy fairest flowers of life
Shall spring."—MARY JARVIS.

"Mother, how long have I been sick?" It was Maud Markham who spoke. Her hair was cut close to her head, her eyes were sunken, and her hands which lay on the white quilt were very thin and worn.

"Six weeks," answers her mother.

"Have I had the fever, mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"Something happened, mamma. Where is Frank? He was always standing here, telling me that he was married, but that he loved me still. He was so pale."

Her mother does not answer.

"Mamma, it comes to me now, he *is* married, he told me. Is it true, mamma? is he really lost to me?"

She is sitting up in bed now, her eyes glaring, her hands clutching the clothes. The nurse gives her a sedative and puts some ice on her head. Her mother kisses her and holds her hands until she sleeps again.

"How is my patient this evening, Mrs. Markham?" The voice is strong, yet soft, pleasant, yet earnest.

"She is not so well, Doctor," the nurse says, "but I hope she'll be better when she wakes."

He comes to the bed. Maud opens her eyes. It is the first time she has given him an intelligent look.

"My dear, this is Dr. Vernon," her mother says. She gives him her poor white hand. He holds it for a few seconds in a

warm clasp, and looks into her eyes. He reads hope and recovery, and he is glad. He takes a chair and sits down by her side.

"I have known you for six weeks, Miss Markham," Her brown eyes light up with a rare smile.

"Are you going to get well," he asks her, "or will you still defy me?"

"I think I'll get well," she says gently.

"That is more than half the battle, Miss Markham, but for a few days, keep quiet, don't talk much, and, nurse, no disturbing noises."

He changes the medicine, chats with Mrs. Markham a few minutes, and is gone. "Who is he mamma?" Maud asks.

"Dr. Vernon. He came to Wedgeton the week you were taken sick, and he and Dr. Frayer have been attending you."

"When may I get up, Mamma?"

"Not for a few days, Maud," her mother answers, thankfully, for she knows that now, after the fear and anxiety of six weeks, her daughter is given back to her.

It was November when she was taken sick, but it was the New Year before she was able to take her place in the family. She was sitting with her mother one day, when the New Year was a month old. A letter from Harry is in her hand. She has been reading it, and has fallen into a reverie. "What a change in Harry since Papa died" she says, "listen, Mamma, to this paragraph in his letter. 'Maud, if you only knew how hard it is for boys to be strong. There is so much to lead them astray, and they are too willing to be led. I have got to that point when I can say 'No' and not feel ashamed. I will always know how to pity anyone who falls, for I know what foes he had to face.'"

Maud's thoughts go from Harry to Frank. She has not spoken his name since the day she came back to life and consciousness. She hears that he is drinking hard, that he did not take his wife home, and that no one goes near them. He seems to have gone out of her life. When her respect fled, her love also took wings and flew away. Now Harry's letter wakens in her a pity for him and his wife, cast out by his father and hurrying to destruction.

"Mother," she asks, "where does Frank live?"

Her mother looks anxiously at her.

"Don't be afraid for me, Mamma, I have felt thankful ever since I was sick, that I have been saved from the fate of a drunkard's wife. I feel sorry for his wife, though. Do you think, Mamma, it is Christ-like to forsake them for their sin? Would papa have done it?"

"I do not think so, my child," her mother answers, "but Frank is wilfully ruining himself. He undertook to keep his father's books, but he spends most of his time at the 'Haven.' The 'Spider and Fly,' turned him out one stormy night, and Dr. Vernon found him half-frozen and took him home."

"Where do they live?" Maud asks.

"In a small cottage near the Foundry."

The next afternoon Maud starts for a walk. She is paler than of old, her hair is a mass of curls that gather around her forehead and neck, but her eyes are the same, brightness and sweetness looking at one from their brown depths. She has not been soured by her affliction, her young nature has come from the furnace, purified, stronger, purer and braver. Dr. Vernon drives past as Maud comes out of her gate. He lifts his hat and goes on his way, but thinks that no woman so answers his ideal, as this young girl, whom he has brought from death to life.

"If I can win her," he thinks, as he gives his horse a touch with the whip, "I can offer her a true heart, a clear brain and a clean past. Thank God and my father and mother for that."

Written for THE QUEEN'S Prize Story Competition.

A CANADIAN ROMANCE.

BY HENRY S. SCOTT.

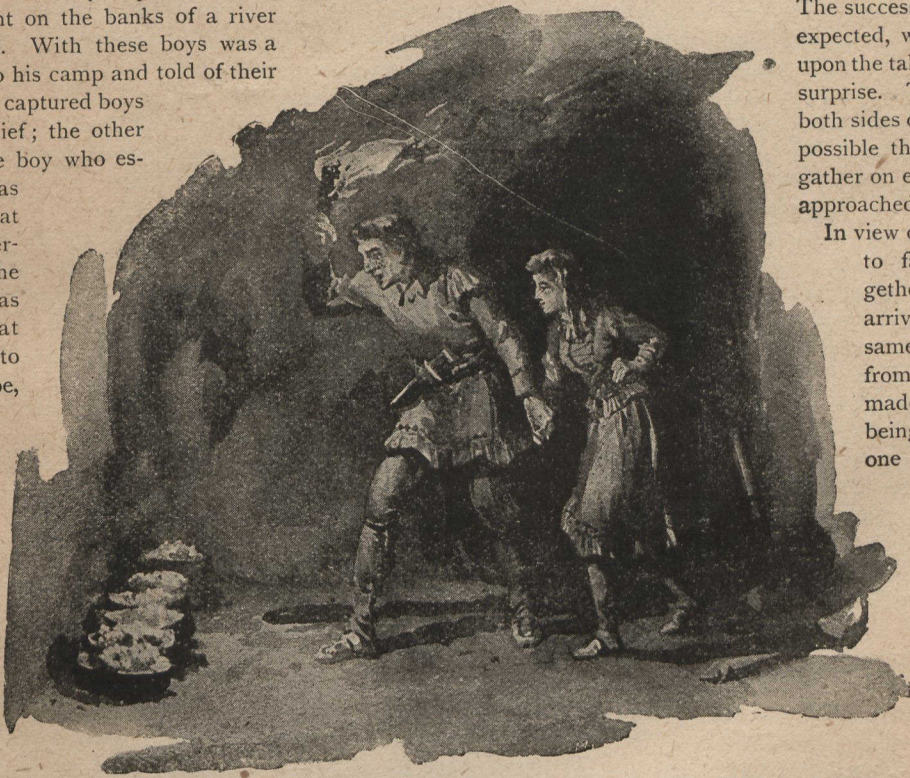
THIRD PORTION.

SINCE HE had discovered the gold in the cave, Cameron had entertained serious thoughts of carrying out his desire to escape from the tribe and once more live with civilized people. He had long since given up hopes of seeing his two friends who had accompanied Mackenzie and himself from the fur company's post until a few hours before he was captured, and concluded they had either been captured by some other tribe of Indians or had found their way back to the post. Cameron's life was not altogether a monotonous one and he did not find it as irksome as he might had he not entered enthusiastically into all the plans and projects of the tribe. One incident in his life on the plains is worth repeating and will be found interesting. Two Indian lads of the tribe while out trapping were taken prisoners by a party of hunters from a tribe that had a settlement on the banks of a river a little further south. With these boys was a third who escaped to his camp and told of their capture. One of the captured boys was a son of the chief; the other was a brother of the boy who escaped. Cameron was consulted as to what course should be pursued to re-capture the lads. His advice was to do nothing that would be calculated to incite the hostile tribe, to do further injury to them. This other tribe had never been very friendly with the tribe with which Cameron lived and as it was a more powerful tribe it was not likely to be deterred by fear from giving further offence and just cause for the declaration of war. They should endeavor, Cameron pointed out, to secure one or more members of the other tribe to hold as hostages until such time as the lads were given up. If they were successful in capturing some of the other tribe he said it was not likely any harm would be done to the boys and time would be given them to carry out some campaign against them. This advice met with unanimous approval and four of the most daring braves in the tribe were sent out to prospect in the vicinity of the other tribe's camp. In two days they returned to their camp with a young Indian girl and an old squaw whom they had found berry picking some distance from the enemy's camp. By this time Cameron had thought out a plan of attack on the enemy which he explained and which the warriors of the tribe quickly set about carrying out. It involved the building of rafts placing them in the river

well covered with brush and when they had floated down the river where the camp of the enemy was on each side, make a determined attack on it before the enemy were well aware of the use to which the rafts were to be put. After a couple of weeks all preparations for the attack were completed, the rafts being provided with rude sorts of structures which would provide protection for the attacking party should the other tribe come to the river banks prepared to repulse them. The rafts were thickly covered with green boughs so that one might easily have mistaken them for little islands. Cameron prepared heavy anchors, the arms and flukes being constructed out of the knarled portions of a tree. These anchors were designed to fasten the rafts in the swift rocky river should the attacking party desire to disembark and follow up the attack in the event of the tribe retreating.

The success of the attack, it was expected, would largely depend upon the taking of the village by surprise. The village was on both sides of the river and it was possible the inhabitants would gather on each bank as the rafts approached.

In view of this it was decided to fasten the rafts together so that they would arrive at the village at the same time and the attack from each raft might be made simultaneously. All being made ready about one hundred warriors were disposed in equal numbers on each raft and the floating structures loosed from their moorings just below the point where the river entered the forest. The start was timed so that the rafts might float the two



AT ONE SIDE OF IT WERE HALF-A-DOZEN LITTLE BASKETS FILLED WITH GOLD DUST AND SMALL NUGGETS.

miles to the village and reach it about eight in the morning. The captives, the old woman and the girl were placed, one in each raft gagged and tied to stakes. Cameron had made elaborate preparations for the attack. He had instructed one of the young braves in the use of his pistol. Both his pistol and shotgun were heavily loaded with slugs. He had constructed two rude bombs out of the knots of a tree that almost resembled iron wood. These he had filled with sharp pieces of flint and some very fine rifle powder the Indians had taken from a white hunter they had killed many years before. Fuses were attached to these after the apertures had been securely fastened, and with these instruments of war, together with the guns and the weapons commonly used by the Indians, it was hoped the attack would be successful. As the rafts reached the village the

wondering inhabitants gathered on each bank little thinking that in the bushes on the rafts were concealed a warlike lot of savages eager to avenge on a tribe of superior strength, numerous injuries inflicted since a ravaging disease had some years before sadly reduced the once powerful tribe of the attacking party. At the right moment the two anchors were thrown out from the raft in such a position that each structure was swung round to the shores of the stream. This was done very quietly and before the awe-struck natives on the banks could well imagine what was in store for them. The first action of the attacking party was to throw the two bombs among the four or five Indians who were assembled on the banks of the river. They worked successfully, exploding just as they reached the ground and spread havoc among the terrified savages. Then with his shot-gun Cameron did some deadly work on one side while the Indian with his pistol shot several men on the other bank. Spears and arrows were poured into the confused mass of savages on the banks almost as thick as hail and before any attempt was made to retreat or defend the village. Cameron led the attack on one side of the river after the retreating Indians and a son of the chief led a party against the Indians who retreated from the shore opposite. On the side of the river where Cameron and a party disembarked were most of the huts of the tribe and towards there the enemy had beat a precipitate retreat. As they appeared inclined to offer some defence at this point, doubtless to protect the women and children, Cameron called his men to make a halt while he treated with the Indians. He demanded the immediate surrender of the two boy prisoners, the payment of a large quantity of furs and buffalo meat and the return to his chief's camp of two of their tribe who should remain prisoners pending the delivering of the furs and buffalo meat. As they had already lost heavily Cameron's terms were speedily accepted. The two boy prisoners were delivered to him together with two young warriors and the victorious Indians, headed by Cameron, marched to the river and soon left for their camp where they arrived late in the afternoon. The slaughter at the river was very great. Fully two hundred Indians had been killed outright or fatally wounded and that of some fifty who were pursued on the opposite side of the river to that on which Cameron had landed, had been all killed but five who were taken prisoners and subsequently released. The loss on the other side was six killed. The news of this great fight and the bravery of the young Scotchman spread like wild fire among the different tribes. The little tribe with which Cameron lived at once became famous and Cameron became correspondingly popular with the old chief and all his people.

CHAPTER VII.

[Cameron escapes from the tribe with his wife and his gold. Once more among civilized people.]

Fortunately for Cameron the sudden change in reputation of the tribe, achieved by his *Coup d'Etat* gave him some liberty of movement that would he thought facilitate his escape from the Indians to civilization and he did not delay to quietly make some preparation for his departure. Among the first preparations was the making of a number of bags of strong buckskin in which to carry the gold found in the cave and which he regarded as a necessary adjunct to this future success in life. The making of these bags, which naturally occupied some time, attracted the attention of the old chief to whom he said one day that he had in view the introduction of a new style of dress for the tribe and that these bags were a part of the trousers which he hoped to fashion in such a way that they would be more con-

venient in the chase and in the battles in which the tribe were destined to engage in the process of making itself in comparison with all other tribes as the moon is to the stars. This kind of talk was very interesting to the old chief. It tickled his vanity and drew his thoughts from matters that might interfere with Cameron's escape. Cameron's wife entered fully into the project for escape. They had both been taken captives by this tribe and detained against their will. They felt on this account no scruples about practicing a little deception on the tribe in order to facilitate their escape. But there was a side to the question that Cameron was not altogether satisfied with. It would now be no difficult matter for a young Scotchman of agreeable manners and an income such as the gold would give him to get into the first society either in the English settlements on the Atlantic coast or among the representatives of the Court of King Louis at Quebec. But with such a wife as Angelique society, even of that day, would not recognize him. He wished to cut adrift from the girl who had been a pleasant and a faithful companion to him in his captivity. A solace to him among Indians she would prove a mill-stone around his neck among the cultured classes of the eighteenth century. But to cut her adrift now was out of the question. It would ruin his chances of escape, to say nothing of the injustice of such a course.

An opportunity for Cameron's escape soon presented itself. The old chief was desirous of forming an alliance with some tribes twenty miles east of his camp and he asked Cameron to visit them as a sort of ambassador to treat with them and invite them to attend a council in his settlement. He placed his buffalo caravan at Cameron's disposal and consented to his wife accompanying him. With a liberal supply of provisions and his gun and pistol Cameron and his wife set off one day about noon. They drove direct for the mountain before referred to and in the evening while it was moonlight they removed the gold in the bags to their caravan and having had a good rest pushed their way eastward with all possible speed. There was a thin covering of snow on the velvety prairie grass and before the grey dawn announced the approach of morning they had put many miles between the tribe and themselves. A month of this kind of travelling brought them within the pale of civilization. The first place they made a stop at was Michilli Mackinac, Angelique's old birth place. Here they were given a right royal reception, not only by those who survived of the old tribe the girl's mother had belonged to but by men who had known her father when he lived in the place. After resting a month in Michilli Mackinac they continued their journey east and as it was then getting pretty well into winter, they suffered much from the cold before they reached Montreal. They drove around the mountain and approached the city from the east one beautiful Christmas morning pulling up their buffalo turn out in Place d'Armes, opposite where the grand old Notre Dame Church stands to-day. Loyal and devout subjects of King Louis, on their way to church, were much surprised to see their buffalo cavalcade and enquiries having been made, the remarkable narrative of the couple was the subject of much talk and a nine days wonder among the inhabitants. Cameron and his wife were for a time lionized in society. Many works of kindness by both public and private individuals were shown them. Receptions and banquets were given in their honor and the citizens were never tired of hearing the story of their strange adventures in the far and unknown West. Depositing his gold with the priests of Montreal, and giving his much admired buffalos to the Bishop, he left with his wife accompanied by a train of couriers for Quebec. After attending a round of re-

ceptions in Quebec similar to those accorded them in Montreal, the couple in the spring left the ancient city to inspect some valuable seigniories in the most populated part of the province. Two of these seigniories they agreed to purchase for a part of the gold they had brought from the north-west. What remained after their purchase was sufficient to make them independent for life. In a few months they took up their abode on their property, which was near the city of Quebec. For a long time the couple were much courted by the best people of Quebec, but after a year or more the novelty that had made them the centre of attraction began to wear off and they were quietly, to use a word that may, perhaps, be better understood in this latter part of the nineteenth century than it was then, dropped Cameron who was fond of being courted, a desire that the knowledge of being lionized did not tend to lessen, was not satisfied with the change in his relations with that captious body called society, and he began to cast about for a reason of its altered attitude toward him. Making the very common mistake of looking abroad for what may very frequently be found very near Cameron was unable to discover the cause. Failing to discover why society had turned its cold shoulder to him was it not the most natural thing in the world that he should be disposed to put the blame on his wife? Other men do this. One might almost think they believe it to be their prerogative. Was she not an Indian woman and did not their boy and girl bear strong traits drawn from their maternal parent? Would society tolerate such as these? The thing was simply preposterous!

CHAPTER VIII.

[Cameron and his wife separate. The young Scotchman's death. Angelique gets possession of the estates.]

Cameron became more and more dissatisfied. A few friends with a higher social than moral standing strongly urged him to put away his wife and enter society and they assured him he might if it were not for the incumbrance of an Indian wife. Then followed a bitter strife with his conscience. He argued with himself that his marriage was a forced one, that had he refused to marry the Indian girl he would doubtless have been put to death, and that the marriage was no more valid than would be a contract to deed away one's property made with a pistol at one's head. But his conscience came out on top, so to speak, in the argument every time. Finally overcome by the persuasion of those who pretended to be his friends, but whose affections were really centered in his wealth, he compelled his wife to leave his house and take up her abode in a small lodge

[THE END.]

on his estate some distance from his residence. Two children lived with her, and they were some consolation to her. She was provided with every necessary of life and did not lack anything that would add to her physical comfort. Cameron entered society and with open arms society received him. But it was amply repaid. The old manor house almost every night rang with the noisy merriment and revel of his guests which a most elaborately provisioned wine cellar did not tend to diminish. Cameron never visited his wife after the separation. Conscious of the wrong he had done he probably shrank from meeting her. For three years the almost heart-broken Indian woman listened to the round of gaities from her lodge. Then there was a sudden change. One morning word was brought to her that Cameron was dying. She hastened to his side only to find him unconscious and shortly after to witness his death, the result of a stroke of apoplexy. Soon after this some of Cameron's relatives appeared on the scene and were enabled by influence to get possession of his estates. They did not allow Angelique to remain in the lodge but let her adrift without friends and penniless. But their enjoyment of the estates was destined to be short-lived.

About six months after the death of Cameron there appeared in Quebec two Scotchmen named Campbell and McLeod. They told the extraordinary adventures they had had in the far north-west. Having left a fur-trading post in James' Bay, with a view of establishing branch posts in the west, with two other men. In the summer of 1788 they had got separated from the other members of the party. They subsequently met a white hunter who, when the three were a few days after pursued by Indians, gave them a packet of papers which contained a will. By these papers it appeared that the white hunter was a brother of Angelique's father. Imbued with the same love of sport that characterized his brother he came over to Canada for a short time and while in search of his brother had wandered into the far West where he had doubtless made the discovery of the gold in the cave. Among the papers was a will leaving all his property to his brother, Angelique's father. As Angelique was the only heir all her uncle's property would, of course, go to her. After a long search by her friends she was found near Michilli Mackinac where she had returned soon after being compelled to leave Cameron's estates, probably disgusted with the perfidy of the white people she had come in contact with. Her claims to the estates were soon established and she returned to live in the manor house with her two children for many years.

Written for THE QUEEN.

AT LAST.

BY JESSIE KERR LAWSON.

"WHAT canvas do you work on to-day, Philip?"

"None."

"Why Philip! You don't mean to say you're not going to finish that beautiful thing. It is one of the best you have ever done, and saleable too."

"I think Madge I will have to give up painting altogether. I have mistaken my vocation."

The young wife's countenance fell as she looked at her husband, a young handsome fellow not yet twenty-eight. She could not understand this strange lack in an otherwise faultless character, this tendency to leave unfinished these wonderful flashes of inspiration in which he would with a few strokes of his brush produce effects which artists loved to look at and came back to study, which they looked at and sighed over, feeling

there was something away beyond the reach even of perseverance. What was worse, he could not understand it himself. He knew he had that in him which would place him for ever among the few immortals—but as he expressed it—"I cannot overcome this terrible indolence. It is a disease in my nature; I want to crack my skull and give my brain more room. It is killing me this impalpable barrier. I want money, luxury, travel, the society of the very best men, and all these are within my reach if I but put forth the effort. But I cannot—with all I most desire to tempt me I cannot. I feel as if a long illness would clear my head and cure me. I think if I was brought down to the very verge of the grave, I would leave all this behind me and come back to my work fresh and untrammelled. I realize my idea of the highest quite clearly, it is ever before me but though

I cannot attain it, neither can I turn from it and do poor work—I will rather give up painting altogether.”

What could be said to such a one. He knew his faults and failings better than any one could tell him, he lived in poverty while luxury was a passion with him, he loved the woman he had married but a year ago and wanted to give her ease and comfort. But no incentive availed, almost everything he did, notably his best work he sent off for sale unfinished.

Artists admired and openly lauded it, but artists were not buyers, and the Philistine wanted what he could never be induced to paint—a picture with a story in it, a picture that was literature in paint. Will-power? Yes—he knew the value of that too—but when he tried to mix it in his paints and go on finishing in spite of himself he ruined his picture—it became flat and common place and in despair he threw down the brush. His will-power was expended on remaining true to the ideal he sought.

“I’ll tell you what I’ll do little woman—since money we must have—I’ll ghost it for a while. I can finish well enough for a ghost. I won’t send the work I spoil as my own—a ghost is only guessed at you know—it will relieve the financial pressure—eh Madge?”

His wife sat silent, too full to speak. Was this then the fulfillment of all the fair promise of his youth—of his dreams of greatness—of the life they two were to lead going forward hand-in-hand together? It is true she had seen some indications of this before they had married, but she had considered it merely lack of the business faculty—and she had been so sure she could help him there. She would relieve him of caring for himself; she would care for him; she would be near to cheer him when his fits of depression and despair at his failures overcame him, and it would all be so different when they were together, these two who loved each other so. Ah me! what dreams!

But things had begun to look serious now. Duns had begun to call regularly, the color bills stood unpaid, and when an unusually sharp letter came threatening proceedings for recovery a lot of the best sketches were gathered together and sent off to a dealer where after an interval they were auctioned off for a mere pittance.

At last, however, the duns ceased to trouble—they had heard that their unfortunate debtor was ill, seriously ill. It had come—the long sickness which he had felt so sure would set him free. He was in the lowest trough of typhoid, had been for three weeks, and a complication was feared which might involve typhus. Meantime, in response to an invitation from the Exhibition Committee, his wife had sent up what work he had—all but finished as it was—while he lay on the dim confines of the unseen, far from sight or sound of earth, babbling with weird fervour of the beauty he saw in everything, babbling whole stanzas of Wordsworth’s Intimations of Immortality.

“Will he live, doctor?” queried his wife with even lips and anguished eyes one day when his life seemed ebbing away in interminable sleep.

“Yes, he will live, but it has been a close shave. The utmost care will be needed to complete his recovery. A case like this is a heavy drain on the system, but caution and care will bring him round.

Caution and care! Ay, all that life could give or love suggest, if he would only come back to her. Kneeling there with her cheek pressed close to his poor white skeleton of a hand, always so small and nervous, but now transparent and shadowy as that of a ghost in a vision of the night. The days and nights passed drearily while she watched by him, waiting to welcome him back—back to life and love and hope. At length he opened his eyes and smiled, recognizing her. Convalescence progressed till he fully came to himself.

“Madge,” he said, one day somewhat suddenly.

“Yes, dear.”

“Bring me the garden canvas will you? I want to look at it for a minute.”

“It is not here, dear, it was sent away.”

“Oh! Well, the other—the child in the meadow-grass.”

“It is gone too. The Exhibition Committee sent, asking you to contribute, and I sent up what you had.”

A gleam of pleasure lit up his fine eyes at this token of artistic appreciation of his work.

“What a pity they weren’t finished. I know now just what they wanted. It is all as plain as day now, I could finish them now without any trouble. What day is this?”

“Thursday.”

“Dear me, then I must have been ill more than a week. What is that in the garden, roses? Roses in April!”

April! It was the middle of June, and he had been ill for eight weary weeks—but she evaded an answer by slipping her hand under his head, and holding to his lips a cup of beef tea. He drank the strengthening draught gratefully.

“That is delicious!” he said. Then his eye fell on his own hand, and he turned to her with surprise and interrogation.

“Why is this? My hand is wasted to a shadow.”

“You have been very ill, dear,” the little woman replied, somewhat huskily in spite of her self control.

“Ah,” he exclaimed with glowing eyes, “that is why I feel so clear. I told you I would feel better when I had had a severe illness. I know myself and my brush now,—oh, you will soon see the difference. No more notion of hiding myself behind a ghost for a little money. I shall need no spur now. Oh! I must get up and paint.”

He tried to raise himself up, but the body lay inert and powerless—the springs of life exhausted,

“Bye and bye, dear—bye and bye; wait till you gain strength,” said the patient wife, and like an appeased child he slept again. The morrows passed and became yesterdays, each day bringing its own strength, and he began to sit up all day. Then he grew impatient and could wait no longer. He was assisted into the studio and sat down on his accustomed seat before the picture on the easel, the picture which had baffled him so.

He looked at it critically, and then with a peculiar smile took up his palette and brushes and began to mix the colors with feverish haste.

“Run away now dear, I’m going to finish this. I’m all right now, I’ll call you bye and bye. Here, kiss me, and run away.”

She kissed his upturned lips, looked at him doubtfully for a moment and turned and left the room.

In half-an-hour or so she returned and found him still sitting before the picture. With a rapturous thrill of hope and joy she saw the change he had made in it. He had added what was lacking, he had given it depth and color, he had enbued it with life; the life that was his no more. The palette was still hooked upon his left thumb, the brush lay in the curled fingers of his right hand, but the eyes, still smiling, were sightless, and the light of triumph that irradiated his brow would never again be dimmed by failure.

* * * * *

Next day as he lay at peace a letter came addressed to him. It was from the Secretary of the Exhibition, and enclosed a cheque for three hundred pounds, and an order for more work from the same hand. The whole of his work had been bought up by prominent artists as gems for study, with the exception of two selected for the National Gallery. The King had come to his own at last.

Written for THE QUEEN.

REUBEN'S LUCK,

A TALE OF THE WILD NORTH.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE,

AUTHOR OF "BLOWN TO BITS," "FIGHTING THE FLAMES," &c., &c.

IT WAS an unusually cold day—cold even for the Arctic regions. The spirits-of-wine thermometer had recorded 48° below zero on Fahrenheit's scale that morning at the outpost, about sunrise, and Raymond Smart's companion—his only companion—had filled a bullet mould with quicksilver, put it out in the snow for half-an-hour to freeze and brought it in to the house a solid ball.

But neither Raymond Smart nor his assistant, Reuben Kraik, cared much about the intense cold. Indeed, they rather liked it, for it produced a calm day—intense frost and wind being seldom, if ever, associated together. Besides, Raymond and Reuben were both young, strong and energetic, so that extremes of any kind had but little effect on their minds or bodies, except in the way of bracing them up to endurance or to action.

"Where do you think of trying your luck to-day, Raymond?" asked Reuben, as he looked up from the fowling piece he was cleaning, and regarded his companion who was arranging the thongs of a pair of five feet long Chippewyan snow-shoes.

"Up the river, I think. I've not been that way for a week or two. Will you go with me?"

"No; I'll go right back into the woods, as I did the last time."

"What! and lose yourself again?"

"I hope not, Raymond. But, you know, if a fellow doesn't practice, how is he ever to learn? My knowledge of wood-craft is but slight, truly, but if I tie myself to your coat-tails it will never become more extended. 'Never venture, never win,' you know. I'm resolved to become a regular Leather Stocking or Hawkeye by dint of sheer perseverance."

Raymond Smart applauded his friend's heroic state of mind. He laughed slightly, however, as he laid his hand on the latch of the door and paused while he looked.

"Well, Mr. Hawkeye, I wish you good luck; but see that you don't forget your hatchet and firebag—as you did last time—else it may go hard with you."

He opened the door as he spoke, and in burst a cloud of cold atmosphere, which became visible, like a puff of steam, for a moment, as it came in contact with the warm air of the room, but disappeared when the door was shut.

Reuben Kraik was a stalwart youth of twenty, who had recently joined the fur-traders of the "Great Lone Land," in North America, and had been sent to one of those solitary outposts which are sparsely scattered over that romantic but frost-bound region. His first year had been spent at a depot, where his chief employment consisted in copying accounts and letters, so that on his arrival at Fort Hope, after a canoe voyage of two months through the wilderness, he found himself ignorant of what be termed wood-craft, except that part of it which is to be learned while passing up rivers and skirting lakes.

Fort Hope did not bear much resemblance to what is generally understood by the word fort. It consisted of six or eight log shanties built in the form of a square, and was surrounded by a wooden stockade about eight feet high. There was neither

moat nor drawbridge, embrasure nor gun, to warn off besiegers and frown defiance, for the good reason that there was little or nothing to besiege, and no one to defy.

The Indians, who visited the place twice a year with their furs, were men of peace; and even if they had been otherwise inclined, they would have hesitated to assault and rob the store that supplied their few wants, for they knew well that such an act would put a stop to future supplies, and were too shrewd to fall into the error of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. The only thing, in short, that might have suggested the idea of a fort was a flagstaff in the middle of the square, and, at its foot a small ship's carronade, used at rare intervals for saluting purposes.

Raymond Smart, the commander-in-chief of the fort, was not a military man. His garrison—two Scotch Highlanders, three Canadian half-breeds, and two Indian women—were not soldiers. They knew nothing about attack or defence, siege or sally; but the women, Stareye and Readyhand, were adepts with the needle, and the men experts with the axe as well as with the smooth-bore shot gun. Of sword practice and bayonet exercise they were densely ignorant. Artillery—except the cannonade before mentioned—they had none. Of course cavalry was out of the question, for there were no roads in all the land, and the only four-legged creatures about the place were six splendid dogs which resembled wolves so strongly in size and form that if one of them had been met with wandering in the woods alone, it might have run the risk of being shot by its own master. The only infantry worth mentioning consisted of two very small boys, who belonged to one of the Indian women. It seemed as if the chief delight of these cherubs was to indulge in continuous eating, when not asleep, or in miscellaneous mischief.

During the autumn of his arrival at Fort Hope, Raymond Smart, who was something of a disciplinarian, set his new clerk to as much desk-work as it was possible to find or create at an outpost; but, in such a place, as it may be supposed, there was not much work for the pen. The letters written during the year and copied into a book had to be re-copied to be sent to head-quarters, along with the furs, by the spring brigade of boats. The same had to be done with the journal and thermometrical record, kept throughout the year, besides a few other little matters. At this work the chief found his lieutenant neat-handed and pains-taking. Then, after winter had covered the ground with its cold, deep, mantle of snow, Raymond took his companion out into the forest, and taught him the mysteries of northern wood-craft. He did not, indeed, teach him how to walk on snow-shoes, for the youth had already learned the rudiments of that not difficult art, but he increased his knowledge and the practice of it by leading him many a league over the frozen wilderness, in pursuit of ptarmigan and willow grouse. He taught him to trap Arctic foxes and wolves, and showed him how to encamp in the snow and make a comparatively warm bed in that uncongenial substance—if we may so speak of it.

Then Reuben became ambitious, and, with the self-confidence of youth, sallied forth alone on pretty long walks—extending to twenty, thirty, and even forty miles. While out on one of these walks he lost himself, and had nearly perished for want of the fire-bag, containing materials for striking a light, and the small hatchet which everyone carries, for the purpose of cutting fire-wood, in those Northern wilds, both of which requisites he had forgotten. Indeed Reuben had had a very narrow escape, and would probably have perished had not Raymond Smart, with Angus Cameron and John Mackay followed up his tracks vigorously and found him, in a state of considerable exhaustion, wandering straight away from the fort under the strong conviction that he was going towards it.

When Reuben Kraik went forth, on the intensely cold, calm and bright morning of which we now write, he felt that he had become much too old and experienced a back-woodsman to run any risk of losing himself a second time. As the burnt child dreads the fire and carefully avoids it, so, conversely, he had learned to dread the forgetting of his fire materials. Accordingly his fire-bag with flint, steel, and tinder, was hanging from the red-worsted sash that bound the leather capote close to his manly bosom, while a small axe was stuck into the same belt behind him. To give an idea of his general appearance we may add that on his long legs he wore a pair of blue cloth-leggings bound with red braid, on his curly black head, was a marten skin cap, of the pork-pie pattern, with flaps over his ears to prevent these auricular excrescences from being frozen. Moccasins protected his feet, and a shot-pouch, and powder-horn were slung over his shoulders, on one of which rested a gun with a pair of long Chippewyan snow-shoes hanging to them; for these latter would not be required while he walked over the hard-beaten tracks in the immediate neighborhood of the fort.

As he passed the shanty inhabited by the men, he saw John Mackay busy cutting firewood. The Highlander raised himself. "You'll be goin' to shoot, sir," he said.

"Just so, Mackay. By the way, if I don't return till late you need not be anxious. Tell Mr. Smart—for I forgot to mention it—that I shall go in the direction of Pinetree Bluff, and may not be back till after dark."

"I'll tell him, but don't be over-venturesome, Muster Kraik. The cold will be harder than usual, an' the snow it iss deep, whatever. Moreover, there iss fery likely goin' to be more. If I wass you I would not go far."

"No fear," returned Reuben, lightly. "You know I've had lots of practice lately, and I feel as if I had now become a regular trapper or redskin. I can find my way through the forests anywhere."

"What you remark iss fery true, no doubt, Muster Kraik," said the Highlander, with an argumentative expression on his brow and in his tones, "but it iss not safe to trust to wans feelin's, whatever, for they are sometimes misleadin'. It iss not what we feel, but what we know, that should guide us."

"According to that rule," returned Reuben, with a laugh, "you should not eat the next time you feel hungry. Isn't that so?"

"Not at all, Muster Kraik; you are wrong. It is my stomik that cries out for food when it iss empty, an' when my stomik cries out I feel it, an' so I do come to know it. That iss the natural arrangements, Muster Kraik, where the feelin's were appinted to lead to knowledge, but it iss not so with things outside of you, for there can be no feelin's outside of a man.

"Not so sure of that, Mackay. What would a schoolboy say to such a theory when he's being flogged outside?"

"Hoot! Muster Kraik, you are not fery logical to-day," retorted the Highlander, with what we may term a grave smile. "Do you not see that it iss the birch which is applied outside, but the feelin' iss all inside?"

"Well, well, you may be right," returned Reuben laughing, "but it is too early in the day to finish the argument here. We must hold it over. Besides, my feelings tell me that if I don't keep moving I shall freeze—so good-bye for the present."

"Right, Muster Kraik. Your feelin's iss your true guide in that, whatever, for—"

He stopped, for Reuben was already through the fort gate and beyond the reach of argument.

Resuming his work with a pathetic "weel, weel," Mackay continued to scatter chips of fire-wood around, while Reuben walked rapidly along the woodcutter's track. Then, putting on his snow-shoes, he left the track and struck off over the deep snow into the primeval wilderness in the direction of Pinetree Bluff.

CHAPTER II.

There was something wonderfully exhilarating in the cold of the bright winter day in that great wilderness, which extends north of the Canadas into the regions lying around the Pole. All the branches and spines of the trees were pure white, and the red sun shone aslant over the undulating snow far and wide, for the woods in the immediate neighborhood of Fort Hope were not dense and numerous openings allowed the sunshine to penetrate freely. Everything was rounded and softened as well as whitened by the all-prevalent and overwhelming carpet. Hillocks which in summer possessed distinct form and individuality, were rounded into undistinguishable similarity. Intricate networks of fallen trees and crushed interlacing boughs, were blotted completely out of visible existence, and accumulated masses of snow lay in somewhat threatening positions on many of the spreading pine branches.

After Reuben had passed a few miles onward, he came upon another part of the woodcutters track which made a circuit at that place. It was beaten hard by the constant traffic of the dog-sledges, and ran a mile or so parallel with his route. Taking off his snow-shoes and slinging them on his gun, he followed the track as far as it served him. Then he resumed the snow-shoes and struck off again over the deep snow. There were no roads or tracks of any kind beyond that point, indeed no roads were needed, at least by pedestrians, for the formidable snow-shoe converts the whole wilderness into one vast road. Swamps, hillocks, hollows and tangled undergrowth that renders the region almost impassible in summer, were by that time smoothed over, and made comparatively level. As there had not been a fall of fresh snow for a couple of weeks, Reuben's shoes sank into it only a few inches, and walking was comparatively easy, especially so to a powerful young fellow in his twentieth year in robust health and possessed of unquenchable enthusiasm with well developed muscles.

It would have been obvious to a person of the meanest capacity, had there been anyone there to observe, that Reuben Kraik was somewhat proud of his physical strength. The way in which he stepped out, and the free and easy manner in which he swung the snow-shoes forward and caused the dry-as-dust snow to fly on either side, bore unmistakeable evidence of his immense supply of reserve power; and the reckless style in which he crashed through or trod down small obstacles in the shape of bushes, indicated with equal clearness the strength of his will and his determination not to allow any terrestrial difficulty to

interfere with his plans. Indeed, if truth must be told, Reuben had set out that morning with the express though secret purpose of testing both his speed, and his power of endurance.

A week previously his friend, Raymond Smart, had been away on a hunting expedition, accompanied by John Mackay. These two had been gone several days, and had encamped each night in the snow, as backwood hunters are wont to do. At their last encampment, having started before daylight, they had accidentally left behind one of their blankets. The distance from the encampment to the fort was known to be exactly twenty-two miles, so Reuben had determined to walk to the encampment and fetch home the blanket. Thus he would accomplish a walk of forty-four miles on snow-shoes, and, by presenting the blanket, convince his comrades that he had really done so.

During the first part of the journey all went well with him. The way to the encampment was not difficult to find, for the trees had been "blazed" all along the route. The sun shone cheerily all the morning, giving at least a semblance of warmth, although emitting none that was appreciable, and the countless jewels of the arctic world glittered brightly in his ruddy beams.

Reuben's powers proved quite equal to the task he had set himself to perform. He walked with ease and great speed, and had left eighteen miles behind him before calling a halt for lunch.

The meal was not a sumptuous one. Neither was it eaten in luxurious circumstances. The youth's chair was a bank of snow. His plate was his knee, and his meal a "hunk" of pemican, eaten cold. Refreshed by it he set off at a brisk pace, for the brief rest that he had taken had been sufficient to cool even his young blood to the point of stagnation. But soon his abounding energy sent it again careering in his veins, and for a time he felt almost too warm, though his breath issued visibly from his lips like steam, and settled thickly on his breast in the form of hoar-frost.

On the way he had set up several flocks of ptarmigan, but made no attempt to shoot them until he was close to the encampment. Then he bagged a brace for dinner. Shortly after noon he reached his goal, quite fresh, and confident in his ability to accomplish the return journey by seven o'clock that night, if not earlier. Of course he knew that it would be dark before he should arrive, but two considerations caused him to regard that with indifference. Towards the close of the day he would be travelling over more familiar ground, and he could get upon the wood-cutters track at the last few miles when light would be unnecessary. In the camp a tin kettle and a mug had been hung on a tree, for the benefit of anyone who should find himself in that neighborhood while out hunting. These he appropriated, and set about preparing for a good hour's rest and a warm meal. He also found the forgotten blanket, lying where it had been left, and covered with a little mound of snow. Spreading a new layer of pine branches on the floor of the camp, he placed the blanket above them and sat down to strike a light. A fire was soon kindled and the kettle filled with clean snow. Ere long it became a bubbling tea-pot, for Reuben had taken care to put tea and sugar and bread in his wallet before starting. The lid of the kettle he converted into a frying-pan for the nonce, and soon it steamed with a savoury stew of pemican and bread-crumbs.

With a beaming countenance Reuben sat rubbing his hands before the grateful blaze, as he watched these preparations. So engrossed was he that he did not observe the gradual overclouding of the sky and the disappearance of the sunbeams. It was not until he had got half through dinner, that a small snow-

flake alighting on his cheek awakened him to the fact that a change was taking place in the weather. He paused and looked up. The sky was no longer blue. Indeed, it had become decidedly grey. There was also a good deal of motion in the tree-tops, suggestive of wind, but in his sheltered position he did not feel that.

"Hump!" he exclaimed after a brief glance, but, being still hungry and very easy-going by nature, he resumed his occupation without further comment.

Now, it must be told, that snowstorms in the far north, are sometimes sudden and often severe. Before our young hunter had concluded his meal, snow was falling steadily and in rather larger flakes than usual, indicating a slight rise in the temperature. The tree-tops also, swaying about more violently, showed that the wind had increased, and occasional sighings of the same, as it swept over the forest, induced Reuben to hasten his operations.

After a little more than an hour's rest he resumed his snow-shoes, hung up the kettle on a tree, strapped the lost blanket to his back, and set forth on the return journey like a giant refreshed. He had not walked far, however, when, coming to an open space, he discovered that something like a regular storm had set in. Not only was the snow falling thickly, but the wind was whirling it about in fitful gusts, as if undecided as to the direction in which it meant to blow.

"Another 'hump!'" was all that it elicited from the sturdy youth, but this was not an exclamation of contemptuous indifference, for he tightened his belt, compressed his lips, and, bending forward with an air of stern resolve, went over the snow at the rate of five miles an hour—if not more.

That there was good cause for speed became evident, for he found that the broad and deep track left by him on his outward journey was fast being obliterated. Still, it takes time to fill up a snow-shoe trail, and Reuben at first did not feel much concern. He was confident in his strength, and a good deal of daylight still remained to him.

With unabated speed he continued to advance for about two hours. Then he began to discover that there is some truth in the proverb, "It is the pace that kills."

"Take it easier, old boy," he remarked, in a cheery voice, as if to encourage himself and dissipate a slightly uncomfortable feeling which had begun to find lodgment in his breast, for snow was falling very thickly by that time, and twice he had been obliged to look steadily around him to make sure that he was really returning on the out-going track.

His uncertainty on this point deepened when he came suddenly to the margin of a frozen lakelet which he had crossed on the outward march, for there the unimpeded gale was shrieking over the ice, carrying snow with it in vast blinding drifts, and all trace of his track was utterly lost at the margin.

"Now," said he, soliloquizing to himself as he turned and looked carefully back on the track which he had left behind, "you've only got to draw a straight line from this point, and you can't fail to pick up the trail on the other side. But you'll have to make careful observation, and fix landmarks on both sides before starting."

He followed his own directions very carefully, and as the lake was not much more than a quarter-of-a-mile broad, felt pretty sure of success. His experience of arctic travel, however, had not been sufficient to enable him to quite understand his difficulties and dangers. The moment he passed from the shelter of the woods, the snow-drift blinded him, and the intensely cold blast chilled him to the bone. He bent forward, nevertheless,

and stepped out with vigorous determination. It was only a short half-mile after all. A quarter-of-an-hour would carry him over the lake, and, once in the shelter of the woods, all would be plain sailing.

But it was a bad quarter-of-an-hour—worse than he had been anticipating. The strength of the wind carried him out of his course considerably, in spite of his great physical strength and resolution. The fine, dust-like drift penetrated every crevice of his dress, flew up his nose, entered his mouth when he panted, and almost shut up his eyes, so that he could scarcely see the woods either behind or in front of him. Worst of all, he felt himself getting benumbed, in spite of his violent exertions, and, for the first time, he learned that a gale of wind with temperature far below zero is not to be faced with impunity even by an unusually strong young man.

Reuben was well aware of the danger of being overcome by intense cold, and something like a shock of alarm passed through him as he experienced a touch of that fatal drowsiness of which he had often heard and read. The effect, however, was to rouse him to increased exertion. He put on what sporting men term a spurt and in a few minutes more reached the opposite margin of the lake, where he was fairly driven into the woods by an eddying gust and followed by a whirling snow-drift which circled viciously around him, as if anxious to swallow him up. Failing in this the gale and the drift went howling away together over the Arctic plains.

Under the shelter of a group of pines Reuben stopped to clear the snow from his eyes, and recover breath, as well as to take an observation of his land-marks, but the shore which he had just left, had, by that time, been rendered invisible by the increasing drift, and the land-mark on his own side was not to be seen. The track, also, was nowhere to be found. Without a moment's hesitation he walked along the margin of the lake to windward, feeling sure that he must soon come across the track in that direction, but he failed. Then he turned and walked quickly in the opposite direction for upwards of a mile—still without success. He now felt that there was nothing to be done, but return to the spot which he had first reached on the margin of the lake, take another observation, calculate as nearly as he could the direction of the fort, and make straight for it at his best pace.

But the exertion which he had undergone, and the cold to which he had been exposed, had begun to tell upon him by that time, and the feeling that he was capable of exhaustion had a depressing effect on his spirits at first, but as the shelter of the woods and the rapid pace increased his circulation, and restored some of his caloric his courage revived, and his confidence in his having hit the right course increased. After walking what appeared to him to be ten miles, if not more, this confidence diminished. Moreover, the increasing darkness told him that the brief Arctic day was almost over, and the clouded day forbade the hope that the moon would be of any service. Anxiety naturally induced him to increase his speed, and for some time he advanced at a pace equal to that with which he had started.

Suddenly he came to the edge of a piece of exposed ground which he had not crossed in the outward journey.

"Strange," he muttered, as he stopped to consider, "I don't remember this bit. I must have been blown a good deal to the left by this gale. However, if so, I'll be sure to be pulled up by the woodcutters' track and, luckily, if the worst comes to the worst, I have food and my firebag, as well as this blanket—I will encamp."

As he formed this resolution he went out on the open plain and began to cross. Again the bitter blast shrieked around, and the whirling drift assailed him. The plain was only a few hundred yards wide; he was soon across, but the brief exposure had again chilled him terribly, and he suddenly felt as if his strength were almost exhausted. The drowsiness which he had previously experienced, returned with overwhelming force, and it was only by the exercise of the most resolute determination that he resisted the intense desire to lie down and sleep—if it should only be for five minutes.

But he knew well that those five minutes, if indulged in, would be the precursors of the final sleep of death. Then he thought of encamping for the night where he was, but the idea of failing in his purpose touched his pride; he thought, too, of how his comrades would laugh at him for attempting what was beyond his powers—no, he would push on, for surely he could not be far from the fort by this time.

Presently he came to another opening in the wood, across which the gale swept furiously. He shrank from facing it this time, and paused to consider.

"I've gone too far to the left now," he soliloquized, "must have missed the woodcutters track after all. Been drifted up, I suppose. I'll bear away to the right a bit."

Carrying out this intention he walked briskly along, but in a dreamy state of mind which rather puzzled him. He awoke from it under the impression that he had now gone too far to the right, and abruptly altered his course. In a few minutes he came upon a group of trees which he had passed not half-an-hour before, and at last he was compelled to admit the fact that he was really lost!

Only those who have gone through the experience can understand the utterly bewildered state of mind that ensues when one is lost in an unknown wilderness. It is the same, indeed, even in a known wilderness, if one should chance to get lost in an unfamiliar part of it. We have experienced this in the brick and mortar wilderness of London, when, having wandered into one of the side streets abutting on familiar Oxford-street, we have been completely lost, and forced humbly to ask our way back to the great thoroughfare, although within a couple of hundred yards of it. But we have also been lost for a brief space in the wilderness of the Great Lone Land, and can therefore speak from experience when we say that as regards the arts of the compass, Reuben Kraik's mind became a total blank. Up to the "lost" point he had definite, though it might be erroneous, ideas as to his whereabouts, and what he meant to do. But when the lost point was reached his mind was reduced to a state of hopeless bewilderment. Anyone of the compass points might be the right one, therefore which of them was he to choose!

In a sort of reckless indifference he chose none of them, but walked straight forward in the direction in which he happened to be facing. The folly of this course induced him to halt in a few minutes and look round. By that time night had fairly set in, but the moon, although completely hidden by the grey clouds, gave out a glimmer of light which enabled the lost youth to see the nearer objects. On the right hand, and left, as well as in rear, a few trees only were faintly visible, with a background of thick darkness which indicated the forest behind them. In front an open space appeared. Beyond these arose a long mound or ridge of snow on the upper edge of which the drift was still whirling somewhat wildly.

"I've had enough of open spaces," muttered Reuben, as he gazed at the snow mound. "I won't face that again. I'll encamp."

As he spoke he almost fell down, partly from exhaustion, but chiefly owing to that strange desire to lie down where he stood.

Drawing the hatchet which he carried in his belt, he attacked a small dead tree, and cut it down with as much violence as if it had been the author of all his troubles. This roused him up a little. Cutting the tree into lengths for the fire still further increased his warmth, and, as a consequence, his vigour. Then after that he cleared away the snow from a space of about ten feet in diameter, for a fire may not be kindled until the solid ground is reached. It was hard work, the snow being three or four feet deep, and a snow-shoe is not the most convenient of shovels. He accomplished it in time, however, though working in a sort of dreamy mechanical manner, and ever, as he busied himself in a languid way, spreading pine branches on the floor of his encampment and piling up the billets of firewood, the idea of having failed in his plan, and being lost kept worrying his mind.

Then, somehow, the thought of having failed in his plan of life, and being lost in a more terrible sense, took possession of him. Reuben was what men styled a fine good-hearted fellow, with no nonsense about him, but he made no pretensions to being religious. He had been too well trained to scoff at such an idea, but the notion of his being naturally a lost soul and standing in need of a Saviour had never been seriously entertained by him. It was only now, for the first time, when death, in the almost agreeable aspect of sleep, was softly but powerfully wrestling with him, that he began to think of the God who, although formally acknowledged, had never been really recognised as a factor in his life, and of Christ, by whose name he was called, but about whom he had never seriously troubled himself.

"Lost!—am I?" he muttered softly, as he put the light, which he had just kindled, to the pile of logs, and sat down on the blanket intending to open his wallet and take some food; but while he was in the very act of doing so, the strong will and the vigorous muscular power which had served him so well that day suddenly failed him. He sank down on the blanket with his feet towards the fire. He retained just sufficient sense, to draw the blanket over him, and then, with a deep sigh, sank into blissful repose, while the camp fire began to gather force and send its bright sparks up into the cold, wintry sky.

CHAPTER III.

It is probably needless to say that when night approached Raymond Smart began to feel a little anxious about his young lieutenant, whom he knew to be rather too daring, self-reliant and ambitious, as well as inexperienced in arctic travel.

About dusk he went over to the men's house, where, the day's work being over, preparations for supper were going on.

"Mr. Kraik is late of returning," he observed, on entering. "What was it he said to you this morning, Mackay?"

"He said, sir that he wass goin' in the direction of, Pinetree Bluff. I wull not remember the exact words, but that wass what he gafe me to understand."

"That wass all—eh?"

"Weel, sir, not exactly all. We had a few words o' pheelosophical taalk about feelin's an' knowledge, but that wass all he said about his expedeection—except that we wass not to be anxious about him if he wass late."

"But I can't help being anxious about him, with such a gale blowing and he so inexperienced. Eat a good supper, lads, and be ready to start with me in an hour or so, if need be."

"The advice to take a goot supper wass uncalled for, whatever," observed Mackay, as the young chief of the fort went out.

"You are right, Shon Moctonal', whatever," said Angus Cameron.

The other men laughed and made curt rejoinders as they sat down to fried fish, stewed pemican, bread, salt butter and tea to which they brought appetites sharpened by fresh air, hard work and robust health.

An hour later, the two Highlanders and François, one of the half-breeds, led by Raymond Smart, went out carrying lanterns, food and blankets, for they knew not where or to what their search might lead them. The lanterns, however, were not needed, for by that time the snow had ceased falling, although the gale was still blowing, and the moon was beginning to send some of her light through the rapidly thinning veil of clouds.

"If he made straight for the Pine Bluffs," said Raymond, in a low voice to Mackay, as they walked along the wood-cutters' road together "he must have taken to his snow-shoes at the second bend."

"Fery true, sir, we wull be likely to find his track beginnin' there."

As was surmised, on reaching the second bend in the road, the diverging track, made by the lost man when he struck off into the the deep snow, was found. It had not been quite obliterated by drift, because the density of the surrounding wood had partially protected it.

"Now, lads, we will start from this point as a centre," said the chief, "and radiate away each one on his own straight line like the spokes of a wheel. Thus we may be almost sure to hit on his return track wherever he may have wandered. I will follow his outgoing track as he may have kept to it in returning, and fallen in it if anything has happened to him. After you have gone in a straight line for an hour, each of you will make straight for Gordon's Gully. He must have come through that anyhow if he's on this side of the ridges. We will wait for each other there. I need not tell you to keep a bright look-out. Fire a single shot now and then and let no one fire after another too quickly, for if Mr. Kraik replies he will be sure to do so at once, with probably a double shot from his double-barrel."

The party separated and Raymond Smart soon found himself alone, trudging along in his friend's track. He had little difficulty in following it up, for Reuben, as we have said, was guided by the blazed trees in the morning and had gone straight to his goal. Besides, the youthful chief of Fort Hope was an expert backwoodsman, and knew how to follow up a trail, even at night, when not too dark.

Anxiously he gazed at the snow on right and left as he went along, half fearing at every step to come on his comrade's body, and listening eagerly for sounds from the other searchers. At last he heard a shot not far from him. He stopped and listened with breathless attention. There was no answering shot. Proceeding onward, he fired his own gun after a time and waited: but no response came. Then came two shots in quick succession, but as one was evidently far from the other they did not form the expected signal. At last Raymond reached Gordon's Gully—which was about six miles from the fort—and found that one of the men—a half-breed—had arrived before him.

"You have found nothing, François," said Raymond, interrogatively.

"Non, mousieur, no-ting."

As he spoke the moon burst through the clouds and lit up the cold wintry scene. There was something ghastly and weird in the wild, tangled, snow-smothered woods in the circumstances, which harmonised with Raymond's feelings, and caused him involuntarily to shudder, for well he knew that if his young friend had fallen, from whatever cause, in such intense frost, there was little chance of his being found alive.

He was about to fire another shot when a shout was heard not far off. It was evidently the voice of Mackay.

"Hi! Hallo! come here!"

With rapid strides and beating hearts Raymond and the half-breed hastened towards the sound. They soon came up with the Highlander who was stooping over the snow, as if examining something intently.

"What is it, Mackay?"

"It iss a snow-shoe track, sir," replied the man, raising himself, "an' goin' to the fort. But you will be a better chudge than me, sir. Look!"

"Right, right. Now, John, we'll follow it up. Remain here, François. Send the other men after us as they come up, and follow yourself when all are in."

Without a moment's delay, the two men went off on the track they had found—hopefully, yet very anxiously, for they half-expected to come upon the prostrated form of poor Reuben at every step.

"You've got the kettle with you, John?"

"Oo ay, sir. I took goot care o' that."

"And the tea and bread?"

"Oo ay."

"I know it's his track from the shape of the snow-shoe," said Raymond, with the view of relieving his feelings by speech rather than giving information to his companion.

The track was sufficiently obvious to their practised eyes. They had no difficulty in following it up, and the longer they advanced on it the more were they surprised that it led them straight in the direction of the fort.

After they had advanced several miles, Mackay said in his slow nasal tone:

"It iss my opinion, sir, that we have crossed each other, an' we wull find Muster Kraik at the fort before us when we git back."

"God grant it may be so," said Raymond, feeling a sudden access of hope. "Yes, I see now. He appears to have scorned taking advantage of the woodcutters' track, and has made a straight march to the fort."

Again they pushed on in silence, much relieved, but not yet quite easy in their minds.

"Hullo! the track stops here," said Raymond, halting and bending down. "No—stay—it turns aside. He must have got confused at this point—poor fellow—and no wonder, for even now the drift is sweeping over that open space. But we are quite close to the fort now—surely he cannot have missed it in the dark!"

"Iss not that fire I see before me?" said Mackay, looking intently at a part of the woods, whence veritable sparks of fire were seen rising in the frosty air.

"It is! Come along," cried Raymond hastily, as he ran rather than walked towards the spot in question—though running in snow-shoes is neither easy nor safe.

"Why, it's a camp-fire," he muttered in great surprise as he drew nearer.

"It iss queer, whatever, that anywan should camp so close to the pickets," added Mackay.

A few minutes run brought them to the edge of an encampment, where a solitary figure was seen lying before a strong fire, which had evidently been burning for several hours, for the remains of thick logs lay at each end of it, while a mass of glowing charcoal was burning in the middle. So intense was the heat that the end of the sleeper's blanket next the fire was singed.

Hastily releasing his feet from his snow-shoes, Raymond leaped into the encampment, drew the blanket off the prostrate figure, and discovered his friend.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, looking earnestly into Reuben's face, "he is only sleeping!"

"Are ye sure, Muster Smert?" asked Mackay, kneeling on the other side of Reuben.

"Quite sure. He is warm," said Raymond, putting his hand on the sleeper's brow.

And he was right. Happily, before falling into that lethargic slumber from which men cannot awake themselves, Reuben, as we have said, had managed to kindle his camp fire, which, blazing into fierce activity, had not only singed his blankets but warmed his feet, so that the stagnating blood had resumed its flow: the blanket so fortunately, though hastily, drawn over him had kept in the heat; and youth, with a strong constitution, had transformed the sleep of death into the slumbering of repose. But the poor fellow had been so thoroughly exhausted that it was a difficult matter to rouse him.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, at last, as he sat up with a drowsy and almost idiotic stare. "What d'you want, eh? is that you, Raymond?"

"Yes, Reuben; you'll be all right directly. Thank God we have found you in time! If the fire had gone out, it would have gone hard with you."

"Fire—had gone out?" returned the youth, slowly, as he looked round the camp. Then a gleam of intelligence shot from his eyes as memory suddenly resumed its office.

"Come—don't trouble yourself to think or speak, but rise and warm yourself," said Raymond, raising his friend with Mackay's aid and holding him up before the fire.

"I'm not cold," returned Reuben, with a faint smile; "only a little queer, and—and—rather hungry. I hope we're not far from the fort now?"

"Not far. Indeed quite close," responded his friend, pointing to the mound of snow in front of them.

"Yes, that's the drift that floored me," said Reuben, with a deprecatory smile. "I was so dead beat that I couldn't face it."

"Don't you know what it is?" asked his friend, with an amused expression. "Look at that fringe on the top of it."

Reuben looked. The moonlight, which was clear by that time, revealed what had not been visible a few hours before.

"The stockade!" he exclaimed, with a gaze of astonishment.

"You are right, Muster Kraik," said Mackay. "If you had cairied on for five meenits more you would merched right into the fort, for the snow-drift has gone right up to the top o' the peekits—as you see."

"Quite true, Reuben," added Raymond with a laugh. "If you had persevered a little longer, you might have spent the night on your own bed instead of the snow."

"I had perseverance enough, however," returned Reuben, in a somewhat piqued tone, "to walk to Pine Bluff and back."

"You don't mean to say you've been all the way to Pine Bluff in such a storm!" exclaimed Raymond, in surprise.

"If you doubt me, there is proof," returned the youth, pointing to the ground. "There is the blanket that was forgotten and left by those who visited the Bluff last. I think you were one of the party, Mackay."

"Fery true, Muster Kraik. I will not be doubtin' that ye hev been there," said the Highlander, picking up the blanket with a grim smile, "but I do not think when we left it, that it had a hole in it big enough to shove wan's heed through, whatever."

"Never mind the blanket, Mackay," said Raymond. "Come now, are you fit to finish your journey? Five minutes more will do it, and we'll find something ready to appease your appetite on arriving. Here comes the rest of our party," he added, as the searchers made their appearance, expressing by word and look their satisfaction at the discovery of the lost man.

A few minutes more, and Reuben Kraik was seated in what was styled Bachelor's Hall, recruiting his body and spirits over an early breakfast—or a late supper—and discussing his experiences of a night in the snow.

CHAPTER IV.

Towards the close of the year, there occurred an event in the career of our hero, Reuben Kraik, which completely revolutionised his sentiments as to the value and aims of life.

It was late in the afternoon that the event occurred. Reuben had been out with his gun, and was returning home with eight snow-white ptarmigans encircling his waist—their heads being tucked under his belt—when he was arrested on turning round the corner of the fort by an apparition which struck him both dumb and motionless! It was well calculated to do so, for the apparition was a lovely girl of eighteen, with a bright complexion, sunny hair, laughing eyes, and a round cherry-like mouth. She was robed in a fur-trimmed cloak, and wore a round fur cap with ear-pieces, out of which her sweet round face beamed like sunshine.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us," thought Reuben, but he said nothing. He only stood and gazed like an incurable idiot. The apparition in fur smiled. Reuben tried to return the smile in kind, but could not. At last he stammered:—

"Are you—what—where in all the earth did you—I beg your pardon—are you human?"

"I hope you don't think me *inhuman*," replied the apparition, breaking into a silvery laugh and displaying pearls and dimples which effectually completed the conquest that the lips, etc., had begun. It was a clear case of love at first sight. Reuben knew, felt, that his doom was fixed, and he wisely bowed to the inevitable. The shock of the discovery, however, coupled with the dimpling smile, restored his self-possession.

"Forgive me," he said, becoming once more sane in look and tone, "but you must be aware that in a wilderness nearly a thousand miles beyond the outskirts of civilization visitors like *you* are uncommon."

"Am I then so *very* awful?" asked the girl, with a look of innocence in her large blue eyes, in which, however, there was a perplexing twinkle."

"To people who believe in apparitions," responded Reuben "you might indeed be exceedingly awful, but not so to to me, for I am a sceptic as to ghosts, and believe you to be real flesh and blood—a fact that renders it all the more surprising that you are here, where to the best of my belief, none but a few Indian squaws have hitherto existed since the days of Adam

and Eve. May I venture to ask who you are and which star you dropped from?"

"Did my father not write to Mr. Smart to say that we were coming?" asked the girl with genuine surprise.

"If he did, Mr. Smart said nothing about it to me. He did indeed mention in a casual way, that Mr. Peers, of Fort Dunregan might possibly come over to spend the Christmas holidays with us, but he mentioned no one else—did not even hint at a young lady—are you then, Richard Peers' daughter?"

"I am—his daughter Flora—his only child. Ah! I suppose Mr. Smart did not give me credit for courage to undertake a two hundred miles journey in a dog sledge, but he—"

A loud burst of laughter was heard at that moment, and Raymond Smart came out at the fort gate, talking to his friend Peers.

"Yes, I meant to give him a surprise," he said, "so I made no mention of Flo, for he has not an idea that there is a white girl within five hundred miles of us. So we—"

He stopped abruptly, for at that moment he perceived the youth and maiden standing where they had first met.

How much, if any, of the above speech had been heard by Reuben or Flora, Raymond could not guess, but the awkwardness of an explanation was prevented by John Mackay, who opportunely came round the end of the principal store with an expression of unwonted anxiety on his weather-beaten face.

"Angus hes just come in, sir," said he, on coming up, "an' he says it iss his opinion that a party o' redskins iss comin' to the fort and they are on the war-path, for they have no weemin or children wi' them an' no furs.

"Nonsense, man," said Raymond. "Who ever heard of Indians hereabouts on the war-path?"

"What you say iss fery true, Muster Smert, but it iss curious what strange things happen out o' the common, sometimes."

"Did Angus meet them, John?"

"No, Muster Smert, but Angus told me. 'Shon, says he, 'Francois met one of oor own Indians who said he knew they was comin.'"

"Humph! Somewhat vague. If they do come, however, they shall meet with a warm reception in the shape of a feast and perhaps a dance. That may tend to turn them out of the war-path, so you'd better go and practice the Highland fling, Mackay."

That afternoon, seated round the mess-room table, Raymond Smart, Richard Peers, his pretty daughter, and Reuben Kraik discussed the subject of the Indians supposed to be on the war-path, and Peers recounted the incidents of his two hundred miles journey in a dog sledge from Fort Dunregan. In the men's house John Mackay and Angus Cameron, with François, Baptiste and Louis, the three half-breeds, gave hospitable entertainment to the two Indians who had accompanied Mr. Peers on his journey. While François' Indian wife, Stareye, and her elder sister Readyhand, kept the table well supplied with fried whitefish, pemican, and venison steak, Stareye's twin boys provided all that was needed in the way of noise. Both tables were supplied with similar viands, save that the chief's venison was a haunch, and had cranberry jam as a condiment. Tea was their only beverage. They were all teetotalers from necessity, no liquor of any kind being supplied at that time to the fur-traders.

The rooms in which this feasting was conducted were small and low-roofed. No carpets covered the floor, nor pictures the walls, which latter were of unpainted wood. Indeed, all the rooms in the fort—floors, walls and ceilings—were of the same

material, yet they were wonderfully cosy, each with a fire of huge logs, whose blaze rendered the candles needless, while a genial warmth pervaded them, though it was not sufficient to melt the frost flowers on the window panes.

Our hero, Reuben, was not given to the dreaming mood, being much too healthy to think of wasting the night hours in that way. Nevertheless, he did dream that night. The subject eluded him frequently, but whenever he succeeded in grasping it or reducing it to anything definite, it invariably took the form of an angel in fur.

Next day the band of Indians supposed to be on the war-path arrived at Fort Hope. Whatever their ultimate intentions were, they walked in with the confidence of conquerors, and seated themselves on the floor, round the walls of the hall or reception room. They formed a band of thirty about as ugly-looking fellows as one could wish to avoid in the Wild North. All of them befeathered and painted more or less, but whether it was war-paint Raymond, being unacquainted with the men and their habits, could not tell.

"They're no more on the war-path than I am," remarked Peers to his host, as they left the hall, after furnishing the visitors with a supply of tobacco and pipes. "But what they are after is more than I can guess. I won't ask them, however, till they seem anxious to tell. We must just let them smoke till they're inclined to be communicative."

Mr. Peers, an elderly fur trader, was a good linguist, and able to speak to the red men in their own tongue. He had been many years in charge of Fort Dunregan, and was Raymond's superior in the district. He had, during a trip to Canada while on furlough, married a lady whose health was not sufficiently good to withstand long the rigour of an arctic winter, and whose spirit sank beneath the terrible solitude to which she was condemned. Two years before our tale opens she died, leaving one child—the fair Flora—to mourn her loss and look after her father. Mrs. Peers had trained and educated little Flo very carefully, both in secular and religious knowledge, and guarded her in every stage of life, so that, although the child knew nothing of civilized society, and had played only with Indian and half-breed children, she was quite a lady, like her mother, in sentiment and appearance.

Poor Flo longed sometimes to visit the lands of which she had read and heard so much, and to mingle with the society of people like her mother; but she longed mildly, as people do when they long for the unattainable.

Unlike her mother, Flo was healthy and strong. Her disposition was lively and her manner fascinating, because charmingly innocent. All the clerks and young fur-traders in the district were well aware of these facts. Most of them—if not the whole were in love with her more or less, but not one had yet succeeded in touching Flo's heart.

Of course she was aware of this state of things, and pitied those who laid siege to her, but what could she do? Reuben, she perceived, had joined the besieging army. But, for the first time in her life, the feeling of pity did not arise! What could be the meaning of this? It was something quite new. Was she becoming absolutely callous?

While the Indians, supposed to be on the war-path, were solemnly smoking their pipes of peace in the hall, Flo was seated in her bedroom trying to analyze her feelings. She failed, but Reuben Kraik analyzed them for her. The very next day, while taking a solitary walk on the woodcutter's track, he met Flo, walking towards him. Neither had thought of meeting the other, yet the meeting was not accidental, for there

was no other walk about the place than that of the woodcutters. The meeting was therefore inevitable.

Flo's heart distinctly fluttered when she looked up and found herself face to face with our hero. Reuben's heart leaped as it had leaped at their first meeting. He tried to say something about the weather, but broke down. She attempted something on the same lines, with equal want of success. Reuben was reckless, as we have seen; also impulsive and resolute.

"Flora Peers," he said abruptly, in a soft but decided manner.

"Well," she replied, trembling, for not one of the besieging army had ever addressed her in that style before, "I have lived a good many years now, and have wandered far and wide over a considerable part of this world, but never—no, never in all my life have I seen any girl approaching to within a thousand miles of you in lovable, adorable—"

He sought to grasp her hand, but she snatched it away, and, with a face of crimson, turned round and ran—fairly ran—back to the fort.

Of course Reuben did not follow her. He stood leaning on his gun, gazing at her retreating figure in quiet but intense admiration.

The ice was fairly broken, but the water was by no means reached, for Flora thereafter avoided the youth, with the utmost care. At dinner, indeed, when she sat opposite to him, there was no escaping his eyes; but as she kept her own fixed on the table, except when spoken to, no appreciable damage was done. After dinner, one day, the following conversation took place between Richard Peers and Raymond Smart over a pipe.

"I fear, sir—at least, I suspect," said the latter, "that your pretty little daughter has made a conquest of poor Reuben Kraik."

"Very likely," replied Peers, with a pleased smile; "its not an uncommon thing with her."

"But don't you think that Reuben, who is a fine, strapping fellow, may possibly make some impression upon Flo, which would be rather awkward, you know, seeing that he is very young, and only at the commencement of his career?"

"Not the least fear of that," returned Peers, with a confident nod. "Dozens of young fellows as good looking as Reuben have made a dead set at the poor girl, but without any effect. Flo's little heart seems to be impregnable. I'm not afraid of Reuben—let him try his best."

"H'm! you may be right," rejoined Raymond, sending a ring of smoke to the ceiling, "but Reuben possesses very attractive power, as well as unusual determination. However, if you see no cause for caution it is not my part to alarm you. By-the-way, have you yet found out what our Indian chief, Lightfoot and his band are after?"

"Not yet. Lightfoot puzzles me. I've been used to screwing news out of redskins for many years, but never found one so mysterious or hard to pump as this. Only one thing have I discovered, namely, that they are going to the Mission Settlement on Clearwater Lake. I got that from his brother, Blacknose, who seems inclined to be more communicative than the chief, but what their object is in travelling such a distance I cannot guess."

"Perhaps a feast may open their hearts and loosen their tongues," said Raymond. "I have ordered my cook, François, with his subordinates, Stareye and Readyhand, to prepare such a blow-out for them as will awaken feelings of brotherhood if they at all resemble ordinary savages. I have several little treats for them—such as cranberry jam to their venison, and a

few cakes of gingerbread, as well as several bottles of sweets, which were sent to me in last outfit, besides tea *ad libitum*, well sweetened with molasses—for I have run rather short of sugar.”

Raymond's account of his delicacies was cut short by the entrance of Reuben.

“Lightfoot has made a proposal,” he said to his chief, “which I think is wise as well as considerate. He says that, as his party is large, and their feeding powers enormous, he and his braves will go a hunting to-morrow to help the feast.”

“Good. Let them do so by all means. They won't find deer in the neighborhood just now, but there are thousands of ptarmigan, and these are very good to eat, though somewhat mahogany-like in texture—but the digestion of most redskins is equal to mahogany.”

“Ay, or to oak or ironwood, I verily believe,” remarked Peers with a laugh and a yawn, as he rose and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. Thereafter he retired to rest beneath several four-pointed Makinaw blankets and a buffalo robe, which effectually guarded him from frost which froze the water-jug in his bedroom well-nigh solid, and coated the window-panes with hoar frost full half-an-inch thick before morning.

CHAPTER V.

In honor of the Christmas season, and of the numerous guests who had so unexpectedly made their appearance at Fort Hope. Raymond proclaimed a holiday on the day of the feast, and, in order to give some semblance of reality to it, instituted a series of games. As these were to come off at noon, he sent the Indians away early in the morning on their hunt after ptarmigan. Those sons of the forest were, however, so anxious to witness the amusements of the pale-faces that they all returned to the fort some time before noon, each man with a circlet of snow-white birds ornamenting his waist.

But their chief, Lightfoot, did not accompany them. That sedate savage had something weighty on his mind, and was closeted with the commandant of the fort a considerable part of the morning.

“You'll never guess what Lightfoot is troubled about,” said Raymond to Peers, who was having a pipe with Reuben, in Bachelor's Hall, when he entered.

“I never guessed a riddle in all my life and am too old now to try,” said Peers.

“It is not war but theology that takes him to the mission settlement,” rejoined Raymond, with a perplexed smile.

Peers removed his pipe to whistle a note of astonishment, opened his eyes very wide, and then resumed his pipe.

“Yes,” continued Raymond, “for upwards of an hour and a half have I been subjected to a close catechising by that sedate savage, and, do you know, I was not aware until now how shamefully ignorant I am as to the details of the Christian religion. Some of his questions completely floored me. Are you well up in the subject, Peers?”

“Well, I freely confess that I am not,” replied the fur trader, with a deprecatory air, “but perhaps our young friend, Reuben may be.”

“I grieve to say that I'm no wiser than yourselves,” said Reuben. “My dear mother, it is true, taught me the shorter catechism, but I learned it like a parrot, and had no more idea of its meaning in some parts than the man in the moon. She also taught me, however, to respect and believe in the Christian religion as exemplified by herself, but that will not go far to fit me for expounding theology to a redskin.”

“Is he very much set on finding out all about it?” asked Peers.

“Very. If he were not he would scarcely have started on a journey of several hundred miles with no other end in view. He is evidently a profound thinker—one of those men who want to know everything and prove everything, and who will take nothing for granted. ‘My white brother,’ he said to me, ‘my reason tells me that this Great Manitou must be perfectly good and perfectly wise. It is the fancy of a child to think of pleasing him with gifts, when the world is his own, or with self-punishment which cannot mend the past. The redman thinks it is right to kill his enemies and to steal from them, but Lightfoot's enemies are the children of Manitou not less than himself. It cannot be right to kill, and to steal from, the children of the same father. I am not satisfied with the religion of my fathers; I wish to hear about the religion of the white man.’”

“A very perplexing character to deal with,” remarked Peers, as he rolled a volume of smoke from his mouth. “I suppose you couldn't give him much light?”

“Very little indeed; so little that he is evidently much disappointed, and tells me that he and his braves will start for Clearwater Lake by the first streak of day to-morrow.”

“That must not be. I'll tell you what,” said Peers, with the air of a man who has been struck by an idea, “I'll set my little Flo at him. My dear wife used to teach her out of the Bible to such an extent that I've often been taken aback by the occasional displays of her knowledge. And, after all, the Bible must be about the best class-book on theology.”

“Ay,” remarked Reuben, in an absent manner, “and I think that a good, pretty, young girl must be about the best of theological teachers!”

A burst of laughter from his companions caused Reuben to blush and smile as Peers rose to go in search of his daughter.

“Set her to work at once,” said Raymond, “for in little more than an hour we must begin the sports; and we shall want Flo to grace the scene with her presence, and deliver the prizes.”

Flo was somewhat alarmed, and not a little amused at the duty which was required of her, but, as her father said, she manfully undertook the task, and was soon closeted with the inquiring redskin.

Meanwhile, preparations for the games were completed. These were to consist of running, leaping, putting the stone, throwing the hammer, shooting at a mark, and tobogganing down the sloping banks of the river—the flat, frozen surface of which, with its marble-like covering of wind-beaten snow, formed the arena.

Never having seen anything of the kind before, the Indians assembled with their customary sedate gravity of demeanour and aspect, and did not at first condescend to take part in the games, though their glittering dark eyes and occasional “hos!” and “hows!” and guttural sounds, showed that they were deeply interested.

John Mackay, in virtue of his superior knowledge and strength, was director of the games and chief performer.

“Noo, Muster Smert,” he said, when Flo and her red pupil appeared on the scene, “we will begin wi' puttin' the stane, for Angus is coot at that.”

Angus accordingly balanced a heavy stone in one hand, and, with a mysterious hop and heave that seems to be the birth-right of Scotch Highlanders, sent it hurling through the air a distance of several yards.

“Fery coot, Angus, but I wull beat that,” said Mackay, taking up the stone. And he did beat it, by a foot, amid the ap-

plause of the white men and the silence of the red. Next heave, however, Angus passed him by at least eight inches; then Mackay went beyond the score by four inches. Then François and his brother half-breeds were introduced to try a throw, but, owing to the want of knack, they fell far behind.

"Wull not you try, Muster Kraik," said Mackay, offering the stone to our hero, who, however, never having acquired the art of stone-throwing, did not feel inclined to display his incapacity before the fair Flora. Nevertheless he took the stone, and, to his own great surprise sent it full ten inches beyond the furthest mark. His triumph however was short-lived, for Angus, sent the stone two feet beyond the mark of Reuben, and as no one else could go near him he was declared victor.

As the men warmed to the work the excitement increased. Even the Indians began to forget their dignity a little, though they still declined to take part.

At throwing the hammer the two Highlanders again excelled the others, but here Reuben's strength came into play, and he beat them at last by a magnificent throw which called forth exclamations of surprise even from the Indians. Blacknose, their lieutenant, who was unusually humorous for a red man, became so interesting that he at last condescended to try a throw. Advancing with solemn dignity he gripped the hammer and swung it twice round his head in a slow funeral manner. Then he made a swing of such sudden violence that the hammer slipped from his grasp and went like a cannon shot straight in amongst his comrades, who skipped, leaped, ducked, plunged, and fell out of its way with the agility of baboons.

"Wow!" exclaimed the two Highlanders in consternation, but no evil resulted, save that Blacknose had sat down on the snow unwillingly and with a sudden shock.

The victory did not however remain with the white men, for, when it came to running, two of the braves far outstripped all competitors. At the long leap François was best, but at the high jump Reuben was again successful, which called forth from Mackay the remark:—

"Ay, you chump weel. You have coot arms an' legs—whatever!"

When it came to shooting, the red men again came to the front, so that when Flora was called on at last to deliver the prizes—consisting of three ornamented powder horns, two pairs of bead-worked moccasins and several scarlet belts—the distribution among the races was pretty equal.

By that time much of the reserve of the Indians had been dissipated, so that when it came to tobogganing wildly down the river banks, they joined in the sport, their abortive efforts to do it in a dignified manner adding greatly to the amusement of their white friends. When the short-lived day was gone the appetites of the party may be better imagined than described, but the preparations of Stareye and Readyhand to appease them were on a proportionate scale.

During the progress of the games, Raymond and his lieutenant had gone to the fort occasionally to have an eye on the preparations. On one of these occasions they met.

"Raymond," said his friend, abruptly, "were you ever in love?"

"Never," replied his chief, taking the question as seriously as it was put.

"I'm glad of that," responded Reuben, with a sigh of relief, "for that assures me, that you are not in love with Flora Peers."

"I certainly am not," returned Raymond, with a laugh. "But why did you ask?"

"Because, I am in love with her—hopelessly, enthusiastically so! and if you had been, I should have had to stand aside, for you have a prior claim, having known her before I did—don't you see—and nothing would have induced me to interfere, unless, of course, Flora preferred me; in which case duty would have obliged me—don't you know? Ah! you may laugh, my boy, but neither laughter nor frowns will effect me. I am proud of loving a good lovable girl, and if she comes to love me with a thousandth part of the intensity of my feelings towards her, and is willing, nothing under the sun, moon, or stars will prevent me from marrying her!"

"You are emphatic, Reuben, and I heartily sympathise with you in your feelings, for there is nothing selfish, but all that is noble in the love of a good man, for a good girl. But I'm sorry for you, nevertheless, because, a man of your age, at the beginning of his career, and without money, has hardly a right to think of marriage so soon. Besides, she and her father return to their post in a few weeks, and you will have to remain here, to be ready to go to head-quarters with the spring brigade, in a diametrically opposite direction from Fort Dunregan.

"Is there no chance of our sending a packet or something to Dunregan, with which I could go on snow-shoes?"

"None whatever. My good fellow, you'll have to grin and bear it, for the thing is impossible."

The word "impossible" rang in the poor youth's ears during the remainder of that evening, and the more he thought over the subject and of the various possibilities open to him, the more was it borne in upon him that his prospects were uncommonly dark.

Supper-time at last arrived. It was the great event of the day to the red men. We are not sure that it was not the same to their white brothers.

Raymond, who was eccentric in many of his doings, had resolved to conduct the meal very much like an in-door picnic. The guests were made to sit cross-legged on the floor all round the walls of Bachelor's Hall, and the viands were brought in and served round by François and his female subalterns. At the head of the hall, opposite the door, Raymond seated himself, with Flora, and her father and Mackay on his right. Reuben, Angus Cameron and the other men on his left. The Indians continued the line on either side, and when all were seated the circle was nearly complete.

We will not tantalise the reader by describing the feast. Let it suffice to say it was eaten in comparative silence, though the sound of mastication, the smacking of lips, and sundry emphatic exclamations indicated the entire satisfaction of the feasters. Especially was this the case when four enormous plum puddings were brought on the scene. The astonished savages had by that time consumed about as much as they could hold, but the unknown delicacy called for renewed efforts, which were attended with entire success. When all were sipping their tea Raymond got up and made an appropriate speech, conveying his satisfaction at having so many guests around him, and expressing a hope that his red brothers would not only enjoy themselves but in the end succeed in obtaining the information of which their chief was in search.

Then Lightfoot uprose, with the solemn dignity peculiar to his race and station—having first deposited his tea-cup carefully on the floor, and laid the tomahawk-pipe he had been smoking beside it. Drawing himself up to his full height he looked slowly round the circle and delivered himself as follows:—

"The white chief and his friends have been very kind to Lightfoot and his braves. Our memories are strong; we will not forget. Waugh!"

He looked round with dignity as if to note the effect of his oratory thus far.

"When Lightfoot started on his journey to Clear Lake," resumed the chief, "his mind was perplexed, his heart was heavy. His squaws and braves saw that there was a cloud over his eyes which the sun could not sweep away. They grieved for him, but that could do no good. Then they said go to the pale-faces, and their medicine-men will cure him. Lightfoot took the advice of his people. He has found the pale-faces, but he has not yet found the cure. Still his eyes have been partly opened. Some of the mists have been cleared away. Waugh!"

Again the chief paused, and a volley of "ho! ho's!" testified to the satisfaction of his braves.

"How would you translate 'Waugh'?" asked Reuben of Angus in a whisper.

"Put that in your pipe an' smoke it," replied Angus, "seems to me a fery coot translation—whatever."

"But," continued the chief, with an emphasis that was meant to draw particular attention. "But Lightfoot has made a discovery. He has found that the squaws of the pale-faces are wiser than their chiefs and braves; that the squaws have the brains, while the men have only the muscles and the bones. Waugh!"

This unexpected and altogether astounding statement so took the braves as well as the pale-faces by surprise, that they were temporarily bereft of the power to exclaim "ho!" or anything else. An appalling silence prevailed, while the chief looked slowly and sternly round, and eyes—in some cases mouths—were opened to an extent that must have been seen to be believed. Blacknose in particular, who sat beside his brother, looked up at him with an expression of solemn astonishment that almost upset Flo Peer's gravity. She tried to look superhumanly meek in consequence, but with only moderate success.

The silence was still unbroken; the Indian chief was still glowering under the influence of thoughts almost too big for utterance, and the company was listening, with bated breath and eager expectation, for what was yet to come, when a series of the most appalling yells burst upon them like a shock of electricity; the hall door flew open, and François twin boys sprang in, with incomprehensible howlings issuing from their throats, and wild terror in their glaring eyes!

CHAPTER VI.

It needed no explanation to reveal the cause of the urchins' alarm. The open door told only too plainly that the men's houses were on fire!

The abject terror of the twins was of itself evidence that they had been the cause of the catastrophe, but no one thought of, or cared for that, at the moment. With a war-whoop that would have made hearts quail in other circumstances, the Indians scurried out of the hall and across the yard to attack the flames. Not less prompt were the white men; but Raymond saw from the first that the buildings already on fire were doomed.

"Impossible to save them," he said to Reuben, as they ran.

"We must try to save the big store. Get blankets out of it, shove them in the water-barrel in the kitchen, and spread them on the roof! Gather all our men, Mackay, and heap snow on the wall next the fire. Angus, fetch water from the hole—get as many Indians as you can to help. Off with you! This way, Peers. Help me to manage these red maniacs. Keep inside, Flo. You can do nothing."

But Raymond did Flo injustice, and she did not recognise his right to command her! Seizing a large broom, made of willows, she went out and stationed herself to leeward of the blazing houses, and whenever she saw a flake of fire or mass of flying charcoal settle on a spot where it might prove dangerous, she went quietly up to it, and belabored it into extinction.

Meanwhile, the Indians did their best to aid their friends, according to their light, and performed prodigies of valor. They rushed into the burning houses, brought out chairs, pots and pans, and other trifling articles, clambered on the burning roofs, hurled masses of snow into the fire, and danced wildly in and out, apparently regardless of falling beams, and as indifferent to the flames as if they had been salamanders or veritable demons.

In the midst of the hubbub Reuben had occasion to pass between the store and the burning buildings. He saw Flora laying about her with the big broom, apparently ignorant of the fact that a large mass of blazing wood-work behind her was swaying to its fall. With a roar that a lion might have been proud of, our hero rushed at her, seized the terrified girl in his arms, and dragged her violently aside. Not an instant too soon, for the mass fell hissing on the snow amid a shower of sparks and steam that almost blinded them both. The escape was by a hairsbreadth, for a beam almost tore the arm off Reuben's coat as it fell. The youth did not hesitate. Lifting the half-stunned girl in his arms, he bore her to Bachelor's Hall, and set her down on a chair.

"Not hurt?" he asked, with intense anxiety, and still keeping his arms round her lest she should fall.

"Not in the least," she said, with a face so flushed that it would have been sheer hypocrisy to doubt her. "Go—go, quick? They need you!"

Reuben was off in a moment, but no exertion that he or his friends could make availed to save the store, one end of which contained all the goods for trade during the next year, while in the other end were all the furs traded during the year that was past. A breeze kept blowing the heat and flames and burning masses steadily upon it, until it at last caught fire at the trade-goods' end. Still they fought on, white men and red together, until it became dangerous to remain near it, owing to the gunpowder. The magazine, indeed, was not in the store, but a new barrel had been placed there that very day. Being warned of this, the Indians retired to the Bachelor's Hall, and Raymond at last withdrew his exhausted men to the same place, where they had not long to await the end.

First the roof of the men's houses fell in. Being made entirely of wood, it sent up a cloud of sparks that no pyrotechnic display could equal. This was followed by the collapse of one end of the store-room. Next moment a jet of flame, as if from the crater of a volcano, shot upwards. The shock, as of an earthquake, succeeded, accompanied by a crashing roar, and, amid black smoke, charred beams, general wreck and splinters, all the wealth of the Fort Hope was blown in a mass of indistinguishable ruin into the air, and the inhabitants were thus left almost without food or shelter, two hundred miles from the nearest station, in the depth of Arctic winter, with the thermometer many degrees below zero.

The opinion of the whole party may be pretty well gathered from the brief conversation held by the two Highlanders, shortly after the explosion.

"It is a fery bad chop, Angus Cameron," remarked his countryman.

"Yes, Shon Mackay it iss—whatever!"

So bad a job was it, that it was impossible as well as useless to spend the remainder of the winter at the ruined fort, and its chief finally decided to accompany his friend, Richard Peers, to Fort Dunregan and spend the remainder of the winter there. Fortunately, enough of provisions, etc., had been rescued from the flames to enable the whole party to undertake the journey on full allowance. And the decision of Lightfoot made things much easier for them than would otherwise have been the case, for that chief, entertaining the belief that the young pale-face squaw knew quite enough about Christianity to solve all his difficulties, resolved to give up the long journey to Clearwater Lake, and to accompany the party to Fort Dunregan.

This he ultimately did, and as his braves drew the sledges of the pale-faces, and hunted for them all the way, the journey was more of a long pleasure trip than anything else.

Need we say that Reuben made the most of his opportunities? We think not.

Need we add that he did not fail to twit his friend Raymond about the possibility of going to Dunregan after all? We suspect not.

Need we insinuate that sweet Flo Peers was (with the exception of Reuben) the happiest member of the party? We hope not. Of course she did not betray the state of her feelings, oh dear no! she was much too innocent a plant of the northern wilderness to do that. But she looked blooming and beaming at all times, despite the cold, and had a way of pretending, occasionally, not to see or hear her lover, and that was enough for Reuben. He understood it!

As a matter of course little could be done in the way of re-establishing Fort Hope during the winter. It was arranged that when genial spring came to break up the ice on lake and river; to sweep away the snowy mantle of winter; to set the water rushing, warbling, tinkling; to bring back the migratory flocks, and to fill the woods and swamps with wild-bird melody—that then Raymond Smart, and Reuben Kraik should return with their men to the scene of the conflagration and rebuild the fort, start fisheries, send out hunters, and, with a partial outfit of what could be spared from Fort Dunregan, continue the trade with the northern Indians.

Meanwhile there were several months of winter yet to run, with forced inaction, as far as Fort Hope was concerned. There was plenty of work, however, at Dunregan to keep active spirits in employment. Indeed, it holds true of active spirits in every position of life, that there is plenty of work for them to do, for, in cases where work is not laid to their hands, they will infallibly make work for themselves. At Dunregan when there was not much work to be done, the active spirits had always the resource of the chase to fall back upon, for the establishment was considerable, and appetites were strong. Somehow or other there are few sick folk, as a rule, at backwoods establishments, which is fortunate, for there are no doctors there. Possibly there may be some connection here—who knows?

Reuben, being, we need scarcely say, one of the active spirits, had his hands full, for, besides his share of the ordinary duties of the place, he had resting on him the particular and delicate duties consequent upon his determination to win Flora Peers. Reuben had now a fixed, a noble aim in life—an object worth living for—namely, to gladden the heart of another human being. To effect his purpose he took the somewhat peculiar course of devoting himself to business. He was full of romance and sentiment, but he did not set about the winning of Miss Flo like a sentimental noodle. He knew that without means and position his case was hopeless. He was aware that means and

position were only accorded by the fur trade—or any other trade—to men who made themselves useful and worth. He therefore devoted himself heart and soul to the thorough mastery of every detail of every possible subject connected with his calling in life. Of course he did not neglect Flo. He treated her with the profoundest respect and consideration, but he did not again mention the subject of love, nor did he in any degree act the part of a devoted noodle. Perhaps poor Flo sometimes wished that he did. It is possible that she might almost, unknown to herself, have wished for another fire, in order that Reuben might take her in his arms and rescue her! We cannot tell. We only know that she dreamed not infrequently or unnaturally of the fire at Fort Hope!

One consequence of our hero's resolute conduct was that everybody liked him, "he was so kind and obliging, and so useful." Another was, that Richard Peers found his services to be invaluable, and his character to be "most dependable." When spring came and the first trumpet notes of wild geese gladdened the dwellers in Dunregan with the prospect of fresh meat, Mr. Peers found that he could not well get on without Reuben.

"Raymond," said he, one morning after breakfast, "I fear that I shall be obliged to give you a disappointment. I can't let you take young Kraik back to Fort Hope. I find him too useful here, and mean to keep him permanently. Won't Sommerville do as well?"

"Not nearly as well," replied Raymond, with a rather complex smile, for he was unquestionably disappointed. "However, Sommerville is a good fellow, and I daresay will do very well. Anyhow I shall have to submit to the inevitable."

Both gentleman looked sharply at each other, as the latter said this, and both laughed.

"Well, well, Raymond," said Peers, "you may take with you any of my people that you think most suitable, but Reuben must remain here. Send him to me. I wish to sound him on the point."

"The boss wants to speak with you," said Raymond, when he had found Reuben.

"You speak in an aggrieved tone, Raymond, I hope nothing has gone wrong."

"Oh, no—nothing. Only he's going to treat you ill. He seems to think you are not fit to go back with me to Fort Hope! You'd better go to him at once. He's in the mess-room. You know he is impatient and irascible."

"Very odd," remarked Reuben, as he hurried away, with anxiety written on his countenance and uncomfortable forebodings in his heart.

"Would you like to remain permanently with me at Fort Dunregan, Mr. Kraik?" asked Peers, when the youth entered.

The question was so different from what Reuben had expected that he could scarcely find words to reply.

"Need I say to you, sir," he replied at last, "that nothing—no appointment whatever—could be more to my taste?"

The old fur-trader laughed, and Reuben felt rather confused, for there seemed to be meaning in the laugh.

"Well, my young friend, it is settled. Go and let Mr. Sommerville know that he will have to take your place at Fort Hope."

On his way he had to pass through an outer hall which Flora chanced to enter at that moment.

"Oh! Miss Flora," exclaimed Reuben, approaching her with a glow of enthusiasm on his countenance, and a peculiar decision of manner which caused the maiden's face to turn pale, and then to flush. "Your father tells me that I am to remain here instead of going to Fort Hope."

Poor Flo scarce knew how to receive this announcement.

"Well," she said, hesitatingly, "are—are you pleased?"

"Pleased? No!" he replied vehemently, "but I shall be glad—glad—unspeakably glad if you, Flo—"

He finished the sentence by grasping one of her hands, and passing his right arm round her waist, he drew her to his breast. Flo did not resist. At that moment an envious blast of wind shut a door in the passage with the report of a cannon shot, and scattered those young people promptly in opposite directions.

The opportunity was brief, but it sufficed. It was the beginning of the end!

Meanwhile the chief, Lightfoot, finally gave up the idea of visiting the Clear Lake Mission in search of theological information. His mind, he said, had been cleared up. The Great Manitou had given him wisdom through the mouth of the pale-face squaw, whom he would know in future by the name of Clearbrain.

"But, how do you know that Clearbrain, as you call her, is right?" asked Peers, during the last interview he had with the chief, when the latter was about to return to his northern home.

The red chief pondered for a few moments, with his eyes fixed upon the ground; then he looked up calmly in the fur-trader's face.

"How does my white father know that the sun shines?" he asked, pointing to the heavens. "Does he require to reason out that point? Does he require a long palaver to convince him of that truth? How does my white father know when he is hungry? Must some one talk to him to prove it? Must the scalping-knife be used to open his stomach and show that it is empty? How does my white father know that he loves Clearbrain? Has not Manitou given him understanding with regard to these things? Is Manitou like a foolish man to make machines that will not work? Many mysteries there are which

Manitou has not revealed. In regard to these both the red man and the pale-face must bow the head and wait. But many things Manitou has made plain. Out of the eyes of Clearbrain there shines truth. Lightfoot knows it. He sees it. He does not reason about it. From her lips drop wisdom. Lightfoot reasons upon that, because speech may be turned inside out, like the skin of the marten or the fox, to see what it is worth. The speech of many men—red-face and pale-face—is worth little or nothing. If you try to turn it inside out it tears, like a bad skin. It is without meaning. Confusion! Clearbrain's speech is good. It will not tear when turned. She gives reason. When she cannot give reasons she is dumb and looks up, and waits. Waugh!"

The chief paused at this point, but as the fur-trader saw that there was more coming he did not interrupt him.

"Clearbrain had much to say," he resumed, again looking earnestly into the white man's face, "and some of it was not easy to understand, but Clearbrain makes her words change, and they become more simple. All great things are simple! As the lake reflects the sky, so simple words reflect the truth. After Clearbrain had said much she began to bind up and make a small package of it. Then she pressed it more and more, so that the eyes of the chief began to grasp it and to see it more plainly. Then she boiled it down, so as to obtain all the good that was in it. At last she looked at Lightfoot with tears in her truth-telling eyes, and said, 'Let the chief remember but two sentences and they will guide him aright through all the turnings, and troubles, and darkness of life; they were spoken by Manitou, the Saviour of the world—I am the way and the truth and the life. And—Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'"

With this compressed form of gospel truth, Lightfoot and his men departed to their wigwams in the wild north.

[THE END.]

Written for THE QUEEN.

BATTLE OF QUEBEC,

SEPTEMBER 13TH 1759.

Fair and sublime, oh stately Quebec,
Like frugal matron in thy pride;
Regal as the Queen of Egypt
O'er vast domain thou didst preside.
Beauteous in thy chart, oh Quebec,
Where up the rugged rampart fell
September's sunbeams, strangely gilding
Crowned domes and citadel.
Dimpled on the sunlit river,
Thy city's smiling contour rests;
Shadows of thy sullen fortress
Lie outlined on its glistening crest,
Amid thy crags, oh bold St. Lawrence
Cannon bristle o'er thy waves,
While in thy homes far, sweet Arcadia,
Hero's hearts beat true and brave.
Evening scenes close o'er thee, Quebec,
Smiling through the sunset bars,
'Till the sable garb of night fall
Trails along, bedecked with stars.
Stillness reigns o'er midnight grandeur,
Watchmen claim that "Alls well."
Hark! the day breaks; ah such daylight,
Quebec ne'er again can tell.

The morning dew all jewel beaded,
Like the veiling of a bride,
Was rent in twain by battle thunder,
All stained and tramped with crimson tide,
The battle raged in livid fury,
The river ran one fiery flame;
Britons brave assailed the fastness,
Brave defenders held the same.
The burnished armour and the banners
That glistened in the morning sun,
Lay in broken heaps at nightfall,
Where gunners fell beside the guns.
Evening closed again o'er Quebec,
But like a dim, dark funeral pall,
Brave Montcalm, the French commander,
Ne'er lived to see the city fall.
While Wolfe, the Briton, Wolfe the leader,
Tho' wounded thrice, yet lived to hear
That his life had paid the priceless ransom,
British victory filled the air.
Like ancient Rome, with hoary prestige,
Quebec's walls are steeped in gore;
Unto this day her loyal ensign
Is England's arms, "*Dieu et mon droit.*"

—MRS. JOHN BOOKE.

Written for THE QUEEN.

LADIES OF THE TROUBADOURS.

HERE are some subjects that occasionally crop up in polished conversation while the speakers in fact know little or nothing of the matters they allude to. How often do we hear the names of Dante or Gœthe glibly uttered by persons who have never read a line written by either. In the small change of literary society we have heard fair ones, with a tinge of blue, speak gushingly of the Troubadours, without the fair prattlers having any clear idea of who or what the Troubadours were.

A halo of romance hangs over the fair land of Provence, the country of roses and of song. To-day the tourist, "personally conducted," dashes at railroad speed through a vine and mulberry land, catching glimpses of the spurs of the Cevennes and of the affluents of the Rhone and Garonne. This was the home of the poets who were known as Troubadours.

Among the people that have a mythology, removed ever so little from sheer barbarism, and especially if that mythology is polytheism, there is always a god, but generally a goddess, that is supposed to be auspicious to love. Even when the theism can be but faintly traced there is an inspiration that makes music and song an appropriate expression of the tender passion. This feeling when generally developed is the first great elevator of the status of woman. A collection of the love songs of all nations would be a manual deeply interesting. For instance, the love lays of the Norsemen, those fierce warriors who drank blood from the skulls of their enemies, are tender and gentle. Hence theirs was a rude chivalry in their relations with women. Even an Esquimaux love air, translated by Lord Kaimes in his *History of Man*, shows a depth of feeling that few of our Canadian poets could put into imagery. Among the warm-blooded people on the sunny French shore of the Mediterranean, where they lived a languorous life with occasional sports of energy, was the natural home of the love lyric. Accordingly we find a singular incident there in the history of literature. The popular tongue, the Romance or Romancers, was in process of modification. Its basis was Latin, partly corrupted through the bastard Roman spoken in Spain, and strengthened by words from the rude tongues of Germany. A branch of this was the *langue d'oc*, so-called from the affirmative *oc*, in distinction from the northern *oui*. Hence the name of the district, Languedoc, in the province of Aquitaine. The common people of the province were noted for their taste for music and their skill in extempore sing-song verse. Taking an idea from this characteristic of the people some cultivated minds refined the popular tongue and produced in it some gay and fanciful songs, dedicated, of course, to the ladies. The innovation spread like wildfire. Suddenly a literature of joyous gallantry sprang up, more airy and sprightly than any known elsewhere in Europe. For seventy years or more this phosphorescent light shone brightly and then expired as suddenly as it arose, snuffed out by war. An attentive student may trace in its progress a gradual departure from its original simplicity by the introduction of quips and conceits and, in its later years, by political and religious bias that had no share in its inception. This blaze of literature was essentially ephemeral in its nature. Attempts to keep it up may be seen in the next two centuries, but the world had changed and the state of society that gave it existence no longer existed. Five hundred years after its last flicker a French gentleman of means, Mons. de St. Pelaye, was born apparently for the express purpose of rescuing the lays of the Troubadours

from the rat-eaten holes and corners of old libraries. To him the world is indebted for much that it knows of these gay minstrels. Two contemporary biographers have given us imperfect accounts of the lives of the principal singers.

The composition of verses of gallantry having suddenly risen into popularity it was adopted as a profession and became a guild. Emperors, princes, bishops, nobles and men of lesser degree were proud to be affiliated among "the Finders of Song,"—the word *trobador* signifying finder. A high and noble parliament of love was founded at Thoulouse, where these were read and questions discussed, not of science but of the niceties of the tender passion. Some of the topics publicly argued by the highest dames and most gallant knights have come down to us and are exceedingly quaint and lively. Poetic competitions were instituted, the victors in the WORD CONTESTS being awarded a premium of a golden violet. Biographies of about a hundred Troubadour poets survive but the actual number seems to have reached four times as many. Naturally these were amateurs and professionals. The latter were the spoiled darlings of the public. They were too dignified to do more than compose and recite, and pay gallant compliments to their patronesses. Each was accompanied in his rounds from castle to castle by a "jongleur," or musician, to play accompaniments on harp, viol, rebeck, lute or other portable instrument. The jongleur further performed to the humbler folks in the kitchen or on the road, while his master reserved his own talents, professing them solely for love of the ladies. It was a strange state of society where such incidents could be possible. A very pretty comedy.

Some acquaintance with at least the names of the leading professors of the Gay Science or Science Joyeuse, as it was called, is essential to all who would sustain the reputation of being well read. Chief among them may be cited, as amateurs: William IX. Duke of Aquitaine, Richard Cœur de lion, Alphonso II., and Pedro III., of Arragon, Frederic King of Sicily, William Prince of Orange, Bishop of Thoulouse and Clermont, Raimond Count of Provence, Bertrand de Born lord of Hauteforte, Count of Foix, and a host of minor barons and gentlemen. Of professional Troubadours were Pierre Vidal who was more crack-brained than is permissible even to a poet, Arnard Daniel praised by Dante, Sordello, also mentioned by Dante and written of by Robert Browning, Geoffroy Rudel, Bernard de Ventadour, Peyrole d' Auvergne, Cabestang, Girard Riquier whose taste was pastoral, and many others. Lady amateurs too enrolled themselves in the poetic guild. We have the names of six. Azalais, a lady of position was the earliest. In the only one of her sonnets that we have she laments the inconstancy of men, especially of Rimbault prince of Orange. The Countess of Die was another fair one who complains in flowing verse of the fickleness of the same cavalier. The Countess of Provence, famed in her day as the patroness of minstrels, was herself a poetess of no mean order. She lays down the axiom that the first advance in love affairs should by no means emanate from the lady. Lombarda, a lady of Thoulouse, is mentioned in the history of Provence as a composer of sweet lyrics, but the specimens extant are artificial and pedantic. The donna Castellozza, a noble dame of Auvergne, is the poetess of the period whose lays best express the delicacy and tenderness of the passion that is never old. Unlike some of her singing sisters she seems to have written from the heart. Close

to her in delicacy of sentiment is Clara d' Anduse in a complaint to her absent lover. Indeed her lines would be considered up to the standard in a modern magazine, so true it is that one touch of nature overleaps the centuries. The next picturesque rhyming lady of Troubadour times was Madam Thiberge, familiar known by her pet name of "Nattibors," a lady residing at the castle of Seranon in Provence. She is described as having been courteous, highly educated, frank and open, and had many suitors. In fact all the men admired her and all women hated her, afraid of her wit and satire. When rhyming was so general the names of many other poetesses must have fallen into oblivion.

One of the chief merits of the Troubadours was that they glorified womanhood. Says Arnould, the platonic lover of the countess de Beziers, "beauty, modesty, the talent of charming in conversation, a graceful air and polite manner, these are the portion of the ladies. Beauty is a great advantage, but it becomes an evil if unaccompanied with wisdom." Notwithstanding the moral sentiments inculcated, scandals occasionally crept out, but, on the whole, ugly stories are fewer than might have been expected from the abnormal and fantastic state of society that then existed.

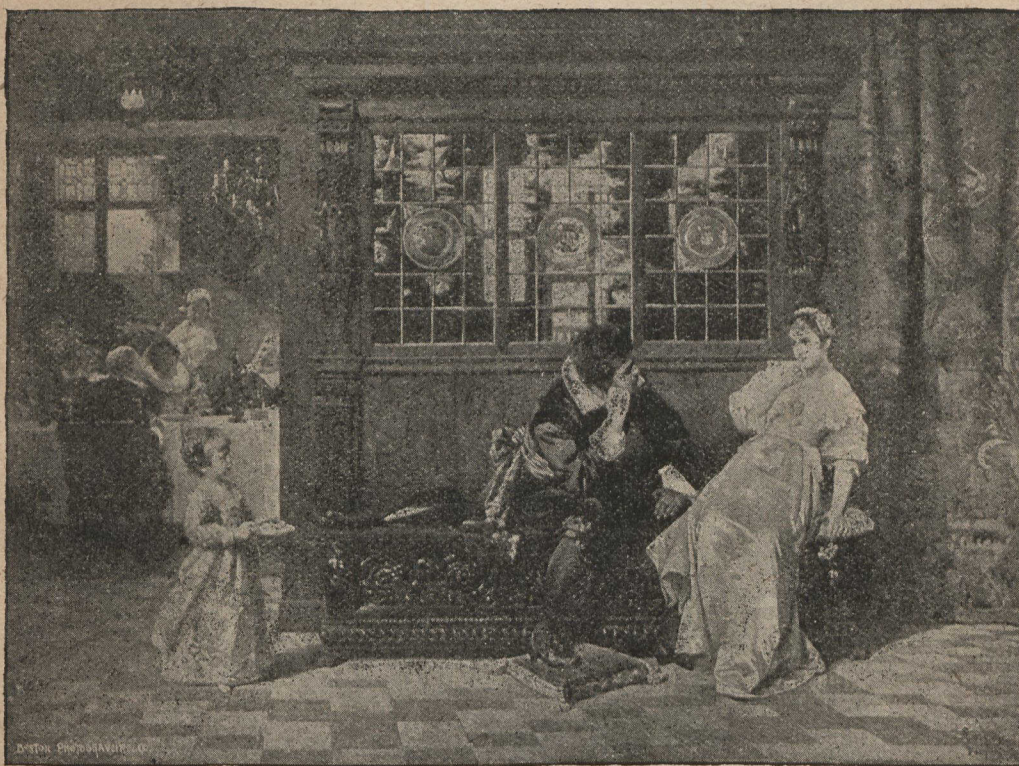
Although love forms the subject of almost all Troubadour verse it seems rather an affectation of literary skill than an honest exposition of the master passion. Nevertheless the ladies (as was natural), took advantage of it. "It is the duty of a lover (says Madame de Ventadour to the Troubadour Giu d' Uisel,) to approach the lady of his heart in all humility. He ought to obey her orders as if they were those of his sovereign. Having given himself to her as a slave, if he pretends to any equality he is a traitor." This surely fills the bill for woman's rights.

A majority of the lays commence with a reference to the beauties of nature, told in sweetly flowing numbers that show a keen appreciation of the charms of out-of-door life. In that respect the Provençal singers may claim to rank high as pastoral poets. The azure of the southern sky, the emerald of the grass, the swaying of the boughs, the nightingales and roses for which

Provence is famed are all given their need of adoration. The month of May, which is not so treacherous in the South of France as it is with us, comes in for a large share of applause as *dolce madre di fiori*, the sweet mother of flowers. From these charming points the poets diverge to the greater charms of their fair ones, to the eyes of azure, the freshness of complexion, the nightingales in their voice, with the swaying tendrils of their hair, and they generally wind up by declaring that they would rather die than lose the loved one's affection, but, on the whole, prefer to live to make sure of it. All of which is very childish and namby-pamby, but when told with the accessories of music, silks, lights and wines made a pretty play. Hence it is that a halo of literary glory hangs around the fair land of the South.

One of the most touching stories of the era was the tale of the Troubadour Geoffroy Rudel for the Princess of Tripoli, (in Palestine, not in Africa.)

The fame of the beautiful Moslem maiden's charms had reached Europe, and Rudel, fired with the half-crazy passion of the time, fell desperately in love with the lady whom he had never seen. Some of the verses he addressed to her are extant, one of which we paraphrase:



INTERRUPTED COURTSHIP.

I love a lady I have never seen,
Nor can I tell her so by word of mouth,
Yet well I weet she is the empress queen
Of all the beauties of the sunny south,
In sleep I dream all night that near to me
Her living image shines resplendently,
To be dispelled, alas! by garish day.

To her far kingdom I will make my way,
To dwell with her? ah no! Suffice, if near,
A captive I become to Moslem sway,
So that at distance if she chance appear
I slave in garden where she has her bower
Might catch a glimpse of her rich beauty's dower,
Then would my weight of chains be joy, not woe;

So will I don the pilgrim's gown, and go,
And make ship-voyage to the *outré-mer*,
Across the sea and come back nevermore
If but good God give me one sight of her,
If in provencal I her ear might gain
And make translation of my piteous strain,
Then would I die and death should ease my pain.

The poet was in ill health but determined to see his imaginary love. Taking with him one of his rhyming comrades he embarked for the Levant and reached his destination but was too ill to land. The compassionate princess came on shipboard,

thanked him for his love and kissed him on the mouth. Satisfied that his mission in life was accomplished he died, without having touched land.

So much for the Troubadours. Turn we now to the fair dames of whom they were vowed. Unless Canadian ladies have had an opportunity of visiting the ruins of old castles in Europe they can scarce realize how like prison cells were the small apartments that in those old times served as boudoirs. In some medeval tower may yet be seen the bare walls of rugged stone, lit by narrow window slits, only a few inches wide as a protection from arrows. Yet the ladies of Provence were well brought up. Here in some apartment of larger size with vaulted roof, oaken floor and the rough stone wall covered with tapestry, the lady of the castle assembled the females of the household, excepting the menial servants, and held her little court, not unfrequently having under her care budding damsels from other castles where were none but men. Formal respect was always paid to age and rank and the ceremonials of good breeding strictly observed. Not all of the fair ones could read or write, but on the other hand some had been indoctrinated by their confessors in those romances that then stood for polite literature. Yet all were skilled in music, and while some occupied themselves with their light tasks, others sang or performed on some instrument. It was a monotonous life. When the bugle sounds for meals all the dwellers within the walls, servants and all, assembled around one common table. For recreation the ladies would be taken under escort to some gay tournament, but their general outings were confined to a gallop on their palfreys within sight of the sentries, or in times of peace to a hawking party within such near distance as to prevent a surprise. What then must have been the pleasurable excitement when an opportunity occurred of hearing the latest new thing in society and the latest fashions. THE QUEEN did not circulate in those days to bring to every boudoir everything worth being known.

Let us imagine, if we can, a bevy of ladies looking listlessly from the high turret roof of an old time castle in Provence. The sentinels pace slowly, their arms glittering in the sun. No moving speck breaks the landscape view. At length appears a spot of color which resolves itself into a man on horseback, followed by another, ambling across the plain. It is,—it is a knight of the Joyous Science and his squire! The ladies scurry down to the audience hall with the news. Soon the troubadour and his musician reach the courtyard, where the men-at-arms facetiously slap the jongleur on the shoulder, or poke him in the ribs, for the troubadour himself is too great a personage for such familiarities. Hospitalities over, the son of the Muses is introduced into the hall, where he meets an effusive welcome and proceeds to give a taste of his quality. There he pours out the latest love effusions of his own or brother poets, with a sonnet or two specially addressed to the ladies of the house, his jongleur accompanying him with music. Or he relates with dramatic action the latest sensational story,—and in that passionate age some of the stories were gruesome enough, as, for instance, how Raimond of Rossilho, doubting his innocent wife's constancy, killed the correspondent and served up his heart in a pie, which the lady partook of and, on being told what she had eaten, vowed she would never taste food more, and then jumped out of the window. It is satisfactory to know that this horrible story is not well authenticated. Then the jongleur, being dismissed to amuse the menials with circus jokes, his principal disclosed to the eager listeners the latest scandals and news, social, religious and amatory, and kept his clients posted as to how the world was wagging.

There was a great deal of female luxury in those days. The dress of dames of condition was by no means of the Spartan simplicity that might have been expected from the scantiness of boudoir accommodation. The ports of the Mediterranean carried on an extensive trade with the Levant, exchanging the product of the silk and arras factories of Provence, for fabrics of the hand-loom of Aleppo and Bagdad and the jewelry and steel of Damascus. The wealth of the Moslem East was known in Europe and the chance of its plunder lent, no doubt, a powerful aid to the sending off so many fighting-men, in this same troubadour era, to the first crusades. Be this as it may, articles of use and luxury for ladies' use were common. During the seventy or eighty years of the poetic reign luxury increased. Then came religious wars, with accompanying privation. In 1245 Pope Innocent prohibited the heretical Provencal tongue, nevertheless it lingered for two centuries more until its last flicker went out with *le bon roi René*, for an account of whom see Walter Scott's novel of "Anne of Giersteln." René's breviary, yet extant, contains a beautifully executed portrait-plate of miniatures showing that boy king (looking much younger than he was at the time), surrounded by his court, in which we have before us the costumes worn in the last days of Provencal minstrelsy.

The writer of this sketch, being of the baser sex, cannot fitly describe, but to his uneducated eye the ladies' dresses do not seem to differ much from the fashions of the present day, excepting that the old style of hairdressing is less attractive. The materials are evidently rich, both in figure and self-color, skirts long and full without trains, some with brodered overskirts, pointed bodices, sleeves close fitting and without the present supernatural hump, and feet invisible. A good deal of jewelry is displayed, but, strange to say, no lace. Altogether the ladies of René's court of A.D. 1400 might attend Lady Stanley's reception in 1891 without much change of costume. The garb of the men, on the other hand, in cut and color offers a pleasing contrast to the hideous black evening swallow-tail of our era. Under this interesting picture is inscribed in Gothic letters "*vey sont ceulx & celles qui ont fait le psaultier.*" Here are the men and women who set the psalms to music.

Naturally, in France attention has been devoted to this striking phase of early literature. In Germany able criticism has been expended on it. Beyond detached essays in periodicals not much has been written in English on the Troubadours, excepting the late popular work by Hueffer, a German, London, 1878, which is reliable as far as it goes. Mrs. Dobson's "Lives of the Troubadours," 1807, is well enough, but too closely founded on contemporary biography by Nostradamus. The charming idyl of "Aucassin and Nicolette," translated by Bourdillon in England, and Edward E. Hale, R. Macdonough, and Edmund C. Stedman in the U. S., usually spoken of as a Troubadour work belongs to the school of the Trouveres of Northern France. Mistral's "Mirio, a Troubadour tale," of which a translation has been issued by Roberts & Co., Boston, dates from the decadence of the art, the original being rather in patois than in the classical language of Languedoc. We have an impression that not many years since was published by an Englishman in Canada, but fell dead from the press, a little volume of translations from Troubadour lays. It should not be let die. If any of our readers can give information as to this book, pray address a line to Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN. It is understood that Hunter Duvar, from whose pen articles have appeared in THE QUEEN, has given considerable study to Provencal literature, and has written a poem of some length, not yet published, on the story of Geoffroy Rudel.

The tale of the Troubadours is not the least interesting page of literary history. In these busy times our chief object in recalling it is as a pleasant subject to refer to in literary gossip.

Fashion Notes.

SPRING GOWNS.

Many of the smart walking suits that will do service throughout the spring are conspicuous for their plainness and absence of ornamentation, depending for style on the perfect fit of the

last named being chiefly shown in plaids and stripes with a preference for the stripes. The cheviots display the season's fancy for very light shades. Many are woven in wide diagonals of gray, tan, or neutral brown; others are invisible checks; while some are dappled with knots of white, black or a contrasting color, the prettiest of all, perhaps, being flecks of white, like snow-flakes on a smoke-green ground or bright scarlet on gray.



NEW STYLES OF HAIR DRESSING.

bodice and the hang of the skirt. And in connection with the latter, it is pleasant to record that these skirts are cut to clear the ground all round, and not with a "dip" in the back which was anything but tidy.

Cheviots, tweeds, and rough surfaced "blanketty" Scotch suitings are the fabrics most used for these street costumes, the

Handsome, smooth cheviots come in mixed colors, crossed by silken stripes. With these, too, may be classed the ever popular camels'-hairs and shepherd's plaids, or shepherdess suiting, as it is now called. If a plain material be combined with these fancy goods it generally matches in color the stripes, flecks, or mottlings. Six yards of these wide woolen fabrics are sufficient

for a plain suit, while the trimming consists only of two rows of stitching on skirt and basque, and many large buttons, of dark ivory, smoked pearl, or wooden molds covered with the material.

The skirt is severely plain and close, the only fulness being a cluster of very deeply folded fan-plaits directly in the back. The waist is a double-breasted coat, extending as far below the hips as is becoming to the wearer. This basque skirt may be either added by cross seams just below the waist-line, or cut in one with the forms of the bodice. The sleeves are large coat sleeves, broadening at the top, which are set high in the armhole, with buttons on the inside of the wrists.

It is evident that buttons for fastening are coming once more into vogue, and frogs and loops are also used for closing diagonal basques and overskirts, as well as for ornamenting coat tails. These are particularly appropriate when the dress is trimmed with passementerie garnitures, or soutache braid.

In lighter weight goods, which will be the height of fashion all summer, a crinkled wool crape, known as crépon, promises to take the lead.

It is displayed in charming tender shades of beige and gray dull greens and blues, and palest lavender, while it is so thin that a silk lining is a necessity. As it is forty-three inches in width, however, and only costs one dollar a yard, it is really not an extravagant dress. It is pretty made with a full waist cut low to display a point or square of bengaline, and with bengaline sleeves, or if entirely of the crépon, it is relieved by collar, cuffs, plastron, and girdle of velvet of a darker shade.

Buntings have been revived once more, their novelty consisting in being shaded, or else having a bordering of Tom Thumb

fringe to be utilized as trimming. Changeable brilliantines or mohairs are newer than the plain ones, and will be still worn for travelling and shopping; while the French wool challies are prettier than ever, with black or white grounds, strewn with gay little posies, such as rosebuds violets, primroses or carnations. A new cotton fabric of which more will, probably, be heard later on, is called Korah moiré as it has a watered effect, as well as the lustre of silk. It is beautifully soft in finish, while it is claimed that the artistic coloring is perfectly fast.

For a simple evening gown suitable for the post-Lenten festivities, nothing is more useful for a young girl than a frock of white China silk, made in such a manner as to be easily laundered without taking apart. A becoming touch of color can of course always be added by ribbons or flowers.

a Velvet cloth is a beautiful new material for spring wraps, but the wearer must beware of April showers, as the least drop of water mars its beauty. More serviceable and quite as stylish will be the jackets of blue broadcloth with gilt buttons, these military-looking little affairs being worn with any and every costume. And here, *apropos* of jackets, we would say the new French models have quite long basques, cross-

ing revers, and buttons the size of a silver quarter.

The above illustrates a military jacket in cedar-brown tweed, trimmed with gold braided tabs;

it is close-fitting, double-breasted, and fastens on the right side under a narrow band of jaguar cloth, in keeping with the high-shouldered sleeves. Capote in fine embroidered closet, smartened with wings and torsade in red chenille netting stiffened by the insertion of wire. A lattice-work in garnet beads is a good substitute; loops in figured ribbon; aigrette at the back.



FASHIONABLE JACKET AND BONNET.



AFTERNOON TOILET.

SKIRT and side panel in silver-grey Bengaline, trimmed at the side with two rows of dull gold gimp, interblended with pink velvet, to harmonize with the draped chemisette and puffing round the hips. The glittering trimming is carried along the side panel, round the sleeves, and the oval opening of the double breasted bodice. Girdle with gilt tassels, knotted in a series of loops which droop from the waist.

Home Decoration.

A PARTY BAG.

A novelty in party bags is made something like the following: Two circular pieces of soft Indian-red Bolton sheeting are cut in the proper size, and stamped with an all-over pattern which is followed out in black soutache braid. A puff of black velvet is sewed between these braided rounds after they are lined with black satin interlined with buckram or rather crinoline, to give them solidity. Around the top is sewed a wide plain piece of velvet through which are run the long black satin strings, leaving a ruffle three inches deep. This bag is large enough to hold a pair of slippers, handkerchiefs, fan, gloves and some dainty toilet articles. Some very pretty party bags are composed of delicate tapestry silks with the puffed portion in rich plush, but they are really not more artistic and not half so serviceable as the one just described, but they are easier to make.

A pretty and simple arrangement for holding flowers is made of common straw cover that is used to protect wine bottles. Cut the string at the largest end of the cover and insert a heavy wire so that the opening can be made any shape desired—the cover is a miniature hay bale or sheaf of wheat in shape. The straws are bent carefully, and the flowers laid in. An addition to the piece is a shining dew-besprinkled spider web placed in the midst, this is made of fine wire steel with diamond dust sprinkled on.

FANCY WORK.

WHILE cut glass rose bowls have an unmatched elegance peculiarly their own, they are costly, and frequently beyond the means of many lovers of the beautiful. There are, however, plain bowls obtainable at very reasonable prices which may be made very artistic by judicious decorations. Purple iris, with its long, ribbon-like leaves, is a most suitable flower for such a work, flowers and leaves standing erect and seeming to enclose the bowl in a nest of cool green and dewy purple. Maiden-hair

fern is also pretty, and a net of morning-glory vines with pink blossoms is charming. Any flower which, with its foliage, lends itself to a wreath-like effect without losing its natural characteristics, makes a pretty rose bowl decoration.

SCREENS are among the popular fancies of the day, and they are often made more than acceptable by the exquisite character of the work bestowed upon them. Some of the simpler ones, however, are very handsome. A two leafed screen, shown in one of the art exchanges, has a frame of turned wood about one inch in diameter, enameled white. One leaf is curtained with pale green China silk gathered full. The other has a center panel finished with a railing top and bottom. The filling of the panel is pale green satin between two pieces of bolting cloth, one of which shows a magnificent branch of American beauty roses, and the other a lot of rosy limbed, winged cherubs playing and chasing butterflies on a sunny, flowery hill-side. Broad, pale green ribbons are woven in and out of the railing, the one at the top terminating in loops and ends which reach to the floor.

PAINTED glass fronts for photographs are both pretty and fashionable. They really enhance the charm of a beautiful face, and give piquancy to a plain one, besides adding a dainty bit of decoration to a room. At the same time they are not at all expensive. A 7 x 9 pane of window glass thickly strewn with red clover blossoms mingled with a few leaves, the arrangement leaving a clear oval in the center for the photograph, makes a charming frame for a young face. Set on a brass easel, with a bunch of clover pink ribbons dropping over the upper left corner, it has a tone of refined color that harmonizes with any general effect.

A reception card holder is a necessary article of utility which may also have the merit of being attractive in point of appearance. One of linen canvas is 5 x 9 inches in size, with six shallow pockets crossing it diagonally, each one devoted to a particular day of the week, the name of which appears on its front. Ox-eyed daisies form the decoration, lying in pretty groupings across the bottom, while others, erect on stems of varying length, sway and clamber up the left side. The holder is hung upon the wall by a full knot of yellow ribbons.

An "Ivory" room or hall is very fashionable and not at all difficult to obtain. White enameling has been in vogue for some time, but the new tint is more creamy. The old ivory Japanese paper is used for panels, jambs of mantel shelves and dados. Sometimes the floor is enameled old ivory, and has rugs and small carpets of Oriental make laid on.

A PRETTY RIBBON RATTLE.

This very pretty and attractive rattle is made of six vari-colored feather-edge ribbons one-quarter of an inch wide each. We would suggest light blue, light pink, white, dark red, cherry and corn, which harmonise well.

Of one of these shades, say light blue, buy one yard extra for the handle, which is a rounded stick about one-quarter of a yard long, and as thick as your small finger. Wrap the stick with this ribbon and fasten at one end with a brass-headed tack, that should just cover the end.

Take a piece of ribbon and turn each end into a point, then sew a small, brass, fancy-work bell on each end—twelve in all. Another tack completes the rattle. Put these six pieces of ribbon on the tack, piercing them, some in the middle and some of unequal length, then drive the tack into the unfinished end of the stick, thus making everything secure and safe for baby. The entire cost of this dainty little plaything is about thirty cents.



A PARTY BAG.



A PAINTED TAPESTRY, BY THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ART AND TAPESTRY, SUBJECT: "THE LOVE LETTER."

We reproduce herewith a very elegant painted tapestry, the subject of which is entitled "Reading the Love Letter." This beautiful tapestry is suitable for the drawing-room, and the use of decorations of this kind is, we need not say, a great improvement on any other method of adornment.



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CORRESPONDENTS are specially requested to write their communications for the different Departments on separate slips of paper, signing name and address to each. This is to avoid confusion, and to ensure that all communications will reach their respective Departments.

On account of the large number of competitors in our Prize Competitions which closed April 10th, and the large circulation which the QUEEN now has, which obliges us to go to press one month in advance, it will be impossible for us to publish the names of Prize Winners before the June number of this magazine.

THE EDITOR AT LEISURE.

CANADIAN art seems to be occupying the attention of some of our newspapers at present. In our Dominion, art seems to be as difficult to rear as a young turkey. Various suggestions are put forth as to the best way of encouraging the blessed thing to live, and not die utterly; among which we note the following:—

"The catalogues are misleading, and it is a well-known fact that a purchaser can always get a good picture much cheaper by interviewing the artist personally."

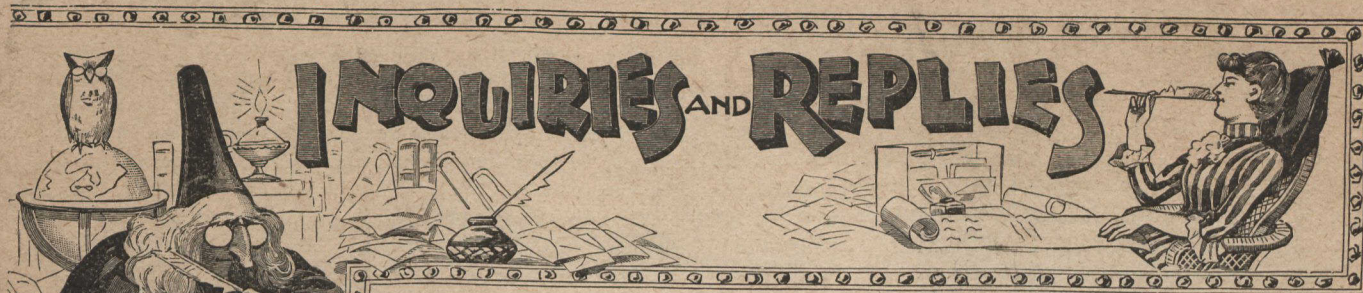
In this canny suggestion lies the whole secret of the sickness of Canadian art. The artist's extremity is the purchaser's opportunity, and that extremity is taken advantage of mercilessly. What Canadian moneyed people want is the very best work for the very lowest price. At a picture sale in Toronto

the idea is not how to foster art but how to get good pictures for little money. Of Art proper the majority of buyers know nothing and care less. The thing is, to buy a picture which everybody is praising, see the artist about it, beat him down to the lowest possible figure and when the picture is sold take it away and sell it over again for double the money. The larger sums they prefer to expend on pictures by foreign artists, purchased in Europe and perhaps not half so good as those of Canadian origin.

Annually there is a great sounding of trumpets and holding of Exhibitions, Governors'-General and other magnates are invited to open them, there is a great deal of glib praise of Canadian Art, and the Exhibition is open. A few sales are, after much bickering effected, while the painters, poor fellows, hover about, now eager with hope that some little thing of theirs will sell, now hoboobbing with despair as some comfortable dealer (not known as such—oh, no!) comes up to him and offers him half or third of the already low price of his picture. Needs must when the devil drives, he owes for the canvas, colors and frame; and to pay these, leaving no margin for his own time and work, he is fain to sell his darling which he has worked at with such enthusiasm and hope. What ails Canadian Art is chronic and systematic starvation, and what native talent wants to induce it to highest effort is justice and generous appreciation.

* * * * *

A complete story called "Strange Friends," published in such an "old reliable" magazine as *Chamber's Journal* of Feb. 91 aptly shows the ignorance respecting Canada and the Canadians, which, in spite of the daily annihilation of time and space, still prevails in the old land. With the evidence of the writer's having really *seen* some of the places he writes about, it is hard to understand how he could possibly have got the geography of the country jumbled up so inextricably. Towns hundreds of miles apart he locates within an hour's easy trot of each other. The Athabaska, which still runs, takes some unheard of and still unknown route, which gives a fine view of the North shore, toward which she is sailing direct, and which is invisible in the blue haze until within an hour or so of landing, and Thunder Bay and one or two struggling islands are all that can be seen until the Athabaska nears Port Arthur. Port Arthur the author speaks of as the "North West," whereas the North West does not begin for five hundred miles beyond that. Fort William and Port Arthur are spoken of as lovely places of some two or three houses, and a hotel in quotation marks, whereas both are large, thriving, and exceptionally lively towns, the largest grain elevators in America, or the world for that matter being located in Fort William. A great deal of what the author says might have applied ten or twelve years ago, but this professes to be a story of 1890, and the Athabaska is yet on the route. But the most misleading and outrageous statement is that a young man with a mission, "leaving China and Africa to other missionaries" determines to go to the North West of Canada where the inhabitants are "not less benighted!" This to Canadians is news with a vengeance. We have always understood the North West to be largely peopled, where it is peopled at all, by a very respectable and highly religious sect called Presbyterians, who are mostly Scotchmen, a people noted for their energy, perseverance, general morality and strong religious bias. How they will feel when they see themselves described in an *Edinburgh Journal* as "benighted" and on a par with Chinese and Africans, we should very much like to know.



The Inquiries and Replies Department is open to all subscribers of THE QUEEN who may desire to obtain information relative to any matter of general interest. The Editor of this Department invites queries concerning History, Literature, Biography, Fashions, etc., and as we are anxious to make this Department specially interesting to the readers of THE QUEEN. Subscribers interested in this Department are invited to submit as many inquiries as they desire for publication. These must reach us on or before the 15th of month previous to publication. Correspondents are requested to write their inquiries on one side of paper only, sign their full name and address, in addition to *nom de plume*, and send it in separate enclosure from any other communication. Address: Question Drawer, THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto, Canada.

LITERARY AWARD.

The large number of competitors this month for the Prize Literary Quotations is gratifying to us and flattering to the cultured intellect of the contestants. It is gratifying to us as showing that among the subscribers to THE CANADIAN QUEEN are a large number of people of education and wide reading. We are convinced that the result of these Competitions to our readers will be an impetus to further study of books worth reading, and with that idea in mind have extended this department. This month there were four who sent in the most correct names of authors and the works in which the quotations occur. Of course the first of these which arrived at the office had the preference. The ninth quotation has been credited to many authors; to John Stuart Mill, to Moliere, to Butler, to Benjamin Franklin, and others who evidently have quoted from the original author, viz.: MARCUS AURELIUS. Of Marcus Aurelius it is said by Matthew Arnold. "He is the special friend and comforter of all clear-headed and scrupulous—yet pure and upward-striving souls, in those ages most especially which walk by sight and not by faith, and yet have no open vision. He cannot give such souls all they yearn for, but he gives them much, and what he gives them they can receive." He is one of the most interesting and charming of ancient writers, and the study of his utterances will be richly repaid.

The prize is won by J. McLean, 22 Catharine street, Toronto.

- 1.—Sterne—In "Sentimental Journey."
- 2.—Milton—In "L'Allegro 131."
- 3.—Burns—In "Tam O'Shanter."
- 4.—S. T. Coleridge—"In The Ancient Mariner."
- 5.—Tennyson—"In Memoriam."
- 6.—Shakespeare—"Hamlet."
- 7.—Pope—"Essay on Man."
- 8.—Emerson—"Essay on Friendship."
- 9.—(Marcus Aurelius.)
- 10.—Edmund Burke on the French Revolution.
- 11.—Goldsmith—"The Deserted Village."
- 12.—Keats—"Endymion."

CORRESPONDENCE.

QUESTIONS.

1. Will some one please tell me what the preparation used in making artificial rose leaves is called and where it can be bought.
2. What is the name of the material and where procured, used in making the flowers with a satin finish.
3. Where can the rubber stems be bought. Respectfully,
ETTIE.

Will you publish the following old riddle; I do not know the answer. The most I can find out about it, is that it was called "Hallam's Great Riddle"; and was solved by the Bishop of Canterbury. Perhaps some of your readers have at some time seen the answer:

"I sit on a rock while I'm raising the wind
But the storm once abated I'm gentle and kind.
I see kings at my feet, who wait but my nod
To kneel in the dust which my footsteps have trod.
Tho' seen by the world, I'm known to but few;
The Gentiles detest me; I'm pork to the Jew.
I never have passed but one night in the dark
And that was with Noah all alone in the ark.
My weight is three mites; my length is a mile,
And when I'm discovered you'll say with a smile
My first and my last is the wish of our Isle."

SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWERS.

WESTERN ONT.—Try ascetic acid. Dip a flannel cloth into the slightly diluted acid, apply it to the spot until it smartens severely. Then apply a cloth wrung out of hot water to the part. Repeat this every night for some time. You might also try rubbing with lemon, which removes tan.

MISS ALICE STEEN, B.C.—Any good fancy store in Vancouver should be able to supply the required material or get it for you.

MRS. HELEN STANFFER, KANSAS.—You would be likely to get it in a large wholesale store; as for the price that depends on the quality.

PERPLEXED MOTHER.—Your boy is outgrowing you—that is the fact. Now there is only one way to keep him near you—that is to keep ahead of him. He is pushing on physically and intellectually, but you don't want to put him to sleep in your arms, and whether you want to or not, you can't, and just as his body takes care of itself so does his mind. I cannot give you advice which I know you can't follow, or I should ask you to keep abreast of his studies at any rate. But you and I both know that the public school and college system of education is an enigma to the past generation, an ess to that very exceptional few who have kept track of the advancement of the last thirty years. Therefore, sorrowfully as I say it, you must to a certain extent let him go! But to a mother who yearns for him as your letter betrays you do, the boy's heart will ever belong. Love him tenderly, look up to him and let him feel you do so, and a thrill of pride and protecting love will go through him for his "wee mother," that is the salvation and the making of his heart's purity.

REX.—What a funny breezy boy letter yours is Rex! It came like a hearty laugh among all my feminine letters. Your writing shows generosity, candor, affection, love of praise, carelessness in small things, and it also shows a very unpractical tendency to exaggeration. Don't you call your friend "the grandest man on earth?" and your dog, (I know you have a dog,) "the best bred dog in America?" come, confess now!

A CRITIC.—Well, there is nothing like hearing other people's opinion of oneself. But I shall have to defend myself a little, especially as you have judged me before you have heard my answer. Your writing shows great originality, impatience, want of affection, suspicion, also some ideality, truthfulness but not candor. You would be a tiresome lover, always fancying some coolness or slight, but once married would probably become a very indifferent husband. You have self-esteem enough to inflate a balloon. I think that you were the victim of over-indulgence in youth. Perhaps I may hazard the opinion now, that you are very rich?

"ELSIE" has 12 yards of grey cloth, 128 inches wide, and writes to ask how to make it up for a walking suit. Her height is five feet seven inches, bust measure, 34 inches.

Answer:—As you are slight and rather tall, make a sheath skirt 54 inches wide for front and sides, and fan plait the back. Do not make the pleating very full, as your goods is not plenty. Cut out a short pointed basque, with centre back forms long, and set out flaps below the basque, a la Louis XVI. You could cord and edge them with black or grey silk cord, also the turn up hem on the skirt along its upper edge. Have large black horn or grey pearl buttons for basque, and deep cuffs, also carder. A little brimmed hat with grey feathers and jet would go well with it, grey or black gaiters and gloves. It would be very elegant and serviceable.

DOROTHY DIMPLE.—Unless your skin receives it gratefully do not use soap on your face at all. Some correspondents write that they have always done so and felt no injurious effects. If you do try it only use the very best, but I think a little rose water and very fine powder would do away with the oiliness which so annoys you.

INQUIRIES.—Wash your hair well in warm water, using borax and castile soap. That will remove the oily matter. Then apply Dorenwend's Hair Restorer—it is safe, sure, and entirely harmless. It is one dollar a bottle.

TOURISTE, COLORADO CITY.—You will always find people who speak English at all the large hotels in Europe, but, if you have time and opportunity, polish up your French and German, by a few lessons in a Conversation Class. You can live well on three dollars a day in Berlin, Dresden, Norwich or Paris. If you are staying in Dresden for some time, go to a *pension*, that is much cheaper, but for a few days the hotel will be more satisfactory. I can recommend the Grand Union and Victoria. They are first class and not extravagant. You pay so much a day for your rooms, and either dine at the table d'hote or in the numerous restaurants. The Cafe is central, good and cheap. There are several splendid Cafes besides, but they are a little dearer. I think the Victoria has no elevator. The Grand Union has a fine one. The other information you ask for, I could not intelligently offer without knowing your exact circumstances. Write me again, I have gone over the route alone and never found the smallest inconvenience.

WOLVERINE.—Your writing shows great decision and rather a difficult temper, I am sure you are clever, as you say that is the opinion of your friends, but your writing does not betray the fact, neither does it show culture or love of the beautiful. It is rather the hand of a strong willed practical business-like woman, scant of ceremony and chary of showing feeling. The woman who keeps a dustless house, and speckless windows—why did she tell me you kept no servant? Independent housewifery like yours would drive the ordinary *dolce far niente* of cook and house-maid in despair from your doors. I can just see you, my dear lady, in preserving time! and I only wish Michigan were nearer me, that you might ask me to tea!

Uncle Joe's nieces and nephews will, we are sure, regret to learn that he is seriously ill; Tangled Threads is, therefore, omitted this month.

Household Information.

WHAT TO TEACH GIRLS.

Give your girls a thorough education. Teach them to cook and prepare the food of the household.

Teach them to wash, to iron, to darn stockings, to sew on buttons, and to make their own dresses.

Teach them to spend within their income.

Teach them to wear a calico that is paid for with more comfort than a silk one which is still owing.

Teach them how to purchase and see that the account tally with the purchase.

Teach them that good health and a bright face is better than any cosmetic.

Teach them good common sense, self help and industry.

Teach them that marrying a man without principle is like putting to sea without a compass or rudder.

Teach them if you can afford it music, painting, and other accomplishments, but insist on a certain amount of good reading daily. In reading there is development, and often solace.

The woman who does not read enough will certainly gossip enough. Teach them to mind their own business, and to avoid gossiping as they would an infectious disease. A gossip is a perverted mind.

Finally, teach that matrimonial happiness depends not on wealth, nor on appearance, but on personal character.

ABOUT SPOONS.

The spoon of to-day is surrounded with a great deal of individuality, the decorations and shapes the determining the courses for which they are designed to be used. The berry spoon is fashioned like a flower petal. The soup spoons are like fluted shells, or the back of a turtle, or on the handle may be found tomatoes or other suggestive designs. Ice-cream spoons are small, and taper to a narrow spade-like edge. Orange spoons are similar in shape, with an edge ground sharp to cut. Bonbon spoons may be found in copies from French and English models. The bowls are flat and circular, short stems, with flat, quaintly fashioned tops, and sometimes are furnished with rings to hang from the girdle. Of the women or girl not yet possessed of the spoon-collection mania, you can most confidently assert that she will be, and that in the near future. Let her be the recipient of but one even, and she will become, like the good old aunt we read of, who, after generously supplying a young lad with pocket money, in reply to the question, "What shall I bring you?" replies, "From every town where you see a fair face or hear a pleasant tale, bring me a spoon." The tendency of the age is to be "spooney."

WHO SHOULD "BOW" FIRST.

A great deal of nonsense has been talked about the question of whose place it is to bow first when a lady and gentleman meet upon the street or in a public assembly.

It is very absurd to say that a man should always wait until a lady has recognized him. In this, as in most other matters, common sense and mutual convenience are the only guides. Many ladies are near sighted; many others find great difficulty in remembering faces. Are they, because of these drawbacks, to be always debarred of the pleasure of a chance meeting with some agreeable man?

The important thing, of course, is that a man should not presume; that, for instance, he should not speak to a lady to whom he has been merely introduced, unless she shows some sign of willingness to continue the acquaintance. Not to lift his hat to her with deference would be a rudeness, but he should not stop to speak unless she makes the first movement in that direction.

When two people meet who are really acquainted, it is not the man who should necessarily bow first, or the lady—it is whichever of them is the first to perceive and recognize the other.

If a lady is walking and meets a man whom she knows well, and who desires to speak with her, he will, of course, not commit the awkwardness of keeping her standing on the street, but if he has time will beg permission to join her for a few moments and walk beside her long enough for a brief chat.

The lady, on her part, will make it easy for him to leave her when they have exchanged the few pleasant sentences that belong to such a meeting.

A FEW USEFUL HINTS.

When a tea-kettle has been burned, or the tea-pot got a bad taste, as sometimes is the case, when it has not been used some time, or some times from long use, they can be sweetened in a few minutes, by putting cold water in them, and put on the stove to heat, when boiling hot, drop one or two red hot coals in to the tea-kettle or teapot as the case may be, if one trial does not sweeten them, repeat the operation once or twice, I have never known this to fail.

If at any time you get ink on to the tablecloth or carpet rub plenty of salt, do not put water on as it has a tendency to set the stain.

Salts of lemon will take ink or other stains out of silk or satins which are too delicate to be rubbed with salt.

Cloth that has been marked with printers ink, or tar can be easily cleaned by rubbing coal oil on the spots, then hang the garment out in the air and the coal oil will evaporate, I have never known this to fail.

House plants that get lice on them, can be easily cleaned and cured, by watering them twice a week with black tea, the plants are sickly when lice come on them, the tea acts as a tonic.

Where a bare table is used for luncheon or supper, folded dinner napkins may take the place of plate doilies, in the absence of the latter. The napkins should be folded in a small square, just large enough for the plate to rest upon, and they have the advantage of being thick enough to protect the table from the heat which the doily does not do.

Paper of proper thickness is rendered transparent by soaking in copal varnish. When dry, it is polished, rubbed with pumice stone, and a layer of soluble glass is applied and rubbed with salt. It is stated that the surface is as perfect as glass.

If summer dresses of wash materials are always folded smoothly on taking them off, they will require, unless actually soiled, much less frequent laundrying than when hung. Treated in this way, by a moderately careful person, a linen lawn dress may sometimes be worn every day for two weeks. The dress, however, must have been well done up to commence with.

Steel knives which are not in general use may be kept from rusting if they are dipped in strong solution of soda, one part water to four of soda; then wipe dry, roll in flannel, and keep in a dry place.

OUR COOKING SCHOOL

CONDUCTED BY
AUNT LUCIA.



AUNT LUCIA'S PRIZE DINNER COMPETITION.

To the person forwarding the best bill of fare, with full instructions for preparing each article, for a dinner of six persons, the cost for the entire six not to exceed \$1.50, the publishers of THE QUEEN will pay \$100.00 in cash. To the person sending second best will be given \$50.00 in cash. To the person sending the third best will be given a ladies solid gold watch, (valued at \$40.00). To each of the ten sending the next best will be given a silver tea service, (five pieces including tray), (valued at \$30.00). To each of the twenty-five sending the next best will be given a handsome silver fruit service, consisting of cream and sugar, (valued at \$12.00). The silverware will be of the best quadruple plate. This Competition closes June 15th. Any person not a subscriber to THE QUEEN may enter the Competition by forwarding \$1.00 for one year's subscription together with their prize bill of fare. Old subscribers desiring to enter this Competition must forward the subscription of at least one of their friends to THE QUEEN for one year, with their bill of fare. The publishers of THE QUEEN have allowed the lady in charge of this department to offer this Competition for the purpose of exciting universal interest among our more practical lady readers in this department. The names of the winners of these prizes with their bills of fare, and instructions for preparing same, will be published in the columns of this magazine. In preparing the bills of fare for Competition, competitors must use only one side of the paper, and copy must be written in a legible hand. The cost placed on each article used in bill of fare must be in accordance with the market price in the locality where competitor resides. This will all be taken into consideration in awarding the prizes. \$1.00 must be enclosed for a year's subscription to THE QUEEN as stated above. Address letters for this Competition to Aunt Lucia's Prize Dinner Competition, care THE CANADIAN QUEEN, 58 Bay St., Toronto, Canada.

NOTICE.

All subscribers entering Aunt Lucia's Prize Dinner Competition upon "old subscriber's" coupon should enclose the coupon properly signed with the bill of fare, etc., for the Competition. In sending in separate enclosure a mistake is liable to occur, and competitors thereby not be credited with what they are entitled to. Several extra special prizes will be offered in this competition for the best bill of fare, etc., received by us each day.

AUNT LUCIA'S COOKING SCHOOL.

BAKED APPLES (My taste).—Take large sound apples, when they can be had, wash and wipe dry. Cut or scrape just the surface portion of the blossom end. Then with narrow blade knife or corer, cut out the centre (containing seed, etc.) from the stem end, cutting only through to just beyond the core. Put in baking pan with the opening up. Mix best fresh butter, sugar and nutmeg, or other flavor. Fill the opening in each apple with this butter, etc. Put half-pint of hot water, or enough water to no more than just cook them done. Bake in not too hot an oven till done and nice brown. Then remove to covered or other dish, and set on back or near stove to keep hot while you add some sugar to the water in baking pan, so as to make a syrup. When you think it is cooked enough set on back of stove and add two tablespoonfuls of best whiskey or nice flavored wine, pour over the apples and baste them with this syrup till you think they are nicely flavored. Nice either warm or cold.

BEEF TEA FOR THE SICK (By an eminent physician of Ft. W., giving the directions, afterward testing to see if tea was just right, during the month of February, 1897).—Take lean beef—must be entirely free from fat—the juiciest piece you can obtain, cut in bits or run through a meat mill. Put in water as cold as you can get (ice water is best) in the proportion of one half-pound of meat to one half-pint of water, and put in bottle (large neck best) cork tight and set in cool place for three or more hours. Then set in a vessel of water (putting a few pebbles or nails under bottle to prevent bottle from being against direct heat and breaking) on stove: heat gradually, and just let water in vessel heat to the simmering point, no more; if heated more the nutritive qualities in the liquid in bottle will go back into the meat and of course your tea is worthless. Let water in vessel simmer four hours, watching that it does no more than simmer. It is then ready for use, and the meat can be pressed so as to extract what juice is in it and put in the tea. Season to the taste.

OAT-MEAL CRACKERS (Either for sick or well).—If you can't obtain oat-flour take oat-meal. Pick out all the little black pieces. Grind fine in your spice or coffee mill (slow work I know). Take in proportion oat-meal three parts, flour one part; teaspoon of best fresh butter to joint measure of your meal and flour after sifted. Mix with sweet milk, adding salt to taste—you can add sugar and some flavor if you like. Roll very thin, prick with fork or otherwise. (I use a meat pounder having a square metal hammer consisting of wedge-shape points, as it covers more space in same time than fork). Cut shape to suit and bake in medium hot oven till nice brown, and when cold they should be brittle.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE.—One teacup of butter, 1 teacup of sugar, 1 teacup of cocoanut, ½ lb. almonds, blanched, and chopped not too fine, ¼ lb. citron peel, whites of 8 eggs, less than ½ a cup of either milk or water, 1 teaspoonful of rose water, 1 teaspoonful of lemon extract, 4 teacups of sifted flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar, then add the whites of the eggs which have first been beaten up light, next add the milk or water, then part of the flour; next add all the fruit and flavoring. Now add the balance of the flour with the baking powder mixed in it. Bake this cake in a slow oven about one hour.

PLAIN FRUIT CAKE.—Half pound butter, ½ lb. sugar, ½ lb. raisins, ½ lb. currants, a few caraway seeds, 2 eggs, 1½ lbs. flour and 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. 1 pint of sweet milk. Mix butter and sugar together, then the eggs beat altogether till quite light, next add the milk, then part of the flour, next the fruit well flavored, and lastly the balance of the flour with the baking powder mixed in it. Bake an hour, this is a good plain cake, and will keep a long time. The flour must always be sifted to make the cake nice and light.

SHORT BREAD.—Quarter pound butter, ¼ lb. sugar, ½ lb. flour, 1 egg and a few caraway seeds. Cream, butter and sugar, then add the egg, add quickly the flour, knead till pliable (5 minutes); shape and bake in an oven not too hot. Sprinkle the caraway seeds on top before baking the cake.

NICE CAKE.—One cup light brown sugar, 1 tablespoonful of butter, 2 eggs and half cup of cold water, 1 cupful of flour (sifted), 2 spoonfuls of baking powder; bake in two jelly pans. Filling: grate 1 lemon and two apples; add one cup of sugar. Boil two minutes; when cold, spread between the cakes. Frosting: One cup of confectioners sugar, 3 teaspoonfuls of cold water and a little lemon juice. Rub smooth and spread on top of the cake; put in a cool place to harden.

MOUNTAIN DEW PUDDING (Very nice).—One pint of sweet milk, the yolks of 2 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls of cocoanut, ½ cup of cake or cracker crumbs, 1 teaspoonful of lemon extract. Bake half an hour. Make a frosting with the whites of the two eggs, add half a teacup of granulated sugar; spread this on top of the pudding and return to the oven to brown slightly. The quantity can be doubled if a larger pudding is required. You will note that the only sugar in this pudding is put on top.

SPANISH CREAM.—Put half a cup of tapioca to soak in milk over night; the next morning put a quart of milk in a custard kettle, and let it boil; then add the tapioca and yolks of 3 eggs well beaten with a cup of sugar and a pinch of salt. Let boil three minutes. Take off the stove and add the whites well beaten, then flavor to taste. To be eaten hot or cold.

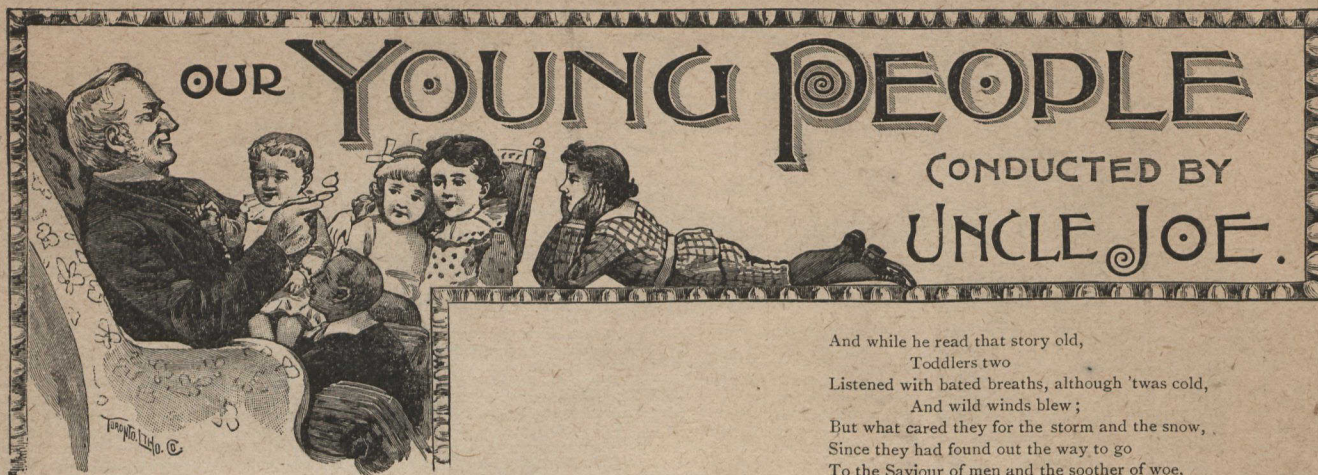
CRULERS.—Six tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, 1 tablespoonful melted butter, 3 eggs, a little nutmeg, half cup of milk, flour enough to roll out about one-third of an inch thick. Cook in boiling lard; when they float turn over with a fork, then lift out and lay on paper to drain. A safe rule is to allow 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder to a quart of flour.

ICE CREAM.—One quart cream, 1 pint milk, sweeten and flavor to taste; put in a freezer and turn for 15 minutes. If you do not care to have it so rich, it is nice to use half cream and half milk.

AUNT MINNIE'S ORANGES.—Cut in halves, crossways, six large oranges. Scoop out the pulp; squeeze through very fine muslin; dissolve ½ oz. gelatine in 1 gill water; add to it 3 oz. castor sugar; pour in the juice of the oranges; let it boil up, and strain through a jelly bag. Divide the liquid, coloring one-half with a little cochineal. Refill the orange skins, and when quite set, cut each again in half with a sharp knife, and arrange, in alternate colors, on a dish.

WAKEFIELD PUDDING.—Half-pound stale bread cut thin, 1 lb. apples stewed with ¼ lb. sugar. Grease a dish, put a layer of sliced bread in the bottom, then a layer of apples, and so on till the dish is three-parts full. Mix up an egg with one teacupful of milk, pour this over and bake for two hours. Sprinkle with sugar, and eat hot or cold.

GINGERBREAD PUDDING.—One pound flour, ½ lb. suet, 6 oz. brown sugar, 1 lemon, 1 breakfastcupful syrup, ½ pint buttermilk, 2 teaspoonfuls ginger, 1 teaspoonful baking soda, and a pinch of salt. Chop the suet, and mix thoroughly into the flour. Grate in the lemon rind, and add the spices, salt, sugar and soda. Then stir in the syrup and lemon juice. Add enough buttermilk to form a soft paste. Pour the pudding into a well-greased basin, dip a pudding cloth in boiling water, sprinkle it with flour and tie it over the pudding. Put it into plenty of boiling water and boil it for six hours.



Written for THE QUEEN.

TODDLERS TWO.

They lived in a city, large and great,
 Toddlers two ;
 Homeless and friendless—it was their fate,
 Toddlers two.
 All day they roamed through the busy streets,
 Hungry and cold, and with bleeding feet,
 But they never complained, and would never weep,
 Toddlers two.

Brother and sister were toddlers two,
 Parents dead ;
 Father and mother, beggars and thieves,
 Such lives they led !
 But Lucy and Bill had always been
 Pure little souls, abhorring sin,
 Heaven, the prize they sought to win,
 Far on ahead.

Dark in the shadows of Phantom Arch,
 Their bed they made ;
 Lying asleep, while humanity's march
 Kept towards the grave ;
 And before they slept (in tones so low,
 That none but the angels could hear or know),
 They would pray that God would in some way show
 Toddlers two

That He was their Keeper, Guide and Friend,
 Here below ;
 That he watched and loved and pitied them
 In their woe ;
 And then they would lie in each other's arms,
 Sleeping the sleep of the weary and worn,
 In rags and dirt, but devoid of harm,
 Toddlers two.

At the turn of a thriving thoroughfare
 Sat a man,
 Blind from his birth, and begging bread ;
 Pity such men !
 And a bible rested on his knees,
 O'er which his hand would glide with ease,
 And aloud he would read of the Pharisees
 And virgins ten.

Up to this beggar there came one day,
 Toddlers two ;
 And as they neared him, they heard him say,
 In words so true :
 " I am the life, the truth, the way ;
 He who comes unto me shall stay.
 Sinner, dear sinner, turn this way,
 Even you."

And while he read that story old,
 Toddlers two
 Listened with bated breaths, although 'twas cold,
 And wild winds blew ;
 But what cared they for the storm and the snow,
 Since they had found out the way to go
 To the Saviour of men and the soother of woe,
 Born of a Jew.

They found that none but the dead could live,
 Live in Heaven.
 They found that the grave was the road that led
 Led to Heaven.
 They found that high above the skies,
 With golden streets and harps celestialized,
 With gates of pearls and men and women etherealized,
 Was Heaven.

That night while the city large and great,
 Lay still,
 Two figures crept from out of Phantom Arch,
 Lucy and Bill ;
 And away they ran, away to the river's bridge,
 That " Bridge of Sighs " so often made a ledge
 From which to fly, and break some earthly pledge
 And make it *nil*.

High up they climbed to top of parapet,
 Did toddlers two ;
 So soon to make their way far higher yet,
 As toddlers two ;
 And, in each other's arms, they quietly dropped,
 Dropped with a splash upon the water's top,
 And then sank lower still until they stopped
 Did toddlers two.

Up at the pearly gates that night there came,
 Toddlers two ;
 Arm in arm St. Peter's door they gained,
 Toddlers two ;
 And in they went to mingle with the blest,
 Their griefs all past, now clothed in righteousness,
 There to look with pity on distress,
 Angels two.

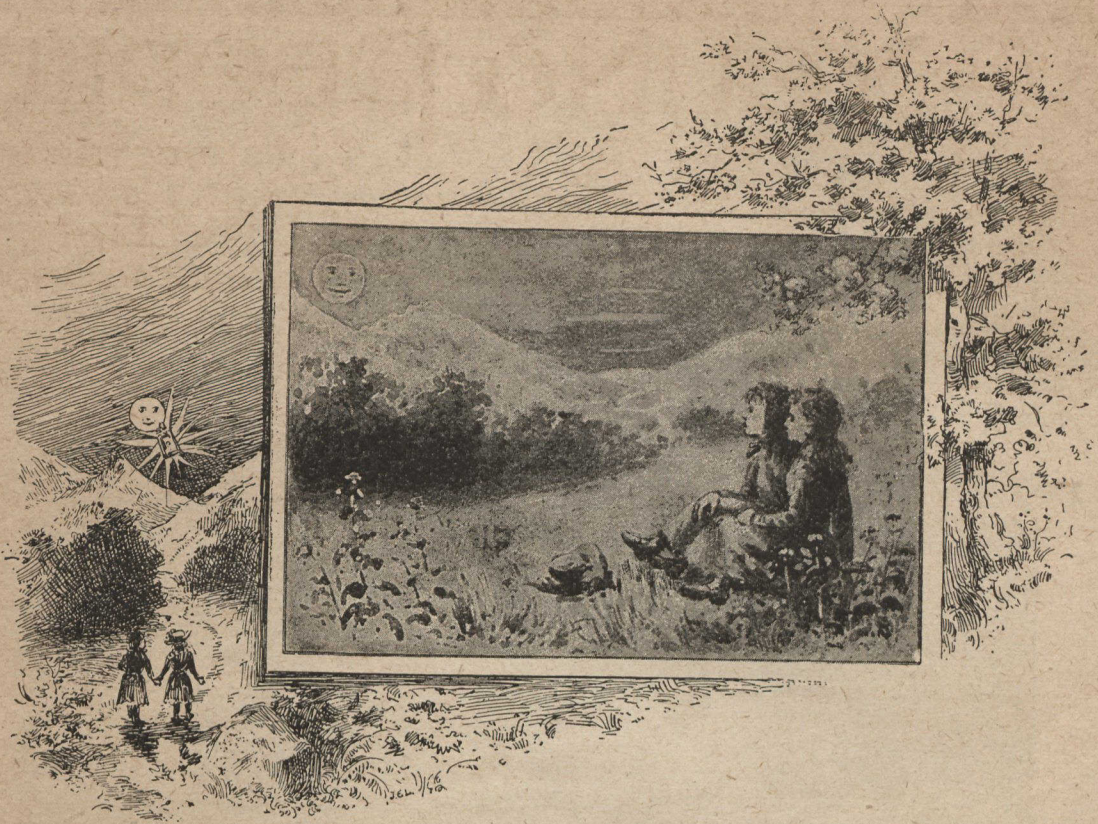
—"MELOPYN."

WRITTEN FOR THE QUEEN.

ODE TO SPRING.

We welcome thee, sweet spring,
 With thy warm and balmy breath,
 For the gentle winds of mid-day,
 Which speak of peace and rest,
 For the mild and radiant sunshine,
 Which gives glow to lonely hearts
 For the fields bedecked with beauty
 For the forest's bright attire ;
 For the robin's note of welcome,
 As he chants a joyful lay ;
 Our souls o'erflow with rapture,
 At nature's grand array ;
 Yet thou art soon to leave us,
 Fair summer is near at hand :
 Good by, till ninety-two shall find us,
 Close again in friendships band.

—MARY F. MORE,
 Beerston, N. Y.



Translated for THE QUEEN.

THE CHILDREN AND THE MOON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY JENNIE L. AND FLORENCE JOSEPHINE BOYCE.

DOWN in the west the sun was sinking and darkness seemed chanting a lullaby to nature. The birds twittered among the green boughs of the trees, and the barking of a fox on a distant mountain broke in upon the weird stillness of night.

Two children were sitting alone, in a wide field, listening to the sounds, and weeping silently as they crept nearer together on the dew dampened grass. They had been playing ball throughout the golden hours of the afternoon, and before they realized it, the sunlight had disappeared and they were alone in the darkness. Suddenly they heard a great friendly voice speaking to them:

"Good evening Children."

The children shut their eyes tight, and were as still as mice.

"Good evening" repeated the voice, "and why are you so late upon the field?"

The voice sounded so friendly that the younger whispered to the other, saying:

"Will you not tell him that we lost our way?"

"I think I will," then half opening her eyes to glance around, she cried aloud:

"The night is so dark and gone is the day,
And home to mamma we can't find our way."

"Well well," replied the voice, "we will see if I can guide you."

Then the children looked up and saw a great round face in the heavens, that smiled pleasantly at them, and they knew it was the moon that had been speaking to them.

"O moon, dear moon do guide us we pray,
O'er the hill and the fields to our home away;
For our papa and mamma we want to see soon,
Do guide us we pray thee, oh beautiful moon."

"Yes, yes that I will," replied their good friend, and thereupon he hung out his lantern which made everything almost as bright as day, and the children rose from the grass and hurried home to their mother who had been in great fear for their safety. At the door they paused and said:

"We thank you, we thank you oh beautiful moon,
For guiding us home by your light;
And now with our fingers we'll throw you a kiss,
And wish you a very good night."

WAITSFIELD, VT.

DON'T SAY "DON'T"

There is a little word that baby need never hear if he has a wise mamma, and that little word is "don't." Some mothers can hardly be made to believe it, but it has been proven over and over again. It might seem a dangerous experiment to give a two-year old child the freedom of the whole house without placing any restrictions upon him, yet it is an easy matter if begun early and done wisely.

When baby toddles to the low book shelves and begins to pull book after book out of the lower rows, a call from mother's sweet voice: "Come, darling, mother has something for you to do?" will arouse his interest, and the books will be left lying on the floor while he goes to help mamma. He is given a book to

put on the lowest shelf of the case and if he hesitates, mamma goes with him, and lo! when they arrive at the case they find many more deposited on the floor. Without a word of surprise mamma says, "Oh, here are some more pretty books for baby to put away; see, mamma will help him," and she hands him the books while he puts them away, with her help, maybe. She tries to make him see how the large books are all together and the smaller ones above. A few such lessons will impress the child and before the mother is aware, the little fellow is deeply interested in the order of the book-case.

Bric-a-brac is a great temptation to little folks. If baby and bric-a-brac can not be kept in the same room, there are few but would decide in favor of baby's attractions as the greater addition to the beauty of the home. But both with careful thought can be kept. If baby's hand is found curled around a rare bit of china, put out your hand and say in a kind tone, "Give it to mamma!" If he does not give it, pick up some-

thing that will interest him and offer it, saying, "see baby! mamma will give you this pretty thing. Now, baby will give me a m m a something, too?" Do not demand, and without doubt baby will yield up his prize gladly. Give it to him several times and let him hand it back. These same tactics can be used in many instances, and a loving, earnest mother would rather, in any case,

have her most valuable treasures spoiled than that her child be injured in disposition or treated with anything but love. The word "don't" used often, destroys baby's sweet faith in his mother; she grows to seem nothing but a preventer of his joy, robbing him of pleasure and consequently exciting him to new mischief. Always take away the wrong thing by giving him the right thing to do and he will grow daily in self-reliance and order, and always obey mother's slightest word, knowing it is for the best.

Written for THE QUEEN.

JAMIE'S TIN PAN.

BY MAUD RITTENHOUSE.

They were the happiest family all that long summer, and three-year-old Jamie was happiest of all, for they lived right out

in the beautiful woods where the squirrels and robins chattered in the trees, and they could hear all day long the dash of soft waves against the shore.

It was very funny, too, sleeping in the cool, shadow-sprinkled tent, and eating from all sorts of odd dishes not a bit like the pretty, dainty ones at home.

Jamie's pet plate was a shining tin pan, and his crisp, brown fish, his rolls and his blackberries never tasted so good as when eaten from this.

At last, though, the beautiful summer-time came to an end, and when the leaves were all red and yellow and brown, and the hazel-nuts were ripening with the frost, papa came to help pack the boxes and trunks, and they went to the city to wait for the boat that was to take them home.

And there in the big hotel it seemed very different from the free-and-easy life at the lake. The girls no longer wore their

rough dresses or the boys their flannel blouses and canvas shoes; and Jamie didn't like the change a bit.

At dinner, while they sat in state, and the white-crawled waiters glided about, everybody in the dining-room was startled by a sudden tearful wail from a little boy's lusty lungs.

"I like my tin pan! I like my tin pan!"

Papa, who was deep in a discussion



A MAY DAY GAME.

with some Southern friends looked up quickly, and bright little waves of pink flooded mamma's pretty cheek; but one look at the brown-faced, disappointed little boy, whose eyes were flashing tearfully at the substitutes for his loved tin pan, was too much for everybody, and when papa said drolly, "there isn't a bit of use trying to put on style with that young man in the party," everybody laughed heartily, and the very most solemn of the solemn waiters, seeing the joke, rushed off with a broad smile on his face to find, in that splendid hotel, a tin pan, for the funny little guest from a summer camp.

The publishers of THE QUEEN would like every girl and boy who is interested in the Young People's Department of this magazine to act as agent for it in their vicinity. You can secure anything from a baseball or doll to a steam yacht or Shetland pony, by raising a club for THE QUEEN. Write for particulars.

THE STORY A BABY TOLD TO HER TOES.

BY
THOMAS BEWSEY HOLMES

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

One day I heard a baby tell
Unto her toes a story:
"Twas not a tale of battles fought,
Of mighty victories dearly bought,
Of deeds of valor bravely wrought
For love of fame and glory.

Mid tucks and frills the baby lay,
With grace and beauty laden;
Five captives held she in her hands,
Five tiny toes in dimpled hands,
And every captive understands,
This blue-eyed little maiden.

"My home," she lisped, "was far away
In the land where the angels are;
I was lulled to rest by a singing brook
The gentle wind my cradle shook;
I was kissed asleep in a quiet nook
By the light of a golden star.

A mother had I in that far away land
A mother whose name was Rose,
And all day long she watched o'er me
As I swung in the shade of a Linden tree,
A tiny bud, from care as free
As the merriest breeze that blows.

I was torn, one day, by a mighty wind
From my far away beautiful home:
Through the gate of gold that stood ajar,
Beyond the light of the golden star,
The mighty wind flew fast and far,
And left me here, to roam.



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Whatever opinion may be formed of the word contests that have made "THE CANADIAN QUEEN" a household word throughout Canada, it is evident the profits of the transaction have been laid out in improving the magazine. It now contains 48 pages monthly, filled with original high-class literature by choice writers with fashion plates and other illustrations, domestic economy, puzzlement and what not, and all for \$1 a year. Besides these attractions the publishers, by some process best known to themselves, find they are able every day to give premiums to the first ten new subscribers entered at the office. One of these premiums received by "one of the lucky ten" in this Province, which we have seen, appears to be of value.—*Guardian.*

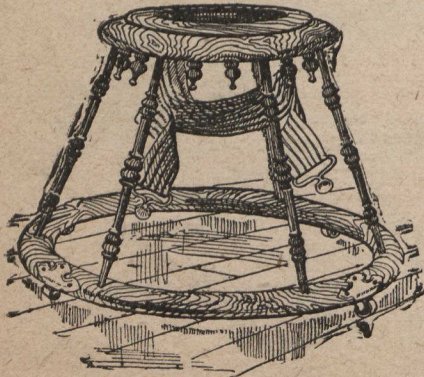
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MACHIAH, N. Y., April 23rd, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—Received Tea Service that I received as a prize in word contest and am well pleased. Hope to get more subscribers for you soon. The magazine is well worth the dollar.

Respectfully, MRS. CLARENCE KING.

Free to Ladies.

Every lady reader of this magazine sending at once her address on a postal card will receive a free copy of THE LADIES (Pictorial) NEWSPAPER, containing full particulars of their old-fashioned English Prize Word Competition. Over \$6,000.00 in prizes will be given away between now and June 1st, with special daily prizes of value for each locality. THE LADIES NEWSPAPER is one of the largest and most profusely illustrated publications in Canada, and the Competition offered by them is to be conducted in a strictly fair and honorable manner without partiality to persons or locality. Anyone can secure a good prize by a little work. No cheap presents will be given. It costs you nothing for full information and a sample copy if you send at once. Address: THE LADIES NEWSPAPER Co., Life Building, Toronto, Ontario.

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We are in receipt of a copy of "Our Society" an excellent publication conducted by Mr. H. Bradford and issued from Cambridge House, Halifax, N.S. It is one of the neatest publications of this class which we have seen, and should have a large circulation not only in the Lower Provinces but throughout entire Canada, being nicely gotten up, well printed and finely illustrated. Canada is not overstocked with publications of merit when compared with Great Britain or United States. A national pride should stimulate an interest in every new publication where an effort is being made by its publishers to make it equal to the foreign publications. This is the only way of establishing a Canadian literature.

THE QUEEN'S Prize Literary Competition.

The Most Interesting Contest Ever Offered by this Publication.

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A Handsome Pair of Shetland Ponies, Carriage and Harness.

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124 OTHER VALUABLE AWARDS

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THE QUEEN'S BRIGHTEST READERS.

EXPLANATION:

Upon the urgent request of many of our subscribers who are interested in this department, the editors have decided to extend our Prize Literary Quotations to more extensive proportions and offer a grand Literary Competition for three months, instead of the smaller Competitions which we have offered monthly. This will give subscribers residing at a distance an equal chance for competing, with those living in Toronto and vicinity, who necessarily receive their magazine earlier than those living in the furthestmost part of Canada and the United States. The quotations are from standard British poets.

1st Prize: To the person who sends in *First and Most Correctly* the names of the authors of these quotations and the works in which they occur, will be presented a **Handsome matched pair of Ponies, Carriage and Harness**, a portrait of which will appear in the June number of this magazine (value \$500).

2nd Prize: To the *Second* person sending in the most correct list of names of authors and works from which these quotations are made will be presented a **Fine Toned Piano**, of one of the best manufacturers.

3rd Prize: To the *Third* person sending in the best list of answers will be given their entire expenses for a **Two Weeks Vacation** at any summer resort in the United States or Canada, (expenses not to exceed \$100).

4th Prizes: To the gentleman sending in the next most correct answers will be presented a gentleman's **Fine Cold Watch**, and to the lady sending the next best list of answers will be presented a **Ladies' Solid Gold Watch**.

5th Prizes: To each of the next *Ten Gentlemen* sending in the next most correct answers will be presented their choice of either a **Silver Smoking Set** or **Silver Writing Set**, consisting of silver ink stand, pen and stamp boxes, pen holders, etc., etc. To each of the next *Ten Ladies* sending the most correct answers will be given either a **Pair of Silver Bon-Bon Trays** or an elegant **Silver Card Receiver**.

One hundred more **Additional Prizes**, valued from \$10.00 to \$25.00 will be given in the Competition in order of merit.

Prize Quotations from British Poets:

1.—"I had rather be a dog and bay the Moon
Than such a Roman."

2.—"Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe."

3.—"Soft eyes looked love to eyes, which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

4.—"Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made."

5.—"Even children follow'd, with endearing wile
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile."

6.—"Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray
That lov'st to greet the early morn."

7.—"The greatest study of mankind, is Man."

8.—"Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will."

9.—"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

10.—"Motionless torrents! Silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest hue spread garlands at your feet?"

11.—"A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

12.—"I hold it true whate'er befall;
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

RULES:

This Competition Closes August 10th, and all lists of answers must be mailed on or before that date. As a tie might occur those desiring to enter the Competition should send as early as possible, as one bearing earliest post-mark would have precedence. Disinterested members of THE QUEEN'S editorial staff will act as judges in this Competition, and their decision will be final. The list of answers which carries off the leading prize will be published in the columns of THE QUEEN. No Competition has ever been offered by us which should excite such universal interest as this, as an intimate acquaintance with the poets has the most refining influence to which any human mind can be subjected. While there are doubtless many of our readers who could not readily tell the names of all the authors and what works the above quotations are made from, yet perseverance will enable them to ascertain and answer at least a large percentage of the questions correctly, so that the prizes in this Competition are really offered to our subscribers for the time they spend in following out the most interesting and cultivating study which they could possibly undertake. Competitors should give the quotations by number and then follow with the name of the author, then the work from which the quotation is made. Only one side of paper should be used. All persons desiring to enter this Competition must forward \$1.00 for one year's subscription to THE QUEEN with the names of authors and works. If you are already a subscriber to THE QUEEN, you may send \$1.00 with your list of answers and forward to THE QUEEN the name of some friend to whom THE QUEEN will be sent for one year, or your own subscription can be extended for one year from the time your present subscription expires. All communications for the Competition should be addressed to the THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Literary Competition, 58 Bay St., Toronto, Can.

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH HISTORY COMPETITION.

THREE GRAND PRIZES OF

THREE "FREE TRIPS TO EUROPE."

On account of the universal interest which THE QUEEN'S "CANADIAN HISTORY CONTEST" excited amongst the most intelligent people of this country and the United States, and at the urgent solicitation of many of our patrons, we have decided to offer an **English History Competition**, having for its three principal prizes, **Three First Cabin Passages to Europe and Return**. These trips can be taken by the winners at any time within one year from the close of this Competition.

PRIZES FOR 1st CLASS:

To the **First** person sending the correct answers to the following questions in English History the Publishers of THE QUEEN will give a **Free Trip to Europe**. To the second person sending the correct answers will be given a Beautiful **Pony, Cart and Harness** (a complete rig valued at \$250.00.) To the third person sending the correct answers the Publishers of THE QUEEN will give either a **Safety Bicycle or Tricycle**, and to the fourth person sending the correct answers will be given a handsome **Gold Watch** (Lady's or Gentleman's). **ADDITIONAL PRIZES** In order of merit, Elegant Silk dress patterns, China dinner sets, Swiss music boxes, French mantel clocks, portiere curtains, etc., etc., etc.

PRIZES FOR 2nd CLASS:

To the person from whom the **Last** correct answers are received before the close of this Competition will also be given **A Free Trip to Europe**. To the person from whom the next to the last correct answers are received will be given a fine **Saddle Pony**, (valued at \$150.00); to the second from the last will be given an elegant **Suite of Parlor Furniture**. **ADDITIONAL PRIZES** will be given in order of merit the same as in 1ST CLASS, but counting from the last received.

PRIZES FOR 3rd CLASS:

All lists of answers are numbered as received, and the person sending the correct list of answers, which is the **Middle** one received in this Competition, will also be given **A Free Trip to Europe**; and to the person sending the correct answers which are received next *following* the middle one will be given a fine toned **Upright Piano** of one of the best manufacturers, and to the person sending the correct answers which are received *preceding* the middle one will be given **One hundred Dollars in Cash**; and to the next twenty-five persons sending in correct answers *preceding* next to the middle one, and to the twenty-five persons sending in the correct answers *following* next to the middle one will be given useful and valuable prizes, ranging in value from \$10.00 to \$25.00, in order of merit.

SPECIAL PRIZES, ranging in value from \$10.00 to \$30.00, will be given **DAILY** during this Competition for the first correct answers received and opened at THE QUEEN offices upon that day.

QUESTIONS:

- 1.—What great King reigned in England from 871 to 901, and did so much to promote learning and goodness amongst his subjects?
- 2.—What King was noted for his ruddy complexion and red hair?
- 3.—What important document did the Barons of England compel King John to sign June 15th, A.D. 1215?
- 4.—By what name is the Civil war of thirty years (1645-1648) between the Duke of York and Henry VI. known?
- 5.—What King established the National Church of England?
- 6.—What great Poet and Dramatist lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.?
- 7.—Who was it that turned Parliament out of doors in 1653, and became head of affairs under the title of Protector?
- 8.—What great event happened during the reign of George III. which was of special importance to the people of North America?
- 9.—In what battle was the power of Napoleon ended? Who was the British General in command?
- 10.—In what reign was slavery abolished in the British Dominions?
- 11.—Which much loved and respected Sovereign ascended the throne June 1837? Give chain of descent.
- 12.—In what war was the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade" made?

Answers to the above questions must be accompanied by one dollar for one year's subscription to THE CANADIAN QUEEN. Present subscribers desiring to enter the Competition may enclose the address of some friend and \$1 in payment for THE QUEEN to that address for one year. Prizes awarded to residents of the United States will be sent from our American agency free of Customs duty.

The study of English History should interest every English speaking person on this Continent. If you are a little rusty, take down your old school History, study up and join THE QUEEN'S Prize History School.

The distribution of rewards will be in the hands of disinterested persons, and decisions will be based on the correctness of the answers. Competitors can use their own language in wording their answers.

Answers may be mailed on or before August 10th, 1891, as the prizes are equitably divided over entire time Competition is open, persons entering at any time have an equal opportunity with the first received. No correction can be made after your answers are mailed, unless another subscription to THE QUEEN is enclosed with corrections.

Everyone answering all the questions correctly will receive a GOOD Prize.

THE QUEEN has become famous by its liberal manner of conducting its Educational and Literary Competitions. Through these Competitions it has rapidly sprung into prominence, and on account of its many superior qualities as a Magazine, is to-day the acknowledged popular family publication of Canada. No fair-minded person can question the fairness of these Competitions after once investigating our manner of conducting them, and the impartial and conscientious awards which are made strictly with regard to merit, without partiality to persons or locality.

If you have never heard of THE QUEEN'S Prize Competitions, send two three-cent stamps and receive letters from persons in all parts of the United States and Canada who have received over \$20,000 in prizes from these Competitions.

Our English History Competition is entirely separate and distinct from any other Contest offered by THE QUEEN, and all communications concerning it must be addressed THE CANADIAN QUEEN, "ENGLISH HISTORY COMPETITION," 58 BAY STREET, TORONTO, CAN.

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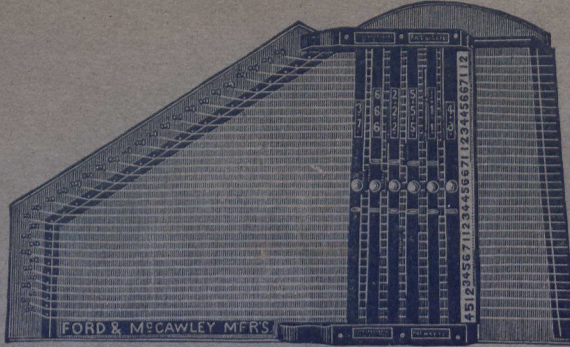
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