

OWED AND PAID.

By Emma C. Street.

[WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]

During the spring of the year 1641, all Paris was thrown into excitement by the murder of the Count de Courville and the arrest of his nephew for the deed.

The Count had been one of the most brilliant figures at the court of the French king, and his tragic end caused a thrill of horror to run through the gay capital. People spoke of his wit, his learning, his immense wealth, his gallantry. They repeated anecdotes of his generosity and magnificence; and few, if any, evinced sympathy for his nephew and supposed murderer, Charles de Courville, the son of the Count's younger brother, who had been dead for some years.

Young de Courville bore the reputation of a gambler, a spendthrift, and a reckless liver. It was proved that he once had a violent quarrel with his uncle the night before the latter was murdered, and if anyone harbored a doubt as to his guilt, it was dissipated at his trial when his cousin, Leonce du Chesneau, came forward, and in a voice choked with emotion, gave damning evidence against him. Charles returned to prison a condemned man, and the next day Paris had another sensation. The prisoner had escaped. How, or by what means, he had done so, none could discover; but one thing was certain, Charles de Courville was gone, leaving no trace behind.

Six years later, towards the close of a warm June day, the solitary occupant of a birch canoe was making his way slowly up the great St. Lawrence, in Canada; that new country whose name had thrilled France from border to border and drawn from her some of her best and bravest sons.

As far as the eye could reach, the mighty river spread its ample waters beneath the blue sky. Now hurrying in swift current, as though impatient to reach the wide ocean; now dividing to ripple softly around the verdant margin of one of its wooded islands, and now lying placidly in some little land-locked bay along the shore, with the dimpled reflections of the floating clouds mirrored in its depths, the St. Lawrence, in all its moods and changes, was imposing. In the west the setting sun was sinking into a mass of crimson, purple and amber clouds, trailing its rays in paths of light across the shining water, and making a golden background to the dark silhouette of the wooded shore. An atmosphere of serene calm lay like a benediction over the fair scene; and it was hard to believe that aught but peace could find there a dwelling place. Yet nature, in her most forbidding mood, was never the theatre of bloodier tragedies and fiercer passions than was this smiling prospect. The river that rolled so majestically along was but the great highway of the fierce Huron or Iroquois bent upon his mission of bloodshed and destruction. The luxuriant vegetation that clothed its shores was too often the screen that hid his movements from his intended victim; and the sunlit sky above was the canopy beneath which the bitter struggle of race was daily carried on. History tells of but few aboriginal races that offered so protracted a resistance to the invaders of their country as did the North American Indian. Broken up into rival tribes continually at war with each other; submitting to no discipline but that of his own erratic caprice; recognizing no authority whose directions he was bound to follow; and unprovided with those instruments of destruction which an advanced civilization had placed in the hands of his enemies; yet before he was subdued he waged a guerilla warfare against them, with varying success, for nearly two hundred years. Savage and intractable, the graces of civilization had no charm for him, and contact with the white man served only to ingratiate upon his unwelcome nature the vices which the latter mingles with his virtues.

The voyager upon the lonely river had been paddling steadily for some hours, and as the flaming disc of the sun began to sink behind the trees on the distant shore, his strokes grew slower and he began to look about him for a suitable spot on which to land and rest. He was a young man, apparently not more than seven or eight and twenty. His face was browned by long exposure to the elements, and his fair hair hung in profusion from under its nondescript covering. A shirt and leggings of deer skin covered his muscular form, and every stroke he made with the paddle gave evidence of the strength of his sinewy arms and hands. A rifle lying in the bottom of the canoe, and a hatchet and long hunting knife stuck in his belt, were the emblems of his calling. He belonged to the class known as *coureurs-de-bois*, a race of hardy and adventurous Frenchmen, whose roving propensities had driven them far beyond the slender outposts of the colonies into the untrodden depths of the wilderness. Reckless of danger, impatient of the monotony of the fortress, and inured to hardship, these men formed a slender human chain which connected the struggling settlements of the coast with the wild tribes of the far interior, and by their energy and address, despite the efforts of the stern settlers of New England, turned the bulk of the fur trade in the direction of Montreal and Quebec.

Peaceful as his surroundings looked, the voyager was too experienced a woodsman to depend upon anything so deceitful as appearances, and his keen eyes swept the view upon every side as he pulled slowly in the direction of a thickly wooded island that lay in the middle of the river. A few birds flew up and circled about in the air as his canoe ran into the shade of the trees that overhung the water; but there was no other sign of life, and satisfied that he could do it with safety, the voyager jumped ashore and pulled his bark canoe up the bank. A green sward, almost hidden by a tangled growth of bushes and underwood, covered the island, and it did not take him long to select a spot whereon to camp. This done, he took a wallet from the canoe, and opening it proceeded to make his evening meal of rye bread and dried meat, washed down by a draught of water from the river. It was not a

luxurious meal, but he seemed to enjoy it, and when it was over he filled a wooden pipe with Indian tobacco, lit it, placed himself with his back against a tree, from whence he had a good view of the river, and began to smoke placidly with the air of a man who had done his duty.

By this time the sun had disappeared, and a faint grey mist began to rise from the surface of the water. A rosy glow yet lingered in the west; in the east a few glimmering stars began to peep through the amethyst sky; and overhead the silver sickle of a new moon became visible. Save for the faint pal of the river and the hum of innumerable insects, silence reigned upon land and water. Soothed by his surroundings and tired out by many hours of hard work, the hunter at last laid aside his pipe, and was in the act of rolling himself in a blanket preparatory to lying down, when a faint sound was borne to him upon the breeze. He dropped the blanket and stood like a statue in a listening attitude, every trace of fatigue vanishing from face and form like magic. Again the sound came, faint and tremulous and indistinct; but invested with a meaning that his trained ear was swift to understand. "Indians," he muttered uneasily, and then walked down to the margin of the river and looked long and steadily up and down its swift current. There was nothing to be seen; but the distant sound again became audible, mingled this time with quick dull reports as of guns fired several miles away.

The hunter hastened back to his canoe, dragged it down into the water and jumped into it. Before pulling out, he took up his gun and examined the priming carefully, then laid it back in the bottom of the canoe, fastened his tomahawk and hunting knife in his belt, and grasping his paddle began to move slowly along under the shadow of the trees, keeping a careful watch upon the darkening surface of the river.

Deep silence again fell around him, and the distant sounds were not repeated; nevertheless he went upon his way cautiously, knowing that death and danger were abroad. The sound he had heard was the war whoop of Indians, and he felt that he would need all his woodsman's craft to pilot him safely through the peril that lurked around.

When he came to the end of the island he paused for a moment, then turned the point and paddled down on the other side. The shore on this side was abrupt and steep and less likely to be selected as a landing place by the Indians, should they approach it, than was the other which shelved to the water's edge. Selecting a spot where the overhanging trees threw a deep shadow, he ran the prow of the canoe into a cleft between two large stones and set himself to the task of watching the river. Twilight was falling rapidly, blotting out distances and confusing the outlines of the shores; but years of practice had trained the hunter's senses to an acuteness resembling that of the red Indian's, and he could distinguish objects at a distance which would have been invisible to an unappreciated white man.

He must have sat there for nearly half an hour before two black specks upon the water came into sight. He leaned forward eagerly and kept his eyes fixed upon them until they came near enough for him to see that they were war canoes filled with figures, and that they were making for the other side of the island, either to land there or to pass down the current on that side.

The hunter looked at them long and anxiously, doubt and perplexity in his glance. "My faith," he muttered, after a few moments' scrutiny, "but they have some prisoners. I must try to see who they are."

He scrambled out of the canoe, fastened it to the limb of a tree, and then stole cautiously away amongst the undergrowth to a point from where he could see the occupants of the canoes as they went by.

Presently they came into full view, and he saw four white men in the midst of the painted and beplumed savages. Their arms were tied behind their backs, and their torn and dishevelled appearance bore witness to the energy with which they had defended the natives.

Three were clad in the rough garb of the colonist, and the fourth wore the uniform of a French soldier. Contrary to their usual procedure upon the occasion of a victory, the Indians paddled along in sullen silence; no song of victory pealed from their throats, and no sign of exultation in the threatening looks they cast upon their prisoners. The hunter was at no loss to interpret their gloom; several vacant spaces in the war canoes told him that the savages had paid a heavy price for their victory, and he did not doubt that they were disappointed in the number of prisoners they had made.

Alone as he was, he could do nothing to help the unfortunate captives, but he determined to hasten on to Montreal as soon as he could do so with safety and get a party to go in pursuit. By the signs peculiar to themselves, he had recognized the Indians as Iroquois, a tribe noted above all others for ferocity and devilish cruelty, and he shuddered for the fate of the prisoners should they not be rescued.

He thought at first that the party meant to keep on its way without stopping, but he was quickly undeceived. The prows of the canoes were turned shoreward and in a few moments the savages were landing only a few yards from the spot where he rested earlier in the evening.

Their action caused him some alarm, and not without reason. The trail of his canoe was still fresh upon the damp sand, and if they came upon it in their movements to and fro it was more than likely they would institute a search which would end in his discovery.

From long residence amongst them, he was but too well acquainted with their skill in reading the signs of a human presence in the wilderness, and in following up a trail that would have been invisible to the eyes of the keenest white man. It is not surprising then that he should retreat from the spot with as much speed as was consistent with caution, and betake himself to his canoe, where lay his best chance of safety should he be pursued.

Here he remained, with eyesight and hearing strained to the utmost tension, until the new moon disappeared in the

west, and only the stars remained to cast a dim light upon the dark surface of the river. From time to time a puff of wind was blown to him from the other side of the island and then he heard the guttural voices of the Indians in fragmentary conversation. After a time these ceased, and he concluded that they had lain down to rest, with, of course, the exception of the sentinels, who would remain to guard the prisoners.

Silently as a shadow, the hunter glided out from the shelter of the trees and paddled across the current in an oblique direction, his object being to keep the island between himself and the enemy until he had got so far as not to fear discovery by even their cat-like eyes. It was a dangerous undertaking with so light a vessel as a birch canoe, but he was an adept at the handling of those most treacherous of aquatic vehicles and accomplished his purpose safely. The settlement was, as he knew, fully twenty-five miles above and he would have to paddle that distance against a very strong current, added to which he was already fatigued by the labors of the day. Nevertheless he determined to make the attempt, and for this purpose made for the western shore and hugged it close in his upward passage, thereby avoiding the strongest part of the current, at all times a swift one.

Years of toil and outdoor life had hardened his muscles and inured him to fatigue, yet he was almost exhausted when, as the grey dawn began to break, he came in sight of the patches of clearing that marked the vicinity of Montreal. Soon afterwards, the ramparts of the fort itself loomed up on the river bank and he ran the canoe ashore and stepped out, glad to stretch his limbs out of their cramped position.

(To be continued.)

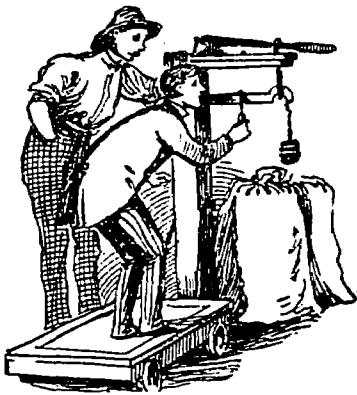
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Smith's Falls Record.

Mr. Joseph N. Barton, who lives about a mile from the village of Merrickville, is one of the best known farmers in the township of Montague. Up to the spring of 1894 Mr. Barton had always enjoyed the best of health. At that time, however, he was taken with a bilious fever, the effects of which left him in a terribly weakened condition. When the time came around to begin spring operations on the farm he found himself too weak to take any part in the work, and notwithstanding that he was treated by an excellent physician, he was constantly growing weaker and his condition not only greatly alarmed himself but his friends. Having read so much concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he determined to give them a trial, and without consulting his physician he began their use. He only used one box, and, not feeling better, he discontinued the use of the pills. This was where he now admits he made a serious mistake, as he not only fell back to his former weakness, but became worse than he was. He could now do no work of any kind, and the least exertion left him almost helpless. Life was a misery to him and he



I gained a pound a day.

was on the point of giving his case up as hopeless when a friend strongly urged him to again begin the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He agreed to do so, and by the time he had used three boxes there was a marvellous change in his appearance, and he felt like a new man. He still continued to use this life-saving medicine, with astonishing results. During his illness he had fallen in weight to 135 pounds, but he soon increased to 180 pounds. In fact, as he says, the increase averaged about a pound a day while he was taking the pills. He is now able to do any kind of work on his farm, and it is needless to say that he is not only a firm believer in the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but loses no opportunity to sound abroad their praise, with the result that others in his locality have benefited by his experience and advice.

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CANADA'S IRISH BARD.

The Collected Poems of Dr. J. K. Foran, the Well-Known Journalist.

The Boston Republic of the 15th June contains the following very kind criticism:—

High up in the list of modern poets of Irish birth and blood must be placed the name of Dr. J. K. Foran, LL.B., of Montreal, Can. Dr. Foran, as well as being a gifted poet, is also a brilliant journalist. He is editor of our able contemporary, the Montreal True Witness. A volume of this writer's poems has just been issued by D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 1669 Notre-Dame street, Montreal. This collection gives one a good idea of Dr. Foran's abilities. They show him to be very versatile, for the poems are upon all sorts of topics. As the author says in his preface, they were "written at haphazard and in all manner of places, from the forests of the Black River to the Halls of Laval, from the Indian wigwam to the House of Commons; in newspaper offices, law offices and government offices; in court rooms and lunatic camps; in monastic retreats and election campaigns." The collection is divided into various groups, comprising poems which are patriotic, historical and descriptive, memorial and pathetic, religious, Jesuit, domestic, humorous and juvenile, Indian translations and early poems at college.

While we admire many songs in each of these groups, we must confess a special liking for the patriotic effusions. There is a vigorous swing in these lines, which cannot but captivate the reader. A devoted citizen of Canada, Dr. Foran sings lovingly her praises. Nor does he forget the land from whence he sprang, the green isle of Erin. Some of the best of his patriotic poems are intensely Irish. Listen to these fervent lines in the poem, "Ireland to Victoria," written in the jubilee year of 1887:

Look back awhile, through tear and smile, Upon those fifty years; And contemplate a nation's fate— A nation steeped in tears! Behold the glare of deep despair On many a noble face; While dark sails sweep the furrowed deep. With children of our race. While famine crept where plenty slept In happier days of yore; And mothers wept while children slept In sleep to wake no more; While terror trod our holy sod, And alien lords held sway; While from their door the starving poor Were pushed in crowds away.

Then let us see old Ireland free; Before this year is o'er; Your jubilee will golden be— Ah! then we ask no more! On wings of fame Victoria's name shall down the future glide; The Celtic spears, when danger nears, Will bristle by your side; And Irish cheers, in future years, Will swell like ocean's tide. When'er the owl shall gladly hear Your name—our country's pride!

It will be seen from the above that Dr. Foran, though a capital poet, was not a good prophet, if he really reckoned upon Victoria doing anything to alleviate the condition of Ireland's people. Victoria's name may glide down the future on wings of fame, but it will be as the implacable foe, and never the friend, of home rule. Lack of space prevents us from quoting Dr. Foran's poems in the various other groups. We cannot forbear, however, giving just one stanza in another patriotic song on "The Manchester Martyrs," which was written for the A. O. H. celebration in Montreal; on the twenty-seventh anniversary of the execution of the three heroes, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien:

Yes, the nation will remember, And that story will be told To the children of their children Till the day when men behold Ireland's sunburst on the hilltop, And the glory of the race Rising out of past oppression, Flushing down the future's space. In the autumn thousands gathered— And they came "to see them die." In the springtime that is promised, Men will hear another cry, When the freedom that the martyrs Sought to plant on Ireland's sod Takes its root and grows in beauty, A Te Deum unto God.

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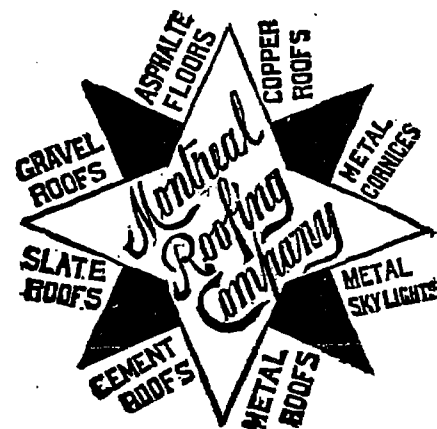
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The net profits are estimated to enable a dividend to be paid of, probably, 16 per cent., so the stock will rapidly go to a considerable premium. The business offering, and certain to be controlled when first-class facilities for storing all kinds of perishable goods and keeping them in prime condition are provided, is a guarantee of the enterprise being a pronounced success.

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