

death shivering here for all the jokes on earth, so here goes, and I don't care what happens,' and with that she throws herself down on the bed; and—would ye believe it!—nothing happened at all. The bed was as right as it had been all its life, and the boys had had their joke without any trouble."

Pixie finished in the midst of a dead silence, for one by one the speakers round the table had paused to listen to the soft Irish voice, and the story once begun had riveted attention. Some of the girls laughed outright, some held down their heads to conceal their smiles, some nudged their companions and looked demurely at Miss Phipps to take their cue from her face. She was undoubtedly smiling, but she looked worried all the same, and gave the signal for rising in a hurried manner as if anxious to allow no time for comment. The girls rose and filed slowly past, Pixie skipping complacently in front, with her arm round another new friend, whom she was prepared to adore even more fondly than the rest. Only Margaret remained behind to assist in putting the room in order, and when the door shut Miss Phipps looked at her under raised appealing brows.

"I am afraid we have rather a difficult subject there, Margaret! Poor little thing! Her father says she has

been allowed to run wild, and it will be difficult for her to get into school ways. She doesn't mean to be forward, but of course we can't allow her to go on like this. She must be taught wholesome respect and reticence, but I don't want to be too hard upon her at first. She's a lovable little creature, and I've no doubt will be a favourite with the girls. They like to be amused, and I fear they may encourage her for the sake of their own amusement. You must help me, dear, by setting a good example and checking her gently when she gets excited."

"I'll try!" said Margaret, but she looked by no means hopeful of success. "I did try before tea. She was telling the most extraordinary tales about home, and I said it was not right to repeat such things, but she seemed quite puzzled. She doesn't seem to have the same ideas that we have, or the same feelings about things."

Miss Phipps sighed and shook her head.

"She is a difficult subject," she repeated anxiously, then her face lighted up suddenly and she began to laugh. "But you can't help liking her!" she cried. "Funny little mite! I am growing quite fond of her already."

(To be continued.)

SOME SKETCHES OF FARM LIFE IN MANITOBA.

PART I.



I HAD often heard of the great North-West of Canada, and in fact had received an invitation from some cousins to visit them in Manitoba; but when the invitation was given, the chances that I should ever be able to accept it were so remote that I never gave it a second thought. About nine years after, however, circumstances made it possible for me to accept the invitation given so long before; and one day, towards the end of May, 1897, I found myself in the train, on my way to my cousin's house six miles north of Winnipeg.

I cannot describe the feelings with which I passed through the country, I who, all my life before, had only once been out of England. The awful loneliness of some parts along the track, the miles and miles of bush; then the vast prairie with here and there a few farms, the journey along the lakes—all was so utterly different from anything I had ever seen. I was very glad when the journey was ended, and I reached Winnipeg to find my cousin waiting for me.

Winnipeg is the capital of Manitoba, and is growing rapidly into a fine city. I had the good fortune to see it at its best in June, 1897, at the time of the Diamond Jubilee, when the principal street, Main Street, was beautifully decorated with three triumphal arches, and many of the houses and stores also. Canadians are very loyal to their Queen, and were not at all behind the rest of her Majesty's subjects in the rejoicings over the sixty years of her reign. Winnipeg boasts a Cathedral and a University, and there

also is the training college for students who wish to take Holy Orders.

I did not see much of the country round Winnipeg, except just the six miles out to my cousin's home. His house is built on the north bank of the Red River, a deep treacherous river, but with some very charming spots along its banks. There I stayed for about seven weeks, and had my first insight into "Life in Manitoba." The people round were principally English, and the clergyman was English too; but still, most of them had been in Canada long enough to have learnt Canadian ways. Here I took my first lessons in washing, ironing, baking, etc. In the meantime, while I was learning how to manage my house, my husband was near Brandon on a farm, as it had been thought advisable for him to work out for a year, before starting to farm for himself, and by that means to learn the difference between English and Canadian methods. I proposed, if possible, to try to get work in the same farm as "indoor help," as they are called out here; but if that could not be managed, to go and board in Brandon and give lessons in music or French. Accordingly, after staying for about seven weeks with my cousins, I said good-bye to them and started for Brandon, little thinking what an unpleasant experience was in store for me. Owing to the carelessness of one of the post office officials, my letter to my husband telling him when to meet me, was put into the wrong box, and went off on a journey to the North-West Territories with a traveller who got his mail in a hurry, and put all the letters into his bag to read on the train. That letter reached my husband after I had been in Brandon a fortnight. I arrived at Brandon at 10.30 P.M., an absolute stranger, and there was no one to meet me. I fortunately knew the name of the lady with whom I was to board. After waiting some time, hoping my husband would come, I started off under the guidance of a boy, and arrived to find the house in darkness and everyone in bed. After some trouble we succeeded in rousing the mistress of the house, only to find that she did not expect me, and in fact had no bed vacant. However, as by that time the boy had departed, I refused to go anywhere else, and at last she managed to let me have half her bed. I was there two days before my husband came into town,

and my relief was great when I heard his voice inquiring for me.

While I was in Brandon there was an awful wind-storm, almost a cyclone. It did a great deal of damage, and though it was not half as bad as the real cyclones they had in the States, still, it was as bad as I wish to see. I went to the door just before it reached us, and the feeling of oppression was terrible; there was not a breath of air, and it was just like standing at the door of a furnace. We could see a dense cloud coming up, and it became gradually darker, till just as it passed over us we could scarcely see each other. The cloud was fine black dust which penetrated everywhere. Our nerves were strung to the highest pitch; I, for one, never having experienced anything of the sort before, wondered what was coming next.

Suddenly there was a crash, and we thought the roof was gone—by that time it was raining in torrents. When we summoned up enough courage to go upstairs, we found that my bedroom window had been blown right in, and on going outside we could see that the chimney was gone. That was the extent of the mischief to our house. Opposite to us was a row of seven or eight rather small houses. They looked very funny without a single chimney on any of them. The City Hall had part of the roof taken off, and many houses suffered. It was some days before the bricklayers had a spare moment, they were so busy repairing damages.

I stayed in Brandon about five weeks, and then went out to the farm where my husband was.

(To be continued.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

CHILDREN'S NURSE.—*"I should be much obliged for particulars of the course of training which can be obtained in Liverpool by girls who wish to train themselves to act as nurses to children. It would be more convenient for me to be trained in Liverpool, if it be possible, than to attend one of the training institutions which are in London."*—NORTH-COUNTRY MAID.

NORTH-COUNTRY MAID could be very well trained in Liverpool, we are glad to tell her. An excellent course has been arranged by the Liverpool Ladies' Sanitary Association, the offices of which are at 8, Sandon Terrace. A three months' course can be taken on payment of eight guineas. This includes the following subjects: nursery sanitation, the care of infants, cooking and laundry-work, ambulance, needlework (with special reference to the making of children's clothes) and kindergarten work. At the conclusion of this course the student is recommended to go for a time to a hospital or convalescent home for children, and the Association helps the student to make the requisite arrangements for this purpose whenever possible. Sessions begin in January, April and September.

BOTANY AND GARDENING.—*"I am a Board School teacher, aged twenty-three. I find the work very trying to my eyes, and I am afraid I must give it up before long and find some other employment. I am very fond of botany, and have made a special study of it. How could I turn my knowledge of this subject to account? I should like to take up gardening, but I must if possible receive a small salary and be able to support myself. I was a great expense to my parents during my two years at college, and now I am able to help them I do not wish to cause them any expense."*—ST. GEORGE.

Our correspondent ST. GEORGE certainly ought not to continue her Board School work if by so doing she is running any risk of losing her eyesight. At the same time it is by no means easy to name any kind of work which is likely to offer her so good an income or occupation of a character so congenial to one who has all along been trained for educational work. What naturally suggests itself is that she should seek a situation as teacher of botany and gardening in a school. Several women are employed in this way, and we think the tendency is to make gardening a frequent subject of study in girls' schools. But then we fear that teaching even in this modified form is still open to the objections which have arisen in connection with school-work. There must always be a good deal of literary study involved in teaching, and a certain amount of reading of indifferent handwriting in correcting the pupils' papers. Microscope work also, which is almost inseparable from botanical study, is trying to the strongest sight. In gardening alone it is not easy for girls to compete with men-gardeners, who have usually undergone a long course of training, and are besides much more capable of hard rough work out-of-

doors than are women. At the same time we are far from wishing to discourage our correspondent altogether. A good general education, such as she has evidently had, would in itself help her in botanical and gardening work. And it is possible that a year or two spent in a horticultural college would enable her to recover much of the strength of her eyesight. We advise her to write to the Secretary of the Technical Education Board of the London County Council, St. Martin's Lane, asking him whether she could be considered eligible for one of the scholarships which the Board awards to some students at Swanley Horticultural College. Failing this, she might find it advisable to study at the Gardens of the Royal Botanical Society, Regent's Park, where special classes have been organised for women students.

ASYLUM NURSING.—*"Having observed with interest an answer to a correspondent in a recent number of the 'G. O. P.', in which a girl was recommended to train for asylum nursing, may I venture to ask whether this occupation is not, like so many others, overstocked? If it is not too difficult to find work of this kind to do, I should be glad to nurse those who are suffering from mental disease."*—A LOVER OF USEFUL WORK.

We are glad to be able to reassure our correspondent, and to tell her that in asylum-nursing there is a wide field of usefulness open to all those who have a talent for nursing and a wish, like our correspondent, to do what they can to alleviate human suffering. It may interest A LOVER OF USEFUL WORK, and also others of our readers, if we quote from a letter which our previous reply on this subject has evoked. A lady who has herself been a nurse writes, "In many asylums there are vacancies. At one asylum girls are engaged before they are eighteen, and begin with a salary of £16, rising by £1 a year to £20. For every five years of service a good conduct stripe is earned which is worth £2 a year, and a nurse who is promoted to be in 'Charge of Ward' earns another £1 a year. Uniform, board and washing are included in these terms. The governing body of a large asylum in the south of England has lately advertised for nurses of the age of thirty, also with a beginning salary of £16. It is always possible to be promoted to a matronship, and thus to obtain a good salary. After two years' training at the asylum the nurse should take the Medico-Psychological Association's examination." The pecuniary conditions of asylum nursing, it will be observed, are not very favourable, and for this reason educated women, unless they feel a strong call towards this painful kind of work or have some private means, are more disposed to take to general nursing. At the same time there are no doubt many well-paid positions for those who rise to matronships or are willing to act as nurse-attendants to difficult private patients. But on the whole it seems to be highly desirable that asylums should offer their regular nurses an improved scale of pay if they wish to secure the services of a really superior class of women.

SOME SKETCHES OF FARM LIFE IN MANITOBA.

PART II. THRESHING.



MY first experience of work on this farm was threshing. This took place about a fortnight after I went out there, but the preparations began a week before. We expected a large "gang" for certainly four days; as a matter of fact we had them six. I was much amused at the quantity of food of all kinds that was provided; but it was all eaten except a few loaves of bread. There were thirty-eight to dinner every day, and about thirty to breakfast and supper. The washing-up seemed endless, and one meal was no sooner over than another had to be got ready. The meals have to be on the table

the moment the whistle sounds to leave off work, and they are just a rush from beginning to end. I do not think I ever saw men eat so much in so short a time. We were very thankful when threshing was over, and we settled down to the ordinary routine of the farm life. There was plenty of hard work as the house was large, and I had many opportunities of comparing the English "domestic" servant with the Canadian "help," and I quite came to the conclusion that there is a great opening for the former in Canada, provided she comes out determined to do anything that may fall to her share, and is not afraid of downright hard work. In many respects the life is far freer, and the service better paid; but it would be a great pity if our neatly-dressed, nicely-spoken English "maids" came out here only to degenerate into the very often untidy-looking, free and easy Canadian "girl." I do not know how they are in the towns such as Winnipeg, but in these country places, a "girl" is looked upon rather as an infliction to be endured than as a luxury. We should be amused and, I think, horrified, if our maids at home went out to dances two and three times a week, and then had to rest the next day.

But to continue my experiences. I think we were the strangest company that could have been got together. The "Boss" (as he was always called) and his mother were Irish and Roman Catholics. Three of the men also were Roman Catholics, two of them Irish-Canadians and the other Scotch-Canadian. Then the other three English were nominally Anglicans; one the nephew of a well-known dignitary of the Church of England, another came from the Midlands, and my husband pure Kentish. The cook was a Methodist and Canadian-born, though her father was a Cornishman, and I the daughter of an English clergyman. I certainly should not recommend anyone trying the experiment I did, though of course I did it to be with my husband; but it was an experience I should be very unwilling to repeat. We were all so utterly dissimilar that there was constant friction, which made everything very unpleasant. However, we had some pleasant times. Fortunately, the cook and I were good friends, and the mistress of the house was exceedingly kind to me. I certainly learnt a great deal, which has been very useful to me since, and my husband and I have both been glad we had the training, as it helped to prepare us for whatever might come, shadow or sunshine, and there has been a good share of the former, though a great deal more of the latter.

Among the pleasant memories, I may mention our first experience of sleighing. I shall never forget my first ride. The "Boss" kindly offered to drive my husband and me to town one night after work, as of course neither of us knew anything about sleighing, and my heart was in my mouth many a time during those six miles. Up hill and down, it seemed to me we were just flying along, though in reality the horses were only going at a moderately fast trot; but the motion being so unusual made it worse. I was thankful when we reached town safely; and, being more used to it, I enjoyed the drive home. I have had many a sleigh ride since then, and there is nothing so exhilarating as to skim along over the snow, with the bells jingling, on a bright frosty morning, with the thermometer somewhere about zero. After all, on a still day, one scarcely feels the cold, one is so enveloped in furs.

We had some very cold weather while we were at Brandon, and some days I felt as if I could not work. Our part of the house was bitterly cold. The front part was heated by a furnace and hot water pipes, and there I could scarcely breathe, while in the kitchen to keep warm at all I had to sit with my feet in the oven, and then my back was cold. Those hot water pipes were a terrible nightmare to most of us, because they had to be kept heated properly, or there might have been a bad explosion. They also had to be kept filled, and often in the middle of the night I have heard the "Boss" wandering about looking at the pipes, and presently heard him filling up the reservoir, as the indicator showed that somewhere or other the pipes were not as full as they should be.

Our first Christmas in Manitoba was very pleasant. My husband got up at four o'clock, and, as we had the house to ourselves, the "Boss" and his mother being in Brandon, he made a fair amount of noise, and waked up all the others. He got all his work done, and he and I started just after seven to drive the six miles to church, so as to get at least one service. We got back soon after ten, had a pleasant dinner, and in the afternoon visitors came out to stay. That meant extra work, but we helped each other, and had it all done about nine, and then we played games and ate nuts and apples till bedtime. We all tried to be as cheerful as possible, but the thoughts of home and dear ones far away would keep coming to the top and made it difficult.

On New Year's Eve we went to a party given by two bachelors, living a mile away. My husband was driving that night and the road was not very good, and he drove us into a snow bank, and very nearly turned us out of the cutter. However, we just managed to save ourselves, and reached our destination without further accidents. We were the first arrivals, having gone early by special request. The house consisted of two rooms, bedroom and kitchen. The bedroom was cleared for games, and the kitchen prepared for supper. The bed was in the cellar for that night, but on other occasions when we went to call, we were received in the bedroom, and the bed used as a seat, as chairs were rather a scarce commodity. After some time the other guests arrived, and we had a merry time till midnight. One thing amused me very much, there were a good many of us in a rather limited space, and so, without any warning, two or three of the young men quietly removed the stove from the bedroom to make more room. We should be astonished in England to have our fires suddenly dispensed with, but out here everyone uses the same sort of stoves, so it is no uncommon occurrence to see a stove removed for the time being, and brought back when the space is no longer needed. About midnight supper was served, a most sumptuous repast. The bachelors must have made a raid on the confectioners in Brandon, I think. After that a few more games, and then, with good wishes for the New Year ringing in our ears, we started back, getting in about half past one, and having a few hours' sleep before getting up at half past five to get breakfast for the "Boss" and one of the men who were driving into town to catch the early train.

(To be continued.)

SOME SKETCHES OF FARM LIFE IN MANITOBA.

PART III.

SOON after that circumstances led us to change our plans, and we decided to start for ourselves. We had heard of a farm about one hundred miles from Brandon, and by all accounts it was just the very place we were looking for. Not too far from the station, within easy reach of an English church; buildings on the place, a little out of repair certainly, and a good farm with over two hundred acres broken, and all for a nominal rent. Needless to say, we made up our minds at once, and left Brandon the beginning of February.

My husband settled to come by road, as we had bought a team of horses and a waggon and sleighs. He started away early one morning, intending to do the trip in three days, and meet me at Somerset station on Tuesday. He did not have a pleasant journey, never having travelled in this country before. It was very cold, and all the food he took with him was frozen solid almost before he had left Brandon. He had the sleigh full of trunks, and he also brought the waggon wheels, so he had a big load and could only travel at a walk. He kept the trail all right the first two days, and only suffered a little from cold; but he got very hungry, as he did not strike any place either day in time for dinner, and not knowing the customs of the country then as well as he does now, he was too shy to stop at any house he passed and get a meal. On the Monday he lost the trail altogether and got into deep snow, and had a hard job getting out and finding the right trail again. However, he fortunately saw a house, and inquired the way and got the right road, and then had no further adventures till he reached Somerset. I came the next day by train.

Our farm was six miles north of Somerset, and we went out to see what was needed to make the house habitable. We found it in a most dilapidated condition, but still we thought we might manage to make one room into two, and put up with them. It was only a sort of lean-to kitchen; but it was all that was any way available, so my husband and two men set to work to board it up and put in doors and windows. A fortnight afterwards we started to take up our abode in our new home. It was a cold morning and some friends we had made in Somerset, English people, begged me to stay with them while my husband went up and got the place a little ready; but he did not care to go alone, and so I went, perched on the top of some of the furniture. Then we had a taste of Manitoba cold. Oh, the misery! Looking back, it seems wonderful that we are alive to tell the tale. The first thing we had to do was to put the stove together and get the stove-pipes fitted. English people who have never been in Canada out in the country, where stove-pipes are always used, cannot appreciate the obstinacy of them. It is only about one man in every ten one meets who can manipulate them successfully. The great thing is to keep cool and keep one's temper. With the thermometer somewhere between twenty degrees and thirty degrees below zero, it was only too easy to do the former, and as to the latter the less said the better; suffice it to say that before long there were several disabled and battered lengths of stove-pipes around, but we were as far off as ever from getting a fire in that stove. By this time I was very nearly frozen, and my husband made a fire for me on the ground inside an old shed while he kept on at the stove-pipes, and at last he got them together after a fashion. I learnt a lesson then, and never again on any consideration does anyone get me into an empty house in the winter to stay, without there being at least one stove perfectly fitted and ready to light.

Looking back, I really hardly know how we lived through the next few nights; for directly the fire went down everything in the house froze solid. We waked in the morning to find my hair white with frost. I can only be thankful we had no children, for I suppose we should have gone into the house just the same, not having had any experience of a Manitoba winter. We stood this state of things for three days, then my husband went to town for paper to put over the roof and walls. He could not get proper building paper,

so he brought tar-paper. That was better than nothing, so we sat up till 3 A.M., lining the walls with it; but the smell was fearful, and the black came off so dreadfully that the next afternoon we both went to town, I to see some English people with whom we had become acquainted and to get warm, and he to buy lumber to put on the walls over the tar-paper. After that we did not suffer quite so much from the cold except in the morning dressing.

We stayed up on this farm for about two months, frequently going to town, as there was nothing else to do, and I found it very lonely if my husband went without me. One day he started with a neighbour about eight o'clock in the morning to go to a sale sixteen miles away. They said they would be back before dark; seven o'clock came and I got supper ready, but there were no signs of them. I waited for a long while and then had something to eat. After that I laid in a supply of wood, as I did not like going out in the dark alone, then I got a book and tried to think I was not nervous, but I did not succeed very well. The wolves were howling all round, and everything else was so still that I was ready to imagine all sorts of horrors, when at last I heard my husband's sleigh-bells about 1 A.M. The neighbour had wanted him to stay all night, but my husband insisted on coming, refusing to leave me alone.

While we were on that farm we experienced a slight blizzard; it lasted three days. It was not a bad one, but it kept my husband at home, and as luck would have it, he was short of tobacco. Dear me, what a three days I had! He tried everything as a substitute, bark, straw, tea-leaves, and, finally, the dry tea; but nothing was satisfactory, and I was thankful when the fourth day dawned clear and bright, and he could get off to town directly after breakfast.

About April our English friends most kindly told us of certain reports they had heard about the farm, and strongly advised our leaving at once before the thaw set in, when we should be prisoners for weeks. They had heard that the farm was no good at all, a great part of it being marsh land, and the rest not in the least fit for grain, though we had had such flourishing accounts of it from the owner. They offered to house us and our furniture for a time if we liked. We wrote to our relations for advice, but the thaw set in so rapidly, that one day when my husband came back from town he told me to pack up everything and we would get off the next morning, which we did, and only just in time, for in the afternoon he went up for another load of things and had to come back with wheels.

The next two months and a half can hardly be counted on as "farm life," though my husband was working more or less on the farm. As the friend we were staying with had at that time two farms, it was proposed that we should have one and work it on shares. That year the land had to be summer-fallowed, or else be sown with roots, so they settled to put in a crop of potatoes. In the meantime, till we could get the house in a habitable condition, my husband did any odd jobs in town he could get, to help pay for our board, as our friends could not afford to keep us for nothing. One thing he did was to unload cars of lumber for the store-keeper. The friend was supposed to help, but soon after they started work, this gentleman always had a bad attack of liver complaint which prevented him from working very hard; and the same attack would come on when they were putting in the potatoes, and it generally happened that my husband had most, if not all, of the work to do. I made myself generally useful in the house, doing my share of the work, and so things went on for about two months; when we perceived that it was time for us to see about getting into our own house, and for the second time my husband set to work to fix up an old tumble-down building. By that time, I had had all my books, pictures, and knick-knacks sent out from home, and with those about, our two rooms really looked very nice and homelike. We moved up to "Elmhurst," our new home, on July 1st, 1898. It was very prettily situated on a hill with a good view of Somerset, and also of our neighbours, a mile and a half away. My husband was very busy after we got there haying, and still

keeping on with his work for the storekeeper, which latter paid our store-bill all that summer. But the work was hard and oats were almost unobtainable, and our horses began to fail, and got rapidly worse, till within a fortnight of each other, they died. That was a very heavy loss. We got one new horse, when the mare died, but he was young, and at first I always had to go and help my husband hitch it up, and I was never comfortable while he was away with him. When the second old one died we got a team, making three altogether. One we have now, but the other we returned as soon as possible, as nothing would make her work. The other two went fairly well together, though I never went out with them without being very glad to get safe home. Later on we traded the young one, and then we had to get rid of that, and finally buy another young horse, which is turning out a very nice animal. After our troubles with the horses were over for the time we just went on quietly, I staying at home most of my time, and looking after my chickens—as many of them as the wolves left me. The first year they were very bold; they would come within fifty yards of the house and would walk off with any unfortunate hen that might be in reach. About August we got the first cow, a present to me from my father and mother, and we also got a small pig, so we might be said to be fairly launched on our "Farm Life." In November my little son was born. Though the house was not so cold as the first one, still it was quite cold enough for a young baby; and after Christmas, when really cold weather set in, we often got our bed downstairs and kept the fires—we had two stoves in a room sixteen feet by twelve feet—going all night. One day we had a blizzard, and at night we could not keep warm anyhow. We hung blankets and shawls on lines round the stoves, and I sat with my feet under one stove and my back near the other with a fur

cloak on, and then was not even comfortably warm. The next morning we swept up a dustpan full of snow that had drifted in during the night. It was soon after this, and during the cold spell, that we were invited and went to a party—my first Manitoba party. It was very comic. There was a decided majority of the male sex, though it seems to be a rule in Manitoba that every gentleman takes his own particular lady. The music, however, was the most amusing part of the whole business. One or two young men brought fiddles, and there was a piano in the house. That night I learnt what "chording" means. The fiddle does the principal part of the music (?), which consists of about three notes over and over again, while the fiddler keeps time with his foot; the unfortunate pianist, who has not the least idea what is coming next, has to play chords, which sometimes are, but mostly are not, in tune with the fiddle. The cold that night was intense. My husband and I and the baby were staying in the house, and when we got home the next day we found everything solid, even the clock had stopped on account of the intense cold.

We frequently went out on Sundays that winter, and why we did not all catch fearful colds, I don't know. We used to go back to an icy cold house, and I often left the baby wrapped up in his outdoor things for nearly an hour before I dared undress him. We returned one Sunday to find our dog—a retriever pup—had been very busy retrieving my chickens. There were several lying round the house. We discovered it before breakfast on Monday, and my husband found he had one cartridge left, so before his wrath cooled, he led out the pup and shot it. We had only just got a rifle, and I am afraid I hoped he would miss; but he did not go very far away, and as the dog sat up and begged, he shot it at once.

(To be continued.)

KATE GREENAWAY.



KATE GREENAWAY. (A portrait hitherto unpublished.)

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER has lost one of its friends and an occasional contributor of pictures in Kate Greenaway, who died on November 6th, 1901, at her residence, 39, Frognal, Hampstead, a pretty picturesque house designed for her by Norman Shaw. It will doubtless be a surprise to many of her admirers to be told that Kate Greenaway was her real name, not an assumed one, as many supposed. One young person tried to pass herself off to the public as K. G.; the same contemptible fraud was tried in connection with the names of Sir Walter Scott, George Eliot and Mrs. Henry Wood. K. G. began her art work very early in life, and attended art schools before she was in her teens, and was a very conscientious, earnest, patient worker; later she went to South Kensington, where Miss Thompson, Clara Montalba, Helen Paterson, and Miss Backhouse were fellow students. Her first book printed in colours was *Under the Window*, published 1879. She spared no pains in her endeavours to get the figures and groups to her liking, and always designed and made the quaint little garments for her models before drawing them, having first made sketches to get an idea of what she intended to produce. *Under the Window* was such a success that it was followed in 1880 by the *Birthday Book for Children*, with nearly four hundred illustrations. *Mother Goose* came next, then *A Day in a Child's Life*, with music by Myles Birket Foster, "Little Ann" and other poems by Jane and Ann Taylor, *Language of Flowers*, *Mavor's Spelling Book*, *Marygold Garden*, illustrated and written by her, a *Painting Book* and *A. Apple Pie*, a *Book of Games*, and *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, one of her best and most important books. It is from this last-mentioned book that our frontispiece is taken, by kind permission of Messrs. F. Warne, the publisher.

Kate Greenaway had a very interesting personality, and was extremely fond of the country and of flowers, and could draw them beautifully, and always liked those best of a more simple form—not orchids nor begonias; she loved daffodils and roses, and few things gave her more pleasure

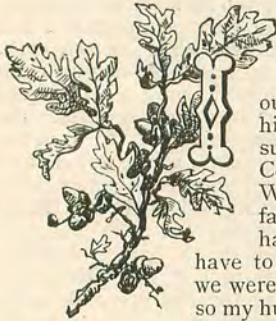
what fragrant innocence lay at the root of this mimicry, I did not at once cause the fowl, the rabbit, and the guinea-pig to be freed from the custody of Barty's companion in this piece of pictorial behaviour. To tell the whole truth, I was rather anxious to find out the full details of Barty's plan, feeling sure that there would come to me during the unfolding of his method a chance to make an interruption so impressive that never again would my snowdrop of snowdrops among little souls dare to play with the Old Testament as a toy between my stables and my cauliflowers. As I had expected, there arrived a moment in all ways fitted for a bolt from the blue. It fell, together with a mass of loose hay, at the second of time when the mood of the theatre was the conqueror of all other moods in Barty's imaginative brain; and because of this the effect was all the more tremendous. A deep voice asked very soon a question from on high. It is not too much to say that a sudden clap of thunder could not have terrified the young artists more effectively. I think Barty believed the world to have crumpled up like a piece of tissue-paper. Shaking off the impediment, and quite forgetting to examine its simple

kind, he sprang to his feet and plied his legs with such extraordinary agility, no more choosing his path than had many a fugitive before him, that he soon went head over heels into a bed of Jerusalem artichokes, among which sacred vegetables he bewailed his sins no less lustily than Moses did his loneliness when he was anchored in the bulrushes. His lamentations acted upon his mother as a magnet upon steel filings; and it was not long before Barty was retrieved from his ignoble situation, kissed and cooed at till he told, with many sobs, his lurid story. As for Dick, he had bolted in an opposite direction, and a little later I found him cleaning boots in an outhouse, looking as if he were the darling most beloved by Innocence. He was quite ready for a halo and a stained glass window. He was not aware how thoroughly I had studied the latest version of the first chapter in Genesis, so when I gently asked him whether he would be obliging enough to create for me a pouter pigeon, he became, without any attempt at gradation, the colour of beetroot. The generous tint did him credit.

(To be continued.)

SOME SKETCHES OF FARM LIFE IN MANITOBA.

PART IV.



IN January of that year we had entered into an agreement with our friend, and he had transferred his interest in the farm to us, subject to the approval of the Company to whom it belonged. We were glad to get things satisfactorily settled, as before this we had not known where we might have to go. Now it was our own, and we were working for our own advantage, so my husband set to work to make things more comfortable. He almost rebuilt the

summer kitchen, and got in shingles and lumber for the house that he might work on fairly warm days. One side of the roof was shingled; but a cold day came, March 24th, and he left the other side till a warm day, and started off six miles away to get pickets ready for fencing. He went off early, promising to be back for dinner-time, little thinking of the dreadful picture that would meet his eyes as he came over the brow of the hill in sight of the house. At twelve o'clock I went upstairs to look out of the window to see if he were coming that I might have dinner ready; by one o'clock our little home was a heap of smoking ashes. Never have I felt so utterly lonely or forsaken as when I realised that the house was on fire, and that there was not a soul near. There was I alone with a baby of four months old on a bitterly cold day—the thermometer registered about twenty degrees below zero. I discovered the smoke coming from the roof. I rushed indoors and got the one pail of water that was in the house, and somehow got on the roof, and poured it on the place whence the smoke was issuing. Then I got down and fetched the kettle and went up with that—then I was helpless. I did not know in those days that a wet sack would be the most effective extinguisher, and so I had to leave it. I then went upstairs and began to try to save some things; but I suppose by that time I had nearly lost my common-sense, for instead of trying to save small things such as jewellery, etc., first, I seized a box that was just at the top of the stairs and got that out. Then I got the baby's bed downstairs, and by that time the flames were curling down the wall by the stairs, and I was only just in time to get down. Then I realised my next move must be to get the baby out. He was in his carriage asleep, so I wheeled him out just as he was, and for one awful moment I thought I was too late: the carriage stuck in the doorway and would not move, and the child seemed to be gasping for breath. However, with one supreme

effort I got it out and put him away from the burning house, and regardless of his screams, rushed back to get some more things, only to be met at the door by the flames; and to know now that we were homeless in a strange country with nothing to call our own but the clothes we had on. I watched the flames for a few moments, and then found I must get what shelter I could, for still no one had come to my assistance. I decided to go and keep as warm as I could in the stable till my husband should come home, so I wheeled the baby carriage across the field to the stable. Just before I reached it I saw my husband on horseback galloping up as fast as he could. He jumped off the horse, put him in the stable, threw me his fur coat to cover the baby, and stayed just long enough to hear he might save about one hundred and seventy bushels of oats that were in a little shed close to the house. I heard afterwards how it was he had arrived with only one horse. He and our neighbour Mr. H— had been into the bush together, and as they reached Mr. H—'s house, he saw some smoke, and turning round to my husband said, "Your house is on fire!" My husband jumped out of the sleigh, unhitched one horse, got on its back, and left the other standing with the load in the middle of the trail. He told me he had never had such an awful five minutes till he saw me wheeling the baby down towards the stable. His one fear had been that I had failed to get out with the boy. By the time he reached the burning house people from Somerset had arrived, and by dint of great exertion they managed to save the oats. In the meantime I was waiting at the stable. In a few minutes I heard sleigh-bells, and went out to see if the newcomers had any robes or coats they could spare, and I found it was our friend Mr. H—, who had thrown off his own load, got the sleigh-box on, cleared my husband's load and remaining horse out of the road, picked up fur-coats, robes and rugs, and had just made his horses almost fly over here to fetch me and the baby. Just as I was going off in his sleigh our clergyman arrived also to take us home, but Mr. H— refused to let us go anywhere but to his house and for as long as we liked to stay. That night we were all housed, ourselves, our team, our cow, and chickens, about a mile and a half away from our own place and there we stayed for three months. The day after the fire I wrote to relations in Toronto and Winnipeg, and they sent us enough money and clothes to go on with for the time, and when my father in the Old Country heard of the catastrophe, he raised a subscription among friends and relations for a new house. So my feeling of despair was soon got rid of. All round we met with great kindness, and one good result of the fire was to give us, in at least two cases, life-long friends.

That spring my husband was putting in his first crop on his own land, and we were watching our new house go up. We settled, directly we heard from my father that he had money for us, to put up a substantial frame-house as large as we could for the money, to use only the best lumber, and to wait a year or two to finish the inside. The result is a convenient little house, twenty-two feet long by sixteen feet wide, divided into two rooms downstairs and two up, with a brick chimney in the middle and steel shingles on the roof; so that the danger of fire is brought to the lowest possible point. Then we determined to build near our stable and well, and in shelter; so now we are surrounded by a fair-sized bluff, and when we see the blizzard raging, and hear the winds howling, we congratulate ourselves and pity the poor people who have no trees round them. We took possession of our new head-quarters on June 16th, though the builder was not yet out of the house; but we knew that was the only way to get him to hurry, and we finally got him away four or five days afterwards. That year was a very good one, and if it had not been for the fire putting us back, we should have done a good deal towards paying off the purchase-money on the farm. Our little bit of crop turned out well, and we put up a granary, which was really a necessity. The threshers, however, gave us another bad fright. We are only a mile from town, and the whole gang went off after supper, leaving only myself and a little girl I had here to look after the baby just for the day. My husband had gone up to get the caboose, which was at our neighbour's, Mr. H—'s, and as he came over the hill he saw the straw under the engine beginning to blaze. There was a big straw pile quite near, and a strong south wind blowing right towards the buildings, and as there had been no rain for some time everything was very dry. He says he made his horses come down the hill full gallop; the window of the caboose fell out, and the stoves and the other things inside were tumbling about all over the place; but he did not care. He left his horses still hitched up to the caboose when he reached the stable-yard

and rushed to the house to find some of the men. None were here, so we picked up pails and ran to the pump, while he went to try to put out the blazing straw. I wonder if people realise how hard it is to walk across stubble? If any one wants exercise, I can recommend running across it with two pails of water, as quite sufficient for anybody, especially with a strong wind meeting one. By dint of terrible exertions we managed to get enough water to my husband, and we were safe again. My husband then drew the caboose well away from the stables and prepared to spend the night strolling round the premises, a necessary precaution, as most of the gang returned from town having had far too much to drink. They were away from our place by dinner-time the next day. I must say that it was exceptional behaviour, and not the rule of the gang, to rush off to town like that.

We had the same mill the next year, and nearly the same gang, and there was no fault of that kind to be found. That fall was very dry, and there were some terrible prairie fires near us, and we always looked all round at night to see if there were any quite close. Only one was very near us, and my husband and a friend fought it for nearly an hour, and saved a neighbour from being burnt out. A passing train started it at night, when all our neighbour's family was in bed, and they knew nothing about it for several days. It is a fearful thing to have to fight prairie fires. They come sweeping up with such a roar and rush. There is a law forbidding people to light them; but often a lighted match is thrown down, and a fire started just through carelessness, which does an untold amount of damage. However, taking all things into consideration, notwithstanding the drawbacks we have encountered, the anxieties and hard work, I would not change my Canadian home for any other, and we hope in a few years' time to be able to give up the hardest work and to be, as they say out here, "well fixed," and able to take a trip across the Atlantic and show our boy the dear old country of our birth.

VARIETIES.

AN ARTIST'S MODEL IN A COLD BATH.

One of the famous pictures of the late Sir John Millais is his "Ophelia," in which that hapless maid is shown drowned in a brook overhung with willows.

The methods of the pre-Raphaelites, who concerned themselves so much with truthfulness of detail, are amusingly illustrated by the story of how this picture was painted.

For a model Millais had Miss Siddal, who afterwards became Mrs. D. G. Rossetti. In order that the artist might get the proper set of the garments in water and the right atmosphere and aqueous effects, she had to lie in a large bath filled with water, which was kept at an even temperature by lamps placed beneath.

One day, just as the picture was nearly finished, the lamps went out unnoticed by the artist, who was so intensely absorbed in his work that he thought of nothing else, and the poor lady was kept floating in the cold water till she was quite benumbed.

She herself never complained of this, but the result was that she contracted a severe cold, and her father—an auctioneer at Oxford—wrote to Millais, threatening him with an action for £50 damages for his carelessness.

Eventually the matter was satisfactorily compromised. Millais paid the doctor's bill: and Miss Siddal, quickly recovering, was none the worse for her cold bath.

A COMMON ERROR.

"Methinks we do as fretful children do,
Leaning their faces on the window pane,
To sigh the glare dim with their own breath's stain,
And shut the sky and landscape from their view."
Mrs. Browning.

FRESH WATER.

The laws of health are too often poorly understood. A Scotch country parson, preaching in a strange church, said to the beadle in the vestry before service—

"Is this water fresh?"

"Perfectly fresh," answered the beadle. "I brought it in myself the Sunday before last."

SUCCESS.

"She wins at last who builds her trust
In loving words and actions just."

A CHARADE.

MY FIRST.

A warning note of grief,
A charge to stay and rest,
To weary beast addressed
Glad tidings of relief.

MY SECOND.

The noblest work of God,
A creature made for love,
Appointed from above
To cultivate the sod.

MY WHOLE.

A weak but most caressed
Of all created things,
An angel without wings
To comfort the distressed.

G. D. LYNCH.