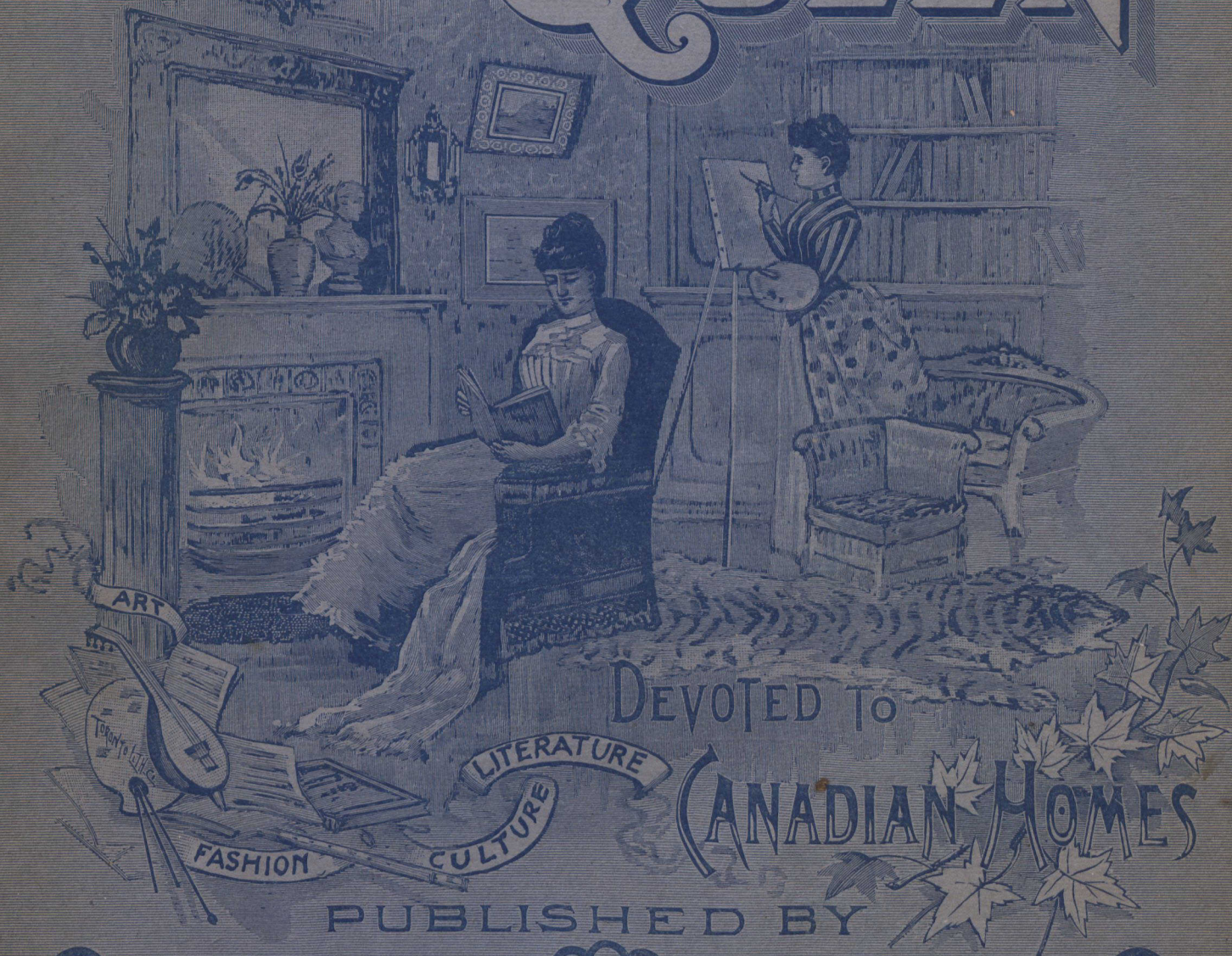


March, 1891.

The Canadian QUEEN



DEVOTED TO

CANADIAN HOMES

PUBLISHED BY

THE QUEEN PUBLISHING CO.

TORONTO, ONT.



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To encourage a taste for the study of Canadian History, and to interest every intelligent girl and boy in the "Young Peoples" Department of our popular family magazine, the Publishers of THE QUEEN, offer valuable rewarads to those making the best average each quarter in THE QUEEN'S National History School.

THE REWARDS.

The one making the best average in answering the following questions in Canadian History will be given one of THE QUEEN'S handsome ponies, (Sir John) value \$125.00. The one making the second best average will be rewarded with a first-class Safety Bicycle or Tricycle, value \$75.00. The one making the third best average, will be rewarded with their choice of either a fine Breech-loading English Shot Gun, or Elegant Silk Dress Pattern, value \$40.00. The one making the fourth best average, will be rewarded with a first-class Kodak, Photographic Camera, value \$30.00. Each of the next five making the best averages, will be rewarded with a Coin Silver watch of elegant design, and first-class time-keeper, value \$10.00. Each of the next fifty making the best averages, will be rewarded with either a girls or boys, A 1. Pocket Knife, containing four blades of the best Sheffield steel, value \$1.50 each. If more than one correct answer is received, he one bearing the earliest postmark will be awarded the leading prize, the others following in order of merit.

THE QUESTIONS.

The beautiful month of September. A deep, wide, rapid flowing river, whose bank on the North is high, steep, and rocky. Perched upon a point of this high bank, is a city surrounded by walls, and defended by a brave army under a brave general. Fleets of war-ships have for months held the river below and vainly sought to force the surrender of the city. One dark night soldiers from the ships scramble up the steep bank, and with their General, gain the plain above. The morning light reveals to the garrison of the city, its enemy ready for attack. A fierce battle ensues. The generals of both armies die from wounds received. The city is captured. 1. Give the names of the river, city and generals. 2. What nations were represented by the two armies? 3. Which army formed the garrison of the city? 4. By what name is the fierce battle known. 5. In what year did these things happen? 6. What was the result of the capture of the city?

The answers to the above questions must be accompanied by \$1.00 for a year's subscription to THE QUEEN. The Young People's Department of THE QUEEN, is devoted solely to entertaining and instructing the youth of Canada. The popularity of "Uncle Joe," who has charge of this Department is demonstrated by the fact that he receives daily, from sixty to one hundred letters and puzzles for publication from young people residing in all parts of the globe.

SPECIAL DAILY PRIZE.

Each day during this Competition, either a First-class Stem Winding Nickel Watch, a good time keeper, or an Elegant Silver Desert Set, (Cream and Sugar) value \$8.00, will be awarded to the person from whom the first correct answers to above questions are received at THE QUEEN office, and opened, for that day.

The history of our Country should interest every loyal Canadian. If you are a little rusty on this subject, take down your old school history, study up and join THE QUEEN'S "National 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 sent in any time before April 10th, but as postmarks may count in awarding the leading prizes, it is better to send as early as possible. No correction can be made after your answers are mailed.

Every one answering the entire six question correctly, will receive a present.

If you have never seen a copy of THE QUEEN, send four 3c. stamps for a late number containing full particulars of all THE QUEEN'S Competitions, and letters from persons who have received over \$10,000 in prizes during the past year. We intend distributing prizes to the value of \$25,000 during 1891.

Our National 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,
"Historical Competition,"
58 BAY STREET, TORONTO, CANADA.

JOLIETTE QUE., JAN. 15th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—I received the prize obtained in competition. Many thanks for the same.
Yours truly,
JENNIE DANFORTH.

41 MCGILL COLLEGE AVE., MONTREAL, JAN. 14th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—Your prize was received a few days since. Many thanks.
Yours truly,
T. T. ADAMS.

HULL, QUE., JAN. 30th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—I received my special prize as one The Lucky Ten, and was very much pleased with it. Many thanks. I like your magazine very well.
Yours truly,
Mrs. Wm. Feely.

MASSAWPPI, QUE., JAN. 27th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—I have just received the "Extra Special Daily Prize" awarded to me in the Historical Competition. The Silver Fruit Service is very handsome, and in good taste. With thanks, I am,
Yours truly,
MATTHEW PARKER.

LETTERS OF THANKS.

ST. JOHN N.B., JAN. 9th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—Received my prize this morning, for which please accept my thanks.
Yours truly,
GILBERT C. JORDAN.

TORONTO, JAN. 9th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—Excuse the delay in acknowledging the receipt of my nice prize.
Respectfully,
MRS. BACHE.

CHATHAM, N.B., JAN. 9th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—I write to acknowledge receipt of your beautiful present. I am much pleased with it.
I am yours,
FRED G. LOGGIE.

28 HURON ST., TORONTO, JAN. 2nd, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of my present which duly came to my hands on the 1st. instant for which please accept my very best thanks.
Yours respectfully,
GEO. H. WATSON.

CHERAW, S., DEC. 22nd, 1890.
DEAR SIR,—I received the prize that you sent. I am very much pleased with it, accept my thanks for same. I am very much pleased with the Magazine it is first-class, and well worth the money.
Respectfully yours,
JNO. W. QUICK.

OTTAWA, JAN. 9th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for the very pretty Pickle Fork which I received last week.
Yours truly,
CONSTANCE RIDLEY.

CORNWALL, N.Y., JAN. 7th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—To-day I received the Silver Tea Service, he prize awarded me in your second "Word on test." It is very beautiful, and I feel that I ought to make considerable effort in behalf of your Magazine.
Respectfully,
CHARLOTTE KERR.

GALT, JAN. 8th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—I received your present yesterday, and am very well pleased with it. I did not expect it.
Yours truly,
ADA YATES.

ST. THOMAS, ONT. JAN. 7th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—Your prize received with thanks.
Yours truly,
H. ROBINSON.

DOLLAR, ONT. JAN. 8th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—I received your lovely present yesterday, and accept my thanks for it.
Yours truly,
MRS. G. COWIE.

1426 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL, JAN. 9th, 1891.
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90 FORT ST., MONTREAL, JAN. 28th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—The very pretty "Cream and Sugar" service arrived all right. Many thanks for it. Have secured a number of subscribers and will forward next week.
Yours truly,
ETHEL MCLEAN.

MONTREAL, JAN. 26th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—I received my present on this day, and am very well pleased with it. I remain, yours truly,
GORDON ROSS.

CHAPEAU, QUE., JAN. 9th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—It affords me great pleasure in acknowledging receipt of the handsome prize awarded me in THE CANADIAN QUEEN, "Word Contest," and is highly prized.
Truly yours,
ARTHUR MALONEY.

MONTREAL, JAN. 10th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—I received the prize which I won in "Word Contest" and am very much pleased with it. Wishing you success.
I remain, yours truly,
MAGGIE M. BOOTH.

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THE PRIZES.

To the person sending us the largest list of English Words of not less than four letters constructed from letters contained in the three words, "DOMINION OF CANADA," will be given their choice by the publishers of THE CANADIAN QUEEN, of either "A FREE EDUCATION," the "ONE YEAR ABROAD," or the "PAIR OF SHETLAND PONIES, CARRIAGE AND HARNESS." The Publishers of THE QUEEN have made a special deposit of \$750.00. in THE DOMINION BANK OF CANADA, to be used for the purpose of carrying out this offer. A Committee consisting of Teachers from each of the Universities and Public Schools of Toronto will be invited to be present and assist the Judges in the final award.

ADDITIONAL PRIZES TO BE AWARDED IN ORDER OF MERIT.—China Dinner Sets, Ladies Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Silk Dress Patterns, French Mantle Clocks, Portiere Curtains, Elegant Toilet Cases, Manicure Cases, Odor Cases, Ladies' Solid Gold Jewelry, Imported Fans, Elegant Japanese Novelties for Household Decoration and many other useful, handsome and valuable articles.

SPECIAL PRIZES.—Each week during this contest, a Gentleman's First-class Gold (Filled Case) Watch of handsome design and best American movement (value \$60.00) will be given to the gentleman from whom the largest list is received during that week. A choice of either a Fine Richly Engraved Ladies' Gold Watch, (value \$40.00) or an Elegant Silver Tea Service, (value \$40.00) will be given each week to the lady from whom the largest list is received during that week. A stem winding, stem setting, Coin Silver Watch, (value \$12.00) will be given each week to *both* girl and boy under sixteen years of age from whom the largest list is received during that week. The names of those winning a Special Weekly Prize will be announced in THE QUEEN from month to month during the contest. The winning of a Special Weekly Prize by anyone will not bar them or their list from competing for the First Grand Prizes. Those under sixteen years of age should state so on their list.

The Publishers of THE QUEEN have had manufactured at a large expense, an elegant and useful Souvenir, of this, *their last "Word Contest,"* one of which will be sent free to each person entering the Competition.

RULES.

1. Lists are to contain English and Anglicised words *only*, of not less than four letters each.
2. No letter can be used in the construction of any word more times than it appears in "**Dominion of Canada.**"
3. Words having more than one meaning but spelled the same can be used but once.
4. Names of places and persons are barred.
5. Words will be allowed either in singular or plural but not in both numbers and in one tense only.
6. Prefixes and suffixes are not allowed by themselves, but can be used in the construction of a complete word.
7. The main part only of Worcester's or Webster's Dictionaries may be used as the governing authority.

Each list must contain Name of person sending same (sign Mrs. Miss or Mr.) with full Post Office Address and number of words contained therein, and be accompanied by \$1.00 for a year's subscription to "THE QUEEN," together with 12c. in

either Canadian or United States postage (1, 2 or 3c.) in addition to the \$1.00 to cover expense of forwarding of THE QUEEN'S Souvenir. Stamps will be accepted only for the 12 cents.

The subscription price must accompany list of words. *Do not send in separate enclosure.*

If two or more tie on the largest list, the one *which bears the earliest postmark* will take the First Grand Prize.

The *complete list* of words intended for the Competition must be forwarded *at one time*. If any alterations or additions to the list are made after it has been sent, it will be necessary to enclose \$1.00 additional for another year's subscription to THE QUEEN, to be forwarded to any address desired, together with such alterations or additions. On account of the extra work involved in these Competitions, it is impossible for the publishers of THE QUEEN to enter into any personal correspondence concerning the Competition or Rules thereof.

The object of offering these liberal prizes is to introduce our popular Magazine into *new* homes. We prefer that only *new* subscribers shall enter the Competition, but as this is the *last* "Word Contest" that we shall ever give, old subscribers will be allowed to avail themselves of it, by enclosing \$1.00 with their list for a year's subscription to THE QUEEN to be sent to the address of some friend.

Prizes awarded to Subscribers residing in the United States will be shipped from our American agency free of custom's duties.

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. Its circulation is growing so rapidly, that the entire attention of its staff of Editors will be required in behalf of the publication itself, and the Publishers take this opportunity of announcing to the public that THIS WILL POSITIVELY BE THEIR LAST "Word Contest."

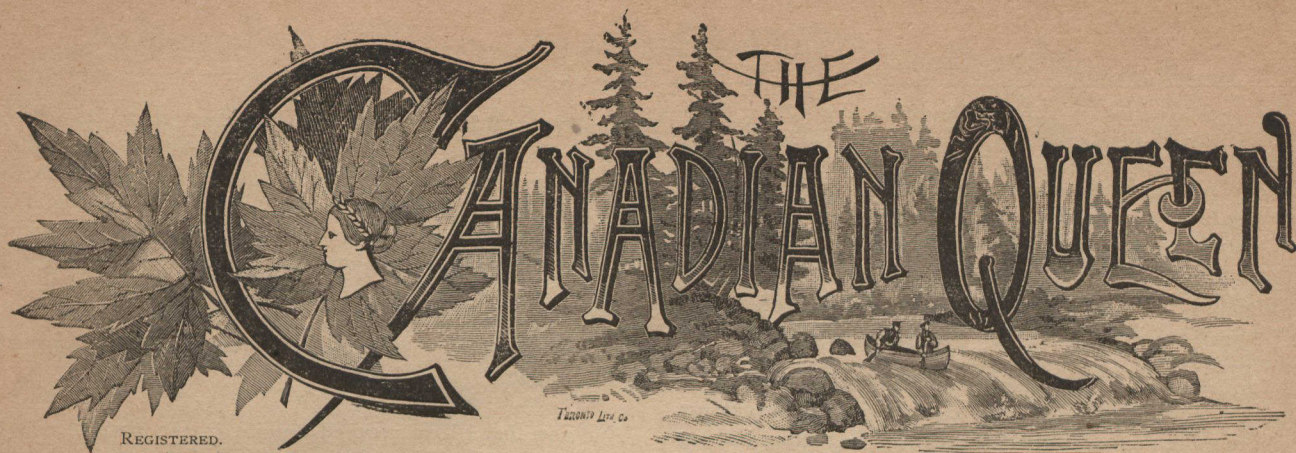
Their entire efforts in the future will be put forth to making THE QUEEN the handsomest, best and most interesting Magazine on the Continent. In fact this Magazine in the future must stand on its merits, and hold the popular position it has attained without favors or prizes.

The Contest Closes April 10th.

Prizes Awarded April 20th.



A STRANGE BILLET-DOUX.



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, MARCH, 1891.

No. 3.

Written for THE QUEEN'S Prize Story Competition.

A CANADIAN ROMANCE.

BY HENRY S. SCOTT.

FIRST PORTION.

[NOTE.—This story is founded on a dispatch from Quebec that appeared in a Toronto paper about a year ago, giving an account of an interesting will case before the courts there. The case involved property valued at nearly a million dollars, including the Seigniories of Temiscouata and Madawaska. The pointed issue in the case turned upon the legitimacy of the marriage of a Colonel who settled in the North-West in 1788 with an Indian girl, through one of whose children the claimant contended that he was heir to the disputed estates. After living with the girl for some years in the North-West, the Colonel, in 1801, returned to Canada and acquired the Seigniories of Temiscouata and Madawaska. The girl followed him to Canada with her children and lived with him for some time at River du Loup, first in the Manor house, which he himself occupied, and later in a small lodge at some distance therefrom, built specially for her accommodation, where subsequently she appears to have been deserted by him. At the trial a number of witnesses were produced, who knew the Colonel in his lifetime, who testified that he had frequently, in their presence, described the marriage ceremonial which was followed in the North-West prior to the arrival of Missionaries amongst the Indians in 1818, and related that he was married to the girl with the same formalities, having been obliged to marry her to escape death. The court by its judgment declared that it had not been satisfactorily proved that the Colonel had contracted marriage with the girl in uniformity with the usages and customs then prevailing in the North-West; that even had this been so it appeared that his consent was not free or that he was obliged to contract the marriage to avoid certain death.]

CHAPTER I.

TELLS how Indians Despise Cowardice, and how a Beautiful Indian girl Saved a Scotchman's Life.

"DOWN on your knees! for heaven's sake Cameron, or!"—The sentence was never finished. An arrow flying with unerring aim from an Indian bow carried death in its flinty point to the speaker, and abruptly ended an entreaty which was in striking contrast to the heroic conduct of the one addressed. While Mackenzie lay dead on the prairie, his warm blood staining the soft green sward, Cameron was making one of those noble life or death fights which even an antagonist cannot but admire.

Having witnessed the fall of Mackenzie and the terrific struggle of one against ten that ensued, any who understood the

manners of Indians must have concluded the life of the one was due to his intuition that among those swarthy children of nature it was safer to fight than to "funk," and that the death of the other was due to circumstances quite the reverse, for when Mackenzie was on his knees more than half the Indians shot at him, and he fell pierced to the heart with four arrows. Before Mackenzie's assassin had time to fix a second arrow in the fatal bow he fell to the ground with a slug in his head from Cameron's shot-gun. The contents of the second barrel sent two of his dusky companions to the happy hunting grounds, and the others, seeing the white hunter had the advantage in carrying on the combat at a distance, began to close up on him. Cameron then drew his old flint-lock pistol with which he had the good fortune to mortally wound one and render another *hors de combat*. Putting up his heavy shot-gun which lay at the foot of a tree that had served to protect him from the arrows, he braced himself for a life struggle with the redskins. The first blow with the clubbed piece finished a savage who was about to draw his bow at arm's length of Cameron's breast. The next, thinking to profit by his companion's experience, quickly threw up an arm to ward off a blow from Cameron's gun. But Cameron anticipated this line of defence, and suddenly lowering the gun gave him such a prod which took more wind out of him than could be supplied by all the cyclones of the past decade. With the remaining Indians Cameron was having a terrible struggle that was slowly telling against him, when a young Indian girl, on a white pony, rode into the midst of the fighting party. So engrossed were they in the fight that the rider was upon them before her approach was noticed. Knocking down one Indian and nearly riding over Cameron, with angry ejaculations and much gesticulating, the girl drove the Indians back some yards, where they sulkily sat on the grass nursing their knees and stealing an occasional glance at Cameron. After giving the quartette of Indians a severe dressing down (who can mistake the humor of a woman when she is scolding even in a foreign and uncivilized tongue) to which the oldest strangely enough seemed to assent, the girl, whose

strange influence over the redskins was puzzling Cameron, turned to the white captive. A couple of the Indians, at her orders, bound him hand and foot, and placed him sitting on the grass with his back against a tree, while the other two Indians were dispatched on some errand. The Indian girl leaned against her pony, carelessly stroking its white neck, at some little distance from Cameron, occasionally turning from the half a dozen bodies on the ground to contemplate her captive with an admiring look.

The girl was one of the handsomest specimens of the French Indian cross-breed that could be conceived. She could not have been more than sixteen or seventeen. Her figure had not that dumpy shape so peculiar to Indian or half-breed women. On the contrary, it was well rounded almost to the extent of being plump. Her hair was hanging down her back in wavy black ringlets, and was actually tied with something resembling a ribbon. Her prettily rounded chin, finely cut lips, forming a perfect cupid's bow, slightly parted over a set of ivory white teeth, a nose that was a slight approach to the acquiline, high cheek bones, and a pair of the handsomest black eyes ever protected by sweeping black lashes, made this child of the prairie a singularly attractive creature to the young Scotchman, in spite of the color of her skin, though it was scarcely dark enough to completely hide a couple of blush roses that mounted to her cheeks. Her dress was not of that scanty nature so objectionable in Indian women. It was rude, yet withal graceful and fashioned, it was quite apparent, not altogether according to uncivilized notions of feminine wearing apparel. A skirt of buffalo skin fell to the knees, except at one side where it parted and where the buckskin lace was tied about half way to the waist. For a jacket, a splendid silver fox skin with a couple of holes for the arms served the purpose as well as might the most elegantly made mantle.

All this Cameron took in at a glance, though his thoughts were busily engaged on the sad fate of his companion, and with wondering if this beautiful creature before him, who must certainly have more than Indian blood in her veins, would continue to exert herself to save his life, and whether her nature was such as would induce her to like him better before or after he was cooked.

CHAPTER II.

DESCRIBES a Pretty Piece of Scenery, the Peregrinations of a Hunting Party, and an Indian Betrothal.

It was a little over a hundred years ago one sunny afternoon in the Autumn that a number of hunters, weary of a fruitless chase after a herd of buffalo, halted for a few moments as they emerged at the verge of a forest in the eastern slope of a range of mountains. The view that met their enraptured eyes would have delighted the heart of an artist.

A rolling prairie stretched upward for several miles before them to the edge of a magnificent patch of forest trees that extended to the lower part of the peak. The trees had been steeped in the rich hues of Autumn, giving the whole mountain the appearance of a huge bouquet of variegated begonias, while the pencilled rays of the sinking sun, thrown over the rugged peak, gave it the appearance of an immense golden rod gleaming from the top. It was while Cameron and Mackenzie were gazing on this pretty picture that they were suddenly surprised by the Indians.

* * * * *

And now that I have reached a point in the narrative that forms a connecting link with the opening of the story, we will leave Cameron, bound hand and foot before the Indian girl, with feelings of awful recollections of the past and fearful anticipations of the future, while devoting a few words of explanation concerning the presence of the party so far from the few civilized settlements of the Western country.

(Finlay Mackenzie, Alexander McLeod, Kenneth Campbell, Philip Cameron.)



"HE FELL PIERCED TO THE HEART."

It was largely a love of adventure that induced this party of Scotchmen (their names bear ample evidence of their nationality), one morning in the Summer of 1788 to leave the comfortable quarters of an English fur company on the shore of James Bay for a trip in the West, projected with a view

to extending the operations of the Company and establishing some western stations. Spring comes very late in these northern regions, but when the change in the season does set in, the "clerk of the weather" leaves no room for doubt as to his intentions regarding the weather.

Already the snow began to get damp and pack, the ice in the frost-locked streams to move and crack and crunch, while the erstwhile icicles on the trees were running down the branches in little crystal glistening streams, under the genial influence of a vernal breeze, that carried in its passage over the prairie, thousands of miles from the south-west, sufficient warmth to materially change the climate of this hyperborean region.

Mackenzie had arrived in the Autumn of 1787 from London, where he held an executive position in the Company to direct the extension of the work westwards. He had, immediately before sailing, visited a young lady in Yorkshire whom he intended to return to England in a year to marry. But "*L'homme propose et Dieu dispose.*" She was at that very hour making her bridal clothes while Mackenzie was lying dead on the prairie, pierced to the heart with Indian arrows. Cameron was the trader who had charge of the post. McLeod and Campbell were his assistants. Meeting with good hunting and being favored with fine weather, the party pushed their way west for two weeks. Cameron and Mackenzie had been separated from the other two members of the party for some time when they fell into the hands of the Indians.

Cameron's reflections on what had passed and his gloomy forebodings of the fate in store for himself were soon interrupted by the return of the two Indians who had sought his life together with at least fifty others. There accompanied them the chief of the tribe, about whose identity there could be no mistake. Every Indian, with the exception of a girdle or short species of buckskin skirt, was stark naked. The chief, a venerable old redskin of magnificent physique, fully 6½ feet tall, the typical Indian high cheek-bones, and a profile that any white man might have envied, with arms nearly as long as an ordinary man's legs, was gorgeously clad in raw buckskin leggings that extended high above his knees, a colored buckskin shirt, while wound about him, like a huge plaid, was a rich robe of silver fox skins. On one of his fingers he wore a large bone ring, while fastened at the end of each of a number of plaits of his jet black hair was a smaller bone ring. Walking directly to the Indian girl, whom he had formally saluted, he held some conversation with her, of which Cameron was apparently the subject. The crowd of Indians remained at some little distance eyeing Cameron with apparent great satisfaction. After a while, the Indian chief looked about him at the half-dozen bodies of the Indians Cameron had killed. Next he eyed Cameron curiously. Then he had some more conversation with the girl. Finally he counted off ten on the fingers and thumbs of his two hands, pointed to Cameron, held up all the fingers and thumb of one hand and the thumb of the other. Cameron knew then that he referred to the fight of the one against ten in which more than half of the latter had been vanquished. Finally the old chief walked deliberately over to Cameron and patted him on the back in an admiring way, as much as if he should say. "You did well, old fellow, if you did kill some of my men." At this action of their old chief, a murmur of evident dissatisfaction went up from the Indians, which might have been interpreted as disapproval of any proceedings that did not directly lead up to a speedy preparation of the victim for a toothsome repast. After a few more words between the chief and the girl, she walked into the crowd of Indians, selected the biggest and ugliest among them, and taking him by the hand led him to Cameron's side. Loosening one of Cameron's hands, she held it in one of hers, while her other was buried in the large paw of the big ugly Indian at her other side. The old chief stood near and the other Indians began a war-dance around them. Knowing something of Indian customs, Cameron at once perceived that he was betrothed to this Indian maid, and that the Indian at his side was his chosen rival suitor, whom, in all probability, he would have to slay, before he could have the privilege of living with the girl, or, indeed, have the privilege of living at all.

CHAPTER III.

A Young Scotchman's Success in a Duel, Leading to his Compulsory Marriage with a Beautiful Indian Girl, is on the Whole Preferable to Providing the Feast at a Cannibal Party.

IN the perusal of some stirring hair-breadth escape, a thrilling account of the perilous experience of a human being, in which there is but one actor, no matter how startling, or how blood-curdling it may be, the reader, be he not susceptible to that process so commonly known as "carried away," generally finds one consolation in the narrative. The very relation of the adventure, particularly if given with detailed accuracy, shows that the story was told by the actor himself. And so it may as well be acknowledged at the outset, dear QUEEN readers, that the telling of the story of the young Scotchman's duel with his Indian rival completely gives away the sequel to the exciting event.

After a long delay, Cameron was taken some miles from the scene of the fight to what was apparently the permanent camp of the tribe near the mountain referred to early in the story. Cameron formed part of a curious cavalcade to their camp which is worth describing shortly. Within a few minutes after they had seemed to decide to adjourn to their camp, the turnout of the chief came sweeping up along the edge of the forest. It was a most remarkable equipage. The beasts of burden were three hugh trained buffalo, driven tandem. They were attached to, not a cabriolet nor the rudest kind of a wheeled vehicle which would indeed, have been a novelty among these western Indians, but to a sort of stone-boat in which was a rudely constructed box containing a seat. This outfit was magnificently supplied with rugs, among which the splendid silver fox, and black bear were conspicuously prominent. This curious turnout swept along over the level prairie as easily, it seemed, as might a brougham over an asphalt pavement. The buffalo were driven by means of rings of cane or some similar material through their nose, and appeared to be as tractable as the ordinary run of horses. Into this rig the handsome old Indian chief was helped by a couple of Indians. Cameron was assisted on the hardy little pony, behind the Indian girl, one of his hands being left free, presumably to hold himself on the horse. The other members of the tribe, a jabbering noisy lot, followed behind. Cameron threw his free arm around the girl's waist. This proceeding had the appearance to those who followed of a necessary precaution against falling off the horse. But with Cameron it meant something of far greater importance. It enabled him to close his hand over one of the girl's and to occasionally give it a gentle squeeze. It soon became quite evident to Cameron that the Indian girl was not at all opposed to having her hand squeezed. Indeed it must be admitted that she displayed in the matter of squeezing not a little unrestricted reciprocity, leading Cameron to believe, by the time they reached the Indian camp, that he was, to say the least, on a very good footing with the Indian girl, a belief that was by no means dispelled by the meaning look the two exchanged when Cameron, who first got off the pony, assisted with his disengaged arm his protector to dismount.

That night Cameron was put in a rude hut, guarded so closely by a dozen stout redskins as to preclude any hope of a possible escape. His knowledge of Indian customs led him to believe that he would be placed in combat with his dusky rival for the hand of the pretty Indian girl. But of what nature the duel would be Cameron had little notion. He knew that in their warfare these Indians were most adept in the use of the tomahawk, but he did not for a moment think of anything so absurd as a duel with crude instruments of that sort. Hunting parties such as the one he had encountered when Mackenzie lost his life usually used bows and arrows and spears in the chase. Whatever weapon might be placed in his hand Cameron had little hope of being a successful match for a burly Indian, head and shoulders taller than himself, and doubtless doubly proficient in the use of such weapons as they would be required to handle. It was, therefore, with many misgivings as to the issue of the contest, that he took his place in a ring formed by about 150 Indians, at one side of which was the old chief comfortably squatted on a pile of furs. His rival was already in the ring. He was a very truculent looking fellow and his ugly features relaxed into a contemptuous grin when he regarded the Scotchman, whom he seemed to think very much his inferior. Cameron was agreeably surprised when two short Indian spears were handed to them, and when he recalled his success

with the foils in his college days, and, later, the practice he had with them as a matter of pastime at the Fur Company's post, a ray of renewed hope lit up his face and the saturnine feelings that had previously depressed him now gave place to others of a more sanguine character. At a signal from the Indian at the side of the chief, who was apparently the umpire, the battle began. For a few minutes the rivals appeared to be tolerably well matched. The only noticeable advantage at the first appeared to be with the Indian who, by reason of his greater weight, was inclined to bear down on Cameron, the fight was carried on pretty much in the Scotchman's corner of the ring. But the superior skill of Cameron with the weapon was soon made manifest. For a long time he acted entirely on the defensive and met many desperate lunges of the savage, dexterously turning the sharp point of the spear, a very slight thrust of which must if successful, have soon sealed his fate. And so the fight went on for some time, the clashing of the spears drowned by the noisy ejaculations of the Indian spectators, who seemed to be mostly encouraging Cameron's Indian rival. But not a few, doubtless having had their admiration excited by the noble fight Cameron had made when he first fell in with nearly a dozen of their tribe, lustily

cheered him on, and among all those in the crowd who seemed to favor him none showed more plainly their prejudice in favor of the handsome young Scotchman than the Indian girl. Finally the Indian made a desperate lunge at Cameron. It was aimed directly at his chest and, as Cameron half turned to parry it, one of his feet slipped on the moist ground and, falling on his knee, he was unable to completely avoid the thrust, and the spear point passed through the fleshy part of his arm between the elbow and the shoulder, and made a slight wound in his side. The spear fell from his hand and the murmurs from the crowd showed how certain they felt that it was all over with Cameron. But the dauntless Scotchman was not to be thus easily vanquished. While his antagonist stood, spear in hand, grinning at one side of the ring,

Cameron pulled from his pocket a large linen handkerchief. Winding it several times around the wounded arm he tied it in a couple of knots which, with one hand and his teeth, he managed to tie very tightly and to staunch the flow of blood from the wound. Then, picking up the spear with his left hand, he advanced toward his adversary. The Indian, who was aware that he had wounded Cameron's right arm so badly that he would not be able to use it effectively for some time, was completely nonplussed. He had considered the fight ended in his favor and now, before he was fully recovered from his surprise he was involuntarily recommencing the fight. To add to his perplexity he was obliged to meet a left-handed man and it appeared, from the manner in which he handled his spear, that he was used to the other kind. Cameron was an ambidexter. His father, who was in some respects eccentric, had compelled

him and his brothers to use either hand with equal facility and dexterity. He did not, he used to say, believe in right-handed or left-handed boys but in all handed boys. This incident is, therefore, an illustration of the fact that we cannot well learn anything that is not really harmful, but it will one day prove useful. In this case the ability to use his left hand as skillfully as his



"A CURIOUS CAVALCADE * * * THREE HUGE BUFFALOES."

right saved Cameron's life. Cameron was getting weak from loss of blood and he realized that if he was to defeat the Indian it must be done quickly. Summoning all his strength for one supreme effort he made a determined and vigorous onslaught on his rival before he was completely recovered from his astonishment at finding Cameron still in the fight. He made a few ill-conceived parries with his spear and, after keeping the Indian on his guard by several attacks similar to each other and all made in rapid succession, Cameron suddenly lifted his left hand, as high as possible, brought his spear down on the chest of the redskin with a mighty thud, driving the point of it quite through his body. So exhausted was Cameron after giving this deadly thrust that he was unable to withdraw his spear and the Indian falling forward with a yell broke it in two.

END OF FIRST PORTION.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Starting forth on life's rough way,
 Father, guide them ;
 Oh ! we know not what of harm
 May betide them !
 Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
 Father, hide them ;
 Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
 Go beside them.

When in prayer they cry to Thee,
 Do Thou hear them ;
 From the stain of sin and shame
 Do Thou clear them ;
 'Mid the quicksands and the rocks,
 Do Thou steer them ;
 In temptation, trial, grief,
 Be Thou near them.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

A STRANGE REDEMPTION OR BERWICK DAUNT.

BY MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

AUTHOR OF "A MIST OF ERROR," "MARGERY," "A SOCIAL SUCCESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

FROM that day onward throughout the Summer, as though some spell of inaction hitherto laid on Allender's scheme had been suddenly lifted, stir and action, hitherto undreamed of were the order of the day at Ballynalea.

The real master, the originator of all, stood practically aside, with the iron resolution with which he faced the irony of fate which made of the very fulfilment of his hopes only a factor in his pain. Such actual work as fell to him John Allender forced himself to do. But the spirit, the glowing enthusiasm and enterprise which carried all before it in a resistless current of fiery energy, was centered in Berwick Daunt. His capacity for work seemed absolutely limitless. Building, road-making, draining, land-cleaning, all were under his personal superintendence, and, little as he had hitherto known of such matters, he rapidly acquired a marvellous grasp of them. Before long he equalled Allender in knowledge, as he had always surpassed him in readiness of resource. His power of persuasion in inducing hopelessly impoverished tenants to resign their land and subside into laborers was as remarkable and invaluable as his power of exacting a fair day's labor for a fair day's pay. By early Autumn, Ballynalea was almost unrecognisable.

But there was one black sheep with whom even "Masther Berry's" influence was absolutely *nil*. Thady Maloney held a farm of about thirty acres, and on those acres cultured neglect had reached a pitch beyond which, even in Ireland, it is not possible to go. Thady possessed some half-dozen children, and half a dozen female relations also looked to him for support; but these were not the reasons for his owing three years' rent. He was a hopeless drunkard, an incorrigible liar, and a thorough going "bad lot." At last, early in September a credible rumor rose that Maloney had had an active hand in an agrarian outrage committed on an estate some fifteen miles away, and though Berwick hotly declaimed against any idea that the Land League would find footing at Ballynalea, he suddenly proposed to Allender that Maloney should be forthwith evicted, his women-kind being offered one of the new cottages, and that his land should be worked as a model farm by a Scotch farmer, to be engaged by Allender, to teach the people as only a practical farmer could. Allender assented passively, and Berwick set himself to carry his scheme into effect.

But the Church had extended its protection to Thady Maloney. Preposterous as had seemed Berwick's laughing suggestion after the tenants' meeting, Father Halloran had indeed "foregathered" with the very black sheep. Until Berwick's re-appearance Father Halloran's supremacy had been undisputed on the estate, and supremacy was dear to his heart. It was a monstrous thing to him that the confidence and devotion of his people should be diverted from himself to another man, and the enormity assumed a spiritual aspect when that man was a Protestant. With no one on the estate had his influence a feather-weight against the influence of "Masther Berry" excepting with Maloney—or rather Maloney's women-folk, but with them his authority was supreme. On the principal that the end justifies the means, he ordered them to refuse Berwick's offer of the new cottage. The eviction was nevertheless effected, and thereupon pitiful stories got about of the wanderings of the

Maloney family, the goodness to them of Father Halloran, and the suprising hardness of the "Masther." Some other small evictions, or rather amicable transferences to the new cottages, were not effected so easily as they had been arranged, and before long Berwick became aware of some counter influence at work among the people gradually alienating them from himself.

It was a lovely October afternoon, some weeks after the Maloney eviction, when Allender, riding back from one of the outlying farms, overtook Berwick Daunt near the empty farm which still went by the name of Maloney's. Berwick was walking slowly, and although Allender noticed nothing, there was something about his figure and walk not usual with him; something engrossed, dejected, even slouching. The setter Flip, who adored her master, was walking at his heels with a subdued aspect. He started violently as Allender rode up, and then hailed him with his own cheery energy.

"All ready?" he said, indicating the farm-house with his unemployed hand. He carried his gun as usual. "Con Macarthy's there, and swears to stick to him through thick and thin." There was no longer any doubt that the Land League had a footing on the estate, and that it owed it to Father Halloran. The tenants were forbidden to take Maloney's farm, and the news that a Scotchman was to be established there had been so skillfully worked that the estate was much in the condition of a smouldering volcano. Berwick, however, was not to be turned from his purpose. His energy, his hopefulness, his faith in the effects of time and the true facts of the case were alike indomitable. The boys would come to their senses, he declared vehemently, when the Scotchman was settled among them and they were forced to own for themselves how much he could do for them. But even Berwick was forced to recognise that the actual arrival of the Scotchman meant a very awkward crisis, so much so that it had been decided to keep secret the date on which he was expected. Only one man had been engaged for him, and it had taxed Berwick's powers of diplomacy and persuasion to the utmost to secure him; and even he had been simply told to be in readiness, and did not know when the newcomer was expected. The next day was the day fixed for his arrival, and only Allender, Berwick, Nora and her mother knew it.

"How do things look?" asked Allender anxiously.

The sense of fast-thickening difficulty and danger had stirred him from his attitude of passive endurance, as it could hardly fail to do almost in spite of himself. Life was insecure in many parts of Ireland. The time might be at hand when the Ballynalea estate would be as others were. He could no longer stand aside, no longer subscribe with bitter passivity to the actions of another man. The responsibility was his; the measures must be his also. And in spite of himself Berwick's attitude as the position of affairs developed—the bright courage with which he faced the altered manner of the people—won the other man's admiration. A sense of fellowship, of common cause between them, stirred in him not for the first time, moving him to incredulous surprise at himself, as the boy, in answer to his question, threw back his head and said:

"Bad, Jack!" The poor boys are just led by the nose to

their ruin, and I can't get to the bottom of it." He paused, with his eyes fixed upon the purple which formed the skyline, golden in the setting sun, and Allender watched his face in silence with eyes that grew deeper and steadier as he looked. Then Berwick flung back his head and said:

"Never mind, old boy! We'll pull through. Once we are over to-morrow, it'll be all right!"

He looked straight up into the other's face as he spoke, and as Allender looked back into those frank eyes the thought which had deepened in him as he watched the boy's far-away gaze, the thought which had been growing in him now for weeks past, became conviction. He could not look into those blue depths and question any longer the brain which gave them fire and purpose. His last lingering doubt as to Berwick's sanity died on that instant. He said something cheery—what he hardly knew—and was riding on when he noticed the dog's dejected appearance.

"What's the matter with Flip?" he asked.

Berwick glanced down at her with a laugh and a frown.

"She's had a thorough good thrashing," he replied. "I believe she's in with the League. She snapped at me!"

"Flip did!" exclaimed Allender.

"Flip did! Never knew her to show temper before! Good night, again, Jack."

Left alone, Berwick Daunt strode on for some time, his head erect, whistling or singing as he went. But by-and-bye his music stopped. A strange kind of cloud seemed to envelope him; his gait, his pose, his very figure seemed to alter. And then, quite suddenly, he started sharply round with a low, fierce oath, striking the air before him with the barrel of his gun.

"Get off, you brute! Get off!" he cried hoarsely. Then he brought his gun swiftly into position with another oath, and the next moment Flip, who had never moved from the crouching movement into which she had subsided on his sudden turn, lay dead at his feet, shot to the heart.

CHAPTER IV.

The next day at sunset Nora was sitting in her mother's little drawing-room, alone. The house was very quiet. Mrs. Mulgrave was out visiting a sick woman, and the two domestics, Bidly and little Tim, were unusually silent. The air was heavy, and there was a strange stillness over the fields as though the men who should be working there had been stricken dumb; and by-and-bye the click of her needle striking on the surrounding stillness as she worked became unendurable to her. She rose, and crossing the room to the window, stood there, struggling with a strange weight of vague dread which, to-day, seemed to be added to the ceaseless pain and effort of her life. Was it the oppressive atmosphere, she asked herself. Was it the suppressed anxiety and excitement, the secrecy attending the arrival of the Scotch farmer that night?

He was to arrive at nine o'clock that evening; not at the nearest station to Ballynalea, but at Kildownig, a place about ten miles off. There Berwick was to meet him, going round to Kildownig from the neighboring town, whither he had gone early in the day on business to avoid starting from Ballynalea in the evening. Allender was to receive them at Maloney's farm, and there was a tacit understanding that both he and Berwick would probably spend the night there. No words had given Nora that strange feeling of danger in the air. Berwick, when he started in the morning, had been excited certainly, and more than usually prompt and clear-headed in making his arrangements; but he had betrayed no uneasiness. Allender

she had not seen that day. It was rather what was unspoken, the unexpressed anxiety that had been gathering now for weeks.

She was so nervous and unstrung that as the door behind her opened suddenly she turned sharply with a faint cry; and her colour did not come back when she saw that it was Allender. He was very white, and his eyes were deep and dark; his whole face and manner spoke of deliberate, hard-won purpose.

He shut the door behind him and stood just inside it, not advancing to her.

"Nora," he said, without any preliminary whatever, "I have come to tell you that—I yield."

She started violently and put out one hand quickly. Then with a strange, low cry of relief and joy she threw herself into his arms.

"John!" she cried. "Oh John! Oh John!" and in her voice there was unutterable love and sorrow, but of wavering not a trace.

He did not hold her. A sharp shiver shook him at her touch and his white lips turned whiter still; but he put her gently into a chair, and stood by her with one hand resting heavily on the table as he told her, with the utter quiet of a man for whom struggle was past, the little there was to tell. He told her once more of his distrust of Berwick's sanity, of his conviction of the previous evening, and of the inevitable renunciation of his claim on her which it had brought with it. And then he asked her to forgive him. She had listened to him with her eyes fixed upon his face with a look in them as though they looked on light for the last time, and the actual words he spoke seemed hardly to reach her. But on his last words she rose, with a flickering on her dead-white face that was almost a smile, and stretched out both her hands to him. Allender took her into his arms, and there was no sound in the room and no movement. When he passed through that door again he had resigned all that was best in life, and the loneliness he left behind him was to Nora as the loneliness of death.

The shadows deepened; twilight stole across the fields into the room, touching the woman's figure, lying face downwards on the sofa, and still it did not stir. More than two hours must have passed with no faintest consciousness on her part, and the moon was rising when Nora found herself vaguely wondering why it was so dark. She moved slowly, as though physically exhausted, and tried to remember what she ought to be doing. The heavy stillness had grown more oppressive; it seemed to close round her and prevent her thinking. Then she realized that it was dark because evening had fallen, and wondered why Bidly did not bring the lamp. She went to the door and opened it. The silence that brooded over everything without seemed to rest upon the house, too.

"Bidly!" she called. There was no answer.

She turned, intending to ring the bell, when her eye was caught by a little dark figure running towards the house with an incessant, curiously fugitive, backward turn of the head, and a fugitive shrinking into every available shadow. The next moment the hall door opened, and little Tim rushed up to her, white-faced, breathless, and trembling in every limb.

"Miss Nora!" he gasped. "Miss Nora, yo won't niver tell on me!"

Tim was Nora's devoted slave, and she was fond of the child. She looked at him vaguely now, and wondered why she did not speak to him.

"Miss Nora!" he repeated. "They'll kill me, sure, if iver they know; but it's meself that couldn't stand by and say niver a word! Miss Nora, they're all away in Mackilty's Cleft—our

boys and the boys from Lisnagh. It's a big meeting they had at sunset, Masther Berry being away, an' no one to stop 'em, at all, at all. Miss Nora, hiney, it's the Scotch gintleman. They say he's at Maloney's farm to-night, and they'll burn the place about his ears for the honor of ould Oireland!"

The boy had poured out his words in a breathless whisper, glancing round into the darkness in which they stood with shining terrified eyes; and as he spoke the last words Nora seized him by the shoulder.

"What!" she cried sharply.

"It's two hundred on 'em, Miss Nora! It's to be at midnight, says Father Halloran and the gintlemen; but the boys are just wild, and I'm thinkin' they'll niver wait that long. Miss Nora, if the Scotch gintleman's there——"

The hand on his shoulder tightened suddenly with a grasp under which the boy uttered a little cry.

"The Scotch gintleman!" cried Nora, her voice so strained and high as to be scarcely recognisable. "Mr. Allender is there, Tim! Mr. Allender will be there all night!"

"Where's Masther Berry, thin, Miss Nora darlint? Sure an' it's Masther Berry they might give heed to. It's the new mas-ther they're wildest agin. Where's Masther Berry?"

"Master Berry——" She stopped suddenly, and Tim felt rather than saw that she wrung her hands together and then held them pressed down tightly before her.

"What time is it, Tim?" she asked rapidly, her voice very tense.

"Sure it must be going for noine, Miss Nora."

"Run to Maloney's, Tim, and tell Mr. Allender, what you have told me. He is there with Connor Macarthy."

Tim shook his head.

"Troth, Miss Nora, Con Macarthy's in the thick of it," he said.

"Then he is alone, Tim! He is alone!"

Did that cry come from Miss Nora? It seemed to little Tim that the whole room was singing with it, and the instant's silence that followed made him tremble in the darkness. Then Nora spoke again, and her voice was harsh and unnatural as though her throat and lips were parched.

"Go Tim!" she said. "Run! I know where Master Berry is and I will fetch him. Run!" and Tim disappeared without another word.

Five minutes later, Nora was galloping down the road towards Kildownig. Berwick could save him! With Berwick by his side no one could harm him, and until Berwick reached him he was alone—quite alone. Faster she urged her horse, faster and faster. The moon was hidden and it was very dark now, but she gave no heed to the darkness, no heed to the roughness of the road. The stillness was as deep as ever, but to her ears the air was full of voices—voices which repeated on every side, "Save him! Save him!" until all the earth seemed vocal with that wild, passionate prayer. On she rode, on and on. She had expected to meet Berwick before! She had left the place where she had calculated on seeing him a mile behind—two miles—three miles—and moment by moment, yard by yard, her agony increased. At last, coming leisurely towards her where steep hills frowned down on either side of the road, she saw the lights of a car.

"Berwick!" she cried, and her voice rang strangely in her own ears. "Berwick!"

"Alannah!"

With a cry of amazement, he drew rein and jumped down.

"Alannah, is it you?"

Before he had finished she was off her horse.

"Get up," she cried hoarsely and rapidly, "Get up and ride! I will drive Mr. Donald to our house. He will be killed."

"Killed!" echoed Berwick. "He's not come—telegraphed to say he'd missed the train. What do you mean, Alannah?"

She took no notice of his words. Her agony of terror had grown upon her in her sickening suspense until she could grasp nothing further.

"He will be killed!" she repeated. "They may be there now—two hundred of them, Tim said—and he is alone, alone! They will burn the farm."

He caught her meaning instantly.

"Maloney's farm?" he said.

"Yes! Oh yes, yes, yes! Why do you wait? Why do you wait? Berwick, don't you understand that he'll be killed! Killed! Oh, Berwick, Berwick, they listen to you! Berwick, save him!"

Her voice had risen to an agonised shriek, and she was clutching at his arm with both hands as if to force him to mount. But he stood motionless, looking at her as the light from the car lamp streamed upon her upturned face, and his own changed curiously as he looked.

"Who am I to save?" he asked slowly.

"Who?" she cried. "Who? Oh, Berwick, don't you understand? It's John! Oh, John! John! Why don't you go, Berwick? Why don't you go?"

He looked at her for a moment more, and his face seemed to get grey and old. Then with a curious, low laugh, he brushed past her. Almost beside herself with agony, forgetful of everything but that the man to whom she spoke was the only man who could save John Allender, Nora had told him the truth at last.

"I'll go!" he cried, in a wild, light voice. "I'll go! Let's take off the saddle, and we shall go quicker and lighter." His fingers were at the fastenings as he spoke, and he seemed to tear them asunder, his movements were so quick and fierce. "That's it!" he cried, as he tossed it away like a feather, and vaulted on to the horse. "Now for a ride, Alannah! Save him! Of course I'll save him! Old Jack! Shall I give him your love when I get there, Alannah? Shall I give him your love sweetheart?"

He laughed again and lifted the reins, and as the horse dashed off into the darkness the words came back to Nora as if he shouted them again and again, louder and louder still,

"Shall I give him your love, Alannah? Shall I give him your love?"

They were all about Maloney's farm—a surging sea of wild, excited faces which threatened, moment by moment, to submerge the low straggling building standing against it alone. Tim was right. The Ballynalea people were not accustomed to the exciting methods of the agitator, and no authority had sufficed to control the frenzy all too easily excited.

And it was one man against two hundred. John Allender was quite alone. He had sent Tim off for help to the nearest barracks, but the distance was great. The child was already tired, and Allender knew that only the barest possibility stood between him and his death. He knew it, and he faced the knowledge with a strange thrill of excitement and nothing more. Only the instinct which holds a brave man from suicide, however desolate his life may be, kept him in the closely shuttered room after his first short parley with the mob. While there remained a chance he would not throw his life away. But when the sound and smell of fire told him that that chance was gone his only conscious thought was one of elation. He need wait no

longer! Death was coming surely and he might meet it like a man. He undid the fastenings, opened the door, and stood there on the threshold, facing the furious half-delirious mob with the burning house behind him.

His appearance was so sudden and unlooked for that, for an instant, every man was arrested where he stood, his unuttered oath or howl—every man there was howling or cursing—dying on his lips. Then with a simultaneous roar of hatred they were making a frantic rush for him when they were stopped again—this time from the rear. John Allender heard a new cry rise among them, saw them waver, fall back, and then the crowd parted in the middle and up the narrow lane thus opened, with a wild, hoarse laugh, there rushed a hatless figure of a man. Before Allender had time to recognise the features, changed almost beyond recognition, Berwick Daunt had leaped at his throat with a savage cry and he was struggling with a madman. The mob seemed to recede and retreat, leaving him alone with that awful face. The grip in which he was held seemed superhuman; his own strength was almost exhausted when the mob,

recovering from the first shock of surprise, and possessed suddenly by the idea that "mather Berry" was on the right side at last, uttered a wild yell of exultation. On the instant Berwick's hold relaxed. He turned, throwing up his arms wildly, and stood confronting the people, his face in its struggle and horror terrible to behold. Then he suddenly sprang forward with a shout of warning, seized Allender by the arm and absolutely hurled him behind him. As he did so, the pistol which had caught his eye in the crowd was discharged, and the bullet aimed at Allender went to the heart of Berwick Daunt.

* * * * *

The riot was over. The passion of the people who had loved him was diverted from its channel and spent itself in wild lamentation. He had save Allender in life; in death he protected him still.

Nora never knew the truth. When she stood with Allender by Berwick's side and kissed his dead face, with tears of unspeakable pity and gratitude, that face spoke only of glory of self-sacrifice—of the peace which passeth understanding.

THE END.

OLD LADIES.

THERE is a wonderful charm about a genuine old lady, one who is not ashamed to wear her own white hair, and who sees no disgrace in the lines time has traced on her face. To her it would be a disgrace to try to disguise these facts, and as we see so many painful examples around us of old age trying to pass itself off for youth, who will say she is not right? To us of a younger generation, what a restful calm seems to surround our old lady, and even to envelop in its soothing atmosphere us poor, weary, overwrought mortals of this nineteenth century who come within its influence. What causes this sweet serenity so often noticed in old people—women more than men? Is it that they have lived their lives, and outlived their troubles? I think not, for whose feelings are more keen, whose sympathy more ready, than our dear old lady's? else why should we all go to her when life seems hard, and death almost desirable? And do we not leave her with the thought, that, after all, things may not be so bad as they seemed, and there may be a silver lining even to our dark cloud.

An old lady's influence with children, too, is remarkable; but perhaps her unflinching readiness to tell them stories has something to do with this. I well remember the charm my dear old grandmother's stories used to have for us as children. There was such an element of fairy tale lore in her stage-coach experiences, and to us girls a savor of romance in the idea of our grannie, our stately grannie in her soft lace cap and black silk gown, ever having worn and—was that before Mrs. Grundy's time—even gone to church in, a *low* muslin frock, with short sleeves, long mittens, and shoes with high red heels. Could frivolity any farther go? But, perhaps, low frocks in those days were not quite the same thing as low frocks in these. Poor dear grannie, she is feeble now, and her memory is not what it once was; no doubt she has forgotten all about these things, though her love for her grandchildren, extended now to their little ones, burns as brightly as ever. And with what love and reverence these old ladies speak of their long-dead mothers! Shall we do so? Pray God we may. But in these days of many engagements a woman sees so little of her children, and even when older, and one would think more companionable, her one thought is how soon she

may relinquish her girls to the care of husbands. So who knows, in years to come, the sacred name of mother may have lost its holy meaning?

One of the prettiest, most cultured, and well read women known, who, years ago, was the chosen friend and companion of one of the first novelists of our century; now, in her old age, forms her life and manners as far as possible on the model of a heroine in one of her friend's work; because, forsooth! that friend, wishing to endow his character with a pretty face, painted hers. As the heroine in question was distinguished by one or two peculiar characteristics, and has, moreover, a young girl, the effect is sometimes rather grotesque when these peculiarities are duplicated in a woman who has reached her three score and ten. But she is none the less charming, and, though outsiders may smile, to her own large circle of friends she is a most lovable little woman.

We are told there is an art in growing old gracefully, but it seems to me it is the entire absence of art that constitutes the charm of old age. With the fashionable old dame who likes to be surrounded by an army of boyish admirers, and who is to be met at every ball and smart gathering of *la monde où l'on s'amuse*, we have nothing to do; she is an outcome of this latter day civilization, and probably an evanescent one. But the dear old gentlewoman would be sadly missed should her place ever be vacant and the world know her no more. But while in her advancing years, England's greatest lady sets such an example of true, kindly womanliness, surely it is looking very far ahead to contemplate the time when our old ladies, as we know and love them, shall be but a memory.

THE English practice of providing candles for the guests in a country house to take to their bedrooms has become general—even when gas is laid on throughout the house. One hostess tries to have the candlesticks of many different patterns, each one if possible a souvenir from one of the places she has visited in her journeyings. One may be of brass, another of delft, one of burnished copper, and so on. They look very well grouped on the hall table.

Written for THE QUEEN'S Prize Story Competition.



LEPPING was one of those men of the world who prided himself in not being susceptible to the fascinations of woman. He had a hardened idea of matrimony, and his remark to Leighton, at the club, that "they say getting married cures a man of falling in love," was but the reflex of his own mind.

Bachelors, as has been observed, have a learned way of speaking about marriage. They loftily sneer at love till they chance to feel the dart themselves, and then—well the truth must be told—then they are, beyond comparison, the most foolishly infatuated of all living creatures.

That evening as Lepping rang the bell at the Leighton residence on Dearborn Avenue, he was the most self-possessed and logical of men. He had almost forgotten Leighton telling him that his wife's cousin was visiting them from Canada, and it was not till he had been presented to a remarkably handsome young lady with dark eyes and rosy cheeks, that the fact impressed him as being of any particular importance.

Maggie thought Mr. Lepping a trifle peculiar at first, (she wondered if all American gentlemen were peculiar), but a man who probably would improve on acquaintance.

As the evening wore on he began to exert himself to be especially agreeable. By the time he took his leave he was graciously gallant. To her cousin's question as to how she liked him, Maggie lightly replied, as they were leaving the parlor to retire,

"I think him very entertaining. I'm surprised that such a man hasn't met his fate. You know there is always a Juliet for a Romeo, and he impresses me as a very promising Romeo."

"Ah, you puss, you are just about to fall in love already," and with a simulated sigh, "well, I might have known how it would be. But I will say this for Mr. Lepping, I never saw him so agreeable as he was this evening. Usually he has such a superior, self-satisfied air, that there is no meeting him on common ground; but to-night—well, I shall always believe it was because *you* were here," turning her eyes with artful suggestion at Maggie who was just entering her door.

Somehow Mrs. Leighton's words grated harshly on Maggie's ear as she talked in this strain. It was well they parted, for she must surely have shown the irritation she felt at her cousin's flippancy, if it had continued. And yet she could not have told why she was so irritated. Flippant things had been said to her before, and she had not been punctiliously sensitive about it.

But Maggie's mental organism was undergoing a change that she herself failed to discern. She would have been the last to admit it if she had discerned it, she would have denied that such a thing could be. But it was true nevertheless, and this change was beginning to effect her sensitiveness on certain matters. She was forced to realize that she was sensitive, but could not—or possibly would not—understand why it was.

From this time forward, Lepping made various excuses to call at the Leighton's as often as propriety would permit. When excuses were exhausted, he called the same as ever. His advances to Maggie could not be misunderstood even by Maggie herself, who persistently endeavored to blind herself to the fact. She could find no fault with him—she did not try—he was, as she had said, "a very promising Romeo." But the Juliet must be another girl than Maggie. This was Maggie's thought, not Lepping's. He could not exactly understand her studied indifference, but the idea never entered his mind, that in the end, when it was plainly brought to her how much he loved her, she could refuse him. He, the hitherto impregnable bachelor, refused by the girl at whose feet he was now laying his whole heart? I-n-c-o-m-p-r-e-h-e-n-s-i-b-l-e!

But Maggie's attitude was certainly a barrier to proposal. Weeks were passing, and still he had received no opportunity of declaring himself. This bewitching little Canuck was growing tantalizing. Not that her reserve had anything of the coquette in it, not that she practiced any of those subtle arts of some of her sex who love to play with a man's devotion when they find they have him hopelessly within their power. She did not smirk, or flirt or look at him archly one moment, and the next drop her eyes to avoid his gaze. No, she looked at

him always with an open, earnest, at times almost a solemn look that seemed to appeal to him for something. Lepping somehow felt that the appeal was not to speak instead of to speak.

And yet how could he remain quiet? He had not been accustomed to this peculiar sensation of loving a girl and finding himself debarred from a declaration. He grew thoughtful at the club, he sat and stroked his moustache in a dreamy sort of way, until he actually had one end of that ornament curled up to an angle ridiculously out of proportion to the other end. In fact the other end seemed to droop more hopelessly than ever before, it seemed to catch some of the spirit of his mood. He was growing irritable and unhappy, and his friends noticed it. His symptoms really grew quite distressing when it came to the point where he would let his cigar out half a dozen times within the hour.

One evening after a call, he was about to leave the house in an exasperated frame of mind. He had fully intended stating his case that night, come what would, and had even studied, as many a younger, and equally foolish man has done before, on a plan of bringing the conversation around to the desired point and approaching the momentous question in such an adroit way that there would be no embarrassment. He would have no difficulty, he felt sure, there could not be the slightest chance of her avoiding the issue. It had seemed so systematic and easy when he reflected on it, that he drove up Dearborn Avenue in a quite elated condition of spirits. But the moment he looked into those eyes of Maggie's his courage halted—stopped—turned—and retreated. He did not do himself justice that night, he was plainly out of sorts. When it was time to go, he walked into the hall, impatient with himself and the world. He seized his top-coat, impetuously forced his arm into the sleeve, ripped the lining, caught his hand in the slit, and struggled viciously to drag on the coat against the fiendish resistance of that garment.

Maggie who had accompanied him into the hall, seeing his dilemma, and feeling intuitively that she was in some way a culprit in the matter, hurriedly ran to his assistance.

"Pray let me help you," she said caressingly, without meaning to caress.

After lifting at the collar behind for a moment in a vain attempt to adjust the coat, she was startled by him turning suddenly and facing her.

"No!" said he, pettishly, "the thing won't budge. It's this confounded sleeve. I wish sleeves were——."

"Never mind," interposed Maggie soothingly. "I'll fix the sleeve," and instantly her hand had entered the open end and was tracing the passage where Lepping's hand ought to have passed, had he been less impatient. It was a trying moment for both. Maggie was not quite sure that her action was exactly conventional; but she had been driven to it as a remedy

for his impulsiveness, and she could not retreat now. As for Lepping he was inwardly berating himself for an unconscionable bear when he saw how open-heartedly she had come to his rescue.

But now there were her little fingers fumbling up so closely to his hand—nothing but the thin lining between—he could almost feel the warm touch. Next instant he did feel it; her hand had reached his and released it and she had quickly withdrawn hers and stepped slightly back with the least perceptible embarrassment. He followed her with a quick movement, and seizing her hand, breathed out in a low tone tremulous with passionate emotion:

"Maggie, for God's sake don't leave me! I love you Maggie!! I can't help saying it—I love you——."

"Oh you frighten me so!" said the poor girl trembling. "Why did you say that? Pray let me go. I——."

"I can't let you go without some word from you, Maggie. You must say something to me to-night," said he, following up her retreat.

She had instantly withdrawn her hand from his grasp, and was burying her face in her palms with increasing agitation.

"You have startled me so that I am not myself. I feel quite like fainting—I am really ill! Will you go?"

He saw by her blanched face as she drew away her hand to wave him off, that he must obey. He made one last attempt to gain something definite from her.

"May I not see you again? Will you drive with me to-morrow afternoon?"

"Yes," she answered quickly, without thought of consequence, so that she was but free from present embarrassment. Each forgot conventionality in the excitement of the moment. She was hurrying wildly up the stairs while he still reached for his hat.



IT WAS A TRYING MOMENT FOR BOTH.

CHAPTER VII.

IN the morning, Maggie showed evidence of disturbed rest. Mrs. Leighton noticed it, and remarked on it. Her husband had observed it even sooner than she, but made no remark. What right had he? He was simply more gloomy to-day—that was all—and as for Maggie, she was nervous and almost shy. What had happened? Leighton wondered.

As breakfast was nearly over, Maggie strove hard to be natural and matter-of-fact in her remark as she said:

"Oh, I forgot to mention it—I'm going driving this afternoon with Mr. Lepping."

If she succeeded in being natural with the information, she was conscious of failing most lamentably a moment later when, without looking up, she could feel his eyes upon her, and knew that she was coloring vividly.

Mrs. Leighton thought she could read the signs pretty accurately, but was afraid that possibly Lepping might be trifling with her cousin—she had no confidence in men.

Maggie's demeanor, however, admitted of no expressed solicitation, and in any event Mrs. Leighton argued that nothing could be laid to her—she had warned Maggie.

When the carriage arrived in the afternoon Maggie stepped in, the door was closed, and they drove several blocks before a word was spoken. They were both too intensely wrought up to make a mocking of commonplace remarks, and it seemed difficult to start the conversation in the right channel.

They had reached the foot of Lincoln Park and were turning down to the Lake Shore Drive, where they could see Lake Michigan dashing up the cold waves against the breakwater. It was a dark day and Lepping watched the grim old lake with a peculiar feeling of unrest. The scene somehow seemed ominous to him. He was growing uneasy and restless, and when Maggie saw this she knew she must speak at last. She began in a low determined tone, looking straight before her as if to avoid his gaze:

"I suppose it is my place to say something after what you said last night.

He made no answer. He could not trust himself to utter a syllable, but sat intently watching her as if his life depended on what she would say next.

"I feel it necessary to tell you that it is impossible—that what you mention is an unfortunate mistake—that it is all wrong—I cannot——."

"Don't say that Maggie! For heaven's sake don't decide till I have spoken!" A sudden cold terror had seized him,—a fear that, despite all the forces of nature, Maggie was going to get away from him.

"You don't understand. It wasn't possible that you should know how much I love you—how necessary you are to my life. You wouldn't talk like that if you did. You wouldn't say it is all wrong. Nothing is wrong where you and I are concerned Maggie. You must stop and think."

"I have thought," said she with quiet decision. "I have thought and thought, oh," continued the poor girl with a piteous turning away of her head, "I've done nothing but think ever since—ever since last night. I have not slept an instant—I have been nearly frantic."

She was growing unnerved despite her best endeavor.

He sat watching her with deep concern for a moment, thinking. Suddenly he placed his hand gently on her arm and said:

"Maggie may I ask one question?"

"Yes, a thousand," said she without thinking what the consequence might be, "it is your rights."

"Is there some one else?"

His words were low and slowly uttered but painfully intense. She sat looking away from him, immovable as granite, save for the twitching of the lower lip. No answer came from her. He pressed her arm slightly as if to claim attention. The native Adam lying dormant in every man displayed itself in Lepping at this time.

"Tell me Maggie, you said I should ask. *I have a right to know.* Is it so?"

Scarce knowing what she did she slowly nodded her head,

He dropped his elbow on his knee and supported his clammy forehead with his hand. Cold perspiration was chilling him. No word came from either at once, but presently he turned, and looking at her in the dim light, spoke in a hard, dry, almost a bitter, tone.

"Why did you let me go so far? You could not have helped seeing; it is very cruel—you have wrecked my whole life! Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

The poor girl began to tremble at his upbraiding.

"I didn't know it," she said sorrowfully. "I couldn't tell you because I didn't know. I have been wicked—horribly wicked—I hate myself with all my might,—but I never did the first thing to deceive you. It wasn't in my mind to deceive anyone, but—but—I have been deceived myself." Her voice had fallen low.

Visions of another man trifling with her heart flashed across his mind and he broke out:

"What inhuman brute has dared—?"

"No, no," said she quickly, "not that, no one has deceived me—I have deceived myself. I only am to blame. I thought—I believed I could extend my sympathy without—without giving my love."

Her agitation was pitiful and her last word had dropped to a whisper.

He sat looking at her in a puzzled way. He had believed that her heart was claimed in months gone by, possibly by some Canadian lover—how he hated Canadian men at that moment—but now from her intimation and manner he felt it must be something recent. And yet what opportunity had there been for romance during her visit here? He could not content himself without saying:

"I don't understand you—you puzzle me. You speak so strangely. I can't rest without one more question; may I ask who this other is?"

"I—ought—not—to—tell," she said slowly, and her voice sounded hollow and unnatural.

The answer made him wince. There was a ring of reproach in his next words.

"So I am not entitled to that? Well let it be so. I knew you couldn't understand—I knew you didn't know how much it is to me. Women never know—"

"Yes, they do—yes, they do! They know—they *feel* more than men. It was not that you aren't entitled; it was because I should not tell of my own weakness—because my wicked thoughts and feelings should be kept within myself. You don't know how wicked I am. Oh, it is dreadful! How much I have to suffer for!"

And she shuddered at her own words. But he was not satisfied. There was some mystery about the case and he was in such a distressed and selfish mood that he was determined to push his point.

"If you knew anything about my feelings; if you could only realize how a man *can* love, how deeply his sentiments go, how strong and lasting and absorbing his affection is when he loves as I do. If you knew this you couldn't help appreciating my position. Here I am offering to you the most disinterested devotion that lies in the power of any man to give. I fondly hoped—I—but never mind that. You tell me your heart is not free, but you refuse me even the grim satisfaction of knowing who the claimant is. I feel like a man assailed by an unseen, unknown foe, I——"

But suddenly she turned in desperation and looking him full in the face for the first time in their interview she said:

"Can't you *guess* who it is?"

Lepping stared at her in a wondering way and answered:

"No."

She turned her head again and in a tone of despair continued:

"No, it is not likely that you should; you are too good to imagine me so wicked. And yet, now it has gone so far, you ought to know. Can't you see? The only man I have met since I came here—the only man but you."

"My God, Maggie!" he exclaimed, with a horrible suspicion "Not *that* one; not—not—?"

"Yes, yes! It is *he*! It is none other. Oh, have pity on my poor heart! I couldn't help it."

She was weeping hysterically by this time, and they rode for a long while without a word.

The horses in the meantime had approached the vicinity of Fisher's Gardens, and the driver—not having received specific instructions as to where he should go—turned them across the head of the park and on down Lake View Avenue in the direction of Belmont Avenue. All the way down this lovely stretch where the big waves were unconsciously adding to the wealth of some fortunate real estate owner through the medium of riparian rights, the carriage rolled with its unhappy occupants, and it was not till they were well up in Lake View that a word was spoken.

Lepping after the first startling surprise, was desperate one minute, thoughtful the next, crazed almost beyond control the next, and finally soothed to a tender yearning over the agitated little figure beside him.

After her grief had spent itself, she raised her head, and he gently brushed back from her face the glistening strands of dark hair freshly wet with her tears.

"Poor little girl," said he with such a wealth of sympathy in his voice. For that one moment he had almost forgotten his own grief in his compassion for her's. "Tell me," he said, "how it all came about."

And as the horses were turning home she began in a quiet, mysterious little voice, scarce above a whisper.

"It is all so strange. I hadn't one bad thought in my mind. I saw how my cousin continually irritated him; I saw how unhappy he was, how gloomy and morose he was growing, how the worst side of his nature was constantly being developed. I saw all this, and I saw also that a word from me would make him milder—that he would smile when I said little things that I knew he would like said—how happy he grew when we chatted together—how he seemed to love the children more when I was near, I saw it all and vainly felt I was doing good. As heaven is my witness I had not one wrong thought. I never knew how it was with me, I didn't understand myself. It never came to me till last night when—when you spoke. Then it all came like a great flood—I knew a fearful calamity was upon me! I never slept, I prayed and prayed, and prayed, but it wouldn't leave. It has never left! It never will leave! Oh, you can't understand, you are not a woman! Oh! my God, have mercy! have mercy!"

She was weeping painfully again and his strong arm supported her. He bowed his head, and if a tear mingled with hers he felt himself none the less a man for that kind of giving way. But calmness stole over them in time.

"Shall you go away?" said he at last, when they were nearing home.

"I've thought of that," was her saddened reply. "I've tried to think what my duty is. It seems cruel to leave them both to the life they are living. I might be instrumental in bringing them closer together—giving them a better understanding of each other. If I could do that it would be a blessing; all would not be darkness, it would be one bright spot. I shall try."

As Maggie said this she could not help recalling her previous attempt with Mrs Leighton, how she had endeavored to reason with her regarding her treatment of her husband, and the result

of that interview. But now she was filled with a new determination to do what she could in their behalf. She kept murmuring to herself, "I shall try, I shall try."

"Maggie," said Lepping after some reflection, "I wish to say one word more. Of course I can't consistently ask for your hand when your heart is drawn toward another man—however unconventional the sentiment may be—but supposing there should be a change, supposing something should happen—I don't mean exactly that—but for instance if you had never seen him how would it have been with me then?"

He had begun his remarks with the intention of ending them in a way entirely different from what he did. He started out to speak with the prevalent conviction in his mind that girls generally were more than likely to change their attitude in matters of the heart, and in plain language he was sounding Maggie as to his future prospects in case she lost her infatuation for Leighton. But when he looked into Maggie's face there was something so steadfast and true in it, something so different from the other girls he knew, that he could not bring himself to imply—even in an indirect manner—that there was a likelihood of her changing in the way he had hoped for. So he blundered off on another tack and now felt himself in some concern as to her answer.

"I can't tell," she said rather abruptly, as if she scarce understood his meaning. "I shouldn't like to wound your feelings in any way, and yet I can't see how it is possible for me to know in what manner I would have been impressed by you had I never seen him. I only know that I have seen him, and that I am sorry for it. I also know that I like you as a man, that I admire all your good qualities, and—but I shall only give you pain if I go on. One thing let me say to you. When a Canadian girl loves a man she loves him with all her heart and him only. It is her misfortune—or her happiness—to love with the whole force of her being, and tradition, instinct and custom have schooled her into an abhorrence of lightly transferring her love from one to another. Terrible as my position is I am prouder to know that my nature compels me to love him to the end, however hopelessly, than if I were able to change my love and give it to another man."

And yet, in the face of all this, Lepping somehow could not bring himself to give her up completely. The fact was he had not the courage to face the inevitable. His self-esteem, when it got the better of him, always convinced him that in some round-about way the man should be superior to the circumstance when the fact is that unless the man be phenomenally great the circumstance often controls him.

"You may sincerely believe now, Maggie, that you will never change your mind, but you are young yet, and—you will pardon me—we don't always quite know ourselves at your age. I am older than you and feel sure of myself, and think I am privileged to say that I have a better reason for believing in my constancy than you have for believing in yours. Nationality isn't so potent a factor as is age and experience, and some day you will realize this and admit it. Till that day I shall wait for you Maggie, and though it may be some time coming, yet it will be worth the waiting."

And as he handed her from the carriage he seemed so confident in his prediction, that Maggie could not help noticing the change in his face. She wondered if it could be possible that he knew better than she.

Which was right?

We shall see.

Written for THE QUEEN'S Prize Story Competition.



FOUR years passed away. The Grangers were still in Europe, and Bert Revere had at last achieved wonderful success on the Board. In one day he had made a "deal" in wheat, which had gained him the title of "the young Napoleon of Finance," and with his natural shrewdness had at once invested his fortune in real estate.

It was late in October. In Revere's handsome house a bright fire glowed in the library grate, shaded lamps cast a subdued light through the room; books, papers and magazines lay on the handsome table in the centre; altogether it was a pleasant enough den for the young bachelor as he stretched his slippers before the fire and gazed into the glowing coals. He had no appointment for this particular evening, rather an unusual circumstance for this popular young man, but he was glad of it, as he listened to a sudden pouring shower without and glanced around the cozy, pleasant room. Bert was in a cheerful mood, the world had, on the whole, treated him pretty well.

He was basking there in the sunshine of prosperity, and the warmth of the anthracite fire, when the door-bell rang, and a servant ushered Harvey Byrd into the room. Revere extended him a cordial greeting, drew a second arm-chair in front of the fire, and the two friends chatted on various topics for some time. Finally the talk veered to the various rumors in regard to Bert's approaching marriage.

"Do you remember what you said one night to Coningsby and myself, when he was here?" asked Byrd. "It struck me, when I heard this last report about you (in which to tell the truth, I have not the slightest faith) that perhaps you really meant what you then said, and that it is Miss Marian Granger that you are waiting for. I have always given you credit for being deeper than the world thinks you, Bert. Well, I hear the Grangers are coming back this Winter.

Bert threw back his head and burst into a hearty, ringing laugh. As he sat there, young, healthy, with all the appliances of luxury around him, Byrd could not help thinking to himself that Bert was a living embodiment of the astute Frenchman's aphorism that "There is nothing so successful as success."

"Thank you, Byrd," he exclaimed at last. "In this case I don't deserve your good opinion. The fact is Miss Granger

was married six months ago in Paris. Her mother's ambition did really secure the coveted title for her eldest daughter."

"Not Coningsby?" asked Byrd, in astonishment. "It is very strange I never heard of that!"

"By no means," replied his friend. "You have been in the far West all Summer; there are many things, possibly, you have not heard of. However, it was not Coningsby."

"Surely you must be mistaken!" replied his friend. "Why it was only a few days ago that I read in one of the papers an account of a dinner at the American minister's in Paris, where the most glowing tribute was paid to the beauty and accomplishments of Miss Granger, of Chicago!"

"All very true, my dear fellow. But the Miss Granger of Chicago, one hears so much about now-a-days, is not Miss Marian but the younger sister, Hilda."

"Not my little friend, Hilda!" cried Harvey Byrd.

"Is she a particular friend of yours? I did not know you knew her," replied Revere. "However, it appears that she has blossomed out into a regular beauty, and created a great sensation at her sister's wedding, where of course she officiated as bridesmaid. And she is very accomplished as well as beautiful; sings, speaks half a dozen languages and so on."

"Indeed," said Byrd musingly, as he fixed his eyes upon the glowing grate. It was difficult to recognize in this brilliant picture his shy acquaintance of four years ago. "Well if she did not marry Coningsby whom did Miss Marian marry?"

"Some Italian count or other. No imposter, however. Handsome, clever, cultivated, but impecunious as usual. The old story. The bright, convenient American dollars to regild the ancient coronet," replied Revere. "But though the elder sister didn't marry Coningsby there was quite a romance concerning him and the younger one."

A sudden interest caused Byrd to look up quickly, and ask, "What romance?"

"Well, you must know," replied Revere, "that Coningsby saw a good deal of this girl when they were at the Idaho ranch together that Summer. She was a fine horsewoman, full of life and health and was often out with the sportsmen on their various expeditions. The mother, so it is said, had her eye on him for Marian. But it was the younger girl that Coningsby paid

the most attention to, though he went back to England without saying a word. However, last year he met her travelling in Scotland. She had developed, as I said, into a beauty, one of those splendid women Englishmen admire."

"Do you remember what Coningsby said of the Californians?" interrupted Byrd.

"The very style," nodded Revere. "Coningsby had been writing me all along, and it appears the idea had struck him before that, however. Even the very first time he ever saw the girl. Do you remember what he told us about his family wanting him to marry! Well, it appears that only a few days after that he saw her fondling one of the younger Granger children. He thought, I suppose, she would make a suitable mother for the heir that was so eagerly desired. Of course he did not say so in so many words, but that was about the gist of what I gathered from his letters."

"I know," answered Harvey Byrd, abstractedly, a strange sensation passing over him, as he recalled the first meeting of the pair. Hilda leaning on the wall in the moonlight, with the beautiful boy in her arms, like a young Madonna, and the quiet, observant glances Sir Roderick Coningsby had bestowed upon her, as he himself had moved aside and brought the pretty picture into view.

"Well, as I said" continued Bert Revere, "he met her in Scotland last Summer. The uncle is dead, and Coningsby is now a marquis. I think there are only a few in the Peerage. So that when he proposed to her, a few months ago, her mother was horrified when she refused him.

"It must have been a surprise, to say the least," said Harvey Byrd.

"It was a surprise, no doubt," replied Revere. "Particularly as Mr. Granger himself had given him permission to address his daughter. The old gentleman had a high regard for Coningsby, but I believe Hilda is his favorite child, more like him than any of his other children. If she had accepted Coningsby he would have acquiesced cheerfully, but there is no doubt that he was far better pleased by her decision. Bad enough to leave one of his girls behind him in Europe, he assured me. The affair, however, seems to have in no wise lessened our friend Coningsby's admiration for the young lady, and that is why he is so frank about it. He could not feel altogether wounded when she told him that her mind had long been made up on that subject, and that no other foreigner would ever have a better chance than himself. She has lost a splendid settlement in life, and a titled lover, but I feel sure Coningsby will still be glad to be counted among her friends.

"She said she would be a sister to him, I suppose after the usual fashion," said Byrd, with a smile. And then he resumed his abstracted contemplation of the fire.

He roused himself however, after a moments silence, and turning suddenly to his friend enquired.

"Bert, did it ever strike you whose child that was we picked up out of the water, that day?"

"No. Was there anything very unusual in the circumstance? People are constantly being fished out of the lake, now-a-days," answered Revere.

"Then you had no suspicion as to the identity of the boy who plunged in after that child?"

"None whatever," replied Bert. "I never thought to ask his name. He sent my ulster back all right, next day, I remember."

"Well, that same small child was Master Robert Granger, and the supposed boy was no other than this very Miss Hilda

Granger we have just been discussing, but divested of her riding skirt, and the same lady whom our friend Coningsby proposed to make the Marchioness of Canterbury."

"Impossible!" cried Revere, jumping up from his seat, and confronting his guest. "Pshaw! you are joking! What put that notion into your head, Harvey?"

"Well, you must know that I have had quite a long chat with Miss Hilda Granger, only a few nights before, the night in fact you introduced Coningsby and myself at the house. You left us smoking on the piazza with Mr. Granger, and returned to the drawing-room, while we three strolled down to the lawn to look at the lake and finish our cigars. It was upon that very occasion that the girl must have struck Coningsby's fancy for we found her there with the boy asleep in her arms, leaning upon the stone wall."

"And you recognised her in the boy who swam after the child?"

"I did. she had told me she could swim. You called her 'my brave boy,' and it was the surprise in her face, when you did so, that first attracted my attention to her. She knew therefore that you, who were nearest to her, did not recognise her. And when you gave her your Ulster, that helped still further to disguise her. It was rather an awkward position for her to be in, and as she evidently wished to escape observation, it was not my place to embarrass her by any attempt at recognition. I saw her but twice afterward, and upon neither of these occasions did she refer to the circumstance. Therefore it was my place to be silent."

And then Harvey Byrd rose to go. The conversation had left a disturbing impression upon him, and he wanted to think it over.

CHAPTER VII.

He did not go with Bert Revere to call at Mrs. Granger's when the family returned to its Chicago home, and before the Winter was over a rumor reached him that his friend was engaged to the lovely daughter of the house. He himself visited little now, his business was increasing, and he found a long country walk, or an afternoon canter through the Park a more welcome relaxation from the weightier matters of the day.

One shining afternoon in June he mounted his handsome bay for his usual ride. Michigan Avenue was crowded and occasionally the young man lifted his hat in recognition to some of the ladies who occupied various vehicles in the thronged thoroughfare. He reached at last the bridle road which runs at the eastern side of Grand Boulevard a smooth stretch of level sand, very tempting to the powers of his steed. Sultan pulled vigorously on the bit, and shook his head to get it free, so that he might indulge in a good run, after a captivity of several days in the stable. But not far in front of Byrd a lady rode alone, followed by a groom and he restrained his horse so as not to startle the spirited gray upon which she was mounted, and which was curvetting restlessly from side to side of the green alley.

The composure of the groom, however, soon reassured him as to the lady's capacity for managing her horse. Always interested in good horsemanship, he still kept his own in check, the better to watch the figure before him, which swayed, and curved and bounded with every motion of the beautiful Arabian she rode. A nobly moulded figure too, every line of which a sculptor might have followed, and shown to perfect advantage by the closely fitting habit of dark cloth she wore.

Harvey Byrd kept his horse in check for some minutes, then seeing that there was not the slightest danger of his disturbing the lady's control of the Arabian, he rode quickly ahead, glancing as he passed into her face. A remarkably lovely face, he thought, the features of which, however, were quite unfamiliar to him. When he had passed a short distance beyond, he gave Sultan his head, and let him go, and he dashed in full run along the unoccupied stretch of road before him.

A brisk breeze started up among the trees and by the time he reached the park, Byrd found that one of the sudden storms which dash across Lake Michigan in Summer was upon him. He rode rapidly onward, until he found shelter under a shed which completely kept off the rain. The shower was beginning to come down in earnest, when the lady he had passed on the Boulevard cantered in, with her groom, for shelter, and the three watched for some moments the now steadily pouring rain in silence.

In the midst of the shower Bert Revere, driving furiously, made for the large open door of the stables. He caught sight of the lady and her groom, however, and turned the heads of his tandem team in the direction of the shed. A laughing greeting followed. Bert threw the reins to his groom, and was about to step to the lady's bridle rein, when he saw Harvey Byrd in the farther corner of the shed.

"Why, Byrd, you here!" he cried.

Then seeing that the lady remained silent, occupying herself with the adjustment of her glove-fastening, he turned toward her.

"I beg pardon," he said. "I thought you knew my friend Miss Granger, allow me to present Mr. Byrd. I think you met him once or twice before you went abroad."

Miss Granger! This then was the famous beauty. There was no denying the palpable fact of her beauty. This then, the shy, undeveloped girl he had known six years before! Harvey Byrd was quite taken off his guard, while added to his confusion was a curiously angry feeling at himself for not recognizing her. And yet he felt that he might well be excused for his want of perception. The Hilda Granger he had known, had been a tall angular girl: her eyes and fine complexion, her only physical charms. The faultless complexion remained creamy and pure as a pale blush rose, but the almost flaxen hair had deepened to a golden brown, and the irregular features, though still large enough to correspond with the noble outlines of her figure, had toned down into proportions as gracious as those of the Greek Venus that lay for centuries entombed in Milo's bosom. Only in the beautiful hazel-gray eyes which she turned smilingly upon him, could he find any resemblance to the young girl he had known. But the eyes were as clear, as candid, and as earnest as they ever were, and looking back into their depths as he drew toward her, and leaning over his saddle held out his hand, Harvey Byrd felt his late strange irritation slipping away from him like a dissolving view. Surely the owner of such a pair of eyes as these had never bowed entirely to the worship of the world!

"Miss Granger can very readily be excused for forgetting me," he said, to hide his own embarrassment. "She has been abroad a long time, and only saw me three times, I believe, at best. Or was it four?" he added.

Miss Granger's eyes dropped for a moment to her horse's mane. A faint blush rose on her cheek, but her hesitation was but momentary; she lifted them again bravely and unreservedly to meet the enquiring gaze now bent upon her.

"It was four," she answered quietly.

They were very simple and commonplace words and yet they were quite sufficient to cause a certain unreasonable thrill of pleasure to pulse through the young man's veins. Why should I say unreasonable? What man is there, however unsusceptible, who would not have been flattered at finding that he had been held so long in remembrance upon so slight an acquaintance, in the breast of so beautiful a woman? For the commonplace words were not only an acknowledgment of the impression he must have made upon her, but of her thanks for the respect he had accorded to her desire to escape observation on the occasion of the fourth interview, the meeting in the little yawl boat of the Swallow. It was the first time he had ever alluded, even indirectly, to the circumstance, but he could not regret it, since it seemed to place him at once upon the plane of tacit understanding and mutual trust with this beautiful and fascinating girl. For before the short Summer shower was over he could well understand her powers of fascination. It was not regularity of feature, or the delicate coloring of hair, and eyes, and complexion alone which went to form so harmonious and lovely a countenance. It was the mind, the soul behind all, which lit up the face like the clear shining of a lamp through an alabaster vase. Her contact with the world, it is true, had accentuated a natural grace of manner but it had added no affectations. Indeed she was singularly free from any foreign idiosyncrasies, considering the fact that she had been so long abroad.

The rain at last commenced to slacken, the dark thunder-cloud having by this time reached the southern edge of the horizon, and the rays of the low sun gradually kindling all the mass of shining wet verdure of the Park into a ruddy glow. The great perfect arch of a rainbow dawned, and grew momentarily brighter across the eastern sky. It was growing late, yet to Byrd the moments slipped away unnoticed, until Bert Revere looking at his watch, discovered that it was half-past six, and that they must be off, if they wanted to benefit by the usual seven o'clock dinner. It was pronounced safe now by all to venture out of the friendly shelter of the shed, and they were soon upon the shining wet roads, with the heads of their horses cityward.

And Byrd was at Hilda Granger's bridle-rein as they passed out of the Park gate, where Bert bade them good-bye and dashed briskly ahead on the main drive, leaving them to follow at their leisure.

But the evening was so lovely that it is by no means strange that the two equestrians lingered on the boulevard. The air, washed clear and sparkling by the rain, came in soft puffs, laden with the perfumes of the clover fields, of the lilac-hedges, of the long wind-rows of new mown hay. The sounds of the great city, heard from afar, seemed refined and etherealized by the distance, but in the trees around them, the birds were twittering and calling, comparing notes, doubtless, as to their experiences in the recent storm. The sun was momentarily sinking into a blaze of violet and gold; the slender crescent of the young moon hung overhead; a range of slowly-crimsoning white clouds banked the eastern horizon. What wonder then that these two lingered under the arching boughs of the boulevard, and forgot that the sun was setting, and the dinner growing cold at home.

It was not until Harvey Byrd found himself before his own grate fire that he realized what a change that momentous ride had wrought in himself. When a man of his temperament allows himself to fall into a waking dream, it means much and yet this is what had happened to the young man, as he sat down to

enjoy his post prandial cigar. He found himself smiling as the lovely figure rose before him amid the rings of smoke. And why should he not indulge in day dreams, pray, this young fellow, independent of means, manly, and kind of heart? Yet he suddenly pulled up the veins of his imagination with a jerk. Ah! there was Bert!

If she were the woman he thought her, somehow he felt that Bert would have no real chance with her. He tried to recall her looks, her actions toward his friend. There was surely nothing that indicated anything more on her part than simple friendliness! Phsaw! how could he tell? he so entirely unversed in women's ways?

Yet he could find a thousand and one satisfactory reasons why he should reconsider his determination not to call upon Miss Granger. He did call, in fact within the week.

* * * * *

"I have just had a letter from Marion" Hilda said one evening, as she swept with trailing draperies into the drawing-room where Byrd awaited her. "She is in the highest spirits, has been presented at the Italian court, and she and Luigi are off for Norway, with a party of English friends."

"And your new brother-in-law? I suppose he is very charming," said Byrd in a tone he tried to keep from being interrogative.

"Luigi is one's idea of a knight of old," answered Hilda, her clear eyes looking back at him without reserve. "So perfectly polished and differential. If Marian were a princess, he could not treat her with more beautiful courtesy."

"And she is very happy I suppose? Do what he would he could not prevent the rising infection in his voice?"

"Marian is—satisfied," answered Hilda. But this time she did not look at him quite so steadily. They had become good friends in the short month that had followed their chance encounter in the Park. From the first Hilda had had toward the young man the reposeful feeling of mutual trust and understanding. She knew now that he had recognised her that day in the boat, for he had told her so in the growing intimacy of their acquaintance, and she had thanked him for his delicate reserve.

Yet she was too loyal to her sister to say outright what was passing in her mind. Marian was "satisfied" that was all. But Hilda had a different idea of what married happiness should be. She changed the subject.

"Do you remember Cattarina?" she asked.

"Your musical protegee? Certainly. And I hope she fulfilled your expectations!"

"Cattarina has been a delight?" Hilda replied with enthusiasm. "She has studied indefatigably, and her master, Lamperti promises the most brilliant future for her!"

Their talk drifted on to Italy, to Rome, to Venice, with its canals and great lagoon. Suddenly Byrd paused. "Will you go out with me, and look at the lake? She assented, and they left the drawing-room, and took their way toward the wide, flagged terrace which overlooks the lake at Thirty-first street station.

It was a glorious night. There was no moon, but in the great dome overhead sparkled all the constellations; below stretched the vast inland sea, ushered in the shadow, or faintly plashing with a low, pathetic murmur among the piers. To the left the sweeping curve of the shore was set with a glittering chain of lights, like the jeweled rim of a lapis-lazuli bowl, or the necklace on the bare and dusky bosom of an Egyptian princess

Far out on the water the scintillating beacons of a group of vessels at anchor, gleamed like the reflection of the clustered Pleiades, away at the end of the pier the ruddy glow of the light-house lantern glowed like "the red planet Mars."

It was by no means a solitary walk, for the terrace was full of loungers, drinking in the pure air that came over the vast expanse of water, after the somewhat sultry and dusty day. Byrd was unusually silent. The spell of the night and of deep feeling was upon him. He listened to the girl beside him in a rapture. Hilda Granger talked easily, naturally and well. Her vivid pictures of European life, her thoughtful and observant descriptions of the people and things lifted her conversation far above the ordinary feminine level. She had been interested, amused, instructed abroad, but all had served only to deepen her love and admiration for her own country. Unlike so many others of her sex in a like position, her views had been broadened not narrowed by her foreign experiences.

The long rows of lamps lighted the terrace, yet it was not into the speaking face at his side that the young man gazed, but far across the dim and silent water. His thoughts had flown beyond the present, and were seeking to penetrate the vastness of darkness before him. For the future was inscrutable as the dark blue curtain of star-spangled sky which shut down upon the dim horizon. He knew now that he loved, as a man loves but once in his life. But Hilda!

His thoughts were so deep that he could scarcely trust himself to speak. The darkness deepened, the faint breeze died away, and a white mist began to rise among the piers. One by one the groups along the terrace disappeared, and Hilda declared it was time to return.

He left her at her own door, and then he paced the streets till midnight.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Granger had not been well for some months, a tendency to heart failure, the doctors declared, and recommended country air.

And so the town house was closed for months, only to be re-opened at last to bear tenderly into its darkened rooms the dead body of the wife and mother, who had passed away suddenly and quietly in her sleep.

There was a large funeral, which Harvey Byrd attended. He never even caught one glimpse of the face he hungered to see, for the features of the heavily-veiled figure which leaned on the arm of the chief mourner were quite indistinguishable under the thick cloud of heavy crape which enveloped her. Bert Revere was not there. His buoyant nature shrank from such scenes, indeed he had purposely gone out of town, to avoid any imputation of disrespect which his absence might have caused. He had sent however a magnificent cross of flowers, conspicuous even among the multitude of remembrances of the same sort which filled the room where all that was left of Hilda's mother lay.

Harvey Byrd sent no flowers. Display of any kind upon such an occasion was painful to him. But he followed the group of mourners, even to the witnessing of the last sad rites, and then went back to his rooms with only one memory of a tall, veiled figure that might have been taken for a statue of grief itself, to solace the longing at its heart.

And so Hilda went away again, without a word. But, a few days after the funeral he sent her a great box of white roses, lying loosely heaped in all their luxuriant bloom of leaf, and bud and blossom. For some reason he had always associated her

with white roses. Stately indeed as the lilies, was Hilda Granger but their cold saintliness did not symbolize her to the man who loved her. She was a creature.

“Not too good
For human nature’s daily food,
A perfect woman, nobly planned.”

And so the white roses seemed to him Hilda’s flowers, their snowy hearts full of the warmth of human tenderness as well as purity and so he sent his messengers to breathe to the girl he loved that she was not forgotten in her grief.

The autumn passed, but he heard nothing of her. He occupied himself constantly with his business, and one day had occasion to walk over to the West Side. Returning as he came near the river, he heard the sound of clattering hoofs, and the crowd, in panic parted right and left, to make way for a pair of runaway horses, which came rushing up the incline toward the small bridge which spans the tracks of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad, a short distance back from the river.

Two locomotives and two trains were at the moment passing each other under the bridge, with a great puffing and snorting, ring of bells and clouds of escaping smoke and steam. The commotion still further increased the terror of the plunging horses, causing the colored coachman on the box to lose entire control of them. So violently indeed did the open Victoria to which they were attached sway from side to side in the wild rush which ensued, that but for the self-command of the lady who occupied the carriage, she must have been dashed out upon the stone pavement below. She made no attempt to spring from the low vehicle, but braced herself firmly in her seat, clinging with both hands to the silver-plated rail on either side of her. Doubtless she conjectured that the crowd in front would stop the horses before they arrived at the edge of the river.

The crowd, however, with the absence of reasoning power such sudden frights produce, seemed for the moment to be thinking only of its own safety; how best to avoid being crushed under the hoofs of the furious horses.

But a cry went up when a sudden lurch of the carriage on the street-car track threw the coachman on the ground, and the unrestrained animals dashed on towards the chasm beyond.

At this moment Harvey Byrd, standing by the railing at the very edge of the river bank, first caught sight of the lady’s face. Flashing towards him like a star, amid the scattering crowd, the face of the woman he loved, the fixed, blanched features of Hilda Granger, showing white and lovely as a marble statue against the heavy crape veil which enveloped her, broke on his view, and for a moment the young man’s heart seemed to freeze

in his breast. His brain reeled, but with the swift instinct to save her, he braced himself against the strong post at the end of the railing, so as to seize the bridle of the near horse as he passed, and throw him back on his haunches.

Onward they came like a flash; for one moment Hilda’s eyes met Byrd’s, and then the young man sprang at the horses’ head. The animal reared, his fore feet hanging over the chasm, Byrd, clinging manfully to the rein, even though lifted off his feet. But his efforts were in vain; the horse succeeded in freeing himself, and with a wild neigh, both of the frenzied creatures plunged down into the river, their weight breaking the harness, and leaving the victoria rocking on the very brink.

Harvey Byrd caught Hilda in his arms, as the carriage slewed round on the street-car rails and threw her out towards the river. “My darling! my darling!” escaped unguardedly from his lips, as for a moment he held her closely on his breast.

But her weight had thrown him off his balance; he reeled on the edge of the bank, felt himself slipping slowly backward, and with every muscle strained to its utmost strength, threw her away from him back upon the street above.

As he fell, he struck against the abutment of the bridge. His whole frame was still thrilling with the touch of her cheek against his breast. Happiness unspeakable to have held her so, even for one short moment! With the sharp blow against the abutment came desperate pain, then darkness. Was this death?

The thought flashed over him, as still he felt himself falling. If this were death, then it was not so hard to die. He had saved her, he could not doubt it, and the soft clasp of her arms seemed

HIS EYES SLOWLY OPENED ON HER.

to close around him, as he faded away into utter unconsciousness, and knew no more.

* * * * *

When Hilda Granger, bruised, half stunned, but not seriously injured, was picked up by some one in the crowd, and sent home in a cab, her feeling of deep thankfulness for her escape was mingled with another sentiment even more overpowering. At such moments as these the soul knows no concealments. The look she had seen in Harvey Byrd’s eyes had told her he loved her, as much as his unguarded words. She did not know what had become of him; but soon, surely he would come to her; and so she waited, hour after hour, in a tumult of happy expectation which was outwardly subdued to her usual calm.

And yet he did not come. But with the next morning arrived a revelation.

For the daily papers all contained detailed accounts of the narrow escape of the daughter of the well-known millionaire. Mr. Granger read one of these articles aloud to her, when,



after their usual fashion, they lingered out in the dining-room together, after the morning meal. Then she learned that he for whom she had been waiting in vain, was lying helpless in a hospital ward, at death's door for her sake, having been picked up, bleeding and insensible, by a passing tug in the river. His injuries had appeared to be so serious that a patrol wagon had been hastily summoned, and he had been removed to the hospital without delay, where letters and papers found on his person had revealed his identity and enabled the police to notify his friends.

As she listened to this narrative, a low cry, a sort of gasp, escaped Hilda, and Mr. Granger looked over his spectacles at her in surprise. She rose from her chair, then slid to the carpet at her father's feet, and laid her face against his knee, as had been her custom, when as a little child she had gone to him for comfort. Mr. Granger gazed long into her eyes, and then drew her to him in a close embrace.

"He is a noble fellow! I will go to him!" he said at length as he released her.

Although no words had passed between them, her father had divined Hilda's secret, and her happiness was the dearest object of his life. Day after day he went to the hospital, where everything that could be done, was done for the injured man. At last the delirium following his fever had passed away, and though still weak, Harvey was allowed to receive his friends, and Mr. Granger took his daughter himself to see him, opened the door of his room, and sent her in alone. He was dozing quietly and she sat beside him, silent with the intensity of her feeling. The pillows were scarcely whiter than the wan features which lay against them; the closely-clipped, yet heavy, brown beard seemed too, to mark even more plainly his extreme pallor. Then, in his sleep, a smile passed over his face, and he stretched out his hand until it closed over one of Hilda's, resting on the counterpane. Then, as she watched him, his eyes slowly opened on her, full of tenderness, yet quiet and gentle in his weakness, as if it were no surprise to him to find her sitting there.

Yet, as clearer consciousness came slowly, the satisfied look passed away, and doubtful hesitancy took its place.

He was growing stronger now, yet, as he looked at her, a dimness came into his eyes. Was this only a visit of kindness, a visit such as in her womanly compassion Hilda Granger might pay to any friend to whom she believed she owed so great an obligation as the saving of her life? Or had only dreamed,

in his delirium, that once she had been drawn, unresisting, to his heart, and had looked up into his face, with clear eyes answering back love for love? Well, he must know! He lay there for a moment debating with himself, and then he drew her gently closer towards him.

"My darling" he murmured, in the faintest whisper, so faint, that had not her small ear been so close to his lips she could not have heard him, "Why have you come? Is it because you pity me? Or is it, is it, to hear me tell you, at last, how much I love you?"

His words brought the quick blood to her cheeks, her eyes fell, and for answer she bent her head and pressed her soft lips on both the thin hands which lay clasped upon her own.

But he was not satisfied. "My darling," he whispered again, but this time with a stronger passion in his voice, "Understand me! I will not have your gratitude! It was only happiness-to die in saving you. And,—listen! It may be a helpless cripple you will have to care for. Well, I will not say it would be a selfish thing for me to bind you to such a one. That will be nothing, if you love me. My dearest! if you could know how long it is that I have wanted to tell you, and I would not, until I could be sure of you. And now, I must be sure!"

She was looking back at him now with the old clear, steadfast expression in her beautiful eyes.

"Will you make me tell you?" she said softly. And then she stooped towards him and lifted his head to her shoulder with the lovely maternal look he had once seen her bestow on Robbie. And with rapt eyes fixed on her face, as hesitatingly, yet with maidenly caressing tenderness, she breathed the words into his ear; like a tired child, he rested there content, and listened.

"I think I must have always cared for you," she murmured. "Even so long ago, when I was a mere girl, I compared everyone with you. Even when I was abroad, I always meant, if ever it were *anyone*, it shall be you! And now, are you satisfied?" she asked, stroking his pale face with her soft, warm hand. "Could any man expect from any woman a more humiliating confession?"

And yet she did not look humiliated. When the nurse just at that moment opened the door unnoticed, he found the pair smiling at each other in such supreme content, that, being a sagacious and far-seeing individual, he stole as noiselessly away again, and left them to their happiness.

[THE END.]

FASHION NOTES.

THE hats worn by women of fashion were never more becoming nor more striking in style. While there is not an ugly line about them, they are yet so different from the conventional shapes of past seasons that they startle one by their oddity.

AN outdoor coat for a girl is of gray tweed, cut exactly like a man's coat, and trimmed with astrakhan. It is double-breasted, with a close-fitting cap and muff to match. Over the coat is a double cape that fastens on one shoulder. A velvet belt goes around the waist.

LONG low-crowned brimmed felts are raised at the sides and back and decorated over the crown with great side folds of velvet to match the costume. The feathers, lining, bow at back and velvet match the general tone of the dress, while the felt hat itself is gray in the majority of cases.

SMALL buttons are used in profusion, three or four dozen being no unusual number for a suit of cloth, homespun or camel's-hair.

THE hosiers are taking advantage of the present style of big gloves, adopted by the ladies, to sell the pocket glove. A small purse is adroitly fixed in the palm of the left glove sufficient for the reception of a bank bill or five pieces of silver.

SOME of the winter bonnets are only suitable for the warmest summer day, and are perfectly flat, and just rest on the piled-up hair, thus allowing the cold wintry winds to penetrate well to the head. The extreme back is adorned with a little bunch of trimming, either pompons, or knots of velvet, and the much-used bird which figures on all sorts and conditions of headgear.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.



AUTHOR OF "DEAR LADY DISDAIN," "CAMIOLA A GIRL WITH A FORTUNE," "A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES," ETC.

THE great town of Bargenhouse was in sudden and wild commotion. No such sensation had been known in that region since the bursting of the vast reservoir many years before; or since, still before that time, the riots which followed the introduction of steam machinery to supersede the handwork of men and the tramping of horses. Bargenhouse was not a city; it had no cathedral; but it was bigger, and more active, and much richer, and ever so much more boastful, than many a famous old city. It was a very ugly town, with black, reeking canals, and a river that could hardly be known from the canals, and hideous suburbs stretching out in cruel monotony, each street the very same as each other, except for the fact that the farther the streets ran out, the smaller they became. It rained a great deal in Bargenhouse, and when it did rain, it rained marking-ink.

The sudden alarm in Bargenhouse was peculiar. A new development in robbery had broken out. The crude form of the burglar with the revolver was superseded. There was a company for robbery—a "long firm" for robbery—a "corner" in robbery on an entirely new principle as applied to the life of an English civil community. The ruffianism of Bargenhouse had adopted the plan of action employed for ages by the brigands of Southern Italy and of Thessaly. A rich man was carried off to some den of robbers, and there held to ransom. A message was sent to his family to announce that the head of the family had been captured, and that unless a certain sum of money was sent to a certain place before or at a certain hour, the family would lose its head—the captive would be killed. Each such message came in the form of a letter printed on a type-writing machine, and concluded with a reminder that it would be no use appealing to the police. "The police can't find us out, and if they did we should kill our man while they were trying to break in the door. Your money—or his life!" Such, it was said, was the form of the terrible message—and each message was signed, "The Red Rovers."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Sir Joseph Carnaway to his confidential clerk, who was also his private secretary. Don't talk to me in that way, Mascall. You ought to know better. May I remind you——" Sir Joseph sometimes, but not always,

grew more formal according as he grew angry—"May I be permitted to remind you that we are living in England under the government of Queen Victoria, and in the nineteenth century?" Sir Joseph had a way of clinching every argument by a reference to the nineteenth century. He had quite made up his mind as to the capacity of the nineteenth century. He knew exactly what that century could do and what it could not do; what it could stand and what it would not stand. Unfortunately, the nineteenth century had a way, sometimes, of not accepting Sir Joseph's limitations as to its capacity or its endurance.

Sir Joseph Carnaway was the greatest man in the town of Bargenhouse. To find his equals you would have to go among the newer of the county gentry; to find his superiors you would have to go among the old nobility of the county, of whom the Earl of Frankland was the recognised head. Sir Joseph Carnaway had worked his way up in life. Lowliness, for him too, had been young ambition's ladder. He never concealed the obscurity of his beginnings; he was proud of what he had achieved unaided; but in his secret heart he yearned for close and closer alliance with the county families who had not had to work their way up in life—or, at least, whose beginnings in that operation were obscured by the curtain of time and darkness which was raised for us when all manner of families kindly came over to us with William the Conqueror. Sir Joseph was a widower, for whom marrying mothers and marriageable daughters had long looked out in vain. He had one child—a daughter, whom, in his way, he loved passing well. The girl was called after her mother—the good, old-fashioned name of Clarissa.

Sir Joseph was very proud of his handsome daughter, who had kept house for him since she was little better than a child. He was proud also, though in a very different way, of his handsome and well-dressed secretary, Edgar Mascall. But just now he was somewhat annoyed by Mascall's professed belief in the rumours which were affrighting the town.

"I want to make it clear to you, Mascall," and Sir Joseph made it quite clear—almost too clear—"that no such events as those reported by rumour could occur in the nineteenth century, in the reign of Her Gracious Majesty, and in the community of which he considered himself the strongest pillar and the proudest ornament. One story he settled by declaring that the alleged victim was a worthless young reprobate who pretended to have been captured by those mysterious Red Rovers, in order that his decent old father might be forced to come down with some money, of which, doubtless, the young reprobate gave a share to his confederates, the supposed robbers. Another case—that of a grave, elderly man—Sir Joseph explained away by shaking his head over the condition of the elder man's affairs, and hinted that it was not a very bad plan of getting one's too good-natured friends to make up a subscription for him. "Why don't they do any killing?—why don't they do any killing?" Sir Joseph asked clinchingly. "I can't believe in brigands who never do any killing."

"They may yet," the secretary said grimly. "They may yet."

"We shall see," Sir Joseph said; and he was preparing to go for the evening. The secretary had something on his mind evidently.

"Well, what is it?" Sir Joseph turned and asked.

"I have been wanting to speak to you this some time, Sir Joseph, and I haven't had the courage."

Sir Joseph's first idea was that a demand was coming for an increase of salary. The secretary could not think of bettering himself—there was no possibility of any man's bettering himself by leaving the service of Sir Joseph. Anyhow, he wanted to have the question settled.

"Out with it, man, at once—what is it?"

"Sir Joseph, please don't think me mad—I am partly mad—I know it—I love your daughter. Have I your permission to tell her so?—and to ask her—to ask her to become my wife?"

Sir Joseph had been pulling on his gloves. He was about to ride home. His daughter always came for him—in fine weather, at least—which was about one day out of five—and they rode home together. He had long been cherishing a delightful vision about the future of his daughter and the lustre she was to shed upon his name and him; and now here was his secretary—his paid clerk—his paid man—his official menial—standing up in the clear light of day, in the nineteenth century, and in the reign of Her Gracious Majesty, and mildly suggesting that he, the salaried menial, should marry Sir Joseph's daughter!

Everybody with Sir Joseph was "mine." Everything was a joy or a grievance according as it was "mine." The town was his town, the men and women he employed were simply his men and women—his machines—they had no relation to life other than the fact that they were Sir Joseph's men and women. Naturally his daughter was, beyond all other people and things, his property. He was fond of her indeed; but he was especially fond of her because she was "mine," to do what he pleased with, to make her a great lady and to make himself proud and happy because his daughter was a great lady. Of course, his secretary was my secretary—my man—my henchman, my creature. It no more occurred to him that his daughter and his secretary could alike cross his wishes and try to thwart his schemes, than it could have occurred to him to think that two of the Dresden figures on the chimney-piece would come off the place he had assigned to them, and insist on squatting on the hearth-rug.

"You haven't talked any of this stuff to my daughter," Sir Joseph said, restraining his wrath as well as he could.

"No, Sir Joseph, I have not. I thought it would not be right until I had spoken to you."

"But you must know she doesn't care twopence about a fellow like you—not likely," Sir Joseph said, the original savage in him breaking out from beneath the veneer of civilisation.

The secretary winced and bit his lips, and for a moment a fire burned on his cheek and lighted in his eyes, which gave an uncomfortable sensation of contrast with his quiet and deferential demeanour. Quiet people are sometimes like some quiet pools; there is a good deal of the poisonous weed down in their deeps."

"It would be hard for me to expect that a young lady brought up like that and born like that," he said with a certain meek emphasis on the allusion to the condition of birth, "should care about a creature like me—a fellow like me—as you very properly put it, Sir Joseph. I was but a workhouse boy—I have not forgotten it—I have never been allowed to forget it."

"Never mind, never mind," Sir Joseph said, hastily. "I was not drawing it up to you: we both begun on the very lowest rung of the ladder, and I have worked up, in fact, don't you see we both have worked up, for in your early days, you know, you could never have expected to be confidential secretary to a man like me."

"Of course, I know that I owe everything in life to your kindness and your protection, Sir Joseph."

"Oh, well as to that, you are worth your salt, you know I couldn't easily, that is quite easily, fill your place. I don't mind admitting that much, even if it does lead to a demand for a rise of salary." Sir Joseph was trying to be jocose, "and I don't deny that you are a genteel-looking sort of a chap, and that you dress well, and do me credit, and make people say, 'why Sir Joseph's clerk, or secretary, or whatever the devil the chap is,'—no offence to you, my boy, but that's the way the people talk, you know—why, they say, 'he dresses like a West End London swell,' and then they think what must be the master if such is the man, don't you see, and they think of me as if I were a sort of prince."

"I am happy if I do you credit, Sir Joseph," the secretary murmured, and he looked at his white hands, and there was a curious twitching about his lips as he turned meekly towards his master.

"Well, then, hang it all, why can't you be contented with that? What do you want with making a blessed fool of yourself, and vexing me about nothing? You must know very well my daughter could not marry you. It's out of the question. I only wonder how on earth you ever came to let such a ridiculous notion get into your head."

"You always said that a man was a man and that the rank was but the guinea's stamp."

"Yes, when I took the chair at a meeting of working chaps or Oddfellows or something of that sort. But a man like me don't fling away his daughter—his only daughter—on that sort of principle. And besides, if you talk about the guinea's stamp, why, hang it all, I want my guineas to have the stamp on them. So now, like a good fellow, do let us hear no more of this—you will only end in making me angry—and it ain't the best thing for anyone to make me angry. A chap in your position, of course, it don't matter much whether you are angry or not."

"No," said the secretary with a curious smile, "a chap like me is not able to do anyone any harm,"

"Why, of course, he isn't—to be sure he isn't. What harm could you do me for instance, suppose we quarrelled?"

"Ah, indeed—what harm?"

"Just so—none at all. But you know my good fellow, I could wreck your prospects—simply wreck your prospects. So let us have an end to all this. So far as a speedy rise in salary goes, well, I don't want to bind myself by any promise, but I don't say I shan't think about that."

"I haven't asked—"

"Of course you haven't asked. If you had, I probably shouldn't have given it to you. But look here—to finish this nonsense—my daughter is going to marry a real swell—a man with a title—a nobleman and nobody else—Since ever she was born I had a vision of that. I'll make that vision come true."

"There is many a lying vision," the secretary said bitterly, "I have had my own lying vision."

"What the—no, I won't say it—but what on earth makes you stick in such a word as that? Lying vision! What do you mean sir?"

"Only a phrase I read in Carlyle, Sir Joseph."

"You read an awful lot of nonsense, that's my belief, but I have to ask you not to use such language about any vision of mine."

"Perhaps I was only thinking of a vision of my own, Sir Joseph."

"Oh, well, that's right enough, I daresay. You do seem to have had some remarkably unveracious visions lately," and Sir Joseph gave a rough laugh.

"Yes, I have had a lying vision. I should be glad," he added, meekly, "to think that nobody else ever had so false a dream."

Just at that moment a card was put into Sir Joseph's hand. The card bore the name of Mr. Lawrence Tyron. Sir Joseph started. It wanted only this to fill the measure of his vexation. He had never suspected his confidential clerk and secretary of any absurd designs on the hand of his daughter, but he had for a long time been very suspicious of the visits and the purposes of Mr. Lawrence Tyron. In the first place Mr. Lawrence Tyron was a distant relation of the late wife of Sir Joseph, and whatever rank was to be claimed in the family at all was to be claimed through her. Then Sir Joseph, whose adored family did not love it when it offered itself to him as represented by a distant relation of his wife's who might possibly be supposed to hold him, Sir Joseph, in contempt. Then he had begun to have ideas that Lawrence was beginning to be too attentive to the girl, and he was the sort of young man to attract a certain kind of girl. Lawrence Tyron had got little good out of his swell relatives. He had a small yearly allowance, just enough to keep him in clothes, in cigars, and in visits to country houses, shooting boxes, and the moors. But this was not all. The young man had lately taken to being a writer, a professional writer! He had written novels, and he seemed to be rather proud of his calling, and it brought him, Sir Joseph had been given to believe, a great success, and now what do you think the great success was when represented by the figure of an annual income? Why, the young man himself had said with pride, that he was making, in addition to his allowance, twelve hundred a year! Twelve hundred a year an income to be proud of! Fancy a daughter of Sir Joseph living, "scratting along," as he would have put it, on twelve hundred a year! He thought, with a certain coarse self-satisfaction, of the money it cost him every year for Clarissa's dresses, her horses, her carriages, her expenses during the London season, her very charities, in which, to do him justice, he always indulged her freely, and then, amid all his anger, he felt moved to pity the poor, unhappy, romantic youth, who thought of such a girl with his twelve hundred a year.

Sir Joseph was roused to something like fury when Lawrence Tyron came in, and he found that the young man had really presented himself to ask Sir Joseph's consent to Clarissa's accepting him for a husband. His wrath was all the greater when Lawrence told him that Clarissa and he had been long in love with each other. He let out the full volume of his anger on Lawrence, and paid him off then and there for all the contempt which Lawrence's swell relatives had had for him, Sir Joseph, before Lawrence was born, and afterwards. The poor Aladdin, son of the Chinese tailor, could not have been repulsed with greater scorn when he first asked for the hand of the Emperor's daughter, and had not yet produced the countless bowls of priceless diamonds which made such a difference in the negotiations.

Lawrence was a plucky young fellow, with a strong outline of face and forehead, and a firm serene nature. He went away offended perhaps, but quite undismayed, and sure that Clarissa would not throw him over, even to satiate her father's social ambition. He only hoped that his presumption in first falling in love with her and then getting her to fall in love with him might not be visited on the poor girl herself. He was not

surprised or discouraged at all. So far everything had gone as it ordinarily goes in that world of fiction with which Lawrence was well acquainted. The ambitious father repulses the impecunious young lover. That was just as it should be. But the impecunious young lover will not always be impecunious. He will make no end of fortunes, and meanwhile the girl will be constant to him, and they will be happily married at the end of the third volume.

Much of the anger was, however, visited upon poor Clarissa when she came to ride home with her father in the evening. Sir Joseph rated at her, and accused her of having filled the silly young man's head with the romantic notion that she could marry a literary chap, whose earnings would average about twelve hundred a year. Clarissa did not argue the question much. She felt too deeply and was afraid to give way to her feelings too much. Sir Joseph took her quiescence for submission.

"Girls don't understand things—they don't even know their own feelings," Sir Joseph said grandly. "You will think differently of all this some day. You will thank your father for having interfered to save you from the consequences of your own indiscretion and your romance, and all that nonsense. You will be only too thankful some day."

The rest of the exhortation was cut short by the appearance of a neat-looking groom, who came galloping up to Sir Joseph, and touched his hat with a manner of utmost deference.

"Please, Sir Joseph," the groom said, "my lord would be so glad if he could have your help for a few moments. It's a case of something that wants two magistrates, and I just happened to see you coming along, and he asked me to go and see if you could not come."

"Your master?" Sir Joseph asked with hesitation, for he would rather not have had to admit that there was anyone capable of retaining a neat groom in all the country round whom he did not know.

"My master, Lord Frankland, Sir Joseph."

"Lork Frankland, yes, yes, to be sure. You are not long in your lordship's service, I think? I don't remember your face."

"No, Sir Joseph, I have only lately come to this part of the country."

Sir Joseph turned to his daughter.

"You ride on, my dear, with Smithers." Smithers was Sir Joseph's groom. "I shall probably overtake you. I certainly shan't be long. I am most particularly anxious to do anything which would be obliging to Lord Frankland. Now, my man, you show me the way."

Sir Joseph disappeared. His daughter rode on in silence and sadness. She knew that it was all she could do to keep the tears from coming into her eyes. She was afraid Smithers must have heard some of the altercation between her and her father. Poor Sir Joseph, when he was angry with anyone, even his daughter, rather liked that the stern eloquence of his anger should make itself impressive on others as well as on its immediate object. It would be an impressive warning for Smithers to know how severely such a man could rebuke even his own daughter when she deserved it—and of course, when Sir Joseph rebuked her, she must have deserved it. The girl was glad to be allowed to ride home without her father. Her heart was too full and too bitter. She did not even then doubt his love—his mistaken and misguided love—but it was pain and shame to her to see how completely his whole soul was given up to a vulgar ambition, and how his daughter's heart and happiness would have counted for nothing with him, compared

to his ambition to be the father-in-law of a member of the House of Lords. She was not really so much distressed at the declaration of her father that he would never sanction her marriage with the lover of her choice. She did not believe that resolve would last as long as hers. She was determined that she would never marry any man but the lover of her heart—and she knew that he would wait for her—and it would be little more than a year before she would be twenty-one and then she would be a free human creature, to make or mar her own fate to the best of her judgment, brain and soul. What especially saddened and distressed her was the cruel fact that in her father she could no longer see the ideal parent—the man to whom his child could look devotedly and devoutly up—the guide, the friend, the household divinity of her childhood. That parent existed no longer—never could exist again. One parent in the dead earth of the grave, and the other in the live earth of the world's meanness and servile snobbishness—the thought was well fitted to make a poor girl feel lonely. And this poor girl felt lonely indeed as she rode slowly homeward, and waited every now and then for the father who did not come; waited, and was relieved when he did not come, and then again was shocked and penitent to find that she could feel such relief.

When she reached home she sat down and wrote a letter to her lover in which she told him all that her father had said, and told him, too, that it was only a postponement and an obstruction, and bade him be of good cheer, as she would be, and assured him of that which indeed he had little need to be assured of—her undying love.

When she had written this letter and sent it off she felt better, and then she went to dress for dinner. In the stately household of Sir Joseph full dress dinner was indispensable, even when his daughter and he dined alone together.

The dinner bell rang, and she went down to the drawing-room and took up a book and tried to read while waiting for her father. It was strange that he should be late. He often found fault with her for not being punctual, but he was never known to be a minute behind time. Lord Frankland's business must have been important and long. Her father, she thought, had no doubt been delayed and was still dressing. Presently the butler came in to ask if dinner was to be served, or if it was to wait for the coming of Sir Joseph.

"Has my father not come home yet, Benson?" She turned to the man in some surprise.

"No, miss, Sir Joseph has not come home."

In the case of many an excellent father and head of a household this would not have been surprising, but Sir Joseph was never known to be irregular in his movements. His daughter felt alarmed. She could not tell why. Perhaps only because they had parted in something like a quarrel. Ah, any alarm becomes grave when one has parted from the missing creature in anything like anger! She waited and waited, and Sir Joseph did not come. Then she ordered up dinner and tried to eat some of it in solitary and forlorn state. She knew well that the one thing Sir Joseph would never allow would be to have any of his movements questioned or made the subject of comment in the household. If he was late for dinner, it must be because something made it necessary and rightful that he should be late for dinner, and everything must move on in as orderly a fashion in his absence as under his dictatorial eyes. So his daughter made no comment, and indeed said nothing more about her father, but merely ordered up the dinner and meekly went through some show of eating her share of it.

Towards the close of this lugubrious feast the footman came with a letter addressed to her.

"I was told to tell you miss," the man explained "that it was brought by Lord Frankland's groom."

"Come," she thought with a relieved mind, "here is the explanation. He has been kept to dinner at Lord Frankland's."

Clarissa smiled ruefully enough at the thought that it would not be very difficult to prevail on her father to accept the hospitality of any noble lord; and she knew that Lord Frankland was one of the magnates of the district who held most aloof from the new rich men of the town, and perhaps especially from Sir Joseph. All this passed through her mind as she was opening the seal of the letter.

Lord Frankland! What had Lord Frankland to do with this? She read the letter over again and again before she could get to any glimpse of its meaning. This is what it contained—

"Miss Carnaway,—We are sorry for you, but your father is a hard man as well as a rich man, and he must be made to give to the poor, whom he has helped to make and to keep poor. We have captured him, and he is in the hands of his remorseless enemies. If you will deal fairly with us, and pay his ransom, not a hair of his head shall be touched, and you will have him safely back with you to-morrow evening.

"We want twenty thousand pounds in Bank of England notes. A messenger will call for the notes to-morrow morning—the time as yet undecided. If the messenger comes back without the notes, your father will be instantly put to death. If the messenger is delayed beyond the time needed for going and coming, your father will be instantly put to death. If the messenger is seen to be followed, your father will be instantly put to death. If the notes are stopped before the closing hours of the banks to-morrow evening, your father will be instantly put to death. If you do not send with the money your solemn written promise that no prosecution shall be attempted, your father will be instantly put to death. His life is in your hands. Consult some sensible friend—don't let too many into the secret. It might be bad for Sir Joseph. No power on earth could save him from our revenge.—Signed,

"THE RED ROVERS."

She flung the letter from her with a cry. The horrible stories then, which had been startling the neighborhood, were not a fable! There was a society of professional murderers who captured men and held them to ransom, and her father was in their hands!

PART II.

The girl's courage did not fail her even in this terrible and unprecedented moment. She felt she must rally all her energies to enable her even to comprehend the situation, and then to grasp its difficulties and its realities, and to deal with them. The first thing to be done was to send quietly to Lord Frankland's, and enquire if Lord Frankland had sent for or seen Sir Joseph that evening. Even this called for some discretion and caution. Considering the reports that had been startling so many people it was possible that Lord Frankland might take alarm, and believe, that as a magistrate, he was bound to make perquisition, and set the police into activity, and thus sign her father's death warrant. For if she had to believe there was such a murder organisation in existence, why should she not believe all the rest? She thought she could rely best upon her own maid, despite all the proverbial talk about woman's alarms and woman's tongue, and she sent her maid to make quiet enquiry. The maid soon came back. Lord Frankland

had been ill in bed all day and had not sent his groom on any message. The last hope of Sir Joseph's daughter was gone. The fictitious groom was but an emissary of the murder gang, and she had never dreamed of danger when her poor father rode away from her, and when a word from her might have stayed him if she could only have had the slightest suspicion. Or she might have gone with him and shared his danger—died with him!

Time was going and something must be done. She must consult somebody. She knew of but two human beings in the world to whom she could turn in her lonely and distracted condition, and these were her father's confidential secretary and her lover. She said to the butler with all the composure of one whose whole heart is at rest:

"My father will not be home to-night, Benson," and she sent a letter to her lover, and a message to the confidential secretary. These men did not love each other, she knew, but she fully believed that one would but rival the other in striving to serve her, and to save the father whom she loved.

Lawrence Tryon's home was naturally in London. During the season he used to see a great deal of the Carnaways; and when the season was over he came down a great deal to the neighborhood of Barginhouse. It was curious how often he had some reason or other for coming to that region. Just now, he said he was busily engaged on a novel to describe the life of a great provincial manufacturing town. He meant to throw his soul into this work of fiction, he said—and indeed he could not throw into it much more than his soul, seeing that he had about as little outfit in the way of acquaintance with the condition, the manners, and even the purposes of a manufacturing town as a young man from the West End of London could possibly have.

Sir Joseph had at one time welcomed Lawrence's visits, for, as we know, he liked young men of family; but lately he had begun to chafe under their frequency, for he began to suspect their motive, and he did not like poor young men of family near his daughter so well, by any means, as he liked rich young men; or, for that matter, old men of wealth and family and title. Lawrence was sitting in the smoking-room of the gaunt and dreary hotel this evening, thinking sadly enough, yet hopefully enough, about the letter which he had just received from Clarissa, telling him of her father's words, but bidding him to be of good cheer for all that, and to believe in her love. The young man did not let his spirits sink for all the loneliness, and the words of Sir Joseph Carnaway, and the drear dull evening, and the gaunt blank and cheerless hotel. He had what was of most moment on earth to him—the renewed assurance of Clarissa's love. The lover who, with such an assurance, felt his heart go down because of a father's refusal would not be worth a girl's thoughts, would not be fit to write a love story, and certainly would not be Lawrence Tryon.

Suddenly another letter from Clarissa was put into his hand: "Come to me at once," it said, "I am uneasy about my father—I fear something has happened—I want you. CLARISSA."

Lawrence's heart leaped up in excitement and in terror for her. Had Sir Joseph fallen suddenly ill? What was it? What calamity was threatening her? Thank God, he was near to comfort her, even if he could do nothing else.

The dislike between Lawrence and Mascall seemed to be instinctive. Of course there was something at the heart of this mutual dislike which was not mere instinct. Each knew well that the other was striving to win Miss Carnaway. But there was a difference between their conditions. Mascall believed he had reason to fear that Lawrence had secured Clarissa's heart. Lawrence well knew that he had secured it. Lawrence then might have been the more tolerant of the two—and he was, Mascall, further, hated Lawrence for two reasons—first, because he thought he was an aristocrat; and next, because he thought he was little better than a pauper. He always fancied that Lawrence despised him for his humble birth, which Lawrence certainly never did, for it never gave manly, careless Lawrence one thought how anybody was born. Then, again, Lawrence

Tryon was not exactly a pauper, but, on the contrary, was beginning to be very happy over the fact that his work was paying, and he was making calculations already as to whether his literary income would be enough to support Clarissa comfortably in case her father should utterly refuse his consent.

Mascall hated Lawrence, but did not show it. Lawrence distrusted Mascall, and, it is to be feared, showed it rather too much. Lawrence thought he had good ground for distrusting Mascall. Lawrence was in London all the season, and Mascall came to

London very often—on business—the business of Sir Joseph's house.

Lawrence belonged to several literary, dramatic and sporting clubs, and he heard a good deal about Mascall. But what did he hear of him? That he was a superb billiard player, that he was devoted to "poker," that he went in heavily for the turf, under an assumed name, that he had tremendous gains and tremendous losses. But this was not the character which Mascall bore at Barginhouse, or in the estimation of Sir Joseph Carnaway and Clarissa. That was what puzzled Lawrence at first and fixed his attention on Mascall. Now Lawrence was moulding himself into a professional writer of romance. He was always studying how to get to the depths of human nature. He was always looking out for puzzles, contradictions, and paradoxes in men and women. His art, his business was to look into people's breasts, and find out what were the real purposes—passions, and natures which lived and worked there under shirt, front or beneath bodice. So he had begun to make a study of Mascall, prepared, it must be owned, to find out something bad about him. If this gives perhaps too strong an idea of Lawrence's prejudice, it may at least be admitted that Lawrence



would not have been greatly surprised if something were to come out to Edgar Mascall's disadvantage. Little things combine with great to encourage these distrusts and dislikes, and Lawrence had found out lately, quite by chance, that Mascall had been christened Simon, and not Edgar; and that he had evidently assumed the name of Edgar because that name seemed more romantic, aristocratic, and out of the common.

The two young men met in the hall of Sir Joseph's house. They had both rushed with equal haste on receiving Clarissa's summons. It was after nine o'clock in the evening. Edgar was in a sober grey suit.

"He is a confounded handsome fellow," Lawrence said to himself, angrily. Then Lawrence noticed that Edgar had on a white tie—a very gorgeous evening-dress tie—contrasting oddly with his sober grey suit. He had evidently been hastily getting rid of his dress-suit, and had forgotten to change the tie. "Why is he ashamed of dining out?" suspicious and prejudiced Lawrence asked himself.

"I was working at home over the accounts of the firm," Mascall said.

"Yes," Lawrence answered, thinking of the dress tie.

"When I got this sudden summons—of course you have the same?"

"I suppose so—yes—at least I have got an alarming letter from Miss Carnaway."

"Quite so. I am afraid something alarming has happened to Sir Joseph."

"Good heaven!—not illness—not—not death!"

"If, after that excitement, he should have died suddenly," Lawrence thought, "with what a horrible association would my name come for ever after to the mind of Clarissa!"

"No; not so bad as that. It will never come to that, I hope. We shall take means to prevent all such evil—you and Mr. Tryon."

"Yes—if we can—" Lawrence began.

"We must try. He was always too incautious. He argued the point this very day, and he was angry with me. He would make light of the danger—wouldn't believe there could be any danger."

"But, great heavens, what danger?"

"This terrible bandit conspiracy in our very midst—this gang of scoundrels who capture rich men—these Red Rovers."

"Oh—that; Sir Joseph captured? Mr. Mascall, it can't be!"

"Why, don't you know? Didn't she tell you?" Mascall's face underwent a sudden and a painful change as he put the question in a startled voice.

"Didn't who tell me?"

"Miss Carnaway, of course."

"No—not a word! Did she tell you?"

Mascall hesitated.

"I don't quite remember if she told me, but I must have guessed somehow. It was on my mind—it was borne in upon me—it was preying on my mind all the day."

"Still," Lawrence said, "if she did not tell you—and she certainly did not tell me—you may have only dreamed it or fancied it."

"I don't have day dreams. I am not a writer of romance," Mascall replied, coldly.

"Well, you seem to have got at this by some process of intuition. Perhaps you have been led astray, Mr. Mascall. Let us hope you have."

Lawrence Tryon's mind was perturbed. A very flood of vague distrust streamed in upon him. He had always regarded

the brigand stories with utter contempt. He had even thought of trying to make a sensation story out of them, but he had given up the idea as hopeless. It would be impossible, he felt sure, to induce the British public to believe in stuff like that—a Calabrian or Sicilian gang of bandits carrying off men and holding them to ransom, in a great English manufacturing town! One might perhaps make something comic out of it—something burlesque—some fun about a great scare explained by a practical joke. But then how came it that a cool, clever, cynical man of the world like Mascall could believe in it? And if Miss Carnaway had not told him anything, how did he know that Sir Joseph was captured? Lawrence's pulses throbbed. He was determined, however, to keep cool and watch. He would study artistically this sensation story.

"Miss Carnaway will see you, gentlemen," the butler said, and they followed him into a little writing room where Clarissa sat alone. She was very pale. Her eyes sent a gleam of trust and loving appeal to Lawrence. She told her story in a few words, and she showed them the letter.

"Written on a type-writer!" Lawrence said.

"To avoid detection by hand-writing, no doubt," Mascall explained.

"Do many people use type-writers here?"

"Oh, yes—everybody almost."

"One thing is clear," said Lawrence gravely, "this isn't a business for the police."

"Oh, why not?" Clarissa asked eagerly.

"Well, the thing is either a sham or a reality; either a monstrous practical joke of an atrocious kind, or a genuine new development of the devilry of civilisation. In the first case we shouldn't need the police—until afterwards, anyhow—and in the other case they could only do us harm. I have heard my father tell all about the awful muddle the troops made with the poor English lads who were taken by Greek brigands twenty years ago—he was in Athens at the time. I am afraid we must act as if this thing was serious."

"I quite think with you," Mascall said, looking suddenly up.

"Oh, but that is horrible—too horrible," Miss Carnaway murmured.

"Come, you mustn't lose your courage," Lawrence said, appealingly. "We shall want all your nerve to help us."

"Oh, I shan't give way," the girl said, proudly. "You may trust to me!"

"That's right, my—"

No doubt Lawrence was going to say "my darling," at least it is possible that he was; but he did not say it. Perhaps he remembered in time the presence of Edgar Mascall. Anyhow, he only said—no matter how fervently—"my dear Miss Carnaway. Anybody might have said that. Then Lawrence went on hurriedly;

"I don't myself believe that this thing is real. I don't believe in this gang of modern British brigands."

"Why not?" Mascall asked, sternly. "You were talking yourself, just now, of the devilry of modern civilisation. Is it not everywhere taking us back to diabolism and diabolical crime? I have long thought that this seizing of rich men and holding them as captives to ransom, was the very form of crime likely one day to break out in our large towns. What could be more terrifying for the victim—more safe for the criminal?" He became white with emotion. His words and the energy of his convictions struck new terror into poor Miss Carnaway's heart.

"I don't dispute that," Lawrence said, after a pause, during which he had looked fixedly at Mascal. "I don't see why such a scheme should not succeed—for a time. In the end we should all get our backs up, and for the sake of the community refuse to ransom even our dearest—"

"Oh, but not yet—not now!" Miss Carnaway pleaded, with a shudder.

"No, Miss Carnaway, so I say," Mascal declared, fervently. "We cannot risk this one life—this too precious life—for any consideration even of public interest."

"Thank you—oh, thank you!" Clarissa exclaimed, with a glance of gratitude which made Mascal's pale forehead flame.

"If only," he said, "they would take me as a hostage for him! I would go, Miss Carnaway—oh, how gladly I would go and give myself up."

"Yes, so would I," Lawrence said, coolly. "But, then, you know, they wouldn't care about you or me. Who on earth would buy off you or me? I am sure my people would be very glad to get rid of me; and in place of buying me off at any sum, however small, would rather subscribe a trifle to the brigands to keep me for ever—or not to keep me at all—alive, I mean."

Miss Carnaway looked impatiently, and even angrily, at him. She could not understand his levity at such a moment. It was not like him. She could hardly recognise him.

"The time is going," she said, and she almost stamped in her anger, "while we are talking stupidly here. Have you nothing to suggest, you two? Must I look to other friends to help and guide me at such a time?"

"Time is going," Mascal said; "ten o'clock within five minutes. This money must be raised before noon to-morrow."

"Can it be raised?" she asked, all trembling, "without—without my father's signature?"

"It must be—oh, yes, I'll manage that somehow. And you will give me your word that the notes shall not be stopped, and that there shall be no prosecution—no appeal to the police?"

"Oh, yes—yes—of course I will. What do I care about prosecutions! What do I care about the police? Only bring my dear father safe back to me, and I don't care if the wretches who captured him lived a thousand years!"

"Will you write and sign an authority for us to act for you?" Mascal asked; "a promise that there shall be no prosecution?"

"Yes, I will—indeed, I will!"

She ran to her writing-table, and opened the little blotting book, and tossed some sheets of paper nervously about.

"What am I to write?" she asked.

"Write nothing!" said Lawrence firmly.

"Nothing?" she exclaimed, looking up at him, with astonished eyes.

"Nothing?" Mascal asked in a tone of surprised and indignant remonstrance.

"Nothing!" Lawrence repeated. "The more I think over the thing the less I believe in it—"

"Meanwhile, my father's life is in danger," Clarissa said wrathfully. "What am I to write, Mr. Mascal?"

She took up her letter-paper once again in her trembling hands. She was now writing under a double pain. There was the terror about her father; there was the surprise, the disappointment about her lover.

"Write nothing!" Lawrence said again. "This is no business for you, Miss Carnaway. This is a business for men—for Mr. Mascal and me. Leave it to us."

"We can't act without Miss Carnaway," Mr. Mascal interposed. "I shouldn't want to put her to any trouble, if we could spare it to her, but we can't. We *must* have her authority."

"You hear!" Clarissa exclaimed, with glittering eyes. "You must have my authority—you can't shut me out."

She sent an enquiring and impassioned look to her lover, to ask him what was his meaning. He returned only an imploring and depreciating look, and he shrugged his shoulders. She turned her face angrily from him.

Just at this moment a card was handed in to Mascal.

"I must leave you, Miss Carnaway, for a few minutes," he said. "This is an important business matter, although it has nothing to do with our present trouble. As Sir Joseph is—not here I must see to this affair."

"Pray don't be long," Clarissa said appealingly. Her only hope seemed now to be in him.

"As if I would keep you waiting one unnecessary moment," he answered fervently, and he touched her hand lightly as he was leaving the room. Lawrence's eyes flashed fire.

"Look at your hand," he said in a fierce low tone when they were alone. "Perhaps it's too soon yet—"

"Too—soon—look at my hand! Lawrence, what has happened to you? You terrify me! Look at my hand!"

"See if there's blood on it!"

"Oh!" she broke into a horrified little scream.

"Look there," Lawrence said, "that man has touched your hand—your father's blood may soon be on his hands, and so on yours!"

She rose from her seat, pale, trembling, but, to do her justice, brave and equal to the horrible emergency.

"Lawrence," she said with an almost appalling calmness, "I promised not to lose my courage and my nerve, and I will keep my promise. But you have been trying me very, very far. Don't try me too far." Then she stopped, she could say no more. She felt as if she were losing her grip of life.

"Clarissa—Clarissa, my own love, forgive me. I lost my head—I lost my temper—when I saw that man touch your hand. I could not control myself."

"That man—Mr. Mascal—my father's closest friend—my friend?"

"Your father's worst enemy, and yours. I tell you, Clarissa, if there is any plot going on, that man is in it—that man is at the bottom of it."

"Oh, Lawrence, you are losing your reason!"

"I am not!" he exclaimed so vehemently that the girl started back. She had been approaching him with wondering, but softening eyes. "I am not losing my reason, Clarissa. I am gaining it each moment clearer and clearer. I shall have it all before long! I shall see everything, and shall know—what I don't know now. I don't know—I confess it—the reason why I believe in my very soul that that man is in this mystery. Don't do anything he asks you; don't join with him in anything, but trust me. Oh, my love, for the dear sake of our love, trust me! Give me until to-morrow morning—eight o'clock to-morrow morning—there will be time enough then—"

"And my father's life at stake!"

"But you cannot do anything until then—until after that time—hours after. The man himself says that."

"I am my father's only daughter, Lawrence. His only child. He is nothing to you; you are angry with him; he has turned you against him."

"Oh," he exclaimed, "as if that would matter; as if I should be the less anxious to save his life; as if I don't love you; as if I wouldn't give every drop of my blood to save him, for you."

"No, no—I don't doubt that, Lawrence—I know you would throw your life away to do me any good—but you can't feel towards him as I do—and you can't set the store on his life, and on saving him—and you can think and calculate and reason—while my heart and soul are set upon saving him."

"And my soul, and my heart, too, are set on saving him, but—I feel a terrible conviction that you are going the wrong way—that you are led astray by treachery."

"Treachery, Lawrence? Treachery to my father, and from Mr. Mascall?"

"Even so, Clarissa. I can't tell you why as yet, but I shall tell you before long—and tell him. Will you trust me this once for those few useless hours—I mean hours that you can't make use of anyhow? Do you not love me?"

"Lawrence!" There was a world of deep, tender, impassioned, remonstrance in her tone.

"Yes. I know you do! Then trust me, Clarissa—trust me with your father's life. I know, well, that you would trust me with your own!"

He took both her hands in his, and he knelt at her feet and looked into her eyes, and she looked into his.

"Oh, yes—I will trust you," she said at last.

"Thank you—thank you," he answered with a fervour which seemed to come from a very core of conviction.

It breathed new heart and courage into her.

"Nothing with that man?" he said.

"Nothing," she replied with resolute voice.

* * * * *

Then Lawrence left her, promising that she should hear from him early in the morning and bidding her to be of good hope. He left with Benson a note for Mascall merely saying that he wished to see him, as soon as possible, on the business of Sir Joseph. Lawrence added that the hotel where he was staying would be in every way the most convenient place in which to meet. Then he went to his hotel and waited—waited.

PART III.

If Lawrence's mind had been perturbed while he was in Clarissa's house, it was tempest-tossed now. He had committed himself to an almost desperate issue. He had boldly and bluntly accused Mascall to Miss Carnaway—accused her father's confidential secretary and friend. What evidence had he to make good his charge? None—none whatever. He had acted merely upon his instinct—on what might be called his artistic instinct. He had found out that Mascall was leading a sort of double life, such as many men lead whom the world never thinks of condemning severely, even if it finds them out. On the strength of that—of that, and a few conjectures and instinctive presumptions—he had made this terrible charge. Lawrence, to do him justice, did not believe that by prevailing on Clarissa not to act with Mascall, he was trifling with Sir Joseph's life. He did not believe that Sir Joseph's life was in any danger. He did not believe in the brigands—the "Red Rovers." He was inclined to assume that the whole business was a bit of play-acting, got up by Mascall either to obtain money or to win the character of great heroism and energy in the eyes of Sir Joseph and Clarissa; to figure as the rescuer and saviour out of some danger which he had himself invented and arranged.

"I see the man through and through," Lawrence kept telling himself. "I see the whole thing as a story—and him in it."

Still, he had made a charge, and how was he to sustain it? He had not made it lightly—he was instinctively convinced of

its justice—every word, every look of Mascall's had only confirmed him more and more. But where was his proof; where was even his evidence? What scrap of producible evidence had he, but the one little fact that Mascall had jumped to the conclusion about Sir Joseph's capture, before Clarissa had told him anything of the story? Suppose Mascall were to insist upon it that he had arrived at the conclusion by instinct—how would that be different from Lawrence's arriving by instinct at the conviction of Mascall's guilt?

"This must be a game of bluff," Lawrence said to himself, firmly. "There's nothing else for it. If the man is innocent he cannot be bluffed by me or by anybody. If he is guilty, well, there is no other way of finding him out."

"Mr. Mascall," the waiter announced.

"Show him in," Lawrence said. To himself he murmured "A game of bluff—a game of bluff."

Mascall entered the room slowly and deliberately, and closed the door behind him. His face was pale, his lips were set, his eyes glittered.

"This is to be a duel to the death," Lawrence, the romancist, felt as he saw him. He rose with formal politeness to receive his visitor.

The visitor came to the point at once and defiantly.

"Now, Mr. Tryon, have you anything to suggest? I have consented to put off any action of my own or of Miss Carnaway's."

"Look here, Mr. Mascall, you will much oblige me by not mixing up Miss Carnaway's name with yours in this business, or in any other. We have to settle this question here for ourselves, alone, you and I."

"This question? What question?"

"The question of Sir Joseph's release."

"I have offered to settle it, I have undertaken to settle it. I have undertaken to get the money by ten o'clock to-morrow."

"Stuff," Lawrence said contemptuously. "Sir Joseph is coming out to-morrow alive and well without paying a farthing of money to you or to anyone else."

"To me? Without paying money to me?"

"Yes, didn't I say so? Without paying any money to you. See here, Mr. Mascall, I mean to bring this thing to a very speedy conclusion. The game is up I tell you? You are in a cart—do you understand what that means—do your rowdy pals in London teach you slang enough for that? You are up a tree!"

Never in Lawrence's life had he watched the face of man or woman as he watched Mascall's face while he spoke deliberately these audacious sentences. He had made them purposely audacious. They were meant to convey secure and utter contempt for Mascall—the secure and utter contempt with which a police officer awaits the whine or the swagger of a run-down culprit on whom he is just about to put the handcuffs. One glance of genuine wonder, of true and innocent indignation, from Mascall's eyes would have shaken all his calculations. But Mascall's pale face turned into a sickly yellow, and drops of perspiration stood on his forehead, and his tell-tale mouth—tell-tale even while it refused to speak—quivered, and trembled, and gasped. Lawrence saw it all. The rest would be easy work. He had played his game of bluff, and he had won!

Mascall recovered himself—at least he pulled himself together—after a second or two of terrible intensity.

"I want to know what you mean," he was beginning, when Tryon cut him short:

"You don't want to know anything of the kind. You know what I mean just as well as I do. You know that I have found out the whole of your game. What are you fumbling for? Do you think I have a revolver? It is? You fool? Do you think I have a meeting of this kind with a desperate wretch like you and don't make proper preparations against every possibility? Don't you see I have my hand on the bell handle?"

"I could kill you," Mascall said, with all the livid fire or hatred in his eyes, "before that bell could sound."

"I know that," Lawrence replied coolly. "I knew I was going to have to deal with an assassin and I took my precautions accordingly. I left a sealed paper in the hands of my good old friend the landlord of this hotel, telling exactly all I know about you. It is to be opened at once in the event of anything happening to me, and anyhow within twenty-four hours if I do not take it back meantime. Now then, fire away, and see what good it will do in the eyes of the criminal law, or in the eyes of Miss Carnaway!"

This was a keen thrust—this allusion to Miss Carnaway, and Lawrence meant to send it home. It may, at least, save the wretch from a useless murder, he thought. Perhaps it had this effect. Certainly Mascall withdrew his hand from the pocket in which he had been fumbling with the revolver.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked in a faint voice, and he passed his tongue along and across his dried lips.

"To send Sir Joseph home to his daughter, at once, and without any further palaver about ransoms."

"It may not be quite so easy as you think," Mascall said with a smile which was as ghastly as if it had suddenly contorted the lips of a disintombed corpse.

Lawrence remembered the words afterwards, but he did not pay much heed to them then, even although he heard them and replied to them.

"You can do it," he said carelessly, "and it won't cost you much. If it costs you anything, we can settle that afterwards, you and I."

"Suppose I refuse; suppose I say I can do nothing in the matter—that I know nothing about it—what then, Mr. Tryon, what then?"

"Then I ring this bell; you see I have my hand still on it. And my landlord comes up, and I ask him to send for the police, and I give you in charge."

"In charge for what?" Mascall asked scornfully.

"Too late, Mr. Mascall—too late to give yourself these airs of defiance! They might have come in well enough when I first accused you; they are out of date now."

"Still, you have not told me on what charge you propose to hand me over to the police."

"Have I not? I thought I had told you plainly enough. I shall charge you with being one of this gang of murder-conspirators, and then we shall have it all out in open court; and

Sir Joseph will know at last—at last—what kind of man he has for a confidential secretary."

Mascall almost staggered. Once again he rallied, and said with a sneer—

"And suppose Sir Joseph's throat is cut in the meantime; how will his daughter like that?"

"Sir Joseph is quite safe," Lawrence said, composedly. "You will not force me to any unpleasant measures. You will go and take care that he is released. Go—the door, see!—is opened by me for you! Go and save your benefactor, if he is really in danger. Send me a note to tell me that he is safe; and then, so far as I am concerned, you are safe too. Then I shall believe that you are sorry for your past life and your evils deeds, and I shall believe that Heaven has forgiven you; and *she* I am sure, will forgive you as well."

He held the door open, and Mascall went out.

As may be readily believed poor Clarissa had not much inclination for sleep that night. She did not go to bed, she did not know at what moment some news might not come from Lawrence, or whether Lawrence might not himself come—the

bearer of intelligence to relieve her, or sink her in despair. About midnight she heard a loud sharp ring at the door. Her heart seemed to stand still at the sound.

"Lawrence!" She could not keep from speaking his name aloud.

"Mr. Mascall wishes particularly to see you, miss," the sedate but sympathetic Benson said. Benson knew well enough that something was going on, but he had not thought it becoming on his part to ask a question. Clarissa only motioned in a panic-stricken way that Mascall was to be admitted. She

thought it boded ominously that Lawrence should not have come—that the very man should come with whom she had pledged herself not to act. She rose to receive him in as composed a way as she could, but he could hardly have failed to see that she was trembling.

"Miss Carnaway," he began, in a tone of intense emotion. "I am going to save your father."

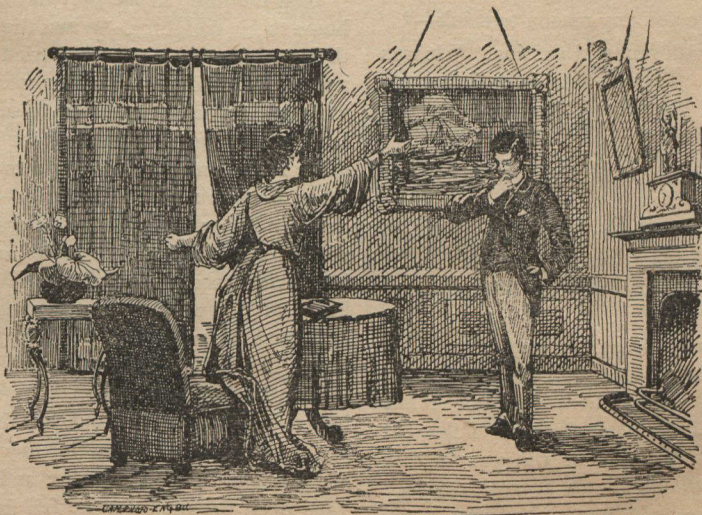
"You!" she could not help a tone of utter surprise. He understood her meaning only too well.

"I, even I," he said. "The task has been given to me. You shall have your father safe home by the morning. What his safety will cost *me*, you will learn soon after. I shall save him at any sacrifice—for *you*."

"Mr. Mascall, I don't understand you, you are speaking in riddles, and this is not quite a time for riddles. How can the safety of my father be any harm to you?"

"Let it be a riddle for a little longer! The whole truth will probably never be known but to me—and I—well, I shan't reveal it. Forgive me, I ask you as the last request I shall ever make of you—forgive me."

"Forgive you—for what? For trying to save my father, if you are trying to save him." She could not keep down these words



although the moment she had spoken them they seemed to her ungenerous and cruel.

"I see how you distrust me," he said with a savage smile, "and I know where the distrust comes from! Well, I can't blame you; I have not deserved your confidence or the confidence of any human creature. Still, once more, I ask you to forgive me."

"And still once more, Mr. Mascal, I ask you, forgive you for what?"

"For many things that you don't know, that you will never know perhaps, and for one thing that you shall know—forgive me for having loved you—for loving you still—in life and death I love you!"

Even in all the fearsome anxiety and anguish of the hour, this was a new shock to Clarissa. She had never thought of this—she had never thought of the love of her father's secretary! Yet she could not doubt the sincerity of his impassioned words and tones, and a rush of pity and womanly sympathy flooded her heart with tender feeling.

"I never knew of this, Mr. Mascal," she began tremulously, "I hope, I am sure, I never gave you any reason to think—"

"Oh, no, no!" he exclaimed with renewed passion. "It was all my own fault, my own doing. I spoke with your father to-day—this very day about you. Stay, don't interrupt me yet, let me say what I was going to say!"

"Oh, yes," she said with kindness and compassion in her looks and her voice.

"He told me he had long had a vision for you, and I had the audacity to tell him that perhaps it was a lying vision! It was a vision that led him to resolve that no one but a man of rank and title should ever marry you."

"Did my father talk to you about me in that way?"

"Yes, he did, because I forced him to it, but, oh, pray let me speak! I too had long had a vision about you and it has proved a lying vision. It was a fatal vision for me! I thought to become rich and powerful for you, and to win you in that way in the end, and I staked all, all, all on success, and see where my vision has brought me—see where his had very nearly brought him!" As he spoke of Sir Joseph, a tone of bitterness, anger and hatred came into his voice.

"Have you finished?" she asked coldly. Her pity was melting away. His last words and the look that accompanied them had corroded her sympathetic tenderness. She seemed to be listening to some charge against her father.

"I have finished," Mascal answered wildly. "I have no more to say. I loved you and I hated your father, and I shall save him, and no one else could save him. I save him for you and I pay the penalty."

"I shall be sincerely grateful," Clarissa said, "when I know that he is saved, and know that you have saved him, and know how it has been done. Just now you talk in a way I do not understand, and I want nothing but to see my father or to know that he is safe. This is no time for tragical speeches—go and save him if you can, and do not waste time here in idle and senseless talk."

"You are hard, Miss Carnaway. You have no feeling for me."

"I had a moment ago, but not now. You have no right to speak of my father as you have done."

"I have borne much from your father; harshness and scorn and insult. I have borne it all for your sake, and because of my love for you and my lying vision."

"Oh, hush, hush," she exclaimed passionately. "For Heaven's sake, let this end. Do, pray, remember how little I can be in the mood for such talk as yours. Go and save my father if you can—or let him die," she added, turning away with pride. "I have no faith in you."

"I will save him; and you shall know that I have saved him, and the price I paid for it. Good-bye."

He made a step towards her but she drew back. She could not touch his hand. All the instincts of her heart and her nature were in revolt against him now.

He tossed his hand wildly into the air as if he were flinging her a farewell, whether she would or no, and in a moment he was gone. It seemed to her excited fancy that he had disappeared as a demon might disappear from some scene which he had darkened and made horrible by his presence. When she found herself alone her nerves and her courage gave way, and she flung herself down and let relief come in a passion of tears.

* * * * *

That morning, in the grey dawn, Sir Joseph Carnaway came home to his daughter. When the wild ecstasies of the joy of their meeting were over, she tried to get from him some clear account of his capture and his release. He could tell but little at first. He had been taken to some house where he was told Lord Frankland was waiting for him, and there he was suddenly seized and subjected to some chloroforming process, and taken away in a covered carriage—he had a distinct consciousness of being removed in a carriage—to some other place where he was locked in a stone-paved room. He was sure he had a clear recollection of men with revolvers whom he did not know, and he was told he was in the hands of the "Red Rovers," and that if he made the slightest resistance, or raised his voice above the ordinary tone, he would be instantly put to death. He gave out that he had not felt much alarmed, for he knew that he would be ransomed, and he felt sure that the robbers would not willingly kill him while they were expecting the ransom. He got some food and wine; and he supposed the wine must have been drugged, for he fell fast asleep, and did not know how long he slept. He was aroused, and he felt cold and dazed and sick; but still, as he insisted, of stout heart and undaunted metal. But, to his surprise, the man who roused him, he said, turned out to be Lawrence Tryon; and Lawrence had brought him home; and Lawrence was waiting now below, and would not come up until Clarissa and her father had seen each other alone and gladdened over their restoration to each other. The mystery was deepened more than ever for Clarissa by the sudden and timely appearance of Lawrence on the scene of her father's captivity. She hurriedly told Sir Joseph her version of what had occurred so far as she knew; she told him of Lawrence's conviction that Mascal was in the plot, and she left Lawrence to tell the rest.

And Lawrence came; and Lawrence told all he knew; and the strange thing was that it proved to be but little. After he had seen Mascal for the last time, he had remained in his hotel expecting, as morning came, to receive some message from him. The message came at last, and was simply a note in Mascal's handwriting bidding him to go to a certain house in the suburbs and there find Sir Joseph. Lawrence had no difficulty in finding the place, although, of course, it was an out-of-the-way region. He still thought it better to manage the business all alone, and not to appeal to the help of the police.

He found the house—it was all quiet then—and found the street door half-open. He entered, went from room to room—there were not many rooms in the wretched little building—and in one of them he found Sir Joseph asleep, and apparently half stupefied. They simply walked out of the house. There was no one to molest them, to explain to them, or to detain them. The whole business had turned out apparently to be commonplace and without danger. The mystery now was to make out whether there was any mystery at all. Was it all a practical joke? No—Sir Joseph utterly refused to accept any such explanation. Indignant as he had been at the thought of anyone believing in the Red Rovers before, he was ten times more angry now at the bare idea of any one presuming to doubt their existence and his danger. For the danger had become “my danger” now—the Red Rovers had become “my enemies, my captors.” You might as well tell somebody who is boasting of his tiger-hunting that the tigers he shot at were stuffed—you might as well have tried to persuade George II. that the storm at sea which he boasted of having braved with such undaunted courage was only half-a-gale of wind—as to try and convince Sir Joseph Carnaway that the experience he had gone through was anything short of a blood-curdling adventure, and a desperate danger.

One thing Lawrence felt certain of, and in this Clarissa agreed with him—either Mascall was a mere madman, or his part in the whole affair was profoundly serious.

So it proved. Even while the three were engaged in talk and conjecture a ring at the door pealed through the silent quarter. A police officer had come with a strange message for Sir Joseph. His secretary, Mr. Mascall, had just been found dead on the doorstep of his own lodging. His latch-key was lying near. A long thin-bladed dagger was in his heart, and round the dagger’s hilt was rolled a slip of paper which, when unfolded, was found to contain the words :

“From the Red Rovers ; The punishment of betrayal.”

Probably Mascall had been stooping to put his latch-key into the door when the assassin or assassins came up with him, seized him, and dealt him the blow.

“I told you,” Sir Joseph said, with an air of melancholy triumph. “You may all believe in them now. I said to Mascall himself that I should believe in these Red Rovers when they killed somebody, and I well remember that his observation was, ‘They may yet.’”

It was extraordinary. The police could find no trace of any band of Red Rovers anywhere. The London detectives came down, but could make nothing of the story. The murder itself proved a terrible puzzle. No one near the place had heard any sound of an attack or a struggle. The landlady of Mascall’s lodgings positively declared that she was up and stirring about her house when she heard Mr. Mascall stop at the door and she heard him beginning to put in his latch-key. He was some little time about this apparently, and the landlady withdrew to her own room, not thinking that Mascall would care to be seen coming in so late. She added that he did in fact often come home very late—and sometimes she fancied from the sound of his footsteps that he had been drinking too much wine. Sometimes he came in early, and if he saw her he bade her good-night and went to his room, but she had heard him opening the street door softly later on and going out. Of course she made no enquiry.

“It was no business of mine,” she said. “He always paid his rent up to the day and was very civil and friendly.”

This fatal morning she waited some time, and then thinking she heard a fall she went downstairs and opened the street door. There she saw Mascall lying on the threshold. At first she thought he had been drinking heavily. Yes, she had, she confessed, sometimes known him to drink as heavily as that. She stooped over him, and saw the dagger in his heart. At the close of her evidence, as at the beginning, she insisted that she heard no noise whatever, no other footsteps than his round the door, no sound to suggest a scuffle or a fight. Except for the tread which she believed to be Mascall’s, and the fumbling of the latch-key, the street, she declared, was as quiet as the grave. Yet another little circumstance, trivial in itself, deepened the perplexity of the event. The landlady was at first inclined to be uncertain about identifying the dead body as that of Mascall, her lodger. Why? Because in the removal of the corpse it was found that the dead man had a complete set of artificial teeth, and she had always firmly believed that the young man’s very handsome teeth were his own, and the gift of nature. No one else had ever suspected through these years that the teeth of which Mascall seemed pardonably vain were the gift of the dentist. Mascall was even fond of commenting on people’s teeth, the last thing in the world one would have supposed that a vain man, proud of his own personal appearance, would have been likely to do if he had been conscious that he was setting up as the owner of an attraction which he did not possess. But identification in the end became certain beyond all manner of doubt. The dead man was Mascall, and he had worn false teeth as he had put on an invented Christian name.

More delusions and falsehoods came out. Sir Joseph found on examining his accounts that more than ten thousand pounds had disappeared. Large sums of money supposed to be banked by Mascall to meet certain contingencies of business had never been put in the bank. One of the very greatest of these payments would have had to be made within two or three days. The man had clearly lived a double life, and a false life. His vision had been a lying vision ; his later life had been wholly a lie.

His later life? Yes! But what about his death? Had he fallen a victim to the mysterious Red Rovers? He had in some way, which no one now could understand or conjecture, balked them of their prey and their money ; such was the natural assumption from the known and actual facts—and they had in revenge dealt him his death. This is what might be called the obvious explanation. But was it, after all, the true explanation?

Lawrence Tyron at least thought not.

Lawrence read the sad story in a different way. To him it seemed clear that the unfortunate man, allured by the “lying vision,” and leading the double life, had found at last that troubles were closing round him, and had staked everything on one desperate gambler’s throw. Perhaps there may have been some band of scoundrels leagued together to entrap and “hocus” men of known respectability and position, and frighten them into paying a ransom to avoid publicity and exposure—so much Lawrence would admit to be possible, and Mascall in his two lives may have come across them, and turned them to his purpose. But in the organised murder-gang Lawrence had no belief. Mascall had probably counted on frightening Sir Joseph into payment large enough to enable him to refund the embezzled money ; and counted also on playing the heroic part of Sir Joseph’s rescuer and thus commending himself to the gratitude of Clarissa. Foiled in all his purpose he preferred to die

by his own hand—such was Lawrence's theory—in such a manner as would leave it still to be believed by her that he had fallen a victim to his determination to save her father. Such was Lawrence's theory, and everything she had known combined to make it the theory of Clarissa also. The two lovers did not press it on the acceptance of Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph, however, recognised quite clearly that Lawrence's "game of bluff" had saved the house from discredit, and had

[THE END.]

LITTLE SERVANTS.

"Oh, what an untidy room! Skip about, little ones, and set it in order."

"I don't like to tidy rooms," said Elsie, with a pucker on her pretty forehead, as she turned the pieces of her dissected map this way and that.

"I think it must be ever so nice to keep plenty of servants," said Ruth.

"Yes, indeed," said Bessie, "just like Mrs. Marshall."

Elsie brought a pout to her lips to keep company with the pucker in her forehead, and looked as doleful as a little girl whose face seemed made rather for smiles than frowns could look.

"Do you think you would be happier with nothing to do?" asked mamma.

"Yes, I'm sure I should," said Elsie.

"And I," said Ruth.

"But," said Bessie thoughtfully, "I don't know. Mrs. Marshall never looks half so nice and pleasant as mamma, and she says her servants bother her all the time. Do you think they'd bother you, mamma, if you kept them?"

"I don't know, dear. I never tried keeping more than one, except these little bits of ones here," pinching Elsie's cheeks, and giving Ruth's head a pat; "and as they are not always willing little servants, perhaps they bother me."

"It's a shame," said Bessie, running to kiss her mother. "I do love to do things for you, mamma. Hurry, girls; let's see how quick we can be!"

And the little maids flew about until the room was in good order.

"But," said Elsie, as mamma settled herself to some sewing, and the three gathered around her for a talk, "I was reading the other day about the little king of Spain—he's only a baby, you know, mamma, and yet he's a king! And he has ever and ever so many servants—all just for himself."

"I once knew some little girls who kept a great many servants."

"Tell us about them, please, mamma. How old were they?"

"Well, about as old as Elsie, and Ruth, and Bessie."

"How many did they have?"

"You can count up as I go on. There were two bright-looking ones, always dressed alike, in blue, brown, or gray. Their duty was to keep on the watch for what ought to be done."

"Didn't they ever do anything themselves?"

"Not much but that. It seemed to keep them busy if they attended to their duties; but sometimes they were negligent, and then of course the work of all the other servants was thrown into confusion."

"I'm sure it was little enough to do," said Bessie.

"Then there were two more, whose business it was to listen to what their little mistress' mother or teachers told them, and let them know what it was."

shattered a desperate plot. Sir Joseph therefore consented to the marriage of his daughter with Lawrence Tryon. Sir Joseph's inclination was indeed to exaggerate to the uttermost his obligations to Lawrence. He contended that Lawrence's quick intuitions, and his own undaunted courage, had alone saved him from becoming in one way or the other, in person, the victim of a murder-plot as terrible as ever was planned by the genius of crime in the Middle Ages.

"It seems to me," said Ruth, laughing, "they must have been a lazy set, so many to do so little. Any more, mamma?"

"Two more, always dressed in red, who told what the others heard."

"It took a long time to get to it, I think," said Bessie.

"When these had settled upon anything to be done," said mamma, "there were a pair of lovely little fellows, always wearing dark, stout clothing, who carried the little girls to where their work was to be done."

"Oh, oh," laughed Elsie, "what a queer set you are telling us of, mamma, were the little girls lame?"

"I hope they did their work well when they got to it, after all that fuss," said Ruth.

"They surely ought to have done so," mamma said, "for they had no less than ten little servants to do it for them."

"Now, mamma, do tell us what you mean," said Elsie.

"I mean," said mamma, "that little Blue Eyes and Brown Eyes and Gray Eyes ought always to be on the lookout for anything to be done for those whom they love."

"Oh, I see! and ears to listen!" cried Bessie, greatly amused at mamma's fancy.

"And dear little lips," said mamma, kissing the pair which chanced to be nearest, "which can not only talk about duties to be done, but can lighten and brighten every duty for themselves and for others by their smiles and merry chatter."

"And feet to walk and run with," said Bessie.

"And fingers, Dear me, just think of all the servants," said Elsie. "I should think they would quarrel once in a while."

"Yes," said Bessie. "Supposing the eyes saw something to do, and the ears heard somebody tell about it, and the feet shouldn't want to go to it, and the hands shouldn't want to do it!"

"That would depend on what kind of little mistress they had," said mamma. "If she wanted to do right, she would be sure to keep all her little servants in good order. And they need a good deal of training."

"Yes, I guess they do," said little Ruth, holding up her chubby hands. "They have to learn to put on a thimble and to thread a needle and to sew."

"And to sweep, and dust, and to pick up things," said Bessie.

"And to write, and make figures, and play on the piano."

"And there are things they have to learn not to do," said mamma, with a significant smile; "not to meddle with things that don't belong to them, not to idle when they ought to be busy, not to do carelessly or negligently the work which ought to be done well."

"Oh, dear," said Bessie, with a little sigh, "so many things to do, and so many things not to do."

"Yes, so many," said mamma. "But if the heart which moves all these little servants is a loving, faithful heart, always striving to do faithfully whatever comes in its way, there need be no fear of its not succeeding."

CHINESE CUSTOMS.

WITH the exception of Russia China is the largest empire that has ever existed. It was so isolated, however, that but little was known of its people and their customs, which are entirely different from ours, as few were able to penetrate beyond that great wall which kept out the nations. A more enlightened policy, however, prevailed subsequently, and that "sealed book, China," was opened to the world, and something was learned of the customs of the Chinese, and their peculiar ways.

The Chinese in this country have made us familiar with their style of dress. In China the poor always wear cotton dyed blue, and in winter their garments are wadded and quilted. Those who are much out-of-doors sometimes wear sheepskin overcoats and hoods. The dress of the better classes is silk and sometimes wool, though even they wear cotton garments.

New Year's Day is the most important festival among the Chinese. The adult male members of the family make calls on their male friends or relatives, and a husband calls on his wife's parents. Every boy who calls on his relatives or neighbors is presented at each place with two oranges. In some places gilt and red paper, called *tui-lien*, on which sentences are written, are attached to the doors on New Year's Day, and even baskets and implements are covered with them. The sentences ask for pecuniary aid. Gift-making is general, and even employees come in for their share. It is regarded as very bad luck to allude on this day to any misfortune that may possibly occur.

The day an infant is born its wrists are bound with red cord, to which is sometimes suspended a piece of ancient silver, or a silver ornament, which is worn a year. When it is a month old its head is shaved, and the friends are invited to a feast to celebrate the occasion. It is never allowed to sit in a chair until it is four months old, and then candy is put in the chair in which the child sits, and it gets stuck to the chair, thus being prevented from getting out—a novel idea for keeping a restive

child quiet. The Chinese say this method is resorted to in order to teach the infant how to sit in a chair. The child now eats animal food for the first time.

When a parent dies the sons wear garments of hemp cloth of the natural color, and which is worn over their clothing. Grandsons wear the same, only with a yellow tint. Their cues are braided with threads of hemp, or blue or white cotton. No red garments are worn, nor silks, for three years. A widow is in deep mourning for three years. She cannot wear red, but has the privilege of wearing blue, green, or black. A widower wears a white coat, a cap without the red tassel, and a white cotton girdle around his waist, which must be worn a year.

The grave-clothes of the wealthy Chinese are of silk or crape. Three garments are put on the lower part of the body, and five on the upper part, and then they are bound tightly around with pieces of white or red cloth.

The horrible custom of compressing the feet of the women has long prevailed in China. It is said to have originated from the fact that a princess having deformed feet, the ladies of the court and others felt bound to imitate the deformity. There is also a tradition that a cruel husband resorted to this method in order to keep his wife at home; and other husbands, finding the remedy effectual, treated the feet of their wives in the same way, and thus the custom became universal. It is a mistake to suppose that only the feet of the better classes are thus treated; even the lower classes of women one meets in China have these deformed feet, on which they greatly pride themselves.

On festal occasions in China the men and women eat separately. The latter keep by themselves in the inner apartments, and the former remain in the reception room. The sexes never mingle on such occasions, which, no doubt, detracts from the pleasure of the young people.

MISCELLANEOUS.

YOUNG ladies do not wear black evening dresses as much as they did. It is no longer considered "good form."

SNAKES are in fashion for decorative purposes, and a gold and jeweled snake coiled around the arm is considered stylish and Cleopatra-like.

THE latest novelty is grape and vine leaf jewelry. The grapes are real gems, while the leaves are hand painted and enameled in the natural colors.

A NOVEL basket is shaped like a bird, and is trimmed with ribbon and balls of crewel. Another basket is boat-shape, and is made of various colored straws.

CROCODILE leather remains the favorite skin for bags, purses, and similar articles. It is sometimes dyed black, and bound with gold, and made into pocket-books for gentlemen.

A HANDSOME pair of shoes is of deep red velvet calf, bordered with a band of yellow satin, and adorned with gold galoon; the heels are gold. Stockings the same shade as the yellow are worn with them.

A PRETTY ball dress for a young girl is of pale pink chiffon, with an elaborate floral trimming on the bodice of pink hyacinths, and floral sleeves composed of three rows of hyacinths round the arm, connected by bows of pink velvet.

THE most fashionable kinds of tweed now are not checked, but are beautifully flecked and knotted with unexpected bits of bright color. The groundwork of these cloths must be neutral, a dull brown, plain gray, subdued red or invisible green. All over the surface where one least expects it come these bright knots, which are, at the same time, so skillfully interwoven that no violent contrasts or lack of harmony ever occur.

CLOTH shoes are worn to some extent, and are much liked by many ladies. Others, however, find them undesirable, from the fact that they wear off on the inside of the ankles and heels. This is caused by walking very closely and just touching the heel of one foot against the ankle of the other; in popular phrase, they "interfere." In this way a pair of shoes may be cut out in a week's wearing. There seems to be no remedy for this except the use of some material which has more durability.

LEATHER leggings that go all the way up to the knee are to be had at the shops in response to an order and a five dollar bill. They may be put on over low shoes and rubbers, or over the ordinary street shoes. They must always be made to order upon measurement, for the leather must fit closely, else it will wrinkle and sag. The nicest leggins are of glove kid. With these no long petticoat is worn. A simple divided skirt being all that is necessary to produce the clinging effect admired in song, story and fashion-plate.

Household Information.

WASHING LACE.

THE washing of lace is an art. Large pieces, such as curtains and bedspreads, must be shaken perfectly free from dust, wet in tepid water, and rubbed with mild white soap. Next put them in a clean wooden or earthen vessel, cover with soft water about lukewarm, and set all day in the sunshine. Take them out next day and wash through clean suds. Do not rub or ring them but lave up and down. Be sure you have plenty of water, especially for rinsing. If a trace of soap remains it will rot the fabric. After rinsing, hang them smooth on the line to drain. Wringing makes creases, besides injuring the mesh. When three parts dry, fold flat and rub into them with the hand thin starch re-inforced with gum water. Gum arabic is best. Put a quart of boiling water to the ounce, stir till dissolved, let stand till cool, and pour off the clear fluid from the sediment. Mix it with twice its own bulk of starch, in which there is neither sugar, wax or spermaceti. After rubbing in, roll up smooth for three hours, then spread a clean sheet on the carpet and pin the lace upon it, taking care to stretch it exactly square, and to put a pin in the point of each scollop. For ecru lace, a writer in the *Trade Bureau* recommends coloring the starch with hay tea, made by steeping three pounds of best bright timothy in a gallon of boiling water. Use the tea instead of water to make the starch.

Soap and sunshine will clean lace of any sort without wear. If it is very dirty it may need two days soaking. Wash, rinse, and lay out smooth upon a board with a covered sheet. When about half dry, pull and clap them between the hands, until the mesh is clear, and pin out on board to dry. If you like it yellow dip in clear cold coffee before clapping it. To starch or iron lace for personal wear is, according to this writer, textile profanation.

Clean very fine lace with benzine. If it is old and crazy, pin it smooth on a flannel-covered board, saturate it with benzine and press it out with a soft napkin. Put make-up lace—collars, handkerchiefs, caps and so on—into glass or earthenware, and pour benzine over them with a liberal hand. Whirl them rapidly about in it squeeze gently, drop into a clean vessel, and put on fresh fluid. It will remove every particle of dirt, without in any way altering the yellow antique hue, or shrinking the mesh—as water will do, no matter how carefully applied. Point lace is never washed betwixt maker and wearer. If it gets soiled in working, white lead in powder is put on to whiten it. Gas, sea air, or a dozen other things would make the lead turn dark, or ruin a costly bit of cobweb in which the owner takes delight. Benzine will remove it without harm. After the lace comes out of it, pin it as smoothly as possible upon a linen covered board, and put it in the sunshine for six hours. If you wish to whiten it let dew fall on it, and be dried away by the sun for a week or two. If pressed for time the bleaching may be accomplished in a day by wetting the cloth with weak soap-suds every two hours and pinning the lace over it. If you are careful to draw it tight it will hardly show that it has been dampened. If you are not the meshes will contract, perceptibly. It is something to be handled daintily from first to last. In wearing, never pull or drag roughly into place; sew it only with fine needles; above all, pin it with small sharp pins, if pin it you must. Crushed flower stalks often leave ugly stains well nigh indelible; wherefore, beware how you wear them against your lace.

CARPETS.

THERE has been considerable change effected in the appearance of floors since the days when rushes were considered good enough for their covering, even in palaces and castles. In the days of the Dutch in New York sanded floors were the fashion, carpets not being deemed essential to comfort nor the requirements of civilization.

Yet carpets are of great antiquity. They were made in Babylon, and were sent thence to Greece and Rome, where they were very popular. At an early period Carthage was noted for its carpets, and the Moors introduced their manufacture into Spain. Carpets were made in France at an early period, and subsequently, in the reign of Henry IV., a manufactory was established. In the Middle Ages they were an expensive luxury in England: but in the reign of James I. a manufactory supplied excellent carpets.

Carpets were manufactured in Persia as early as the seventeenth century, and attained popularity elsewhere as well as in Persia. The export at the present time is considerable. The Persian carpet is usually small, and when a large one is wanted it is ordered. Those used in Persia are narrow, and when laid down in strips of felt are placed at the sides. The finest of these carpets are made in Kurdistan, the Kali, or pile carpet, being also made there, and the carpet known as *Do-ru*, which is alike on both sides. There are few who can afford a Persian carpet of this kind, the price being from \$15 to \$20 a yard. The Persian carpets are not made by machinery, but are woven on a loom.

There are a great variety of Persian rugs, similar in design and texture, but which are made in different places. The colors of these rugs were once so lasting that they were bright after being made a hundred years. Turkoman rugs are unsurpassed in texture and beauty of design, are pliable, and of exquisitely shaded colors.

Indian carpets are popular, being of great depth of pile, and quite durable. Excellent carpets are made in Madras, and are reasonable in price. A great deal of the carpeting exhibited here as Persian and Indian never saw those countries.

Carpets—that is, good ones—being expensive, great care should be exercised in their selection. It does not do to be deluded by names, as many are who buy a "velvet" carpet, and find to their cost that they have an inferior article that will not wear. The best wearing carpet is an English body brussels, which is made by weaving into a body of coarse hemp or linen, woolen threads. These carpets are dyed in the wool, while tapestry brussels has the pattern stained in after weaving. Some of them look well when new, but they rarely wear, therefore are not a desirable purchase. It is better to wait until enough money can be collected to buy a "body brussels" than to expend a smaller sum on what will not wear. For those in moderate circumstances the brussels carpet is the most desirable, as it will out wear half a dozen carpets of poorer quality.

There are higher priced carpets for those to whom money is no object. The most expensive carpet is the Aubusson, which resembles the rep of furniture covering. Being very costly and exceedingly frail, it is seldom seen on floors. The Axminster carpet is also very high priced. The pile is short and thick. Wilton carpets are finer and much thinner than Axminster, but are not so lasting.

Three ply carpets wear better than the Scotch carpet known as Kidderminster and ingrain. The Scotch carpet is two-ply,

and has a worsted warp and woollen weft. The three-ply are thick, soft, and durable, and are very desirable, especially for sleeping-rooms.

Edgar Poe says: "The soul of the apartment is the carpet. From it are deduced not only all the hues but the forms of all objects incumbent." This being the case, great care is needed in making a selection, and taste should be exercised at the same time. The prettiest carpets are those of one color in several shades, an arrangement which gives the appearance of a velvet carpet. Two contrasting colors, of various shades, make a pretty carpet also. Flowered carpets never have the quiet elegance of those of geometrical or arabesque designs. In selecting a carpet, small figures should be chosen for small

rooms: larger rooms admit of large figures. Very dark carpets are apt to be gloomy, while a light carpet will enliven a gloomy room.

It is not now considered necessary that the carpet should cover the room up to the walls. Some of the carpets are brought out with rich borders, beyond which, next to the wall, a plain ingrain made for this purpose is placed. It can be had in olive tan, brown and similar colors, is neat and durable, and can be used with the handsomest carpet. Sometimes the margin of the floor next to the wall is stained, or simply shellacked. When carefully wiped free from dust, the effect is excellent. A good way is to apply two coats of raw linseed oil, and when dry give a coat of oak varnish. This produces a fine dark brown.

THE DOG AND THE DOLLY.

By A. Z.

ONCE, when my sister and I were little girls, we are not so any longer, however, Papa returned from a long journey bringing with him a young collie pup. It was very hungry and we soon warmed and fed it, and hugged it to our heart's content, and made a soft straw bed in a box. This box we put under the table in the nursery, and the cloth hung partly concealing the box and screening our little dog from curious eyes.

After putting the pretty, round stranger to bed we employed ourselves selecting a name. Many names were mentioned, but finally "Erie" was chosen because it was pretty and easy, and belonged to the feminine gender, and because she was a native of Erie Co., Pa. As time passed on we had nick names, and pet names for our darling, but Erie is her real name after all.

She grew rapidly and soon displayed unusual intelligence. If we lost our scissors, or a sponge, or anything, in fact, even our pocket handkerchiefs, we soon learned to look for them in one particular corner of that box under the table. One day we found a china doll covered up in the straw. It had one arm broken and was but poorly dressed. It was an under doll as it were, and as our collection of dolls was large we did not miss her, so had not observed her absence. Soon the old dolly disappeared again. We looked in the box for her, and there she was. Erie did not relish being disturbed, we thought, for she growled a little wee growl, and roused up and followed us while we held the doll. We put her to bed. When we went to play with our dolls again Nelly had been carried off and Erie looked right guilty. After that we watched Erie. She would not go to bed at night until she had scraped back the straw and taken old Nelly out of her hiding place. She laid her tenderly by her paw, placed her other fore-paw beside the doll, and then put her own taper tan colored muzzle on the doll's body, and thus Erie fell asleep.

After some weeks of devotion to her idol in the box, she began to bring her out "into company" and often played with her on the floor as a cat plays with a mouse; Nelly proved herself a perfectly undemonstrative companion, but Erie did not mind that in the slightest degree. She only became more devoted to the doll. If we took her away she would whine softly, but incessantly, until we gave her back. We would take Erie out on the lawn to play; as soon as we let her into the nursery again she would go at once to the doll and fondle it. If we bathed her, as we often did, with the assistance of a party of our playmates, as soon as our soaping and rinsing and scrubbing were over, Erie made her way at once to dolly, cuddled her under

her nose, and seemed to place all her confidence and tell all her woes to the broken china doll.

Winter passed and Spring and Summer came in turn, and yet Erie slept in the box, for she was a very precious dog to us, and valuable to my father. He began to take her out with him to bring in the cows or the sheep, and her great intelligence and extraordinary love and affection for him and for his two tiny daughters grew with her growth. Still Erie repaired to her box when tired or when put indoors for the night, and snuggled up to Nelly.

How long this strange friendship would have continued I cannot tell, for it was abruptly ended in this way: My sister developed a craze for painting! I am sorry to say no talent showed itself, simply a rage for daubing. Whenever she could surprise the painters who were painting the porches she would use one of their moist brushes. Then came queer hieroglyphics on all the walls and shutters the little girl could reach. The chairs had patches on them and neat print dresses had eccentric spots which defied the arts of the washerwoman to remove. Mamma was in despair and the poor painters looked utterly worn out.

The thing she did that I remember now with most regret was to take old Nelly one day from the chair where Erie had left her. The temptation could not be resisted and Nelly's white china loveliness was soon begrimed with a generous supply of bright green paint. From that day to this Erie has never touched her or any other doll. She recoiled from Nelly in horror, as we said "gave her a wide birth" and Nelly occupied it, for the housemaid soon removed her ugliness from our eyes forever.

Though Erie gave up this doll, because she was disfigured, she clings to us, no matter what we wear or how we look, and she sees and knows us and greets us, whenever she finds us, with hilarious glee. No matter how tired and wet and muddy the hard working gypsy is, when she comes in at night from earning her living as my father's shepherdess, she has a loving wag of her bushy tail for my mother, my sister or myself. She has a rough side to her tongue, and a sharp point to her teeth in our defence and her own, as several persons can testify, for she has no idea of having liberties taken with her ladyship by strange people or outsiders. She has too much will for that and hates a man or woman of color, as a companion, as much as a Scotch lady would—Scotch collie she is and ever will be whilst her life and love last.

Now that is our tale of the Dog and the Doll.



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If you change your place of residence, it will be necessary to leave directions with your former post-master to forward each month, for balance of year.

DISCONTINUANCE OF THE QUEEN.

When the term for each subscription has expired, the magazine will be discontinued without further notice, unless a renewal has previously been received.

If subscribers do not wish to lose any number of THE QUEEN, they should send in their renewals before they receive the last number of the year already subscribed for, when the new year will be added to the time, and the name thus kept on the subscription list.

“WHY DON'T YOU SEND MY QUEEN”

We are continually being asked this question, when the fault does not lie with us. Our subscription books are all very carefully kept, and Magazine mailed each month; and if they do not reach their destination it is the fault of the mails. We lose hundreds of dollars' worth of magazines and premiums annually in this way. If you do not receive your magazine by the 20th, of the month, we will mail you another, if you will write us a courteous request, for same, THE QUEEN has the largest circulation of any publication in Canada, and our subscribers should appreciate that some mistakes are liable to occur, which we are always ready to rectify when our attention is called to the same. We do not acknowledge receipt of individual subscriptions. The receipt of the magazine by you is an acknowledgement that your subscription has been received and entered upon our books.

Under no circumstances can we undertake to enter into personal correspondence with our subscribers.

THE QUEEN'S PRIZE STORIES.

THE plan of the Prize Story Competition is to publish three stories (commencing a new one each month) selected by the Editor of THE QUEEN from those forwarded for the competition. One hundred dollars in cash will be paid to the author of the one which the readers of THE QUEEN pronounce as the best; sixty dollars in cash for second best; forty dollars for the third. We specially request that our readers will read each, with a view of acting as one of the judges as to its merit. A blank form of ballot will be supplied after the three stories have been completed. “Miss Granger of Chicago” began with the January number, “The Little Canuck” with the February issue, and “A Canadian Romance” commences in THE QUEEN for this month.

TO IMITATE ROSEWOOD.

TAKE half a pound of logwood, boil it in three pints of water until it is of a very dark red, to which add about half an ounce of salt of tartar, and when boiling hot, stain your wood with two or three coats, taking care that it is nearly dry between each; then with a stiff black graining brush make streaks with very deep black stain.

A PRETTY form of work is the new stuff mosaic employed in conventional, pictorial and decorative designs. Egyptian subjects lend them pleasantly to this form of work. Pieces of cloth of frieze in rich colors are cut so as to fill in the outlines of the design appropriately, say it is a head of Cleopatra, or some Egyptian divinity with a quaint helmet head-dress applied to a terra-cotta ground and encircled by long conventional stalks of lotus blossoms and buds. The head in profile is outlined in stalk stitch in brown silks, and the shadows put in with a few light strokes of the paint brush. The colors of the designs are separated from each other and harmonized by a judicious mixture of silk, wool and gold embroidery in their outlines.

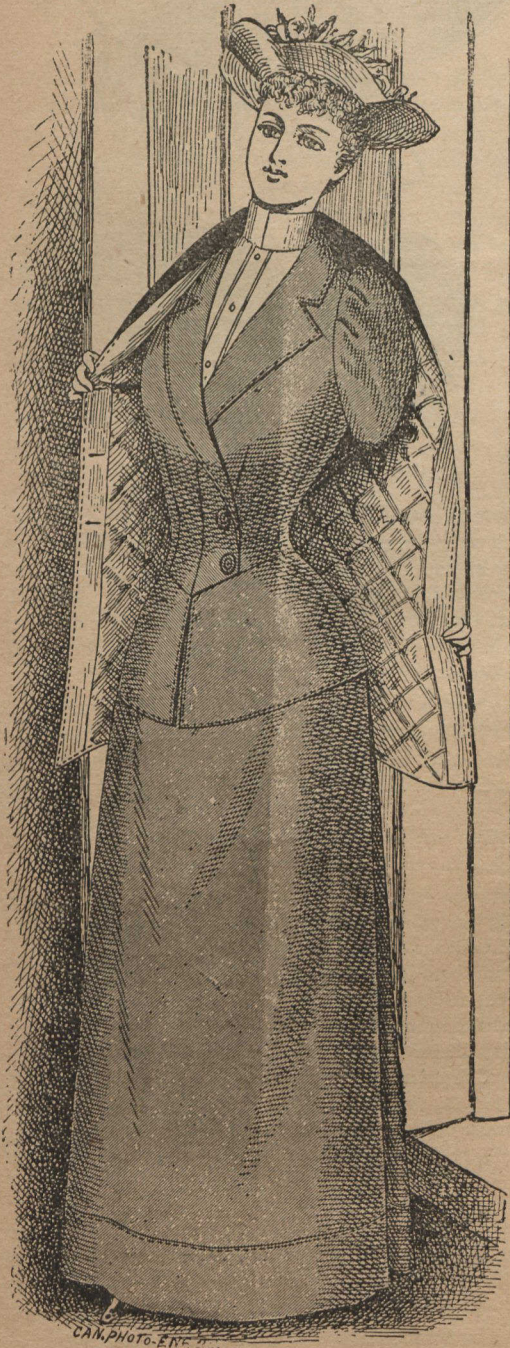
No bath is considered complete without a bath-bag. Powdered orris-root, bran, lavender flowers, borax and shaved castile soap together with almond meal form the regulation contents of these bags, and it is claimed that they perfume the water and make it soft and pleasant to the skin.

IN embroidery no design is more popular at present than the conventional *fleur de lis*. This design is an especial favorite wrought on very dainty handkerchiefs.

The Latest Fashions.

WATERFORD COSTUME.

A costume of dark blue cloth, displaying the perfect fit and plain finish of the tailor-made dress, is shown in the illustration. The basque is double-breasted, and is reversed, with a rolling collar that forms notched lapels which taper smaller at the lower part. The open fronts display a chemisette, and the edge of the basque is lengthened by the addition of skirt pieces, a style very much favored by fashion at present. The skirt drapery is plain in front, with the fulness arranged in plaits at the back. The



WATERFORD COSTUME.

model is appropriate for camels-hair, tweed, cheviot, homespun, ladies' cloth, and serge. Trimming is unnecessary, a plain finish of machine stitching being more in accordance with the character of the design. Four yards and three-quarters of goods forty-eight inches wide will make this costume. The foundation skirt will require four yards and three-quarters of lining.

PROMENADE TOILETTE.

Putty-grey amazon cloth elaborately braided and embellished with gems, Hat in putty felt, decorated over the crown with a group of black ostrich tips. A long plume is carried at the back to curl round the turned up and fluted brim.



PROMENADE TOILETTE.

An apple-green felt hat, with an applique of black on the brim. The trimming consists of small black birds and parrots; black velvet strings.



A HAT in pale serpent-green cloth, lined and trimmed with castor velvet and ostrich tips.



SOFT hats are more worn than they were.

FOR gentlemen's studs, pearl and moonstone have superseded diamonds.

BANDS of ribbon, and the triple classic fillet, are the most fashionable head-dresses for balls.

GOLD chains, long strings of pearls, diamonds, or other gems are now worn. Gold carved beads are also worn.

At the foot of ball dresses a ruche of roses or other flowers is sometimes seen, and is a very old fashion revived.

A PRETTY theater bonnet is of blue tulle dotted with gold stars, the feathers being blue marabout, tipped with gold.

VIOLETS are the fashionable ower to present to friends. These sweet emblems of modesty cost only four and six dollars a bunch.

JEWELRY and ornaments are not worn in the street by persons of refined taste, and only in small, well-chosen variety at receptions or dinners.

BEAUTIFUL baskets for flowers for decorative purposes are brought out. They are in various colored straws, and are especially graceful in shape.

FUR is so much worn this winter that one sees it ornamenting not only the skirts and bodices of cloth costumes, but of the most elegant ball and evening toilettes.

THE most fashionable woollen stuffs are thick, warm, strong and soft in texture. Immense plaids, large spots and wide borders are shown, but the colors are so unobtrusive that the large patterns never offend good taste. The stripes and plaids make up well on the cross.

IN hair-dressing it will be interesting to note that the new French twist of '91 begins to coil almost at the crown of the head, where after a single turn the hair will be fastened and curled over an iron. It will then be brought forward to mingle with, or form the front bang, a convenient style for those having scanty locks.

HENRY IV capes are considered very stylish and their favorite color is red; these capes reach down to the hips, and are tied at the neck, just below the high collar, with rich silk cords. The right front end is left long in a point deep enough to throw over the left shoulder. Rich velvets and fine cloths are employed to make these and other stylish capes, and gold embroidery and costly furs trim them.

FOR street wear, fashionable and sensible women alike choose the low-heeled, broad, common-sense shoes. For the house there is a new Louis Quinze shoe which, when it is opened, spreads out almost flat, but in closing it over the foot, the two side-pieces are brought up and lapped over each other, and the front spreads over them with a big buckle as large as the instep will carry. This shoe is very becoming and pretty.

DUSTER-BAGS are often made of card-board of a lozenge shape, the silk-bag attached to the front and much embroidered. They should be large enough to hold a feather brush. Pompons hanging from them much improve their appearance. Nineteen inches long, ten and a half inches across, is a fair size. Brown is a good tint for the foundation for almost any kind of embroidery. Pretty effective duster-bags are made in blue or red Turkey twill, with bands of Russian embroidery sewn on, the embroidery worked on a contrasting color to the twill of which the bag is made, and done in ingrain colored thread, so that it all washes well. Russian embroidery done on white looks very handsome.

MAHOGANY STAIN.

FOR a good mahogany stain, there is nothing better than a little Vandyke brown, glazed over with Victoria lake. After brushing over the wood with the former, wipe with a damp cloth this, by removing color from the harder parts where it has less deeply sunk, will cause the grain to come out more distinctly than if by the brush alone.

A NAUTICAL BED.

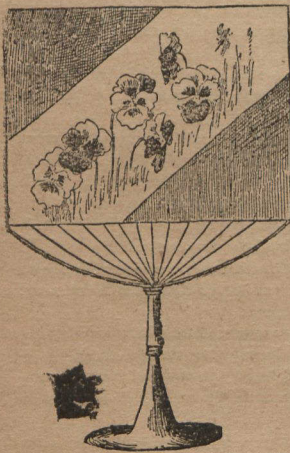
This is amongst the most curious of beds. It is in the form of a state barge of which we give an illustration. The foot is the raised prow on which a gilded cherub sits, swinging a ship's lantern on the end of a rod; the bulwarks are open scroll work, gilded, and a gilded dolphin rides under the keel; the bows and sides are paneled with paintings of cupids at archery in the Watteau style, and the head of the bed is semi-circular, and at its highest point is carved a large sea shell on the uneven surface of which a waterfall is represented.

The upholstery of the bed itself is of the russet colored silk so much fancied now, and from the canopy board down to the prow two silk cords are hung with admirable effect. The painting is in bright blue. The probable user of such a state couch would need to have some theatrical tendencies.

JAPANESE LAMP SHADE.

To make this lamp shade, which is both pretty and convenient, take one of the cheap Japanese fans which are square at the top. Cut out two pieces of white paper the size of the fan and tack them on each side. In covering you may use up any odds and ends of silk and velvet. On the front stretch tightly across the middle a bit of silk or satin, cut on the bias, and fill the corners in with velvet or plush of some shade which will harmonize. On one which I saw the silk was a pale heliotrope with a few purple pansies painted on it (see the illustration), and the plush of a darker heliotrope. Cover the back with plain Indian silk and finish the edge with cord. Have a wooden stand made about eight inches high with a hole into which the handle will fit. Gild the woodwork. Then it is ready to put between you and the lamp. If you cannot use the brush you will find a bit of figured Indian silk a pretty substitute for the painting.

Right here let me add a hint to those who have some knowledge of how to use water colors. You can make a host of lovely things, such as photograph, handkerchief or glove cases, cushions, bags, sachet and toilet sets, by using those India silks which come to us all ready decorated with flowers as sweet as Nature makes them. The designs are really artistic. You will find among them nasturtiums, violets, wild roses, lilacs, dogwood, morning glories—almost any blossom you can wish for upon the most delicate of backgrounds. From a bit of this fashion your work, whatever it may be, wad, line and perfume it. Always try to cut your silk so as to leave the design as entire as possible. Then in water colors touch up flowers and leaves, making the shadows darker and high lights brighter by a bit of color you have rendered opaque with Chinese white. If there are lines or guides or anything



conventional in the pattern, outline with gold, and if a scrap of plain background shows, try to arrange it so you can letter these in gold "gloves," "photographs," or whatever it is to be used for. From this you may fashion many a thing of beauty which few would believe was not "really and truly" hand-painted. Please remember I do not mean that you are to paint



all over the design. Simply touch up lights and shadows, always leaving the general coloring as it is. One more hint: One can find at an upholsterer's many a lovely remnant of those silks. Thus you can get a variety of designs, and from a yard or less you can fashion two or three dainty trifles.

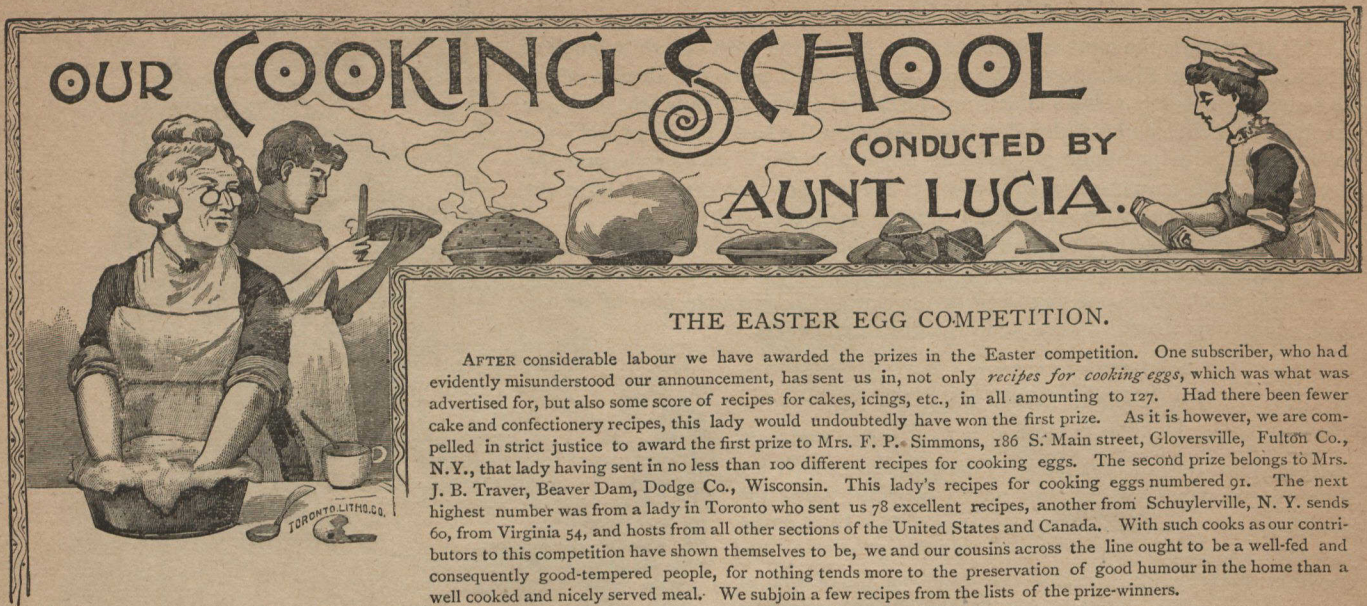
RING OUT.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,—
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

PARE a fresh lemon very carefully, without breaking the thin white inside skin, put it inside a wild duck and keep it there for forty-eight hours, and all of the fishy taste so disagreeable in wild fowls will be removed. The lemon should be removed and a fresh one put in its place as often as every twelve hours. A lemon thus prepared will absorb unpleasant flavors from almost all meat and game.



THE EASTER EGG COMPETITION.

AFTER considerable labour we have awarded the prizes in the Easter competition. One subscriber, who had evidently misunderstood our announcement, has sent us in, not only recipes for cooking eggs, which was what was advertised for, but also some score of recipes for cakes, icings, etc., in all amounting to 127. Had there been fewer cake and confectionery recipes, this lady would undoubtedly have won the first prize. As it is however, we are compelled in strict justice to award the first prize to Mrs. F. P. Simmons, 186 S. Main street, Gloversville, Fulton Co., N.Y., that lady having sent in no less than 100 different recipes for cooking eggs. The second prize belongs to Mrs. J. B. Traver, Beaver Dam, Dodge Co., Wisconsin. This lady's recipes for cooking eggs numbered 91. The next highest number was from a lady in Toronto who sent us 78 excellent recipes, another from Schuylerville, N. Y. sends 60, from Virginia 54, and hosts from all other sections of the United States and Canada. With such cooks as our contributors to this competition have shown themselves to be, we and our cousins across the line ought to be a well-fed and consequently good-tempered people, for nothing tends more to the preservation of good humour in the home than a well cooked and nicely served meal. We subjoin a few recipes from the lists of the prize-winners.

RECIPES FOR COOKING EGGS.

STEAMED EGGS.—Heat a dish large enough to hold the number of eggs to be cooked. Melt in it a small piece of butter, and break the eggs carefully in a saucer, one at a time slip them into the hot dish, sprinkle over them a small quantity of pepper and salt. Set in a steamer over boiling water for four or five minutes. They are usually served in hotels in individual dishes about two in a dish and in the same dish they are cooked in.

OMELET SOUFFLE.—Allow a heaping teaspoonful of powdered sugar, a few drops of lemon or vanilla for flavoring, and two whites to each yolk. To make a small omelet, beat the yolks of two eggs till light and thick, add two heaping teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar and half a teaspoonful of lemon or vanilla. Beat the whites of four eggs till stiff and dry and fold them lightly into the yolks. Put it by the tablespoonfuls, lightly, into a well buttered baking dish. Cook in a moderate oven about twenty minutes, or till well puffed up and a straw comes out clean. Serve at once as it falls quickly.

SCOTCH EGGS.—One cup of lean cooked ham chopped very fine. Six hard boiled eggs. Cook one-third of a cup of bread crumbs in one-third of a cup of milk to a smooth paste. Mix it with the ham, add a teaspoonful of mixed mustard, half a salt spoon of cayenne and one raw egg. Mix well, remove the shells from the eggs, and cover with the mixture. Fry in hot fat two minutes, drain and serve hot. Cut them into halves and arrange each half on a bed of fine parsley. The contrast between the green, red, white, and yellow gives a very pretty effect.

POACHED EGGS A LA CREME.—Put a quart of hot water, a tablespoonful of vinegar, and a tablespoonful of salt into a frying pan, and break each egg separately into a saucer, slip the egg carefully into the hot water, simmer three or four minutes until the white is set, then with a skimmer lift them out into a hot dish. Empty the pan of its contents, put in half a cup of cream, or rich milk, if milk, a large spoonful of butter, pepper and salt to taste, thicken with very little cornstarch, let it boil up once, and turn it over the dish of poached eggs. It is a better plan to warm the cream in a separate dish, that the eggs may not have to stand.

EGGS AUX FINES HUBES.—Roll an ounce of butter in a good teaspoonful of flour, season with pepper, salt, and nutmeg, put it into a coffee cupful of fresh milk, together with two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, stir and simmer it for fifteen minutes, add a tea-cupful of thick cream. Hard boil five eggs, and halve them; arrange them in a dish with ends upwards, pour the sauce over them and decorate with little heaps of fried bread crumbs round the margin of the dish.

COLD EGGS NO. 2.—Boil hard several eggs, halve them likewise, remove the yolks and chop them fine, mix with bread soaked in milk and any salad as onion, celery, the bread being half of the whole. Fill the cavity in the egg with the mixture. Press the halves together, roll in egg and bread crumbs and dip in boiling lard.

ORANGE OMELET.—Cut the orange into sections, remove the seeds and tough inner skin, cut each section into pieces, and mix with the beaten yolks of three eggs. Beat the whites until stiff and stir in lightly. Cook like an omelet. Or spread part of the orange over the omelet before folding and sprinkle the remainder over the sugared top.

OMELET SACCHARMI.—To the yolks of six eggs add a tablespoonful of powdered sugar and a teaspoon or more of wine essence. Mix and add carefully to the well beaten white. Pour into a hot buttered frying pan. As it cooks at the edges lift it with a fork and toss to the center. Take up on a hot dish and dust with powdered sugar.

SALMON OMELET.—Take a plain omelet and when ready to fold spread over it canned salmon moistened with cream and seasoned with pepper and salt.

SWEET OR JELLY OMELET.—Beat the yolks of two eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of milk, beat whites and add to this. Put a teaspoonful of butter in an omelet pan and when hot add omelet, spreading evenly on the pan. Cook carefully until slightly browned underneath. Put it on the oven grate to dry, (not brown), spread with jelly, fold and sprinkle with sugar.

OMELET SOUFFLE NO. 2.—Beat the yolks of six eggs light, add half a teaspoonful of lemon juice, grated lemon, some nutmeg and half a teaspoonful of sugar. Beat well and add lightly five tablespoonfuls of cream. Butter the omelet pan, heat, pour in the eggs and stir in lightly with a fork the well beaten whites. Cook five or six minutes in a quick oven. Turn up side down on a hot plate and serve at once.

HOT EGG SALAD.—A tablespoonful of salad oil made hot, break three eggs into it and stir a little, season with salt and pepper. Turn out as soon as it hardens a trifle. Sprinkle over the top a tablespoonful of chopped cucumber, same of grated lemon, and a tablespoonful of lemon juice, and three tablespoonfuls of salad oil.

FROM SECOND PRIZE LIST.

POACHED EGGS.—Into well salted water that is just boiling drop an egg one at a time, throw the water over them; remove to buttered slices of bread.

POACHED EGGS.—Fill a frying pan with boiling water add salt and vinegar, break the eggs one by one in a wet saucer, slip in the boiling water three minutes.

POACHED EGGS.—Fill half full of water patty tins, put on stove and when they boil drop an egg in each, cook until set, remove to hot plate, season with pepper and salt.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—Break as many eggs as wanted in a bowl, break gently with a fork, place a piece of butter in pan and melt, when hot turn in the eggs, stir continually until set, serve hot.

SCRAMBLED EGGS A LA HAM.—Put butter, pepper and salt in a pan when hot, drop in the eggs, and with a knife cut in the center, into which put chopped ham.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH POTATOES.—Chop boiled potatoes very fine, break eggs in pan in which is salt, pepper and butter, scramble until they are set.

SCRAMBLED EGGS AND DRIED BEEF.—Chip and scald dried beef, put in pan with butter and pepper, drop in the eggs, stir all the time, serve hot.

EGGS BAKED WITH CRACKER CRUMBS.—Cover the buttered dish with fine cracker crumbs. Put each egg carefully in the dish and cover lightly with seasoned and buttered crumbs. Bake till the crumbs are brown.

RUMPLED EGGS.—Beat three eggs and two ounces of fresh butter, add a teaspoonful of cream, put in pan and keep stirring for five minutes, serve on toast.

SCOLLOPED EGGS.—Mix equal parts of bread crumbs and ham, season and moisten with milk till soft, fill patty tins and drop an egg on each, bake eight minutes.

CURRIED EGGS.—Boil and cut in slices ten eggs, fry two slices of onion, when done add a teaspoonful of curry powder, one pint of stock, and a cup of cream thickened with flour, cook a few minutes, then add eggs and heat well.

ITALIAN EGGS.—Boil and mash a few bits of garlic, and two tablespoonfuls of capers, two anchovies, salt and pepper, vinegar and oil. Put this sauce in a dish and slice as many hard boiled eggs in as you wish, serve hot.

BOILED EGGS.—The fresher the better, boil about two minutes if you wish the white set; a fresh egg will take three minutes if you wish the yolks set; to boil hard for salads take ten minutes.

BOILED EGGS.—Boil hard, remove the shell, set in a hot dish and serve with sauce.

THE SONGS OF OTHER DAYS.

You wonder why I ask you
To sing them o'er and o'er,
Seeming never to tire
Of the sad, sweet songs of yore.
You wonder why I love them,
And smile at my old-fashioned ways,
But to me they are voices from heaven,
The songs of the other days.

Often I sit in the silence
That comes with the twilight hour,
And forget all else in the charm
Of memory's mystic power.
A touch like a breath from heaven
O'er the harp of my being plays,
My heart frings young with the music
Of the songs of other days.

Then in memory comes the singer,
Her radiant face I see,
As she softly sang in the twilight
Those beautiful songs to me.
What, if the voice is silent?
The wind-harp softly plays
Through the roses that bloom above her
The songs of other days.

There's a fragrance that lingers with roses
Long after their beauty has fled—
The songs are the lingering fragrance
The past, are the roses—dead.
And when life's sun is setting,
And gone are its last faint rays,
May I hear the angels singing
The songs of other days.

FAITH FULLER.

THE WAKE UP STORY.

The sun was up and the breeze was blowing, and the five chicks, and four geese, and three rabbits, and two kitties, and one little dog were just as noisy and lively as they knew how to be.

They were all watching for Baby Ray to appear at the window, but he was still fast asleep in his little white bed, while mamma was making ready the things he would need when he should wake up.

First, she went along the orchard path as far as the old wooden pump, and said, "Good pump, will you give me some nice, clear water for the baby's bath?"

And the pump was willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.

Then she went a little farther on the path, and stopped at the wood-pile, and said, "Good Chips, the pump has given me nice, clear water for dear little Ray; will you come and warm the water and cook his food?"

And the chips were willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path,
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.
And the clean white chips, from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and cook his food.

So mamma went on till she came to the barn, and then said, "Good Cow, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the woodpile has given me clean white chips, for dear little Ray; will you give me warm, rich milk?"

And the cow was willing,

Then she said to the top-knot hen that was scratching in the straw, "Good Biddy, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the wood-pile has given me clean, white chips, and the cow has given me warm, rich milk for dear little Ray; will you give me a new-laid egg?"

And the hen was willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.
The clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and cook his food.
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright
And the top-knot Biddy an egg new and white.

Then mamma went on till she came to the orchard, and said to a Red June apple tree, "Good tree, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the wood-pile has given me clean, white chips, and the cow has given me warm, rich milk, and the hen has given me a new-laid egg for dear little Ray; will you give me a pretty red apple?"

And the tree was willing.

So mamma took the apple and the egg and the milk and the chips and the water to the house, and there was baby Ray in his night-gown looking out of the window.

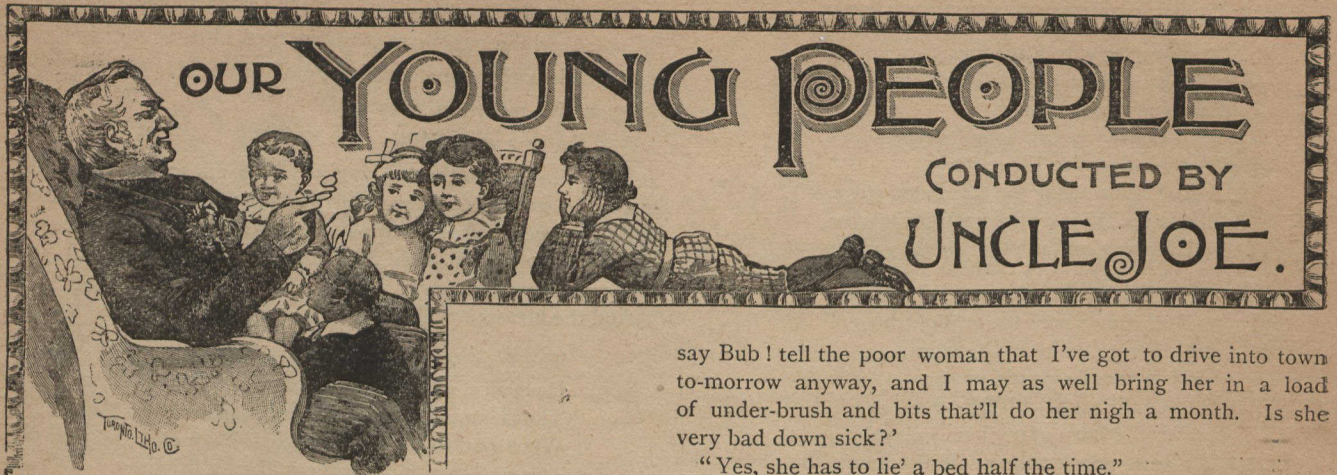
And she kissed him and bathed him and dressed him, and while she brushed and curled his soft, brown hair, she told him the Wake Up story that I am telling you:

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.
The clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and cook his food.
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright;
The top-knot Biddy an egg new and white;
And the tree gave an apple so round and so red,
For dear little Ray who was just out of bed.

A MOTHER'S SATURDAY NIGHT REVIEW.

What have I done this week you ask?
To tell you all would be quite a task;
But a few of the items I'll jot down,
Beginning with making the mistress a gown,
And the wee baby boy a little sun-bonnet,
(Upon it alone I could write a sonnet.)
Then, countless stitches known as *mending*,
And many hours of baby "tending."
Reading to Charles ere to sleep he fell,
Of the "Five Little Peppers" who grew so well.
Two heads I clipped quite close to their skins,
Making the heads look as new as bright pins.
On "Father" I've lavished many a thought,
Trying to help in the way I ought,—
To lighten his load as our daily "bread-winner";
And I've laid many plans for tea, breakfast and dinner.
Each lad of the four got his daily scrubbing,
Ending to-night with his Saturday's "tubbing."
All these have I done and *many* things more,
But allow me to close, Mrs. Jones has the floor.

R. N. W.



A POOR RULE.

SAID Mary to Johnny, "O dear!
This play is too poky and slow;
There's only one bubble-pipe here—
O Johnny, please, I want to blow!"
"No, I'll blow them *for* you," said he;
"Just watch, and you'll see every one.
That leaves all the labor on me,
While you will have only the fun."

Said Johnny to Mary, "O my!
That apple, so big and so bright,
You can't eat it all if you try;
O Mary, please, I want a bite!"
"No, I'll eat it *for* you," said she,
"And show you just how it is done;
I'll take all the labor, you see,
And you will have only the fun!"

For THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

THE TALE OF A TREE,

OR

THE EVOLUTION OF A CITY ARAB.

By MRS. J. K. LAWSON.

(Concluded.)

"FATHER! Oh, he giv in his checks last year."

"Ah, that's too bad! So he's dead, is he?"

"Yes, a mighty good job, too."

"Oh, come now," exclaimed the horrified Jim, "I'm afraid you're a very bad boy, talking like that."

"No I aint," said the boy stoutly, "it was father that was bad. He'd come in and knock mother down and take away all the money she'd sewed for, and go and get drunk on it, and then come back and raise Cain."

"But he was your father for all that."

"More's the pity" retorted the boy, "I can't help that. If *your* father licked *your* mother and drank all she'd earn, and pounded *you* black and blue into the bargain, all 'cause you wouldn't give him the couple o' cents you'd made sellin' papers, to keep your mother livin'; wouldn't *you* be glad when he went?"

"Jim stroked his dark moustache to hide a rising smile at the boy's eloquence, and then said honestly,

"Well, maybe I might. But say, here's Grub's alley, and there's a stick o' the best maple ever was cut, lying at the bottom of the wagon. I laid it there a purpose when I saw you in the woodyard. There continued he, pitching both sticks on the sidewalk "you carry them in to your mother. And

say Bub! tell the poor woman that I've got to drive into town to-morrow anyway, and I may as well bring her in a load of under-brush and bits that'll do her nigh a month. Is she very bad down sick?"

"Yes, she has to lie' a bed half the time."

"When the cart drove off, the boy picked up the sticks and with great difficulty got them on his shoulder, and staggered as best he could into Grub's alley, where his mother lived in a poor little clap-board cottage. Opening the door he dropped the pine stick and carrying my section into the house, he deposited it with a thump at his mother's bedside, and proceeded to execute a jig on the floor.

"Billy! Billy! are you going out of your senses?" cried the sick woman.

Instantly Billy wound up his jig by a somersault, and, out of breath, cast himself on the bedside by his mother.

"Whew! I tell you what, mammy, it's enough to make any man jolly. Just think, a feller from the country says he's going to bring us enough wood to-morrow to do us a month!"

"Oh Billy!" exclaimed the mother, sitting up in bed, "from the country, did you say? How did he know we needed wood, Billy?"

"He was in the woodyard delivering maple, and when I got my stick he came hollerin' after me, and give me a ride and this stick, and tole me to tell you he'd bring ever so much to-morrow. Say, mammy, what like is the country? Folks must have lots of wood there surely. Did you ever see the country, mammy?"

"The sick mother closed her eyes wearily, and sighed,

"Yes Billy dear, I once lived in the country."

"Really and truly, mammy? Oh my! how I would like to see the country. But I must hustle and light the fire with that there pine stick, if I'm going to run off the rest o' them papers to night."

"So Billy, who was a born hustler, lit the fire in the stove and set off to push his business. When he had gone, his mother leant out over the bed and patted and smoothed my rugged bark as if I had been Billy himself, murmuring as she did so:

"Ah, when have I seen such a good stick of maple before.

It feels like home just to touch the gray lichens clinging to the bark. Poor little Billy, what would he say if he saw my maple, my dear old maple on the farm up home."

"It was noon next day when Billy's mother, feeling much stronger, got up and moved about the room. For Billy though a good boy enough, was no great housekeeper, and the deft hands of a woman were badly needed about the house. There was a fire in the stove, for Billy had managed to get me sawn and chopped somehow, and his mother felt comforted to be able once more to put a couple of pieces of good hardwood in the stove. It was more than she had been able to do for many a day.

"Presently there was a knock, the door opened, and Jim stood in the room.

"Your little boy told me you were powerful sick, ma'am, so I thought you wouldn't mind me bringing these," said he apologetically, proffering as he spoke a small Indian basket full of fresh eggs. Billy's mother stared at Jim, and then sank into a chair, so white and faint, that Jim laid down the eggs and hurried towards her. To his unbounded surprise she grasped his two hands in hers, and bending over them, covered them with kisses, and held them to her breast, moaning as she did so:

"Oh Jim, Jim, my little brother Jim!" With face flushed to the roots of his hair, and eyes wild with astonishment, Jim stood staring at Billy's mother. At length a recollection seemed

and you've got to hurry up and come home with me; home to the farm, you and your mother; right away too."

"And Jim's voice became choky and he dashed a tear from his eyes shamefacedly, while Billy, with wonder in every feature, stuck his small hands in his side pockets, and uttered a low "Whee-ee-ew!"

"But his mother began to protest.

"No, no, Jim dear! I could not come and disgrace my father and my brothers like that. As I've made my bed, so I must lie on it. I'll get better soon and Billy and me will get on together here."

"You bet we will mammy!" cried Billy bravely. "I'm agoing to buy out Tom Hardy's boot blacking business next week."

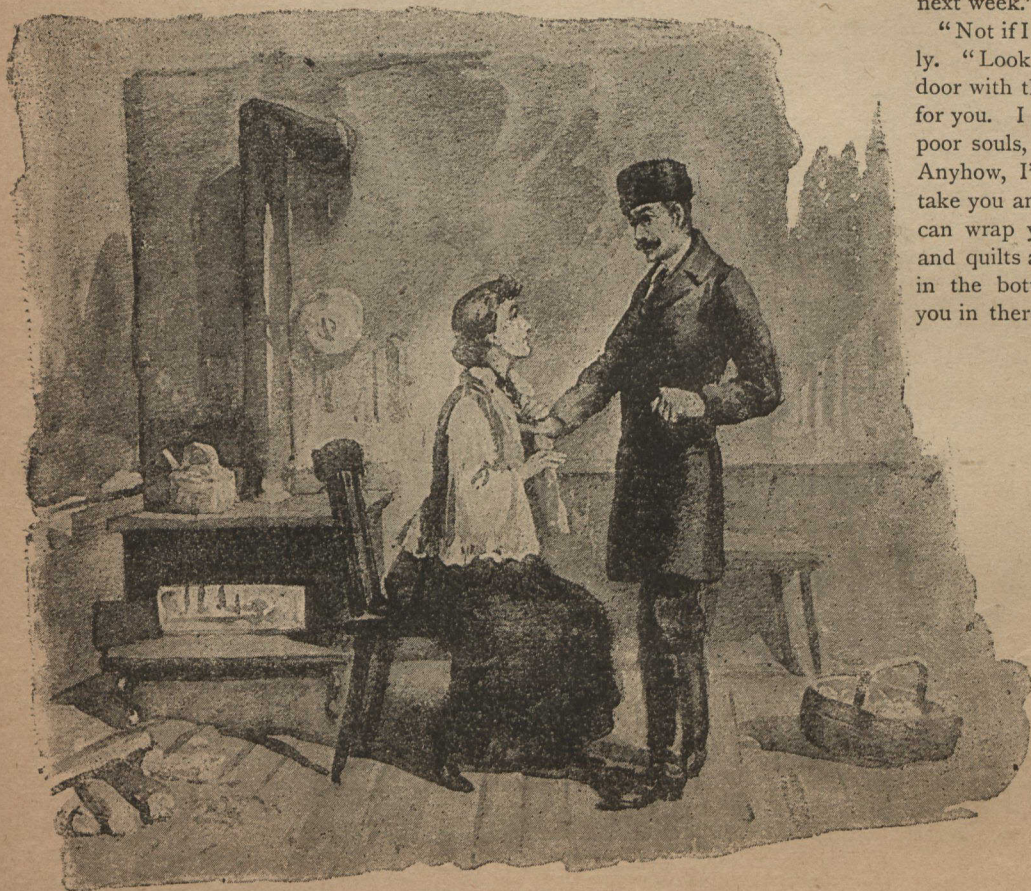
"Not if I know it," said Jim determinedly. "Look here Tilly, the wagon's at the door with that bit o' wood I brought in for you. I guess some of your neighbors, poor souls, will be glad enough to get it. Anyhow, I'm going to dump it out, and take you and the boy out with me. We can wrap you up in them there blankets and quilts and when we get the mattress in the bottom of the wagon, we'll tuck you in there, as snug as a bug in a rug.

'Father will be the happiest man in the township when I drive you home to-night, Tilly.'

"Home! oh Jim. Would father really like me to come home?" faltered the poor woman eagerly.

"Would he! you'll just see. The very day we cut down the old maple, he was wondering where you'd got wandered to, and wishing you were back to the old homestead."

"Then the wood Jim had brought was divided between two neighbors, and Tilly and her energetic son were driven home, and as the last of me lay smouldering in the stove,



"GRASPED HIS TWO HANDS IN HERS.

to dawn on him, and turning as pale as he had been red, he asked slowly:

"Are—are you—surely you are not our Tilly?"

"Yes Jim," said the poor woman bursting into tears, 'I'm Tilly; all that is left of her anyway."

Jim looked at her a while, at her pale thin face, and old, faded, worn-out clothing; he looked around on the scantily furnished room with its meagre comfort, and his eyes wandered sadly back to the poor white transparent fingers, through which the tears trickled slowly, and then enquired:

"Is the youngster your boy, Tilly?"

"'Course I am," shouted Billy blythly, for he had just then stepped in unobserved in his bare feet. But when he saw his mother crying, he enquired with no small alarm,

"What's mammy crying far? And what you want to know if I'm her boy for?"

"'Cause if you're her boy, sonny, then I'm your uncle Jim,

I slowly ascended the chimney and floated thither.

By day-break, the ghost of the Maple had vanished, but the Elm mourned her neighbor no longer. Indeed she had neither time nor opportunity to do so, for now of an afternoon when she would fall into her usual nap, she would be awakened by something crawling perseveringly up her back, and landing with a shrill "whoop-la!" among the branches. This something had neither the wings of a bird, nor the tail of a squarrel, but he could whistle as clearly as the one, and vault about with all the agility of the other. He would also sit on the topmost bough and address the crows in their own language, and answer the call of the birds, warble for warble. In fact, the Elm knew neither peace nor comfort until Master Billy had finished school and gone into the city to attend the University. After which, instead of climbing trees and mocking crows, he stripped his coat, put a great straw hat on his curly head and worked all day in the fields with his uncle Jim and his hired men.

Then after a lapse of several years, during which Billy seemed to have disappeared altogether, there came a never-to-be-forgotten day when he, his newly married and beautiful wife, and his mother and uncle Jim, came strolling leisurely over the field to the old Elm where they all sat down around the stump of the old Maple. But what was the surprise of the Elm to hear that Billy was Billy no longer to any one else but those of his own family; that the erstwhile city arab was now known to the world only as William Arnold, M.A., Ph. D., that he was now an eminent journalist in a great city, was as famous for his benevolence as for his wit and ability, and was now come home to spend his honeymoon with his dear old grandfather and mother and uncle Jim.

NEVER wait for a thing to turn up. Go and turn it up yourself. It takes less time, and it is sure to be done.

EGGSHELLS crushed into small bits, and shaken well in decanters three parts filled with cold water, will not only clean them thoroughly, but will make the glass look like new.

BE very particular about disinfecting the kitchen sink. Washing soda, two tablespoonfuls to a gallon of boiling water, makes an excellent wash to pour hot

into the sink at night after you have finished using it

To make a gloss on white linen mix up cold water

starch and add to it a very small quantity of borax and four or five drops of turpentine. Iron the articles until perfectly dry, after which damp the breast again with a damp cloth, and iron again, rubbing hard until a brilliant gloss is obtained.

It is said that flies may be kept from windows, mirrors,

glass-cases, etc., by washing the glass with water in which an onion has been soaked long enough to give the water a slight onion smell. A writer in a horticultural journal says that green fly and other insects may be kept from plants by washing them with an infusion of quassia, 1 lb. to 1 gallon.

To remove ink from paper or parchment the end of the pen holder is dipped into the fluid and applied to the writing without rubbing. When the ink has disappeared the fluid is taken up with a blotter. To remove stains from laces, etc., the stained part is dipped into the fluid and then rinsed in clean water.

AFTER long use sponges are liable to smell very badly unless carefully cleaned every day. By rubbing a fresh lemon thoroughly into the sponge and then rinsing it several times in lukewarm water it will become as sweet as when new.

THE GOOD THINGS in store for our readers during the coming year are more promising than ever before.

Invite others to the spread.



A LETTER TO "UNCLE JOE."

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS.

OWEN SOUND, ONT., FEB. 9th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—When I renewed my subscription to your paper, I did so because I consider it worth the money, and not because I had any expectation of a prize. I am very much obliged. I promised to send you two new subscribers; I send you FOUR which I trust will be satisfactory, and I hope one or more of them, may also be a prize winner.

Yours truly,

MRS. D. R. DOBIE.

1263 DORCHESTER ST., MONTREAL, FEB. 2nd, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—I received the pretty extra prize awarded me in the "Historical Competition," and am well pleased with it, also the book which is well worth the dollar's subscription. I have shown the prize to many of my friends. Wishing you every success, I am,

Yours truly,

KATEY COYLE.

115 METCALFE ST., MONTREAL, JAN. 28th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—Prize received all right and is very satisfactory. Hoping you will pardon my neglect in not acknowledging it sooner.

Yours respectfully,

STELLA B. KALE.

COMPTON, QUE., JAN. 31st, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—I received my "extra" prize to-day, and am much pleased with it. I think the Editors of THE QUEEN, must belong to the enterprising order of Yankees. Their way of advertising is certainly what Josiah Allen would call "unique." The new subscriptions will be sent in as soon as possible.

Yours truly,

BESSIE A. ALDRICH.

30 ST. FAMILLE ST., MONTREAL, FEB. 1st, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the "Extra Prize," in the competition of words "Dominion of Canada," and let me thank you for forwarding it so promptly. It certainly is beyond anything I ever expected. I will send you new subscribers very soon, I hope.

Believe me, sincerely yours,

M. L. PAUL.

22 FERLAND ST., QUEBEC, JAN. 20th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—Received present for which I thank you very much.

Yours truly,

MRS. J. CAMERON.

SHERBROOKE, JAN. 24th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—Mrs. Symmes wishes to thank the Editor of THE CANADIAN QUEEN for the pretty prize received for the weekly "Word Contest."



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, prizes will be offered to secure the assistance of our readers in answering these queries each month. A cash prize of \$10.00 will be paid to the one sending in the largest number of correct answers to the queries which will be published in each number. Subscribers interested in this Department are invited to submit as many inquiries as they desire for publication in that issue. These must reach us on or before the 20th, and persons competing for the prizes must forward their answers before the 20th of the following month. Correspondents are requested to write their inquiries on one side of paper only, sign their full name and address, in addition to *non de plume*, and send it in separate enclosure from any other communication. Address: Question Drawer, THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto, Canada.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Subscribers of the QUEEN are invited to give such information as they may possess concerning questions asked in this column.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, FEB. 11th, 1891.

—In the February number of the QUEEN, I noticed the reply to my query of some weeks since, concerning "Vesuvian work." In accordance with your suggestion, would say that I may possibly be mistaken in the name, but I hardly think I am. Neither do I think I could give you a very graphic description of the same, but I will do my best.

It is used principally for frames, easels, chairs, etc., the frame-work being first made of wood. A mixture is then formed of certain chemicals, which, I should judge from the appearance, form a thick paste, which is placed on the frame-work already prepared in uneven quantities, entirely covering the wood. This is allowed to harden, and the worker may then paint or ornament it in such a manner as he may choose. After the work is finished, it presents a very rough appearance, the frame-work being entirely covered over with this paste.

I do not suppose that you will understand from this what it is, but only having seen the work, I cannot give a better description of it. If it is at all possible for you or any of THE QUEEN's numerous readers (I see you have given them opportunity to send in answers to queries) to tell me how this work is done, or rather what this mixture is composed of, I should be under many obligations.

Respectfully "GYPSIE."

N. Y. CITY.

I would be glad of an idea for "Whisk Holder" for gentleman, not in Celluloid, or any material that will not bear occasional packing. I want to embroider the pocket that holds whisk with letters. I shall be glad of an answer from some subscriber of THE QUEEN. "AZILE."

LOVELL CREST, FEB. 14th, 1891.

Will you please give me directions how to make a fancy pen wiper, and oblige, MATTIE.

VIOLET R.—Should a young lady in her home, when introduced to a gentleman shake hands with him, her mother being present?

JENNIE.—I. Kindly give directions for preserving hair from falling out and to increase growth and thickness, without the use of hair oils, dyes or washes. Please to tell what you consider good care of the hair.

TILLY.—Will you kindly answer the following questions? Please answer to the name of "Tilly":—Would it be proper for a Theological student who has been licensed to foreact to have the title of "Rev." placed before his name on the invitations for his wedding? And will you kindly inform me how the return cards are worded, that is the cards to be returned by the parties receiving the invitation, if accepted?

Will some one say where can be found the lines:—"The blessings of her quiet life fell on us like the dew; and good thoughts around her clustered like fairly blossoms grew."

J. S. S.

A CHANCE FOR THE BRIGHT ONES OF THE QUEEN'S READERS.

A PRIZE of \$10.00 will be given to the lady or gentleman, to the boy or girl who send in to the "Inquiries and Replies Department of THE CANADIAN QUEEN," on or before the 20th of March, the largest number of correct answers to the following queries:—

1. Who are the six most remarkable women of ancient history, and for what is each most renowned?
2. What authoress is ranked second only to Shakespeare?
3. Who wrote "The Pied Piper of Hamelin"?
4. What notable author wrote his experiences as an opium eater?
5. Who is the latest and most brilliant story writer of the present day?
6. What Queen boxed the ears of a Lord for rushing into her presence in an uncourteously manner?
7. What great American general, now deceased, made a famous march which has since been immortalized in song?
8. What heroic woman's name is inseparably connected with Beaver's Dam, and what great service did she render Canada?
10. What is the name of the greatest æsthetic reformer of modern times?
11. What celebrated American philosopher originated the significant saying "He has an axe to grind"?
12. How many letters make five?

The correct answers to the above will be printed in full, and we are sure that, irrespective of the prize itself, our readers will derive no small amusement and instruction in finding them out for themselves. Address:—THE QUESTION DRAWER, THE CANADIAN QUEEN, TORONTO, CANADA.

BEECHAM'S PAINLESS PILLS EFFECTUAL.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

For BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS

Such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Fullness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness, and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c.

THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. Beecham's Pills taken as Directed Restore Females to complete Health.

FOR SICK HEADACHE, WEAK STOMACH, IMPAIRED DIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, DISORDERED LIVER, ETC.,

they ACT LIKE MAGIC, Strengthening the muscular System, restoring lost Complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. One of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PROPRIETARY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold by Druggists generally. EVANS & SONS, LIMITED, SOLE AGENTS FOR THE DOMINION OF CANADA.



JANUARY PRIZES.

The Prize, a Silver Dessert Service, for the Best Puzzle is awarded to THOMAS SHIELDS. The Puzzle with answer is given below.
 The following receive a pretty Cloth-bound book for correct answers to Puzzles: Kate Philip, Halifax, N.S.; Susie Nash, P.O. Box 653 Charlottetown, P.E.I.; B. A. Dyer, 284 University St., Montreal, Que.; Bessie M. Trask, Dixfield, Me.; (Box 92.) Charles E. McLaughlin, Harmony, Me.

PRIZE PUZZLE.

CONNECTED DIAMOND.

- 1.—1 A letter. 2. To steal. 3. Regal. 4. Evil. 5. A letter.
 2.—1 A letter. 2. Regret. 3. Covering for a bed. 4. A Tree. 5. A letter.
 3.—1. A letter. 2. A species of snake. 3. French for nurse. 4. To contend.
 5. Opposite to. 6. French for is. 7. A letter.
 4.—1. A letter. 2. Covering for the neck. 3. Carried. 4. 'A city in Canada.
 5. A girl's name 6. French for Summer. 7. A letter.
 These letters well connected show a diamond pure and perfect.

ANS.

1 R O B A D L	2 Q U I L T E L M T	3 B O A B O N N E C O N T E S T A N E N T E S T T
	4 T B O A B O R N E T O R O N T O A N N I E E T E O	

Royal Quilt Contest, Toronto.

PRIZE OFFERS.

To the Girl or Boy sending in the best Geographical Enigma this month, we will award a Silver Dessert Service (cream and sugar) and to the first five sending in largest list of correct answers to Puzzles, we will again give an interesting cloth-bound book.

FEBRUARY PRIZE WINNERS.

The names of Prize Winners for February will be published in April number.

RULES.

Competitors must be under sixteen years of age and must state that their Puzzles are Original and that the answers are their own unaided work.
 Address "Uncle Joe," Puzzle Department, THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto, Canada.

1.—CHARADE.

My first is a member of your frame,
 Oft decked with glittering gold;
 My second is a warm snug home,
 To shelter from the cold.

My whole when'er you find it out,
 Will bring before your sight;
 What you and I should ever be,
 When we pursue the right.

ANNIE DILLON.

2.—GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

Once there was an (a harbor in the east part of Nova Scotia) chief who was very brave. He could talk (a river in the N. W. part of Ontario). He had a son named (a city in Huron Co. Mich.) One (a bay in the southern part of Maine) day this son went out to hunt (a lake in N.W. part of Dominion of Canada). But he began to (a cape in South Carolina) lest he should get lost. So he went to (a city in Canada) and subscribed for (a useful and instructive paper published there.)

CHARLIE H. NOBLE, TABOR, IA.

3.—CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

- 1.—1 A letter. 2. An animal. 3. A part of a person. 4. A refined thing. 5. A thing going upwards. 6. A conjunction. 7. A letter.
 2.—1. A letter. 2. A kind of dwarf. 3. A thing used in fishing. 4. A blossom.
 5. A squadron of ships. 6. A call. 7. A letter.

AUBREY R. LEGG.

4.—HALF SQUARE.

1. A stone. 2. A sandy dessert. 3. Efface. 4. Precipitate. 5. Maturity.
 6. Letters 7. A consonant.

LOTTIE McMILLAN.

5.—ENIGMA.

In meadow, not in river,
 In shadow, not in shiver.
 In moment, not in day,
 In instant, not in way,
 In antic, not in sport,
 In mischief, not in court.
 In fashion, not in life,
 In husband, not in wife,
 In labor, not in want,
 In failure, not in taunt,
 In speech, not in quiet.
 In teach not in riot,
 In second, not in hour,
 In hand, not in power,
 In adage, not in joke,
 In laughter, not in smoke.

Puzzlers this takes up a great deal of space
 But my whole is the name of a well known place.

"STAR."

6.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My first "withholds assent" from.
 My second says "I'm in debt,"
 My third a "messenger" who may be.
 My fourth or "soldier" yet.
 My fifth may be a "medley"
 My sixth is "truth" they say
 My seventh is a "notion,"
 My eighth a "southern way"
 Just "ramble" and knock at number nine,
 I will "resound" at number ten,
 Eleven will give you "four pence,"
 For twelve a "race of men."
 My thirteenth is a "kind of fruit,"
 My fourteenth "not the same,"
 Finals, a title to a lady given
 Initials, that lady's name.

DORA LAWLOR.

7.—A RIDDLE.

Within a marble dome confined
 Whose milk-white walls with silk are lined.
 A golden apple doth appear,
 No doors, nor windows to behold,
 Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY ISSUE.

1.—The Canadian Queen Publishing Co.

2.—
 H
 H A M
 C A R E D
 O A T M E A L
 C H R I S T M A S

3.—
 H
 C U T
 H U R R Y
 T R Y
 Y

4.—
 S C A M P
 C U S P
 A S P
 M P
 P

- 5.—Uncle Joe.
 6.—Ganges, Elba, Ohio. Geneva. Rome. Amazon. Parnassus. Himalayas. Ypres.
 Geography.



BEFORE.

LOVELY WOMAN,

WHY will you tolerate Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, Yellow or Muddy Skin, Moth Wrinkles, Red Nose, or any other form of Skin Disease or Facial Disfigurements,

WHEN you can certainly possess a BEAUTIFUL FORM, BRILLIANT EYES, SKIN OF PEARLY WHITENESS, PERFECT HEALTH and LIFE WELL WORTH LIVING if you will only use **DR. AMMETT'S FRENCH ARSENIC** Complexion Wafers? THE WAFERS are for **MEN** as well as **WOMEN**.

PERFECTLY HARMLESS, and the only safe French preparation of Arsenic. \$1.00 per box, or 6 boxes for \$5.00. By mail to any address.



AFTER.

THE MIDDLETON DRUG Co., Cor. Grennick and Cortlandt Sts, New York.

THIS WATCH SENT FOR 10 CENTS!

GENUINE 4-oz. SILVER MEDAL.

This is a watch that ordinarily sells for \$15.00. For 60 days we will sell them at \$8.85 and give every one an opportunity to get one sample for nothing. It is a genuine stem winder and better, jeweled, expansion balance, quick train movement watch, complete with a 4-ounce genuine Silver Medal case and guaranteed in every respect. **OUR GRAND OFFER:** Cut this out and send to us with 10 cts. as a guarantee that the watch is ordered in good faith, and we will send the watch to you subject to examination. If found perfectly satisfactory and exactly as represented, you can pay the balance of \$3.75 and take the watch, otherwise you do not pay one cent. If you sell or cause the sale of six (6) of these watches within the next 60 days we will send you one free. Or, on receipt of this advertisement and \$3.85 we will send you one extra watch securely packed to any address; but we will not send more than **One** watch to any **One** person at this price. If **Six** watches are ordered, send us the name and address of watch and we will send you one extra watch each purchaser for each free of all charge. As we make no money on these watches, and they are sold at this **Ridiculously Low Price** to help us sell **SOLID GOLD** and **SILVER WATCHES** from our Catalogue, these watches will not be sent for \$3.55 unless the person ordering will **honestly** endeavor to make sales from our **NEW MAMMOTH ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE**, which we send free with each watch. In order to protect ourselves from jewelers and speculators ordering large numbers, we require you to cut out this advertisement and send it to us with your order, that we may know you are entitled to the benefit of this offer. Address: **W. S. SIMPSON, 37 College Place, New York.**



This cut is one-third size of watch.

ONE WATCH FREE TO ALL!



The Shunney Soap

Good morning!
Have you used **Shunney Soap**?

FREE 15 Portraits of Actresses, The Golden Wheel Fortune Teller, Dictionary of Dreams, Guide to Flirtation, Lovers' Telegraph, Magic Age Table, Magic Square, 200 Selections for Autograph Albums, 79 Money Making Secrets, 30 Popular Songs, 84 Conundrums, The Deaf and Dumb Alphabet, Morse Telegraph Alphabet, a Calendar for the current year, and a book containing hundreds of Tricks and Parlor Magic; also 30 COMPLETE LOVE STORIES. All the books and everything described above will be sent to all persons who cut out this advt. and send it to us with 10c. to pay postage, &c. Address: **W. S. SIMPSON, 37 College Place, New York.**

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The largest establishment in the world for the treatment of the skin and scalp. eczema, moles, warts, superfluous hair, birthmarks, moth, freckles, pimples, wrinkles, red nose, red veins, oily skin, acne, blackheads, barbers' itch, scars, pittings, powder marks, facial development, etc. Consultation free, at office or by letter. 125-page Book on all Skin and Scalp Affections and their Treatment sent (sealed) for 10c.

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Woodbury's Facial Soap

For the Skin and Scalp.

Prepared by a Dermatologist with 20 years' experience; unequalled as a remedy for eczema, scaldhead, oily skin, pimples, flesh worms, ugly complexion, etc. Indispensable as a toilet article, and a sure preventive of all diseases of the skin.

At Druggists or by mail, Price 50c.



Camera and complete instruction book for only 50 cents, Postal Note or money. Satisfaction guaranteed. (Beware of imitations). Address: **GLEN CAMERA COMPANY, 18 North William St., New York**

THE GLEN PHOTOGRAPH CAMERA 50cts

This scientific production cannot fail to interest, amuse and instruct every one who sees it. **THE GLEN CAMERA** is made of wood and placed in a beautiful outside box which protects it, both from the weather and light. **The Glen Miniature Camera** is made on scientific principles and works on the same principle as the higher priced machines. It makes pictures size 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 inches. With it any one, by following the directions, can make photographs of landscapes, houses, groups and choice bits of scenery. With care it will last for years and hundreds of photographs can be made for pleasure and profit. It is something new and every body wants one. Packed securely with instruction book, which contains full and explicit instructions in all of the following branches of photography. How to make a ruby lamp, placing plate in camera, taking the picture, developing and fixing plate, how to print the photograph, the toning and finishing bath, mounting the photograph, failures and how to remedy them, miscellaneous remarks, list of chemicals to be used and how to mix them. Remember we send the Glen Photo-aneous instruction book for only 50 cents, Postal Note or money. Satisfaction guaranteed.

CANDIED ROSE LEAVES.—Select the desired quantity of perfect Rose leaves and spread them on clean papers for one or two hours to dry slightly. Make a syrup from a half pound of granulated sugar and a half pint of water. Boil until the syrup spins a thread, take it from the fire, stand the saucepan in a pan of cold water, and when cool beat rapidly until the syrup has a grayish look and is partly crystallized. Drop in your Rose leaves a few at a time, and with a pair of wire tongs place them on oiled paper to harden.

HAVE A BILL OF FARE BOOK.—A plain, strong, blank book is what is needed. Every morning write therein what you will have for the next dinner, supper and breakfast. In this way a pleasant variety and a better class of cooking will be secured, and all needed preparations can be made methodically, instead of a harum-scarum at the last moment. This is especially useful where a servant does the cooking.

SHAVING WITH VASELINE.—A friend of mine a few months ago told me how to shave easily and painlessly, and I have never shaved in a barber's shop since. The plan is to use oil or grease instead of soap to prepare the chin and soften the beard. Vaseline is the most convenient and it should be rubbed in quite freely. Then with a keen razor shaving can be done quickly and without a suspicion of pain. At first I couldn't reconcile myself to doing without the orthodox lather, and used soap after the vaseline had been applied. But the soap is really unnecessary, and shaving with oil or vaseline is cleaner, as well as pleasanter, and what is more to the point, there is no irritation whatever to the skin.

SOUTH LONDON, JAN. 27th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for the very pretty Silver Fruit Service received by express this morning. I have been a subscriber to THE CANADIAN QUEEN for the past year and am very well pleased with it. Yours truly,
C. W. NELLES.

GLOVERSVILLE, N.Y., FEB. 7th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—The prize awarded me in your late "Word Contest" was received to-day, and it is simply exquisite. I am perfectly delighted with it and with your magazine, which is par excellence. Wishing you every success in your coming contest, and again thanking you,
Yours truly,
MRS. F. P. SIMMONS.

PORT PERRY, ONT., JAN., 1891
DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the Silver Tea Set awarded me as the daily prize in the National History Competition. Wishing the Queen every success,
I am, yours truly,
W. H. MARK.

PLAY THINGS EVER NEW.—In order that play things may be ever new and interesting to a child, only keep about him a few, that he can make good use of. Put the rest out of sight—not bringing them out until he has become weary of the first. In this way everything he possesses is fresh, and creates a new joy whenever he plays with it.



BLOOMFIELD, NEW BRUNSWICK, JAN. 29th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—Have just received my prize, am very much pleased with it. We like your magazine very much.
MRS. ROBERT BAXTER.

LUN To all persons who send 10c. silver within the next 30 days we will send a package containing all the following: 32 complete Love Stories by popular authors, Set of DOMAINS, 15 Portraits of Female Celebrities, DICTIONARY OF DREAMS, 20 Popular Songs, 134 Conundrums, 276 Autograph Album Selections, 67 Magical experiments, Lovers' Telegraph, Guide to Flirtation, Golden Wheel Fortune Teller, Magic and Mystic Age Tables, Game of Authors—43 pieces with full directions, 2 Morse Telegraph Alphabets, 11 Parlor Games, Calendar for the current year, Games of Shadow Buff, Letters, etc. The Deaf and Dumb Alphabet. Sent 10 cents silver at once and receive this **BIG BARGAIN.** (Mention Paper.)
Address, **NASSAU CO., 58 & 60 Fulton St., N. Y.**

ROCKBURN, QUE., FEB. 17th, 1891.
GENTLEMEN,—I am much pleased with the beautiful prize you have so kindly awarded me. Please find enclosed subscriptions as per conditions, "One of the Lucky Ten."
MRS. E. J. LAUGHTON.

SEND to Eureka Hand Carpet Loom Co., 244 W. Main St., BATTLE CREEK, MICH. for Circular.

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HAVE a cream Japanese silk—which is smoother than China silk for an inexpensive evening gown—made with a ribbon ruche on the foot of the round skirt, short-puffed sleeves half way to the elbows, and a half low, slightly pointed bodice. Finish the neck and sleeves with a frill of Empire lace at sixty-five cents, or the silk Barcelona lace at one dollar and twenty-five cents. The bodice is full,aced in the back, and has ribbon along the lower edge, with a full rosette on each point. For a high-necked, evening gown, have deep corn-yellow cashmere, crepon, or China silk with a full skirt, pointed corsage full from the shoulders, and long sleeves having the under halves of velvet and the upper part of silk. Select a rich, golden-brown velvet, and use it also for a skirt border; Medici collar ending in a slight V in front, a girdle across the front and a large rosette in the back on the point. Plain cloth sleeves and vests are worn with plaid skirts and basques. Corduroy vests are also worn with cloth suits and the fashion of wearing a plain basque with a striped or plaid skirt has been revived, though now they have large sleeves of the skirt material. Round, cloth basques have the edge cut in tabs, bound with velvet or gimp. Turquoise blue cloth sleeves and vests are stylish with black, dark-blue, and seal-brown dresses. Several imported dresses show only, a single seam in the basque back, that down the middle. Short bodices are stylishly lengthened by hip pieces, flat or box plaited, sewed on with a cord just below the waist-line. The back is round or like a habit basque, and the high sleeves have a bias frill, gathered after doubling it, sewn in the top of the sleeves. The cloth skirt is of two breadths only, as described above, and the vest and collar are of contrasting cloth. Nothing is worn more than cloth, and it is not an expensive dress when fifty-two inches wide and a light-weight of it selling for one dollar and fifty cents. Blue, tan and brown are the shades selected in this material for street dresses, with pearl-gray, suède, turquoise-blue, and a lovely pinkish-tan for pretty house gowns.

HINDOO widows still continue to attempt suttee, notwithstanding it is prohibited by law under severe penalties. Only a short time since a rich widow was forcibly removed from a funeral pyre after she had been badly burned, in her desire to join her husband in the next world.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, FEB. 10th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for the very elegant "After Dinner Silver Fruit Service," received by express Feb. 2nd. The intrinsic value of your grand magazine should secure an enormous circulation; but joined as it is to so many valuable bonuses offered, and within the reach of every subscriber—one of which I have so most unexpectedly received, leads me to believe that your genuine and generous manner of dealing with your patrons must lead to fame and fortune; remaining

yours truly, EVANGELINE MACDONALD.

MARKDALE, ONT., FEB. 4th, 1891

DEAR SIR,—The Silver Tea Set awarded me in your Historical Competition arrived in good order, accept my thanks for same.

Yours truly, HERBERT L. DOUGLAS.

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Return this notice with the addresses of fifteen invalid lady friends, and I will mail you one month's treatment free of charge. **DR. D. M. COONLEY, Coonley Medical College Institute, South Bend, Ind.**

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