

A CANADIAN CALEDONIA.

midst of life we are in death, that the ways of Providence are mysterious, and that where a man makes his bed he must lie down, all of which he considered to be good Scripture and appropriate to the occasion. "Yoah fohce met with no moah casualties, I hope, Captain Bangs? I do not see our fishing friend, Mr. Bigglethorpe; is he safe, suh?" These questions led to an account of the fisherman's heroic attempt to release the self-imprisoned occupants of the underground passage, of his wounds, and of the subsequent exploits of the lawyer and the detective. Coristine escaped upstairs to put himself in shape for breakfast, and to visit his wounded friend. He found that gentleman progressing very favourably, and perfectly satisfied with his accommodation.

After morning prayers, conducted by the Squire with unusual solemnity, the lawyer asked Miss Carmichael if she alone would not shake hands with him, making no allusion to my previous encounter. She complied, with a blush, and seemed pleased to infer that the Captain, above all, had not heard of her mistake. The two had no time for explanations, however, as, at the moment, Messrs. Errol and Perrowne, who had been told there was a fire out towards the Lake Settlement, came in to learn about it, and were compelled to sit down and add something substantial to their early cup of coffee. They reported the rain almost over, and the fire, so far as they could judge from the distance, the next thing to extinguished. Once more the trays were in requisition for the invalids, and again the colonel and Mr. Perrowne acted as aids to Miss Du Plessis and Miss Halbert. Just as soon as he could draw her attention away from the minister, Coristine remarked to Miss Carmichael: "I have the worst luck of any man; I never get sick or wounded or any other trouble that needs nursing." The young lady said in a peremptory manner, "Show me your hands;" and the lawyer had to exhibit two not very presentable paws. She turned them palms up, and shuddered at the scorched, blistered and scratched appearance of them. "Where are Mr. Errol's gloves I put on you?"

"In the pocket of my wet coat in the kitchen."

"Why did you dare to take them off when I put them on?"

"Because I was like the cat in the proverbs, not that I was after mice you know, but I couldn't fire in gloves."

"Well, your firing is done now, and I shall expect you to come to me in the workroom, immediately after breakfast, to have these gloves put on again. Do you hear me, sir?"

"Yes."

"And what else? Do you mean to obey?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Carmichael, of course, always, with the greatest joy in the world."

"Nobody asked you, sir, to obey always."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Carmichael, I'm afraid I'm a little confused."

"Then I hope you will not put me to confusion, as you did this morning."

"I'm awfully sorry," said the mendacious lawyer, "but it was the coat and collar, you know." Then most illogically, he added, "I'd like to wear this coat and this collar all the time."

"No, you would not; they are not at all becoming to you. Oh, do look at poor Mr. Bangs!"

The detective's sleeves were turned back, thanks to Mrs. Carmichael, but, as he sat at breakfast, the voluminous coat sagged over his shoulder, and down came the eclipsing sleeve over his coffee cup. When he righted matters with his left hand, the coat slewed round to the other side, knocked his fork out of his hand, and fell with violence on the omelet. The Captain looked at him, and hawled: "I say, mate, you've got to have a reef took in your back topseel. You don't mind a bit of reef tackle in the back of your coat, do you, John?" The Squire did not object; so Miss Carmichael was despatched to the sewing room for two large pins, and she and the Captain between them pinched up the back of the coat longitudinally to the proper distance, and pinned the detective up a little more than was necessary.

"Whey," asked he of his nautical ally, "em I consistent es a cherecter in howth phases of my berrowed cowt?"

"I know," chuckled the Captain; "'cause then you had too much slack on your pins, and now you've got too much pins in your slack, haw! haw!"

"Try again."

Coristine ventured, "Because then your hands were in your cuffs, but now your coffee's in your hand." This was hooted down as perfectly inadmissible, Miss Carmichael asking him how he dared to make such an exhibition of himself. Mr. Errol was wrestling with something like Toulouse and Toulon, but could not conquer it. Then the detective said: "If the ladies will be kind enough not to listen, I should answer, Before I was loose in my habits, end now I am tight."

Of course the Captain applauded, but the lawyer's reprover remarked to him that she did not think that last at all a nice word. He agreed with her that it was abominable, that no language was strong enough to reprobate it, and then they left the table.

(To be continued.)

By becoming more unhappy we sometimes learn how to be less so.—*Mme. Swetchine.*

THAT which history can give us best is the enthusiasm which it raises in our hearts.—*Goethe.*

THE island of Cape Breton is in its greater extent peopled by Highlanders. As the tourist steamers from the St. Lawrence arrive off its shores two towering headlands appear—Cape North, the most northerly point of the continent below the Gulf, and Cape Lawrence, its picturesque attendant. Their neighbourhood and sides are mountainous and deserted, here green with masses of untouched forest, there rising into a terrific hill, whose broken granite side shows it to be an ancient volcanic outburst ages ago congealed into a gnarled mountain of red rock. Cape Lawrence has for characteristic a lone and broken side. Cape North, a veritable "cape of storms," rises sheer in a vast peak, up which the eye follows admiringly its smooth pelt of tawny green and its side clothed with the splendid sheeny verdure of true primeval woods, almost the rarest of things in America now.

For hours we steam rapidly enough past the mountainous cliffs all over this region, meeting scarcely a sight of humanity, save a tiny fisherman's house or two perched on the cliffs at the mouth of some river. In the wild bay between Capes North and Lawrence there is a small settlement. A distant fishing-smack flies to it across the great Atlantic waves. The mighty North Cape rounded, a little harbour comes in sight, consisting only of the shelter of a small rugged island, and behind this on the cliff a few houses perched. It is Antigonish. Nothing could be more like one's dream of some north of Scotland fishing hamlet. Could we land, we should find a community shut away from the world, speaking Gaelic, practising all the arts of his Highland ancestors and keeping their traditions in large part intact. Their nearest market, the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, far away by the coast of Newfoundland; their means of communication with the outer-world only small rude fishing-smacks. Yet scattered among the mountains behind the shore live some 30,000 souls.

Sailing far past and into the harbour of Sydney—one of the very finest in the world—we pass over 300 coal-miners working half a mile under the sea, and run forty-five miles down the Bras d'Or Lakes between hills to the Grand Narrows. All this country is as Scotch as Perth and Inverness. Cape Breton is shaped like a lobster cut off at the waist, by the Strait of Canso. All the centre is then eaten out by multiplied arms of the Bras d'Or. The long narrow passage, like a river, down which we come is known as the Little Bras d'Or. At "the Narrows" it draws closer for a few hundred yards and then spreads out southward into Great Bras d'Or Lake. Here there is a most comfortable and well-kept hotel in a quiet locality, the property of a very active man, H. McDougall, M.P., who also owns the hamlet and many other possessions around. A thick-set man with heavy black beard is to be seen running about taking a hand in everything—giving orders here for his cod-drying sheds, there to the steamer which has just landed his lumber, serving a farmer or boarder at his store, jumping on the omnibus which carries passengers from the train to dinner at his hotel, pushing off a lobster-boat, or driving a horse, not ashamed to do any kind of work, he is an example to his countrymen, who all look up to him for guidance. It was he who obtained for them the Cape Breton branch of the Inter-colonial Railway—an inestimable boon as it turns out; and I think to yet be a paying investment in tourist traffic for Canada. Nearly everybody in the neighbourhood is of the clan McNeill. They all emigrated soon after 1800, as a clan emigration. The year 1811 they call "McNeill's year, the year the woods fell," referring to a great storm in which many trees were blown down.

It is strange to find oneself so completely among the Highlands—as amid these rolling hills, these houses perched up on them, the wiry black cattle, the women working in the fields, the little Gaelic collie-dogs. The peninsula opposite, nearly all owned by "Chief" McDougall, is named Iona. Only the tam and plaid are missing from the illusion. The people are all Roman Catholics. The Celtic politeness is seen in many a kindness from men met on the road—the volunteered opening of a gate, the civil answer to an enquiry, the "Camarashavidu" of greeting and the "Clayvah" which replies to it. It is strange to find women speaking no English, and a man who addresses ladies as "sir!" They call no man by his family name but by his own name, his father's and his grandfather's, superimposed; as "Ian Alaster Gillespie"—John, son of Alexander, son of Archibald. Over the hill is a family known as the Pipers—bag-pipers, women and all, because the forefather was a piper by profession. Second sight is believed in. The Scotch mist comes down upon us as we climb to the top of the nearest ridge and look about us on the beautiful blue stretches of the arms of the Bras d'Or. Only one thing more is needed as a climax: an old steamer blows its rusty whistle at the landing in one of those up-and-down unearthly wheezes that such occasionally make. "Well, if this is not a Highland country whatever!" exclaims one of our party, "where even the steamships play the bag-pipes!"

Cape Breton will soon become a great tourist country. It is on the line of march northwards of the great Atlantic resort routes which have been gradually extending from the Portland neighbourhood by Mount Desert, and later by New Brunswick and the Land of Evangeline. There is a considerable demand for the continuation of the railway from Sydney on to the harbour and ruins of Louis-

bourg, whose great historical associations are an attraction of much weight, and as soon as that line is carried through, the Bras d'Or Lakes, and Cape Breton generally, will, without question, become very fashionable. The Americans are proud of Louisbourg as being a New Englanders' conquest and take more real interest in it than in Quebec, but hitherto it has been only reached by a drive of fifty miles. Now the C.P.R. men are prospecting the region, and will open it up. They are however trying to obtain the site of Louisbourg itself from the Dominion Government so as to control both the ruins and the harbour, a magnificent one. This part of their desire should never be allowed. At the same time a stop should be put to a pernicious local practice of quarrying the ruins for the local building purposes of the neighbourhood.

ALCHEMIST.

PARIS LETTER.

IT was asserted that Gambetta inaugurated the policy of colonial expansion for France, in order to prevent his countrymen dangerously concentrating their attention on home questions more or less of an incendiary character. Had that patriot been alive to-day, he would have witnessed that a superior safety valve lay in Turk-head hammering at John Bull. Happily the badgering is confined to prose, and hard words break no bones; poor old John is slow to wrath, slow to anger, and so long as nothing injures him he allows the intelligent foreigner to expatiate with a forty Boanerges power on the text, *Delenda est Britannia*, an *Air connu* in France. He knows that Monsieur will not the less fail to supply him with forty-seven million pounds sterling of French goods and products annually, taking as little as he can in exchange, but not the less representing the half of what John Bull buys from him every year. Every anglophobist in France knows perfectly well on which side his bread is buttered.

The present fashionable hue and cry against England is not the Egyptian question, but that of Morocco. The British ambassador as representing the nation that handles three-fourths of the total trade of that Sultanate, not unnaturally took the lead to negotiate trade relations where every commercial country would benefit *ex equo*. Fez barbarism—Morocco is the last of the Barbary States, caused the rupture of the negotiations, and the French indulge in a diplomatic *Te Deum* over the collapse. In the game of land-grabbing, England and France can never be partners; the latter when in possession of a "take" puts a prohibitory tax on all imports save her own; England never does so, and so long as she has the right to freely trade, she is not in need of new territory. Whatever may be the Poland fate of Morocco, two facts may be viewed as settled in advance; England will have and hold Tangiers, and will maintain on the Atlantic border free trading ports for all comers to transport their products into Western Soudan, as she holds the same keys of liberty for unlocking Eastern Soudan. The first inch of territory, the first stone of a fortress taken by a foreign power in Morocco, will cause the big European explosion, according to the best judges, that many expect it was the natural right of Bulgaria to produce.

As dogs dream of bones and fishermen of fish, so Parisians and sojourners have visions only of Seine water and its consequence, cholera. They care very little whether the plague be autochthonic or Asiatic, whether the diabolic microbe be baptized after Koch or Pasteur; it kills all the same. To "sterilize" the Seine water for those who cannot boil it, a pinch of alum in a quart of the black draught will cause the microbes to fall to the bottom to rise no more; if the purified fluid after resting a while be run over a bed of iron filings, hardly any of the animal cubes will escape; a cubic inch of the water that contained 1,300 of the *petit wrigglers* will, after being thus treated, have none at all, or not more than twenty at most. This method, *sterilisée*, is at present employed for all the school fountains. The toppers now, when brought before the police magistrates, swear by the head of their mothers that they were hydropotes till the Municipal Council poisoned the sovereign people with the river water, and which is duly classed among the dangerous "liquids." In large doses water produces drowning, but it is only after several centuries that small doses have been discovered to generate typhoid, diphtheria and cholera. Pascal, who discovered the wheel-barrow, described rivers to be moving highways; to-day they are the roads prepared by microbes. The latter are now treated as heretics; they are boiled in the water where they live and move—stewed, as Bismarck before joining journalism would say, in their own juice. No lady who values her beauty would employ water for toilette purposes, till it was first purified by fire.

The Municipal Council, though always in boiling water, as the Prefect de Police can testify, could not, however, be expected to furnish boiling water to households; there are companies that supply steam for chamber artizans, and coloric for needle-women's rooms at so much per hour, but for hot baths alone it would be impossible, and bathing dresses and colecons are no hygienic protections in swimming establishments. In the age of Louis XIV. the grand ladies relied on powders and pomatums rather than washings, and when the king himself took a bath—an event daily announced in the official journal as religiously as when he patronized an apéritif—it was the apothecary who arrived with a bucket of water. In the days of the first Napoleon, there was no time to make a toilette: people