## General Business.

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| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 PRIZE OF | $300,000 is | $300,000 |
| 1 PRIZE OF | 100,000 is | 100,000 |
| 1 PRIZE OF | 50,000 is | 50,000 |
| 1 PRIZE OF | 25,000 is | 25,000 |
| 2 PRIZES OF | 10,000 are | 20,000 |
| 5 PRIZES OF | 5,000 are | 25,000 |
| 25 PRIZES OF | 1,000 are | 25,000 |
| 100 PRIZES OF | 500 are | 50,000 |
| 200 PRIZES OF | 300 are | 60,000 |
| 500 PRIZES OF | 200 are | 100,000 |
| APPROXIMATION PRIZES. | | |
| 100 Prizes of $500 approximating to $300,000 Prize are | | 50,000 |
| 100 Prizes of $300 approximating to $100,000 Prize are | | 30,000 |
| 100 Prizes of $200 approximating to $60,000 Prize are | | 20,000 |
| TERMINAL PRIZES. | | |
| 1,000 Prizes of $100 decided by Prize are | $300,000 | 100,000 |
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J. D. B. F. Mackenzie,

Chatham, Feb. 7, '88

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GEO WHITTAKER, for Trustees



## Miramichi Advance,

CHATHAM, N. B. - - FEBRUARY 23, 1888.


### The New Treaty.

The distinguished public men composing what is known as the Fisheries commission — representing the British and Canadian Governments on one side and the Government of the United States on the other—have concluded their labors at Washington, the result being a Treaty, to which, if ratified, the Imperial and United States Governments will be the high contracting parties. Before it can go into effect, however, it must have the sanction of the Senate of the United States, the Parliaments of Great Britain and Canada and the Legislature of Newfoundland. At present writing the provisions of the arrangement are not officially made public, but, from apparently trustworthy sources, enough is gathered to justify the belief that the principal points settled are what is known as the "headland" and "touch and trade" questions. It is said to be agreed that the Americans shall not take fish within three miles of the shore in British-American waters and that the headland contention is so far recognised as to exclude American fishermen from fishing in bays, the headlands of which are ten miles or less apart. American fishermen may, however, enter these bays, or any Canadian port, for any purpose, whatever, excepting that of procuring bait and including that of purchasing supplies, shipping fish to their home ports, etc. The Americans, it is said clearly concede to Canadians the right to prevent them from purchasing bait, but the treaty does not impose any penalty for infringment of this right, the presumption being, no doubt, that Canada may enforce it if she so determines.

There is a reciprocal or retaliatory clause in the treaty. It provides that Canadian fishermen shall have every privilege in American ports that Americans have in theirs and no others. It also provides, as a concession to Canada, that the administration will strive to secure congressional action for free entry or full interchange of fish, coal and lumber from the Dominion, but this is not requisite to the perfection of the treaty.

Until the full text of the treaty is made known under proper authority it is not right that it should be commented on in the positive manner adopted by many papers on both sides of the line. It was to be expected, however, that as Great Britain and the United States were the contracting parties, the latter should have the best of the arrangement, because the interests dealt with are merely colonial ones, which do not materially affect the mother country, while they are of great importance to the other high contracting party. While we, as Canadians or New Brunswickers, many think our interests have been sacrificed, it must be remembered that we have the sentimental satisfaction of knowing that it has been done in order that complications may be avoided between Great Britain and the United States and our loyalty should prevent us from making any objections—especially as it is said that Sir Charles Tupper is satisfied, which means that the majority of the Canadian Parliament will consent to whatever has been done. It is possible that even those who are accustomed to differ from the always "loyal" majority may, when the terms of the treaty are fully known, approve of them, and see that they are fair and satisfactory, but, whatever they may be, it is a foregone conclusion that they must be accepted, simply because it is in the interest of the mother country that it should be so. To show the impression the arrangement, as far as it is understood, has made on different leading journals we quote—

[Boston Journal.]

As regards what the treaty does not contain, there seems to be some grounds for negative satisfaction. The Behring Sea question is not included in the arrangement; the question of commercial reciprocity is not considered; and the Canadian demand for "free fish" is ignored. All this is well—at least in a negative way. It does not settle any of the real difficulties of the controversy, but it removes some of the artificial difficulties and complexities of the situation, which had been brought forward for no other purpose apparently than to make a settlement difficult. The list of waters closed to American fishermen under the application of the marine league limit will be scrutinized with some interest; and the bearing of whatever interpretation is made of the headland question upon our own waters is a matter which will not be overlooked. The main question, however, that of the right of American fishing vessels to enter Canadian ports and waters without molestation and with the same privileges that are given Canadian vessels in our ports and waters is so simple and the claim is so just that no arrangement which does not grant it without reserve and without balancing concessions can be satisfactory. The English view of this question may well be more moderate than the Canadian, and it may be that the Canadian commissioners were forced from their extreme and untenable position.

(Montreal Post.)

To Canadians who love their country and long to see her great, glorious and free, this latest surrender is beyond everything humiliating. It is a plain declaration that we have no rights the United States need care to respect, none that England is not prepared to sacrifice. Surely this ought to teach our truly loyal countrymen that it would be better at once to come to a final understanding on all questions with the Great Republic and share in its independence and progress than to continue in the condition of a parish among the nations, to be bullied and robbed whenever our big neighbor covets anything that is ours. England will not fight for us; we cannot hope to successfully go to war on our own account, so what is the use of our claiming any rights or presuming upon a rivalry when loss and humiliation are foregone conclusions.

It is urged that Canada ought to make some sacrifice for the good of the empire, then why not make the sacrifice complete at once and end all chance of discord and danger forever? If every time the Yankees choose to pick a quarrel, England is ready to placate them by surrendering a slice of Canada, what sense is there, what comfort can there be, in being devoured piecemeal. All these concessions, however, only go to prove that England looks to the absorption of this country by the United States as its manifest destiny. But meantime we, as a people, are undergoing a process of exclusion and isolation from the benefits of American progress. Sensible men perceive what the inevitable result must be and hence arises the agitation for commercial union. They want to enjoy in their own day and possess the advantages now which they are convinced will come in time to this country when the bars are let down and a just, reasonable commercial system will prevail all over the continent.

(New York Herald.)

It will be seen that the settlement is full and complete, and so fundamental that it will be lasting, and that in its terms the United States surrender no rights whatever that American fishermen hold to be important; nothing, in fact, except the right to buy bait, which they no longer care to do.

The headlands theory is given up by the British government. Our people may fish anywhere within three miles of the shore, and in order that there shall be no room for misunderstanding on this point, a survey, to be made by regularly authorized Commissioners, is to define, establish and name the smaller bays, which, while our people may enter, they may not use to fish in, and thus to make accurately clear the three mile limits.

But the right of our fishermen to "touch and trade" in everything except bait is fully secured, as well as their right to enter any port or harbor in stress of weather freely and without vexation.

The right of our fishermen to land their catch in Canadian ports and ship it in bond over Canadian railroads to the United States is also fully secured. The Canadian refusal, during the past two years, to allow this has really been the most irritating and vexatious of their acts, as it was the most unreasonable and unfriendly.

It is agreed that all rights and privileges shall be mutual, and that, therefore, as our people may not buy bait in Canadian ports, we may prevent theirs from buying bait in our ports. Our fishermen all pay usual tonnage dues in Canadian ports, but we may exact the same in our ports from Canadian fishermen.

It has been wisely arranged for the convenience of our fishermen that the provisions of the treaty shall go into effect temporarily at once as a mutual agreement, and remain in effect until the Senate has dispoed of the treaty, falling, of course, if the treaty should be rejected, which we do not anticipate.

It is not true, as has been reported, that the United States surrender any fishing rights of the Magdalen Islands; or in the Straits of Belle Isle, or anywhere, in fact.

(Toronto Mail.)

"It is believed in Washington that the treaty is so favorable to the American side that the republicans in the senate will not dare to combine in a body against it. In this country the feeling, when facts become known, will doubtless be one of profound regret."

(Toronto Empire.)

"It was inevitable from the commencement that in a difficult matter like this there must be more or less concession on the part of both of the contracting parties, if an understanding was ever to be reached. But we have every reason to believe when full particulars are known it will be seen that the treaty is framed in such spirit as will make it acceptable to both peoples."

We are not much reassured by the utterances of Sir Charles Tupper who, being interviewed in Montreal by a representative of the Halifax *Chronicle* asserted that everything which the papers of both the United States and Canada had stated respecting the provisions of the Treaty, was entirely without foundation and showed how well the agreement to keep the arrangements secret for the present had been adhered to by all the parties to whom they were known. He did not forget to give great prominence to his colleagues in the government who were in Washington with him. He said

"Nothing could exceed the hospitality and the courtesy which the members of the commission and those associated with them received from all parties, from the president downwards. The services of Hon. Mr. Thompson, minister of justice, who was practically the legal guide of the British side of the conference, were, I need not say, of the highest possible value. His acute knowledge of all the questions at issue and his high legal attainments inspired the American plenipotentaries with the greatest possible confidence in the soundness of the opinions given by the hon. gentleman. The presence of Hon. Mr. Foster, minister of marine and fisheries, who has a thorough knowledge of everything relating to the question, was of very great value on many occasions. Mr. Foster has mastered in a thorough manner everything relating to fisheries."

Sir Charles continued: "I should say that the intimate intercourse we have had with the leading public men of both great political parties in the United States has, I am satisfied, disabused their minds of a great many erroneous impressions in regard to Canada, and will conduce greatly to a better understanding of the mutual interests of both countries in the future.

"Mr. Thompson and I had the honor of a long private interview with President Cleveland on the occasion of our taking leave, and we were greatly pleased with the deep interest which he manifested in the work of the conference and the gratification he expressed on the fact of our having been enabled to arrive at a mutual understanding. President Cleveland believed that the treaty would entirely set at rest all the causes of irritation that have been existing in relation to the vexed question of the fisheries."

On the whole, and notwithstanding Sir Charles' denial that we know nothing of the provisions of the Treaty, we will not be surprised to find them about as stated, and the fact that he denies that they are correctly represented indicates that he, himself, is not altogether satisfied with them.

### "Treason" in High Places.

Mr. Labouchere, editor of London *Truth*, is a member of the British Parliament. He has views of the colonial position held by Canada, Australia and other dependencies of Great Britain, similar to those of most men with whom toadyism has not become a creed. He expresses those views in the following language:

"The manifest destiny of Australia is to become the "United States of Australia." If we go to bed and get up early, wear flannel next our skins, and keep our feet dry, we shall most of us live to read the 'Declaration of Independence.' For my part I should be glad to read it to-morrow, and to see Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa follow in the same line. These places would be, as independent nations, just as useful to us as now; and they would, moreover, involve us in no danger, and cost us nothing. Furthermore, these countries would be a great deal more easy, more comfortable in their own minds (to say nothing of safe from the consequences of our European quarrels), and more free to push and mind their own business, if they were not tied like little (or, rather, big) children to Britain's apron-string. A colony is a very one-horse concern, and every man in it feels and knows that he and his country are in a very second class style of business. This damps his ardour, and keeps him down, and his 'country,' which he feels is only half a country, down with him. As for those lunatics, at home and abroad, who talk about 'The Federation of the Empire,' I believe them to be quite harmless, and one or two of them I know to be respectable."

Mr. Labouchere, being a member of parliament, has taken the oath of allegiance, yet he dares, even under the shadow of Westminster, to advocate the dismemberment of the empire! If he lived in St. John, some rival journalist would yell, treason! He would be called upon to resign. He would be told that he had violated his oath of allegiance and have all the choice epithets of the "trooly loil" applied to him. They don't do that in London, however, for the fullest liberty of speech within proper limits is the privilege of all.

### A Singular Official.

The following appeared in the ADVANCE of last week:—

"GREAT FISHING! Our sapient Fisheries Inspector at St. John represented the catch of Frost fish in Northumberland in 1886 as 526,000 barrels, and the whole catch in the province as 713,875 barrels. It would take 5,260 cars to carry Northumberland's catch alone—that is if it had been as large as represented—but as the actual catch was only about 2,500 bbls. so many cars were not required."

On Monday morning last the editor of the ADVANCE received a most insolent memorandum from the Inspector, with the words, "lie!" "stupid!" "idiotic!" etc., underlined, written on a printed page of a Fisheries Report, in which the figures, "713,875," are placed opposite the item "Frost Fish" and prefaced by "lbs."

We assume that Inspector Venning imagines this to be a justification for the vile language of his characteristic communication. Our authority for the above quoted item which has given him another opportunity to prove his unfitness for the position he holds—is on page 168 of the Report of the Fisheries department for 1886. There, in the New Brunswick returns, under the heading "Frost Fish, barrels," are placed, opposite "Northumberland," the figures 526,000. If the Inspector placed the word "barrels" where he intended to put "lbs.," or if it was a misprint he might have explained it without resorting to the coarse insolence of which he has been guilty. On the printed page he enclosed to the editor, the returns of fish caught in the whole province only are shown, and the quantity of Frost fish is put down at 713,875 lbs., but on page 168 of the Report above referred to, which was under our eye when we wrote the above paragraph, and on which alone the returns of Frost Fish for the county are found, they are set down with equal plainness at 526000 *barrels* for the county and 713,875 *barrels* for the Province. That page gave the returns by Counties, and the added up totals for the province and the return sent us by the Inspector, does not agree with it. We venture to say that few public departments in any country would continue to tolerate in its service a man who writes, talks and acts as Inspector Venning does and has done. It is not possible for any department to command the respect of those with whose interests it has to deal, when its mouthpiece and chief representative is a man of Venning's stamp.

### Better than a "Paper Union."

"One thing is certain, that if Mr. Balfour has held his own, we have held our own—(renewed applause)—and as long as there is health in our bodies we will hold our own still, without one stain either of surrender or crime upon our banners, until this last hour of storm and of suffering for our country shall have passed away—shall have drifted away—and until the mighty arm of England, which was so often raised to smite us and to crush us in the past, will be lifted—as I believe it soon will be lifted—to strike the shackles off our limbs, and to close forever the tear-stained volume of the past, and to welcome us into brotherhood and peace and freedom."

This was the conclusion of the singularly impressive speech that Mr. Wm. O'Brien delivered at Mallow after his release from prison.

### Changes Which Civilisation Produces.

(Montreal Herald.)

Times change and we with them. As the world progresses in common sense the social position not only of actors, but of others also, improves. Men are taken more upon their individual merit than formerly was the case. The Roman who was compelled by the Emperor to take a part in a dramatic performance lamented that he had gone forth that day a noble Roman Knight and had gone home an infamous actor, was either a wag who meant to say that he was an infamously bad actor, as under the circumstances was probably the case, or he expressed the very low estimation in which actors were then held. In more recent times they were, by virtue of their office, excommunicated by the church; in still later days, though released from the curse of the church, they were called strollers and vagabonds, and many, we fear, have suffered punishment as such. But the stage was not the only profession that had reason to complain. The chaplain of the country squire was treated as an upper servant as late as the last century. Dean Swift, in his chaplain days, though allowed to dine with the family, was expected to retire from the table when the pudding was brought in. Probably, if called upon to say grace afterwards, he said: "For what they have received let them be truly thankful," unless he declined altogether on the plea of, no pudding, no grace. Attorneys were in hardly better plight, and the country doctor, when called in, was shown into the servants' hall to wait until "my lady" was sufficiently composed to see him. The author peddled his dedications round amongst the rich men to whom he could procure introductions, and stood in the ante-room, cap in hand, waiting for a guinea and an order for a copy of his book. In an age when Dr. Johnson depended for the publication of his dictionary on the favor of a nobleman, neither actors nor any others who appealed to intellectual appreciation were likely to be favorites of society. Even journalists have been occasionally treated coldly. Traders, as everyone knows, have had a hard and long struggle to obtain their present position in society. From Isaac of York to Baron Rothschild the men of finance have progressed by slow degrees, and we feel sure that the gentleman who brewed the ale for King Hal's capacious stomach was never asked to drink it himself at the King's dinner table at Windsor, or to sit in the House of Lords as Mr. Guinness and Mr. Bass were. The fact is the world is growing more sensible and more republican. People are nowadays taken for their individual values. Men of position would rather be amused by a professional man, than be bored by a peer of Norman descent. If an actor is a gentleman he is treated as such; if the son of a nobleman is a snob there is fortunately an ever increasing number of people who treat him as he deserves. An actress who desires and deserves the respect and friendship of society obtains it, while the fairy who trusts to the scantiness of her garments for recognition of her attractiveness usually reaches the goal for which she aims.

### The British Parliament.

LONDON, Feb. 16.—William O'Brien resumed the debate on the address in reply to the Queen's speech. He said Balfour had failed to smash the Irish organization or weaken the spirit of the Irish people, or degrade them in the eyes of the world. Abject discomfiture and disgrace had attended the crimes act, the operation of which proved it to be one of the most horrible measures ever directed against human liberties. Regarding his own imprisonment he said he did not feel wounded nor in the least degraded. With all his jaunty bravery, Balfour's conscience was not as easy as his own when he was in prison. He resented and felt keenly the letter Balfour wrote conveying stealthy, loathsome insinuations that he sheltered himself whilst imprisoned under the plea of illness. Now they were face to face and he challenged the government to produce prison doctors to prove the truth of the insinuation. (Parnelite cheers.) It had been asserted that the imprisoned leaguers tried to secure distinction between the treatment of imprisoned members of parliament and imprisoned peasants, but there was not a tittle of foundation in the assertion. What the imprisoned members complained of was the moral torture inflicted, from which the ordinary criminals were exempt. When the government asked them voluntarily to acknowledge their kinship with criminals, they answered: "We will die first. You will have to learn the difference between representatives of the criminal classes and Irish political prisoners even if it takes a coroner's jury to pronounce the distinction." He declared that the crimes act was not able to stamp out a single village club. The plan of campaign is uncripipled; every evicted tenant had been restored; every shilling of law costs incurred had been repaid as indemnity by landlords. (Cheers.)

LONDON, Feb. 17.—In the commons this evening, Balfour resumed the debate on the address in reply to the Queen's speech. He commented upon the vehement character of O'Brien's attack last evening and said still it was nothing but what he (Balfour) was accustomed to from the same quarter in the weekly attacks in United Ireland. The palate for such stuff was jaded by having had to consume a diet of the same kind for some time. He had been told he took strange pleasure in mere purposeless human suffering, which to his languid life imparted delicious excitement. (Laughter.) There was much more said about him in the same strain. He consoled himself with the reflection that attacks of even worse character had been made upon O'Brien's present allies. United Ireland had compared Trevelyan to a skunk, a muttlefish and a hangman. O'Brien had likewise drawn a comparison between Gladstone and Judas Iscariot. For continuous weeks United Ireland had insinuated that Trevelyan and Earl Spencer conspired to shield men guilty of the most horrible and nameless crimes. (Cries of hear, hear.)

O'Brien said he had stated the result of thier misguided action was to shield those persons, but he never alleged that they did so wilfully

Balfour said he could refer to the words of United Ireland to prove his statement. Cries of "quote." Balfour replied, "certainly not." He would never think of sullying his lips by repeating such language (cheers) as had been used toward Trevelyan and Earl Spencer in July, 1885. Blame from the source whence such foulness proceeded was indeed the highest praise (cries of hear him). He quoted the denials of Salisbury and Earl Carnarvon that the latter ever negotiated with Parnell for an Irish parliament with the knowledge of Salisbury.

Mr. Gladstone followed Mr. Balfour. He said he found little in the Chief Secretary's speech that tended to assist them in getting at the truth of the questions before the House. There was the question whether the conservative leaders had communicated with Mr. Parnell on the subject of home rule. The denials made by Mr. Balfour did not get rid of the Irish members' assertions. Mr. Parnell had stated that he found himself in entire agreement with Lord Carnarvon on the home rule question. This had not been denied. (Cheers.) It was stated that Carnarvon spoke for himself; but he was Viceroy of Ireland at the time for the conservative government, which now held that home rule in any shape meant the separation of Ireland from the Empire.

Mr. Balfour, interposing, said that the letter from Lord Carnarvon clearly implied that he did not express an opinion upon home rule to Mr. Parnell.

Mr. Gladstone replied that Lord Carnarvon had never explicitly denied Mr. Parnell's statement. If he did where were his words in denial? Continuing, he said the liberals were called separatists because they wished to give effect to the national aspirations of Ireland while having supreme regard for the unity of the Empire.

Some of the remarks of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Gladstone said, had apparently been levelled at himself. His (Gladstone's) Nottingham speech had been absolutely misrepresented. As to the statement regarding the Irish Executive's practice of obtaining information by permitting the police to connive at crime, he protested then as now against the practice as dangerous to society and odious in itself.

He had never uttered words over which he felt more compunction than his words about Mitchelstown. He used them for the sake of preventing enormous mischief and suffering, probably bloodshed. It was the agents of the law that were the breakers of the law at Mitchellstown. It was cruel, wanton, disgraceful bloodshed—almost without example. Mr. Balfour had become by implication a breaker of the law, for he gave the act his authorative approval, as if it were to be the model rule for the conduct of the police.

Mr. Gladstone declined to accept as authentic the government's statistics of crime under the Coercion act until the cases cited were thoroughly investigated. The only case given in detail had been met with a point blank contradiction. Supposing the government had a momentary appearance of success from the operation of the Coercion act, were they going to forever lagislate on the same line? He had never heard the Ministers express confidence in their ability to make permanent resistence to the policy of home rule. (Parnellite cheers.)

He did not disguise the strength of the combination against home rule, which included nearly the whole wealth and all the elements of social strength belonging to high rank and station in the country. But the Irish nation and the growing English popular feeling were on the side of home rule.

To delay the settlement of a question of this kind between nations was dangerous in the extreme. If the resistance to the national voice of Ireland was pushed too far those whose now guided the mind of that nation might lose their power and be displaced by ruder and more dangerous spirits. Let the government bethink themselves and consent to legislate for Ireland as they did for England and Scotland in accordance with the constitutionally expressed wishes and permanent convictions of the people, and thus at last present to the world the blessed spectacle of a truly and not a nominally united empire. (Loud Cheers.)

Gladstone's reply is considered one of the finest efforts of his parliamentary life. It was more rhetorical than argumentative. His voice at times showed renewed symptoms of weakness. While referring to an abstract from a newspaper, he found difficulty in reading a passage and turned to Morley to help him. When the latter whispered the cue to the extract, Gladstone tried to resume the reading. He then turned to Harcourt for assistance after which he said to the house: "This, I regret to say, is not the only point on which I begin to find that warning has been given me that I am not so young as I was."

At the end of this touching allusion, sympathetic cheers burst forth from both sides of the house.

Michael Davitt, who was in the lobby listening to Gladstone, remarked afterwards to Parnell: "The grand old man is good for fifty years more."

Parnell replied: "Yes, he will live to witness the triumph of home rule."

After speeches by Goschen and Harcourt, Parnell's amendment was defeated, 317 to 229.

All liberal-unionists present voted with the government.

### THE DOOM OF MAMELONS

A LEGEND OF THE SAGUENAY, BY W. H. H. MURRAY.

CHAPTER V—AT MAMELONS.

Summer was at it's hottest. The woods, sweltering under heavy heat, sweat odors from every gummy pore. Flowers, unless water rooted, withered on their stalks. The lumbering moose came to the streams and staid. The hot hills drove him down. The feathered mothers of the streams led down their downy progeny to wider waters. The days were hot as ovens and the nights dewless. The soft sky hardened and shone brazen from pole to pole. The poppel leaves shrank from their trembling twigs and the yellow birches shrivelled in the heat. But on the rivers the air was moist and cool, lily sweetened, and above their heads, at night, the yellow stars, swung in their courses, like golden globes, large, soft and round. So the two boats went on through lovely lakes, floating slowly down the flowing rivers, without hap or hazard, till they came to the last portage, beyond which flowed the Stygian river, deep and dark, whose gloomy pitch shone out of death into bright lizard Mameloms.

They took the shortest trail. Straight up it ran over the mighty ridge which sloped downward on the far side easterly to that strange bay men call Eternity. It was an old trail only ran by runners who ran for life and death when war lifted suddenly and tribes were commanded to hot haste to rally. But she was happy hearted half jesting half in earnest said, "Take the short trail, I run a hard long race from now and mate. Let me fly straight." So on the trail the two men toiled all day, while she played with the sands upon the shore and crowned herself with lilies, saying: "The queens of our old line loved lilies. I will have lily at my throat when I am wed."

Thus when night came, the boats and all their lading were on the other side and they were on the ridge which sloped either way, the sunset at their backs, the glowing gorge ahead. Then pausing on the crest, swept to its rocks by rasping winds, the sunset at her back, the gloom before, she said:

"Here will we bivouac. The sky is dewless and the air is cool. The trail from this runs easy down. I will start with sunrise on my face toward Mamelon."

So was it done, and they made camp beneath the trees a short walk from the ridge, where the great spruce stood thickly and a spring boiled upward through the gravel, cold as ice.

The evening passed like a sweet song through dewy grass. She was so full of health, so highly gifted, so happy in her heart, so nigh to wedded life with him she worshipped that her soul was full of joyousness, as the lark's throat, soaring skyward, is of song. She chattered like a magpie in many tongues, translating rare old bits of foreign wit and ancient mirth with apt and laughable grimaces. Her face was mobile, rounding with jolity or lengthening with woe at will. She had the light foot and the phant limb, the superb pose, abandon, and the languishing repose of her old race, whose princesses, with velvet feet, tinkling ankles and forms voluptuous, lithe as snakes, danced before kings and won kingdoms with applause, from those, who, by their whirling, swaying, flashing beauty they made wild. She danced the dances of the east, when dancing was a language and a worship, with pantomime so rare and eloquent, that the pleased eye translated every motion as the ear catches the quick speech. Then sang she the old songs of buried days, sad, and sweet, as Love singing at death's door to Memory and to Hope,—the songs of joys departed and of joys to come. So passed the evening, 'till the eastern stars, wheeling upward, stood at the zenith. Then, with lingering lips, she kissed her lover on the mouth and on her couch of fragrant boughs, fell fast asleep, forgetful of all things save life and love,—murmuring softly in her happy dreams,—"*To morrow night*," and after a little space again "*Sweet, sweet to-morrow.*"

But all the long evening through the old tongueless chief of Mistassiuni, sat, as an Indian sits when death is coming,—back straightened, face motionless, and eyes fixed on vacancy. Not till the girl lay sleeping on the boughs did he stir muscle. Then he rose up and with dilating nostrils tested the air and his throat rattled. Then put his ear to earth as man puts ear to hollow wall, listening to the noises running through the framework of the world; cast cones upon the dying brands and standing in the light made by the gummy rolls, said to the Trapper in dumb show:

"The dead are moving. The earth cracks beneath the leaves. The old trail is filled with warriors hurrying eastward, out of death. Their spears are slanted as when men fly. They wave us downward toward the gloomy river. Call her you love from dreamland and let us go."

To which the Trapper, answering signed:

"Chief, old age is on you and the memory of old fights. 'Tis always so with you red men. The old fields stir you, and here upon this ridge we fought your fight of rescue. God! What a rush we made! The air was full of hatchets as of acorns under shaken oaks when I burst through. I kicked an old skull under moss as we halted here that she might not see it. It lies there under that yellow tuft. I have ears and I tell you nothing stirs. It is your superstition Chief. Neither living or dead have passed to-night. A man without cross knows better. I will not move. I will wait here till dawn. She said: 'I will see sunrise on my face when I start for Mamelons' and she shall. I have said."

To this the Chief after a pause, signed back:

"I have stood the test, and from the burning stake been beyond flesh. I have seen the dead and know them. I say the dead have passed to-night. Even as she danced her happy dances and you laughed I saw them crowd the ridge and come filing downward. They fled with slanted spears. You know the sign. It was a warning; and for us and her. For, with the rest, heading the line, there walked two Chiefs whose bosoms bore the Tortoise sign. I knew them. They slanted spears at her and waved us down, then glided on at speed. And others yet I saw not of my race; a woman floating in the air — her mother,—clothed as she shall be to morrow; and with her, long lines of faces, like to her's asleep, save eager looking, anxious; and they too waved us downward toward the river. This is no riddle, Trapper. It is plain. When do the dead move without cause? Awake your bride from dreams and come down. Some fate is flying with flat wings this way. I know not what. I only know the dead have waved me toward water and I go."

So saying he took the dark trail downward and in the daakness disappeared.

"The spell is on him" muttered the Trapper, as he sodded the brands "and nought may stop him. The old fool will do some stumbling on the trail before his moccasins touch sand," and saying this, he gently kissed the sleeping girl, and taking her small hand in his he fell asleep; sleeping upon the crumbling edge of fate and death, not knowing. Had he but known! Then would wedding bells, not wail have sounded over Mamelons.

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"*Awake! Awake! My God, the fire is on us Atla,*" so roared he standing straight, Up sprang she, quick as a flash, and stood in the red light by his side, cool collected, while with swift, steady hands she clothed herself for flight. Then swept with haughty glance the flaming ridge and said:

"The light that lights my way to Mamelons, my love, is hotter than sunrise."

Then with him turned and fled with rapid but sure feet, down the smoking trail.

The fire was that old one which burnt itself into the memories of men, so it became a birth mark and thus was handed down to generations. None knew how kindled. It first flared westward of the shallow lake, where Mistassinni empties it's brown waters from the north, and at the first flash flamed to the sky. It is a mystery to this day, for never did fire kindled in woods or grass run as it ran. It raced a race of death with every living thing ahead of it, and won, against the swiftest foot of man or moose. The whirring partridge, buzzing on for life, tumbled, featherless, a lump of singed palpitating flesh, into the ashes. The eagle, circling a mile from earth, caught in the rising vortex of hot air, shrank like a feather touched by heat, and, lessening as he dropped, reached earth, a cinder. The living were cremated as they crouched in terror or fled screaming. The woods were hot as hell. Trees, wet mosses, sodden mold, brooks, springs and even rivers disappeared. Rocks cracked like cannon overcharged. The face of all flesh slid downward and fell off with crashes like split thunder. It was a fire as hot and fierce as those persistent flames which melt the solid core of the world.

Downward they raced in equal flight. Her foot was as the fawn's; his stride like that of moose. She bounded on. He swept along over all. They seemed no more at once. She slipped. He plucked her from the ground and said: "Between us we'd win the race. Speed on."

She flashed a bright look back to him and flew faster. Thus over boulders and round rocks they sprang and ran. Above the flying sheets of flame. Behind the red consuming line. On every side the crackling of hot, shrivelling leaves. Ahead the water high to which they were, when, suddenly, they ran into a blinding smoke and lost the trail. She, tearing onward without sight, over a verge fell heavily, and striking a sharp rock, lay still, numbed to weakness. The Trapper stumbling after, fell downward to her side but his strong frame stood the great shock and staggered upward. He felt for her and found her. Limp. She knew his touch and faintly murmured with clear tones:

"Dear Love, stay not for me. Go on and live. Atla knows how to die."

He snatched her to his breast and through his teeth: "*Oh God, have you no mercy!*" Then plunged onward, running slanting upward, for the smoke was thick below and he knew the trees grew stunted on the cliffs. He ran like mad man. A saint running out of hell might not run swifter. He was in hell; the hell of fire; with heaven, the heaven of cool reviving water just ahead. The strength of ten was in him and it sent his body with her body on his heart, onward like a ball. His hair crimped to the black roots of it. He felt it not. His skin blistered on cheek and hands. He only strained her closer to his bosom and tore on. With garments blazing he whirled onward up the slope; streamed like a burning arrow along the ridge whose edges the monstrous rock men call Cave Trinity; slid, tumbled, fell down it's smoking side, until he came to where the awful front drops sheer; then, heaving up his huge frame, still clasping her sweet weight within strong arms, plunged, like a burnt log, rolling out of fire, into the dark, deep, blessed tide.

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Morn came but brought no sunrise, Smoke black and dense filled the great gorge and hung pulseless over the charred mountains. Soot scummed the water levels, and new brooks, flowing in new channels, tasted like lye.

*Continued on 4th page.*


**What Am I to do?**

The symptoms of Billiousness are unhappily but too much known. They differ in different individuals to some extent A Billous man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time, if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events,

The digestive system is wholly out of order and Diarrhœa or Constipation may be symptoms, or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try *Green's August Flower*, it cost but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

[Canadian Live Stock Journal.]

**The Importance of the Poultry Interest.**

It is very surprising the sum of the aggregations in little things, when they become very numerous. The smallest of our domestic pets, the fowls, are fast becoming one of the mightiest factors in