

his fault that he is so dense as not to perceive the full drift of his argument, and so feeble-minded as to fancy that what he intends as a threat to deter us must count as a bait to stimulate our people. Since the result of provoking the British public a trifle further may be to make them recognize that the Act of Union not only can be, but has been broken, then provocation of the British public must not fail, until that public be aggravated to a point of acknowledging justice.

As to the talk about the ruling of Ireland by the English and Scotch Parliament merely, it will be time enough to notice it seriously when the deed is dared. The mysterious Englishman quoted may see no need of an Irish Parliament, but, on the other hand, the Irish Nation may see no need of alien tyrants.

"THE LIFE OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, AND OF HIS BLESSED MOTHER, translated and adapted from the Original of Rev. L. C. Businger, by Rev. Richard Brennan, M. A., L.L.D., etc."—Large 4to., to be completed in 38 parts, at 25c. each. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis.

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CADUC'S GRAVE.

A LEGEND OF THE UPPER OTTAWA.

BY J. K. F.

ABOUT half way between Ottawa City and the town of Pembroke there is in the Ottawa river a great rapid known as the Calumet. To the lumbermen upon the Upper Ottawa this was ever one of the most dangerous of places through which they had to pass with their timber. Speak to the lumberman of other days and even of to-day and before you have conversed a minute with him upon the subject of shanty life he will tell you of the many dangerous passes from the famous *Roche Capitaine* to the yet formidable *Long Sault*. And first and above all other places the great Calumet is the object of his admiration, wonder and sometimes fear. "Once started," he will tell you, "upon a crib of timber at the head of the Calumet there is no hope to return; you must go through to the end—if you strike all is over, if you slide along without hitting against the rock or island you run the risk of being sent to eternity when your crib lands at the foot." Such is the fury of the Calumet rapid that no man, except one, has ever set foot upon the island in the centre of the raging flood.

That man, that exception, and unfortunately for himself that sole exception, is the subject of the story which we record. Many years ago, long before civilization had so strongly established itself in the land, and when the lumber trade was in its infancy, a man of the name of Cadue was engaged in conducting small rafts over the wild and dangerous rapid of the Calumet. One day by some mistake he started alone upon a crib and faced the head of the furious flood. Placing too much confidence in his own skill he allowed himself to be whirled onward until losing all power and management over the frail timber crib he saw at a glance the almost inevitable death. In a wild act of mad despair, as the timber flew past the little wooded island in the centre of the stream, Cadue leaped upon the shore. Had he reflected a moment he would have found it the better plan to face the terrible dangers of the great rapid than