



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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**"LITTLE SNOW-SHOES."**

No Canadian boy or girl needs to be told the use of snow-shoes. Without them, and his toboggan, the Indian would have been very badly off indeed. He did not till the ground and raise his food as white men do, but depended almost altogether upon hunting and fishing. Hunting in summer was a comparatively simple matter, the ground was firm under his feet and when he had killed an animal he sent his squaw to bring it home while he lay and smoked before the camp fire with his companions, and rested from his labors, and waited for her to come back and cook his supper. But in winter it was vastly different. Field and forest were covered with snow—and as he pursued his game his feet sunk at every step and he found progress almost impossible. It must have been this that led, away back in prehistoric ages, to the invention of the snow-shoe. With these, and his toboggan, on which to carry his stuff he could traverse with comparative ease the miles of deep trackless snow that lay between his hunting-grounds and the trading post, dispose of his furs, and go back with the blankets, knives, tobacco and "fire-water" for which he had bartered them.

White men, too, when they first came to the continent quickly saw their value and used them in all their winter travels. The opening up of roads through the country has greatly diminished the need for their use, but they still take a prominent part in the sports for which our Canadian winters are noted. One of the grandest sights of our famous Carnival in Montreal last January, to which people flocked from all parts of the country, was the torchlight procession of snow-shoers, which started from the ice palace on Dominion Square and wound its way up the face of the mountain, shining through the darkness of the night like a gigantic fiery serpent. Young and old delight in the sport, and one of the happiest moments of a boy's life after he has attained to the dignity of his first pair of trowsers pockets is when he finds himself possessed of a complete snow-shoer's outfit, tuque, blanket coat, sash, moccasins and snow-shoes. The accompanying picture, which all will recognize as a remarkably good one, is from life, and is the portrait of a little Montreal boy.

BEAR the cross! Far heavier is self.—*Fenelon.*

**THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.**

A strong interest has been directed for two hundred years towards a man with an unknown name, who lived in the reign of the magnificent, but dissolute monarch, Louis XIV. of France.

About 1662, a State prisoner, tall and well proportioned, of noble bearing, was secretly conveyed to Pignerol, and consigned to the guardianship of Saint Mars, governor of the castle. Six years later he was transferred to the Isle of Marguerite, in the Mediterranean. Saint Mars accompanied him and watched him with unceasing vigi-

lance. He ate and slept in his room, and allowed him no chance for escape, or communication with any one. It is evident the prisoner's birth and rank were high, for the attendants treated him with the utmost deference. His accomplishments were many and varied, and he enjoyed books and music; but the extraordinary doom of this illustrious personage was, that he was never seen without a black velvet mask worn over his face which completely concealed every feature. At a little distance it resembled a mask of iron, and was so constructed with steel springs at the back of the head that it

could not be removed, while it left him at perfect liberty to eat and drink. Shut out from his fellowmen, it is not surprising he should seek to invent some way of conveying to his friends knowledge of his dreadful existence. Food was carried to him in dishes of silver, and once he contrived to scratch on a silver plate a short account of his imprisonment. This he threw into the water, hoping it would attract the eyes of some men in a boat who were pulling for the shore. They saw it and picked it up, but were unable to read what was written upon it and took the plate to Saint Mars. The result was, the unfortunate man was held in severer confinement than ever.

In 1690 Saint Mars was appointed governor of the Bastille. Secretly his prisoner was conveyed on a litter to this place, and a well-furnished room was provided for him. Again he attempted to make the discovery of his name, which he wrote on a strip of linen and gave to one of his attendants, not in possession of the secret, but this person died suddenly, it was supposed by poison.

At one time, some prisoners confined over him, made him long to enjoy a little social pleasure which had been so many years denied him. By stealth he conversed with them, and they found him to be a man of extended learning, but he told them the revelation of his name and rank would be the means of death to both him and them.

Saint Mars was always provided with weapons with which to end his life should he attempt to escape, or succeed in disclosing his secret. No wonder he was vigilantly guarded, for the penalty of discovery would have cost Saint Mars his life. When this masked man attended mass, a detachment of soldiers followed him, and he would have been instantly shot had he uncovered his face or told any one his name.

Thirteen years went drearily by during which time the illustrious unknown man of the Bastille still lived, yet was dead to the outside world. Books and music were his only pleasure. Once in a while a glimpse was gained of him, and curiosity was excited towards him and whisperings as to who he was went from circle to circle, but availed nothing. No one could tell.

In 1703 death came mercifully to release him. His medical attendant never saw his face, but

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