

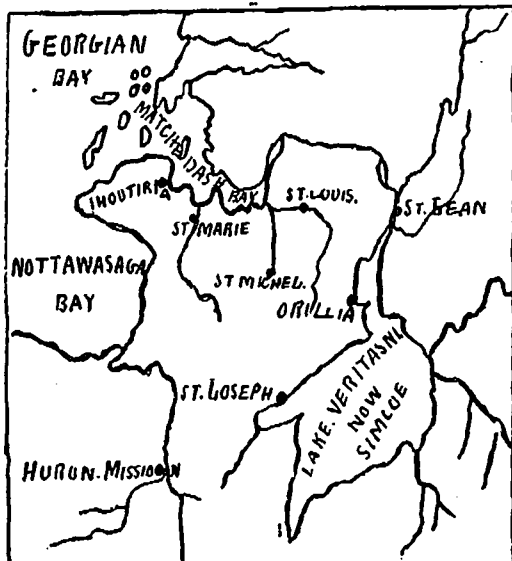
on its course, and, save an occasional murmur of the stream as it glided on its course, nothing broke the solemn stillness of the evening.

Soon, however, the silence was broken by the snap of a twig on the mossy river bank, and in a moment more the tall form of a young girl appeared at the edge of the river. She had a sweet, yet sad expression on her beautiful face, and as she gazed into the calm placid waters, thoughts too deep for words seemed to take possession of Marie, the heroine of this story.

Marie remained gazing for some minutes, but dashing a straggling tear from her cheek, she turned and gracefully paced the beaten path leading to a grove of stately balsams. She soon grew weary, and throwing herself on a rustic seat, guarded by a weeping birch, she poured forth upon the tranquil air a sweet French love song. Soon the dell resounded with the echoes of her song, till lost in the distance they gradually grew less and less distinct.

At the conclusion of her song Marie wept, but drying her eyes she regained her composure, and kneeling on the ground she asked help from Him "who heareth the prayer both of the weak child and of the strong man in agony," and this act seemed to heal the fountain of her sorrow. She arose, and as the setting sun threw his last beam on her face, she looked lovely indeed.

Marie was a French girl, whose parents had been cruelly murdered by the Iroquois. She was their only child, and consequently her fond parents left her at Quebec till they should call for her on their homeward journey to France. But she never saw



STATIONS OF THE HURON MISSION.

them again, for the Iroquois—as we said before—had robbed her of her best friends on earth. Father Breboeuf, of Fort St. Ignace, on a visit to Quebec, received the orphan girl under his care, and he removed her to his home in old St. Ignace. Marie, by her piety as well as by her accomplishments, soon won the love of her Indian associates.

She had often wondered at herself for stopping so long with her dusky friends, for over in sunny France rich relatives would welcome her back to the land of her birth. However, the ties that bound her to her Canadian protectors were stronger than those that bound her to France. Hence, she tarried in the Huron country.

Yet on this delightful June evening she gave evidences of deep sorrow. She thought of her brave father, of her beautiful mother, lost to her on this earth, and she wept.

Soon the monotonous notes of the cluckahoué (a gourd filled with pebbles) reached her ear, and Marie remembered that she was wanted at an Indian dance then in progress. The beautiful French girl retraced her steps, and running swiftly forward she made great progress. But, alas! in her haste she made a misstep, and was thrown headlong into the swiftly flowing river.

When Marie regained consciousness, she found herself at home in the good old Fort St. Ignace, with Father Breboeuf bending over her pillow. Her kind guardian, after complimenting her on a narrow escape from an early death, reminded her that her sprained ankle must needs keep her in doors for some time. Breboeuf, to alleviate her sufferings, told the girl that she owed her life to a stranger, who was awaiting an interview with her.

The French girl resolved to grant his request. He accordingly presented himself and bowed in a graceful manner. Marie thanked the noble stranger in French—the language she loved so well—who, after conversing for some time, desired that he might enliven those present with music. The fathers consented, and bringing forth a guitar, they placed it in his hands.

Manfred Gonzaga—for such was the stranger's name—swept his long tapering fingers over the strings, and sang the same love song that Marie had sang the evening before. He then thanked those present for their kindness to him, and, turning to Father Breboeuf, said, "Farewell, father, till we meet again."

The priest said, "Do not turn from our cheer, gentle Italian—for such I take you to be—but tarry here till the hunters go forth in the autumn."

Manfred thanked him, and accepted the invitation, saying, while directing his dark eyes on Marie—"I hope my time may not fleet too hastily away whilst in the presence of such gentle company, and yet when I turn from your door, I go forth upon the world an outcast, for although of a high Italian family, I am an outlaw from sunny Italy."

Then kissing Marie's hand, he retired to rest.

Marie, on reflecting over the late events, considered that this Manfred was a godsend, sent to while away the dragging hours, as she saw that he would be an agreeable companion. With these pleasant thoughts in her mind, she fell asleep and dreamt of gentle knights and fair ladies.

Marie and Manfred soon became very friendly, as he possessed all the graces and accomplishments of a gentleman. Soon she grew to love the Italian with a deep, silent love, and he, on the other hand, openly pressed his suit. He told her of his brilliant prospects—how that in a few months he would be allowed to return to Italy—to wealth, honor, and fame; and surely the position she now enjoyed was not to be envied—a position as caterer to the Huron savages.

Marie prayed long and fervently for help and guidance from Him "whose eyes are in every place," and she finally resolved to respect the vows she had lately taken, and remain with her dusky friends. Manfred, after this refusal, seemed to be a changed being. No songs did he sing; no compliments did he pay the fair Marie.

After some months had sped, Manfred one day entered Marie's presence with a flustered face, and again demanded an answer to the old, old question, which is always to be "Yes" or "No." Marie again refused, and the Italian grew angry. After cursing the Jesuit Fathers and their mission, he advanced for the purpose of kissing her. The girl with a bound flew from the couch, and her admirer stumbled and fell on the floor.

The orphan girl in her terror called aloud for help. Father Breboeuf being near, soon arrived on the scene, and looked with surprise on the fallen Italian, whose eyes were now closed. Breboeuf, after examination, concluded that the Italian was intoxicated, and his suspicions were verified by finding a flask of French wine concealed in his pocket. The priest, after exhorting Marie to respect her vows, and not to ally herself into a drunkard, bent his efforts towards reviving him. His efforts were successful, and with a look of shame clouding his dark features, the Italian with difficulty rose. He attempted to palliate his offence to the priest, but Breboeuf was so grieved at his condition that he found it difficult to answer him. Manfred next made overtures to Marie, but with a look of scorn she waved him away. Pale with anger the Italian turned to the priest, and said: "Sir! you forget that your ward was saved from death by me at the risk of my own life, and she now spurns me like dust; not alone that, you have plotted with her to make me a laughing stock of these Huron savages. Nay, I suffer purgatory's torture, if I linger longer in your territory or trespass further on your hospitality, but, before I depart, I warn you and your ward to beware! I go, spurning the loathsome dust of your villages from my feet, and as for you dark eyed gazelle, remember 'the good die young'. Beware!"

Manfred left their presence and the village, and soon the anxious Father, and the still more anxious Marie, lost sight of their fickle guest, and Marie resolved to no longer cloud her young life, but banish him from her thoughts.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A GREAT AMALGAMATION.

MASSEY & HARRIS, Limited.

CONSIDERABLE interest attaches to the alleged "combine" of the MASSEY MANUFACTURING Co., of Toronto, A. HARRIS, SON & Co., LIMITED, of Brantford, and MASSEY & Co., LIMITED, of Winnipeg. There are, however, different kinds of combines, and the question is, what is a "combine" in the common acceptation of the term, and does this new organization come under that head?

We take it as now understood that a "combine" is an association or consolidation of individual or corporate interests for the purpose of controlling the output and prices in a specific line of trade, or in reality for obtaining an absolute "monopoly" of, or "cornering" and controlling the market in, some industrial or other product. In this sense a "combine" and a "trust" are practically synonymous terms—that is, they are organizations with the same end in view.

Now, anyone who will take the pains to read the official statement of this new company (MASSEY & HARRIS LIMITED) as published in the daily press, and which we reprint below from the *Globe* of May 6th, will see that this is no "combine," for several reasons. In the first place, it is not an association of the corporate interests of the three companies concerned, but, on the contrary, these three companies are all going into liquidation and will wind up their affairs, and a new company is to be formed by such of the shareholders of the old companies as desire to enter it. The advantages of this amalgamation of these interests, is briefly mentioned in the official statement below. That this new company is not a "monopoly" and that it will not control the manufacture and sale of Harvesting Machinery in Canada, even were it so disposed, is evident from the fact that there are still seven or eight manufacturers of Self-Binders in Ontario, and many more who make mowing machines and hay rakes etc.

The following comment we clip from the editorial pages of the *Monetary Times*, May 8th (Toronto), which is the leading financial journal of the Dominion:—

Implement Firms Amalgamate.

AN amalgamation of the interests of the Massey Manufacturing Co., this city, and that of the A. Harris, Son & Co., Brantford, has been completed. The nominal capital is fixed at \$5,000,000. In future the business of these companies will be conducted under the style of Massey & Harris (Limited). This consolidation of interests is an important one, as every one who has paid the least attention to the business of making agricultural implements knows that, as a whole, it has long been unsatisfactory. Few, if any, of the companies made any money the last two or three years. Indeed, several of them have failed, and during the winter two very old and respectable companies thought it best to wind up and save what they had, if anything remained. Under these circumstances, the new arrangement between two important concerns cannot fail to benefit all directly interested. Now the new company will have all the advantages of both the old concerns. It will possess all their patents, their combined experience, and, we presume, the best methods of both will be adopted. Thus the cost of production may be lessened. A larger saving will also be effected in the sales department, for fewer agents will be required, and doubtless only the most efficient will be retained. A corresponding reduction may also take place in the number of warehouses and offices. All the savings thus effected will not reach the shareholders' pockets, much as they may expect it. At least, such has, in the end, proved to be the experience of similar combinations; and it is well that it should