

"With the chances in favour of—" said Paul.  
 "Yes, yes," she replied, "with the chances in favour of yes."  
 "When—," commenced Paul.  
 "Nay, no more. That is, just now. Come, a race for the gate. If you defeat me you will get either 'yes' or 'no' all the sooner."  
 "I will be sure to defeat you, then," cried Paul, as he struck his horse.

Miss Danton, who was slightly in the lead, was about to pass a high cliff, whose brow projected over the road, when a large mass of earth and stone, that had been sent on its downward flight by pressure from above, fell with a loud crash close upon the heels of the horse. The animal shied, leaped into the air, jerking the reins out of his rider's hands, and now, completely beyond control, madly rushed through the hedge that separated the road from the field, and would have fallen over into a deep valley that yawned below him had not the lithe form of a man interposed. He seized the horse by the head, and after a brief struggle treacherous place, turned his head toward the road and then attempted to jump aside. But the horse in springing forward struck him on the side with his fore-leg and hurled him into the abyss. The mass of stone that had fallen from the cliff had almost killed Maston's horse. It struck the animal on the head. Maston sprung from the saddle and ran after Eulalie. He reached her in time to see her noble rescuer go to his doom. With wonderful agility he seized Miss Danton's horse by the head, and after a brief struggle with him was able to lift Eulalie from the saddle. As may well be imagined the girl was terror-stricken.

"Oh! Paul, Paul; the valley, the valley. Let me go home. I will send you men, a litter and some lights. You make your way into the valley. I will not be long." Before he could speak she was out of his sight. Maston sped down the slope, skirted the hill, and, out of breath, he reached the spot where he thought the man had struck. He groped in the dark. He stretched out his hand and it came in contact with a human face. He withdrew it, looked at his fingers and saw that they were covered with blood. A tremor shook his frame.

"My God! this is terrible," he cried out, and great sobs choked his further utterance.  
 The help promised by Miss Danton was not long in coming. Four men carrying a litter and swinging lanterns in their hands soon reached Maston's side. The lights of the lanterns revealed an awful sight. Stretched upon the rocks, covered with his own life's blood, flowing—still warm—from many wounds, the athletic form of a negro—a young man—was held in the embrace of death. They bore the body to Miss Danton's home, in compliance with her request. Maston was horrified to learn from her that the dead man was the husband of the young negress whom they saw mourning over the body of her only child. Tenderly Miss Danton told the negress of her loss, and made her promise to live in the Danton homestead.

A month later, Paul Maston, determined to know whether Eulalie's answer was to be yes or no. With hope strongly alive in his heart he approached her. He was too much of a man to think of high sounding phrases upon such an occasion.

"Miss Danton," said Paul, as they walked along, "will we talk of the race question?"  
 "No, no," replied the girl vehemently, "see we are approaching the mound. I think I am not quite so anxious now about the Southern white."  
 "Thank God!" said Paul. "Now I may speak. Eulalie, is it to be yes or no?"  
 "It is to be yes, Paul. It is yes. But once in a while we must return to my beloved South."

"Yes, Eulalie, we will return, because whenever I go North my friends—particularly my editor-in-chief—will say that I must have paid far more attention to the solution of the Problem of Love than to the Race Problem," said Paul, as he, with raised hat and Eulalie with bowed head, passed the negro's lonely grave.  
 St. John, N.B.

JOHN MAHONY.

### A Bit of Ancient History.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT FROM JAPAN.

By DOUGLAS SLADEN.

At last the fated 8th of May had come and we were all assembled on the deck of the graceful Abyssinia shaking hands with the Duke—those who have had the pleasure of knowing him—for the last time, just about to step down on to our launches. The Duke's departure from Japan recalled the famous saying of Macaulay about his ancestor, Charles I., that nothing in his life became him so well as the way in which he left it. The Japanese must have been very glad to get rid of the Duke, for the most becoming part of their civilities to him was their arrangement for his departure. He positively never saw the 122nd successor of Jimmu Tenno till the very night before his departure, when he was presented and entertained at a small banquet, and yet the Emperor was, when the Duke arrived at Kobe, only fifty miles off, and afterwards was actually present in Kyoto for a few days during the Duke's visit to that city without seeing him. But they made great preparations to honour his departure, sending up no fewer than six fine men-of-war to burn powder and quite a boat-load of birds with fine feathers, dubbed various high-sounding foreign titles, to take leave of him on the deck of the steamer.  
 The morning opened gloriously—the Abyssinia herself, H.M.S. Caroline and all the Japanese war ships, and the

various great British ocean steamers in port from the Belgic downwards, were rainbowed with bunting. It was a wonder that the Abyssinia ever survived to carry the Duke, for Robert Wight, Esq., her 3rd engineer, was entrusted with driving her through the terrific gale which made her two days instead of one coming round from Kobe, and thinking that the ship could take care of herself in any sort of weather, provided that there were only enough reefs and rocky islands to keep her in her course, got drunk and went to bed. This frightened the boiler mender, who went and fetched the chief engineer, with the result that the ship was saved, and Robert Wight, Esq., finished his sleep with a few pounds of iron on his ankles to steady him until his arrival at Yokohama, when he was brought before H.B.M.'s Acting Consul J. J. Enslie, Esq., and sentenced to a richly deserved three months with hard labour. It is a good thing that he disgraced himself before such valuable lives as the Duke's, Sir John MacNeill, V.C.'s and Colonel Cavaye's were risked in his care, though, for the matter of that, any lives are too valuable, and a big ship carries several hundred.

The Abyssinia had been beautifully fitted up for the voyage. Mr. Lindsley, agent for the Canadian Pacific Company at Yokohama, deservedly popular for his courtesy, took me over the Duke's quarters, which consisted of a charming little sitting room—erst the captain's cabin—windowed on both sides—on deck, and for his personal accommodation on the starboard side of the main deck, a fine suite of nine rooms, from which the usual cabin fixings had been removed. The Duke and Duchess had each a bed room, dressing room, retiring room and bath room, all *en suite*, the two bed rooms adjoining each other, and at the end a charming little sitting room, with a table, sofa, chairs, etc. Their cabins had regular beds—four posters—instead of berths, chests of drawers, ordinary human looking glasses, ordinary sofas and easy chairs, and the whole suite had in lieu of paper their walls very handsomely draped. In the Duchess's bedroom, on the niches of her looking-glasses, were two of the queer little Japanese trained fir trees, only a few inches high, which had taken ten years training to dwarf them to their present dimensions, and the whole suite was, of course, decorated with handsome plants and bouquets. There was ample room, should they choose, for the royal party to dine in either of their sitting rooms; but the Duke, like a sensible, courteous gentleman, always shows a marked preference for taking his meals at *table d'hôte*, which he naturally continued in the levelling life on board ship.

Until the Duke came on board, the C.P.R.'s house flag had been flying from the maintop, but the moment he had set foot on the crimson draped companion way, with quite an Easter Sunday decoration of lilies and palms, the royal banner of England ran up in its place, and the guns of seven war ships thundered forth a salute, while the band of funny little Japanese soldiers, looking very much like telegraph boys in the uniform of this peculiar regiment, struck up the well known strains which still belong to the Queen, but will doubtless soon be shared by the Mikado. Almost as soon as the Duke came on board, he went off to have a chat with a little knot of famous English cricketers who had come on to Japan after their tour in India, prominent among whom was that best cricketer who ever came out of Nazareth, I mean Scotland, J. G. Walker. The Duke came on board attended by that dreamy looking sphinx, Mr. Fraser, H.B.M.'s Minister (by some cruel freak of nature a diplomat instead of an Oxford Don), the dignified Master of Napier, the Whiskeredoed German Consul-General, and the assistant Japanese Secretary of the British legation, particularly glorious in a long frock coat, an immaculate silk hat, white waistcoat, dark blue bird's eye necktie, with a pearl in it, dark striped trousers, and patent leather boots—all this enclosing five feet nothing and in unfortunate proximity to the Duke's valet, who is as fine a specimen of manhood as can be imagined, immensely big and strong and with majestic features, a man like the Emperor Frederic—a man whose face and figure Michael Angelo would have chosen for a demigod. Damodar, the Duke's Bengali, did not lend his usual touch of picturesqueness to the scene, having exchanged his white turban and his native garments for a tweed suit, in which he looked as wooden as a Japanese masquerading à la European.

The Duke and staff came on board in low felt hats, looking more comfortable than the legation folks, who came frock-coated and silk-hatted, as in etiquette bound. The whole community felt genuinely sorry that they were seeing the last of the handsome, soldierly Duke, so courteous and natural and friendly to every body, and his beautiful Duchess, and the jolly, ever youthful face of the V.C., and of poor Major Barttelot's brother-in-law, Col. Cavaye, the Duke's Military Secretary, who seemed to me the ideal Aide-de-Camp for a prince, for, added to a big bump of organization, his charming disposition and admirable tact win hosts of friends for both himself and his royal master. We were taking leave of them that day quite certain that their progress through Canada would be marked by a fervent outburst of loyalty. If there is in any country in the world where high rank combined with soldierly qualities, simplicity of life, and unartificial courtesy and cordiality are valued more than elsewhere, it is Canada, loyal through so many dark times. While we were all standing respectfully about the Duke—chatting now with one, now with another, and good naturedly autographing photographs, the "telegraph boys" imitated really rather successfully such familiar airs as the "Soon to be in London town" of the "Powder Monkey,"

"The Girl I left Behind Me," "The Anchors Weighed," "Rule Britannia," and passés waltzes galore, and then at last came the final handshaking and the scramble down on the launches without a cheer, the pith of the party being too dignified for that, and the swift steam back to the Hatoba. However, when the anchor really was weighed and the graceful ship (the Abyssinia is a very handsome low-hulled, rakish-looking craft), forged ahead the other British ships, especially the Belgic, gave her a British cheer. I stood on the Bund watching her until she faded out of sight behind the tree enfolded villas of the European Bluff. It was such a charming sight, in the background the Spit and Bluff of Kanagawa, the blue sea, and the distant blue hills of Kanozan, nearer in a chain of stately British merchantmen and pugnacious-looking little Japanese ironclads, rainbowed all of them from stem to stern, and gliding away from them through a crowd of junks and sampans spreading the graceful white banners with which they play at sailing, the fine fourteen knot steamer which, by this day fortnight, would have landed the royal party in "The Seaport of the Twentieth Century." Once in Vancouver, subject to special exigencies of state, the Duke had confided arrangements until they stepped on board the Allan liner at Quebec, the other end of the great Dominion, to the Canadian Pacific directors in general, and Sir George Stephen in particular. The latter being an old friend and fellow-sportsman of the Duke's valued Sir John, who, in addition to being V.C., is an ardent sportsman—in Canada every year for the last ten years slaying the lordly salmon. It was an understood thing, however, that they would visit at least Vancouver, Victoria, Banff, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Niagara, and spend two or three days with the Governor-General at Ottawa. We knew that their reception in Canada would form a marked contrast to their reception in Japan. The *Japan Gazette* had considerable justice in remarking, "Now that our guests have left, it will not be indecent to express our regret that our reception committee was not able to do all we know it desired to do. Yet the members have, as far as circumstances would permit, faithfully discharged the commission they received from the community; that there was a beggarly display, or, rather, no display at all, on the occasion of landing and disembarking, is not the fault of our British reception committee, but is due to the acceptance of others (*i.e.* Japanese) of a task they have not discharged as we would have done, or as would have been done had two members of the Japanese Imperial Family landed in an English port."

The English of the port on both occasions made a fine showing with their national dignity of carriage and affectionate respectfulness to royalty, and the Americans were very nearly as enthusiastic. The English and the Americans are one people abroad. But Japanese vanity cannot understand their being any princes outside Japan. It is quite impossible to express the idea of foreign princes to the lower class Japanese. There was, however, one notable exception, the charming and dignified Marquis Kide and the Germans were most marked in their attentions, giving both a banquet and ball.

### A Broad Side.

[Extemporized for Major McKinley to the air of "Maryland! My Maryland!"]

A glorious future waits for you,  
 Canada! our Canada!  
 If to yourself you are but true,  
 Canada! our Canada!

And let not reciprocity,  
 Like Esau's Mess of Pottage, buy  
 Your birthright and your liberty,  
 Canada! our Canada!

I see a nation great and free,  
 Canada! our Canada!  
 Next to Old England on the sea,  
 Canada! our Canada!

I see great ships on every breeze  
 Bearing the wealth of Eastern seas  
 To pile it on Vancouver's quays,  
 Canada! our Canada!

Though foreign jealousy and greed,  
 Canada! our Canada!  
 Have on your labour war decreed,  
 Canada! our Canada!

Though from Columbia's borders hurled,  
 You'll find fresh ports in all the world,  
 Where e'er the Good Red Flag's unfurled,  
 Canada! our Canada!

The nerve which won the appalling day,  
 Canada! our Canada!  
 At Chrysler's Farm and Chateaugay,  
 Canada! our Canada!

Will steel you for the swordless war,  
 As in the fighting days of yore  
 Serene in battle's loudest roar,  
 Canada! our Canada!

GNOTH SEAUTON! look within,  
 Canada! our Canada!  
 Learn your own greatness, seek your kin,  
 Canada! our Canada!

Land of the wheat-field and the pine,  
 You have no need to play the vine,  
 And round an alien trunk entwined—  
 Arise, and a true nation shine,  
 Canada! our Canada!

Montreal.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.