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REBEL OR PATRIOT.

BY S. M. BAYLIS.

“I have set my life upon a cast and I will stand the hazard of the die.”—RICHARD III.

CHAPTER III.



HE next day Evelyn bade good bye to her kind friends with feelings of peculiar sorrow, concealing her own grief in the endeavor to console them in the heavy trials they were called upon to bear. Travelling with the curé in his little gig by easy stages this was before the days of railways and stopping for a night on the

way, on the morning of the second day they reached the south shore of the St. Lawrence, were ferried over to the city, and the curé's charge was safely delivered to her grateful father at his quarters near the barracks, the curé himself hurrying off to pay his respects to the Bishop at his official residence.

Next morning Evelyn left her home by the river front for a stroll up to the city proper. Her way led her past the old Bonsecours church, and the market with its

strange sights and sounds of quaintly dressed *habitant* farmers and their shrewder helpmeets bargaining in shrill tones with some obstinate customer, who claimed the usual concessions from the first price asked without which any trade would be but poorly and unscientifically completed, then on through the Rue Notre Dame, where the founders of the modern princely fortunes lived in frugal simplicity with their apprentices over their stores, passing the Place d'Armes, she turned into St. James street, where she almost ran over her old friend Father Lebeau hurrying in the opposite direction.

It is hard to imagine the changes time has wrought in the comparatively short space of fifty years. Standing to-day on this spot, the spectator views the magnificent expanse of asphalted roadway overshadowed by the imposing yellow and red sandstone or granite fronts of the buildings belonging to the various mercantile, insurance, and banking corporations, or the government, rising in massive grandeur, or in the classic beauty of Corinthian column and carved entablature. His ears are dinned with the hum of busy city life, the rattle of car and carriage, dray and cart, and the clatter of hurrying feet on the flag-stone pavements. For relief to eyes and ears he may turn into the railed enclosure, with its patches of turf and flowers, and listen to the plash of the water falling from the bronze fountain, or, passing through the gates, cross the road and seek the quiet of the great church of Notre Dame, whose open doors ever invite the