

once, and Mr. Sullivan announced on the 11th of March the formation of a Liberal-Conservative administration, of which he was the Premier. This administration continued to hold office until its leader was elevated to the Bench in succession to Chief Justice Palmer.

It was Mr. Sullivan's good fortune to have as his colleagues most of the ablest and experienced men remaining in Provincial politics. Mr. Donald Ferguson was his ingenious and energetic fighting lieutenant; Mr. William Campbell and Mr. George W. W. Bentley were successively placed in charge of the Public Works Department. He had the advice and assistance of such prudent and capable colleagues as the present Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Neil MacLeod, the late Mr. John LeFrigny, the present Senator Prowse, Mr. Stewart Burns, Mr. J. O. Arsenault, Mr. James Nicholson and Mr. A. J. Macdonald. With the aid of these men he succeeded in retaining the confidence of the people for a longer period than any political leader who ever held office in the Province. The strong point of the administration was its economy. A reduction of about \$80,000 a year was at once made in the Provincial expenditures. Mr. Sullivan was as rigid in his examination of every account against the Government submitted to him for payment, as was his prototype, Mr. John Sanfield Macdonald, in the Government of Ontario. Several measures of retrenchments and reform were passed under the auspices of his administration; and Messrs. Sullivan and Ferguson succeeded in obtaining the recognition and payment of several important claims of the Province upon the Dominion. The finances of the Province were by these measures so greatly improved that it was deemed expedient to abolish Provincial taxes of every kind. This was the one notable mistake of Mr. Sullivan's administration. The Legislative Council in which the Opposition had a majority refused to pass the Government's measures for a reduction of the Legislature. It was found impossible to make the revenue balance the expenditure. An inroad was made upon the capital of the Province funded at Ottawa. The way of succeeding administrations was, as a consequence, made more difficult.

Mr. Sullivan's eminent success as a political leader was due, not to the possession of a magnetic influence over men, but to the punctilious care with which he performed his public duties, his deliberation and prudence, his clear and convincing statements to the Legislature and the country. He makes up his mind and adheres steadfastly to his opinions deliberately formed. He is a correct and powerful rather than graceful or eloquent speaker. His influence over his colleagues and the public grew and strengthened as his term of office extended. Even those who did not like him personally learned at last to repose confidence in his good judgment. In his public efforts, whether before the Courts or in the Legislature, he almost invariably bettered expectation. This was notably the case in his management of the Willman murder trial. Though opposed by the most brilliant and experienced criminal lawyer at the Provincial Bar, he succeeded, as Attorney-General, in obtaining a verdict of guilty on evidence which was purely circumstantial.

Fortunate as he has been in his professional and political affairs, he has been not less so in his social relations. While in his twenty-ninth year he married Alice Maud Mary, third daughter of John Fenton Newbery, Esquire, B.A. of Oxford. And now, with their family of six children, Chief Justice and Mrs. Sullivan dispense a kindly and generous hospitality at their handsome residence known as Brighton Villa. W. L. COTTON.

A FATAL CALL.

IT happened so long ago, and time is such a healer of even the cruellest wounds, that I feel I can now write calmly of an incident in my earlier life which has clouded all my succeeding days. This incident, the circumstances all connected with which I am about to relate, occurred in my graduating year a few months after I had left college.

Among a number of us, close friends in the class of which my brother Rupert and I were members, a trip to the land of "Evangeline" had long been under discussion and eagerly looked forward to as a treat to be enjoyed at our earliest leisure. We were all ardent admirers of Longfellow, and had so thoroughly familiarized ourselves with his poem on the Acadians that, I have no doubt, the muffled roar of the billows of "the mournful and misty Atlantic," breaking on the coasts where those unfortunate people once dwelt, sounded through more dreams than my own as the time for the carrying out of our plans drew near. We were all alike impatient for a sight of "the forest primeval," with its "murmuring pines and its hemlocks bearded with moss," under the shadows of which the home of "Evangeline" had stood, and upon the borders of which her "snow-white heifer" had grazed, peacefully unconscious of approaching days of darkness and trouble. In fancy we were wont to picture ourselves looking down from the commanding summit of Blomidon on the heart-stirring scene from which the Acadians had been torn,

Like leaves when the mighty blasts of October
Catch them and whirl them aloft and scatter them far o'er the ocean.

"Naught but tradition remains," says the poet, "of the beautiful village of Grand Pré." To our young and enthusiastic minds, however, the reality of Longfellow's vision still existed. I believe we almost expected to find the houses of the Acadians yet smoking and the deserted

cattle lowing about the smouldering homesteads of their exiled human friends.

It was not until well on in the summer of the year I have mentioned, that our arrangements were completed and all the members of our party ready for a start.

Rupert and I had anticipated with especial eagerness the pleasure which we foresaw in store for us. We two were alone in the world but for each other; our parents having died while we were still in infancy, leaving us well provided for so far as money was concerned, but to the care of strangers. We were nearly of an age, I being the elder by scarcely a year. We had lived in inseparable intimacy in boyhood, but college life had forced us somewhat asunder. We looked forward to the complete renewal of our old-time relationship during the quiet weeks we were to spend in Acadia.

In this expectation we were not disappointed. We became almost more than ever attached to each other as we roved side by side among the familiar scenes of "Evangeline," giving ourselves entirely up to the dreamy, poetic spirit of the time and place. We spent hours together daily, recalling the past and dipping into the future. Rupert had made choice of the legal, I of the medical, profession. After the completion of our studies we would select some place where each could pursue his life's work supported and encouraged by the constant companionship of the other. We discussed poetry and romance in the light of our own feelings and sentiments as we idly rocked in our skiff of an evening on the ripples of the Basin of Minas, or lay, of a sunny afternoon, beneath the bluest of skies, far up on the grassy slope of the mountains, where, in Nature's less cheerful moods, "sea-fogs pitch their tents." We loitered in moss-grown orchard paths which the feet of the Acadians must have trod, peopling the scene about us with the forms of bye-gone days. In tranquil happiness the time flew on.

Rupert and I would have been well content to remain in the vicinity of Grand Pré during all the time over which our holiday was to extend, but the other members of our party were for more active enjoyment. So at length we set out on a tour of the whole Acadian land. For weeks we devoted ourselves to rambling. We visited all the points of historic interest in connection with the long, hard struggle for supremacy between the French and English in Nova Scotia. We lounged about quaint little towns and villages dropped here and there in picturesque curves of coast or in beautiful inland valleys, drinking in health and pleasure with every breath of the deliciously fresh and invigorating air of the ocean-lapped land.

Our wanderings brought us in the early autumn to the southernmost point of the peninsula, where the French made their first landing, and where had once stood their celebrated fortress, La Tour. The time for returning home and to work was at hand, but as we were then in the neighbourhood of a district where moose were reported abundant, we resolved to allow ourselves a few additional days for a hunting expedition. Our imaginations had been fired by the circumstantial narratives of wonderful successes with the rifle which were poured into our ears by local nimrods. Each of us cherished the fond hope of being able to take back with him at least one set of antlers to his astonished friends. We made our preparations with the most confident expectation of coming triumphs in the forest.

Rupert, however, and another of our party, held back. They were less sanguine or more philosophical than we. They had no desire, they said, to immolate themselves upon the strength of the imaginations of the resident sportsmen, in whose veracity we were trusting so implicitly. They pointed out to us the overwhelming discrepancy between the number of tales of moose slaughter we had been told, and the sum total of the sets of antlers we had seen. But our faith was not to be shaken; neither was their resolution not to accompany us. So there was nothing for it but temporary separation. We engaged our guide and "caller," and completed our arrangements for a start. They determined to spend the time of our absence in canoeing along the neighbouring coast, promising to meet us on our return at a date agreed upon.

I was by no means pleased at the turn affairs had taken. I disliked the prospect of losing my brother's companionship even for so short a time. I felt somewhat uneasy, moreover, on account of the dangers to which so inexperienced a canoeist as he might be exposed on that uncertain coast. Rupert made light of my fears, assuring me that he knew how to take care of himself and promising to be cautious. "Possibly," suggested he, "we shall find a navigable stream near here; if so we may take a run up it and see or hear of you in the interior. We may, perhaps, arrive in time to bring back a cargo of moose meat for you, or at least a few dozen sets of antlers." With this laughing reply I was put off. Still, it was with considerable heaviness of heart and more or less of foreboding that I at last said good-bye to my brother.

Our supplies and accoutrements had been sent out in advance, and it did not take us long to reach the locality selected for our purpose. We drove as far inland as the roads were passable, only taking to our feet when the confines of the settlements had been reached. A day's walk after that brought us to the stamping ground of the moose; and then a period of novel and hearty enjoyment began. The season was delightful, and our surroundings charmingly picturesque. To these pleasing conditions was added the spice of excitement which came from the possibility of falling in at any time with the stately game of

which we were in quest. We had taken care to provide ourselves with a well-stocked larder, and were able to make additions to it daily with rod and gun. We filled the office of cook by turns, an arrangement which furnished us with a good deal of amusement without materially detracting from our enjoyment of our food, such appetites had we gained by our out-door life and bracing exercise.

The only drawback to my enjoyment was the thought which would from time to time obtrude itself, that all might not be well with Rupert. But when I mentioned my apprehensions to my companions, they appeared to consider them so unfounded that I soon almost ceased to entertain them myself.

Our days in the wilds were the sunshiny, mellow ones of late September. The leaves had not quite assumed the brilliant hues of autumn, but had taken on a yellowish tinge, and their quivering in the sunlight gave to the hardwood colonnades of the uplands the appearance of being bathed in a luminous, golden mist. Sometimes in our trappings about we would pass, almost at a step, with sensations of delight which can hardly be described, from long, warm, shining avenues of maple, beech or oak, into the sombre and cool depths of an evergreen-shaded valley, where the feet sank noiseless in great beds of moss, where the knees were brushed by luxuriant thickets of fern, and where gaily-tinted berries hung clustering in dewy freshness about the head. In places, the forest suddenly opened, revealing stretches of grassy meadow broken by soldier-like clumps of bulrushes, and streaked here and there with patches of dull colouring in faded shrubs or late wild flowers.

It was usually on the outskirts of one of these meadows, or "savannahs," as our guide called them, that our nightly stopping places were selected, they presenting the most favourable conditions for "calling." Our guide pointed out that, should a moose be tempted to approach us, it would be more likely to afford a fair target in the open than in the deeper woods.

However, no moose was so tempted to its own destruction for our gratification. Several times, indeed, we heard answerings in the distance, and one night a buck came quite near us in the darkness; but as he kept well within the shadow of the trees, we had the mortification of hearing him retreat, alarmed, probably, by some incautious movement of ours, or by a false note in the "call," without being able to get a shot at him. Our hopes were kept up by these evidences of the certainty of the existence of game in our vicinity, and our interest and enjoyment did not flag. But the time for home-going soon arrived, and we were compelled reluctantly to turn our faces towards civilization.

Every scene and incident of our backward march is indelibly impressed on my memory.

All day we plunged through varying woodlands, now flaming in crimson and gold, a yellow sun overhead sending soft, warm rays from a sky of deepest blue, aslant through the billowing masses of gorgeous colour around us; the perfume of slowly dying summer in the forest, filling all the air and intoxicating the senses with its deliciousness; a carpet of moss and leaves under foot, woven with trailing vines, covered with mystic, moving patterns, and tinted with inconceivable delicacy by the sunlight, which filtered through the quivering foliage above; the lazy hum of insect life, the gentle twitter of birds and the soft rustle of the leaves blending together in harmony exquisitely in accord with the surroundings.

There was but little conversation among us. The goddess of nature, through whose inner temple we were passing, had cast the spell of her presence over us.

On the evening of such a day we reached an elevation overlooking the first of a chain of small lakes, the headwaters of a stream which, we were informed, flowed into the Atlantic, not far from the point whence we had set out on our expedition. The colouring of the western sky, beneath which the sun had just sunk, was reflected in the water before us, giving it a dull crimson hue. It looked beautiful enough then, but I shudder as I recall it now, with its deep shoreward shadows and its central bloodlike tint.

We pitched our camp there, intending the next day to follow the course of the stream, which we were assured would bring us without a very lengthened walk to the settlements. Our guide affirmed that we were still on excellent moose-calling ground, and our quarters were selected accordingly. We dispensed with a fire, lest it might alarm game in the vicinity, and, having hastily partaken of a cold supper, were ready for what of sport our last night out might have in store for us.

At the foot of the declivity upon which we were encamped lay a strip of tangled woods, a few hundred yards in breadth, fringing the edge of the lake. The slope itself was destitute of trees, having evidently been swept by fire at no distant date, but was dotted here and there with huge boulders. Under cover of various of those the members of our little party now took up positions at the suggestion of our guide, who seemed in high spirits and confident that good fortune was in store for us. I, for one, imbibed much of his hopefulness, and was not in the least surprised, after a few "calls" had been sounded, to hear a faint response in the distance across the lake in front of us. This answering soon grew more distinct, evidently drawing nearer. But it suddenly ceased.

For half an hour, which seemed to me an age, nothing broke the stillness but the prolonged and melancholy notes