

A. P. Ball

# THE LAND WE LIVE IN.



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For the Land We Live In.  
**Transition, or The Huron Princess.**

By CALESTIGAN.

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### CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Ralph Edwards, accompanied by his faithful Aués, left St. Regis early the following morning, without seeing Marie, to whom, however, he sent a kind message. Upon opening the pretty birch-bark box he found a small ivory crucifix and a long tress of black hair, which our hero carefully put away amongst his treasures. Upon consulting the priest, the good father advised Ralph not to leave any memento for the girl, but, at Ralph's request, promised to draw upon him, should he require money for the future welfare of Marie. Ralph then thanked the good old man for his hospitality and kindness, at the same time that he placed a cheque in his hand for a goodly sum. Then embarking on board the *Coquette*, four stalwart men of Ralph's regiment rowed him quickly to Cornwall.

### CHAPTER VIII.

We must now skip over an interval of eight years, during which many changes, political and otherwise, had taken place in England's fairest colony. Canada was slowly emerging from obscurity, and rising gradually in the scale of civilization and commercial importance. Under the guidance of her great statesman, Sir John Macdonald, she had assumed a self-reliance and energy which has raised her from the dependant position of a colony to the proud status of a self-governing Dominion under the powerful regis of Great Britain, yet independent and free, and a worthy rival of the old nations of the world in the arts and sciences, agriculture and commerce. In a social point of view, also, the cities of Canada had, under the influence of the late military regime, become less exclusive as to coteries and more cosmopolitan in social intercourse.

During all these changes, our hero had not remained a mere carpet-knight or feather-bed soldier. Having exchanged into the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, he followed that regiment through many of its brilliant achievements and contributed, under his new title of Viscount Haddingford, in no small degree to the fame and lustre of that splendid corps. We will now leave him with his regiment, of which he is Senior Major, and return to Montreal and Ralph's old friend, Colonel Charles Hartinger.

### CHAPTER IX.

In a small but luxuriously furnished room in the second story of an imposing stone mansion, at the West end of Sherbrooke Street, are seated two ladies, whose appearance is somewhat difficult to describe. They might easily have been taken

ken for mother and daughter, both being very dark and of the pure native North American blood; still, they were in no wise related, and hailed from different and distant nations.

The elder lady, whose hair was partially concealed by a morning cap, was a true type of the North American Indian. Her hair, which at the first glance, shone like a raven's wing, upon close inspection showed thin streaks of silver; her forehead was broad and low, cheek bones prominent, nose shapely, which, with her mouth and chin, formed a contour and

expression denoting firmness of character, decision and great dignity. Mrs. Hartinger, for she was the Colonel's mother, was a very comely old lady, who had evidently once been beautiful. Her age might have been forty-eight—in reality, it was seventy.

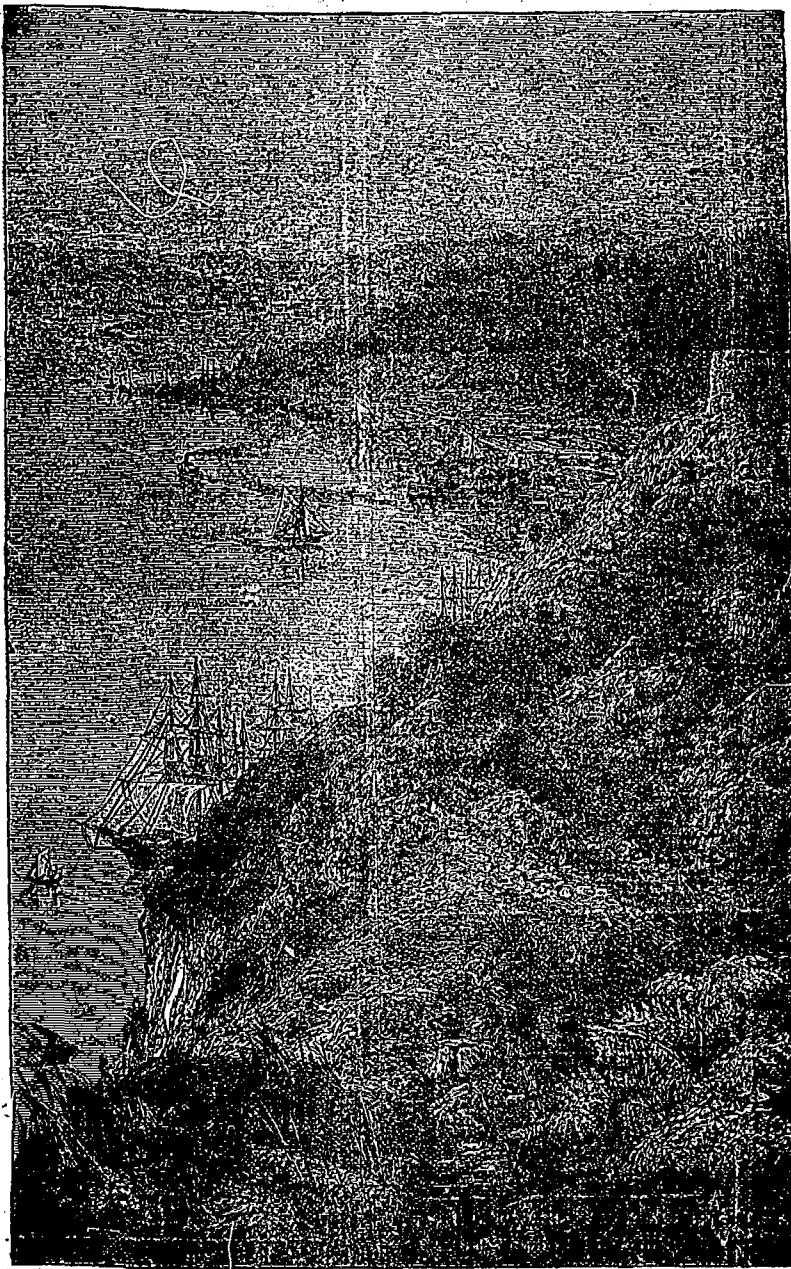
The other lady, how can I describe her? She was transcendently beautiful! She, also, showed the Indian blood, in a marked degree. The dark, sheeny skin thro' which coursed the rich, hot blood of a long line of Sachems mantled to the surface at the least irritating excitement or

pleasurable impulse. Her features were absolutely faultless, and her eyes dark as midnight and as impenetrable to scrutiny when her mind was in normal repose, sparkled and flashed with vivid lightnings, if roused to energy and action. Her hair was of that blue-black color peculiar to the aborigines of the North American continent, and was of the finest texture. She wore it coiled in two tresses, which formed a coronet on her truly regal head. Her figure, tall and shapely, displayed the bust of a Madonna, surmounted by the neck and shoulders of a Venus de Medici.

The young lady was, in verity, a beauty of the first rank, and regal in her appearance and deportment. She could hardly be otherwise, being the descendant of a past race of warriors, who, from time immemorial, had held possession of the finest and best part of North America, until they were dispossessed by the marauding Iroquois. She was the daughter of their last hereditary Sachem—the child of the terrible, the vengeful Jouskeha—Marie LaMontagne.

"My dear Marie," spoke Mrs. Hartinger, in reply to something said by her young companion, "you give me much pain, I wish you would reconsider your decision. I shall not be always with you, my time upon earth must necessarily be short, and I feel that I could depart in peace if I felt assured that my darling girl would be settled in her old home as its mistress and the honored wife of my son. You have lived long enough with us, Marie, to know that Charles, although of an impetuous and passionate temperament and perhaps somewhat imperious, is honorable and truthful, and I am sure he is the very pink of preux chevaliers in his intercourse with women. To me he has always been a kind and considerate son. Did I know, or even suspect, that you had any other preference, I would not thus urge upon you Charles' suit. I have loved you, dear, as a daughter, and have watched over you with the solicitude of a real mother ever since you left the Sacred Heart Convent for the loving shelter of my heart and home. I would have known if you had given your heart to one of the many gentlemen who have paid you homage, for I feel sure you would come to me for approval."

"Dearest Aunt," replied Marie, bursting into tears, "I wish that I could indeed be your daughter instead of your adopted niece. I have prayed that God might lead me into that sacred relationship. But He wills it not, or He would have caused love to spring in my heart for Charles. I am very fond of him, and admire him



"WOLFE'S COVE," QUEBEC.—(LOOKING UP THE ST. LAWRENCE.)