

A GOLDEN DREAM.

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CHAPTER I.—WHICH SIDE.

"Help! Help!"

"Call louder, Nousie. There is no one to hear."

But all the same, the last speaker, as he seized a handsome mulatto girl round the waist, clasped his hands over her lips and pressed it there in spite of her struggles.

"You foolish girl!" he whispered; "the women have gone down to the town to see what is going on. Why do you treat me like this?"

"How dare you!" cried the girl, wrenching her head free. "My husband shall hear!"

"Be silent, you silly little bird. You know I loved you long before he ever spoke to you, and that I love you now more than ever."

"Mr. Saintone, it is an insult. Help! Help!"

There was a quick short struggle in the creper-hung verandah. A little work-table was overturned, and, flushed and excited, the girl wrestled herself free, and darted through the open door into the shadowy inner room of the cottage, closely pursued by her assailant; but, before he could fling his arms round her again, she had caught a sleeping child from the cradle in which it lay, and held it before her as a shield, while she stood panting, the blood coloring her creamy cheeks, and her fall lips drawn back from her white teeth—at bay.

"Yes, you look handsomer than ever now, Nousie," said her assailant, a handsome man of five and thirty, with but with a slight crispness in his black hair to tell of a faint mingling of another blood in his veins. "But this is acting. How can you be so foolish? Come, listen to reason."

The girl's handsome dark eyes flashed as she drew back, pressing the child more closely to her breast, and watching every act of her assailant, lest he should take her unawares.

"I shall tell my husband everything when he comes back," she panted. "What will he say to his friend when he knows what have I ever done that you should treat me so?"

She burst into a passion of tears, sobbing violently.

"Hush, you foolish woman," he whispered; and he looked sharply towards the door.

"Yes, he will come soon, and I will tell him all."

"No, you will not, dear. If you told him, he would come to me, and I should shoot him."

The girl's jaw dropped, and she gazed at the speaker wildly.

"Yes," he said, seeing his advantage. "I should shoot him. I never miss. Tell him, Nousie. He is in my way."

The girl drew a deep, sobbing breath, and gazed at the speaker as if fascinated, and he saw it and laughed.

"There!" he said, "I am going now. Next time I come you will be more sensible and—"

"Ah!" cried the girl, joyously. "George—George. He is coming."

She darted to the door with the child in her arms, passed through from the cool darkness into the hot sunshine, and he saw her dart in and out among the great vivid green leaves of the bananas and out into the road, down which she hurried toward, where, a quarter of a mile away, a white figure could be seen approaching.

Jules Saintone stood in the doorway for a few moments, watching the hurrying figure of the girl, in her white muslin dress fluttering in the breeze off the sea.

"No; she will not tell him," he said through his compressed teeth. "She will not dare."

Then passing into the broad verandah he bent down and hurried to the end, passed out into the lower half-natural garden, and made his way to the shelter of the forest behind, among whose heavily foliaged branches he disappeared.

By this time the girl was some distance along the road, hurrying on with her bosomy child clasped close to her heaving breast, her lips parted and her vivid eyes strained towards the approaching figure.

"Oh, George, George," she panted, "make haste, make haste!"

Then a cold shiver ran through her and she checked her headlong pace.

"He said he would shoot him," she recalled the different bloody affairs which had taken place in their unhappy island, where the late of race was sufficient cause for the frequent use of pistols or knife, and the laws were so lax that the offender was rarely brought to justice.

"And he would kill him if I told!" she said despairingly, as she gazed wildly at the approaching figure, which waved a hand to her and then took off his straw hat and waved that.

"And we were so happy," she added after a pause, as she walked slowly on now, trying to recover her breath and quell the agitation which made her tremble in every limb.

"Oh if I only dared!" she panted, as a flash of rage darted from her dark eyes. "If I went to the papaloi and asked him, he would be stricken and would die."

"No, no, no," she cried, as she strained the child to her breast; they would poison him, and it is too horrible. I—I must not speak."

The figure was fast approaching, now standing out clear in the dazzling tropic sunshine, now half hidden by the dark shadow of the heavy leafage which hung over the road, till with a sigh of relief, as a strong arm was passed around her supple waist, the girl let herself rest upon the support, and her troubled face grew calm as that of one who has found sanctuary at last.

"My darling! Impatient? Have I been so long?"

"Yes, yes; so long George—so long."

"But—why are you overdue with the heat and carrying that child. You foolish little thing to come out in this roasting sun."

She looked at him wildly.

"No, no, no," he cried kissing her fondly. "I'm not cross little one, but you should not have come to meet me. And then to bring the poor pet. Ah!" he cried, as he tenderly took the sleeping

child from her arms, and kissed its closed eyelids and tiny pouting lips in a way that sent a thrill of joy through its mother.

"Why, Nousie, darling, were you afraid the Vaudoux people would come and steal it for their next feast?"

"Hush! she whispered excitedly, and with a look of horror she gazed wildly round and into the dark shadows of the forest, at whose edge their cottage stood.

"Bah! little coward!" he said, smiling, as he passed his arm about his wife, again; and they walked gently back, taking advantage of every bit of shade. "But, Nousie, dear, I must talk seriously to you about that."

"Not about the Vaudoux people, George," she said hurriedly.

"Yes, dear; about the Vaudoux. My little wife must wean herself from all those beliefs."

"Mr. Saintone, it is an insult. Help! Help!"

Nousie hung more heavily on her husband's arm, and the tears filled her dark eyes as she shook her head slowly, and despondency seemed to be clouding her soft creamy face.

"Why, Nousie," cried the man, a sun-burnt French colonist, who years before had left gay Paris to try his fortune in Hayti, "you would not like our darling, my tiny dawn of a bright day, my precious Aube, to learn all their horrid fetish rites and degrading superstitions?"

"Oh, no, no, no," cried the girl excitedly.

"Then why not forget them yourself. Can you not see, dearest, that this is the savage religion of the African, brought over here by the wretched slaves?"

The color began to appear once more in the girl's pallid cheeks, and she turned her eyes to his reproachfully.

"They were hidden among the trees, though at that hour not a soul was in sight; white, and indolent black, in the scattered dwellings were asleep, and he drew her closer to him, and kissed her tenderly.

"Don't look like that, pet," he said. "You don't suppose it was meant for a reproach to you for what you cannot help? What is it to us? We love, and you might blame me because my ancestors were French. But promise me you will try and forget all that."

"I will try," said Nousie, fixing her eyes on those of her husband with a look of yearning love. "But it is so hard, George. My grandmother used to believe so much, and she taught me, and she used to tell me that if I dared to forget them, the people and the priests had such power—they were everywhere—and that if I forgot them I should die. And I could not die now and leave you."

He drew her to him again, and they walked more slowly as he looked from the sweet dreamy eyes, fixed so earnestly on his, to the sleeping child at his back.

"No, darling, and you shall not die," he said, half pitying her. "There, some day your faith in all the horrible old superstitions will grow weaker, and you will see the truth of all I say."

"I do now, dearest," she whispered, "for you are so sure and earnest, and I want to forget it all, but it is so hard, and it seems like a cloud over me sometimes, and fills me with fear for you and our little one."

"It is like a cloud over the beautiful unhappy land, Nousie," cried the man, drawing himself up. "As a matter of fact, it is, and it is so hard to see peace. Oh, my wife, he continued excitedly; "there is a land blessed by the Creator with everything that should make it a paradise for man, but man curses it with his jealousy and passions till it is a perfect hell. Black against white, white against black, and the colored people hating both. And as the white is not enough, here is all this revolutionary trouble, and I do not know which side to take—which to help into peace to save the land."

"Side—help!" cried Nousie wildly. "You—will not go and fight?"

He gazed at her fondly for a few moments as they stood fast beneath the broad spreading leaves of a dwarf palm.

"Fight?" he said sadly. "If I could help it, no, Nousie, darling. I came out here to seek a place where all would be peace, where I could have my home, and win land from savage nature—they were the richest fruits of the earth. I have done this, and I have my home made beautiful with the voice of the sweetest truest woman upon earth, with our little one here; but it is of no use to hide it from you—there are great troubles coming again. We shall have bloodshed till one party has full power. Call it the man I believe, but black La Grasse is making head, and he is not a bad fellow, he wishes well to the place. I hesitate sometimes which side to take."

"Yes," cried Nousie passionately. "You shall not fight, they would kill you."

"No, not so bad as that," said George Dulau, smiling. "But join one side I must, darling. Every man among us must make a stand for his position in the land."

A piteous sigh escaped from the girl's breast.

"Yes," continued Dulau, "it is hard, love, but it is one's fate. Harder now, now, when I have you and the little one. There, don't think of the coming troubles when we have the present. Look at her, how delicate and white she is," he continued, as he gazed down fondly at the sleeping child. "Is she not beautiful, Nousie?—Venousie—Venus." He laughed gently. "As beautiful as you are. They might well call you Venus."

"Don't," said the girl reproachfully. "You make me think you are mocking. I am not beautiful."

"No," he said tenderly. "Then tell me your darling is not."

"Oh, no!" cried the girl, ecstatically. "She is beautiful—and she is white."

"Yes, white," said Dulau fondly, "pale and beautiful, and rosy as the dawn. Nousie, we will have no other name for her. She shall be Aube—the dawn, our darling, and some day she shall go to Paris. We will make a lady of her, Nousie. There, come along, I an tired with a morning's talk."

"Yes, tell me," cried Nousie. "What has been done—who has been said?"

"Impossible! One voice drowned another. But the people are all for fighting,

Nousie, I cannot conceal it from you. It must come."

They walked on in silence for a few moments, and then Dulau said gravely: "Let me see, it is ten years since I landed in Port au Prince, and there was a revolution. In those ten years there have been two more, and now we are on the brink of another. Saintone says I must stand for him and his party, and I am afraid I must—what is the matter?"

The young wife full of agitation consequent upon her mention of the name of his friend, one of the wealthiest Creole planters and merchants of the port.

"Matter?" she faltered, turning pale.

"My darling," he whispered, "I ought not to have talked about it to you."

"Yes, yes; I must know all," she cried wildly. "But, George dearest, if—if you must fight—don't—don't—"

She stopped short, gazing at him with parted lips.

"If I must fight—don't," he said, laughing and repeating her words.

"Don't—don't takesides with Saintone," she cried desperately.

"Eh? Not with the best friend I have in the world?"

"No, no," she cried, clutching him by the breast as they stood now in the wide of their road, verandah. "He is not your friend—he hates you. Don't trust him—don't join with him—he—he—"

"Why, Nousie, darling, you are quite feverish and wild," said Dulau wondering, as he laid his hand upon her burning forehead. "Come indoors, and let's have your teeth—let's see if you are so ill."

He turned to her smilingly, and stopped short, startled by her set countenance.

"Why, Nousie, dear," he said, catching her in his arms, "you are not going to be ill?"

"No, no, no," she said, shuddering as she closed her eyes.

"But you are so strange. Why have you taken such a sudden dislike to Saintone? By the way, he was not at the meeting. I must go and see him as soon as it grows cool. But—"

His eyes had caught sight of the overturned work-table, then of a chair lying on its side, and a curtain half dragged down from the rings which held it above the window.

He gazed wildly at his wife, and a strange panic came into his cheeks, while the girl's eyes were wide open now, and staring at him, with a faintly-seen opal ring about the pupils.

The volcanic passion of the Gaul burned in the man's eyes, as thought after thought flashed through his brain, and he caught her clasped hands in his.

"Nousie!" he cried, hoarsely, "tell me—what happened—speak—what does all this mean?"

The white circle between her eyelids grew larger as she gazed at him wildly.

"Tell me—why do you not answer?" he cried.

Her lips moved, but no words came.

"Ah!" he cried excitedly, "you were flushed and excited—you had been weeping. Nousie, why—why do you not speak?"

"I dare not," she faltered at last.

"What! Have some of the Vaudoux people been here?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Then tell me what has happened?"

"I—I dare not," she moaned, and she sank upon her knees before him as he held her hands.

"You—you dare not?" he cried fiercely.

"The instant—why would you kill me if I did?"

"What? Who—who said that?" roared Dulau furiously.

"No, no, don't ask me," she cried, and she would have grovelled at his feet, but he dragged her up and held her tightly, one arm about her waist, the other upon her forehead, forcing her head back as he seemed to plunge his gaze into hers in search of the truth.

"Now," he said in a hoarse whisper that was terrible in its intensity. "I know you love me, Nousie, but I must know the truth. Tell me what is of stone, and to have grown angular and strange."

"You were running away from someone," he said, in a low, deep judicial tone. "Yes," she said below her breath. "Someone who came here knowing I was out."

"Yes," in the same faint whisper.

"Who was it?"

There was a pause, a silence as of death.

"Who was it?" he cried, now fiercely. "He said he would shoot you if I told you."

"Perhaps I may shoot him first."

"Ah!"

The wild look passed from the girl's face, and the drawn, pinched aspect from her features, as she clung to her husband, quivering with suppressed passion, she cried eagerly—

"Yes, you shall kill him first. He came again and again, and today I was at work there; singing to little Aube, when he stole in to me, and as I started up he caught me in his arms."

"Ah!" cried Dulau, as a light flashed upon his brain; "I know. You shall not tell me. It was Saintone."

Nousie was beautiful still as she drew herself up, and gazed in her husband's face; but there was the savage hate, born of the dash of African blood, now in every feature, and her grasp tightened upon his hands, as she literally hissed out.

"Yes; Saintone. You shall kill him first."

"Yes," said Dulau, after he had heard her fiercely told story, and had bent down over the sleeping babe whose tender body had been the shield of his wife's honor. "I know now, Nousie, which side to take."

There was another pause, and then, as George Dulau stood upright in that darkened room with his wife clinging proudly to his arm, he said with a bitter laugh: "You do not tell me now that I must not fight."

"No," she whispered, fiercely. "Kill him, he shall not live."

Dulau looked half-wonderingly at the fierce woman before him, reading the intensity of her nature and the strong will and determination that were there. Then his mind wandered off to the coming rising

at Port au Prince, the city close at hand—the struggle between the two parties, and his inclination to side with one while his duty drew him to the other.

"No need to hesitate now," he cried at last. "And this man called himself my friend!"

CHAPTER II.—OUT OF HIS MISERY.

Volcanic as their soil, the Haytiens need but little exciting to rise in revolt. At times these risings and overflows of their lava-like nature have been against their rulers for the time being—their Spanish or Gallic masters. These ousted from their tenure of the island, the revolutions have been among themselves.

No wonder, when the incongruous nature of the elements were taken into consideration. For, besides speaking, white holds black in dislike and contempt; and black cordially hates white. As if these antagonisms were not sufficient, there is a far greater element of dissension in the land. The mulatto, or coloured race, with its many variations or degrees of black blood within, has been against the white, and the white and black—come between and prevent fairly cordial relations which might exist, and consequently for a long series of years Eden-like Hayti has been desolated by petty internecine wars, in which black, coloured and white leaders have had their day, now carrying all before them with the highest of high hands, now hurled from the seat of power, compelled to flee, or become a victim to the assassin's hand.

The social eruption George Dulau had dreaded came next day—sudden as an earthquake, and hence an desperate were the encounters. For a couple of years a black had been at the head of affairs, and, allowing for his ignorance, blundering, and inordinate vanity, he had shown plenty of enterprise, and a desire to improve the land.

But several of his mandates had given terrible cause of offence to the yellow race, the opportunity had come, and the energetic mulatto leader had succeeded easily in enlisting the whites who still remained on the island after the French rulers were expelled, to embrace his cause.

Dulau had hesitated. His instinct naturally led him to join his fellow-countrymen and to resent the black rule, but he had grown to respect the black head of the government, for he saw that he was honest, and that he was always fighting to improve and pacify the country.

It was while he was hanging in the balance that his old so-called friend and colleague in the politicians' council turned the scale, and Dulau, raging with bitterness, threw himself at once into the service of the black party, with whom for the next fortnight he longed to embrace his cause.

The encounters were fierce and savage; the successes varying from day to day, and the town and port were the scenes of endless bloody fray, in which prisoners were shot down or otherwise butchered in cold blood, and the winning party for the time being gave themselves over to riot and rapping.

Happy for Nousie and her child, the tide of the petty war never came near the beautiful little home in the plantation at the forest edge; but she suffered agonies of suspense as she heard the distant firing, and watched by night for the fires that were constantly lighting up the dark tropic sky.

Now it was the home of some planter away from the town. Now the ruddy glow increasing in intensity came from the port as some vessel was fired at its moorings. Then from the direction of the flames she knew it was the town which had been fired, this happening again and again for the torches of the unsuccessful party seeking to make the place untenable for those who were driving them out.

Dulau had parted from her on the night after he had heard her words, and during the next ten days he had seen her and her child only twice, and for a few minutes, during which he had tried to cheer her by his accounts of their successes and other hopeful words. But now four more days had passed, and the black girl Cherubine, the servant who had stayed when the plantation hands had either fled or followed their master to the fight, had been acting as messenger for her, and again and again gone towards the town, but only to bring back the most depressing news.

Evening once more—a glorious evening, with the first soft, moist breathings of the night breeze approaching after a long scorching day.

There had been no news save that the mulatto party held Port au Prince, and the blacks had been driven off. There had not been a sound to indicate the troubles that overhung the place; and Dulau's cottage, with its broad verandah and wealth of flowers, seemed glorified in the light of the sinking sun, as Nousie stood outside, sheltering her eyes with her hand, and gazing wildly down the road for the face that never came.

She started nervously and sprang round, for there was a step behind her.

"Ah, it's you, Cherub," she said, with a sigh of relief, as she laid her hand on her side. Then sharply, "Where is my child?"

"Sleep, missus—quite sound sleep."

"Don't leave her, Cherubine," cried Nousie, excitedly. "Look here. I can't bear this. I am going to town to try and find your master."

"No good, missus," said the black girl, shaking her hand. "He's gone. Far away."

"No, no; he must be hiding somewhere, and I must try and find him. Stop by the child. Don't leave her for a moment. I will soon be back."

"Missus can't go and leave little pretty one," said the girl, re-tying the grey red kerchief she wore about her woolly head. "Massa come back and find missus gone, what massa say?"

Nousie uttered a cry of misery, threw herself into a light chair in the verandah, and began to sob bitterly.

"No, no," she cried wildly, "I could not go and leave her. Oh, Cherubine, he is dead—he is dead!"

"No, missus. Massa George not dead. To fight well. Only gone up de mountain, and all de people. Come back soon and fight all a yaller folk and drive 'em away."

"No, no, he is dead—he is dead. What's that?"

She sprang to her feet and stood bending low, her eyes glittering and her ears twitching as she listened intently.

"No hear anything," said the black girl, "Yes, there it is again," said Nousie in

a hoarse whisper. "They are coming through the trees. Don't you hear?"

The girl's eyes rolled, and her thick lips parted, as she too listened intently; and then she nodded her head, and caught hold of the light muslin gown her mistress wore.

"Hush!" whispered Nousie, and wrestling her arm from the black hand, she darted into her cottage, and reappeared directly with her sleeping child in her arms.

Her lips formed the word "Come!" and she stole away, closely followed by the girl, in amongst the broad leaves of a plantation of bananas, where they crouched together watching and listening.

They were not long kept in suspense, for the rustling continued, increased in loudness, and a few minutes later a man passed the low growth at the edge of the forest, and stepped out to stand with his back toward them, listening as one listens who is being hunted and driven by his pursuers.

He was torn and ragged, and as he turned his face to look about him sharply, it was cut and bleeding, as were the hands, one of which grasped a musket, and the other rearranged the sword hanging from his belt, and the pistols which were in it, they having been violently dragged here and there as their owner forced his way through the thick forest.

He was panting and exhausted, and his white sun-tanned skin besmirched with powder; but changed as he was, easily recognizable by the watchers, who sprang out quickly, making the fugitive spring round, lift his musket, and present it at his wife's breast.

"Ah, darling," he cried as he caught her to his heart. "But quick! Where is the child? I haven't a moment. The devils are after me, and they may come here. Quick! Brandy. We must take to the woods. Who's that? Ah! You, Cherub. My little one."

He had started wildly at the sound made by the black, and uttered a sigh of relief and took a step nearer to meet her and kiss the child, while Nousie went in and returned with the bottle of spirits, from which he drank with avidity.

"Hah! ejaculated Dulau, half to himself, "that puts new life into me."

He drank again.

"Nearly spent darling. We are beaten. Come along. Take the child. Cherub, my lass, good-bye. God bless you! You will not tell which way we've gone?"

"Course she won't," said the girl, sulkily. "How Cherub tell when she long o' Massa an' Missus?"

"No, no, girl; run up to your people. We are going to hide in the woods."

"Cherub coming too—carry lit pretty one," said the girl, stubbornly. "Massa!"

"What? Quick!"

"Massa come long with Cherub. Vaudoux hide um. Cherub know where."

"No, no," cried Dulau. "You are a good girl, but save yourself. Ah!" he half yelled, "too late!"

He thrust his wife and child back into the house, the girl darting after them, and followed himself, banging to, locking and barricading the door, as he caught sight of figures creeping silently towards them under shelter of the plantation growth; and only just in time, for the pursuing party, headed by Saintone, had credited him with making for his home, and had stolen up to surprise him.

There was a yell as they sprang up, and a scattered volley, the bullets patting and hissing on the light bamboo of the hut and among the trees.

"Curses you! Don't fire!" roared Saintone. Then quietly to his followers, as they hurried up, "Mind and don't hurt the woman. I'll shoot the man who does."

As he spoke a second party came running up, and at a word they surrounded the cottage, within which all was still as death.

"Hah!" said Saintone. "Caught at last. Now then, Dulau," he shouted aloud, "surrender. You are my prisoner."

"There was no reply from the cottage, which was already in the shade, for the last rays of the sun were fading from the top of the highest trees, and a faint pale spark of light on the north toll of the breaking forth of the stars.

"Very well," said Saintone, sharply. "I have no time to waste. Half-a-dozen of you. Fire."

Dulau heard every word, but there were no reports from the many loaded pieces as he drew his breath between his teeth with a sharp hiss and listened.

He knew what was coming and he bent down and kissed Nousie passionately, and then his child, before softly and silently unfastening the bolts of the door.

"Nousie," he whispered; "you know what they are going to do?"

"Yes," she answered; "but you are here, and you will fight and kill them."

He smiled bitterly in the darkness where they stood.

"Don't think of me," he said. "Hold my darling tightly and run for the wood. I'll clear a way for you."

"But, George,"

"Hush! Save my darling child," he whispered imperiously, "you are my wife. Obey."

She kissed him in silence as she tried to stifle her sobs.

"Help your mistress. Go with her and hide," whispered Dulau to the girl as a light flashed in through the window—a light which rapidly increased as bunch after bunch of oily wood was lit. Then there was a sharp order given, the tramping of feet, and the torches were applied in a dozen places to the light dry thatch of verandah and roof.

Dulau knew too well that the place would be one mass of roaring fire in a few moments, and with a final word to his wife he threw open the door, clucked his musket, and drove his enemies back, and to right and left.

Vain effort.

He fought like a giant, nerved as he was by despair and the spirit of which he had partaken, but in less than a minute he was overcome, beaten down, bound hand and foot, while Nousie and the black girl were prisoners too.

"Don't hurt the girl," said Saintone sharply, as he advanced towards where Dulau lay panting and bleeding, the vivid light of the rapidly burning cottage making the scene as light as day in a lurid circle, beyond which everything was black now as night.

"Quick!" said Saintone. "Stand him against that fence. A dozen of you form up."

(To be continued.)

Open Evenings, Duval, 242 Union Street



We have started this competition partly to revive an interest in a useful study, and partly to increase the interest of the young folks in Progress. The questions will be given every week, and the publisher of Progress will give One Dollar for the first correct answer that reaches Progress office. The rules and conditions that govern the Bible Question Competition will also regulate this. Answers will be received until the Saturday following publication, and the successful competitor will be announced the next Saturday. Answers should be addressed to "History Competition," care Progress, St. Paul, N. B. All letters addressed otherwise will not be considered.

Questions and Answers, No. 6.

The result of the competition this week was quite different from that of last, inasmuch as out of all the answers received only one of the competitors answered all the questions correctly. The successful one was "Histoire," 14 Elliot row, city.

1. Give a short definition of responsible government?
2. In what year was the Seven Years War fought and how did it affect Canada?
3. Name the three principal battles on the Niagara frontier in the war of 1812-14.
4. By what act were Great Britain and the United States nearly involved in war in 1891 and who was troubled averted?
5. Name the act of Captain Wilkes, who stopped the British ship "Trent" in the high seas; by President Lincoln giving up the two southern commissioners whom Wilkes had dragged from the "Trent."

HISTORY QUESTION COMPETITION

1. In what year did the city of Toronto receive its name? Who was its first mayor?
2. Name the two most prominent leaders in the movement for responsible government in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia?
3. What particular grievance had the people of New Brunswick against their government when Sir Archibald Campbell was Governor?
4. What was the name of the Indian town that stood on the site of Montreal in Cartier's time?

That of a European ruler, like that of W. S. Gilbert's policeman, taking one consideration with another, is not a happy one. As, for example, the Sultan Abdul Hamid, whom "Politikos" praises as a sagacious, liberal and enlightened sovereign; he is not secure, or thinks he is not secure, even in his own palace, and holds himself always on his guard against the conspirator's sudden stroke. Turn to the emperor