

# CANADA:

A Monthly Journal of Religion, Patriotism, Science & Literature.

*"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."*

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One Dollar a Year.

**D**URING the last three months of the year we ought to double our subscription list. This is the harvest time; will our readers help us to gather it in.

CANADA for next year will be better than ever. Its original contributions will be from our ablest and most interesting writers, and we will make a specialty of reprinting the best Canadian verse and prose from current periodicals.

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Original contributions are solicited from Canadian writers and on Canadian themes. While the Journal remains of its present size, contributions should not exceed one thousand words in length. Those not required will be returned, if stamps for postage be sent.

All communications should be addressed: "CANADA", Benton, New Brunswick.

## Our Short Story.

### SHON MCGANN'S TOBOGGAN RIDE.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

#### II.

**W**HATEVER claims Shen had upon the companionship of Sir Duke Lawless, he knew there were other claims that were more pressing. After the toast was finished, with an emphasised assumption of weariness, and a hint of a long yarn on the morrow, he picked up his blanket and started for the room where all were to sleep. The real reason of this early departure was clear to Pretty Pierre at once; and in due time it dawned upon Jo Gordineer.

The two Englishmen, left alone, sat for a few moments silent and smoking hard. Then The Honourable rose, got his knapsack and took out a small bundle of papers, which he handed to Sir Duke, saying: "By slow postal service to Sir Duke Lawless. Residence, somewhere on five continents."

An envelope bearing a woman's writing was the first thing that met Sir Duke's eye. He stared, took it out, turned it over, looked curiously at The Honourable for a moment, and then began to break the seal.

"Wait, Duke. Do not read that. We have something to say to each other first."

Sir Duke laid the letter down. "You have some explanation to make," he said.

"It was not so long ago; mightn't it be better to go over the story again?"

"Perhaps."

"Then it is best you should tell it. I am on my defence, you know."

Sir Duke leaned back, and a frown gathered on his forehead. Strikingly out of place on his fresh brown face it seemed. Looking quickly from the fire to the face of The Honourable and back again earnestly, as if the full force of what was required came to him, he said: "We'll get the perspective better if we put the tale in the third person. Duke Lawless was the heir to the title and estates of Trafford Court. Next in succession to him was Just Trafford his cousin. Lawless had an income sufficient for a man of moderate tastes. Trafford had not quite that; but he had his profession of the law. At college they had been fast friends, but afterward had drifted apart, through no cause save difference of pursuits and circumstances. Friends they still were and likely to be so always. One summer when on a visit to his uncle, Admiral Sir Clavel Lawless, at Trafford Court, where a party of people had been invited for a month,