

purposes three thousand miles in length and three hundred miles in width, must naturally be more expensive and therefore less profitable than the internal interchange of productions within a compact square. The next condition is the fact that we have only one zone of natural production, and are therefore much more dependent upon others for important staples than is the United States. Lastly, we are politically and otherwise disabled from obtaining those reciprocal extensions of trade that are now proving so advantageous to the United States. Under these conditions, protection has kept us commercially to ourselves with much more injury than it has the United States to themselves.

The argument for the adoption of free trade, under our present conditions, is simply this, that our chief industry is agriculture—employing more capital than all other industries and businesses combined—and that agriculture, and the businesses and industries directly dependent upon it, are hampered by a policy which increases the cost of agricultural production. Undeniably certain manufactures would suffer, but the general gain is what has to be considered. The farmer would not only have an increased margin of profit by being permitted to buy his implements, his clothing and household necessities in the cheapest market, but larger imports would doubtless be followed by larger exports. It is, in short, the position maintained by the late Mr. Mackenzie, who believed that the cheapening of the cost of living in Canada would prove the best attraction to our great fields.

The census returns show unmistakably that protection has failed even to retain the intending settlers who came to our shores. Surely it is time to consider "a more excellent way." J. C. SUTHERLAND.

Richmond, Que., July, 1892.

### IF IT WERE TRUE.

"I hold," said the mystic, "that in the life to be, this life shall seem but an hour passed long ago, and dimly remembered."—*Hyperion*.

If it were true that in the life to be,  
This present life should seem but as an hour  
Passed long ago, and with such feeble power  
Dimly remembered through Eternity:  
That grace of higher life, the sacred right  
Of souls immortal and from earth set free,  
Would seem no joy to live for after Death;  
Without the fuller blessedness of light,  
Born of a sundered past and its last breath:  
If, in that unknown life, we could not see  
With richer knowledge out of perfect sight,  
The common joys, the loss, and lowly gain,  
Once known on mother earth ere life's last night  
Brought sacred rest and solace out of pain.

B. F. D. DUNN.

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### TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Picnic Supper—Sentries—Sylvanus' Silence—Coristine and Bigglethorpe Hear Sounds—Invaders Repelled—Fire and Explosions—Victims Walled In—Water Retreat in the Rain—The Constable Secures Mark Davis—Walk Home in the Rain—Bangs and Matilda—Into Dry Clothes—Miss Carmichael's Mistake—A Reef in Mr. Bangs—Ben has no Clothes—Three Young Gentlemen in a Bad Way.

MR. BANGS had no fewer than eight men under his command, Bigglethorpe and the two Richards at the water, and Coristine and the veteran, the two Pilgrims and Rufus, up above. The latter tired themselves out, under the detective's direction, looking for an opening in the ground, but found none, nor anything that in the least resembled one. Some of the searchers wondered why the chimney in Rawdon's house was so unnecessarily large and strong, but no examination about its base revealed any connection between it and an underground passage. The detective, in conference with Mr. Terry and the lawyer, decided on four sentries, namely one each at the house and the lake, as already set, one at the road looking towards the entrance, and the other half way between the lake and the house, to keep up the connection. Some bread and meat and a pot of tea, with dishes, were sent down to the three men on the shore by the hands of Timotheus, but they rejected the cold meat, having already made a fire, and broiled the bass caught by Mr. Bigglethorpe. They had a very jolly time, telling fish stories, till about eight o'clock, and the fisherman of Beaver River was in wonderful spirits over the discovery of a new fishing ground. If those lakes had only contained brook trout he would move his store to the Lakes Settlement; as it was, he thought of setting up a branch establishment, and getting a partner to occupy the two places of business alternately with him. The Richards boys were pleased to think that their new acquaintance was likely to be a permanent one, and made Mr. Bigglethorpe many sincere offers of assistance in his fishing, and subordinate commercial, ventures. At eight Mr. Bangs came down the hill, and posted one of the Richards as sentry, while the fisherman indulged in his evening smoke, preparatory to turning in under the skiff with his friend Bill. "I went that fire put out, gentlemen," said the detective, "net now, but say after ten

o'clock, as it might help the enemy to spy us out," to which Bill Richards replied: "All right, cap'n; she'll be dead black afore ten." Rufus was placed on the hill side to communicate between the distant posts; Timotheus overlooked the encampment; and Sylvanus was given the station on the road. Mr. Bangs walked about nervously, and the lawyer and Mr. Terry, bringing some clean coverlets out of the boarding-house, spread them on the chip-covered ground, and lay down to smoke their pipes and talk of many things. "Oi tuk to yeez, sorr," said the veteran with warmth, "soon as Oi mitye in the smokin' carr, and to think what a dale av loife we've seen since, an' here's you an' me, savin' yer prisince, as thick as thaves."

Nothing of any moment occurred till within a quarter of ten, when Sylvanus saw two figures suddenly start up close by him on the right. At first, he thought of challenging them, but seeing one was a woman, and remembering the going over the Squire gave him about capturing Tryphosa, he resolved to await their arrival. Both figures greeted him joyfully by his name, for it was his two proteges, the crazy woman and her son, who had escaped the constable and lain concealed until darkness veiled their movements. "Has Steevy woke up yet?" she asked the sentinel, quietly.

"Not as I know on," responded the elder Pilgrim.

"Then we will slip quietly into the house, and get some supper for Monty, and go to bed. It's tiresome walking about all day," she continued.

"Don't you two go fer to make no noise, 'cos they's sentries out as might charlinge yer with their guns," remarked the compassionate guard.

"No," she whispered back; "we will be still as little mice, won't we, Monty? Good night, Sylvanus!" The boy added, "Good night, Sylvy!" and the sentinel returned the salutation, and muttered to himself: "Pore souls, the sight on 'em breaks me all up."

Sylvanus should have reported these arrivals, when the detective came to relieve him, and put Mr. Terry in his place, but he did not. He had forgotten all about them, and was wondering if that "kicked-out-of-service old ram-rod, the corpular, was foolin' round about Trypheeny." Coristine relieved Timotheus; Bill Richards, Rufus; and Mr. Bigglethorpe, Harry Richards. The relieved men went to sleep on the quilts and under the skiff. Mr. Bangs came up every quarter of an hour to the lawyer, and asked if he had heard a noise about the house, to which the sentinel replied in the affirmative every time; whereupon the detective would take a lamp and search the building from top to bottom without any result. Once, after such a noise, that sounded like some heavy article being dragged along, Coristine thought he heard the words: "Keep quiet, Tilly," and, "Take it off," but he was not sure. The night was cloudy and dark, and the mosquitoes' buzzing sometimes had a human sound, while the snoring of the Pilgrims, and the restless moving of the horses, brought confusion to the ear, which sought to verify suspected articulations. Had he known that Matilda Nagle was about the house, he would not have let Bangs rest until the mystery was solved. He did not know; and, being very tired and sleepy, was inclined to distrust the evidence of his senses and lay it to the charge of imagination.

Down by the water's edge Mr. Bigglethorpe sat on a stone in front of the carved out block, thinking of the best fly for bass, and of a great fishing party to the lakes that should include Mr. Bulky. Standing up to stretch his legs and facing the block of limestone, he thought he saw a narrow line of light along the left perpendicular incision. Moving over, he saw the same perpendicular line on the right. Just then the clouds drifted off the moon, and he convinced himself that the light lines were reflections from the sheen that glimmered over the lake. He also thought he heard a whining noise, such as a sick person or a child might make, and then a rough voice saying: "Stow that now!" but Richards, like the two Pilgrims above, was snoring, and Harry had a slight cold in his head. "What a stoopid, superstitious being I should become," said the fisherman to himself, "if I were out here long all alone." But, hark! the sound of paddles softly dipping came from the left, and at once the sentry lay down behind the upturned skiff, and, gun in hand, listened. He poked Richards with his foot, and, as he awoke, enjoined silence. Richards crawled out, and quietly replaced the boat in its original position. There were now two on guard instead of one. The boat entered the lake. It was the scow, Richards' scow, and Harry was indignant. There were five men in it, and they were talking in a low tone.

"Quite sure them blarsted Squire folks has all gone home, Pete?"

"Sartin, I seen 'em, the hull gang's scattered and skeedaddled, parsons an' all."

"Where's the blarsted light, then?"

"Seems to me I kin see long, thin streaks. O Lawr, boys, Rodden must ha' been hard put, when he drapped the block into the hole. It's shet up tight. Hev ye got the chisel and mallet?"

"They're all right."

"Then less git ashore and drap the block out, though it's an orful pity to lose it in the drink."

"Can't we git the blarsted thing back to its place agin?"

"Onpossible; wild horses couldn't do it."

Harry whispered to Bigglethorpe: "What'll we do?" and the fisherman answered: "Our duty is to fire, but we weren't told to kill anybody. Don't you fire till I reload."

Then Bigglethorpe called out: "Surrender in the Queen's name," and fired above the scow. Two or three pistol shots rattled over the sentries' heads, and flattened themselves on the rock behind. "All ready!" said the storekeeper, and Harry let fly his duck shot into the middle of the crowd, who paddled vigorously from the shore. Bill Richards, having alarmed the upper sentries by the discharge of his gun, came running down, with the Pilgrims and Rufus, led by the detective, not far behind him. "Shove out the skiff," called Bigglethorpe. The Richards shoved it off, and Bill rowed, when the two sentries got on board. "Go it, Bill, after the old tub," cried Harry; "we'll soon catch up." The Rawdon gang worked hard to get to the narrows, but found it hopeless. "Give it to them," shouted Bangs from the shore; and in response, the guns rang out again, while Bill strained every muscle to the utmost. The punt grounded on the shore above the narrows, and four of the men jumped out into the water and fled up the bank, firing their pistols as they retired. The punt was captured, and brought back to the guarded beach, with a wounded man and some tools in the bottom. Only by swimming, or by a long detour of very many miles, could the four fugitives find their way back to the shore they had sought in vain.

The wounded man was taken out of the punt and laid on the beach. "Is he dead?" asked Bigglethorpe. "No," answered the detective, feeling the head of the victim, and inspecting him by the aid of matches struck by the smoker Sylvanus; "it's a good thing for him thet yore two gens were loaded with deck-shot end thet they sketter sow, else he'd a been a dead men. He's got a few pellets in the beck of his head, jest enough to sten the scoundrel for a few minutes. Ah, he's hed a creek ower the top of his head with a cleb, the colonel's werk, verry likely."

"Do you want him kept?" enquired Mr. Bigglethorpe, as sentry.

"Oh, dear me, yes; he's Rawdon's chief men. I wouldn't lose him fer a hendred dollars. Rufus, do you mind blowing his brains out if he attempts to escape?"

The good-natured Rufus said he didn't mind watching the prisoner, but he imagined clubbing would be kinder than blowing out his brains.

"All right!" answered the detective, "all right, so long as you keep him safely."

So Mr. Bangs went back to the house, followed by Sylvanus, Timotheus and Bill Richards, the last of whom resumed his post, namely the trunk on which Pierre Lajeunesse had rested.

When the encampment was reached, Mr. Bangs asked Coristine if he had been smoking on guard or lighting matches, but he had not. He asked Mr. Terry the same question, which the old soldier almost took as an insult. "An' is it to me ye come, axin' av Oi shmoke on guard, an' shpind my toime loightin' matches loike a choild? Oi've sane sarvice, sorr, and nobody knows betther fwhat his juty is."

"I sincerely beg your pardon, Mr. Terry. Please excuse my anxiety; I smell fire."

"Don't mintion it, sorr, betune us. Faix, an' it's foire I shmill an' moighty sthrong, too."

The detective came back to the front of the house, and saw the fire that had broken forth in a moment, and was flaming in every room of basement and upper storey, a fire too rapidly advanced to be got under, even had the means been at hand.

"Quick, Sylvanus, Timotheus, get out the horses and any other live stock," he cried; but the lawyer had been before him, and the two Pilgrims and he were already leading the frightened animals past the house and on to the road, where they turned their heads outward and drove them along. Forgetting their watch, Mr. Terry and Bangs himself helped, until every living creature, as they thought, was safely away on the road to the Lake Settlement. Then, two figures, that the guilty Sylvanus knew, came out of the door of the boarding house, and the flames leaped out after them. The woman came up to Coristine, and said: "I know you; you helped to carry poor Steevy, who is not awake yet. He said it was cold down there, so Monty and I have made a fire to keep him warm." The lawyer thought she meant that her dead brother was cold. As to the fire, when he saw Monty, it did not astonish him; but how came they both there through the guard?

The frame buildings, their light clapboards dried by the summer sun, burned furiously, and the flames roared in the rising wind. The sheds and stables caught; the fire ran over the ground, in spite of the dew, catching in shrubs and fallen timber, and even climbing up living trees. Back the beholders were driven, as far as Bill Richards' post, by the terrible glare and heat of the conflagration. Leaving Bigglethorpe on sentry, and Rufus over the prisoner, Harry came running up to learn what was the matter, and to tell of noises like human voices and hammer blows behind the slab of rock. Then, as the fire in the house burned down to the ground, there was an explosion that seemed to shake the earth, and a column of fire sprang up the standing chimney, side by side with another less lofty and more diffused from the right of the building. Report after report followed, and the whole party, half terror-stricken, descended to the beach. Rufus, with Bigglethorpe's help, had considerably transferred his prisoner to the punt, and guarded him there. The storekeeper, taking chisel and mallet in hand, was striking off chip after chip of rock, in answer to muffled cries from within; and now the big rock had moved half an inch. Still the brave man worked away amid the continued