



THE COUNTESS OF MINTO

THE LITTLE MANITOBAN

A CHILD'S STORY-BOOK

ISSUED UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF MINTO
FOR THE BENEFIT OF
THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY
OF WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

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INTRODUCTION.



HAVE been asked to write an introduction to this Christmas Souvenir Story Book, published on behalf of the Children's Aid Society of Winnipeg, and, though I deeply appreciate the opportunity thus afforded me of saying a few words in praise of such a work, I cannot help feeling that, to a public which is already aware of the admirable aims and objects of the Society, and to readers whose attention has been once drawn to the list of the contributors to this volume, any further introduction must appear superfluous and unnecessary.

As a means of raising funds for a charity which is among the most estimable charities of the Dominion, the publication of this Story Book must commend itself warmly to the notice of all those to whom the lot of their poorer brethren is a matter of any moment, as a literary production this volume is well able to stand, with the certainty of a thoroughly deserved success, upon its merits alone.

Any project which tends towards the better treatment and the amelioration of the condition of the poorest classes; any scheme which has in view the question of providing food for the destitute, homes for the homeless, comfort for the neglected and ill-used, must appeal to the hearts of all who have ever given a moment's consideration to the solution of that great "problem of the poor" which ever, amid all the sunshine of the world, casts a haunting shadow across our path and forms a barrier to retard the progress of civilization.

And, when the object of a charity is to ameliorate the lot of those unfortunate children who, through no fault of their own, but by reason of their destitution or through the neglect of unfortunate parents, are suffering from the cruelty of their circumstances or condition; whose characters are being warped, whose natures are being brutalized by the degradation of their surroundings; the most callous heart must be reached and touched by its appeal.

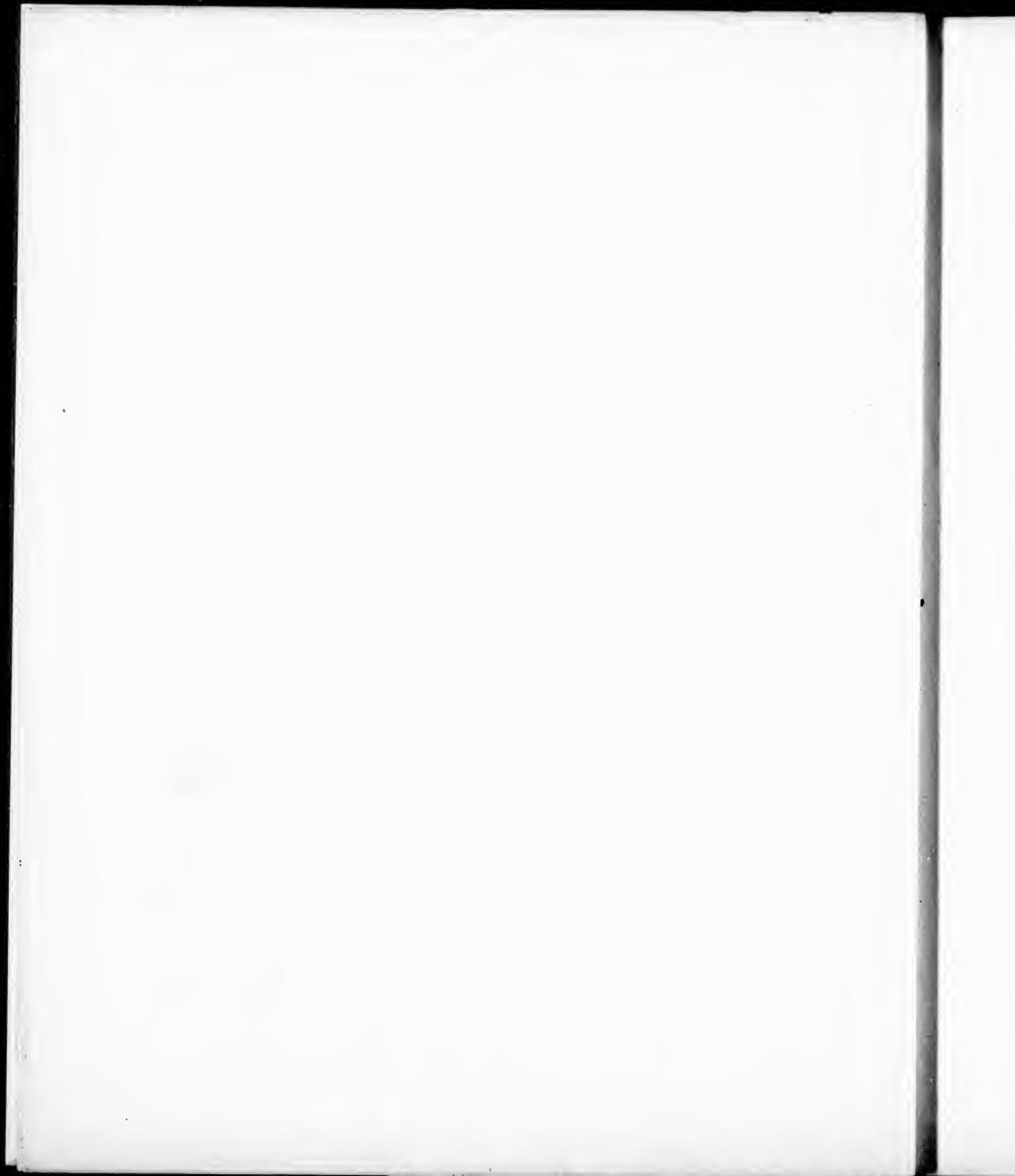
For the parents of children for whose happiness it is their one desire, for whose comfort and personal well-being it is their one delight to provide, it must

be a particularly blessed and absorbing task to bring joy into the hearts of those other children to whom the fact of their existence has hitherto implied nothing but neglect and ill-treatment; to carry warmth and sunshine into the lives of those little ones to whom the world must seem but a cold and darkened desert of doubt and misery; and to brighten the lot of those in whose little minds have flourished no deeper feeling than the power of suffering, no higher thought than a strange wonder at the "mystery of the cruelty of things."

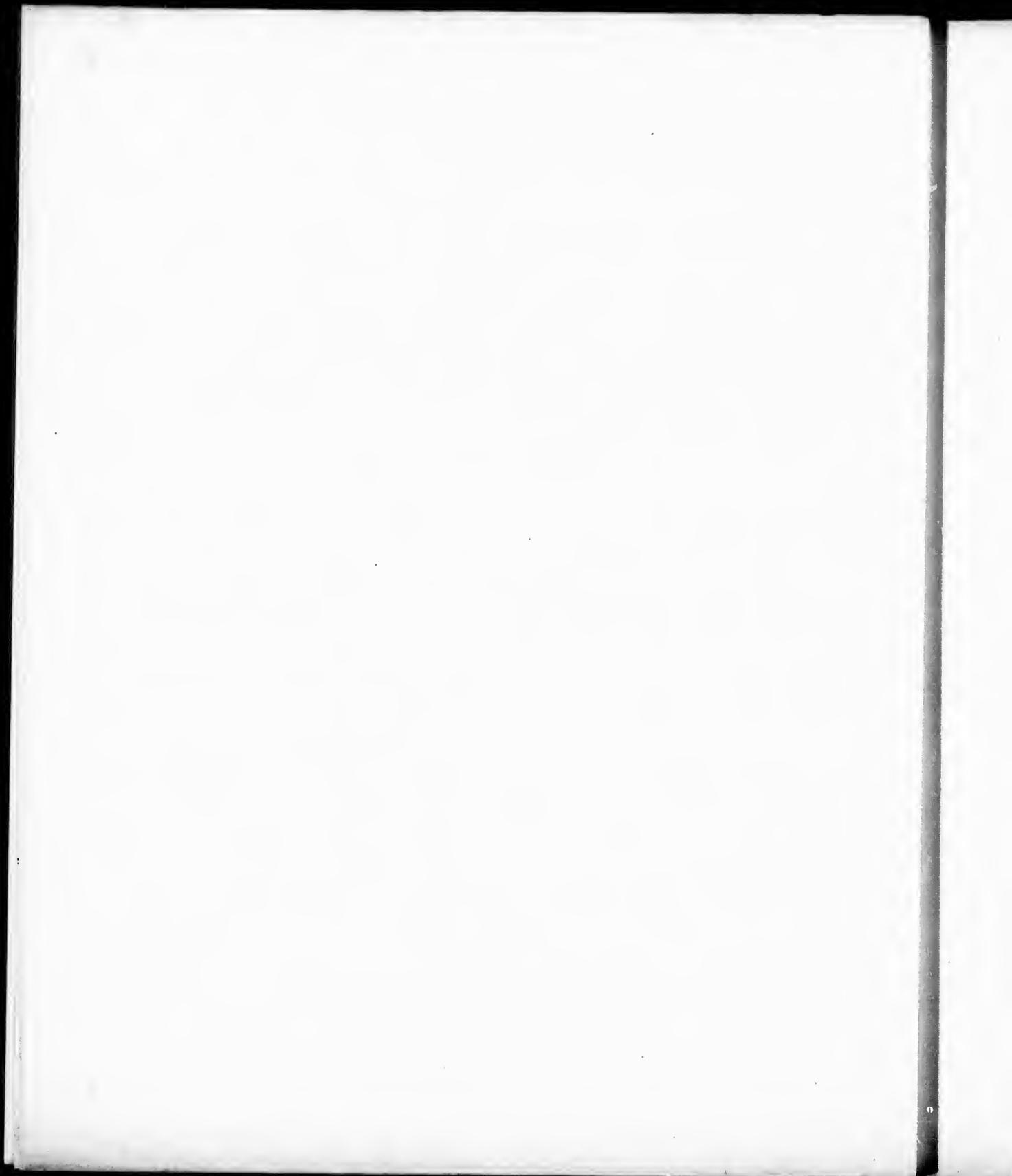
For the children of those whose lives are cast in pleasant places, whose lot is laid on other, happier lines, it is an invaluable privilege and must be an especial pleasure to assist, by the warmth of their good wishes, by the subscription of their monetary contributions, and by every endeavor which is prompted by an earnest, heartfelt interest in the lives of their less fortunate fellow-beings, to carry on and bring to a successful issue a charitable undertaking which possesses so peculiarly attractive and admirable an object.

Such an object, indeed, speaks for itself; it needs no advocate. Such good work requires but to be brought to the notice of the public to earn an immediate, unanimous and ready support; and if, by the publication of this book, a keener and more general feeling of interest in the good work of the Society is roused, and the further continuance of such good work is facilitated, the volume will have completed the task which it set forth to accomplish, and in so doing attain that measure of success which shall justify its existence.

Mary Thiel



PART I.

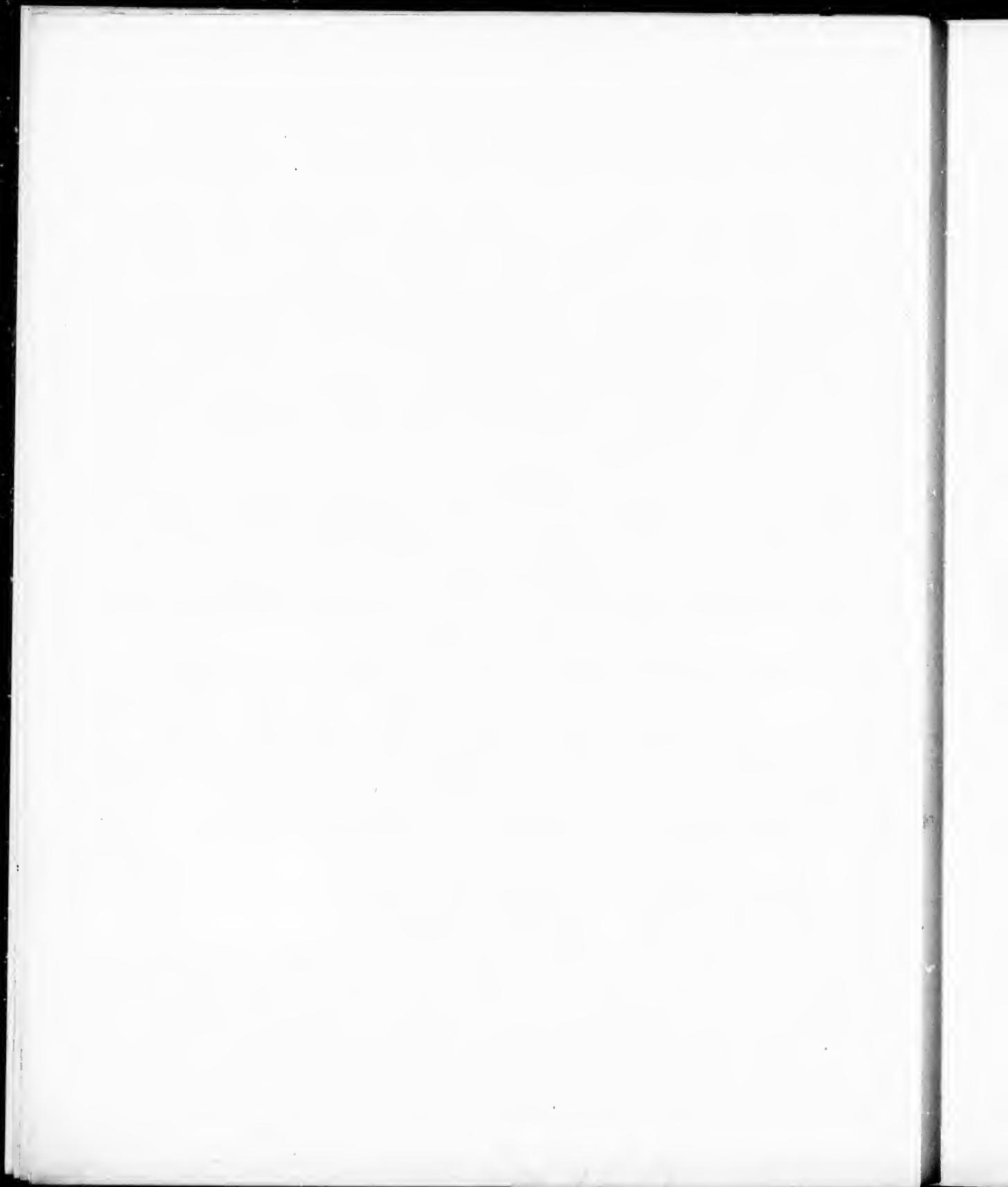


THE BROOK.

*First, 'tis a tiny waterfall, a baby river learning to crawl;
Winding and frolicking in and out,
Skipping and dancing round about,
Pausing to grasp at a perfumed flower
That clings to the cliff, its earth-brown bower!
Or cruelly stealing a tender fern; and leaving it stranded just at the turn,
Where it pauses a moment (a bend in the way)
To catch and to kiss a sunbeam gay!
The two go frolicking gaily along
Gurgling together a lullaby song;
The green boughs meeting up overhead make for the dreamers a shady bed.
Then up in the morning and on as before,
Chasing the pebbles that play on the shore;
Spraying the graceful maidenhair
Which on its banks grows rich and rare.
And now, quite grown, its childish race slows to a graceful, easy pace:
It longs to linger where tall reeds roam;
In woody dells with the stalks at home.
No more will the brooklet gambol in glee,
"O!" it sighs, "to be once more free!"
But "life hath its joys," the beckoning sea cries aloud, "Come! I wait, love,
for thee."
One backward glance—one tremulous shiver;
"I come!" she responds, "thy bride—the River!"
Sunshine the light showered down from above
Reflecting the heavens where all is love.*

Vancouver, B. C.

—Florence Alice McClure,
Aged twelve.



Bruno :

The True Story of a Dog That Never Was Trained.

“HE most troublesome dog that ever lived was Bruno. I do wish that some one would steal him, lose him, or that he would run away!” exclaimed little Dot McCarthy, half breathless and almost in tears, as she closed the house door, after shutting Bruno in. “This is the second time to-day that I have had to run half-way back from school just to lock him up. I would not mind all the other dreadful things he does, if he would not follow me to school.”

“What are you locking the door for, darling?” asked Dot’s mamma; Bruno can’t unlock it again, can he?”

“I almost believe he could, mamma,” said Dot, now laughing.

But it was not poor Bruno’s fault that he was such a dreadful dog; for, you see, he had never been trained. The McCarthys had moved to the city of Winnipeg, and were living in a small shanty, which Dot and Gert thought a very, very funny house, indeed; they had lived in the city of Halifax, and the children remembered a very beautiful home there. But other people were living in tents upon the prairie, and “we are better off than they are,” Dot said.

But the little girls forgot all about their shanty home and its bleak surroundings, when, one day, coming in from a long walk with their papa, they found a darling little pup asleep upon the door mat. This was Bruno!

“Oh! Oh! what a darling doggie!” exclaimed the children.

“Look at his soft white breast,” said Dot.

“He has four white socks,” said Gert.

“Just a little white thimble-tip on his tail,” added Dot.



DOT ANL BRUNO.

"And a tiny white dot on his nose," said both children together.

"And a pretty, black, curly coat," said mamma.

"What shall we call him?" asked Gert. "Would 'Puppy' do? That's what he is."

"Are you called 'Girl' because you're one?" asked Dot, indignantly.

"Oh—h—h, no! What shall we call him, mamma?"

"How would Bruno do?" said mamma. "That was the name of dear Aunt Marion's great big dog."

"Yes," said Dot, "I think Bruno would be a pretty name. Bruno, do you like your name?"

"I suppose wagging his tail means 'Yes,'" said Gert, "but, I wonder where he came from?" patting the dog's black, glossy head. "I don't suppose the fairies left him, or the brownies, or—or Santa Claus."

"Not Santa Claus," said Dot; "this is summer time."

"I know where he came from!" added Dot, thoughtfully, "just one person in the whole world would think of getting him. Just one!" and a loving look came into her eyes.

"You always seem to know everything!" said Gert, a little vexed. "Who is just the one person in the whole world who would think of getting him?"

"Mother, of course, darling mother!" said Dot.

Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, who had been hearing the children's chatter, now came into the room.

"Oh, thank you, mamma, dear mamma!" exclaimed both children, hugging her tightly; "we know it was you who got us the dear little pup. We've called him, as you proposed, Bruno; do tell us where you got him?"

"I bought him for you, little daughters," said mamma, "and now you must treat him well."

The little girls spent a couple of delightful months with Bruno, who soon learned to answer to his name; but now I must tell you how poor Bruno was spoiled. A family of seven boys came to live next door to the children, and they had no dog of their own. When the little girls called Bruno in their yard, the boys, across the way would call him from their yard, and when Dot and Gert would tell Bruno to go in the house—and he would go very obediently—as soon as poor Bruno was in, the boys would call, "Bruno! Bruno! Bruno!" and whistle most coaxingly, and obedient Bruno would rush out to them. This was kept up for over a year, and the dog did not know when or whom to obey. But the naughty boys had taught Bruno one trick—that was to pick up sticks, and bits of paper, and old tin cans, which he would proudly bear to his mistresses.

When Dot locked the house door, after putting Bruno in (to follow her be-

ing his kindly fault), she started off once more to school. Alas! At the school-house door she heard a short sharp yelp of joy, and lo! the irrepressible pet—the untrained doggie—was close beside her.

“Oh, Bruno!” sobbed Dot; “I do wish you loved me less, or that you were better trained.”

The most troublesome thing he did was to follow the children to school. He would sneak out the back door, run up the lane, and, when the little girls would arrive at the top of the street, there Bruno would be sitting awaiting their coming. “There’s Bruno,” Dot would say. “He’s your dog, and you will have to take him back!”

“No,” Gert would answer. “You always feed him, so he is your dog!”

One day, Miss Forest, the teacher, said: “Gertie, there is some one at the door.” Gert went to the door and opened it; in walked Bruno! The pupils were delighted, so was Bruno.

“Maud (that was Dot’s real name), take your dog out,” said Miss Forest.

“Please, Miss Forest, he is Gert’s dog, not mine,” said Gert.

This occurred several times, and at last Bruno was tied to the foot-scraper—but the knock came again—the naughty dog pushed the door open with his determined nose, and Bruno marched triumphantly in once more, the rope dangling to his neck, and attached to the rope was the scraper! Bruno lay down at Dot’s feet, and, little readers, you would never know he was there; this is where he showed his affection, and entirely surpassed all other dogs; he never left the side of Dot, and would stick to her as closely as he could. If Dot went to the teacher’s desk, Bruno went too; if she went to the blackboard, Bruno followed; when she stood up to recite her lessons, Bruno stood up too, and he seemed to take a learned interest in each lesson. This irresponsible doggie went to church, went calling, and went to picnics; if he were left behind, he would howl, bark, scratch and tear at the door with his teeth; when he was allowed to follow, he was so overjoyed that he behaved very badly, leaping up at passers-by, making a feint of following horses, and disappearing around corners in the most mysterious way. People became well acquainted with him, and would always laugh when they saw him with the children.

One day, a friend of the family invited Dot and Gert to visit a large candy manufactory, and they took good care to leave Bruno behind. When they reached the building, that naughty doggie was at their heels! The manufactory was surrounded by a fence about eight feet high, and they thought this would prove a match for him. They shut him out. A most terrific howling, barking and scratching followed.

“It serves him right,” said the children, “he should not have followed us.”

Then they heard a peculiar scrambling, and, to their astonishment, Bruno's black head appeared at the top of the eight-foot fence.

"I believe he is laughing at us," said Dot. "Just look at his face? I am sure he is laughing, if dogs can laugh!" Then Bruno put one front paw over the fence in a coaxing way, and he began to whine. Dot shook her head at him, and over he came with a spring to the ground.

"Why, Dot," said the gentleman, "your dog is an excellent jumper; that would hardly be equalled by a trained dog in a circus."

"O, I believe Bruno would jump over the moon to follow Dot," said Gert, laughing.

"One day, the climax came, when Gert called from the yard, "Mother, mother, come quickly!" but Gertie was laughing all the time. "Bruno—has brought—" (here laughter stopped her) "has brought home a pudding-dish in his mouth!" Mrs. McCarthy and Dot came out to see, and there, indeed, was Bruno with his prize. He was wagging his tail, as much as to say: "See what a fine dish I have brought you." The children's mamma was much mortified. "Dear me!" said she, "I wonder where Bruno got it! It must be returned at once." Dot washed the dish, and went up the long street; knocked at the first door. "Is this your pudding-dish, Mrs. Taylor? Bruno just brought it home." "No, Dot, it is not mine, but it is a very nice one." Dot opened the second gate, and knocked at the second door. "Is this your pudding-dish, Mrs. Black? Bruno just brought it home." "No, Dot; I wish it were. I haven't one as nice as that," was the reply. Dot opened the third gate, knocked at the door. "Is this your pudding-dish, Mrs. Harvey? Bruno just brought it home." "No, Dot; I don't leave my pudding-dishes where dogs can get them," said Mrs. Harvey. So Dot carried the pudding-dish back. "We can't keep it," said Gert, looking at Bruno very severely. "Where did you get it, you bad doggie?" Bruno hung his head.

One day Gert rushed in, calling "Bruno has just come into the yard with a pie-plate!" She rushed out again, breathless, to catechise the thief.

"Bruno is adding to our culinary department," said Mrs. McCarthy, "but will certainly come to a bad end, if he doesn't mend his ways."

Gert, who was a humorist, opened the door of the cupboard, and pointing to the collection made by Bruno in his rambles, she said: "No. 1. A pudding-dish; will bake the most delicious puddings ever tasted. No. 2. A pudding-dish; rather the worse for wear, but the puddings may be made just as good. No. 3. A bread-pan, in which meat has evidently been lately roasted; not bad, either; and to-day, a pie-plate that has seen not only pies, but better days!" "Bruno, you are a valuable, if dangerous, acquisition to our house. Now, why

don't you bring a tea-kettle? There is a hole in ours, as you very well know!" Bruno thumped the floor with his tail, as much as to say, "Yes, a tea-kettle is what is wanted. I must keep my eye open for a kettle."

"There is our dog coming out of the Archdeacon's yard, with something in his mouth!" said Dot and Gert, rushing to the window.

"I am disgraced with that dog!" said Mrs. McCarthy; "I do wish he had been trained to behave. He is actually coming down the middle of the street, and, goodness, he has—a—a joint of meat in his jaws!"

Sure enough, on came Bruno, steering straight for the house and bearing a fine roast.

"He has taken it from an Archdeacon, too," cried Dot. "How scandalous! We will have to take it back and apologize."

"Not if he brought all the pots, kettles and pans from here to St. John's!" said Gert, crying. "People will think he is trained to—to—to—"

The children both burst into tears. Something fell on the porch floor with a thump. It was the Archdeacon's dinner.

Everything has an end, and Bruno's end came soon. The pound-man made his rounds, and poor Bruno had lost his tag; so away went Bruno, howling his grief at being tied up to a master he did not want. Dot and Gert cried bitterly when their shaggy friend was gone. "But," as their mamma said, "he was an untrained dog, and a nuisance to everybody."

Next morning, when the little girls arrived at school, they were perfectly astonished (and not a little overjoyed) to find Bruno sitting on the door-step, uttering welcoming yelps. He behaved so well the rest of the day that Dot and Gert both believed he had been taught a lesson by being sent to pound; and Bruno, being solemnly charged by his little mistresses to behave better in future, that exceedingly wise dog winked his eyes three times, wagged his tail vigorously twice, and barked once, which everybody knows means, "I will be good," in dog language. Another tag was bought for him, and he is still the children's pet.

This is the story of Bruno. The true story of a dog that went to school, to church, to visit, to picnics, and to pound. A story of the most troublesome dog that ever lived, but who became a well-behaved dog, through adversity and trouble, quite like real people do in the world.

MARGARET HELEN CONNELL.

Winnipeg.

Bella's Prayer.

“**W**ILL Santa Claus come to-night, mother?” asked little Bella, drawing close up to her mother’s sewing chair. Mrs. Blake’s eyes were full of tears as she answered: “I hope so darling, but it is a very dark night, you see, and he might lose his way.”

Bella looked up at her mother, and then she looked out at the darkness. The snow was falling steadily, and though there was a fire on the hearth, yet the room was very cold.

Mrs. Blake saw the look of disappointment on her little girl’s face, so she stitched very fast now, and glancing up at the clock, she said: “If Santa Claus doesn’t get this far to-night, won’t my little girl wait until next year?”

“Oh, yes, mamma,” said Bella, but she sighed a great big sigh for a very little girl.

Bella couldn’t sleep: she was thinking so hard whether Santa Claus would find the way, or would he get lost and not come at all? Then she fell asleep. Suddenly she was awake again. The room was very dark, and just a very small fire seemed to be burning in the grate. How could anybody see on such a dark night? The little girl saw that her mother was sleeping soundly beside her. She got out of bed and lit the candle, then placed it in the window. “Now,” she said, “Santa Claus can see his way!” She knelt down on the cold floor, folded her little hands, and said: “Please, God, let Santa Claus come here to-night.” Then she crept into bed and fell asleep. In the morning she found her stocking full of goodies; she told her mother about her prayer, and how God had answered it. Her mother told Bella she should be very happy and thank God for His goodness. Then Bella and her mother knelt down and thanked God.

FLORENCE MAY GARLAND.

Portage la Prairie, Manitoba.

The Mission of the Wheat Plant.



ONE beautiful morning, just before harvest time, as I was waiving gently in the breeze, my children nestling closely up to me, murmured:

“Mother, our separation is near, tell us the story of your life.” So I began:

The first I remember was the feeling of life stirring within me. Then I felt an impulse to shove my little folded leaf through the loose, moist soil into the warmth and sunshine above.

For a short time I lived and grew on the food contained by the wheat seed from which I grew. When this was exhausted, I supplied myself with nourishment. I was now about two inches tall, and I began to notice more closely the things about me. I saw innumerable wheat-plants like myself growing around me. We had been planted in this field in the Spring by the farmer who owns us. Across the corner of the field flowed the river, on the opposite shore of which there was a grove of lovely trees. It was impossible not to grow and be happy with such beautiful surroundings; the soft Spring air blowing gently over us, the warm sun shining down upon us, and the sap flowing through our cells.

We were taller and stronger now than any of the neighboring crops, and many people praised us and said it was the best crop they had seen. It was nice to be praised; so we grew just as fast as we could. But “Pride goeth before a fall,” for, as the season advanced, the sun’s rays got hotter and hotter and the soil got drier and drier. Oh! how we longed for a drink. Our leaves wilted a little, but that night it rained. We were awakened about midnight by the cool, refreshing drops falling gently down upon us and moistening our drooping leaves. They soaked “Mother Earth” with water.

I slept in the morning till a sunbeam whispered to me: “Work, little

plant, work, while you are strong and fresh!"

So, with the help of the sunshine, we made our food, and grew taller and stronger each day. Soon our shoot-blades appeared, and through these peeped each tiny head on which you children grew.

But a sad time followed. A long dry spell set in, and the ground grew drier and drier each day. Oh! the agony of unquenched thirst. We prayed fervently for the cool drops to fall. Day by day we closed our stomata to lessen the evaporation, but it all seemed in vain. We soon became scorched and withered. Our leaves turned a brownish-yellow, with the glaring sun beating down upon them from the copper sky, and the hot, dry winds whirling the sand against and almost uprooting us. How we lived, day after day, I know not.

Sometimes my thoughts dwell on the happy spring days, with their cooling showers, till I could almost feel the rain upon my burning leaves. But stern realities would be forced upon me by a glance at the suffering around me. To add to our misery, we heard of the rapid spread of insects, called grasshoppers, which flew in clouds, darkening the sun. The bees whispered with trembling accents of the great devastation wrought by these insects.

But the end of our suffering was near. A southeast wind blew steadily for two days. Then came the rain. How cool and refreshing were those clear, pure drops falling gently from the darkened sky to put an end to our agony. The rain continued to fall for three days, till the ground was soaked with moisture.

All nature rejoiced at the change. The birds sang sweetly, the bees buzzed cheerily as they gathered their winter store of honey from the flowers, and the sun shone less fiercely, and with a more kindly ray, through the misty air.

And now, my children, you are full grown. When you are ripe my work shall be ended, and I shall die. Then you will be harvested, and your warm wraps shall be taken from you. After that, my children, oh, what shall your life be? Are you to follow my path in life, or in that of my sisters? They were taken to a mill, and, with millions and millions of others, were made into flour to feed the hungry nation.

LIZZIE S. SHARMAN.

Souris, Manitoba.

How Chief Prince Outwitted the Half-Breeds.



YING on a tarpaulin in front of our camp-fire, we were resting ourselves after three hours' steady rowing in one of those big, flat-bottomed, Red River mud scows.

"Chief," said Jack to the old Indian, who was seated on a log, cleaning his gun, "were you in this country when Wolseley came up from the East?"

"Yes, I guided the party from the mouth of the Winnipeg River to Fort Garry," was the answer.

"I suppose, then, you saw Riel, the leader of the half-breed rebels?"

"Oh, yes, I knew him well, and once got the better of him."

Jack would not let the chief alone till he had consented to tell us his story.

"It was at the time when Riel had the prisoners confined in Fort Garry," he began. "My father, who was chief of the Ojibway Indians, had collected a party of his braves, and was coming against the fort to demand from Riel the release of some of his tribe, who were among the prisoners. I was at that time attending St. John's College, and my father sent me word that he would meet me at the school next day. The same morning that I received the message I met a white man on the river. He was a stranger to me, but he knew who I was. He told me of a plan which would help my father in obtaining the release of the prisoners, and he promised to give me sixty dollars if I should succeed in carrying it out. I did not know the man, nor was I sure that he would give me the money, but since it would be the means of helping my father, I fell in with it.

"He said he would supply me with a good horse, and all other necessaries, so we arranged to meet at a certain tree at three o'clock that afternoon.

"At the appointed hour I met the man.

"He had brought with him a little pie-bald pony. It was the finest little

beast I have ever seen of its kind. When he saw how I admired the horse he said: 'Prince, that horse is yours, if you bring him back.' I thanked him and mounted.

"He handed me a file and a number of iron spikes, which I put in my pocket; then he gave me a rifle, and, last of all, a small hatchet.

"The stranger wished me good luck, and I departed.

"I took the winter trail on the river, and followed it until within a half a mile of the Catholic mission. Then I rode my horse up the east bank of the river and made for the road that leads into Fort Garry.

"After a while it began to snow, and by the time I reached the road snow was coming down pretty heavily.

"On the well-beaten trail I rode my horse at a good speed till I overtook a party of half-breeds, who had been about half a mile ahead of me.

"I slowed up my horse and asked if this was the road leading to the fort. They said it was, and then asked who I was and what I wanted at the fort. I told them I was a Cree Indian, and that I carried a message of great importance to Riel. They thought I was just what I said, for I can speak Cree very well, as you know.

"As we rode along together I let them understand I knew nothing about the state of affairs at the fort, and they told me many things of importance. When we arrived at the fort they explained to the sentinel who I was, and so I passed in without mishap.

"Before leaving me they pointed out Riel's office. I thanked them, and made off as if I really intended going there.

"I rode straight ahead until I saw them pull up their horses in front of a house, and enter. I then turned and rode up to a shed and there tied my pony. It was snowing pretty hard now, and as it was beginning to get dark, I thought it about time I was upon my mission; so I struck off towards the north gate, which to-day is all that remains of the old fort. On coming up, I was not surprised to find a sentinel on guard.

"I had all my plans arranged; I would come up and speak to him in a friendly way, and then, when he was least expecting it, I would knock him senseless with the stock of my gun. But, imagine my surprise when, on coming up, he asked me if I had come to relieve him? Without the least hesitation I answered that I had; then he strode away, and was soon out of sight.

"My opportunity had now come, and I nerved myself for the occasion. I entered the gateway where four large cannons were mounted. I could hear my heart thumping against my ribs, as, with eager hand, I drew the first spike from my pocket. I placed it to the touch-hole and struck it a blow with the head

of my hatchet. The sound rang like a bell on my ear. I grabbed up my rifle in alarm and rushed outside. No one was near. I listened; all was still, so I went inside again. This time I placed my mitt over the head of the spike and managed to muffle the sound slightly.

"When the nail was driven in full length, I rubbed off the head with the file. Then I listened if anyone was coming. I could hear nothing but the beating of my own heart, and a buzzing sound was in my ears.

"I went on with my work and spiked the remaining three guns. When



FORT GARRY—THE SOUTH GATE.

the last one was spiked, it was hard work to keep from giving one of our war whoops, for the guns in which Riel had placed so much confidence were now useless.

"My next thought was how to get out of the fort. I tried the big gates, but they were both locked and barred, and I could not find the key, though I looked high and low for it. When I saw that I could not get out that way, I looked about to see if there was a plank or something that would aid me in scaling the wall; but I could not find what I wanted. There was but one chance left; if the south gate—the one by which I entered the fort—was still opened, I might get out that way. I could not make out whether it was open or not, because, by this time, it was dark and the snow was falling heavily.

"I secured my pony and made off in the direction of the gate. I was very glad to find it still open. I was riding at an easy pace that I might not attract attention, when I heard a yell of alarm behind me; I knew what it meant. I dug my heels into the bronco's flanks and dashed for the gateway. The guard tried to close the gate, but it stuck; then he jumped right 'in front of me, but I rode right at him, and he narrowly escaped being knocked over by my horse. As soon as I had cleared the fort I turned my horse sharply to the left and dropped over his right side, leaving only my left leg visible.

"When the guard recovered himself he fired at my horse, but the bullet lodged in my leg. The horse, being a good one, soon carried me beyond range, and I gave one great yell of defiance as I passed out of range of the guard.

"When I had ridden to a safe distance from the fort, I stopped my horse that I might examine my leg, and found that I had only received a flesh wound. I tore up the sleeve of my shirt into strips and bandaged my leg, and then I resumed my journey home.

"The next day, when my father arrived at the fort, Riel released the prisoners, knowing that resistance would be impossible with all his guns spiked.

WILLIAM E. GRANT.

Winnipeg.

Note.—This story is the combination of two incidents which actually occurred in 1870.

Obedience.



"Hi mother, may I have Mary over to play with me after school to-morrow?"

"Yes, my pet, but you will have plenty of time to sweep the dead leaves out of the arbor and dust the parlor before she comes."

When Eunice came home from school she found her mother had gone out. She took the broom, and as she was going to the arbor she noticed a stately lily withering away. "Oh!" said she, to herself, "it is too bad to allow it to droop like that; I will go and get some water." Near it she noticed a lovely pansy, which also needed water. "Now," thought the little girl, "I will water the plants in the window," and this work was just done when the gate opened, and in came her little playmate, Mary. They played together quite a while, and Eunice said: "I am so sorry, Mary, I haven't the new game mother promised me."

"She may be getting it this afternoon, and we can have it the next time I come."

"Perhaps so. I'll go now and get something for us to eat."

But the cook wouldn't give her anything.

"How horrid," she pouted; "there is no cake nor anything else!"

After this Mary went home, and Eunice took up her broom again and went to sweep the arbor. She saw something on the rustic seat with a napkin thrown over it. It was a lovely lunch, which had been prepared and placed there for her by her mother. Then Eunice dusted the parlor and behind a chair there was the new game her mother had bought for her! Now, Eunice wished she had done her work as she had been told before Mary came, and she made up her mind to be more careful in future and do what her mother told her.

CARRIE WILSON.

Winnipeg, Man.

Lilian's Christmas.



THE sun was setting on Christmas afternoon, 1898. He peeped out sleepily from under a dark cloud, and then went to bed. At least, that was what Lilian thought as she watched the light clouds in the east gradually become pink and then deepen into crimson and gold. A bird flitted past her window, flew higher, and disappeared in the glory of the drowsy sun. "I wonder if I had wings, and could fly like that little bird, where would I go to?" Her face took on a puzzled look, but in a minute it cleared again. "I would see papa first; I would just fly until I found him, and I would tell him I was going away to see mamma. I know he would want to send his love to her, and he wouldn't like me to go without telling him. I wonder how long it would take me to go to him? He said he was going a long way on business, but he might be home in a week. I would try to find him first, anyway. I know that I would find mamma quite easily; for when I got to the gates of Heaven, an angel would say: 'What's your name, little girl? How did you come up here without dying?' I would point to my wings, and say: 'Please, I just flew up myself, and I'm awfully tired. Won't you take me to my mamma?' I'm sure he wouldn't send me away, for mamma wouldn't let him."

Here a voice was heard calling, "Lilian! Lilian!"

"I'm coming, Agnes," said Lilian, as she slipped down from the broad window-sill and walked slowly down-stairs. Agnes, the nurse, gave her her tea, which she ate in unusual silence.

After tea she went up-stairs again, and began rummaging in an old box, which contained a great many bundles of turkey wings, destined to be used as dusters. On a high shelf there was a large bottle of mucilage. By standing on a chair, Lilian could reach it. She stuck her finger in the mucilage and drew it over her sleeve near the shoulder. In and out of the bottle went the

chubby finger, until each sleeve was well smeared with mucilage. Lilian had on a pretty new dress; but of what consequence was that when she had such great plans in her wise little head! Then, taking up some of the turkey feathers, she tried to stick them on her sleeves. After a good deal of trouble she succeeded in getting quite a number fastened on, though not very securely. Then she went to get her warm coat, but, to her dismay, she found it would not go on over the feathers; so she put on her hood and mittens, and, going softly down stairs, slipped out without being seen.

It was already growing quite dark and very cold. She wished that she had stuck the feathers on her coat; but it was too late now. Her home was in a quiet spot in the country, and there was no one to see the odd little figure, trudging along toward the dark wood in the distance. She said to herself, "If I go to the wood and fly up, I can rest in a tree."

She walked on, and the wind grew so cold that she shivered.

"To-day hasn't been such a happy Christmas," she mused. "Perhaps, if papa had been at home, I wouldn't have come here. He would have talked to me, and maybe he would have given me a pretty new doll to play with; but it's awful lonesome with nobody but Agnes."

The wind whistled about her. The wood was farther away than Lilian had thought; but at last she reached it. She flapped her arms stiffly; but she did not rise. Again and again she tried; but she only grew colder.

"The angels will all be singing in Heaven, because it's Christmas, and it will be warm and beautiful. Mamma will be happy up there with God. Oh, I'm so cold!"

The wind roared through the pines. It was a very dark night; but as Lilian trudged wearily on, the numbness in her fingers and toes overcame her fear of the dark. She was following a path which seemed to take her further into the wood. There was a little snow under foot, and a few flakes began to fall.

Lilian could go no further. She leaned against the trunk of a huge tree, and cried aloud: "Oh, mamma! my wings won't go! I'm freezing, and I'll never get to Heaven!" Her words died away in a sob, and from cold and exhaustion the little girl sank down in the snow.

* * * * *

She knew no more until she lay in her own little cot at home. Agnes was bending over her, and saying softly: "Poor lamb, how could I ever neglect you so?"

Lilian looked about her in wonder. "Is it morning?" she asked. "What have you got the lamp burning for?"

"No, dear; it is Christmas night."

"Oh, I 'member now," said Lilian. "How did I get here? I was nearly frozen."

"Your uncle came along in his sleigh. He heard a cry, and found you lying in the snow at the old pine tree. But, child, what ever made you do such a thing?"

Lilian told her the reason, and then added, "I was lonesome, too!"

Then Agnes brought a nice hot drink. As Lilian began to sip it, the front door opened and immediately a heavy footstep was heard on the stair. At the head of the stairs a little white figure rushed into her father's arms, crying excitedly, "Oh, papa! papa! have you come back to me?"

"Yes, my Lilian," replied her father, as he carried her back to bed again, and covered her up snugly.

She was not satisfied until she had told them all she had done that night. When she finished the story, her father said: "Poor child, and so you were lonesome? I am afraid that lively brain of yours will get you into trouble some day. Well, papa is home now to keep you company."

Then Lilian, completely tired out with the eventful day, went gently away to the Land of Dreams, one hand clasped in her father's, murmuring: "wings wouldn't go, but—but papa's here."

So her Christmas, which had at first seemed so dreary, ended in joy.

ISABELLA J. MCKAY.

Dundee, Manitoba.



For Mamma.



T was indeed a beautiful afternoon to hunt pretty bluebells and daisies, and to gather berries for mamma. The sun shone brightly, the birds twittered and chirped from tree to tree, while the soft summer wind wafted a glorious breeze from east to west, completing the perfection of one of the fairest of all summer prairie days.

Dear little five-year-old Dorothy, with her pretty yellow curls and her dancing brown eyes did not wait to ask mamma, but, trilling softly to herself, she trotted off down through the village, over the old white bridge, and into the swamp across the river, to hunt for berries for mamma. Hither and thither ran the little elf, but no berries could she find. Still she would not give up; for Dorothy wanted to surprise mamma by bringing home her silver cup filled with the pretty fruit, which she knew her mamma liked so well; so she patiently continued the search through all the bright afternoon till it began to grow cold and late. Then, poor little Dorothy, her tiny cup overflowing with berries, and her sweet dimpled face overflowing with contentment, started for home, little thinking she was on a strange path.

It was just about this time that Dorothy's mamma became very anxious. She had been busy, and had not missed the child till near the tea hour, the time when her darling always had her pinafore put on, and her little dimpled cheeks washed clean to meet and kiss her papa. Thinking she was visiting some little neighbor girl, Mrs. Wellington put on her hat and hurriedly went from one house to another, where she knew Dorothy liked to visit, but no one had seen the child that day, and the poor mother began to grow very, very anxious. Returning to her home, she told her fears to her husband, who, much alarmed, instantly started up, and, after searching every place he thought it possible for his little daughter to be, summoned help, and soon about two hundred of the anxious villagers were searching far and near for little Dorothy.

It grew later and later, darker and darker, the rain fell fast and heavy, still the search continued, and still Dorothy wandered on, till at length, overcome with fear and weariness, she set her cup down, and resting her head against an old tree, began to weep bitterly.

The storm ceased when daylight appeared; the men searched the woods all the second day till night came on again, and then they fell to the last resource of dragging the river. This was, however, without success, and they, thinking some wild beast must have devoured the child, decided to discontinue the search.

Meanwhile Dorothy, unconscious of where she was, or of the trouble and anxiety she was causing, lay moaning in the bluff, her little feet had tripped by a pit covered with water; her pretty bright curls were matted and damp about her chubby face, that had lost all its smiles and rosy color.

On the third day a man, riding through one of the most secluded parts of the woods, was attracted by his dog whimpering around the foot of some old, fallen trees. On going forward he found little Dorothy lying senseless on the cold, wet sod, just near where he himself had searched for her on the previous day. Hastily picking her up and wrapping her in his own coat, he galloped through mile after mile of wood, till he came to the old white bridge, across which dear little Dorothy had gone so happy that bright afternoon. The shock of again seeing her darling was too much for the poor mother; she fell and lay unconscious while kind hands were willingly helping Dorothy to return to her senses again.

The mother and child regained consciousness almost at the same time, and Dorothy's first feeble words, when enfolded to her mother's breast were: "The --berries--are--for--you--mamma!"

The gloom that had hung over the village since the first news of her disappearance gradually took flight, as, one by one, the people heard of her rescue, and when at last, after many days of patient nursing, little Dorothy came again among them rosy and bright, all were eager to kiss the little dimpled cheek and listen to the pretty baby prattle of her search for the berries "for mamma."

MABEL CUMMINGS.

Regina.

Lost and Found.



AR away in the west, among the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, by the side of a brawling stream, stood the little village of Rockvall. Hidden in the woods, and surrounded by hills, it was little known save to peddlers. Sometimes, but rarely, a traveller passed by. Here, amid green woods, backed by the snow-capped peaks of towering mountains, grew golden fields of waving grain, and here lived happy, contented people.

In a rose and vine-covered cottage lived Mrs. Wier and her little daughter, Nellie. Her husband had been killed by a snow-slide, the winter before, while out shooting wolves. Since then she had sold her farm, reserving only a small plot, on which she grew vegetables and a little grain. She now sat beneath a large tree, while little Nellie, a fair-haired child of some three summers, played by the stream.

"Look! Muddie, Look! See what I'se dot. Ain't dey petty?" said Nellie toddled up, holding out a bunch of daisies.

"Very, darling," answered the mother.

"'Oo is kying, Muddie. Is 'oo hurt?" cried Nellie, glancing up at her mother's face and seeing the tears there.

"No, darling, not hurt—only a little sad. You're my little comforter, aren't you, darling?" and she bent to kiss the rosy face.

"Where Faddie? 'Oo's not sad when Faddie here. Faddie been long time 'way, Muddie. When Faddie tum home, Muddie?"

"Hush, my little dear, Papa's dead. Papa lives up above the sky. Papa can't come to us; we must go to him."

"Den I go to Faddie wite now, an' bring him home. When I get Faddie, Muddie will ky no more. Go to bing Faddie."

But Mrs. Weir had not heard her prattling. She was again lost in deep

thought. So Nellie, putting on her hat, toddled across the garden, and out into the road. Unseen, the baby figure wandered up the road, till a bend hid her from view. Her blue eyes were fixed on a pine-covered hill, where, beyond the clouds, her mother had often told her "Faddie lived." Thither she was going to get to the sky, and bring father back to mother, so that she would be sad no more. Creeping through a fence and crossing a grain field, she entered the dark, pine wood. Up she went, unheeding many a lovely flower, which, at other times, she would have plucked with delight. She did not see them, for her baby-mind was trying to solve the problem of what death was. "What was dead? What did Muddie mean by "Faddie dead?" She would ask "Faddie."

On and on she toiled, while the sun slowly sank towards the west. Up, up she went, till her little legs ached. Still she did not complain—she had to get "Faddie for Muddie." On and on she wandered till her progress was checked by a stream. Here the tired limbs gave way, and, sitting down on a mossy bed, her curly head drooped, and she fell asleep.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Weir had not noticed her little daughter's absence, and, not until she went to call her to supper did she know that the child had strayed away.

She first searched the garden; Nellie was not there. Almost distracted, she ran to a neighbor's house; no news. She hurried to another. "Yes; one of the boys had seen the little wanderer toddling across their grain-field about half-past five," and it was now almost seven o'clock.

A search party was soon formed to look for the missing child.

Mrs. Weir went home with her neighbor, Mrs. Char. Here she paced up and down the veranda, listening to every sound, and crying, "My little girl! My only child! Are you gone, too? Where are you, Nellie?"

"Did she say where she was going?" asked Mrs. Char.

"No—I don't think so. No—I did not hear her. Nellie! Nellie! Where are you? What shall I do without you? It seems to me that I get all the trouble; no one else ever has any."

"Hush! You must not talk that way. She will be found. If I were you I would go to bed. Don't take on so; she will be found. Do go to bed."

"Go to bed!" almost screamed Mrs. Weir. "Go to bed, when my darling is out, no one knows where. Oh! Nellie, Nellie—I know I shall never see you again. You will never be found." And the agonized mother walked up and down, refusing to be comforted.

Hour after hour went slowly by—so slowly; still the searchers did not return.

We left little Nellie gently sleeping on her mossy couch, all unconscious of the agony she was causing. Presently, she began to dream that she had reached the top of the hill. Before her stood her father. She stretched out her hands, and cried, "Faddie, Faddie, tum here."

Her father answered, "My little Nellie, I cannot go home to mother. You must comfort her and love her."

"Faddie, tum home. Me tum to take 'oo home." There was no answer; the vision was gone. Nellie awoke.

Rising to her feet, she stretched out her hands. "Faddie, tum home—tum home—Muddie ky all day—tum home." Again there was no answer, and the child groped her way onward—stumbled—and, with a loud cry, fell forward; then lay still.

The searchers, hearing the cry, hastened in the direction of the sound, but day was breaking before they found her.

She was still and cold. Her long, fair hair was wet with blood and dew.

They raised what was left of little Nellie. A few white daisies, dead and withered, were still clasped in the little cold hand.

Sadly, they bore her to her home.

Mrs. Weir heard them coming, and hurried out to meet them.

"What has happened? There is something the matter. Let me see my darling," cried the poor mother.

Three days later a quiet, solemn procession moved down the road to the little church-yard. There, in a quiet corner, where the birds loved to sing and the flowers to bloom, they laid little Nellie. She had joined the "Faddie" of her vision.

KATIE OATWAY.

Lillyfield, Manitoba.

The River.



AN hour ago the sun had disappeared behind the western hills, and left the cloudless sky tinged with a crimson glory. This reflects on my face. All is calm around: not a breeze stirs the air, not the rustle of a leaf is heard. The birds have gone to rest, but now and then I hear them twitter to their young in the nests. The sleepy owl is awakening and silently sweeps around searching for food and uttering strange, screeching sounds.

I wind in and out through wooded belts of poplars, elms, maples, and for miles I stretch along the open prairie, enfolding sunny spots of greenery relieved by the pretty blue bell and the sweet-faced daisy, with here and there a stately orange lily and various other beautiful wild flowers bowing to the breeze.

One by one the hot summer days swiftly pass by, and autumn, with her chill nights, comes and withers my favorite flowers growing along my banks. At first I feel sad because I know I will miss their smiling faces leaning over and nodding at me every morning; but when I shall have said good-bye to them I shall be very busy indeed. I must build a house to keep me warm through the winter. I am sure the tall elms standing so stiff and straight envy me, for there they are tossed to and fro by the cold, bleak winds. The roof of my winter house is built of ice and snow; the walls are built of frozen earth. The inside I decorate with a delicate frost work of fern and flower to make it as much like summer as possible. Many people suppose I am good for their amusement only. They scratch my glassy face with their sharp steel skates and drive over me with heavy loads. They take large blocks from my roof. They don't know I have the trouble of building it all over again! They don't know that I can feel en-

joyment: run and jump and leap over large stones called rapids and have the best of times all to myself. Then the snow falls on my roof, making it warm and cosy inside, scattering thousands of sparkling gems over me which wise men say greatly add to my beauty.

When the night is cold, clear, and frosty, the stars peep out from their hiding places; the moon shines forth in all her glory, quenching even the brightest stars with her kindling light.

Days pass on. Spring comes again. I can no longer live in my house, but must open my doors to the sunlight and run to have a peep at the weather. The sun comes out so warm and bright that my windows are broken, and I cry at the thought of having to shiver in the cold spring nights. But, never mind, brighter days are dawning for me.

This morning I hear the voices of children at my water's edge. The lark and the blackbird are pouring forth sweet songs of melody as they hop from tree to tree, from flower to flower. The trees have shed their catkins and are bringing forth numberless green leaves. The shy, little buttercup and the anemone are blooming again. Everything seems to be happy. I am so filled with joy that I rush over pebbles wildly, singing as I go.

The year has reached the month of July; the scorching sun has robbed me of my wealth, leaving only stones and sand to be seen in places. I cannot run now as I used to do, but am compelled to stand still.

It has been windy all day, but as the wind calms towards evening, I notice dark clouds in the west. Before long the sky is overcast, and the gulls, with noiseless wings, fly screaming over me. The clouds go hurrying on, but as they see the gorgeous tints of the flowers wilted and drooping (the hot sand almost covering them up), they have pity on them, and each says: "I cannot do much, but I will help." A moment and all is still; then the wind rushes in from the north—the thunder growls—the sky is darkened, but is now and then lit up by a bright flash of lightning. My peaceful waters are disturbed; they rise and are tossed hither and thither in confusion. The rain falls with increasing violence.

The storm has been raging for hours, but, as the grey dawn creeps over the earth, it gradually dies away and the clouds scatter in every direction. What a change has come to me! My waters lie no longer in peaceful sleep, but leap and dance over stones and pebbles. The sun flashes out so brightly that it chases away the raindrops still lying on everything. I do not know how to express my joy when, in the morning, I see how fresh and gay the flowers look; but nature appears to be so bright and cheerful that even the weary seem to catch the cheerfulness and go on their way rejoicing.

So I live through the short, beautiful summer, with the flowers all around me. Autumn comes; summer throws off her gay attire and clothes nature in autumn suits of red and yellow, and the time is coming when I will again have to say good-bye to all my friends and once more make preparations for the coming winter.

ETHEL MADELINE HICKS.

Souris, Manitoba.



The Revenge of the Micmacs.



NOT long ago, while visiting in New Brunswick, I made a tour of the country around the Restigouche. My guide was a half-breed, well posted in the history of the country, and in answer to a question concerning an island we were passing, he told me the story of "The Revenge of the Micmacs." All this happened many years before the white man visited the country, and when the Indians were the unquestioned rulers of the land.

The place was Bell's Island, and a mound about thirty feet long and two feet high had attracted my attention. "Oh, yes," said the guide, "that is where Micmac stack salmon. In winter, likely, game gets scarce, then Micmac break stack, have some salmon."

There were two large tribes of Indians then—the Micmacs and the Mohawks. The Micmacs were scattered around the Restigouche and the Bay of Chaleur. The Mohawks had their encampment near the mouth of the Metis river, and there were also settlements along the St. Lawrence. But the tribe of which he spoke was at the mouth of the Metis river. (The Metis and the Restigouche both rise in nearly the same place, but the Metis flows north to the St. Lawrence, while the Restigouche winds to the east and empties into Chaleur Bay.)

A dozen or so of the Mohawk Indians were on a friendly visit to the Micmacs, and a number from both tribes were out in the forest hunting. A white squirrel, leaping about in the branches, suddenly attracted the attention of a couple of boys. Both raised their bows and let fly their arrows. The squirrel fell, but it could not be settled who had killed it, so the boys decided to refer the question to the tribe.

Now, one boy was a Mohawk and one a Micmac, consequently the two

tribes were excited by the incident. No such fuss would have been made over an ordinary squirrel, but this was a white one, and was considered a very rare treasure. Aticamic, the Micmac chief, decided to settle the question by fighting. Accordingly, three men from each tribe were chosen. One Micmac came home alive. When the Mohawks saw that they were defeated, they returned to their camp by canoe, only waiting for an opportunity to wreak their vengeance.

Late the same fall, when the salmon had been stacked, the Micmacs had a great feast, and afterwards fell asleep about the fire. The Mohawks knew of this feast and the condition in which it would leave their enemies; so they decided to take advantage of the occasion and make the attack when the Micmacs slept. Under the leadership of Sashawapanise, they made the journey up the Metis and down the Restigouche. They spent some time in preparation on the neighboring shores; then, when all was quiet, they embarked for the island. A scout was sent on shore to see that all was ready for the attack. He crept up quietly till he could peer through the branches to where the firelight flickered on the forms of the Micmacs, stretched in gluttonous sleep upon the ground. He returned as quietly as he had come, to report to the eager warriors waiting in the canoes. With suppressed delight at the thought of their success, they landed their canoes, and scattered to the different parts of the island, till they had formed a complete circle around the sleeping enemy. At a word from Sashawapanise they rushed into the clearing, giving a wild Indian war whoop. Many of the Micmacs were killed before they were aroused to the danger; and more were so stupefied that they did not know how to handle their weapons. Sashawapanise sought out Aticamic, and they engaged in a hand-to-hand battle. The Mohawk fell, and Aticamic, seeing his men lying around dead, made his escape through the bushes, and swam the river.

Next morning he was discovered by a party of Micmacs, bathing his wounds by the side of a mountain stream. Being nearly exhausted, he was carried home by his men. When he had somewhat recovered speech, he told them the story of the engagement of the previous night, and their fury knew no bounds. They would have started in immediate pursuit, but the chief was somewhat wiser. He did not speak for some time. When he did, these were his words: "No, no!" he said; "No, not now. Mohawk frightened now, Mohawk run fast, we no catch Mohawk this fall. You wait, next spring we go. Next spring, Mohawk have big feast all round big fire; then Mohawk go sleep—sleep sound, no wake up. Then we go kill Mohawk."

From that time till late in the winter the Micmacs were busy making preparations for the journey and the attack. It was still winter when they set out for the journey up the Restigouche. A number of squaws accompanied the

party to mind the snowshoes of the men who were hauling the toboggans. Each Indian carried a spare snowshoe on his back, to be used in case of accident to one of those he wore. The broken one was stuck in the snow, and when the toboggan, on which the squaws were seated, came alongside, the snowshoe was taken in, mended, and then returned to the Indian.

The first stop was made at Bell's Island, where they broke the stack of salmon, and with this proceeded on their journey. They lost no time in reaching the head of the Restigouche, where they camped for the purpose of making birch-bark canoes to continue their journey. By the time the ice was out of the Metis, the canoes were finished, and they proceeded without delay, making their way down the river till they were near the Mohawk encampment.

One night, when the moon was at its height and the maple leaves were out broad, the Mohawks had their feast, as Aticamic had prophesied. When their weird, wild songs and yells had quite ceased, the Micmacs approached the scene of the revels. They did not form a circle, but each warrior chose his man. Aticamic picked out Sashaganise, the son of his old enemy. Then the signal was given; they fell upon their enemies like a pack of ravenous wolves. They had been more cautious than their enemies; the surprise was complete, and not a single man was left alive on the field!

Now they had had their revenge, and returned in triumph to report to the rest of the tribe the result of the attack. Scouts were sent all over the country to bear the news, and great feasts were held. To this day the Micmacs glory in repeating the tale of how they so completely worsted their enemies, the Mohawks.

JEAN BAYNE.

Winnipeg.



How Santa Claus Came.



ELLIE WINTERS was playing in front of the little old fashioned cottage she called home. This humble home was built at the foot of a high hill, bowing down as it were to the large and handsome house which stood at the top.

Nellie was wondering whether Santa Claus would come to her this Christmas or not. There was just another week till then. Would, oh! would he come to little Nellie? Her hopes were centred on a doll; one with golden hair, with eyes that would open and shut in a most life-like way. But how to get it? Suddenly a bright thought flashed through her mind; she would write to Santa Claus,—write to him, and tell him that she wanted a doll more than anything else in all the world. She was quite sure that if he knew how very badly she wanted one, he would not refuse her; for, had he not the kindest of kind faces and the cheeriest of cheery smiles?

It took Nellie several days to make up her mind how this very important epistle should be addressed; after many blotted attempts and quite a few mistakes in spelling, the following, she thought, would do:—

“Dear Santa Claus,—

“When you are buying things for other little girls at Christmas, please do not forget the little girl who lives at the foot of the hill. My manna has no money, and my papa is dead; my doll, Miss Eliza, has broken her leg; the sawdust runs out where her arm used to be, and she suffers awful. I think if she got a rest she would get better; for, when people lose their legs and arms they should go to bed to get better; but my poor Eliza is the only child I’ve got, and I am so lonesome for her when she is sick. I know there are plenty of well dolls, because I see them in the shop windows, but I am afraid you won’t

see them. In Mr. Seller's window there is a beautiful one with curls, but I think it would cost, oh! such a lot of money.

"From the Little Girl at the Foot of the Hill."

Nellie was much relieved when the letter was written; she was much puzzled, however, to know by what means it would soonest reach Santa Claus. Should she put it in the big, red letter box at the corner? No, the postman would never see it, it was so very tiny a letter, and he carried so many more important ones. Across Nellie's busy little brain another bright thought flashed; she would give the letter to the Winds! The Winds went everywhere, and they would surely reach Santa Claus' far away home!

The wind took Nellie's letter up—she saw it whirl about; it circled above her head in a dizzy way, and then went out of sight in a trice, even while she stood looking. "Oh, dear! I do hope it won't go to the wrong place or get lost," cried Nellie; then turning, she ran into the house to tell Miss Eliza the wonderful thing she had done.

Miss Eliza didn't say anything, but she appeared to be thinking very deeply, and Nellie said a very great deal but thought very little about the matter for the next few days; for her mamma fell ill, and little Nellie had to turn house-keeper and nurse at once.

Christmas eve was a terribly windy day. The snow whirled about and formed a fret-work of the most fantastic designs upon the window pane; strangely enough, each design took on the smiling face of a beautiful doll! It was the same wind that had born Nellie's letter away. Let us follow the letter.

Being lifted up by the winds, it made two or three great circles in the air; then dashed itself against a fence. Again it rose and went in a zigzag way up the high hill, where it very rudely struck in the face a stranger who was carrying a bundle, sailor fashion, slung over his broad back.

"Aha! Aha!" he exclaimed, seizing the letter, "this is a queer welcome home on Christmas! It's the first letter I've had for many a day. This one appears to be from the winds! It's a stiff struggle Jack Tar has had with these same winds for the last five years!" The man brushed the sleet from his eyes and looked at the strange missive. "To Santa Claus!" he read; then he laughed uneasily.

Standing at the top of the steep hill, the stranger threw down his bundle and read the quaint message which Nellie had sent adrift. "The little girl at the foot of the hill?" he repeated, softly; "some mate's little girl, like enough, an' wanting a doll on Christmas eve? I've a little girl of my own as might be askin' for the very same thing," he said, slowly; and I don't think it was sleet that he now wiped from his troubled eyes. "This is the hill, I guess," he

said. "I see a shop to wind'ard, I'll just tack across and lay in a small cargo!" The best doll on Mr. Sellers' shelf was paid for by an English sovereign; a tiny box containing a real set of real china doll dishes; a snow-white lamb, and (at Mr. Sellers' suggestion) a work-box containing sundry shining things, including a gold thimble.

"Where shall I send the things?" asked the shop-keeper.

"Well, here is all the address I've got," was the laughing answer, and Nellie's letter was laid upon Mr. Seller's counter.

"Ah, that is Jack Winter's little girl"—(the stranger started)—"she lives at the foot of the hill," said Mr. Sellers, "she's a bonny little lass. I know her very well."

"Then I guess I'll take the parcel myself!" the stranger said, quickly picking up his bundle.

That night Nellie and her mamma were busy bustling about the house, and it was almost time to hang up the stocking; poor Nellie's little heart was beating hard, for no answer had come to her letter. A knock was heard at the door, and when Mrs. Winters opened it, a stranger stood there, holding in his hand a very large parcel. How Nellie's heart beat! She could scarcely breathe with excitement and hope. "Is there a little girl called Nellie living here?" inquired the stranger.

"I have a little girl Nellie," was the answer.

"Then, I have a message for her from——"

"Santa Claus!" screamed Nellie, bounding forward.

"Yes," said the stranger, lifting his large hat, "from Santa Claus."

"Jack! Has the sea given up its dead?" cried Nellie's mamma.

"No, Mary, it has given up its living, and Santa Claus has brought me home!" the stranger said.

Need I tell you of that happy Christmas day in that tiny house at the foot of the hill?

Need I tell you of Nellie's joy, hearing the wonderful tale of the shipwreck, in which her papa was cast away upon a wonderful treasure island? But more wonderful than all to little Nellie was the glad answer to her Christmas letter and the coming of a real Santa Claus.

BONNIE SIMPSON.

Winnipeg.

The Thief.



THE Fisher district lies directly west of the little town of Denbow. There is nothing very attractive in its scenery to the eye of the stranger, and this likely accounts for its few settlers. Several small ranges of hills, which at some remote period were heavily wooded, now stand destitute of almost every appearance of timber, excepting a few clumps of dwarf poplar, birch and willow. These hills are the breeding place of many of the smaller wild animals, such as rabbits and foxes, while the banks of a neighboring creek afford excellent shelter for the young of the wary coyote.

For some time previous to the date at which my story opens this community had suffered losses, which, though they were not heavy, were exceedingly annoying to the careful farmer and still more so to his frugal wife. Scarcely a night passed that a hen or a turkey did not mysteriously disappear from some of the coops in the neighborhood, and what made it more puzzling, no trace, not even a feather, could ever be found.

"It's a human bein,' and no mistake!" said an old lady one morning, when she missed an especially prized rooster. "I wouldn't put it past that Pat Doyle; he was over at my place the other night, and he looked as though he'd steal anythin' he c'ud carry." Indeed, opinions like these were freely expressed throughout the neighborhood, and one woman even went so far as to say she would shoot the first man she saw near her hen coop, a threat which, though it sounded dangerous, was not so in the least, for this same valiant lady would have run screaming from a mouse. However, such a shock as the use of firearms must have been spared her nervous system and a weight of suspicion lifted off the shoulders of several unfortunate individuals by the discovery of the real thief.

One morning a farmer, living some distance south of the sandhills, arose rather earlier than usual and sallied forth to feed his pigs, which he had neglected to do the previous evening. Daylight was just beginning to appear and a slight mist hung about the buildings. On the way to the pig-pen he was suddenly disturbed by a loud flapping of wings in the direction of the hen roost, and he rushed down just in time to see the lithe, sneaking form of a very large coyote disappear through the mist. The farmer naturally made some forcible remarks, but the coyote showed no inclination to either bring back or drop the turkey, for such it was that had given the alarm. The news that the thief had been discovered soon spread, and to catch him became the chief ambition of every boy in the neighborhood.

One morning my cousin Ab. rode over to where I was herding, and said, "Jack, let's go for a hunt. We'll get some chickens, anyway, and we may run across that thieving coyote."

"Well, all right," I answered, "but I don't think there is much chance of seeing him on a wet day like this."

I had my gun with me, so I mounted my pony, and together we rode off, leaving my younger brother in charge of the cattle. My cousin had two hounds, and these followed us, sniffing and nosing all over.

"I wish the ugly brutes had stayed at home," remarked Ab., "they'll frighten every chicken in the hills."

"Yes," I answered; "say we put a split stick on their tails and send them home."

"Yes, sir," he said, "they'll make themselves scarce then." And he proceeded to procure the sticks. When we had the sticks ready we looked around for the dogs, but they were nowhere to be seen. We called and whistled, but they did not come, so we concluded they had gone home, and we rode on, soon forgetting all about them.

We had ridden some distance and had bagged several chickens, when we began to feel hungry, and decided to camp for dinner. The place we chose for our camping ground was a deep hollow between two large hills. At the bottom of this hollow grew a small clump of birch, and the slopes of the hills were covered with ground cedar. I proceeded to prepare one of the chickens, while Ab. went to gather some brush for the fire. He had not long gone, however, when he came rushing back.

"Jack! sure as I'm living, I heard those hounds yeip, and I believe, by the sound they made, they're after something."

It did not take us long to climb the nearest hill, and, sure enough, there came the hounds, dashing in full pursuit of a large coyote. The froth was

dripping from their jaws and their tongues lolled out, almost touching the ground. The coyote seemed to know that the dogs were faster than he, for he did not take time to look to left or right, but stretched straight ahead with that long swinging gait peculiar to his kind.

"Catch him, Rex!" "Catch him, Pete!" shouted Ab., as he made a leap to get on his pony, but in his excitement he misjudged the animal's height, and went sprawling right over on to the ground. By the time he had picked himself up I was some distance ahead, but I could hear him giving the pony some very instructive hints. The hounds seemed to take a fresh start when they heard Ab.'s voice, which, at this particular time, was no "still, small one," and we were now gaining rapidly. On they tore, over hills, through hollows, jumping holes and ditches and baying and howling like fiends. I was still ahead of Ab., and was just making a rush to the north to head off the coyote when my pony stepped in a badger hole, and over we rolled.

"Are you killed?" shouted my cousin, as he passed me at a bound.

"No-o," I answered, feeling my neck to make sure that I spoke the truth.

"Well, get on, then. What are you crawling around there on your knees like a nun for?" were the consoling remarks wafted to me on the gentle breeze. I did get on again, but I don't believe I was quite as anxious to catch that coyote as I was a moment before, and, like Mark Twain, I wished for a hundred more hands to lay on the sore spots. However, I was soon on horse-back again thoroughly excited and had forgotten all about badger holes.

The dogs were almost upon him now, but the coyote was making straight for a barb wire fence, and we knew that if the coyote got through, the dogs would kill themselves on the wire.

"Lie down! Lie down!" Ab. shouted to the dogs, for their value had risen considerably in his estimation since morning; but it was all in vain. On they dashed nearer and nearer the wire, which seemed to wait their coming.

Suddenly there was a crash and the barbs rattled down the entire side of the fence.

"The coyote has struck the wire!" Sic him! Sic him!" I shouted to the hounds.

In a moment they were upon him, and a terrible fight ensued. Bunches of hair flew in every direction, and I believe had we not come to the aid of the dogs, the coyote would have held his own with both of them. As it was, however, he was quickly dispatched, and with the aid of a broken fence-post we managed to pull off the dogs, who limped whining and shaking their heads to get the hair away from their mouths.

Truly, he had lived on the fat of the land, for we found him even larger

than we expected, and were obliged to place a pole across our horses' backs to sling him on. Thus we marched proudly home with the "Thief's" head dangling downward like a traitor.

JOHN H. GRANT.

Souris, Manitoba.



Little Tim.



It was a beautiful Xmas morning; the sun was shining brightly and a gentle breeze stirred the air. Poor Little Tim was wandering slowly up and down the streets of a large city, jostled from side to side by the crowd of fashionably dressed people, who were on their way to church. His clothes were scanty, and his feet poorly clad, while his little hands were blue with cold, for the morning air was still frosty. The bells were chiming merrily, and rang clear and sweet through the air.

Little Tim wended his way onward with the crowd, watching them as they entered the great cathedral. But, hark! What was that? The great organ sent forth peals of music, and the choir sang the beautiful Christmas hymn, "The Star of Bethlehem." Little Tim was spellbound by the music, and, drawing near the church, sat down on the steps, listening eagerly as the hymn rolled on. He then ventured to mount the steps and peep in, but although the usher did not look unkindly at him, the grandeur of the place and people dazed him, so that his poor little rags seemed all the more conspicuous, and he retraced his steps as fast as his little limbs could carry him.

Tim, who was but twelve years old, was one of those poor little waifs who lived in the slums. He had a sweet, winning face, with soft brown eyes, which looked out from a golden mass of curly hair; altogether a little face that you would linger to look at twice, and yet Santa Claus had never visited him or the wretched dwelling which he called home.

He really had no home, but was merely allowed shelter with a squalid family in a tenement, his own father having gone to a drunkard's grave before he could remember, while his mother was serving a term in prison for, while in a drunken spree, having committed some offence.

Nothing ever had such a fascination for Little Tim's quick ear as music,

and now, as he descended from the church, and wandered down to the street-corner, no wonder that the sound of a drum coming down the street had attraction for him, so he soon found himself with many other little ragamuffins following the Salvation Army, as they marched to the barracks. It was crowded, and the captain, in her neat, blue suit and large army bonnet, proceeded to open the meeting by singing:

"Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King."

This rang in Tim's ears. Then she opened her Bible and told how the little Christ-like child came to earth so long ago to save those who would confess their wrong and be made children of God. This was followed by a chorus, which Tim listened to with wrapt attention:

"Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you can't go to heaven when you die."

"I do want to be good," said Tim, "and love Jesus; but I wonder if He would have ragged little boys?" Hope soon sprang in the heart, however for the captain, after addressing the older people, did not forget to say something which the little folks could understand, and she read, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

They sang again:

"Then come, oh come, and go with me,
Where pleasures never die,
And you shall wear a starry crown,
And reign above the sky."

And Little Tim, with sparkling eyes, went simply to the front, heedless of his little bare legs and ragged appearance, and said to the captain:

"Please, ma'am, I do want to love Jesus, and go to heaven when I die."

The captain then pointed to heaven and said how that God washes all our sins away in the blood of the Lamb, and watches over us with such tender, loving care; so that morning, with a few others, Little Tim was able to sing with a glad heart.

The little waif's feelings were so new that he was loath to leave when the meeting was over, and while he was lingering the captain came and spoke a few kind words to him, and finding out where he lived promised to go and see him on the morrow, so Little Tim went on his way rejoicing. Although he

had no Christmas dinner, he had at least received much food for thought, and, with this new love in his heart, he thought of his poor mother, whom, with all her faults, he loved dearly. Could not this kind Jesus have helped her? Oh, if he could only go and tell her about Him.

The next day, true to her word, the captain sought out Little Tim. In this miserable abode she found a rather besotted looking woman and a tawdry looking girl, but they were civil to the captain, the mother offering her a chair after wiping it off with the lower part of her skirt. The captain spoke kindly to them, and after reading a few verses in her Bible, and praying, she found that there were no relatives who had a claim on Tim, consequently the little waif was placed in a Rescue Home in a few days. This was like fairy land to Little Tim, after coming from the wretched tenement to where everything was clean and spotless. He soon made himself quite at home, and his bright, merry laugh was heard quite often as he performed the duties that were given to him, but the chief thought in his mind was that he might learn something so that in the future he might be able to have a comfortable home when his mother should come back to him. Tim was one of those boys who could be depended upon, who never shirked his duty or put off for an instant whatever work he had to do. He remained in the Home till spring, and great was his delight to work amongst the fresh earth and flower beds. His one ambition was to go to the country, so a place was soon found for him with a gentleman who needed an under-gardener. Here Tim was industrious, and the gardener, who took a great interest in him, taught him all he could.

Time passed quickly with Tim, and at the end of four years we find him still in the same place, but now he has grown to be a big stout lad, and has long since been promoted. He had always saved his wages, with the one thought of his poor mother, so that with the promotion won his loving duty towards her was now about to be realized.

The term of imprisonment was now completed, and Tim rented a small, neat cottage, simply but tastily furnished. To this he took his mother, thus removing her from old surroundings and temptations. She was very proud of her dear boy, who thus helped her to lead a better life, and they spent many a happy Christmas together afterwards.

KATHLEEN BROWNRIDGE.

Tamarisk, Manitoba.

The Bear's Christmas.



SAID Big Bear to his wife: "You had better ask the children what they want," as he trotted away from his snug den to get some food for his wife and children. It was the bear's Christmas, and when the mother bear came in to ask the three children what they wanted for Christmas, the baby bear said: "I want a handful of berries and some honey!" Said the second child: "I want a handful of berries, a horse, and some candy!" "Oh, so do I," fairly screamed Fanny, "only I want a doll instead of a horse."

"You shall have it, you dear child," said Mother Bear, stroking Fanny's long black hair.

Fanny was the eldest, and crossdest little bear you ever saw; for, if she didn't get everything she wanted, she would snap the others' noses nearly off.

"Will we get just what we want, mother?" asked baby.

"Yes, pet," said Mother Bear; "but here is father, so we can have our supper."

After supper, Mother Bear put the children to bed to dream of sugar plums and Santa Claus. When all were asleep, Mother Bear went out to get some honey from a tree, but the hole was not large enough, and her paw was caught. She called loudly for help, but no one came. When she had given up for lost, who should come in sight but Father Bear with his hatchet. He had been chopping down trees, and hearing the cries of Mrs. Bear, came quickly to the spot. He made the hole in the tree larger with his sharp hatchet, but he very nearly cut her paw off! After Mother Bear pulled her paw out, she got all the other things needed, and then went home. Next morning, when the

children got up, they ran to their stockings and found just what they had asked for. They caught paws and danced round the table, and sang this song:

Be happy, be happy, the leaves all say,
Each little bear has a holiday.
And when with sunshine summer will come,
Right into the woods little bears will run.

This was a bear's Christmas.

KATIE MACDONALD.

Portage la Prairie, Manitoba.



What Crissy Heard the Lily Say.



RISSY, a little golden haired girl of five, sat in the front seat of the schoolroom. Her head was nodding, and she was very tired. She wondered if four o'clock would ever come. She was just ready to go to sleep, when she heard a voice softly, but sadly saying: "Here I am, a poor Lily, in a cup on the teacher's desk, dying for the want of a little care. When I first came to live here, I was given a cool drink of water every morning, but now I never have a clean drink; I am getting old and worn out. No one comes to admire me. Once I was happy, beautiful, and gay; but now I am faded and despised. Once I despised the little shy buttercup, who lived beside me. What would I not give to see her dear little face looking shyly up into mine! But alas, it cannot be. We are parted forever.

"My life was one of happiness until I was brought here. My memory reaches back to the day when my dear Mother Lily told me I must find a home for myself. She said she was getting too old to support me any longer, and that her days were numbered. I was not as sorry as I ought to have been when I heard those words, for I was so taken up with the thought of finding a new home for myself, that I did not think of the truth which underlay those words. I was sick and tired of being told not to go outside of our home, for fear some great monster called Wind would catch me, as he had caught my neighbor Thistle. I was just crazy to have a race with him.

"But what do you think mother told me on the eve of my departure? She said Wind would not catch me now, because I was too heavy, and, instead of skipping along with Mr. Wind, I would make a new acquaintance by the name of Mother Earth. Mother told me that she was very kind to all little people who first ventured out into the world. She said she would give me a home for

the winter, which would shelter me from the cold bleak winds. There I could sleep all winter long, and when the warm spring rains fell, and the breezes from the sunny south would blow, Mother Earth would awaken me. After that lecture I cuddled down beside Mother for the last time.

"The next morning the sun came rolling up in stately majesty, everywhere distributing his bright beams, and making my neighbors Violet, Buttercup and Thistle, nod and smile to each other. From hill top to tree top the meadow lark was trilling forth glad anthems of praise, till the very world seemed touched with magic. What a grand morning for my departure. I bade good-bye to Mother, and lightly tripped down to the Earth. Somehow I stumbled while going, and fell with a thud against her. What would Mother Earth think of me? However, she did not scold me, but told me Autumn would send me some blankets. I buttoned my little brown coat well around me, and lay quite still. In a little while some one, I don't know who, laid a little red blanket over me. Then over that they put brown and red quilts, and so on till I was all covered over. I was soon fast asleep, and there I slept all winter long. What passed during the winter I never knew, nor will I ever know.

"My dear Mother told the truth. Sure enough, Mother Earth awakened me. How nice it was to hear the little drops of rain pattering on my coverings. I waited for a few days, and then I peeped out. Everything looked bright and happy, and every day I grew. How I did grow! I had to keep changing my clothes for new ones. When I first ventured out I was dressed in a sombre brown. I soon changed that for a green dress. Mother had told me that all little Lilies should dress in dark colors until they were about three months old. One day I looked down and saw my nearest neighbor. Her name was Buttercup. She wore a pretty yellow dress, trimmed with green. Of course I considered myself better than she, because I was growing tall and dignified, while she was small and shy.

At last I had to change my dress again. I was a young lady now and could dress in gay clothing. I put on the newest style of skirt, which had just come into fashion. It was a bright orange color, five-gored, with a graceful flare at the bottom. How proud I was standing up higher than Buttercup. How I longed for some one to come and admire me!

"But, alas! the day came too soon for me. How I wished then that I was not so tall and dignified, but shy and small. One morning I heard strange voices. One of them said, 'Here is the first lily of the season. We will take it to Miss Lynne.' Who Miss Lynne was, and where they were going to take me, was more than I could imagine. But I soon knew. I was taken away from my little friend, carried to the room, and put into this cup, where I am to

stay the rest of my life. For a few days I was admired by all the school children, but I heard one of the girls say this morning, 'How old and faded!' I never hear one word of praise now. I would not care if I had never heard one; if I could only be back beside my little lost friend, growing on the wide open prairie, where the birds sing all day long in the trees, and where everyone is happy."

MOLLIE MCGREGOR.

Souris, Manitoba.



A Happy Christmas.



RAINY day in October. Indeed, for about three weeks, there had been more rainy days than any other kind, a thing unusual in our sunny Manitoba.

The country was rather dreary looking. What leaves remained on the trees were mostly of a dull brown color, as if the pretty red shades were altogether too bright for such a wet fall.

Looking away from the woods, the grey stubble, with, here and there, a black furrow; or the meadow, from which every trace of green had vanished, met the eye. Overhead, the clouds hung so dense that a speck of the blue sky could nowhere be seen. The rain was falling heavily.

At the window of a neat little farm-house stood a boy of about eight years of age. He looked very much as if he did not like the weather at all.

Near by sat his mother, busy at her work.

"I do wish this rain would stop," said the little fellow, impatiently. "One cannot play out of doors, nor have any fun at all, in this sort of weather."

His mother looked up, and smiling rather sadly, held out her hand towards him. He came to her, and she said, in her sweet, gentle way: "No doubt the weather is dull these days, but, do you know what is making the days still harder for mother?"

He looked up into her face, puzzled. So she went on:

"It's my little boy's fretfulness." This made him feel very sorry, for he was really fond of his mother. "Try to be brave and happy," said she, "and help me to be so, too. Soon we will have snow, and then you will have fine times with your sleigh. It's only a short time till dear, merry Christmas comes, and you always look forward to that time, don't you?" and she stroked his cheek.

"That's just what I've been thinking," said Roy (for that was the lad's name). "When this rain stops we will have frost and snow, so things will be as tiresome as ever, and one can have but very little fun at Christmas, because of the cold. I wish Christmas would only come in the pleasant summer time."

"You do?" said his mother. "Well, I don't, and I don't think you will ever say such a silly thing again, when you think of it a little more. The summer is such a pleasant time in itself, that we would not look forward to Christmas much, if it came then. Besides, the summer is such a busy time. Now, try to be happy, and try to do something good each day; then time will pass quickly and as happily as if it were summer. Will you not try?"

Yes, he did want to try, and he put his arms around his mother's neck, while his eyes filled with tears. She comforted him as only a mother can comfort, and when he left the room it was with an earnest desire to be braver and to try to make others happy.

That night, when he went to bed, he asked the good Lord, in his simple, childlike way, to help him to be good.

Next morning this was firmly fixed in his mind, and he tried hard all the day to carry it out, and felt much happier than before. It was surprising how many chances he found to help others. Of course, only in small things, but he soon learned that "every little helps." His mother was very glad of the change in her boy, and she helped him in many ways to remember what he was trying to do. The days following seemed more pleasant to him and the time passed quickly. Now, it did not matter what kind of weather came, Roy always found something helpful to do.

Christmas was but a few days off. It was evening. Little Roy was sitting with his mother by the fire, and they were having a nice talk. She told him how glad she was to have such a thoughtful little boy, and that she hoped he would always be so. He said he was going to try. Then he told her of a plan which had been in his mind for some time. Only about half-a-mile away there lived a poor family, in which were five children who had but few comforts of any kind. He had been thinking how nice it would be if he could, in some way, brighten Christmas in that poor home, but he needed his mother's help. She was glad to hear what had been said, and willingly promised to help him. That night they made all their plans. In due time everything was ready; a basketful of nice things to each, and a present for each of the children as well.

That Christmas was a very, very happy one for Roy. His parents gave him beautiful gifts, but his greatest pleasure came from feeling that he had helped to gladden the lives of some poor children. His little heart was full of love for he had found happiness in being kind and useful to others.

BINA JOHANNSON.

Bru, Manitoba.

Hard Pressed.



ON a sunny autumn morning of the year 1884 a young rancher was leaning over a stove, cooking his breakfast of mush and bacon. His countenance was pleasant, open, and well bronzed by the prairie sun and wind. He was a perfect specimen of a cowboy, tall and straight, and giving an impression of great strength. At his old home down east he was known as Frank Roberts. On the plains he was called "Straight Frank."

Having prepared the simple meal, Frank was about to call his cowboys, when in rushed one of the men.

"Say, boss," he exclaimed, "the Reds are on the rampage again. They have looted Bancroft's ranch and wiped out the whole lot."

Although the news was serious, Frank was not excited, but simply said: "Pete and Sam must ride to Fort Laird for help. You and Bill can find out where the Indians are making for."

Shortly after the cowboy left on his errand, a stranger appeared, who proved to be Walter Harris, a former chum of Frank's. They greeted each other cordially, and sat down to talk over old times. Frank introduced Walter to his dog Barney, an enormous Russian wolf hound. While at breakfast, Frank told how the Indians were on the warpath again.

"Pshaw!" was the answer. "If they are anything like the poor critters I saw in Winnipeg, I can beat the tribe." Frank, however, took a more serious view of the situation.

They spent the first day inspecting the ranch. Walter was impressed by the appearance of the cowboys. They certainly looked picturesque, their weakness being for long hair, flapping wide hats, huge spurs, and fringed Mexican chapejos.

The scouts, Ike and Bill, returned that evening, and reported that the Indians were moving westward. His anxiety having been relieved, Frank arranged to take Walter on a hunting trip next day.

Early next morning they were up, and started off, accompanied by Barney. Both were well-armed and well mounted, for, though a tenderfoot, Walter was a good rider and a crack shot. They galloped across the rolling prairie, over wide alkali flats, and low hills crowned with stunted trees. As they left the miles behind, the country became broken up into small pine-clad ravines in which game abounded. Very soon, Frank's trained eye caught sight of a fine buck. Luckily the two hunters were on the lee side of their quarry, and the animal had not scented them. They led their horses back into a little hollow, leaving Barney to guard them. When within easy range, Frank gave the word. They fired together, and the buck fell. Having cut up the meat, each placed a quarter on his horse and started for home.

They had proceeded a short distance only, when Bang! Bang! two shots rang out, in quick succession, from a small bluff near by.

"Indians! by thunder!" roared Frank, as he emptied his repeater into the bluff. A wild yell showed that he had found at least one mark.

The hunters dropped their meat, and, spurring their mustangs into a sudden gallop, they got the start of the Indians. Yelling and firing, the Indians leaped astride their horses. Furiously lashing them into a gallop, they gained on the fugitives, for the Indian ponies were the fresher.

"We'll never reach the ranch; so let's make for that log cabin we saw on the way out," called Frank.

The Indians were slowly but surely gaining. Their yells of exultation served only to goad the flying hunters to more desperate efforts. Suddenly they rounded a bluff, and the cabin was in sight.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Frank, "we'll get there yet."

But would they? The Indians, also perceiving the cabin, and fearing their victims might yet escape, fired on them. Both horses fell, hurling their riders headlong to the ground. Frank lit on his feet like a true plainsman, but Walter was dazed by the fall. Frank helped him up, and seizing their rifles they dashed forward.

They reached the cabin with the red demons close behind. The door was jammed. Was this to be the end of their struggles? No! With a mighty heave of his shoulders, Frank burst the door open. Rushing in, it was but the work of a moment to close and barricade the door. Firing through the chinks, they brought the discomfited savages to a sudden stop.

But the Indians were not thus easily to be balked of their prey. Retiring

out of range, they held a council-of-war. While they were deliberating, the exhausted men suddenly missed Barney. They concluded that he had been shot. At the same time, they discovered that they had but little ammunition left.

Spreading out, the Indians circled around the cabin rapidly. The circle narrowed. They dismounted and made a determined attack on the south, east and west sides. The defenders were kept busy, rushing from one side to the other, and constantly firing; they accounted for a good number of dead and wounded. The Indians were giving back slowly, when a sound showed that some of them had crept up on the north side, and were going to break the door in.

Springing to that side, Frank and Walter poured a hot fire into them, which did great execution. The Indians suddenly retired before the determined fire. The defenders breathed more easily for a time; but they knew it was only a lull before the storm. They had now come to their last few cartridges. Knowing that they need expect no mercy from the enraged savages, they determined to fight to the last gasp.

How hard it seemed to have to die! It was so sunny outside! A cool breeze was blowing, and the woods glistened, crimson and yellow in the autumn sunlight.

The Indians were evidently preparing for a last fierce charge. Their chief, Tailfeather, was going among his braves, encouraging them for the final act in the tragedy. Walter and Frank were ready, their last shots laid out beside them. The Indians hesitated for a moment, and then charged.

Bang! Bang! Bang! spoke Walter's gun. At each report an Indian fell. Bang! Bang! Frank's gun sent two more to the happy hunting grounds. It was a grim fight. The little hut became filled with the stinking powder smoke. The Indians still came on. The poor fellows gave up all hope, and clasped hands in a silent farewell. Their thoughts ran back to their aged parents, and homes, far away. They were brought back to realities, however, by the triumphant shouts of the braves. They clubbed their rifles and prepared to die hard.

To their despairing ears came the welcome sound of revolver shots and loud cheers. Rushing to the door, Walter and Frank saw a body of cowboys and Mounted Police come dashing up the trail, while the Indians were seen scurrying away in an opposite direction.

"Hurrah!" sang out Frank. "Here come the police, our cowboys — and Barney!"

While the police followed the Indians, the cowboys told how Sam and Pete had been to the Fort, and how a detachment had been sent back with them. They had met Barney, making for home at full speed. Suspecting that some-

thing was wrong, they spurred ahead, Barney leading. When they heard the firing they increased their speed, and arrived just in the nick of time.

Walter and Frank will never forget that time when they were "hard pressed" on the lonely prairies of Western Canada.

Written jointly by

FRED McLELLAN,
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Winnipeg.



“Betty.”



T was an afternoon in early September, just the kind of day when, as Jack said, “The fish ’d bite jolly fine,” and Jack was going fishing.

“I want you to help me dig worms,” he said to Betty, in the morning, and she, being two years younger, never dreamed of refusing, though the crawling, earthy things made the cold shivers run down her back.

After dinner they started for the little stream, which curved its way through an adjoining farm.

“Betty, you carry the worms while I take the lines,” commanded Jack, whose word was law to Betty.

One fisher was there before them, but he willingly made room for them.

Jack relieved Betty of the worm-can, and, as he took the cover off, he exclaimed, enthusiastically, “Ain’t they beauts? I bet you can’t beat em.”

“Pshaw!” said Jim, “those ain’t nothin’. You can get ’em as big as my finger over’n the woods.”

“As big as my finger! My, what crawlers! Just wouldn’t I like to get some.”

“Jim Wilson,” a sharp voice broke in just then, “what business have you fishing in harvest time? You come right along home, you lazy scamp.” So Jim was marched off, and Betty and Jack were left in undisputed possession.

“Here, Betty, hold this can while I hang on to the line. My, but that fish is pullin’ hard. I bet he’s a whopper. Watch out! I am going to land him,” and as he spoke he jerked in the line.

The warning came too late, however, and Betty got the full benefit of the line right on the face. She dropped the worms with a scream, and the can rolled into the water.

"Well! You are a nice one. Catch me bringing you with me again."

"Oh, Jack, I am so sorry," sobbed Betty. "I didn't mean to—they just dropped, and, if you'll only forgive me, I'll go and get some more. Please don't be angry, Jack."

Jack pondered a moment. "Will you really get me some more, Betty?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"Why, yes, Jack; I'll do anything you ask."

"Will you get some from the woods, like Jim said?" eagerly looking at Betty the while.

"Won't the little ones do?"

"No, no," he said, severely. "Else I won't forgive you."

"All right, Jack, I'll go; but what'll I carry them in?"

"In your hand, I suppose, seeing you've lost the can. I'll wait here, so hurry."

Betty started on the run. The woods were not very far away, and she soon arrived there. She dug and dug till her little hands were black, but not a worm could she find. At last she turned to go back. Her feet were tired and she stumbled over the stumps and roots. She was growing very hungry, too, and when she came to a hawthorn, loaded with bright red berries, she was glad to stop. There was one particularly fine bunch just beyond her reach. This she determined to get, and was reaching up to do so when her ankle turned under her and a sharp pain made her scream.

She tried to crawl a little bit, but her ankle was too painful, and Betty was very much frightened. It began to grow dark and to rain, and she closed her eyes to shut out the darkness.

In the meantime, Jack had grown impatient, and, thinking that Betty had fooled him, he started for home.

"Where's Betty?" he asked, as soon as he reached home.

"I don't know, Jack. Where did you leave her?" asked Mrs. Wilton.

"Oh, she'll be home soon, I guess."

But as supper time came and went, and no Betty appeared, he grew remorseful, and could not keep his secret any longer. "Betty's gone to the woods," he said, hesitatingly.

"To the woods! Why, what took her there, child?"

"Well, I sent her for worms," he answered, trying to suppress his tears.

"Oh, the poor child! Out in the woods all alone in the rain. You cruel boy, to send her there."

"Mother, mother," Jack burst out. "I didn't think she'd go. I'm awfully sorry."

Mrs. Wilton left him sobbing out his heart on the lounge, with baby Pudge vainly trying to comfort him, while she went to speak to Mr. Wilton.

Mr. Wilton and six others started out with lanterns, and were soon searching the woods in every direction.

At last, towards morning, they found her. She was soaking wet, and she clung to Mr. Wilton, as he carried her home.

The doctor said she was in for an attack of fever, and his words proved true. By morning she was delirious, and the doctor shook his head as he drove away.

For many days little Betty's life was despaired of, and Jack went round with suspiciously red eyes.

At last, one day, the doctor said Betty would recover. Jack's face shone with joy, and Mrs. Wilton crept away to her own room to whisper a prayer of thanksgiving.

Betty steadily improved after this, and one day Jack was allowed to see her.

"Only for a moment, Jack," his mother warned him. "And you don't deserve that."

Betty was lying with her eyes closed. Her face was as white as the pillow. She turned as she heard his footstep, and said eagerly, "I tried to get them, Jack, but I couldn't find any. Indeed, I did try. Won't you forgive me, Jack?"

"Do you think you can ever forgive me, Betty?" anxiously asked Jack.

"Forgive you? What for?"

"For sending you to the woods, Betty."

"But I dropped your worms, Jack."

"You couldn't help it, though, 'cause I hit you with the line, and I know I was wrong. Oh, say you'll forgive me."

"Oh, yes, of course I will, if there's anything to forgive."

"I'm so glad. Now, you must hurry and get well, 'cause I'm going picking nuts, and I want you to come. Will you?"

"I'd love to go, Jack, but you said—'Girls weren't any good to take.'"

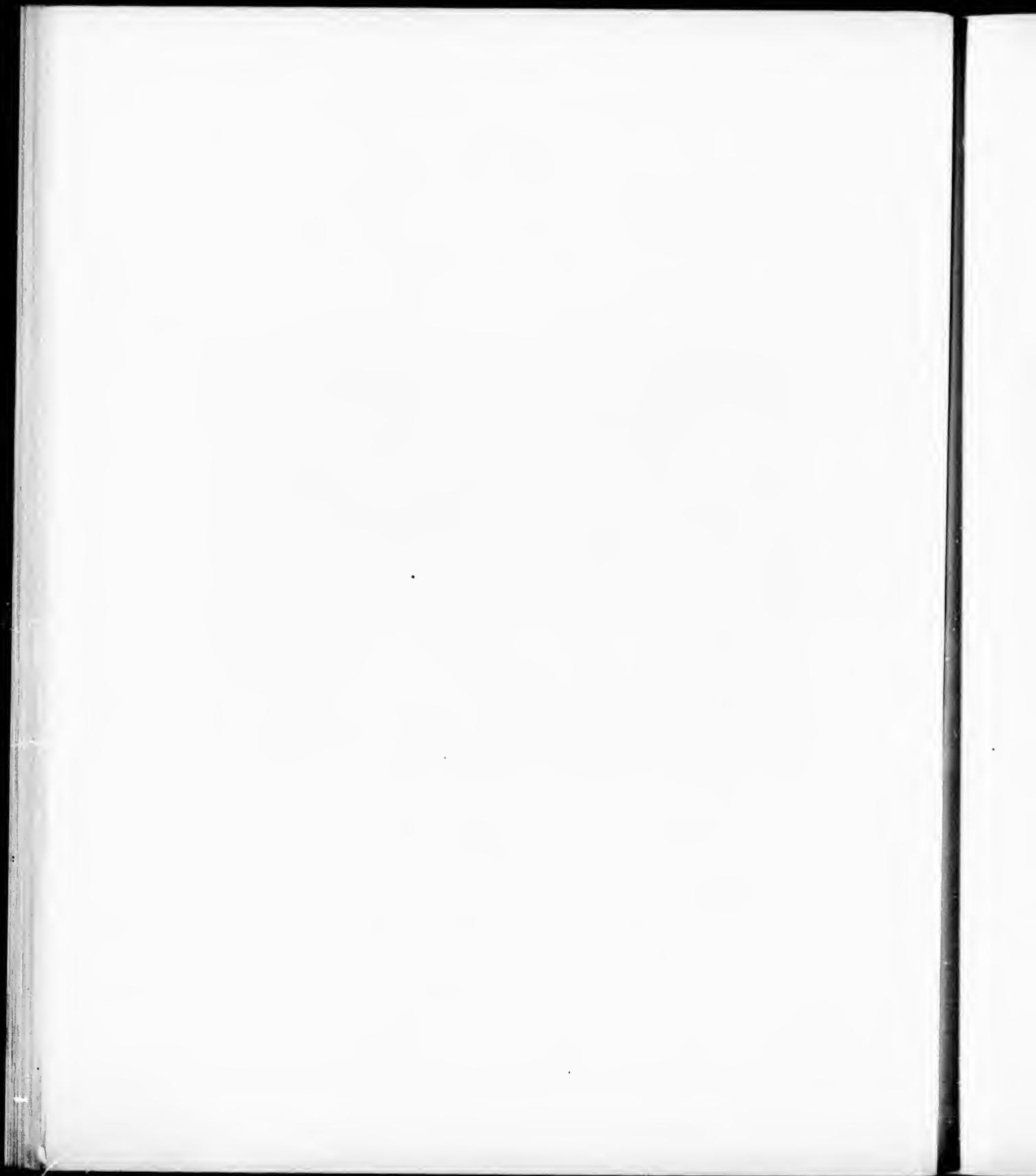
"Oh, well, you're different," Jack said, rather sheepishly.

"Time's up!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilton, as she opened the door, and Jack reluctantly left the room.

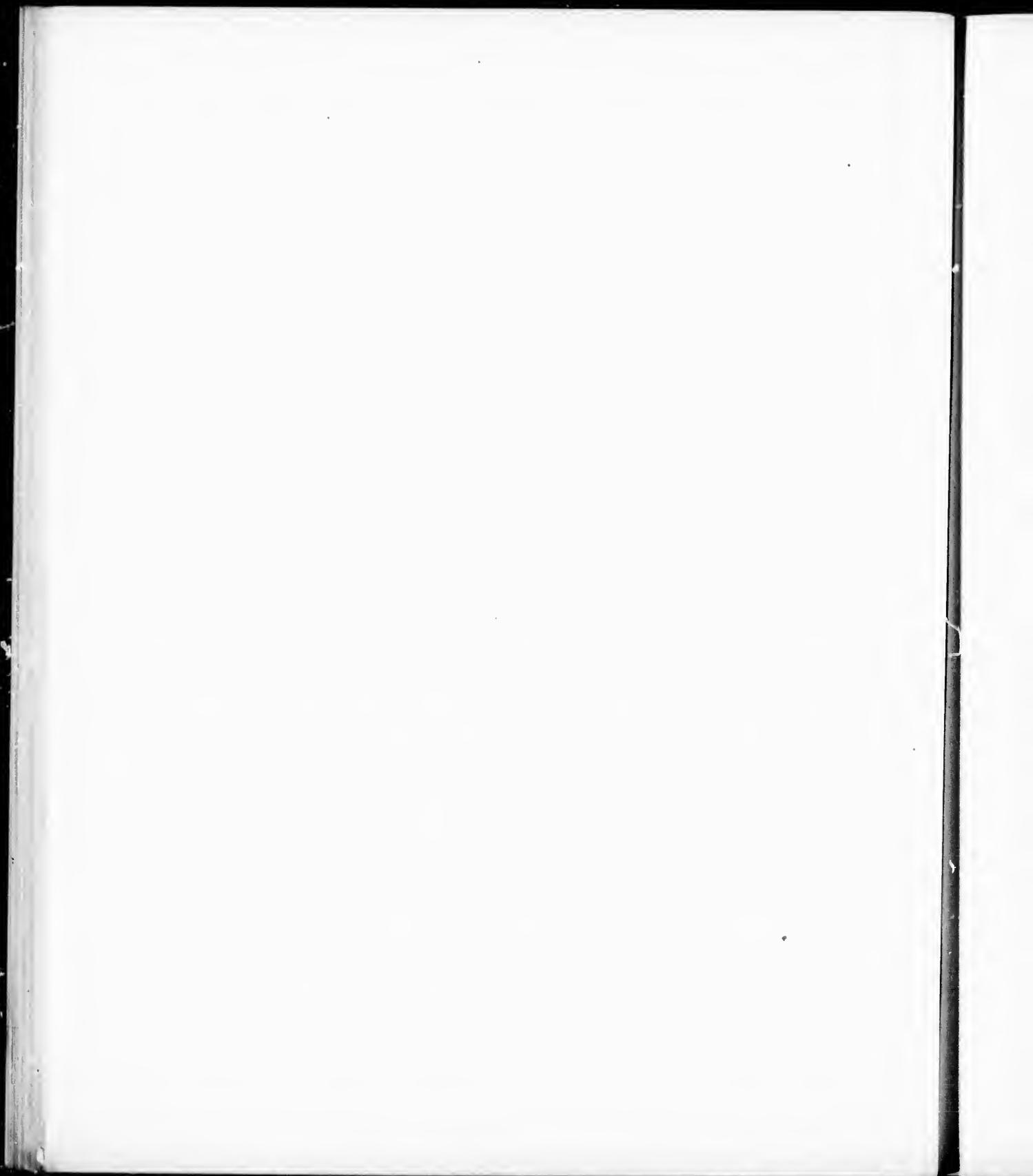
Betty did get better in time for nutting, and many jolly hours she and Jack had together, but Jack never again asked her to hunt fish-worms for him.

WINNIE SMITH.





PART II.



Winter in the Bush.



FRANK MURRAY, who had graduated first in first-class the previous summer at the age of sixteen, accepted an offer from his father's first cousin, John Haviland, to act as chain-bearer in a Government survey. Though tall for his age and extremely agile, he was not robust, and the prospect of camping out for a couple of months and roughing it seemed the best thing in the world for his health. Besides, he had a vague leaning towards the profession of a civil engineer, and, of course, surveying was one aspect of that profession. So he closed with the offer.

Haviland had been commissioned by the Canadian Government to lay out the boundary lines of a new township north of the most northerly settlements at the head waters of the Rivière du Loup d'en haut. As February was drawing to a close, and the winter, which had begun unusually early, had been very severe, everybody was looking forward to an early spring. It was hard to find capable workmen willing to begin at what was supposed to be the end of the winter, a two months' engagement in the bush. Five of the men chosen in the Three Rivers district were decent fellows, but there were two decidedly hard cases, Lacerise, a bloated bully some forty years of age, and Marcotte, a slimy young scoundrel with a foul tongue. It was too late, however, to pick and choose; so Haviland had to make the best of the bad material.

Trouble came the very first day they pitched their tents. The surveyor chose a small clearing in the middle of a forest of tall trees. The men were told to shovel all the snow off the ground and bank it up on all sides, leaving only one opening for entrance and exit. As the snow was three feet deep on the level, it would make, when banked up, a six-foot wall around the camp, and thus be a splendid windbreak. The opening faced the southwest, whence none

but comparatively mild winds blew. Haviland had detailed two first-rate choppers, Charland and Baribeau, to cut wood for the huge fire to be built in the middle of the camp. These skilled woodsmen, who prided themselves on the force and accuracy with which they made the chips fly, had already heaped up some ten huge logs, each about twelve feet in length. The other five men—it will be remembered that there were seven in all—were shovelling at a great



"NOW, GO ON WITH THE JOB I GAVE YOU."

rate, when suddenly Lacerise stopped, swore a big oath, and growled to his comrades:

"You're a nice pack of fools (*Tas de fous que vous êtes!*)! Who ever heard of digging down to the ground? We've done enough of this blooming work; trample the snow level, and that'll do."

"*Sacré tête pleumée d'Irlandais* (*That d—d bald-headed Irishman!*)!" snarled Marcotte. "What does he know about camping out in winter?"

Haviland, a stalwart son of the Black North, was mopping his endless forehead (for hard-working men will perspire even in the greatest cold) after helping Charland to lift a log and place it on the others. Overhearing these nice

remarks, he leaped to the top of the woodpile, and raising his fist like a man who knew how to use it, he roared in a voice of thunder :

"Lacerise and Marcotte, if I hear one word more of mutiny or insult, I'll clap you both into prison till your bones rot. Do you see that boy there?" pointing to Frank, who, having heard the drumming of a partridge, had just loaded his gun, the only firearm in the camp, and was holding it ready for use. "Well, his father is Judge of the highest court in the country and the best criminal lawyer in Canada, and, if you dare to disobey my orders, he will send you both to jail. Now go on with the job I gave you, and woe to the man that does not clean up all the snow."

Haviland's French was far from perfect, but quite intelligible, and, though there was a good deal of wild bluster in the threat about the Judge a hundred miles away in Montreal, and the prison cells fifty miles off in Three Rivers, the sight of his just anger, the stentorian tones of his voice, and perhaps more than anything the very name of Judge Murray, the bugbear of all evil-doers, struck terror into the hearts of those simple woodsmen. They fell to shovelling with a will, they cut sprays of fir and laid them a foot deep on the cold earth, now clear of snow, to make a soft, dry bed for the campers; then they set up two tents, or rather two lean-tos of canvas, opposite each other facing the open space where the logs were presently adjusted so that they would burn easily.

These tents were simplicity itself. Two sticks ten feet long, forked at the top, were driven firmly into the ground, twelve feet apart; then two poles were made to lean against the forks at an angle of forty-five degrees; upon these latter was stretched a stout canvas sloping almost to the snow-wall behind and fastened on both sides down to the ground. Those who sat or lay in the tent were thus protected on three sides, on the fourth side they faced the fire laid lengthwise between the two tents. This was an excellent arrangement for warmth and fresh air. The reflection of a large fire—and of course there was a whole forest to draw from—on the canvas beat pleasantly on the sleepers, who had, nevertheless, practically all the benefits of the winter ozone. Frank, to whom this was the first experience of sleeping outside in the snow, found the tent delightfully comfortable, albeit the thermometer that 26th of February, 1866, marked 25 below zero.

But his mind was not at ease. One tent was reserved for the surveyor and chain-bearer; the seven workmen occupied the other. After a copious supper of prime beef boiled in its own juice with potatoes, and tea which appetite and thirst made delicious, innocent as it was of sugar or milk, Frank unbosomed himself to his cousin. Though the latter was more than twice his age, John

had romped with Baby Frank and still remained, unmarried as he was, very much of a boy.

"See here, John, I don't like the look of things. You made those grumblers shut up, I know; but that hulking bully of a Lacerise and that vile fellow Marcotte may contaminate the others, and here we are two against seven, ten miles from any human habitation."

"Never you fear, Frank. The next time one of those blackguards grumbles I'll knock him down."

"That's all very well for you, John, with your terrific biceps. But I'm the weakest fellow in the outfit."

"That may be, but you're the nimblest, too, and I'll back you for brains any day. No, Frank, all you've got to do is to watch your nerve. Never show the white feather. You'll be dead tired the first few days. Chaining is hard work for a youngster like you. But don't let on you're tired. When we strike home for camp after the day's work, try to run in ahead of all the others, and they'll think you're a devil of a fellow. Then, my boy, use that glib tongue of yours. Stuff them with stories, in which the lively David gets the better of the unwieldy Goliath. I'll leave all the soft-soaping to you. Be kind; their bark is worse than their bite; like all peasants, they don't weigh the value of their words as we do; at bottom those men are not downright bad; you can win them over as you did that big, blundering Blackmore in your last year at college."

"You forget that there were latent possibilities in Blackmore's case; he was the son of a gentleman."

"Quite true; but isn't the gentleman latent in every Christian? Now, all those men over there have the faith, though the good works of some of them, I admit, are not very evident. Go and talk to them to-night in your best French; they like to hear the pure article, perhaps, because it is so much finer than their own patois."

"There you are, John, with your lofty ignorance of French ways. Those Canadians don't speak patois. The fact — they speak better French than the majority of peasants in France. Their mistakes in the choice of words, in grammar and pronunciation are merely those of all uneducated or half-educated people everywhere. Would you say that the farmers of the Eastern Townships speak an English patois?"

"Yes; but I fancy you give to the word *patois* a meaning different from mine. You know, Frank, your admirable mother's influence has made you, in some things, more French than English. What do you understand by patois?"

"A distinct language, a survival of bygone ages; for instance, broad Scotch, which has preserved many of Chaucer's obsolete forms of speech."

"Oh, well, that's not my view. I call patois the peculiar dialect of the lower classes in any country."

"Then we're agreed in all except the name of the thing."

"This being the case, Frank, trot out, as I was saying, your Parisian lingo. Don't let the men inside this tent, but go over to theirs or harangue them across the fire. We must never allow any of those unwashed fellows to cross that big boundary log there," pointing to the trunk of a tree connecting the two up-rights in front of the tent, "if we want to get back to Mr. Barker's hospitable house at Hunterstown as clean and as free from parasites as we left it. When you wind up, announce that you're going to say night prayers for them. I always insist upon night prayers in my camp."

This talk was a revelation to Frank. From long intercourse with John, who always spent a couple of months each year under Judge Murray's delightful roof-tree, Frank had come to look upon the jolly old bachelor—a bald man of thirty-nine looks old to a lad of seventeen—as a confirmed trifler, from whom little wisdom could be expected. What he had not yet realized was the conscience of Haviland. Lazy by nature he might be and boyish with children, but, when once he had undertaken work for pay, when, especially, he had the guardianship of the promising idol of a whole clever family laid upon him as a sacred charge by the most winsome of mothers, John's whole nature became transfigured. The disused muscles of his great frame came once more into active play and made him absolutely untiring in work, while this practical joker, whose coming used to fill the nursery with glee, developed a wisdom and a paternal thoughtfulness that would have done credit to a patriarch.

Frank reached for his immense bladder-pouch containing two pounds of Brahadi's mixture, and lit his briar pipe. As soon as he stood up on the boundary log and his fine head of curly golden hair shone above the camp fire, Leblanc, the cherub-faced cook, whose fresh complexion made it hard to believe what he used to tell about his mother teaching him to smoke as soon as she had weaned him, sang out: "Mr. Frank, how did you like the supper?"

"I never enjoyed a meal so much."

"That's because you never were real hungry before."

"Perhaps; but I say, Leblanc, aren't you afraid the smell of that good cooking will attract the bears?"

"En v'là une bonne! (Well, that's rich!) Why, there ain't no bears hereabouts."

"Don't be so sure," broke in Lacerise, through sheer cussedness. "Just before we came here I heard a man who had been up north say that the long winter was driving the bears south."

"If that's so," said Frank, "I shall have to melt the lead of the tea chest into bullets; the largest shot I have is buckshot."

"That toy gun of yours couldn't kill a bear, anyway," sneered Marcotte.

"No, I don't really think it could," replied Frank, conciliatingly, "but it is a much better arm than you think. I'll show it to you," and he went to get it. As he was returning with it and going round the end of the fire to hand it to the men, something white flashed across the belt of forest thirty yards away. Up went the gun to Frank's shoulder; he fired and the white thing dropped in its tracks. It was a large hare. Baribeau's dog retrieved it, and the men all shouted their admiration of the quickness and sureness of the aim. Then they carefully examined the beautiful little single-barrel fowling-piece. Frank explained that it had been made by one of the best gunmakers in France and that he had chosen it because it was so light that he could sling it round his shoulder and never feel the weight. He went on to question them about bears. Only one of them had ever met a bear at large; that was in summer, and the well-fed animal shuffled away from him. Frank thanked his stars he had read most of Mayne Reid's hunting stories, and gave a dramatic setting to the most thrilling incidents of "Bruin, or the Bear Hunt," where the habits of the different races of bears all over the world are woven into a connected narrative. The men hung on his words, putting in a question here and there, till Haviland called out across the fire, "Time to turn in; we must rise to-morrow morning at five. Now Mr. Murray will say the evening prayer."

Frank immediately returned to his side of the fire, and prayed aloud in that persuasive voice which had earned for him the honors of many a college debate. It was beautiful to hear, in the stillness of the primeval forest at night in the wintry air, his clear tenor praying "hallowed be Thy name," and the men's rough basses answering "forgive us our trespasses."

* * * * *

The next three days Frank found most fatiguing. When the surveyor had marked out the line with his theodolite and sighting posts, the axemen cut down the trees crossed by the line, two of them *blazing*, i. e., chopping a large slice of bark off the trees on both sides, so as to leave a vista of white spots on either hand, thus making the line plainly visible for quite a distance, and then came Frank, holding one end of the Gunter's chain, while one of the men went on ahead with the other end. Where the ground was level, the measuring was

comparatively easy. But, where the ground rose or fell, and this was generally the case, the country being very hilly, the chain must always be held perfectly horizontal, and so, while the front chainman, climbing uphill amongst twigs and brushwood, held it firmly on the snow, Frank, having to hold it breast high or even at arm's length over his head, had to brace his whole body to the strain. This sort of thing, carried on for five mortal hours at a stretch, was much more fatiguing than the most violent lacrosse game he ever played. On the first day this steady manual labor lasted from 7 a. m. till noon, and from half-past 12 till 4, half an hour being allowed for rest and a light meal. When the order was given to strike for camp, Frank felt thoroughly done up, and consequently despondent. Could a stripling like him, lacking yet many years of full maturity, stand this hard labor day after day for eight weeks? Just then—"as when a great thought strikes along the brain and flushes all the cheek"—he remembered John's words, "Never let on that you're tired." The fine fibre of Frank's mind and will held in solution resources unknown to grosser natures. The spirit within him whipped the weak flesh into action.

The party had reached the frozen bed of a river, up which they had trudged in single file that morning. There the snow, trampled by nine pairs of feet, was hard enough to make the snowshoes unnecessary. As they had been worn all day, since there was no stirring out of camp without them, the snow being so deep, it was a great relief to take them off, tie them on the back and walk in that most comfortable of all shoes, the Indian moccasin. Lacerise, intent upon the coming meal, was plodding on in front of the party, his broad, round shoulders bent forward, his head down as if meditating on pork and beans, when Frank bounded through the snow past all the other men, and springing behind him with noiseless tread, placed a hand on each shoulder and jumped far over his head, leap-frog fashion. The surprise of Lacerise was comical, and it was intensified by the united shout of admiration from the others. While those good fellows were praising his agility, which they owned they could not equal, Frank kept running on ahead and reached the camp several minutes before the rest. During supper they talked of little else than the astonishing endurance and activity of "ce collégien fluet," (that slender college boy). This night they did not want to wait long after supper before going to sleep, neither did they wait for an order from the surveyor about night prayers, but of their own accord they called out, "Monsieur François, la prière," and so it was every night afterwards; they always reminded Frank when it was time for him to say the evening prayer.

When he himself turned in and wrapped himself back to back with John in a

huge double blanket, his lassitude was so great that he wondered how in the world he could go to work next morning. What an awful shame it would be if he had to give up and go home! But he turned to Him whom his mother had taught him to love and who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and after a dreamless sleep before the blazing fire in the bracing air, he rose at five fresh as a daisy. Twice again at night he experienced that jaded feeling of extreme fatigue, but on the fourth night the excessive weariness had left him, never to return. He had got his second wind.

* * * * *

A fortnight later, about the middle of March, the surveying party had set out after a hearty breakfast of roast partridges shot the evening before by Frank, when his chainman, Pelletier, complained of being ill. Thereupon, Marcotte, who was near him, volunteered to take his place. Had Haviland been present, he would not have allowed his young cousin to work alone with such a shady character as Marcotte; but the surveyor was half a mile ahead. Frank did not wish to trouble him, so he accepted Marcotte and sent Pelletier back to the camp, advising him to keep the fire lit and lie down. No sooner had the chain-bearer and his assistant begun measuring a level stretch of upland far behind the sighting and blazing party, than Marcotte broke into a ribald song.

"Kindly cut that short," cried Frank; "that's not my style."

"Oh, indeed," replied the other in a nettled, jeering tone. "Perhaps Your Reverence would prefer a church hymn."

"My Reverence would most certainly," laughed Frank.

Then, with occasional stoppages to adjust the chain, while Frank was noting down the measurement and the character of the forest, whether hardwood or fir trees, Marcotte sang "Esprit Saint, descendez en nous," in a rich baritone strained to its utmost loudness, Frank joining in with a falsetto treble, carefully eschewing, however, the many quavers, drawls and splittings of vowels, in which the other seemed to delight. When Frank complimented him on his fine voice, Marcotte modestly explained that he used to sing in the choir at St. Paulin before he went to work in the shanties, and presently he intoned "Travaillez à votre salut," and after that was finished, he struck up "Beau ciel, éternelle patrie," "Vive Jésus," and was in the middle of "Nous vous invoquons tous," sung to the air of "God Save the Queen," when he literally struck a snag.

Just as he was priding himself on one of his favorite quavers (where the music required none), with his head thrown back and his long, wavy, black hair streaming in the wind, he placed his snowshoe on the point of a small sapling stump cut close to the snow by Baribeau, whose duty it was to clear away

the underbrush. Rip went the front net-work of the snowshoe, as the pointed sapling tore through it and held it fast. Checked in his long, swinging stride, the poor fellow plunged headlong into the snow, rapping out an oath as he fell. To the ignominy of the stumble was added the smart of a wound in the cheek from another pointed stump on which he struck his face. This was more than his undisciplined nature could stand. As he pulled himself up he poured forth a torrent of the most blood-curdling blasphemy. He cursed Baribeau for cutting the saplings so close that they could not be seen, he cursed the snowshoe for playing him false, he cursed the hymn for making him forget where he was walking, he cursed Frank for praising his singing and thus laying a trap for him. He fumed and stormed like an incarnate fiend. During a moment's lull, while he fairly gasped for breath, Frank said, with a level, incisive tone:

"I hope you feel better."

"Better for what?" shrieked the other.

"For uttering such horrible oaths."

"Oh! If you object to swearing, you'd better go to the seminary."

"Yes, I almost wish I was there, to be free from vile talk and blasphemy."

Marcotte's blood was up. He began again worse than ever, blaspheming everything that the boy held most sacred, and moving on with the chain in his hand. It was Frank's turn to be justly indignant. He raised his voice, pointed his outstretched hand at Marcotte, and said, with the sternness of a military commander: "If you don't hold your tongue, I'll have you sent home this very day. Mr. Haviland told me last night he thought of dismissing one of you because he had not enough work for seven men. If you don't stop your cursing and swearing this minute, I'll get him to dismiss you."

This threat told. Marcotte was hard up; the pay he was getting now—a dollar a day clear—was a high wage at that time. He turned and faced Frank, twenty paces behind him. "I'll smash your pretty face, you d—d hypocrite of an altar-boy," he hissed. Then he rushed at the lad, his arms whirling about, his naturally handsome face marred by infuriate passion. Frank went suddenly white. He was no coward; he was an adept at the gloves and had downed many an adversary much heavier than himself, but he had never yet faced such inhuman anger. With a quick intake of breath and a wider parting of his feet to settle himself down more firmly, he awaited the onset. Owing to the forward part of the snowshoes, it is not easy to deliver a straight blow without tripping. Marcotte knew this, and he charged at Frank sideways, aiming a round-hand blow at the side of his head. Frank ducked, and as the mighty swing of Marcotte's arm met no resistance it turned him partly

round, and before he could recover himself, Frank hit him as hard as he could on the corner of the jaw under the ear. Marcotte flung up both arms, whirled still further round and fell senseless on his face. Frank ran to him with a cold shiver lest he might have killed him, turned the limp body over on its back, and began bathing Marcotte's forehead with snow, and, taking off his mittens, chafed the apparently lifeless hands. It was an anxious moment. Marcotte's vitality had been sapped by riotous living, and, though only twenty-three, his drawn face looked haggard and old. At last he heaved a great sigh and opened his eyes. At the sight of Frank bending over him and nursing him with the tenderness and anguish of a mother, the wild fellow, now thoroughly tamed and humbled to the dust, burst into tears. What with the sobbing and the aching jaw and the dazed brain, he could only mumble at intervals: "Where am I?.....Oh! I remember.....served me right.....I'm so glad I did not hit you.....Mr. Frank, will you forgive me?.....I'll never swear nor use bad words again.....Only let me stay on.....I'll serve you like a faithful dog.....Good God! What a brute I have been!"

Frank assured him he was forgiven and helped him to his feet. Then, seeing he was still half-stunned, he gently led him back to the camp, explaining to Pelletier that Marcotte had fallen on a small pointed stump, which was quite true, as the bleeding wound on his cheek testified. They gave him some hot tea, wrapped him up in warm blankets, put more wood on the fire and hurried back to the line, Pelletier being now recovered from his indisposition. Fortunately the advance party, having been delayed by the felling of several large trees that obstructed the line, did not notice the delay of the chainmen; so no questions were asked.

On their return that evening, Marcotte took Frank aside and begged him not to say a word of what had happened, imploring him to keep him on the survey that he might prove to him the sincerity of his conversion. The latter gladly promised to be silent about the past and took occasion of Marcotte's repentance to impress on him that he had sinned more against God than against men, and that he must turn to Him with sorrow and love. After supper, when all had lighted their pipes and were sitting round the fire, Frank proposed that Marcotte, of whom he had heard that he was a good *raconteur*, should tell them a fairy tale. This is what the French-Canadian peasants describe as "conter un conte," a very common practice in winter evenings. Delighted beyond measure, Marcotte began in a high-pitched key and unfolded a tale which, though the telling of it took up one hour and thirty-five minutes by Frank's watch, yet was so symmetrically arranged that anyone with a fair memory could

have repeated it almost word for word. Everybody was in good humor when they got under their blankets that night.

* * * * *

It was the first week in April. Camp had been moved from place to place every second or third day, according to the progress of the survey; but now there was a forced halt of nearly a week, while Haviland waited for a clear night to make an observation of the pole-star in order to determine the exact latitude of the northeast corner of the township. Clouds at night persistently obscured the view, a good deal of snow fell, and there was as yet no sign of spring. The winter had been one of the longest on record. In open spaces, such as rivers and lakes, the bright March sun had thawed away much of the snow, but in the woods there was more of it than ever.

While the axemen were put to various jobs and Haviland wrote up his report and made his logarithmic calculations, sitting close to the fire so that his ink might not freeze, Frank used to go off alone into the pathless forest, gun in hand. There was no danger of losing himself, for his snowshoe tracks could always show him the way back, unless, indeed, a heavy snowstorm were to obliterate them. Hitherto he had met with very little game; a partridge or a hare now and then, that was all. Although he had forgotten all about bears, he still had in one of the pockets of his blue blanket coat half a dozen bullets he had made the day after the party pitched their tents for the first time. In those days breech-loaders were unknown everywhere, except in Germany, for that was the very year of Sadowa, when the needle-gun became famous. However, Frank enjoyed intensely the absolute stillness of the winter woods. It drew him nearer to God. He was aloof from the strife of tongues and the tawdry theatre of sordid ambitions. He communed, in the freshness of his blameless youth, with the infinitely lovable. Albeit for him "thro' wild March" no throstle called, for even the April of Canada was earlier than the March of England, yet his soul was brimming over with gladness. He realized to the full that time "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

One day, in the thrill of his solitary delight, his rambles brought him to the picturesque *Chute du Brûlé* (The Burnt Wood Falls). More than once before he had trod its frozen steps with the surveying party, but—was it the sudden bursting of the sun through a rift in the woolly clouds, or the exhilaration of his own heart?—it seemed to him lovelier than ever. It was, indeed, like that "long brook" of the vale in Ida, "falling thro' the clov'n ravine in cataract after cataract to the" plain below, yet it had the additional beauty, undreamt of in

Greece, of its close-fitting garment of ice. The river dropped about a hundred feet in a series of short cascades. Loud as was the roar of the falls, little water could be seen. Every detail of the surging flood was crystallized in white and bluish ice, white where the swift, flat stream curled over the rocks, blue where the falling flood shone through the solid pendent veil. The first time Frank had ventured on one of those frozen ledges over the thundering torrent he needed the repeated assurance of the experienced backwoodsmen to realize that there was no danger. But now, after three weeks of lengthening sunshine had fretted the continuous falling veils of solid ice into separate icicles, as he crossed the uppermost ledge, it seemed to tremble beneath his light weight. He mentally resolved to be doubly cautious on his return.

Stepping off the ice-ribbed cascade to the high table-land from which the river leaped, he found himself in a forest of tall red pines, whose lowest branches were at least thirty feet from the ground. The dark green foliage softened and tempered the rather blinding glare of the snow, still further relieved by the sprinkling of pine needles over its otherwise immaculate surface. Frank was loading his little fowling-piece with duckshot. As he glanced upward at the canopy of pine branches, not vaulted and groined like a Gothic cathedral, but flat and single-columned as a classic temple, the blending of green and white reminded him of Christmas-tide, and he sang in silvery tones the "Adeste, fideles." Hark! Was that an echo of his own voice thrown back by the pillared forest? No; it was distinctly lower in key and harsher. He listened. There it came again from the north, and it was unmistakably a growl. Looking in that direction, he beheld a huge black bear some two hundred yards off, making directly for him, swaying its head from side to side and sniffing the breeze that blew from the youthful hunter.

Frank's first thought was, "Lacerise was right; the bears have hibernated so long that they can't stand the prolonged hunger; they are coming down from the bleak north." His next thought was to pray while he rammed down one of those bullets—wasn't he glad he had made them?—on top of the duckshot charge. The bear was still too far for a safe shot. The small smooth-bore was not sure to kill at more than eighty yards. As Bruin rushed on head down, it was not easy to find a vulnerable spot. Frank knew from Mayne Reid that if you want a bullet to tell, you must get a bear sideways or fronting you on his hind legs; so, planting the stock of his gun in the snow, he loosened his hands out of the mitts that hung from his neck by a flat-cord yoke, and hollowing his joined fists he blew a shrill locomotive whistle. The bear stopped, threw up his big head and reared, beating the air with his great paws. This

was just what Frank expected; he aimed carefully at the heart and fired. But, owing to the double charge, the little gun kicked as it had never done before, and the unexpected recoil deranged the aim. The thud of the ball on some stout bone could be distinctly heard. Growling and grunting fiercely, the bear rushed at Frank faster than ever.

The lad, having no time to reload, thought of his hunting-knife, but feared that he might be hugged to death before he could come close enough to use it. Slings his gun by the strap over his back, he turned to run. As he was doing so, a bright idea struck him, and, instead of making for the top of the falls by the way he had come, he ran down the brow of the ravine, dodging trees as he went. His record for a mile on snowshoes was 5.50, but he knew a famished bear could beat that, and the camp was more than a mile off.

On reaching the top of a disused timber-chute, which was his objective point, he looked over his shoulder. Bruin was hardly a hundred feet behind. The chute, an almost perpendicular trough-like ditch, down which the lumbermen shot their logs, was filled with snow and ended in a small clearing studded with stumps. Frank sat down on the hind part of his snowshoes and had a glorious slide to the bottom of the cliff. Looking up, he saw Bruin pause in doubt at the steep declivity, rise on his hind legs, moving with them restlessly on the brink, when suddenly he lost his balance backwards and came skittering down the chute, vainly striving to assume a more aggressive posture.

Before he reached the level, Frank, inwardly chuckling, had crossed the small clearing and was lightly tripping over one of the lowest ledges of the cascade. On the other side of the river he hastily laid aside his gun, there being no time to reload it, and ran back over the ledge.

There was not a moment to lose. The bear had recovered himself, and, snorting and growling, with his tongue lolling out, was close to the frozen falls. Though the ice seemed alarmingly thin and bent beneath Frank's 130 pounds, he had his doubts whether it might not stand even the bear's great weight, and he wanted it not to. Yet, in order to weaken the ice, as he intended, without running too great a risk himself, he must distribute his own weight over as large a surface as possible. So, getting softly down on his stomach, with feet in air to keep the snowshoes out of the way, he drew from his belt his hunting-knife and stabbed holes across the width of the ledge. The ice was thicker than he thought. It needed all his strength to drive the knife through it. As soon as he had made a transverse row of holes, he slid himself back with the free hand and began cutting fresh ones.

By the time he had honeycombed half the length of the ledge, the bear's

hind leg crashed through the ice, making the whole ledge quiver. Frank's position was no longer tenable. To a man lying prone on a thin strip of ice, in the very middle of a roaring cataract, with the tremor of the rushing torrent beating against the ice-shield and through it on his own vitals, and with a huge brute frantically breaking up the only thing that saved him from being hurled over the falls, there was enough to make the stoutest heart quail. Small wonder, then, that Frank, seeing his trap now well laid, swiftly slid back to the op-



AN ICE TRAP.

posite bank and rose to his feet. Bruin, sinking at every step, yet managing each time to pull himself up, plunged madly on till he reached the middle of the ledge. There both his hind legs broke completely through so deep that he could not drag them out, and half his body went under. The sight of him clutching at the ice with his front paws, while the swift current drew the lower part of his body almost horizontally against the face of the cascade, sent Frank into roars of laughter all the more violent as he had just escaped from so perilous a situation himself. There was Bruin growling and howling, clawing with

his front paws at the ice-brink in a futile attempt to crawl over it, and tearing with his hind claws at the icicles and the falling water, and there he was likely to remain till he should be dragged out.

In order to do this, Frank needed help, and hurried back to camp. On his way thither he realized for the first time the danger he had just escaped and thanked God for the happy thought that had saved him. Running into camp, and shouting, "A bear! a bear!" he first met Haviland, who was superintending some work just outside the tents.

"What's the matter, Frank? Have you really seen a bear? Are you hurt?"

"No; I'm right as a trivet. The bear isn't, though."

"Where is the brute?"

"Up at the Chute du Brûlé, caught in the ice. Fetch a rope and all the men and we'll have fun."

The entire party eagerly slipped on their snowshoes and ran to the Falls, plying Frank with questions as to how the thing had happened. As soon as the men beheld Bruin raging tooth and nail against his ice-trap, they began taunting him and throwing bits of icicle at his snout. "Oho! Mr. Bear, so you wanted to eat our Mr. Frank. Now we're going to eat you." "Look at his fangs. "What scratchers those hind claws are!" "Why, the brute must weigh six hundred pounds." And the missiles of ice and hard snow rained upon him. Frank could not help thinking of Macaulay's words, "The Puritans hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators," and he felt no sympathy for the Puritans.

Meanwhile Marcotte, being the fittest of the band, got up on the ledge just above that in which the bear was caught, and dropped a noose over the animal's head. Then, passing the rope round a projecting rock, he called to the others to pull all together. In a trice the struggling bear was lifted clear of the ledge, and, in a few moments more, was dragged up the bank. The slip-knot had strangled him, but, to make sure of him and put him out of useless misery, Lacerise ran a knife into his heart and announced that he meant to prepare the skin, with head and claws undetached, as a trophy for Mr. Frank, whom they all cheered as a hero. On cutting the carcass up, the bullet from the small gun was found imbedded in the breastbone.

For some days after this adventure the whole party enjoyed bear meat as a welcome change of diet, finding bear's feet a real delicacy. Lacerise proved himself an adept in cleaning and trimming the long, thick fur, and, when, at the end of the month, Haviland and Frank parted from their men on the best of

terms, there was but one voice among them as to the all-round success of the survey. Frank had the bear's head specially mounted, with artificial eyes, by a Three Rivers taxidermist, and, on his return home in Montreal it was with pardonable pride that he spread out at his dear mother's feet this magnificent pelt, the hard-earned memorial of his winter survey in the bush.

LEWIS DRUMMOND, S. J.

St. Boniface, Manitoba.



A Bird Song.

When I was sick, and had to stay
In bed, with none to play with me,
I found a leafy playhouse, in
A maple tree.

It grew against the window frame;
And when the days were hot and long
The birds would make my prison gay
With sweetest song.

They built a nest among the boughs,
A little nest of grass and sticks,
And from the eggs they laid in it
Came nestlings six.

I watched the little birdies grow,
And feed, and flap. And bye-and-bye,
When mother-bird had made them strong,
I watched them fly.

And when the summer days were done,
And I grew well, and they grew wild,
They flew away; to cheer, I think,
Another child.

—Kathleen Kirchoffer.

A Fin-Back in Action.



PROPOS of fishing, Captain," remarked Roger Passmore, in the grand manner which is a sort of bow-the-knee proclamation with him among strangers. "I had great sport at Gaspé last summer; almost landed a twenty-pounder first day out."

Passmore and I had gone to the northeast coast of Newfoundland to write up the French Treaty Shore for London and New York journals, and were coming back on board the coastal mail steamer *Virginia Lake*. It is one of Roger's characteristics that he is unable to hear about other men's exploits without introducing an exaggerated account of his own; so at supper, when Captain Morriss began to relate rare fishing experiences on Great Battling Brook, I knew we should hear of the twenty-pounder that got away from Passmore at Gaspé.

"Twen-tee poun-derr!" repeated a quiet-looking Norwegian gentleman on the opposite side of the table, speaking with the deliberation of a foreigner careful of his English consonants. "I go you better; my last fish was too heavy for small-fry scales;" and taking a long drink of coffee, with a droll look across the brim of his cup towards Roger, he added, "It weighed at least ten times as many tons as yours did pounds."

Passmore was not used to having his fish stories overtopped in that prompt fashion, and prepared to demolish the Norwegian's fiction.

"How much did your fish measure?" he asked.

"Snout to tip of tail, eighty feet," the foreigner answered; "head, about twenty feet; pectoral fins, almost nine feet six; and——"

"A whale!" interrupted Passmore, quizzically.

"Yes, a whale," replied the stranger; and the world of possibilities in the

hooking of a whale suppressed the Gaspé salmon yarn. But our neighbor was not disposed to continue the story. Hoping to draw him out, I remarked:

"I'd like to be on hand when next you're hooking that sort of a leviathan."

"Be on hand, by all means, both of you," answered the Norwegian. "We reach Snook's Arm at daylight. The whaling steamer *Cabot* leaves the factory wharf when I arrive. If you'll rough it, you're welcome to come. You'll see one of the big fish we catch"—and he smiled pleasantly at Roger—"that doesn't get away."

"If you were captain of the whaler, I'd not give you the chance to retract that invitation," Passmore quickly retorted.

"He's a good deal better," interposed Captain Morriss, with a laugh at Roger's expense. "He's superintendent of the factory himself. If you know your chance, you'll go."

That is how Roger Passmore and I were aboard the *Cabot* when she harpooned the biggest fin-back ever caught in the North Atlantic.

* * * * *

The *Virginia Lake* approached Snook's Arm before daybreak, but no harbor light was needed to tell which hole in the rocky wall was the entrance to the whaling station. Far out, a reeking smell of fish could be detected; and nearer, the air was thick with the stench from half a hundred whale carcasses moored below the cliffs of Snook's Arm. Immediately the mail-boat had anchored abreast the *Cabot* we three crossed the plank thrown from deck to deck. Tossing the waves aside at a cutting pace, the little whaler was soon puffing away from the foul atmosphere to open sea. The crew were putting final touches to all equipments for the whale hunt. The swivel cannon that was to fire the harpoon shone brighter than the gun on a man-of-war. A second harping-iron, lying close at hand lest the first should not be effective, was carefully examined by the mate.

"Is it all right?" inquired the superintendent.

"This 'un 'll do, sir," answered the seaman. He ran his hand over the great iron bar that stood higher than himself and might have been an ironwood sapling. "This 'un won't twist into no letter S. The rust sort of a hump-back can't bend this. It's a reg'lar crow-bar."

"Don't be too sure. I'd like to encounter a good fighter this morning. We want to show what the *Cabot* can do."

"There ain't nothin' like her on the sea, sir," said the old tar, proudly. He cautiously fingered the blade-edged triangular projectile on the end of the harpoon. "There's explosives 'nuff here to blow up a regiment of whales and keep

'em all afloat with gas. This thing 'ud cut through the toughest-hided hump-back easier 'n a butcher-knife through paper."

He felt down the main shank along the flanges that were folded back to the shaft.

"Y'll spread out y'r wings like an angel when the cannon sends y' rippin' through some whale amidships! Y'll be blowed inside out, my old bachelor fin!" continued the exultant mate, first apostrophizing the harpoon and then the unknown whale that was to be its victim.

"Fill those buckets with water, and have more pails by the coil," the captain ordered a couple of sailors. "You see, gentlemen," he explained, pointing to an enormous coil of cable on a steel axle, "that line holds fast to the butt-end of the harpoon shank. When the cannon is fired, that rope unwinds at the rate of a rifle bullet. The coil always smokes. If we didn't saturate it with water, it would be ablaze in an instant."

The *Cabot* was now in Notre Dame Bay, which is the very playground of the great creatures of the deep. There was just enough breeze to give skylarking porpoises the fun of whisking through the waves' crests as they frolicked over the water. We had been watching the dripping brown backs and glinting white throats, as the clumsy big fish jumped into the air and floundered down backwards, when a sailor on the look-out at the mast head shouted:

"Whale to the lee!"

Every man sprang to his post as if by electric mechanism. The superintendent's glass was at once aimed towards a black object that disappeared among the waves.

"It's only a young hump-back, not worth the powder; but there!" he exclaimed. "Look beyond! There's a big school of grey ones floating at their ease."

All eyes were turned in the direction indicated. The *Cabot* slackened speed, moving slowly and noiselessly leeward. At first nothing was visible but a confusion of small white-caps. Thin, whitish lines, resembling columns of smoke, gradually came into view. This was remarkable, for not a suspicion of mist was in the atmosphere. The dull booming of artillery discharges in the distance came to us in a muffled echo.

"A marine engagement?" queried Passmore, whose field-glass was poor.

"No," answered the captain, "they're frisking like porpoises. See them beat the water with their tails! It might be the big drum before action."

"You'll witness a marine engagement presently, with a fin-back in action," laconically observed the Norwegian. "I've never seen anything like it," he

added, continuing his scrutiny of the herd. "There's an enormous fin-back in that school. It's a female—she's rolling from side to side, playing with her young one. Go cautiously, captain; we must get that giant."

He lowered his glass abruptly.

: "A bounty to every man on the *Cabot*," he cried, "if we get that big fin-back first shot."

I had scrambled part way up one of the masts, as well as a landlubber could, and was keeping my posture by sticking both feet through a tangle of ropes and clinging with my hands to the upper rigging. The *Cabot* was moving almost imperceptibly. The vibrations of the engine had ceased. Except the swish of waves, not a sound was audible about the ship; but from the whale flotilla came the hollow pounding of the fish striking the water with their tails. On nearer view the dim lines mistaken for smoke turned out to be jets of spray; for the fin-backs were blowing like trumpeters, and throwing up water so that the bay seemed alive with spouting fountains. Around the big fellows raising the uproarious noise the sea was whipped into a great commotion. Active ones were darting about their mates in swift undulations, displaying grace with fishy vanity, and amusing the whale audience still more by diving vertically downwards, till only tail-stumps remained visible above the water. The upright tails were not unlike young trees—only the whale's caudal fin branches off in two barbed flukes, and the trunk is thicker and more oval than a tree. But the whales were not playing. They were about to make music, with the ocean for a sounding-board. Tails began thrashing from side to side, thumping the sea with heavy thuds that constitute whale harmonies. Their performance finished, these players swerved up again, and others dived down to continue the tuneful entertainment. Young whales floundered about their mothers and old ones floated lazily or rolled about, keeping watchful eye on their offspring. I did not count the number in the herd. They were swimming about too restlessly to be distinguished. Indeed, I was so intent on watching their strange antics, I never thought of collecting data; but not so Passmore. His journalistic instinct was alert.

"How many do you think there are?"

He shouted quite loudly, for the captain and superintendent had gone astern.

"Square mile of 'em, sir," the mate answered in a stage whisper, that was to rebuke boisterous tones at this critical juncture.

"Think my voice will disturb your game?" Passmore asked, jokingly.

"More danger of the game's voice disturbing you, sir." This sententious reply was uttered in the same solemn whisper.

"Are they all fin-backs?" persisted Roger.

The mate condescended only an affirmative nod; but even the newspaper man was forgetting "copy" in the interest of surroundings. The *Cabot* had noiselessly drifted to within a stone's-throw of the whales. We could see every movement among them. Slate-blue forms and arched steel backs were appearing everywhere. A few paces away the dripping bodies glistened in the sun brighter than a coat of mail; and as the steamer drew closer, the naked skin, smooth as oiled silk, showed stripes of lighter grey extending in deep grooves from head to tail. Each fish was the perfection of symmetry and grace.

"Aren't they beauties, though?" exclaimed Passmore, voicing my own thought. "Not much like the chunky caricatures you see drawn, eh? These old whale diagrams at college were mighty poor likenesses, weren't they?"

When some of the fin-backs rocked themselves in the water, affording a full lateral view, we could see they were several times thicker than the height of a man; but their great length was in perfect proportion, and the impression gained was of long, slender creatures, rather than the bulky, top-heavy representations one sees in books. The wind had fallen, and the whaling steamer was on the edge of the fin-backs' preserve. The old mate's tight-lipped stoicism poorly disguised his impatience for action. Superintendent and captain, after eagerly surveying the herd, approached the cannon.

"We should get more than one," said the captain.

"You can't gamble on results," the Norwegian answered, quietly. "I'll be quite satisfied with the big female over there."

"The big female in the centre of the herd, men!" commanded the captain; and each sailor straightened up, like a soldier under inspection.

A slight throb ran through the vessel, suggesting possibilities if a great fin should take to arching his back beneath the *Cabot* and scratching his barnacle-infested hide against her keel; but the danger was imaginary. The engine was gently getting up steam, and the boat began skirting the field of whales. We were warily making towards the big female picked out by the superintendent. She lay about a quarter of a mile distant, with other fins all around and the young one frisking under her nose.

"Mahomet!" exclaimed Passmore, gazing through his glass; "did you ever see anything like her? She must measure more than a hundred feet—think of it! Sixteen times my height! One hundred feet!" he repeated.

"Quite that," the Norwegian answered. "The right sort of a catch for an

ambitious fisherman. Wish there were two on hand, and you might have a go with the second shot! But I can't chance this one. She's the biggest I've ever encountered. We must have her."

The whales did not object to our presence, though we made no unnecessary disturbance. At first our intrusion was ignored, and they kept up their thunderous music and blowing. Presently they became interested. With the curiosity which is so highly developed in the whale, some began to follow us, and several young ones poked their snouts under our stern. The *Cabot* was soon directly opposite the big fin. She lay motionless, with the huge jaws agape. Then she moved a little, sifting the inflow of water and letting it stream out at each side of her mouth. The bay was thick with minute particles of marine life, and she was probably too busy finishing her breakfast to observe us.

"Too close! Too close!" muttered the superintendent. The *Cabot* began to sheer off at right angles to the whale's fore-fins, and the movement attracted the young one's notice. We were at perfect range when it mischievously whisked up at our stern. At this the old mother headed about, swam a few paces, then lay afloat directly behind us. She was now watching the steamer suspiciously. We veered about to take instant aim, but the fin-back was too quick for us. She too shifted, keeping in line with the stern. Again we turned; so did the whale. We repeated our tactics till we had completed several circles, but the wily old watcher was yet in the rear. We reversed our manoeuvres and described more circles in another direction, but with no better results; for the fin-back mother darted in our wake. She had come many paces too close for an effective shot, even if we caught her squarely broadsides. In vain we advanced a hundred yards, dodging from side to side. The clever old whale evidently feared for the safety of her young one, somewhere beneath the keel, and proved swifter and more tortuous in her course than the *Cabot*.

"Between them two," growled the mate ruefully, "we'll waste the day and lose the 'hul herd." The fulfilment of his prophecy was not at all unlikely. I listened to Passmore proffering suggestions, which the superintendent and captain heard with puckered brows.

"You'd better keep ahind the gun, sir!" remarked the mate, taking the cue from the black looks of his chiefs and giving Roger a dose of his own medicine. "The line'll fly out in a minit, and 'twouldn't be the first time them lines has cut onlookers in two."

"Be quiet, old salt!" commanded the superintendent. "You know," he added apologetically to Passmore, "we give the old man too much rope. It's beginning to look as if the men would not get much bounty from that fin-back."

"Trick her, sir! Trick her, sir!" urged the privileged mate. "Ye'll have to trick her!"

And trick her we did. A moment later we had reversed and were flying backwards at a fine rate. The whale was deceived, and gave chase for a hundred yards. We slackened speed, but, as if suspecting the latest ruse boded no good, she dodged under the water.

The mate began to utter dark, unintelligible words.

But she rose again, curious to watch our whereabouts, and within direct and splendid range.

There was an instantaneous blaze! A sharp, quick crash set the boat a-tremble from stem to stern! I heard the rush of cable lengths and sizzle of rope flying through the air at terrific speed. The harpoon had hurtled away in a red meteoric streak! It struck the fin-back behind her head, but, glancing aside, came out near her throat, so that the flanges which flew out horizontally were exposed against her side. It was a quick shot, but the aim had erred.

The crew gave a wild shout; but their shoutings were drowned in the thunderous roar that burst from the wounded monster. The vast, glittering steel form leaped up from the sea, high above our mast-head, raining a shower of blood and water from her gaping mouth and wounded side. Down she plunged, throwing herself head foremost into the hollow of the great sea she had raised, and diving fathoms below. She jerked the line faster than the men could let it out, and dragged the steamer right into the vortex of the watery tumult. Buckets of water were poured on the cable lengths, but the coils were smoking like pitch near fire.

"Look sharp there!" shouted the superintendent, for the tightened rope was relaxing. "She's coming up here!"

I saw the water turning crimson on both sides of the steamer, and should not have been surprised if we had been the next to fly through mid-air.

"She's below us! She's below us! Full-steam!" bawled the boy from the galley, who had noticed the blood-dyed stream oozing up on each side.

"Dolt!" yelled the mate, who had no relish for orders from the scullery-boy; "I'll knock y'r head off!" But, all the same, he acted on the lad's hint; and the *Cabot* sped away, keeping the harpoon-line taut.

The red flood told us where to expect the whale's reappearance, and we saw the fin-back dash up, lashing the sea in her rage to a tempest. Roar after roar broke from her like continuous bursts of heavy thunder, a tremor running through the very depths with the awful bellowings that rolled over the ocean's surface. The frightful sounds shook the vessel like blasts of artillery, and the

air seemed surcharged with the deafening clamour. The great fish was pulling laterally, to get away from this unknown thing embedded in her flesh; but each jerk on the line added poignancy to the pain and increased her rage.

Suddenly she rushed away from us in leaps and bounds through the sea, giving the *Cabot* a wrench which hurled me from my perch to the deck. Putting on full steam, we tore after her. The *Cabot*, and not the whale, was now in tow. She dragged us after her as if the steamer had been a chip. The tow-line was straining so that I began to wonder how long its tough fibre could stand the tugging without snapping, and how many somersaults the vessel would take if the rope recoiled. Now the struggling leviathan was under, now she plunged along the surface, and at every few paces sprang through the air like a flying-fish, with the great pectoral fins distended and tail thrashing violently.

"Steady there! Steady! Look alive! She's up to some treachery!" shouted the captain.

I had barely picked myself up and collected my wits, when I saw the giant fin-back turn with the swiftness of a diverted lightning-streak. Before the *Cabot* had time to head about, she was charging furiously towards us. With glowing eyes and vicious jaws wide agape, bellowing frightfully, she seemed the very incarnation of vengeance. All the stories I had ever read of schooners being sent to the bottom with one blow from a whale's tail thronged through my mind. I recalled pictures of Norwegian skiffs being splintered into kindling-wood by angry whales. The eyes of every man on deck were riveted on the living fury which pursued the steamer. It seemed an age, though but an instant, before the *Cabot* was flying from her enemy.

The tow-line tightened. Was it to be a tug-of-war, or was she feigning, to entrap us? Again the great steel body shot to upright posture above the billows, but she rose only half as high as the mast-head this time. The loud, long roar of baffled rage and defeat was weaker, and echoed dismally over the sea. The great fish floundered down helpless and fagged.

"She's done for!" yelled the captain.

"A big display," and the superintendent shook his head, "but poor fishing! That harpoon didn't hit her squarely at all. See! She's not quite dead yet!"

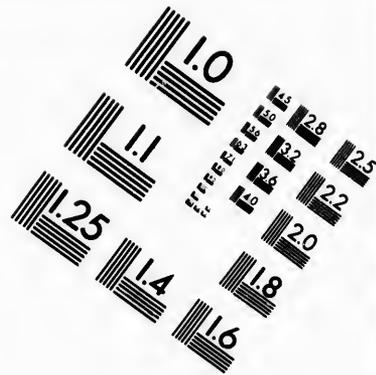
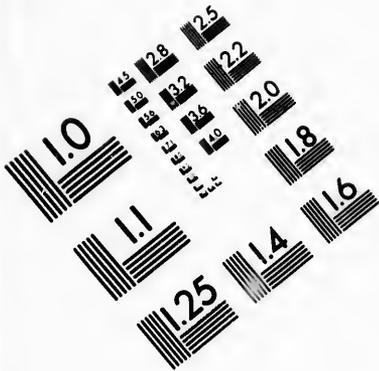
The tail was twitching spasmodically.

"Lemme go out and lance her, sir!" called the mate.

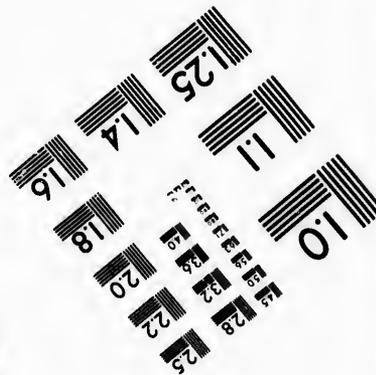
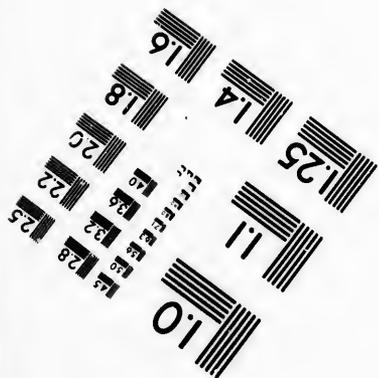
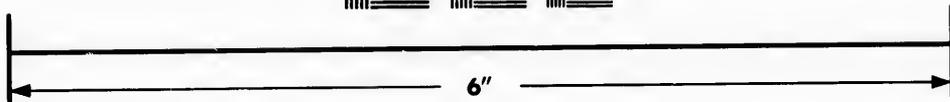
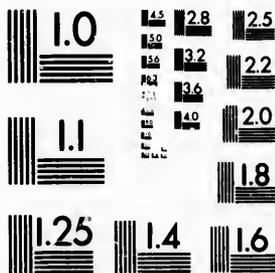
"Go! But look out for yourselves; she may come to life."

Passmore scrambled into the lowered boat with the crew, and was in at the death. Before they had speared her I saw him draw out his revolver and send a bullet into her head; which was a foolhardy thing to do, but it enabled Pass-





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more to treasure up a future anecdote to surpass the Gaspé salmon yarn or the Lake St. John ouananiche story.

As the men, springing on the great floating body with their spiked boots and spears, waved and cheered to us aboard the *Cabot*, I reflected it was not so easy to "draw out leviathan with an hook."

A. C. LAUT.

Ottawa, Ont.



Christmas at Grandma's.



THE day before Christmas, the Lavern household was astir, preparing to go away for the holidays. The family consists of four fine, rollicking children, their mamma and papa. Tommy, the eldest, is a manly boy of ten summers. Muriel, two years younger, is a sweet girl, with long golden curls and brown eyes. Osmond is a sturdy lad of six years. Last, but not least, is baby Reggie, a merry, lisping child, with eyes of Heaven's own blue, face of a cherub, and the prettiest of little dimpled hands—the pet of the family. Shortly before they left, Osmond's friend, Herb Spencer, happened in.

"Where are you going, Osmond?" he asked.

"To Grandma's. She lives in the pretty village of Hilton. It is the jolliest place to spend Christmas that could be found."

"In what kind of a house do they live?"

"A lovely, large one, with a wide verandah on the front, and windows that go down to the floor, and open like doors. The hall that runs through the centre is nearly as wide as some of the houses down here, and oh! there is a big garden, with lots of walks, hedges and trees, always green. It is just like a park."

"What else is there?"

"Peacocks, roosters—fine ones. When I was there last, I chased one around the barn and pulled nearly all the feathers out of his tail trying to catch him. I had great fun. There are sheep, too, with long crooked horns, cows without horns, and the best horses in town. There is nothing like a fine horse. I have not time to tell you all. The sleigh will soon be here."

A delightful ride of sixteen miles up Park Road brought the Laverns to

Hilton. Grandma was watching at the front window when they drove up. She met them at the door, and was literally besieged by her grandchildren with showers of kisses. Soon there was scampering all about the house—up-stairs and down-stairs—making the place echo with their merriment. This was the house they were allowed to rule once a year. Tea was over. Muriel went to the kitchen and quickly espied something in a large bake-pan. Returning to the sitting-room door, she gave the other children a hint to follow.

"Look here," she whispered, "I knew there would be doughnuts to-night."

When grandma had little boys and girls of her own, it was her custom to make doughnuts herself every Christmas eve, making part of them into all kinds of fancy shapes to please the children and allowing them to eat them while hot. It was dough for this purpose Muriel had found. Grandma placed a large iron pot on the stove, into which she put some lard. The children crowded around her at the table as she rolled and shaped the doughnuts. While Muriel, standing on a stool, turned them with a fork, Osmond stood on tip-toe to see how they were coming on. They were each anxious to have one.

"Mine is done! Hurry, let me have it," said Osmond. Turning excitedly to grandma, he said, "My man is turning black."

"Here it is. It is done a beautiful golden brown," said she.

"Danma, danma, div me one," said Reggie.

"All right, dear, here's one for you."

"Thank 'oo, danma; it tastes dood," he said, as he bit off the head.

She had to make tall men, short men, fat men, thin men, and the more toes and fingers they had the better it pleased the children. After an hour thus spent they went into the sitting-room, where grandpa was reclining in his large easy-chair.

"Children, you seem to have had a good time in the kitchen," said he.

"I dess we did," lisped Reggie.

"You bet," said Tommy, "they were the best doughnuts I ever tasted."

"We had a lovely time, grandpa," said Muriel.

"Oh, golly! they were good," said Osmond.

"That's not a very choice word for a little boy," said grandpa.

"Well, they were so good, that that word just said itself."

"That will never do; you must be more careful in future. What will you do now?"

"Tick-tack-to, if you will play with us," said Osmond.

"Agreed, but you will have to teach me."

He laid a large slate on the table, and drew a circle on it. "Now, we divide this into sections, and fill each with numbers. I'll play first. I shut my eyes

like this, then take the pencil this way, striking somewhere inside the circle, as I say 'Tick-tack-to, here I go, hit or miss, I'll stop at this.' Then I stop short, open my eyes, and whatever number my pencil is on I have won, and it is crossed out. The highest number gets the game."

"Exactly," said grandpa, as he took the pencil and began, "Tick-tack-to—"

"Oh! you peepin,' danpa," said Reggie.

"No, dear—here I go—"

"You are out, and got nothing," said Osmond.

"Just wait till I finish—hit or miss, I'll stop at this."

"Good! grandpa; you have two hundred," said Muriel.

They had a lively game, and grandpa became a first-rate player, but Tommy was the winner.

"Grandma and mamma must join in the rest of our games," said Tommy.

Then came "hide the thimble," "snap," "go-bang," etc., until bedtime.

Each child was given one of grandma's longest stockings, which was hung by the fire-place in the sitting-room, because it would be so easy for Santa Claus to come down the big chimney to fill them. Baby Reggie insisted on sleeping with grandma. He was greatly excited over Santa Claus coming. Every time the trees rattled against the house, or there was any unusual sound outside, the child thought it was Santa Claus. If grandma moved, he quickly drew the covering over their heads, and said, "Hush, danma, hush; he's tumin, he's tumin." The darling thought the least noise would frighten him away. Grandma fell asleep, and began to snore. The child was almost frantic. He drew the covering over their heads once more, and shook her violently by the nose, "Oh, danma, don't, don't; he'll go away." The trees rattled again. "Listen, danma, listen, listen; here he tums down the 'tove-pipe."

"All right, dear, grandma will be very quiet." He put his arms around her neck, cuddled his chubby face close against hers, and was soon in the land of dreams.

Nature had allowed the elements to play in a manner to produce a most enchanting winter scene for Christmas morning. The evergreen trees bowed their heads low beneath the weight of their snowy plumes. The hedges were snow-capped. Icicles hung from leafless tree branches, and when the sun rose from his hiding-place everything glistened and sparkled like myriads of diamonds. The Lavern children were up early to see what Santa Claus had brought. Every stocking was stretched almost to bursting with nuts, candies, ties, jack-knives, handkerchiefs, ribbons, mitts, picture-books and toys.

After breakfast, the children decided to take their hand-sleighs and go coasting down the hill at the rear of the grounds. When they went to put on



"ISN'T IT LOVELY?"

their wraps, Tommy found a pair of skates and a toboggan hanging under his overcoat. Wrapped in Muriel's cape was a beautiful wax doll, half her own size. It had blue eyes, rosy cheeks and long flaxen ringlets, and was dressed in the latest Paris fashion. Tommy was anxious to try his toboggan.

"Muriel," said he, "you can go wild over your doll later on. Get your cap and come with me." She could not find it. "It's in the clothes-closet off your mamma's room upstairs," said grandma. When she opened the door out ran a sweet little dog, with silky silver hair. It was a lovely Skye terrier, and had a pink ribbon around its neck. To this was pinned a piece of paper, on which was written, "Topsy, for Muriel." Her joy was no less than her surprise. She took up her dear little pet, and ran down to her mamma, saying, "Isn't it lovely?" She was not long in finding out all Topsy's cute tricks, and they became much attached to each other. Of Reggie's presents he was most delighted with his rocking-horse, and gave it little rest. Osmond was wondering what extra thing Santa Claus had left him. When going into the library he stumbled over a box, on which his name was written. He took it to the sitting-room, where the rest of the family were, and hurriedly opened it. Out jumped a hen. Poor boy, his disappointment was great.

"The horrid old thing, I don't want it. It is the stupidest creature in all the world, and no good for a boy. Santa Claus was real mean to me." He began to cry.

"Listen; it can cackle," said Muriel.

"What good is that to a boy?"

"It will tell you where the eggs are."

"I don't want eggs. Boo-hoo-oo-o. I'll chase it out."

"Osmond, you must not be a naughty boy," said grandma. "Let me tell you about a present given a little boy years ago."

The children were at once attentively listening.

"One winter this boy had been visiting his Aunt Polly in the country. His mother and father had come to take him home. When they were in the sleigh, Aunt Polly put a small wooden box, with little holes in the sides, under his seat. Then she kissed the lad, and whispered, 'There is something alive in that; it is for you. Take good care of it, and it will turn into a farm some day, if you live.' All the way home he was puzzling over what was in the box. When it was opened, there sat a black and white speckled hen. It was the very thing he wished for, and he named it Aunt Polly. In the spring it laid many eggs, and hatched lots of dear little yellow and black chickens. Next year most of these laid eggs, and had nests full of chickens. The third year they became so numerous that the boy's father persuaded him to sell all but a few, and buy sheep with the money. The Aunt Polly hen was kept till she died a natural

death, and was given a hen burial. He had extra good luck with the sheep. Every year the number greatly increased. They were sheared, and the wool sold at the highest price. When he became twenty-one he sold them. Then, with what money he had put in the bank from time to time, he had enough to buy a farm. Aunt Polly has gone to her home in Heaven, but the farm still bears her name. "Osmond's hen was now on the high wave of favor. The other children wished Santa Claus had given them one. They tried to make a trade for it, but the owner proudly lifted it in his arm, and walked off, saying, "You just bet I won't."

"Children, would you like to have a sleigh-ride and skate this afternoon," asked grandpa.

"Yes, yes," they replied, in chorus.

They were in a hurry to be off, and were ready before the appointed hour. While waiting, they raced up and down the long verandah, and had a lively play at snow-balling. Jingle, jingle. "Here tums danpa." He had considerable difficulty settling where they should sit. All wanted to be on the front seat with him.

"There is not room for all to sit here, my dears."

"I believe we can squeeze in," said Osmond.

"Can't Muriel and Reggie sit on the back seat?" asked Tommy.

"No, me won't." So saying, Reggie dropped on his knees in the bottom of the sleigh, and clung tightly to the dash-board.

"We can squeeze in between Tommy and me," insisted Osmond. "Then all the boys will be on the front seat."

"Are you a boy, danpa?"

"Yes, my dear, we are all boys on this seat."

Muriel and her mamma, grandma and Topsy sat behind.

The robes were snugly tucked in, and merrily away they went. It was only a mile to the pond where they intended spending the afternoon. Quite a crowd was already there. Happy skaters glided hither and thither, and the older Lavern children joined the number. One sleigh-load after another arrived, and many came on foot, till the pond was nearly covered with a joyous Christmas gathering. In the last sleigh there were two barrels. It was driven up the east side, and they were lifted out on the high bank. This pond is very prettily situated on the south side of a lovely wood. The west side is fringed with low-drooping water-willows, which in summer bathe the tips of their overhanging branches in the clear, cool water, singing "swish, swish," as the wind tosses them to and fro. Along the south side runs the road, under which is the

mill-dam. Beyond this stands the old mill, no longer in use. On the east, the bank rises gradually as you leave the road till it is high above the pond. Here the barrels were placed. Forward, backward, fancy skating and racing were in full swing, accompanied by the musical jingle of bells, as the sleighs went around the margin. The barrels were opened, and a kindly-faced gentleman called out: "Attention! Ready!" There was a lull for a moment. Away went rosy snow apples in rapid succession, bouncing in all directions over the ice. It was the climax of sport for the children. Little they cared how often they were hit by the flying fruit. Each was bent on getting his or her share. This was a Christmas treat which had been given the children for a number of years by the same gentleman. Skating was resumed, while rosy apples disappeared down little throats. The sleighs were again going around the pond, now at full speed. Suddenly there was a crash, and a terrified shout from those on the eastern bank: "Halt, halt, the ice is sinking." In great excitement men, women and children scrambled up the bank. The sleighs were in imminent danger. The ice had given way at the low bank by the willows, and the water was rising rapidly. There was a wild rush of teams to get off the ice as best they could. One became frightened, and made a mad dash toward the dam where the ice was thin. The crowd watched with suspended breath. A catastrophe seemed certain, but, with great presence of mind, the driver succeeded in controlling the horses, and turned them in time to avoid the dangerous place. As the Laverns rode home, feeling glad they were safe, they said they would never forget that afternoon, they had such a good time.

"Grandma, how did you spend Christmas when you were a little girl?" asked Muriel.

"That's a capital idea," said Tommy. "Tell us all about it this evening."

"It is so long ago, my dear, that I have forgotten many things about my childhood Christmas. But I will give you a glimpse of a home, and tell you something about one Christmas that may interest you."

The lights were turned on, and our Christmas party was in grandma's pretty parlor.

"Now, grandma, tell us about that Christmas," said Tommy.

"I want you to go with me in imagination to your great-great-grandfather's home. Seventy-five years ago this morning, my father, mother, and their eight children went to my grandfather's, seven miles from our home. There was bush all over the County of York in those days, with the exception of scattered clearings. We had a long, deep box-sleigh, so deep that if Reggie stood on the

bottom his head would just come to the top. There were five seats, and it was very comfortable for a large family."

"Why don't we have sleighs like that now," asked Osmond.

"Because they are too old-fashioned. People nowadays sacrifice comfort in many ways for the sake of appearance."

"We were delighted when we came to the gate, through which we passed up a long lane, with tall pines on each side, to my grandfather's home. It was a large two-story log house, with a stoop on two sides. An imposing structure



"GRANDFATHER'S HOME."

for those times. Grandfather and grandmother were at the door to welcome us. Grandmother looked so sweet in her snow-white frilled cap, sontag and long apron over her neat black bombazine dress. We entered by the kitchen door. A flaming log was throwing out warmth from a large fire-place, where hung many pot-hooks and pots, and as many dainties simmered or baked. Close at hand was the pan-buoy, and 'little Tommy Toddy, all legs and no body.'

"What is a pan-buoy?" asked Muriel.

"It is a long, flat stick, with deep slanting notches down each side, and a cross-piece on the lower end to balance it. When the pan was put over the coals, this stick was stood upright, and the long handle was hooked over one of the notches to keep it from upsetting."

Tommy was anxious to know who Tommy Toddy was.

"Why, that queer little fellow was the fire-tongs. My grandmother's dishes were always an attraction. They were tastefully arranged on an open-faced cupboard. There were golden brown tea-pots, with gilt edges, and red and white raised flowers, and bright green leaves in abundance. Then there were quaint blue and white, and red, white and green-flowered platters, plates and cups and saucers. The tin utensils, which decorated one side of the kitchen, shone to such a degree that we could see ourselves reflected in them. Grandfather's clock stood in a niche in the sitting-room. It reached almost from floor to ceiling, and counted out the hours in never-to-be-forgotten deep-toned, vibrating strokes. The beds were high, oval-shaped things that required ladder or stool to get into them. Grandmother's had a canopy top, with curtains all around falling to the floor. The lamps were small tin boxes, with a tube in the top for a wick. These were hung on wire hooks suspended from the ceiling. When filled with fish-oil and lighted, they were not as pleasant to sit under as the lights we have now, but we were happy, never dreaming of all the things there are at the present time for everyone to enjoy. We had nothing but rag dolls, and loved them dearly. We had no bought games. We played 'I spy,' 'blind-man's buff,' 'pussy wants a corner,' 'button, button, who has the button?' 'hot butter, blue-beans, all come to supper,' and other games, and no children were ever happier. The day was ended: the moon had risen high. We were all in the sleigh ready for home. We had started, when Grandfather, coming out of the kitchen with a large parcel, called to us to stop. 'Here is some meat,' he said, 'you may need it before you get home.' We had gone about half-way, and had entered a dense wood, through which the road ran for a mile and a half. We were startled, as howl after howl broke the stillness of the night. We knew what it meant. It was enough to make the bravest quake with fear. The smaller children were quickly huddled in the bottom of the sleigh under the robes. A large pack of wolves were on our track and were rapidly nearing us. The situation was desperate. They were hungry and ferocious. 'Light the torches,' said my father, while he urged on the horses. The older boys got out the long poles, with the tar-balls fastened on the ends, and lit them as quickly as possible. On came the wolves, furious to possess their prey. 'Throw out the meat,' cried my mother. Out it went. The animals fought among themselves

for it, and lingered around the spot for some minutes. Then on they came, fiercer than ever. Now there were six blazing torches waving over our sleigh, and the horses on the gallop. Some of the more daring wolves came close enough to have the torches thrust in their faces, and with terrifying howls fell back and fled. Oh, what joy and thankfulness, our danger was over. We passed out of the wood into the clearing, and were soon in the safe shelter of our home."

"How strange," said Tommy, "that great-great-grandfather put that meat in the sleigh."

"Not strange, my boy," said grandpa. "God gave him the thought to do it in order to save their lives. He always takes care of those who love and serve Him. What your grandma and I wish most of all, children, is that you will grow up to love and serve the One who saved grandma's life, and who died to save us all, and whose birthday we have been celebrating to-day."

As the good-night kisses were given, they thanked grandma for her story. After saying their prayers, and being tucked away in bed, four happy children went to sleep wishing Christmas at grandma's came oftener than once a year.

ARMINDA MYRTAL BLAKELY.

Winnipeg.



Our Punch and Judy Show.

“**A**UNTIE, do you remember that Punch and Judy show those two little newsboys gave last year?”

“Do you think you could tell us about it?”

“Just to think that they made nearly twenty-five dollars, too, and gave it to poor little Ben, because he had such a cold and could not go out on the streets to sell his papers, and his poor mother was too sick to work.”

“It was a wonderful show, too, for little boys to give, wasn't it, Auntie?”

“Yes, yes, and yes, my dears. I do not know which question I am answering first, but I think 'Yes' will answer them all. I know both Jack and Will, or Bill, as he prefers to be called. They told me about it before they had it finished, and I went around to the old shed, where they had worked, to see if everything was complete before they faced the public.”

“Oh, we were the public, were we not, Auntie? For they showed it to us.”

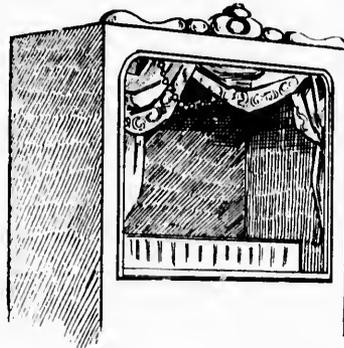
“Yes, dear, we and all the other people that saw it, but now, if you want me to tell it to you, we had better begin at once, as it will take a very long time.”

“Begin at the beginning, Auntie, even at the building of the house.”

“It would take too long to tell you how the little paper boys worked to get together the lumber, nails, hammer and dolls, but I will tell you how the house is made, so if you should like to try for fun sometime, you will know.”

“They got ten pieces of wood about one inch square and six feet long, and six pieces just the same, only four feet long, and took their nails and hammer, and set to work. Their house was to be six feet high and six feet wide, and only four feet back to front. Then they nailed the upright pieces and cross

pieces together, tacked on the curtains, and soon had the house to look like this," and Auntie drew, with a pencil, on a piece of paper, this:



THE HOUSE.

"Why, Auntie, you are quite an artist. I can see now how Punch and Judy jumped about; why Jack and Bill held them," cried May.

"Now, I'm going to show you Punch and Judy themselves, and then I will tell you what they said. Now they are coming. Listen!

"What are you doing there, Judy? Why don't you tell the man to ring up the curtain?"

"I'll not do it; do it yourself," said Judy. Just then up went the curtain, and Punch and Judy appeared.



PUNCH AND JUDY.

"What do you want that curtain rung up for? We are not at a show. Why cannot you speak proper English?"

"I tell you, Judy, all this world is a show—a play—and we are the actors."

"Pretty actor you make, Mr. Punch, with your great red nose and those dream-like eyes."

"And you," fairly screamed Mr. Punch; "how much shorter is your nose than mine? Where's my evening paper?" said he, trying to change the subject, for mentioning Punch's big, red nose caused a pang to his pride. Mr. Punch was very handsome when he was young.

"Well, Mr. Punch, if you wish to get your paper, you will speak in more respectful tones than those, and, tell me, please, what this paper has to do with your great, big, long nose?"

"There you are, Judy; always trying to keep up a quarrel. Tell me, this instant, where my paper is, or I'll—" but Judy was too quick for him, and soon Mr. Punch was rushing in every direction, howling and weeping unmercifully, for Judy had stepped on his very worst corn. Then Judy left him, but soon returned, nodding and talking to a great big cat.

"Purr—rr—rr," said the cat, and Judy mewed and crooned to it, then put it down to sleep in a slipper. One, unfortunately for poor kitty, belonging to Mr. Punch.

"After Punch had nursed his foot for a time, he thought he would put on his soft slippers. One he found beside him, and the other we already know was the one in which the poor cat was sleeping so cosily. He did not see the cat, and started to put on the slipper, but kitty was not so easily put out of her snug little bed.

"Mew—ew—ew," wailed the cat, as she scratched and spat at Mr. Punch. This made Mr. Punch furious, and he at once thought of Judy.

"Of course," he roared, as he held the cat up by the tail. "Of course, this is some of your work, Mistress Judy. She loves this cat. Just to think of a horrid cat in my woolly slipper!"

"Mew—ew—ew," screamed the cat, and she dug her claws into Mr. Punch's hands.

"You wretch! take that—and that—and that—" Each time he hit poor puss hard with a stout stick he had in his belt.

"Of course, children," said Auntie, "the kitten was only a toy one the boys had bought; but it all seemed very real to us, for the boys could mew just like a real cat, and by this time nearly every boy and girl had their eyes wide open. 'Is Punch going to kill it?' they cried. Yes, he did, and poor kitty was just groaning its last, when Judy heard it, and came rushing to the rescue with a stick almost as big as herself. 'Take that—that—and that—, but poor Judy had been hit by Punch's stick, too, and she lay dying beside her kitten."

"What a dreadful man Punch was, Auntie. I do not like him."

"Wait, dear; Punch was well-punished, as every one is who cannot control their angry feelings, and who will not be kind to animals as well as to their fellow-beings. Hardly had Judy and her lovely cat been carried away to be buried, when a loud voice called, so loud that everybody in the audience could hear it.

"'Punch, Punch, what have you done?'

"Punch was very much afraid, and waited for the voice to speak again.

"'I am *Weariness*. You will have to fight me, for you have done a great wrong.'

"So, children, we could see Punch fighting the air, we thought, but he struggled very hard, and at last, the fight over, weariness was overcome.

"Hardly had weariness gone, when another great voice called:

"'Punch, Punch, what have you done?'

"But Punch was so frightened and tired, he could not answer.

"Then the voice said, 'I am *Laziness*. You have done a great wrong. You will have to fight me.'

"So Punch fought again. We could not see whom he fought; but he conquered again. Then he said to himself, 'What is the use of fighting? I will rest.' But there was no time to rest, for another voice called:

"'Punch, Punch, what have you done? I am *Disease*. You have done a great wrong. You will have to fight me.'

"Then Punch fought the air desperately, as before, and was again successful. But Disease had left poor Punch, when *Death* came along. We could hear his bones rattle, as Punch hit him, and he conquered the voice which called itself Death. Then, last of all, we heard a loud rap. It was the policeman. Not a voice, but a policeman, we could see, with his stick in his hand and his big blue coat and hat, and his big brass buttons.

"'Punch, Punch, I am *Justice*. What have you done? You have done a great wrong. You will have to go to jail.'

"Wilful, proud Punch, he was really sorry, too, children, I think, for I heard him sob when he said it."

"Bravo, Punch!" shouted all the children at once. "Punch was sorry; he was good, after all."

"But," said Auntie, "it would have been better had he never been so wicked."

"Oh, Auntie," said a wee, husky voice, "I des I'll not be naughty any more, if peoples that quarrels drow up tross an' look like ugly ole Punch an' Judy."

"It is only play, darling," said Auntie, "and the cross old Mr. Punch, with shrill voice, and quarrelsome Mrs. Judy, are only in fun."

"And was the little newsboys in fun, too, Auntie?"

"Only in fun in their play, pet, but very much in earnest in helping little Ben, who was sick and poor."

"Oh! can't I do something to help somebody, Auntie?"

"By being good now, darling—by being a helpful little laddie now, and by and by you will find many ways of helping others, particularly at the glad Christmas time."

LILIAN BROWN.

Winnipeg.



The Wedding of the Flowers.

LILY AND ROSE.

Once in the great forest cathedral,
With its aisles so shady and deep,
I was lulled by Nature's grand organ,
And charmed by the fair goddess Sleep.
How long I was sleeping, I know not,
A fairy had opened my eyes,
And I listened to heavenly music,
An echo dropped down from the skies.

And faintly adown the green pathway
Came the patter of little flower feet:
A perfume of pansy and violet,
And voices, low, silver and sweet.
They paused just in front of my arbour,
To chime of a faint tinkling bell;
And "The Voice that breathed over Eden"
Was wafted by winds down the dell.

I saw all the gay world of Fashion,
Elder, Balsam, and all the Smart Set,
The Hyacinths, Trilliums and Larkspurs,
Sad Snow-drop and shy Mignonette;
Sweet William, Nasturtium and Bramble,
Spruce, Cowslip and tall Fleur-de-Lis,
Veronica, Iris, and Ivy,
Alyssum and blushing Sweet Pea.

The Groomsmen were Wild Wood-Geranium,
And Daffodil, handsome and straight;
The Bridesmaids were Primrose and Gentian,
So smiling, so modest, sedate.
The Bride gowned in white orange-blossoms,
To the altar by Poppy was led,
Where joining her tall, blushing lover,
The sweet, solemn service was read.

THE WEDDING OF THE FLOWERS.

111

When the vows of both had been taken,
The Prince, with a feeling of pride,
Took the ring and tremblingly placed it
On the hand of his beautiful bride.
Then he kissed right fondly and proudly,
Ere they rev'rently knelt on the floor,
When the Bishop pronounced his grave blessing,
And the charming Flower Wedding was o'er.

Then out through the archway so shady,
To an arbour amid the green trees,
Went the Prince and his beautiful Princess,
To the music of bird-song and breeze.
And there, 'neath the trailing Arbutus,
Were the presents so costly and rare:
Buttercups, Blue-bells and Fox-gloves,
Precious gifts for the happiest pair.

They partook of a fairy-like luncheon,
Nectarine in a pretty pink shell,
The toasts were proposed, and the laughter
Echoed far over fountain and fell;
The guests wished them love Everlasting,
A home full of sunshine and joy.
A rule by the Rod that is golden,
Which nothing but Time can destroy.

Thus ended the famous Flower Wedding,
Of sweet Lily and charming Prince Rose;
They left on Thistle-down air-ship,
For the Land of Peaceful Repose.
And again the old forest grand organ
Rang down the great archway so deep,
That the Flowers fled away like the Goddess,
Sweet Slumber, the Goddess of Sleep.

—Walter Edmonds.

Winnipeg.

Saved by a Bird.

“ESSIE, Bessie, do you know what time it is?”

Bessie came running to her mamma, and said, “Is it half-past eleven, mamma, and may I go and tell papa dinner’s ready?”

“Yes, Bessie, and you must hurry, because you will have to go quite close to papa to-day, as the machine makes so much noise.”

So little Bessie Miller came into the house, where mamma washed her little hands and face, and also the little brown, bare feet. Then she tied on her pretty pink-checked sunbonnet (that her very own grandma had made for her and sent from away down in Ontario), and off Bessie went.

“Good-bye, mamma,” she said. “Won’t daddy be glad to see me? ‘Specially when I say ‘Dinner!’ Perhaps mamma, I’ll hide and tease him. Do you think he’ll let me ride old Bill back?”

But, by this time, Mrs. Miller had said, “well, good-bye, darling,” and Bessie was off.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller and Bessie had come to live on this lovely prairie farm only a year ago. They had brought their friend, Tom Briggs, out to live with them and help on the farm. Their prairie home was such a happy little nook; Mrs. Miller had named it “Maplewood,” “not,” said she, “because there are so many maples, but because there are none.” Bessie thought that was very funny.

The days seemed very long to little Bessie, who was not old enough to go to school, and many times every day she would say, “Oh, mamma, what can I do? What can I play?”

Mrs. Miller and Bessie had many delightful games together, and Bessie would help her mamma do much of her work. She would bring in the wood,

playing that each stick was a soldier, and she would stand each soldier up in line. Tom showed her how to drill them, and called her Captain Bessie.

Then Bessie would dust the rooms, and mamma would let her change the places of all the chairs. She would take all the mats up, too, and place them in new places. But, still the days were very long sometimes.

One day Bessie had said to her father: "Daddy, what can you find for a little girl like me to do out in the field?"

"A little girl like you, Bessie?" said Mr. Miller. "I thought you were your mamma's girl, and helped her most of the time."

"Oh, I do help her lots and lots, but when we get it all done, what can I do then? Oh, daddy, do let me help you outside!" Bessie crept closer and closer, in a coaxing way.

"How would you like to play that you are my clock?" said daddy.

"Oh, would I have to sit up on a shelf and never say anything but "tick-tock-tick-tock?"

Daddy Miller laughed, and said, "Oh, no, I mean that when it is dinner time, you will come and tell me. That would help me ever so much, my little girl."

So, with mamma to strike the hour, they decided that every warm, sunny day Bessie would go to her papa and tell him dinner was ready.

A great many times that morning Bessie had said, "Is it half-past eleven yet, mamma?"

At last the hour came, and Bessie, happy as happy could be, started on her "clock-work."

Down she ran, and crossed the ravine. Oh, how proud she was the first day she walked over the bridge alone. Then, on she went to the wheat fields. She had run so fast she was very tired, so she thought she would sit down and rest beside a great big sheaf of wheat. She sat there sorting the pretty wild flowers into little bouquets. "This blue one, just like my mamma's eyes, is for her. I'll pick twelve and tell mamma she must give me twelve kisses for them."

"This great big red one is for my own daddy; won't it look lovely pinned on his coat next Sunday? Oh, what can I fix up for Tom? Oh, I know. I'll just tie up some ugly weeds, and won't we laugh at him when he puts them on his coat?"

You see Bessie was so used to playing alone that she talked as freely to the flowers as you talk to your little brothers and sisters.

"Oh, dear! what can I make for dear old Coley? Oh, I know, I'll make a dog-collar. She looked around her for something with which to weave the collar, and then she saw a pretty bird flying in and out of the uncut wheat.

What did it have in its mouth? and where was it going? Oh, were there some little birdies there?

Bessie's flowers were forgotten, and she was in among the grain, down on her knees, and almost shrieking with delight.

"The dear little bits of birdies! Oh, see the dear little open mouths! How yellow they are! and how big! One! two! three! four! five! Ugh! I don't like to touch them, they wiggle so."

Bessie gazed in wonder. The little birds chirped and opened their hungry mouths in the most wonderful way. Bessie thought they were the cutest little things she had ever seen. She sat and watched and watched. She was not used to sitting so still, and the little head began to nod and droop, and in a few minutes our little girl lay fast asleep beside the little nest of birdies.

At last the mother bird could stay away no longer, and came timidly back to her little hiding-place, but, with all her fluttering and calling, little Bessie slept on as soundly as if in her own little white crib at home.

* * * * *

Whizz! whizz! whizz! whirr! whirr! whirr. Nearer and nearer comes the binder. Swift and swifter the sharp, cruel knives are cutting the grain. Farmer Miller and Tom are in high spirits. The binder has done good work to-day, and to-night will finish the cutting of the wheat.

Oh! how that mother bird flutters backwards and forwards! What funny little chirps and shrieks she is making! In her own language she is crying: "Oh! man, man! please stop that machine! My darlings will be hurt? Oh, do stop! do stop! Please!"

Yet nearer, ever nearer came the whirling wheels. Tom said, "Queer way that old bird acts. What do you 'spose ails her?"

"Nest there, sure thing. Here, hold up the horses. I never like to meddle with a nest if I can help it."

Mr. Miller dropped the lines, and went to the spot over which the poor frightened bird was hovering.

Can I tell you what he said when he saw what was hidden there?

No; because his words were few and sobbed rather than spoken.

He raised his darling little girl and pressed her tighter and tighter to his beating heart. Tom ran to them with tears in honest, round eyes.

"Oh, would it not have been awful!"

Mr. Miller could not speak, but many were the kisses and hugs her dear daddy was giving bewildered Bessie.

Her eyes were wide open now, and she sleepily said, "Dinner's ready, daddy."

Bessie could not understand why her father held her so closely, nor why his face so close to her own was wet with tears.

"Did you see the cunning little birdies, daddy?" she asked.

"Yes, darling," said daddy. "They called me to you."

He carried her in his great strong arms all the way home, and did not even trust her to the broad safe back of old Bill.

"Turn out now, Tom," he said, "and this afternoon we'll just skip that place and leave it for the birds."

Can you not hear daddy telling all about it, with Bessie, wide-eyed and solemn, sitting on his knee?

Then her own mamma clasped her darling to her heart, and kissed her and cried, and kissed her and cried again, until poor, tired little Bessie cried too.

Then she said, "Oh, dear me! I think we ought to laugh instead of cry. Don't you, daddy?"

They all laughed then, but not very merrily.

"Just think, daddy, if you had not seen that mother bird?" began Bessie.

"Just think, darling," said Bessie's mamma, "if your daddy had not always loved the little birds and tried to save them, we would have had no loving little girl now. I think we owe your life to the brave little mother bird, and to dear daddy's kind thought for even a little nest of birds."

"No, no, wife. We owe all to Providence, through that little mother bird, and I am sure we shall always feel very thankful when we think that the life of our little daughter was "Saved by a bird."

MOLLIE MAYBURN.



The True Story of Mother Goose.

(Told for the First Time.)

“**HIS**,” said North Wind, sulkily, “would be a fine world were it not for a foolish and chattering old woman called Mother Goose, who is singing silly songs all day long.”



“Aye,” answered East Wind sharply, “not only does she sing all day long, brother, but I can’t rest at night, after my day’s travels about the country, with hearing her whining songs.”

“I declare I sometimes think I’ll go out of the singing business,” snapped North Wind, turning up the autumn leaves with an annoyed sweep of his heavy foot. “One good thing is that I can drown her voice when I feel like howling.”

East Wind laughed so hard at this remark of his elder brother that he fell over against a tree, causing it to bend over the river bank near by, and its branches, striking the face of the sleeping Waters, they woke right up.

“Don’t you worry, my good friends,” said the Waters, whispering gleefully; “we know something, don’t we, sisters?” and the ripple of laughter went around until the pebbles on the beach joined in the merriment.

“I suppose you know some of her silly old songs?” answered East Wind.

“Or she has rocked you to sleep with ‘See-saw-ducksy-down,’ added North Wind, mockingly.” I wish I could catch her out in the open just once,” he said, “but everybody seems to run into the house when I pass by. I wonder why?” he added, frowning.

No one answered, but East Wind was seen to turn away and smile. Just then the sound of singing came up from the village, and the two brothers, Wind,

grew purple with rage. "Hush," said the waters, and then the voice of Mother Goose was heard:

"Ride-a-cock-horse-to-Banbury-cross,
To-see-an-old-woman-get-on-a-white-horse;
Rings-on-her-fingers-and-bells-on-her-toes,
And-she-shall-make-music-whenever-she-goes."

"She's singing little Jack Horner to sleep," said West Wind, gliding in with noiseless step. "His father was drowned in the big storm last week, you remember, and his poor mother is out taking in the nets. Listen," added the speaker, "is it not beautiful?"

"Beautiful? It's positively vulgar," shrieked North Wind, shaking his head with rage.

"What do you know about music?" screamed East Wind, turning suddenly and slapping West Wind in the face. "I'm told you sneak up to the old woman's cave, and even join in her yowling." And East Wind glared wickedly at his little sister, who shrank timidly back.

"Just once—just once only," sighed West Wind; "I was trying to get the tune of 'Cock Robin,' but, indeed—indeed—" Here the poor little maid began to cry, and she could say no more.

"We know something, we know something!" said the Waters, exultingly, beginning to glide about and sway together.

"Do tell," urged the brothers, Wind, "do tell if it is anything that will put the old woman to shame; she's a regular Witch! See the way children run after her!"

"Who's talking about ME?"

Sliding down her broom-stick came the Witch, landing right in the middle of the fire, out of which she jumped in a trice, shaking her broom at everybody, while the embers scattered.

"Who's talking about ME?" she repeated, severely.

"We were speaking of dear Mother Goose," said West Wind; "she sings so sweetly to the tired and unhappy little ones."

"I'd like to scratch her eyes out!" screeched the Witch, pointing a long, bony finger at everybody in turn.

Just then South Wind came running up the hill-side, quite out of breath, but smiling. "I'm afraid I'm a little late," she said, casting down her eyes, "but I really had to linger in the village."

"Was it a sunbeam dance?" asked the Waters, eagerly.

"Nay," said South Wind, seating herself on a mossy rock and playing gently with a pretty striped caterpillar crawling under a dead leaf, "it was just a lullaby."

"There it goes," shrieked North Wind, growling, and white with rage. "Everybody dilly-dallies after that meddling old woman. I can sing," he screamed, "I can whistle, I can dance; why don't people run after me?"

"We know something," chorused the Waters, running in and out among the stones; "we know something that would soon stop her singing."

"W-h-a-t?" queried North Wind, East Wind, and Witch, in a breathless shout.

South Wind cast an anxious eye and West Wind a warning glance at the Waters, but the babbling wavelets began to whisper: "Mother Goose won't let the Man-in-the-Moon see her without her nightcap. That is why she is never seen out when it is blowy."

"Yah!" jeered North Wind, "she's afraid I'll grab her nightcap."

"She comes down and washes her nightcap when the Winds are asleep, and——"

"Ha!" screamed East Wind, flapping his long arms, "she won't catch me snoozing again," and he sent out a shrill whistle that woke up all the children in the village. When the disturbed cry of the children was heard, the Witch gleefully danced around the fire. "Listen to them crying!" she screamed; "there's music for you. Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

But before North Wind could caper more than a single round—before East Wind could purse his lips together for even one more shrill whistle,—to their evil ears came the sweet, crooning sound of Mother Goose's voice. She was singing:

"Hush-a-bye, Baby, upon the tree top,

When the wind blows the cradle will rock."

The Winds set up a shriek of despair, and threw themselves down on the earth, where they lay sulking, while the Witch, stirring the drowsy Waters with her broom-handle, screamed:

"Good lack! are we to be laughed at to our faces? Come, let us destroy this singing old crone! Wake up, East Wind" (she tapped his crown), "wake up, North Wind" (she trod on his toes), "wake up Waters!" and then the four Wicked sat around the fire and fell a-plotting.

"The first thing to be done is to secure the nightcap!" said the Witch.

"I'll go baï I'll snatch it off her head the first time she ventures abroad," said East Wind.

"You're too noisy and too variable," snapped North Wind. "When we think you are going due west, the first thing we know you're veering round the compass; no one quite knows where to find you; but when I start out, there's no mistaking MY intention. I go straight ahead, and woe to anything that comes in my path!"

"True," said the Waters, coming up; "I believe North Wind may be depended upon to do the business, once he sets out; but, of course, we've got to coax the old lady out."

"Aha!" cried the Witch, "I know what is coming. Christmas Eve will be here soon. Of course, Mother Goose will want a clean nightcap for the holiday; so when she comes down to the water to dip her cap in the tide, somebody must be waiting to snatch it off her old, silly head."

"Trust me to do it!" screamed North Wind.

"Oh, let me just get one grab at her!" screamed East Wind; and then the two brothers fell a quarrelling, until even the old Witch became angry, and mounting her broom-stick, she slid up and up, until she reached Cloudland, where she hid behind Thunder.

* * * * *

Down in the village the little children had made a great feast, for it was Christmas Eve. The fisher folk had gone out to gather the nets and the boys and girls were planning a tea-party for dear Mother Goose.

"She shall sit at the head of the table," said little Margery Daw.

"On this rose-leaf cushion," added Miss Muffet.

"The Mayor of Banbury Cross will propose her health," Boy Blue shouted, running in with Bo-Peep, who had wound her crook with blue-bells for the gala occasion.

"I've brought my very own pie," said little Jack Horner, running in; 'see, the plum is right in the middle. I did not 'stick in my thumb' this time, did I?' and he wagged his wise little head very proudly. "What games shall we play?" he asked, anxiously looking around him.

"Ring-a-round-a-rosey!" they all shouted in one breath; "but we are all going down to meet and bring her up."

Away the happy children ran to meet Mother Goose, and this is what they saw: The moon, wrapped in a cloud, was staring down, her face white with terror; over the water's edge Mother Goose bent, trailing her nightcap in the wavelets; upon the hill-top stood the cruel Witch, waving her broom-stick, beckoning to the North and beckoning to the East, while she danced a hornpipe for joy of what was about to happen.

"A Witch! a Witch!" screamed the children in terror. Hearing the cry, Mother Goose lifted her head a moment and loosened her grasp of the nightcap; in a trice North Wind (who was in hiding behind the big rock) had snatched it from her poor, tired hands; had whirled it off, and was making straight for Cloudland, followed by the Witch, who was circling about in the air and screaming with laughter. The poor old lady, Mother Goose, standing by the river side, gave one wild cry. She saw the Moon looking down at her, and she knew the old-man-with-his-bundle-of-sticks was looking on too. She threw her apron over her head and ran into a cave, where the children followed in great alarm. There they found the dear old lady crying:

"The North Wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the Robin do then?"

Meantime the bad Witch and the bold Wind had hung the pretty nightcap high up on one of the horns of Taurus, where you may see it dangling any fine night you go out and look at the stars. There it will hang until some brave little boy will capture Taurus and rescue Mother Goose's nightcap; for, never more will the dear old lady be able to come out and sing until she regains her cap. South Wind and West Wind have both tried hard to bring it back again, and the children in the village have never since ceased to hope it will come back some day.

In that lonely cave the children's sweet friend sits, year after year, alone. Alone? Nay. South Wind, West Wind, and the little ones go into the cave daily, and tell her to be of good cheer; she sings her sweet songs softly yet to the loving little children who cling about her, and the kind winds bear, to far away, lonely and sleepless babes, the pretty songs they learn from dear Mother Goose. And if you listen, you'll hear them sung by South Wind and East Wind to-night.

But, O! little girl, little boy, if you ever get a chance to recover the pretty nightcap, do catch it tight up in your arms and run with it quickly to me, and I'll take you to the cave where dear Mother Goose sits waiting.

MARY MARKWELL.

Winnipeg.

The Animals' Christmas Eve in the Ark.



It happened one day when the Earth was flat,
And the Cow could jump over the Moon,
When the Animals lived in an Ark, like that
You have up in your big play-room.

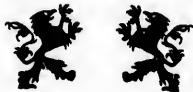


In Council secret the Animals sat,
Cock Robin, the Wren, the Lobster, and Cat.
The Elephant jostled the Kangaroo;
The Wombat, the Weasel and Buffalo,
The Big, and the Middle and Little Bear
And Red Ridinghood's Wolf were also there.
The Duck and the Drake did also meander
About with the Hen and Goosey Gander.
The Frog in importance surpassed the Ox;
The Monkey cracked jokes with the wily Fox.
The Ostrich and Heron disported galore
The feathery plumes on which ladies set store;
But all admitted the *duckiest* dress
Was worn by her Ladyship Leopardess!
Oh! you never saw such *sights*, I believe,
As the Animals on that Christmas Eve
Making out lists, 'midst the greatest applause,
Of gifts that they wanted



from

SANTA CLAUS!





Asked the Crow with a croak (for he's fond of a joke),
"Dear Hippo, of what do you dream?"
"For a *chap* with my hide, 'tis clear to decide,
"Give me Honey and Almond Cream!
"Massage and Pomatum, Vaseline, Petrolatum,
"For these I do soulfully yearn;
"On sober reflection, I dream of complexion!
"For I'm only

a

Pachyderm !"



Then said Spotted Giraffe, with a guffaw and a laugh,
"Surely the young Alligators—
"Though their socks are in holes, for they wear
long claws,—
"Will hang up their best new *gaiters!*"
In great agitation, with much palpitation,
The Crocodile burst into tears,
And said, "It is shocking, this lack of a stocking
"Confirming the worst of my fears!"
Hippo' joined in the weeping, he could not help
greeting,
It filling his heart with dismay;
But the Hyenas laughed, and the Saurians chaffed,
And Wallaby

wobbled

Away!





The next to speak were—Who do you think?
The "Protoplasm" and "Missing Link!"

"It makes us very, very weary
To be a vain Darwinian theory.
Our sphere in Nature is not defined,
Yet to plants and men we do you bind.
The gift we want is 'Recognition,'
And not be dubbed 'A Proposition!'"



At this the Monkeys began to quake,
And jabbered and screamed, "It's all a fake!
The Missing Link will cause disunion;
He shan't belong to our Trade Union!
He's only an evolutionist,
A dangerous revolutionist!
He's fit for only learned treatise,
To him is due *Appendicitis!*"

The Mollusc then, from his oyster bed,
Tilted his shell and wearily said:
"I am an actual entity—
The Protoplasm's a nonentity,
Either a plant or a base born beast,
An atom, less than the very least,
A levelling anarchistic thing—
We shall have none of his fathering!
I now disown him as kin to me,
Animal, fowl, or fish of the sea!"





Here the Ladybird "rose to a point of order—
"The Cats of Kilkenny were raising disorder.
"A breach of the peace was most clearly committed
"When they were in '*scraps*,' and the pieces misfitted!
"T was no place for a lady—" Here a fresh young Loon
Cried, "*Your house is on fire, your Children alone!*"
Then the Chairman, King Lion, with dignity rose,
"I assert my authority—let none oppose—
"Let the Whip-poor-Will whip that fool goose of a bird!
"Give it Rattlesnake's *rattle*, and, lest it be heard,
"Shut it tight in the *trunk* of the big Elephant
"Till it learns how to ladies to be more gallant!"



"By my tusks," cried old Jumbo; "my rights you abuse!
"My trunk's private property, not for public use
"As an infantile creche
"For the Loon baby race!
"I move the suspension
"Of the rules of the House,
"I appeal from the Chair,
"I appeal to the *Mouse!*"





But the poor little Mouse had just been devoured
By "Puss-in-Boots," who was then promptly o'erpowered
By the "Honest Watch Dog," after a short struggle
With the "Wolf in Sheep's clothing," who scented trouble
And yelped to his pack to assist in the fighting—
Then all the Wild Beasts started howling and biting!
The Lion called the Unicorn "*A one-horned brute!*"
And about the British Crown began to dispute;
The Beasts of Prey began to prey upon the weak;
Then said Mary's Lamb, "*'Tis clearly time to make my sneak!*"
While Mother Hubbard's Dog, who poses as a Sage,
Thought that "*Early hours contribute to Old Age!*"



Oh, Dear! It was a very shameful sight to see
Such angry passions rise and *such* a Jamboree!
What happened after that, I never heard it said,
Nor yet what time on Christmas Eve they got to bed.
'Tis said the meeting broke up at an early hour,
When they'd left nothing of each other to devour!



LOUISE MINTY.



The Gold Locket.



HE half-breed runner, Jacko, whipped up his dogs as he came to the banks of the Assiniboine, dashed down the southern bank, quickly crossed the ice, and came with a grand rush up the acclivity to Fort Garry. It was Christmas day. Governor Finlayson had just come from attending church at St. John's, and was enjoying his Christmas dinner. Into the northern court of the fort the gay equipage of three toboggans, each drawn by four dogs, richly caparisoned, jingling their bells, and answering to Jacko's shout, glided and came to a stand before the Governor's door.

The Governor's lady, who was an artist, saw the cavalcade from the window, and, as the sight appealed to her eye and was unusual, rushed from the table and hastened to enquire what the gay turn-out could mean. Jacko, rather out of breath, meeting her, began to explain: "Grand Chose! Madame! Just from Pembina! Les Ecosais! Les Ecosais de Grand Bretagne! Grande dame! Monsieur a la militaire! Les deux enfants—just like as two leetle peas!"

Moved by the broken exclamations of the well-known guide, Jacko, the lady asked the travellers to alight. From one toboggan was assisted a lady, under middle age, of medium size, and richly clad in fur, also her son of nine years, who had ridden beside her in the toboggan. From the other came a man of noble bearing, somewhat older than the lady, and with him a lad of the same age and size as his brother. Both boys were dressed in Highland costume, precisely the same.

Major Simpson, for such was the gentleman's name, came quickly forward to make apologies and to state that they had come across the prairies from St. Paul, and were unacquainted with the country. To the Governor's lady, knowing the long distance, and the dangers of the winter route, it seemed somewhat

strange to have so sudden and unexpected a visitation. But hospitality was the crowning virtue of a Hudson's Bay Company fort, and so the distinguished visitors were ushered into Government House, and in due time were at home enjoying the good Christmas cheer.

In the afternoon the two lads and their father sallied forth to see the sights of a northern fur-trading post, and the two ladies became very communicative to one another. Madame Simpson, as of necessity, told her story. She said



FORT GARRY.

her husband, Major Simpson, had heard in England of the death of a brother, a trader in the far north of Rupert's Land, who had some time before lost his mind; and he had come with his wife and sons to enquire about the unfortunate man. The plan had been that the Major should leave his wife and boys at St. Paul and come alone to Fort Garry, but when they arrived at St. Paul, and heard of the four hundred miles and more of a journey across the trackless snow, she refused to allow her husband to proceed alone, as he at times had attacks of vertigo, from a wound once received in the head, in a battle with the Afghans. Now it was known to the people at Fort Garry that the mysterious death of a

trader, Simpson, had taken place, and so the good hostess expressed her tenderest sympathy for the travellers, who came on so sad a quest. The lady stated that the boys were her twin sons.

The Major told his story also to the Governor. He was anxious to investigate the facts as to his late brother's mental condition and death, and sought advice as to where he might bestow himself and family. The master of the fort was called into conference, and it was decided that the Major and his family should occupy a mansion on the banks of the Assiniboine river, known as "Silver Heights," and that from this centre he should pursue his enquiries. Silver Heights had been built by a famous Hudson's Bay Company officer, and was a beautiful spot. The occupant at the time was willing to give it up in consideration of the generous out-pouring of sovereigns, with which the Major seemed well-provided. Thus it was brought about that Silver Heights became the home and kingdom of the bright Scottish lady, Madame Simpson, and her boys.

The Manitoba winter is bright and exhilarating, and under the guidance of Jacko, who had been retained, the boys entered with great zest into winter sports; the mother seemed an incessant letter-writer, and her large contribution to the fortnightly winter mail from Fort Garry to the outer world was a marvel to the natives, and became the subject of gossip around the fort. Major Simpson was somewhat listless and indolent, and it was remarked that he spoke little of his lost brother. The boys made a few acquaintances among the neighboring native people, but they were generally spoken of as queer lads. There was plainly a strong rivalry between them.

Oscar, the mother's favorite and her very image, was short, well-knit and active. He had something of a sunny nature, but there was a cunning and smoothness about him, that caused the half-breed natives, whom Jacko met, to call him "The Fox." He was Jacko's favorite, but he was not always amiable. The people were anxious to know his history, but he kept them at arm's length. At times a wild flash of the eye told them of a burning fire within, that led them to say, "Ah, The Reynard can show his teeth." He sang songs to the natives in the cabins to which he resorted, but the common remark was, "Oscar is a strange boy; no one knows him."

Cecil was a different boy. He was studious and thoughtful. His fine blue eye glistened with honest intelligence. He had an expressive face, through which his poetic nature shone. Generous to a fault, Cecil was the victim of Oscar's craft. He was fond of reading the books, which his mother obtained now and then from the Governor's library. He was his father's favorite, and

sought out his father to explain the difficult words and hard sayings in his books. Among the other books he read was what he called "The Good Book," and he, by a sort of instinct, came upon its stories and marvels. At times he succeeded in interesting his brother, and they had hot debates on the stories as they came to them. At such times, Major Simpson found himself made referee, and sought to judge between his sons.

One day the boys came to him in much excitement. They had been reading the story of Jacob and Esau. Cecil was full of indignation as he submitted his case. He turned up the story, and, reading it in a loud tone, closed with the words, "And Jacob went near unto Isaac, his father: and he felt him, and said, 'The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau.' And he discerned him not, because his hands were hairy, as his brother Esau's hands: so he blessed him."

As he ceased reading, Cecil's face was pale with rage. His eyes glistened. He stamped his foot, and declared, "Jacob was a villain; he deserved prison and chains!" But Oscar was the fox-like advocate. He maintained that Esau had sold his right, and that Jacob was only getting his own: that old Isaac was not fair in keeping back what was Jacob's right, and that Jacob's plan to get his own was a clever one.

Major Simpson could not satisfy the rivals. His own mind was towards Cecil, as usual, but the other skilful young pleader put his case very smoothly, and the father told them that when they grew older they would understand things better for themselves. The mother over-heard the hot words, but said nothing. Major Simpson muttered to himself, "Strange boys!" but he pondered these things in his heart.

Spring came, with its anemones and crowfoots; summer—rich, clear, Manitoba summer—with its painted cups and saskatoons; and generous, lovely autumn, with its gentians and prairie asters, but still the Simpsons lived at Silver Heights, and gave no sign of crossing the prairies homeward. It was noticed, too, that the Major, beyond a visit to the St. John's grave-yard, where it was said Simpson was buried along the wall, had made no inquiries about his so-called brother. Winter came and passed with little change, except that while Oscar grew more sturdy, Cecil became slender, was paler and more studious, and was becoming more gentle and winning in his ways.

The second winter was over, spring had opened, and the ice, turned to needles by the burning April sun, had relaxed its hold and gone down the rivers with crash and jam to the northern lake, when it was noticed that Madame Simpson was losing her sprightliness. Her numerous letters, re-addressed from New

York, had brought much news across the Atlantic. The Governor's lady sought to befriend her, but found her distant and cold. The sense of some impending evil seemed upon her and her house.

One day in May, the chaplain of the Fort came up from St. John's to see the Governor, and was closeted with him for half an hour. He had brought a copy of the *London Times* of March of the year current, in which the following statement appeared:

“MYSTERY IN HIGH LIFE.

“In West End circles there is much talk about the mysterious disappearance of a prominent Scottish officer, his wife and children. A family secret, hard to unravel, seems to lie at the bottom of it. It is hinted that the lady, who belongs to a branch of the house of a noble peer high in public life, and who had a twin sister, came more than two years ago into the possession of a considerable fortune left by her father. The father's will was a surprise. The twin sister was disinherited and the officer's lady became the possessor of the whole fortune. Whether the fortunate sister exercised any undue influence over the aged father in his last hours is not known, but the disinherited sister faded away, and in a few months died in a state of melancholy. The officer and his family disappeared from London in the middle of last winter, and are known to have gone to America, but all enquiries have failed to elicit any further information about them. It is thought impossible that they could have crossed the plains of the frozen north, but it cannot be surmised whether they are in the remote western prairies or in the everglades of the south. Anxious friends have sent letters to the Governors of the various Provinces and States, but have obtained no response.”

The Governor read the extract with emotion. Chaplain and Governor sat gazing at each other for some time in painful silence.

* * * * *

Shortly after this, an unhappy incident took place at Silver Heights. The lady of Silver Heights had told her favorite son, Oscar, the story of a curious gold locket in her possession. Four generations before, an ancestress by the name of Marjorie Gordon, had come into the possession of a large sum of money from the great South Sea scheme. At that time a gypsy fortune-teller had said that a gold locket, made from gold brought from the Pactolus, a river in the far East, and with her name, “Marjorie Gordon,” engraved upon it, would prove a charm, and bring fortune, but also sorrow, to whatever member of the

family should receive it. After great effort and much expense, the gold had been obtained and the locket made. As Oscar heard the story, his eyes filled with excitement. His heart longed for the locket to be his. His mother said, "Yes, but there is trouble with it." But Oscar declared the locket should be his.

There was an obstacle in the way. It was always understood that of the twins, Cecil was the older, and Oscar knew this. One day the younger said to the elder brother, "Cecil, there are only two of us in our family, and as I am my mother's favorite, I would like to have as mine the gold locket which my mother wears." But, Cecil said, "Shouldn't it be mine? I am older." "But, I am my mother's boy," replied the bargainer. Day after day the contest over the locket continued, till at last the question came before Major Simpson, who said Cecil had the right. After this, hatred and anger filled the house at Silver Heights. Life became a burden to them all.

The boys had been allowed only one playmate, Amina Mactavish, the little daughter of a retired Hudson's Bay family in the neighborhood. Perhaps Amina would have been forbidden also, but that her persistent visits and her winning ways overcame all obstacles. Her soft, dark eyes, her olive complexion, and her rich black hair gave her an almost Spanish appearance, but they only denoted that she belonged to our own native mixed race of the Northwest. The boys quarrelled over her, of course, as they had got into the habit of quarrelling over everything, and Amina often ran home in tears from one of those painful scenes, to be irresistibly attracted back again. There need have been no quarrelling had Amina held the balance even, but Amina preferred Oscar, who would skate and slide with her in winter and roam over the prairies with her in summer in search of the wild flowers she loved, whilst Cecil was poring over his books.

In the year following the discussion concerning the golden locket, the impulse that comes over all his race—to wander in the spring—came over Jacko. Jacko would go to hunt the geese and waxies, that were now flying from their southern homes to the nesting places on the Arctic Sea. His preparations were all carefully made, and, bidding all good-bye, he started out to follow the prairie trail to Lake Manitoba. But the natives whispered, "Jacko is a sly one."

The anemones, with their crocus-like cups, were blooming for the second time since the arrival of Major Simpson and his family. The mimicking cat-bird, about Silver Heights, gave his note of ill-omen morning after morning, and at night the hum of the beetle disturbed the wanderer through the bluffs.

Madame Simpson and Oscar had gone to Fort Garry for a day or two, but had suddenly disappeared from the sight of the denizens of the fort. True,

for a day no surprise was felt, but on the Governor sending an orderly to Silver Heights, and finding no trace of the missing ones, then alarm seized them. The natives now said Jacko had been seen leaving Fort Garry to go northward to Lake Manitoba, but they exclaimed, "Jacko is a sly one." Not a trace could be found of the refugees. At the loss of his mother and brother, Cecil was inconsolable, and the thought came to him that the locket was gone.

The days were long to Major Simpson at Silver Heights; and Cecil grew paler day by day. For a time it had been hoped that Jacko, on his return, would be able to give some clue to the lost ones. Ten days had gone when Jacko returned to Silver Heights, and was greatly surprised to hear what had happened. He had brought back a plentiful supply of wild geese, but had no account of the flight of the fugitives. The natives smiled, and said, "Jacko is a sly one."

Cecil was now more sedate and silent. Reading was his only occupation. The lights and shadows of the Good Book were often in his view. Among the few books brought from England by the family was a small copy of Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop," published a short time before this. Again and again had the thoughtful boy read this tale. One day he asked his father, who had a rich, sympathetic voice, to read to him once more the story of the death of Little Nell, for that was to him a sacred part of the book to which he often turned. His teardrops now fell, as his father read, "She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life, not one who had lived and suffered death."

The father started and looked at his boy, as he finished the pathetic passage. A great fear seized him. Was this description prophetic of his darling's future? Of his! the only one left to him! No! He would go and search for the mother that had deserted her child. She would surely return and nurse him back to life.

For Jacko had, a few days before, dropped inadvertently a word or two that seemed a clue to the mystery of the disappearance of his wife and son, and Major Simpson had since that day dwelt much on the thought of reunion.

Summoning to his aid a kind-hearted but childless woman, he confided to her the care of his dying child, and, after one long, almost despairing look at the little pallid face, he joined a small company of freighters on their southward journey to St. Paul. Major Simpson never returned to Red River. The plains of Minnesota have guarded well the mystery of his death, as they have done many another secret.

PART II.

Thirty years had passed away since the broken-hearted Major had followed the slow-moving caravan that wended its way over the prairie toward St. Paul. The Canadian Dominion had now spread its wings over the plains of Rupert's Land. The inhabitants of the new Province of Manitoba shrank from the kind of civilization that was being superadded to the "Good Old Times." Manitoba needed all the assistance her more enterprising and far-seeing sons could give to help her bridge over the chasm that threatened to remain between the old and the new *regime* like a great gulf fixed. Among those who had the wisdom then to look far into the future was a man about forty years of age, named George Leslie, the adopted son of a prominent Red River family. Few indeed thought of the fact that he was not the veritable son of his foster parents, and fewer still would have recognized in this tall but firmly knit man of undoubted mental ability, the delicate boy, Cecil, left behind in Red River by his father, Major Simpson.

What the young boy, Cecil, had needed was mothering, a kind of care denied him by the family rivalries that had alienated his own mother. The jealous temper of his brother Oscar had fretted his sensitive nature, and the lonely life led with his father, after the disappearance of these two, was the final adverse influence that well-nigh dug for him an early grave. All the loving care and healthful training he had missed in his own family he had found in his adoptive home.

For some time after his father left the country he was addressed by the name of Cecil, but Mrs. Leslie thought it too fine a name for everyday use, and began to call him George, after her deceased brother. He himself acquiesced in the name Leslie, as from some glimmering recollections of his childhood he understood that Simpson was not his real name. All the advantages of education the Red River settlement afforded he had enjoyed, and a few years spent at an Eastern university had fitted him to be a leader among the men of the country that was now his by every acknowledged tie. Having always been fond of the study of law, he had a few years before our period, qualified for the legal profession. He was consulted by the Government on many questions, and, indeed, he was one of their most trusted advisers.

George Leslie had also been brought up to reverence the sanctuary, and when he entered the House of God of a Sabbath morning, there might be seen leaning on his right arm a woman bowed down with years, his foster mother, to whom he gave all the devotion of a son, and, walking by his other side, a tall

and gracious matron, in whose soft, dark eyes, olive complexion, and still plentiful raven locks might be traced the little Amina Mactavish, the playmate of his childhood, the companion of his riper years, and the mother of his children.

Everything in the circumstances of George Leslie seemed to promise an honored and successful career, when an event occurred which, with the effect of a thunder-clap, awoke him from his dream of peace. One day there arrived in the city of Winnipeg a gentleman, dark, and of middle size, of distinguished mien, and apparently forty years of age. He visited Fort Garry, and seemed interested in its old walls and bastions. He came to hunt the game of the district. Going out to Brokenhead River, he bagged in a short time, it was said, fifteen hundred partridges. Being affable in manner, many friends visited him, and his plentiful supply of money was spent very freely. The stranger gave his name as "Lord Gordon." This enigmatical personage, although always protesting his innocence, was found to be a noted criminal, who, by organizing bogus companies in the United States, had victimized quite a number of men of capital. He had made good his escape, taking with him large sums of money, and had found a refuge for the time being in the Northwest on Canadian soil. The various attempts made to capture him, even by the dishonorable means of kidnapping, almost led to international complications, and, as these efforts ceased for a time, he lived peacefully at Headingly and in the neighborhood of Silver Heights, to which he seemed to be attracted, and he endeared himself to his entertainers by his gentleman-like bearing and many kindly acts. Finally, the Canadian Government resolved to interfere, and a plan was laid for his arrest on a warrant from Toronto. The officials relegated to this painful duty being doubtful of some of the formalities to be gone through, sent for Mr. George Leslie, the trusted Government adviser, so that he might approve of and give his sanction to the proceedings, but ere Mr. Leslie could reach the peaceful farmhouse, where "Lord Gordon" had been sojourning, a frightful tragedy had been enacted. When the officials arrived, and had told their errand, the unfortunate man, knowing what his fate must inevitably be should he be handed over to the United States authorities, made pretext of retiring to his room in order to prepare for his enforced journey. In a few minutes a pistol shot was heard, and on some one entering the room "Lord Gordon" was found reclining upon his bed mortally wounded by his own hand. As Mr. Leslie neared the dwelling he was met by an old man, Jacques Desormais, who, in his early years, had passed by the name of Jacko, and who had recently been observed to frequently visit "Lord Gordon." He accosted Mr. Leslie in excited tones, exclaiming, "O, Master! Master! He was always my boy! I loved him, but I

told him lies! I told him you were dead! But now that he is dying, I have told him you live."

These wild words partially prepared Mr. Leslie for something unusual, and as he hurried to the house, flashes of memory seemed to annihilate time and circumstances, and he was once more by his brother's side and in their early home.

He entered the dwelling, and, under pretext of taking a deposition, asked to be left alone with the unfortunate prisoner.

The brothers looked fixedly at each other, and then, much moved, clasped hands in token of recognition. All that took place during that solemn interview is not of importance to our narrative. It is summed up in Oscar's dying words: "My brother, with the packet of money and valuables of which I have spoken you will make restitution, as far as you shall be able, to those whom I have wronged. Besides this there is an inheritance coming to us in England—lawfully enough—you need not start. The money my mother sinned for is all gone long ago. This inheritance is yours by right. You are the eldest son. When I heard of it I could not go to claim it because of my wrongdoing, but you are upright. You have done nothing to disgrace our name and fame, and it will be an easy matter to prove your birth. And the golden locket—the prize which we each have coveted so much, you will find it tied around my neck by a silken cord—it has weighed me down through life, and now I am dying, it seems heavier than a millstone. Do not take it away, my brother—let it be buried with me—it has dragged me down to my grave.—Fare—well."

Shortly after this tragic occurrence George Leslie took a journey to the old country. It was a much-needed change, after the shock of his brother's death, and the business already alluded to claimed his attention. He had previously taken means to restore the money and valuables, left with him by his brother to their rightful owners, and subsequently he used most of his new found wealth in the same miserable cause. When he returned to Red River he was not perceptibly richer than before, and no one—excepting old Jacques Desormals, who kept his own counsel—not even Amina, knew that Oscar had been in Manitoba, or that the Gordon tragedy had anything to do with George Leslie's family life.

The New Little Riding Hood of the Fancy Dress Ball.



"How lovely it will be, mother!" said seven-year-old Jessie, breathlessly. "I wish we were there now! I suppose lots of people are there already, and Lady Minto, too, and won't it be nice to see all the lanterns outside, when we get there, and hear the music, and — and everything!"

And what a scene it was that spread itself in imagination before Jessie's eyes, which shone brightly from under the red hood her mother was fastening under her chin with its pretty ribbons. What Jessie saw at that moment was the swaying and winking lanterns, like great bubbles of colored light among the trees in the grounds around Government House, which, in her fancy, shone with brilliantly lighted windows, almost like a fairy palace. For it was the evening of the children's fancy dress ball last October, the evening so eagerly looked forward to by hundreds of Winnipeg children.

"And here is your little basket," said Jessie's mother, "and you must carry it so on your arm, and see, I have put in it the eggs and the pat of butter and the little cakes. And now you are Little Red Riding Hood complete!"

Jessie's little sister, Edith, who had been looking on in round-eyed wonder, suddenly became interested in the basket. "Let me see, too, muvver," she pleaded. "I want a cake."

"Oh, but the cakes in Jessie's little basket are for granny, dear," explained her mother.

Now, Edith knew that "Nanny," as she called her grandmother, lived far, far away, and you had to go in a "choo-choo" to get there. She looked perplexed.

"Eddie doesn't understand, does she, mother?" said Jessie. "It's only a story, you know, Eddie," she explained. "I'm not Little Red Riding Hood really and truly."

"No, indeed," said her mother, smiling at the two children. "I shouldn't like my little girl to meet a wolf."

"Eddie is so little, you know, mother," Jessie went on earnestly, "that she might not understand about it the way we do."

"I don't believe she knows about Red Riding Hood at all," answered her mother, still smiling. For Jessie, who the moment before had been all eagerness and delight over her red frock and cape and hood, and her new red slippers, and her little basket, had suddenly become a thoughtful, old-fashioned looking Little Red Riding Hood. It would never, never do, she was thinking, to have Baby Eddie think that there was going to be a horrid, dreadful wolf, who would eat up Nanny!

Jessie's father came into the room just then. He said, "What a serious looking Little Red Riding Hood!" as he stopped to kiss her. He looked at his watch and said that there was nearly half an hour before the cab would come which was going to take Jessie and her mother to the ball, and in which Bee Brown, who lived next door, and Bee's brother, Wallace, were going too.

Jessie, who was still standing silent, looked thoughtfully at her mother a moment, and then said, in her own wise little way, "I know, mother. I'll be a different Little Red Riding Hood, and I'll tell Eddie the story I belong to."

Edith, who had clambered up on her mother's lap, was delighted, you may be sure, to hear that Jessie was going to tell her a story.

"Once upon a time," began Jessie, slowly and impressively, "there was a little girl named Little Red Riding Hood, and her mother gave her a little basket with some eggs and a pat of butter and some cakes in it, to take to her Nanny. It was only a little way to her Nanny's house, and Little Red Riding Hood was walking along, when she heard something behind her going pitter-patter, this way." And Jessie pitter-pattered on the table with her fingers.

"Who do you think it was? It was Mr. Wolf! He was a nice Mr. Wolf, just 'Bobs,'"—"Bobs" was a dog that lived next door, at the Browns', and was a playmate of Jessie's and Edith's—"and he came up to Little Red Riding Hood and said, very nicely, 'How do you do?' and Little Red Riding Hood said, 'Very well, thank you, Mr. Wolf. And how do you do?' And she patted his head, and he rubbed his nose against her hand, and then he sniffed at the basket."

Baby Edith interrupted at this point to say that she didn't like very much to have "Bobs" kiss her, because his face was wet, but that "Bobs" was a dear, good doggie, all the same.

"And then," Jessie went on, continuing her story, "Little Red Riding Hood, when she saw Mr. Wolf sniffing at her basket, asked him very politely if he was hungry, and he said he was, so she gave him two of the little cakes, because she knew her mother would like her to, when Mr. Wolf was so hungry. And then Mr. Wolf thanked her very politely, and said she was a dear, good little girl, and he pitter-pattered away again off to the woods, where he lived."

"Show me how the wolf pitter-pattered!" demanded Baby Edith, and Jessie had to imitate Mr. Wolf's departure by pitter-pattering again with her fingers upon the table.

"When Little Red Riding Hood got to her Nanny's house," continued Jessie, "she knocked like this,"—here she rapped upon the table,—"and her Nanny opened the door, and said, 'You dear Little Red Riding Hood!' and kissed her, and then Little Red Riding Hood gave her Nanny the basket, and told her about Mr. Wolf, and her Nanny said she was a good girl to give Mr. Wolf two cakes when he was hungry. And when Little Red Riding Hood was ready to go home again to her mother, her Nanny kissed her and gave her a kiss for Baby Edie, and then Little Red Riding Hood walked along, and pretty soon she heard a pitter-patter behind her. Now, who do you think it was?"

"Mr. Wolf!" cried Edith, in delight.

"Yes," said Jessie, "it was Mr. Wolf. And what do you think he had in his mouth? A lovely rose and two beautiful pansies that he had picked in the woods, and he had brought them to give Little Red Riding Hood, because she gave him two cakes from her basket when he was so hungry. And he told her to give one of the pansies to Baby Edie. And when Little Red Riding Hood got home she gave Baby Edie one of the pansies, and she gave her mother the lovely rose, and her mother put it in water, and she kept the other pansy herself that Mr. Wolf gave her. And she thanked him very much, and patted his head. Now, wasn't he a nice, good Mr. Wolf?"

Jessie's mother said that he certainly was a nice, good Mr. Wolf, and

Edith said she would like if he would come some day and play with her and "Bobs," and also that she hoped he would bring some pretty flowers in his mouth.

The sound of wheels was now heard, and almost in the same moment a Rainbow and a khaki-clad trooper of Strathcona's Horse came gaily in. Baby Edie, after a brief instant of silent wonder, laughed gleefully as she recognized that the Rainbow girl was Bee Brown and the boy in khaki was Wallace, and then asked her mother if they were going to see Mr. Wolf, too.

It wasn't many minutes more before Jessie was on her way to the ball. Baby Edie's parting words to her having been that she should be sure and tell Mr. Wolf to pick two more pansies, one for Bee and one for Wallace.

W. J. HEALY.

Winnipeg.



The Sandpipers.

Where the waves come rolling in
(Lovely waves, all white and blue.)
With our spades and pails of tin
We have made a feast for you.

On the pebbles by the shore
Our "pretending" tables spread,
Common food you'll want no more
When on our mud pies you've fed.

Here upon this shingle, stand
Bits of sea-shell honey-comb;
Feather cakes of yellow sand
Stiff-whipped cream (made out of foam).

Pumpkin pies, and lemon pies,
Shiny little stones for eggs;
And we've made (a great surprise)
Ducks of mud, with sticks for legs.

Let's begin! And when we're done
We will go,—for mother knows—
To the edge, and (oh! such fun)
Dig the wet sand with our toes!

—Kathleen Kirchoffer.

Brandon, Manitoba.



THE SANDPIPERS.

What the Coin Told Marjory.

“H! how odd!” laughed Marjory, as she held in her hand two disreputable ten-cent pieces. “They have each got the same kind of a little eye in their faces, and they look just like twin babies.”

“Don’t put them in your mouth, Miss Marjory,” said Nurse, “they’re very dirty looking, and I wonder your papa gave you such old bent silver.”

“I wanted them ’cause they had holes in them, like eyes, Nursie, and they’re going to sleep with me to-night,” answered the little girl; and, indeed, in spite of the good-natured grumbling of Susan, Marjory had her own way, and she fell asleep with the two battered coins squeezed tightly together in her little pink fist.

Now, whether Marjory dreamed it, or whether the battered old coins did whisper together, I cannot say, but this is what the wee girl head a very short time after she laid her curly head on the pillow:

“To think that we should meet again!” one of the coins was saying to the other. “Why, the last time I saw you was the day old Miser Clutch dropped you into the collection plate in St. Stephen’s church, where they were collecting money for the orphans. Do tell me what has happened to you since.”

“That I will,” answered the other coin, readily. “You see, it was a terrible effort for old Miser Clutch to part with me; but something the preacher said must have softened his heart wonderfully. Well, I lay there in that plate with ever so many more friends, until the service was over, and then I went in the clergyman’s pocket to a very dirty place called a slum, and was given to a little girl to buy an orange for her little brother, who was dying in a garret they both called ‘home’ (for there is much misery, you must know, in the slums),

She took me to the shop, and was just handing me across the counter to the man who sold oranges, when someone pushed her aside and down I dropped, rolling away over the floor, and into a crack where no one could see me, although they looked and looked, and in the end the grocer's boy was accused of stealing me, and he was sent home. I lay in the crack in a state of indignation, longing vainly to cry out 'Here I am!' My heart nearly bursting with grief as I listened to the poor boy protesting his innocence. It was no use, however, the grocer only got angry, and told him to go at once or he would hand him over to the police. I stayed in that crack for about a month, determined never to go anywhere again, when I was picked up by the old woman who washed the floor; and she, not knowing any better, kept me, and bought some bread to feed her little children. Then I was given in charge to a very neat spinster, who washed my face and brushed me nicely when she got me home. She went shopping and exchanged me for a matrimonial magazine, and I lay in the money drawer of the bookstore for many days, and made quite a number of very pleasant acquaintances. At last I came into the possession of a sweet-faced lady, who dropped me into a cake made for her little boy's birthday party, along with a silver thimble, a little pearl button, and a tiny gold ring. You should have seen the little fellow jump for joy when his mother dropped me into the batter. 'O, mother!' he cried, 'I hope I'll get that money with the queer little hole!' 'Hope, rather, that one of your little friends may get it,' answered my sweet lady. Well, I was picked out of the cake by a dear little girl named Joan, who took me home, and her mother borrowed me to buy a lamp-glass.

"After that I passed through many hands, seeing much happiness and much sorrow. Once I lay for nearly a year under a sidewalk, where a careless man dropped me, and once I was stolen by a little girl from her mother's purse, but she got sorry and put me back again. And once a kind old lady gave me to a ragged little boy, who bought some tea with me for his poor, tired mother, and I think that was my happiest day. Once I spent ten months in a savings bank, and then went, with many other relatives, to buy a chair to wheel a crippled child around. But the strangest thing of all was when I found myself once in a leather bag hidden in the chimney corner of old Miser Clutch's house, with ever so many other imprisoned friends. He used to bring us out every night, and count us over and over again. It was then I learned to know the strange old man well, through his queer mutterings. He would sit up and talk to himself till the room grew bitterly cold, and he would cough and shiver, and then he would cower under the miserable quilts till his hands, which were stiff with cold, would again take us up tenderly; then he would put us all

back in the bag, hug us, and hide us again in the chimney corner. One night he kept me out, and putting a cord through my eye (which he himself had made so long ago), he tied me around his neck, 'for,' he muttered, 'tis like the coin I gave the preacher, who told of the orphans in St. Stephen's, and that reminded of my poor, lost boy.' How I longed to tell him I was the very coin, and how happy I felt to have been of some good to him.

"Night after night I used to nudge him, and the longing for his boy became stronger, and I learned that he had let him go away, because he could not bear to spend the money for his food and clothes! One night I just crawled over to where his flinty old heart was calling, 'Harry! Harry!'"

"Did he send for his boy, Harry, to come home again?" asked the other coin, eagerly.

"Wake up, Miss Marjory, wake up! It's time for breakfast," cried Susan, bending over the little girl's bed.

"Oh, I'm sure he did. I'm sure he did!" said Marjory, rubbing her eyes.

"You're talking in your sleep, child," said Susan, reprovingly.

K. ST. CLAIR LIVINGSTONE.

Winnipeg.



Corporal Donaldson, or "The Spotted Dog."

FATHER, would you like to see a letter I got to-day, and what a lot of things the boys have to take with them to the Boys' Brigade camp, if their fathers will only let them go?"



Cuthbert climbed up on the back of the chair, and looked over Mr. Donaldson's shoulder, as he read aloud: "Soap, towel, hair-brush, two pairs of stockings, tooth-brush,"—and here Mr. Donaldson paused and looked at his son.

Poor Cuthbert, he felt that something was coming now that he had hoped to escape. Why had he not thought in time that a tooth-brush was mentioned in that list? He might have known what that would do for him. There was silence for a moment, and Cuthbert could hear his father's watch ticking.

Mr. Donaldson spoke again.

"Camp is not much like home; no soft beds and no mothers to tuck in their boys at night. I'm afraid my boy is not enough a man for camp life. He could not bear a little pain, could he, eh?"

Just then a bright idea came to Cuthbert, and he said, "Well, I guess I can sleep without a bed if the other fellows can, and if you mean about my tooth, I can go right down in the morning and get that pulled out, even if it does hurt like anything."

So it was arranged that, if Cuthbert proved himself a man enough to have his tooth pulled out, then he would be hardy and strong enough for camp.

Cuthbert climbed down off the chair, and in doing so stepped upon the cat. Poor pussy! he did not mean to hurt her. Just then he felt as though he could be friends with everybody. He was even sorry that he had teased his sister that morning, and he also made a half-resolve to present his little brother with

a certain piece of three-cornered glass, which showed colors and made things look funny when you looked through it. As for his tooth, he did not care much if there were a dozen to be pulled out; but that was partly because he knew



CORPORAL DONALDSON.

there was only one, and also because that one was not to be pulled until the next day.

There was not a happier boy than Private Cuthbert Donaldson, of No. 2 company, as he marched to the station to the sound of bugles and drums.

After about an hour's run, the train pulled up at the camping ground—a splendid place, close by the river, with plenty of clear space for drill and games. Soon, amidst hammering of pegs and shouting of voices, there appeared three rows of tents.

Supper, prayers; then off to bed. To bed? Well, no, not exactly, nor to sleep either, but at least to the tents; for there are no beds in camp, and to sleep the first night is said to be contrary to all the traditions of a Boys' Brigade.

No need for the bugle to sound "reveille" next morning, for the whole camp is astir at daybreak.

What a strange parade was that at breakfast time, when the bugle sounded "hot potatoes," and the boys fell into line, with plates, mugs, and spoons. It was only equalled by the "swimming parade" later in the day, when the boys lined up in bathing suits of many colors and designs, showing long legs, and short legs, and straight legs, and crooked legs.

The quartermaster had attended to his duty well; indeed, he must have been a boy himself once. There was porridge in plenty, with milk and brown sugar, too. How it disappeared and also the toast and coffee; it looked for a while as if even the cook himself might fall a victim to a similar fate. Cuthbert was soon to become well-acquainted with that same cook, for after breakfast he was "told off" for "fatigue duty" as cook's assistant. It meant peeling potatoes, cutting wood, going for water to the spring, etc. It was while chopping wood that Cuthbert heard something which puzzled him not a little to understand. The quartermaster and the cook were discussing dinner, and the cook was asked what he would serve by way of dessert. After a moment's consideration the cook replied, much to Cuthbert's astonishment and dismay, that he guessed that some "Spotted Dog" would be best. "The very thing," responded the quartermaster, and everything was settled.

Cuthbert could hardly believe that they would really cook a spotted dog; he could stand a good deal but not that. Not knowing what else to do, he waited to see what would happen. The bugle sounded "hot potatoes," and again the boys lined up as hungry as ever. After meat and potatoes came the dessert. Cuthbert was watching the cook very closely now. There was a large pot of rice, with raisins in it. Cuthbert knew about that, for he had helped to prepare it. Cook brought that on next, and as it was served out there arose a cry of "spotted dog! spotted dog!" from all the boys who had been to camp before. Oh, that was how it was? Cuthbert saw through it all now. It was the rice pudding, with the raisins for spots. Cuthbert felt that he had already learned something of soldiers' life in camp. He had many things yet to learn however, and about "spotted dog," too, as we shall see presently.

What a difference that night in the way in which the boys "turned in" and "rolled up" in their blankets. The loss of sleep on the previous night, together with the fresh air, made all more ready for sleep than for fun. "Lights out" sounded on the bugle, and soon but little was heard from the boys. A few told stories, which were never finished. Cuthbert lay awake listening to a yarn spun by one of the boys in his tent. There was a dog and a horse and a cow-boy, and some Indians in the story. After a while the dog got mixed up with the spotted dog at dinner, the horse changed to a cow, Cuthbert became the cow-boy, and the Indians had joined the Brigade and looked very funny in their uniforms, and one of them had a tooth to pull out. Then he heard music, a band he thought, and voices very near him, and laughing, and something was said about "spotted dog;" then he felt the dog licking his face, and he rolled over, rubbed his eyes, heard no more laughing, and awoke to find that he was about the last one up. The camp was astir and the boys in his tent very jolly about something which Cuthbert felt he ought to understand, but could not yet. He got soap and towel and started for the river. As he emerged from the tent he was greeted with shouts and cheers, which told plainly that there was a joke somewhere. Cries of "spotted dog! spotted dog!" were heard on all sides, and all eyes were fixed on Cuthbert. While he was trying to make out what it all meant, it occurred to him that somehow as he slept his nose had grown an inch or two. It stood out from his face in a most unusual manner, and, though not sure, Cuthbert thought it looked a shade dark in color. Just then another boy appeared, and again the cry of "spotted dog!" As Cuthbert looked, he saw what explained the whole thing. Before him was an object which did certainly resemble a spotted dog more than a boy. A face daubed all over with blacking, worse than any painted Indian. For a moment Cuthbert forgot that he was in the same state himself. Then off he bolted for the river, and there treated the spotted dog to a plunge, which removed the spots.

No more cook's fatigue. He was free to-day, and glad he was after breakfast to join the bare-legged parade to the river. When going back to camp, Cuthbert noticed a place where he could cut a splendid, straight swagger-stick, such as soldiers carry when off parade. He determined to get it after putting on his clothes. Returning to the place, he put his hand in his pocket to take out his knife, when, to his surprise and alarm, he found that his knife was gone. It was a good knife, four blades and a corkscrew, one that had been given him by his uncle, who was now in South Africa with the "Canadian contingent." Some one had evidently taken it out of his clothes while he was at the river. He did not like to suspect any of the boys of the Brigade, for he felt that they would

not do a dirty and dishonest trick; but who could have taken it? He remembered having seen a couple of tough looking fellows near the tent when he came back from his swim. He looked for them, but they had gone. Cuthbert felt almost sure that they had stolen his knife. He could do nothing, so tried to make the best of it. Cuthbert had another experience, which considerably marred his enjoyment that day. It happened in this way. When the time for tent inspection was approaching, Cuthbert got to work with the boys of his tent, and soon every blanket was folded neatly and piled in place. Every bit of dirt was raked outside the lines. Eight neat kits were placed in a circle just inside the tent; on top of each were the owner's plate, knife, fork and spoon, on one side; cap, belt and haversack in the centre; and on the other side a Bible. Then



"THE SPOTTED DOG."

all was ready. The bugle sounded, the boys lined up outside, and the "officer of the day" began his rounds. Slowly down the line he came, and presently into Cuthbert's tent. Cuthbert knew he was there, though he could not see him, for he must not look about or move a muscle when standing at "attention."

"What is this paper lying here for?" asked the officer; "there should be no dirt within the lines; you must lose three marks for that; otherwise the tent is perfectly neat and clean."

What could he mean? Paper! Cuthbert was sure there was none there when he fell into line. As soon as he was "dismissed" he went to investigate, and, sure enough, he found a ball of paper lying beside his tent. It had evidently been thrown there from another tent, and the mean act of another had lost him the honor of having "cleanest tent" that day. He thought he knew who had

done the trick—a big fellow, who was considered somewhat of a bully by the smaller boys. At that moment Cuthbert heard his name called, and turning about, he was surprised to see father and mother with his little sister and brother. They had driven from town to see their boy in camp, and you may be sure they had brought all kinds of good things along with them. How much Cuthbert had to tell and how his sister and mother laughed at his story about peeling potatoes and helping the cook. When they returned home they left behind a lot of cake and jam and such like delights of a boy's heart. What a feast there would be that day. He would invite all his neighbors in and have a jolly time all round. Then Cuthbert remembered that among his neighbors was the bully referred to, and he did not much like the idea of feeding him with jam and cake. Cuthbert was not the boy, however, to repay one mean trick by another, so he decided to make no distinction, and to invite all. In they all came, the bully with the rest, and in a very short time there was nothing left but an empty jam pot and some paper.

That day soon passed, and night came, and with it the "mounting of guard," which was of great interest to Cuthbert. He wanted to go on guard, though usually only the bigger boys were chosen. It meant being up very late and marching up and down as sentry for an hour or so at a time. There was some risk about it, too, for sometimes the guards were assaulted and roughly handled. However, Cuthbert volunteered and was accepted.

It was easy and pleasant at first, but as the night wore on, things became less romantic, and when all was quiet in camp and Cuthbert had to go alone with his rifle away down past those dark bushes to the very edge of the camp and back again, and thus walk to and fro with no one near him, he felt, well, sometimes just a little sorry that he had asked to go on guard. Just as he was feeling a little in this way he saw, or thought he saw, through the darkness, someone coming towards the camp. He looked again. Yes, he was sure; and it had been expressly told him that he must allow no one to pass the lines, either in or out. He hesitated for a moment as to what to do. Everything was so quiet in camp, he seemed so much alone; he thought of how real soldiers had to go into danger when duty required. He thought, too, of his uncle away at the front, and though it cost him an effort, he decided to challenge this fellow. He went forward in the shadow of the bushes, and then coming up in front of the intruder and bringing his rifle down to the "charge," he said, as fearlessly and as firmly as he could, "Halt! who goes there?" But he did not halt, he came right on, and Cuthbert could see that he was a boy a good deal bigger than himself, and a rough looking fellow. "Guard, turn out!" he shouted at the

top of his voice, and just as he did so, his rifle was seized and wrenched from him, and he and his man were face to face. Cuthbert could not hope to fight the fellow, but he knew a thing or two about wrestling, and when his assailant came at him, Cuthbert dodged the blow, and, making a spring at him, caught him in such a way that with the force of the spring he was able to throw him and hold him down. It was no easy task, however, for he was strong, and tried hard to turn on his side, so that he might get up. It could not last long, and Cuthbert knew it, but he hoped to be able to hold out until the guard should appear, and, sure enough, just in the nick of time he heard the sound of a voice asking, "Which way?" He shouted back, and in a moment a guard appeared, a big fellow, too; Cuthbert did not see who he was, nor did he care then. They secured their prisoner, and being joined by some others of the guard, they



CAMP ARNOLD—BOYS' BRIGADE.

marched him to the guard tent. Cuthbert wanted to thank the boy who had come to his help. As he turned to do so, he recognized in the dim light of the candle none other than his friend, the bully of the next tent to his. "Thanks, old man," said Cuthbert. It was all he could say, but the bully understood, and coming nearer, he held out his hand and said, "Did you know I did that to-day when you treated me to cake?"

"Yes," said Cuthbert.

"It was very decent of you," said the bully, "and I'm sorry, you know."

"It's all right," said Cuthbert. "You helped me out splendidly to-night," and he shook his hand.

Their prisoner proved to be one of a number of young toughs who had been lounging about camp that day, and, indeed, Cuthbert recognized him as the fellow he had seen leaving his tent at the time the knife was stolen. In the morning he

reported this to the "officer of the day," who made an investigation, which produced the knife itself. Other things had been stolen, some of which were also recovered, and then, after a very decided warning, the prisoner was allowed to go.

Next day when orders were read out, among the promotions from the ranks was the name of Cuthbert Donaldson, "to be corporal." It was the very thing he had longed for most: his first promotion. He felt more than repaid for all he had endured the night before, and ready now for any duty which might lie before him.

So the week sped on, and Sunday came. There was "drum-head service" in the large marquee tent. The drums were piled one upon another and draped with the Union Jack, thus forming a pulpit. How the boys sang that grand fighting hymn:

"Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally."

Prayer followed, and then Cuthbert's captain spoke a few words, in which he reminded the boys that soldiering was not all play, that there were heavy fatigues, hard marches, fierce fights to endure. "Our comrades, said he, "are even now enduring hardness in the great war in Africa, and being brave and strong, they are winning the fight. There is another, a holy war, a greater one and a stronger enemy that must be resisted and beaten. The 'Captain of our salvation,' Jesus, has placed Himself at the head of His men, and urges all to follow to a glorious victory. Would any falter or hang back? It means heavy fatigues, hard marching, and fierce fighting, but the cause is the noblest and best, and the victory is sure to those who fight under Christ. Volunteers are called for. Who will go? Who is on the Lord's side? Who?"

And Cuthbert felt that he wanted to be a man, brave and strong, to enlist in this holy war, and to endure hardness for Christ to bring deliverance to the oppressed and needy.

How many things, and what funny things happened during those days in camp. Both officers and boys contributed their share.

When the last day came and the last night (a sleepless one, by the way,) Cuthbert felt himself a veteran about to return from active service.

He arrived home again, hungry, ragged, and tanned, an object of interest and amusement to all his friends.

How proud father was of his boy, who now wore two stripes upon his arm, and was addressed Corporal Donaldson.

His mother was delighted to find that now her boy ate everything set before him. No need to coax him to try a little of this or that.

Cuthbert slept that night in the softest bed in the world, and there, to his dreams we must leave him for a while, for to try to describe them would be simply impossible; yet, if we might venture a guess at it, I'm sure we might safely say that in them there figured prominently a "spotted dog."

CHARLES W. McKIM.

Winnipeg.



Disobedience.

A little poly-woly-wog a-wiggling in the water
Went out one day to have a play
With a king-fisher's daughter;
They played at this, they played at that,
At peek-a-boo and tit-for-tat;
Then, high upon a rolling wave, a game of teeter-tauter.

II.

A tiny star up in the sky looked down and saw them playing;
"Mamma," she cried, "beneath the tide
I'd like to go a-straying."
Then wisely shook the old moon's head,
"My child, it's time you were in bed!
And I myself am going out some orbit call a-paying."

III.

And then that naughty little star flat on her face fell weeping;
Toys threw about in temper's pout,
Woke Ursa Minor, sleeping;
Then thinking only of her play, she ran adown the milky way,
Where, cap-a-pie, Anemones
With gold-fish were Bo-peeping.

IV.

She entered in a sea-nymph's cave, whose amber walls were shining,
 Where soft upon a snow-white swan
 A mermaid lay reclining.
 She sang in every tender key, from A below to highest G,
 And there, 'neath doric columns white
 Oysters on pearls sat dining.

V.

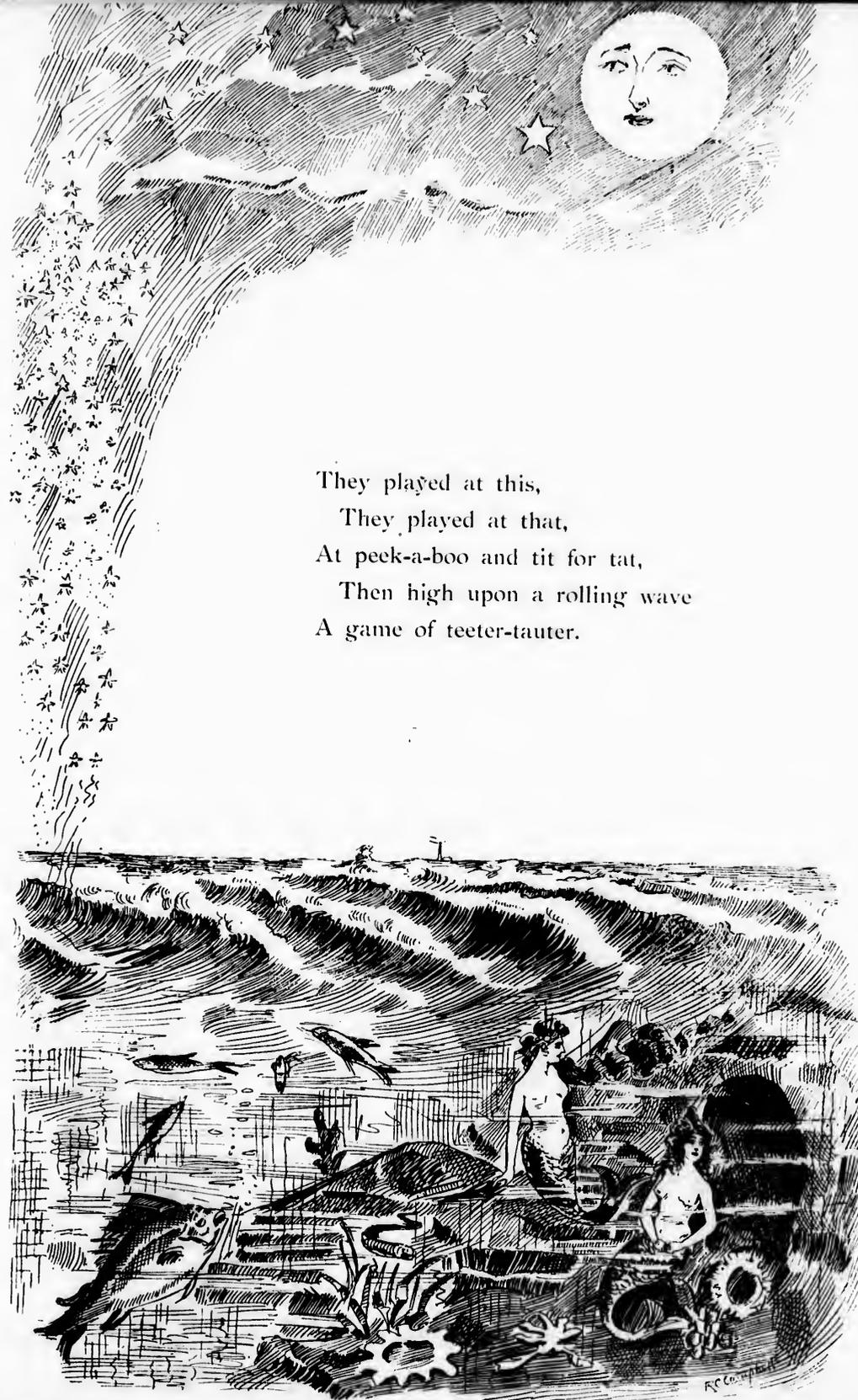
The sea-queen on a coral throne was by shrimp slaves attended;
 A dragon fly on guard stood by,
 A sword-fish brave defended.
 A green-eyed lobster waddled by (he had a most obnoxious eye!)
 And when he 'spied the little star,
 His walk at once suspended.

IV.

"Hey day!" he cried, "an alien star!" (with rage did ocean shiver).
 "What brought you down to Water-town?"
 (With fear the star-lips quiver.)
 The lobster raised a crooked claw, the turtles held their breath in awe,
 Armed to the teeth came instantly
 Wild inmates of the river.

VII.

The court was called *sine morâ*, the case *crux criticorum*;
Flagrante bello ex parte,
 Evidence? not a quorum!
 But sad and lone, that trembling star, from home and friends so sadly far,
 Cried "Guilty!" as she knelt before
 Great *Custos Rotelorum*.

The illustration is a black and white woodcut-style drawing. The top half shows a night sky with a large, smiling moon in the upper right corner, surrounded by several five-pointed stars. A large, stylized cloud or wave of stars descends from the left side of the sky. Below the sky, a scene of children playing on a beach is depicted. In the foreground, a child is sitting on a beach chair, and another child is standing nearby. The beach is cluttered with various objects, including a large, dark, winged creature (possibly a bat or a large bird) and a large, round object (possibly a basket or a hat). The background shows a dark sea with waves and a small lighthouse on the horizon. The overall style is whimsical and imaginative.

They played at this,
They played at that,
At peek-a-boo and tit for tat,
Then high upon a rolling wave
A game of teeter-tauter.



VIII.

A learned Q. C. surnamed Spratt made *habeas corpus* motion;
He quoted every statute on
The tablets of the ocean;
His eloquence it ran so high the jury all began to cry,
"Hic finis!" shrieked the Turbot Judge,
"Her sentence: Death's promotion!"

IX.

Forth was she led to punishment: sharks, dolphins wildly eyed her;
Lampreys and eels close at her heels
Now taunted and defied her:
Weeping, she turned upon the skies a last fond look from her sad eyes,
Woke up—O joy! the mother moon
Was smiling close beside her!

—Mary Mark cell.

Winnipeg.



The Boy Who Had No Name.

Dedicated to the Boys of the Children's Aid Society of Winnipeg.



THIS is the story of Weekusk; and this is how it came to be told. Far away—further from Manitoba than our remotest Eastern Province—stretches the wild North Land. A land of great waters, of countless lakes and streams which roll on in solitude and silence, broken only by the boat-song of the voyageur or the tumultuous voices of chute and cataract. Then, one by one, these waters blend, and cast themselves at last in a majestic torrent into the mysterious sea-girdle of the pole. A land of endless forests, tenanted by the red man, the moose, and the bear, and where the bison has made his last stand in a neck of deepest wilderness. A land of primitive stories, of Indian dreams, and mysteries and terrors; where the spirits of the dead still haunt the shores of sullen lakes, and the Weeghtego, the maniac cannibal of the North, prowls in quest of his human food, and fills the mind of the red man with horror and the vague foreshadowings of nameless death. A land into which came great explorers of old; men of dauntless heart, undismayed by its indescribable loneliness and dangers; men of that British blood which has carried, and is still carrying, life in hand, through every continent, the blessings of enlightenment and liberty. Hither came Hearne, the first of white men to camp upon the lonely shore of Lake Athabasca. Hither came Mackenzie, the first to find a path to the Northern Pacific Coast. Hither, too, came Franklin, and Richardson, and Back, and Dease, and Simpson, and many another intrepid explorer, in pursuit of science or trade. And hither, too, may some of you,

dear children, come, in the years of manhood. For that land of mystery is also a land of promise, of sunshine and hope, where all things thrive which are essential to the needs of man, and where your industry may yet help to cement more securely the great fabric of British freedom. It was into a portion of this land that a party of men headed by the Hon. David Laird, under the authority of Government, was sent last year to treat with its native people, its Indians and half-breeds, for the surrender to the Queen of their territorial rights under such conditions as made the bargain a lasting advantage to them, whilst assuring safety to the lives and properties of adventurous settlers. For these will still pour up the continent when our great plains and prairies to the south are exhausted, and, hewing down its forests, will carve out in that wild North Land their homes. The journey was a toilsome one—there is not space to recount its troubles. Enough, that, after many days in open boats, the party found itself encamped upon a height of land overlooking the confluence of the Sauteux river and the Lesser Slave—as wild and secluded a spot as the healthy imagination of romantic boyhood could conceive. Accompanying the party was Father Lacombe, one of the celebrated missionaries of our time, whose life has been spent in a long effort to spread Christianity amongst the Blackfeet and Plain Crees—a man who reminds one of the heroic spirits of the past, of the Le Jeunes and Marquettes, of the Eliots, the Heckewelders and the Zinzendorf, for missionary effort is not confined to one creed or sect, the Saviour's mandate being, as Wellington called it, the "marching orders" of them all.

But our night camp, made, as it was, in one of the innermost recesses of the wilderness, was an exceptional one in this, that the day was the jubilee anniversary of Father Lacombe. It was the closing day of fifty years of labor amongst the wild tribes of the Northwest. It was, therefore, celebrated by the party in unity of spirit, and with that instinctive respect in which right natures ever, and everywhere, hold a life spent in doing good. It was at the close of this celebration that Father Lacombe, in sable soutane, turned up the silver lining of his nature to his friends. Seated on the grass on the lofty bank, which overlooked the solitary rivers, he recounted to those around him stories and legends of the wild, but hospitable, tribes, amongst whom his life had been cast. In telling them, he was careful to point out the universality, self-felt, perhaps, of the desire for distinction. It is as true of the savage as of the civilized man. It is an instinct implanted in us which seems to imply a hereafter in which the souls of men, who have done good things in this life, may still enjoy their fame upon earth. The cravings of the soldier, the poet, the painter, the philosopher and the philanthropist seem meaningless and vain, if this love of distinction, which causes Genius to spend itself unstintingly for the benefit of others, exists

without a final cause, or simply stands upon the plane of the desires of the sons of Self. This *may* not be. Great hearts! Solitary hearts! Isolated, like the islands of our own mother country, yet reaching to the ends of the earth.

There was once a youth of the great Plain Cree race, in the days when the buffalo roamed where the ranchers' cattle now pasture, and when the plains and prairies of the Northwest were a wilderness, a youth who was unknown, or known in strange fashion, for he was the outcast of his tribe. He had



THE BOY WHO HAD NO NAME.

neither father nor mother, sister nor brother. He had no relatives, and was, indeed, perfectly friendless. Misfortune in various ways had swallowed all in his infancy, and left him to be the waif and stray of a great tribe in a great camp—a wanderer, to whom no one even thought it worth while to give a name. He had one, indeed, but it belied itself. It was a byword, a term of reproach, which seemed to concentrate upon himself the contempt of the whole tribe, and which, when pronounced, smote and stung him with the sense of his own utter isolation and insignificance. The tribe called him "The boy who had no name."

He had no possessions, not even a dog to atone by its fidelity and love for the aloofness of his own kind. Some starveling curs frolicked with him, but they could be beckoned off in any instant, knowing where the larders lay, and that he had none. He lived by sufferance of the poor—the old crones of the tribe, who fed and sheltered him, for they, the poor, have ever helpful hearts. So there was a remnant of pity—a buffalo shin, or heel, for supper, a worm-eaten robe and a corner for shelter under the worst rents of the lodge, through which he could look at the stars, and wonder. In a great Indian camp upon the plains of old, there were many amusements, especially in the summer. There were ceremonial dances, great feasts, races, games, music, too, of its kind, and much courtship. But in none of these could our youth take part. He hung around the outskirts of the camp, looking askance at forbidden pleasures, or lingered, alone, by the dying embers of some deserted fire, meditating. And yet, after all, this seeming cruelty of his tribe did not spring from real unkindness, but from a long, sinful indifference, which had become a habit. He was its waif and stray: its "Boy without a name;" an appendage of the camp, whom no one seemed to notice, or to care for, or to think in need of care. He grew up somehow, and he meditated. In time he discovered that he was a man, and rejoiced exceedingly. He was still young, and he felt the consciousness of thew and sinew, the keen delight of youth in its strength. He recognized, too, the glimmering of undefined purposes springing up in his soul like the firstlings of Spring in some neglected garden; dim forecasts of things to come, which took continuous shape, and bred at first to dreams, and at last to an idea which grew, and developed, and brightened into a vision—the vision of Restitution. For this youth loved his people with a great love—a thing they did not know—and he had a great soul, though he himself knew it not, into which the idea of avenging his wrongs upon them never entered. It was not what had been done, but what had not been done, which spurred his awakening energies. To "restore" them, rather than himself, was what he dimly recognized as his first duty. And fate was propitious. A deadly hatred raged upon the Plains, the accumulation of ages—the hatred of the Plain Cree and the Blackfoot. Where the unconscious settlers to-day turn their furrows, deeds, in the past, of heroism have been wrought, and of horror, unspeakable. The pile of bones on the Wascana was a note of triumph; the pile on Shell river another. But all over our western territories raged this heroic and Homeric strife, and out of it came, for "The boy who had no name," Restitution. The wealth of the Plain Indians lay in their horses. It did not lie in the buffalo—they were, though not always, like the air they breathed—like water, or sunshine, omnipresent. They could not be canoe men in an environment where canoes were useless. To them

the horse was all in all, and no moral maxim stepped in to prevent them from taking possession of it wherever it could be found. Reflecting on the cattle-lifting in days gone by, in the mother land, we need not be surprised at the Plain Indian's insatiable craving for the horse. Between stealing food, and stealing the means of procuring it, the ratio is the same. So that, in thinking of the endless conflicts of the Plain Indians, so oft begotten of horse-raiding, we must, in justice, apply to them the academic code which we now do to, mayhap, our own forebears, remembering, too, that, unlike the "rieverers," they were not in possession of the Commandment. But the necessity of the Plains, which knew no law, at length ruled amongst the tribe to which our youth who had no name belonged. Evil days had befallen it. The wealth to which we have alluded took wing; the buffalo ranged far off, and, upon a camp, once enlivened by mirth and feast, fell the pall of hunger and despair. Starvation, with lean visage, drew nigh, and peered into every lodge, and so a raid upon the Blackfeet was determined. There was the customary preparation, the painting, the war-dance, the shadow of a feast, and the leave-taking; and then the strong party set out in its quest of life or death. But no hand was stretched forth to our youth, no voice said, "Come!" He, who was now a match for the best, was still the friendless—the waif and stray of the camp,—whom no one ever thought of. But the crisis had come—the hour of trial—the putting to proof of those vague ideas and self-confidences which had been springing up in him, and were now things of growth, appreciated and handled by his mind, even as his hands might handle the bow and the lance. These weapons he had secured and mastered, and then he, too, set out alone, and sped straight on into the very heart of the Blackfoot country. After many days what was left of the chosen band of warriors of his starving tribe returned empty-handed, dismayed and spiritless. Then, indeed, was "the sacred range of hunger" sore in the land of the Plain Cree. All the spells of the medicine-men were wrought to bring back the distant bison, and all in vain. Men of lustihood, whom want had not yet reduced to skeletons, began to be looked upon wistfully, by the worst of their fellows, and clung to the camp. Emaciated women moaned as their babes tugged at the sterile breast, and a grin—Famine's welcome to Death—was on every countenance, when the dread cry suddenly arose, "The Blackfeet!" But it was not they. It was "The boy without a name," rushing upon them in a whirlwind of horses. They were saved! In an instant the camp was thronged with a noble band of ponies, sweating and trembling amongst the doleful lodges. But, who was this? The stoutest rubbed their eyes, and gazed again. But it was he! "The boy without a name!" He had saved them; and a shout rent the air such as had never been heard before in a Cree camp. The

"Restitution" he dreamt of had come. And how was this great thing done? Ask Genius! And yet it will not tell you, for it acts unconsciously. Yet, it was somewhat after this manner. He found his way alone to the Blackfeet camp—the camp from which his people had been repulsed—so large and triumphant as to be careless about its safety. The only outlook in our youth's direction—if it could be called one—was a solitary and venerable warrior, who had retired from his fellow-men to worship the Great Spirit, whose abode was the Sun. Whilst he stood before it, with outstretched arms in silent adoration,



IN A WHIRLWIND OF HORSES.

our youth killed him. Then, by methods which cannot be described, he, single-handed, avenged the reverse of his tribe, and, rounding up a great band of the enemy's horses, swept back with them to his own people. But not without a name. Near the scene of his success was a patch of the fragrant prairie herbage, in which he had rested for a time, called by the Crees, *Weekusk*, and by us the *Sweet Grass*. As his tribe had given him no name, he named himself *Weekusk*, and the name was acclaimed by his people. And now he who had been spurned and neglected became a leader. By prowess and skill in warfare, he became chief of his tribe, and, in time, the acknowledged head of the whole Plain

Cree race. His renown spread to the Canadians, and he became known to them, in the adventurous days of settlement, as the chief who loved Canada, and who ruled his people with wisdom and humanity, regretting but one thing, the killing of the old Worshipper of the Sun. And for this seemingly necessary deed, perhaps, long afterwards, in the mystery of things he had to "dree his weird" by taking his own life. Showing, in his lodge, to a near relative, a revolver presented to him, as a mark of respect, by Lieutenant-Governor Morris, and handling it unfamiliarly, a chamber discharged and killed him. And so perished a brave and, considering his whole life, a good man—an example to every boy born into the world under hard conditions. Not that he can follow it on its own plane, for his was the role of the Indian, but that he may perceive what is possible to one whose early youth was so distressful as Weekusk's, who yet preserved, through it all, his sweetness of disposition, and strove not so much to vindicate himself as to restore tenderness and compassion and the grace of charity to his people.

And now, if I have expanded the good missionary's story, I am sure he will forgive me, since its motive and moral have been both preserved.

My dear boys, your sincere well-wisher,

C. MAIR.

Prince Albert, N. W. T.



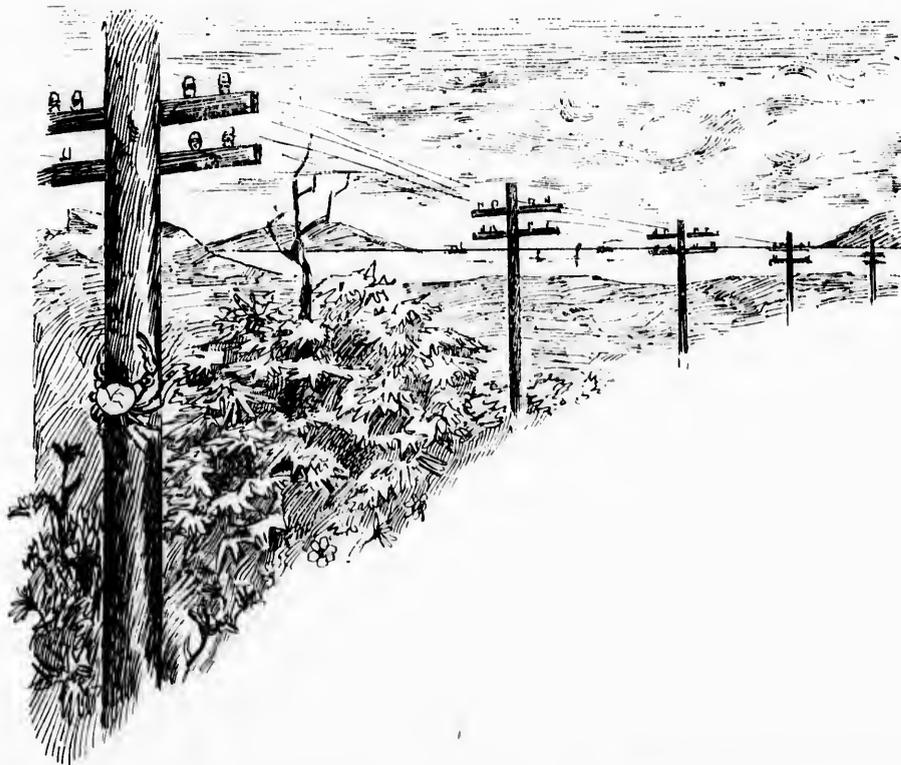
The Land Crab.

A Fable by Ernest Seton-Chompson.

WHEN I set out to do a thing I do it; nothing can turn me aside," said the Land Crab, as he quit his hole in the spring time and made straight for the distant sea after the manner of his kind.

But during his long winter's sleep, a line of telegraph poles had been set up exactly on his customary path.

When the Land Crab came to the first one, pride in his fixity of purpose would not allow him to turn aside or go around it, he climbed slowly up its dizzy height, over its top, and down the other side. Then on to the next one, where, with great exertion, he did the same thing. And so he went on all summer, climbing poles, till he was completely worn out, and, at the end of the season, his miserable little dead body was found near the sea, which he never reached at all, although he might have got there in one day had he been wise enough to swerve six inches from his intended course.



The Toad and His Jewel.

By Ernest Seton-Chompson.

(A Fable in reply to one who was Reviling the Decameron.)



ONCE upon a time there was a Toad, who was covered with loathsome slime, and whose mouth was full of venom, but who yet had in his head a jewel of most exquisite beauty.

And those who felt that way turned all their attention to the poison and slime, but those whose minds had other affinities, saw only the jewel.

