

# BILDAD HANKERS NOT.

FOR THE SOCIETY OF THEODORE BILKINS IN THE CHASE.

The Glory of the Wilderness—Birds that were shy and swift and full of guile—A Mighty Nimrod on Paper—The Yellow Dog Sneaks Home.

There is rare sport to be had in a part-ridge hunt. I am a crank on the subject, and ought to know. I glory in this life of the wood and wilderness. I am as proud as any veteran of the scars I have won on many a toilsome march. I have ruined some shirts in my day, and divers other ragged. Glorious is the cause of freedom, though its banner be but a pair of pants all spotted and torn.

They tell me that it is tame sport. So it was, in the days of our daddies, when the birds would walk into the stew-pan, and beg to be eaten. But the partridge of today, at least in these diggings, is a different sort of a chicken. He is shy and speckled, and full of guile. Why, just look at the various disguises he wears. There is the skipper, the climber, the scooter, the grounder, the hider, the road-sider, the swamp angel, the hill-sider, the sky-scraper, the stern-wheeler, and Lord knows how many more. Have you never seen the stern-wheeler, my brother?

When a bird starts up suddenly out of the silence right in front of your nose, and goes off like a rocket with his jib sheeted home for Limerick, and his propeller working 1,900 revolutions per minute—that is the stern-wheeler, my brother. He flies with his tail and not with his wings, believe me. Shot will not stop him, my brother. And he may not stop at Limerick, but keep right on for Spain. A comet, did you say, my brother? No, indeed, that is the sky-scraper of which I spoke. He flies higher than the stern-wheeler, keeps no log, and has no regular port of call. He is gravel-balled, and carries a balloon jib and spinnaker. Gadsme! he is heading for the moon.

But much as I reveal in the aromatic effluvia of the forest, I think I shall never hanker to go shooting with Theodore any more. Theodore is a cousin of mine. It is with humility and yet with pride that I confess it. I am proud of the heroism which enables me after what has passed to acknowledge Theodore. 'Tis foolish to repine, I know, at Providence. Only I will say that when cousins were being passed round I ought to have been notified to be present to protect my rights. I should, I think, have taken precious good care that Theodore was not knocked down to me.

Yet, when Theodore arrived with his dogs, and guns and lordly air, I was truly glad to see him. I was determined that he should have some sport. Theodore laughed at my mongrel cur. But I would not give those ten pounds of yellow dog-meat for all the high-toned setters, pointers, and spaniels in St. John. When the dog rose bird number one, I invited Theodore to shoot. Theodore could not see the bird. I pointed him out to Theodore. It was painful to see the helpless way in which Theodore gazed about. Finally he blazed away—at a range of about six feet. Well, it has been raining claws and feathers there, to the best of my opinion, ever since. Theodore did not get the bird after all, for we had no rake. But, there is some advantage in Theodore's style of shooting. He kills, plucks, and cleans the bird, all in one operation. In fact, any bird that Theodore shoots, will not require to be skinned.

Bird number two, a roadside yearling, was walking slowly away when I spied him. I showed him to Theodore. Theodore thought he saw him and let drive at him under a mossy log. How could Theodore know that the bird was not there at all, but on top of the log? I will not swear to this, but I think, the look that bird gave Theodore as he went betokened more contempt than gratitude. Theodore became rattled a bit, and thrashed around among the bushes with both hammers at full cock.

Bird number three was nicely treed by the mongrel. Theodore was alarmed lest I should shoot before he did. He ran forward, let fly—and missed! Bird number four was a scooter and Theodore tried to run him down. Crash! through the alders and over the deadfalls, scratching his face, barking his shins, falling and tumbling he went till I could have sworn it was a bull moose. The bird adjourned. His trunk was checked for Labrador with no stops on the way.

I urged Theodore to be calm. He said the cares of business made him nervous and distraught. The next fowl was a rabbit, heading south. Theodore let go at him in elegant style. But he agreed with me that it would have been better had his gun been loaded.

Theodore made me nervous, somehow. When he was walking ahead of me he

would have both barrels, full cock at that, ranging for my presence all the time. And when he was behind they would be pointing to my dignity. If there is anything I value it is my dignity. Had Theodore's gun gone off there would not have been an atom of it left.

Then I noticed the mongrel gazing at Theodore pensively. By and bye he sneaked off and went home in disgust.

"Do you call this sport?" demanded Theodore at last.

"No," said I.

So Theodore and I went home, too. The next day Theodore left for town. "Had a lovely time, old man," he said as he wrung my hand at parting. And this is what I read in the paper on the following morning:

Our worthy townsman, Theodore Bilkens, Esq., is a perfect Nimrod. He has returned bronzed and hardy from a week's outing with his rural friends, during which he bagged over sixty partridges, twenty brace of woodcock and snipe innumerable. He gave the natives of Wayback some pointers in woodcraft that astonished them; in fact they were fairly paralyzed with his performance.

May heaven's richest blessing rest upon you, Theodore. You need it, dear. But the mongrel knows and so do I.

BILDAD.

# SOME PRETTY DRESSES.

WHICH WILL BE WORN BY THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.

They Are Plain for a Princess but Very Pretty—French Styles in the Ascendant—The Latest in the World of Fashion—A Popular Color.

The favorite color this winter for evening and reception dresses will be turquoise blue. Lovely, is it not, girls? and becoming to almost every one. In china silk it will be simply exquisite, and in tulle—we'll, words fail me to express just how it will look in tulle. We are indebted for this beautiful color to the Princess of Wales, who has brought it into fashion again.

Speaking of the royal family, it may interest Canadians to read a description of a few of the dresses and jackets made by the celebrated Redfern, of Cowes, for Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught since her return from India and Canada.

Amongst these was a gown of heliotrope cloth, in a dull shade, plainly cut, and made with sleeves of the same cloth; braiding of heliotrope and gold covered the dart seams and the collar of the

ing a lining of the cloth. The cape was lined throughout with primrose silk with under cuffs pleated to correspond.

Amongst the short coats was one of reseda Venetian cloth, with open work sleeves of Venetian embroidery, worked in gold and silver tinsel, showing under sleeves of reseda silk through them. Similar embroidery formed the collar. Another was of navy blue fishing cloth, and with high open collar, slightly rolled over disclosing the braided linings, and small zouaves of the same navy and gold braid appeared on the fronts. The linings were of dark salmon pink shot with cream.

A mountaineer cloak of navy and white checked boating cloth had straps of the cloth crossing the arms and chest, so that the cape could be unloosed and thrown back, without the cloak falling from the figure.

A smart little coat of scouring cloth had large open revers, faced with navy silk, and buttoning from the bust in double-breasted form.

A long driving coat of Hungarian blue cloth, cut with loose fronts, had triple capes, braided with heavy scrolls of a brown shade.

cloths. The basque is one of the invisibly fitted ones, fastening on the left shoulder and under the left arm. With a jaunty jacket and a fetching little bonnet or toque, a more charming costume can scarcely be imagined, provided, of course,—its wearer has a good figure. Should she be too stout, or worse still, too thin, of course, she is going to look like a guy, in a dress which will only accentuate all her defects. One of this season's novelties for evening wear, is silk muslin a charming fabric something like a gauze, only closer in texture. It comes printed with dots, or floral patterns, on a white or cream ground, and is made up over some light quality of silk.

India and China silks are more worn than ever, and surely so lovely a fabric ought to be appreciated. Dresses of these silks are of ten trimmed with black lace and make very effective toilettes.

I am sorry to say that in the figured China silks the dainty small flowers, and delicate vines have given place to fantastic roses, enormous holly-hocks, and peonies—wild oats half opened chestnuts in their prickly burrs and Japanese blossoms of strangest shapes and superlative hideousness.

# HOW DID SHE GIVE IT TO HIM?

A Puzzle for the Sentimental Young People Who Like Candy.

Were you ever placed by circumstances over which you had no control in the unpleasant position of an unwilling witness to two young people who were kissing each other? If you were, I can sympathize with you cordially for I was there myself once, and I don't want it ever to happen again, because, to tell the truth, I don't relish the position of onlooker in a case like that. I should much prefer being one of the principals. But the way it happened was this.

I was taking a stroll one summer evening in the suburbs of the stirring town in which I reside, when I noticed a loving couple just ahead of me, who were far too much absorbed in each other to take any notice of extraneous circumstances, even when they took the form of a possible listener to their love making. The male lover was very tall, I don't think I ever saw anyone else quite so tall, out of a museum, and he belonged to a local bank. The lady of his love was very small, and both were happy beyond the lot of any mundane beings except newly plighted lovers. I really did not want to listen, or to play the spy upon them in any way, but what could I do? I was in a hurry to get home, so I could not turn back, and I did not like to pass them. I am a graceful, slenderly built man, though I say it who, I suppose should not, consequently my footstep is very light and though I cleared my throat several times, and even coughed slightly they did not take any notice. Suddenly the masculine lover broke the perfumed silence.

"Pussy," he said, softly, "is that very nice candy?"

"It's perfectly lovely," responded his lady-love, in a voice ruffled by gratitude, and candy combined.

"I thought it was. Aren't you going to give me anything for it?"

"Why, Arthur! What can I give you? Oh, yes; I'll give you a piece of candy."

"I don't want any candy, thank you," said Arthur huffily; "I wanted something very much nicer than that."

"I don't know what it could have been then, I am sure, unless it was ice cream."

"It wasn't ice cream!"

"Then, I give it up."

Profound and sulky silence settled down between those dear young people; so darkly and heavily, that it seemed even to obscure the moon's rays, and I felt sure I could hear my hair growing.

"Arthur," said a very small voice.

"Yes."

"Are you quite sure you don't want a piece of candy. I'll give it to you in such a nice way."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, you know, you are so big, that I can't show you unless you step down off the sidewalk into the ditch. Do, like a dear boy!"

Evidently he was a dear boy, for he stepped down at once, and then that little witch fumbled about amongst the candy till she found a suitable piece, and somehow or other, she seemed to bite one end first, and leave the other end free, and then—being on a level by this time—their heads came so close together with such an indescribable sound, that I turned and fled, while the moon smiled down in electroplated splendor upon two young hearts bubbling over with happiness, the ambient air quivered in sympathetic response to so much electric emotion, "And Cooney dreamt he heard a sound of kissing."

I wonder how that small hump gave him the piece of candy, anyway?

GEOFF.

# Conventionality in Methodism.

Rev. W. Stephen of Kings Lynn at a recent Methodist convention, made the somewhat remarkable statement that, in the early part of the last century, religion had gone down to a low ebb indeed. The clergy were only professional conductors of Divine service. Voltaire had said it was all up with Christianity, and then from a spark of holy fire at Oxford, struck by Wesley and Whitefield, a blaze has been kindled at which 30,000,000 of Methodists were warming themselves today. But conventionality was again seizing upon their churches, and they must break away from it. Preachers must not be afraid of "Dr. Starch," nor allow themselves to be put into "strait jackets." He sometimes heard it said that Mr. So-and-So was a grand preacher; but he now and then, on inquiry, found that it was a ministry wanting in real power, during which congregations I-sened, saints were not built up, nor sinners brought down. And there were lots of spiritual babies in their churches, a worry to ministers and leaders, losing them much-needed rest—babies that ought to have done with the rocking cradle and the bedding bottle, and that ought to have been on their feet and off to work long ago.



THE BLACK DOMINO.

# THE ATHLETIC GIRL.

She rides, and walks, and runs, and rows. She's quick and energetic. How she turns up her pretty nose At all the woes pathetic Which fill her sisters' minds, And keep them all complaining; Her greatest joy in life she finds In her athletic training.

She boxes, fences, rides, and swims, And keeps her blood in motion; While other women nurse their whims And sigh for man's devotion. She's never known to have the blues, To headaches she's a stranger. You may be sure that she'd refuse To faint at sight of danger.

A perfect woman, full of health And life, all men adore her. To her they'd gladly bring their wealth And lay it down before her. But she, Diana-like, is cold And hates their love-sick sighing. And so, she stops their wooing bold, And sends her lovers flying.

She's cold; but there will come some day A man who's fit to woo her, And then, the more she says him nay, The closer he'll pursue her. To love she'll yield—some happy day She'll give herself in marriage. Later her strength will come in play Behind a baby carriage.

—Somerville Journal.

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basque, and also appeared in a large scroll ornament in one corner of the front of the skirt, at the foot.

Another pretty and simple gown was of tweed, in a blue-gray mixture, checked with buff. It was arranged with a triple zouave bodice, opening over a waistcoat of buff pique, made removable, so that it could be replaced by other vests when the wearer chose. The skirt had a slight fullness at the top, given by three pleats, starting from under a buttoned pocket on the right hip. Small pearl buttons of buff tint were used to fasten the bodice.

Still another gown, was of gray and white mixed tweed, in stripes, and it was arranged with a triple pleated skirt, as a variety from the extreme plainness of the skirts which have been worn lately. The front of these pleats had an odd appearance of being buttoned over, part of the way down from the waist. The bodice had sleeves of only moderate height, H. R. H. disliking anything exaggerated in form. A small revers is buttoned back on the left side, showing a tiny pleated waistcoat of silk.

A shoulder cape suitable for wearing with any gown, was of neutral tinted cloth with a square yoke of maroon velvet braided in steel and gold, and a high rolled collar of the same velvet, turning back and reveal-

A carriage cloak of broche cloth, in fawn and pottery blue, has a yoke of the blue richly embroidered in fawn braid, and from this depends the cloak proper, the fullness being arranged round the edge of the yoke in a trim.

Several Garibaldi's of silk, in various designs, and also cambric shirts for yachting wear were among the many articles supplied to Her Royal Highness, all of different and original designs, in color, shape and finish.

Very pretty and very stylish they all sound, don't they girls? but yet awfully plain for a princess, somehow; though, to be sure, we have passed the time when we all thought a princess had to sail about in ermine robes all day, and only remove her crown when she went to bed.

French styles seem decidedly in the ascendant this autumn, and there is undoubtedly a delightful freshness about them, an *esprit de vie* not seen in English fashions. Plain styles are still by far the most fashionable, and, following the plain skirt which has become the rage lately, has come a sheathlike garment, almost as difficult to get about in comfortably as the old-fashioned "pull back." The skirt is absolutely plain, and must be fitted as carefully as a riding habit. It is, of course, made only in some of the heavy

They may be fashionable but they are certainly far from pretty.

Ruches are very fashionable, again, not only as trimmings for the foot of dresses, but also as collarettes of tulle, or lace fastened round the neck with long loops of ribbon.

# A Natural Mistake.

Bobby's parents had decided to go to the seashore for the summer, and as this was a delight which Bobby, during the six years of his existence, had not yet tasted, he, naturally, from the time he heard the good news till the day of departure, could think of little else than the pleasure in store. A hundred times a day his mother had to explain to his curious questionings just what the sea was like, the beach, the shells and ships, till at last he had, as she supposed, exhausted the list of thing pertaining to the seashore, and was reduced to a state of comparative silence.

Bobby was lost in thought for a time. "Mamma," he asked presently, "I will see *tinthemese*, won't I?" "The *tinthemese*!" she repeated in surprise, "I don't understand you, Bobby; what do you mean by the *tinthemese*?" "Why, you know, mamma, the minister says in church every Sunday 'the sea and all the *tinthemese*,' and I want to see them the minute I get there."

FAGIN.