

The Picture of The Riviere Ouelle.

THE MISSIONARY. — Reader, have you ever been in the old church of the Riviere Ouelle? In one of its side chapels is an ex-voto which was placed there many long years ago by a stranger who was miraculously preserved from death. It is a very old picture, full of dust, and of no artistic value, but it recalls a touching story; I learned it when very young, on my mother's knees, and it has remained as fresh and vivid in my memory as when I first heard it.

It was a cold winter evening, long, long ago. The snow was beating against the window-sashes, and the icy north wind howled and shrieked among the naked branches of the great elms in the garden. The whole family had assembled in the salon. Our mother, after playing several airs on the piano, allowed her fingers to wander restlessly over the keys—her thoughts were elsewhere. A shade of sadness passed over her brow. "My dear children," said she, after a moment's silence, "see what a fearful night this is; perhaps many poor people will perish before morning from cold and hunger. How thankful we ought to be to God for our good food and warm, comfortable beds! Let us say our rosary for the poor travellers who may be exposed to such dangers during the night." And then she added, "If you say it with devotion, I will tell you all a beautiful story." Oh! how we wished that our rosary was finished! At that age the imagination is so vivid and the soul so impetuously kind. Childhood possesses all the charms of the golden dawn of life, enveloping every object in shade and mystery, it clothes each in a poetry unknown to any other age.

We gathered around our mother, near the glowing stove, which diffused a delicious warmth throughout the apartment, and listened in a religious sort of silence to her sweet and tender voice. I almost think I hear it now. Listen with me to her story. Toward the middle of the last century, a missionary, accompanied by several Indians, ascended the south bank of the St. Lawrence river, about thirty leagues below Quebec. The missionary was one of those intrepid pioneers of faith and civilization, whose sublime figures are thrown out from the background of the past, surrounded by a halo of glory and immortality. Nailed on Golgotha during the days of their bloody pilgrimage, they shine to-day on a new Tabar; and the light which radiates from their faces illuminates the world, and throws itself far into the future. At their names alone, the people, seized with wonder and respect, bow low their heads, for these names recall a courage most superhuman, a faith most admirable, and a devotedness most sublime. It was one of these loving at this moment was one of those illustrious children of the Society of Jesus, whose entire life was consecrated to the conversion of the savages of Canada. He was not very tall, and stooped slightly; his beard, blanching from hardships, and his pale and attenuated features, seemed to indicate a want of strength and endurance for so hard a life, but this frail body concealed one of those grand souls which draw on the energy of their will an inexhaustible strength. His large, expansive forehead suggested a proportionate intellect, and his features wore an expression of incomparable sweetness and simplicity; the least shade of a melancholy smile played over his lips—in a word, his whole face seemed to be filled with that mysterious glory with which sanctity illumines her predestined souls.

The leader of the little band was a few steps in advance. He was an old Indian warrior, who, a long time before, had been converted to Christianity by this holy missionary, and who, from that time, became the faithful companion of all his adventurous wanderings. The travelers advanced slowly on their "traquettes" over a soft, thick snow. It was one of those superb December nights, whose marvelous splendor is entirely unknown to the people of the South, with which the old year embellishes its waning hours to greet the advent of the new year. Innumerable stars poured their light in silver tears over the blue firmament of heaven—we might say tears of joy which the glory of the Sun of Justice draws from the eyes of the blessed. The moon, ascending through the different constellations, amused itself by contemplating in the snowy mirror its resplendent disk. Toward the north, luminous shafts radiated from a dark cloud which floated along the horizon. The aurora borealis announces itself first by pale, whitish jets of flame which slowly lick the surface of the sky, but soon the scene grows more animated, the colors deepen, and the light grows larger, forming an arch around an opaque cloud. It assumes the most bizarre forms. In turn appear long skeins of white silk, graceful swan plumes, or bundles of gold and silver thread, then a troop of white phantoms in transparent robes execute a fantastic dance. Now it is a rich satin fan whose summit touches the zenith, and whose edges are fringed with rose and saffron tints. Finally, it is an immense organ, with pearl and ivory pipes, which only awaits a celestial musician to intone the sublime hosanna of nature to the Creator. The strange crackling sound which accompanies this brilliant phenomenon completes the il-

lusion, for it is strangely like the sighs which escape from an organ whose pipes are filled with a powerful wind. It is the phylax of the divine concert which mortal ears are not permitted to listen to. The scene which presented itself below was not less fascinating in its savage beauty than that of the sky above.

The cold, dry atmosphere was not agitated by a single breath, nothing was heard but the dull, monotonous roaring of the gigantic river, sleeping under a coverlet of floating ice, which dotted its dark waters like the spotted skin of an immense leopard. A light white vapor rose like the breath from the nostrils of a marine monster. Toward the north, the blue crests of the Laurentides were clearly defined, from Cape Tourment to the mouth of the Saguenay. In a southern direction the last slopes of the Alleghenies stretched along covered with pines, firs, and maples; almost the entire shore was densely wooded, for at the remote period which we describe those vast clearings along the banks covered with abundant meadows were not to be seen, nor the pretty patches of the brightest color, ingeniously distributed over it. In a corner of the room the eldest daughter sits on a chest, singing merrily while she works at her loom, quickly and skilfully the shuttle flies between her hands; a post of wood, she makes in a day several measures of cloth, which she will use next year to make into garments. In another corner stands the huge bed, with its white and blue counterpane, and at its head a crucifix surrounded with pictures. That is the branch of withered fir above the cross is the blessed palm. Two or three barefooted little children are playing on the floor, harrassing up a dog. The father, bending over the stove, gravely lights his pipe with a firebrand. He is accoutred in a red woollen cap, vest and pants of the same material, and rough, heavy boots. After a meal he must "take a smoke" before going out to plough or to thresh in the barn. There is an air of thrift and comfort about the house; the voices of the children, the songs or recitations of the girl, with her spinning-wheel, and the appearance of health and happiness written on their faces, tell of the peace and serenity of their lives. Ever, in traveling through this country, you are overtaken by a snowstorm, you are obliged to seek a knook without fear at the cabin of the Canadian cottager, and you will be received with that warmth and cordiality which their ancestors have transmitted to them as a souvenir, a relic of the Old Country, for the French hospitable, which can scarcely be found now in certain parts of France, seems to have taken refuge under the roof of the Canadian habitant. With his language and religion he has preserved many of the old habits and customs. The traveler who rested under his roof a century ago would to-day find the same manners and characteristics.

It is in the parish of the Riviere Ouelle, in the bosom of one of those "Indian" families, that we find again our missionary and his companions. All the family are to hear the extraordinary adventures of the young officer, had gathered round him. He was a young man, from twenty to twenty-five years of age, with fine, delicate features; his dark hair fell over his forehead, and shaded his high forehead, and his proud glance revealed the loyalty of the French soldier, but an extreme pallor, consequent on the fatigue and privations he had undergone, had left a touching and melancholy expression on his face, while his refined and intelligent features told of an equally finished and careful education.

THE SILHOUETTE. — "More than a month ago," said the young officer, "I found myself in the cabin of the Abnaki, a soldier, and an Indian guide. We travelled along through the forest for several days without any accident, when, one evening, overcome by fatigue, we lit a fire and camped near a large Indian cemetery. According to the custom of the savages, every corpse was wrapped in a shroud of coarse bark, and placed high above the ground on four stakes. Bows and arrows, tomahawks, and some ears of maize were hung against these rude graves, and shook and rattled as the wind passed over them. One of our savages was seated just in front of me, on the half-decayed trunk of a pine tree that had fallen to the ground, and seemed half-buried in profound meditation. The fitful flames of the fire threw a weird light over his gigantic frame, and he might readily have been compared him to the superb maples of our forest, had he been able at the same time to have united with it the cunning of the serpent and the agility of the elk. His height was increased by a quantity of black, red, and white feathers tied with his hair on the top of his head. His ferocious features, piercing black eyes, his tomahawk and long knife, half concealed by the trophy of scalps which hung from his belt, gave him a wild and sanguinary appearance. The night was dark and bitter cold. The low and unequal arch formed by the intertwining branches of the trees, and illuminated by the flickering light of our pine-wood fire, seemed like a vast cavern, and the old trunks of the rotten trees, which were buried in the snow, looked like the corpses of giants strewn around. The birches, covered with their white bark, seemed like wandering phantoms in the

midst of this debris, and the dull rumbling of the distant torrent, and the wind moaning and whistling through the leafless branches, completed the weird, funereal aspect of the place. Any one slightly superstitious could easily believe he heard the sighing spirits of the Indian warriors who lay buried so near us. In spite of myself, a shiver of horror ran through my veins. Here, in the midst of all this grim rubbish, where every rock and tree was transformed by the shadows into as many spectres watching his movements, our audacious savage appeared as grave and tranquil as if he had been in his own cabin.

"Comrade," said I to him, "do you think we need fear any danger still from those Iroquois whose trail we discovered yesterday?" "Has my brother already forgotten that we found it again this morning?" "But there were only two," said I.

"Yes; but an Iroquois can very quickly communicate with his comrades."

"But these were not on the war-path; they were hunting an elk."

"Yes; but the snow is deep, and they could soon kill him without much fatigue, and then—"

"Well!" "And then, their hunger once satisfied—"

"I say they might, perhaps, amuse themselves by hunting the whiteskins."

"But the whites are at peace with the Iroquois."

"The Iroquois never bury but half of the war-hatchets, and besides, they have raised a company against the warriors of my tribe, and if they discover the track of an Abnaki among yours—"

"You think, then, that they might pursue us? Perhaps it would be more prudent to extinguish our fire."

"Does not my brother hear the howling of the wolves? If he prefers being devoured by them to receiving the arrow of any Iroquois, he can extinguish it."

"The words of our guide were not very reassuring, but I was so overcome with fatigue that, in spite of an evident danger to which we were exposed, I fell asleep. But my sleep was filled with the wildest dreams. The dark shadow of our guide, that I saw as I went to sleep, seemed to lengthen and rise behind him, black and threatening, like a spectre. The dead in the cemetery, shaking the snow from their shrouds, descended from their sepulchres, and bent towards me. I fancied I heard the grating of their teeth as the wind rushed through the trees and the dry branches cracked and snapped. I awoke with a start. Our guide, leaning against a post of one of the graves, was still before me, and from his heavy and regular breathing I knew that he slept profoundly. I fancied I saw just above him, peeping over the grave against which he was leaning, a dark form and flaming eyes. My imagination in that moment of semi-somnolence, half watching, half sleeping, my stupified faculties scarcely able to grasp the objects around me, and yet the dark shadow seemed to move slightly, and to lean more and more towards our savage, who was still in a deep sleep. At that moment the fire suddenly blazed up, and I saw distinctly the figure of an Indian. He held a long knife between his teeth, and with dilated eyes fixed on his enemy, he approached still nearer to assure himself that he slept. Then a diabolical smile lit up his face, and, seizing his knife, he brandished it in a moment of triumph, and then, with a sudden blow at the heart, followed by a flash in the firelight. At the same moment a terrible cry rang out, and the two savages rolled together in the snow. The flash of the steel, in awakening our guide, had also betrayed his enemy. Thus my horrible imagination terminated in a more horrible reality. I had just killed my gun, but dared not fire, lest I should kill or wound our guide. It was a death-fight between them. The snow, streaked with blood, blew up around them like a cloud of dust. A battle of glitters in the air, then a dull, heavy sound, followed by the cracking of bones. The victory was decided. A gurgling sound escaped from the victim—it was the death-rattle! Holding in one hand a bloody scalp, the conqueror, with a smile, raised himself proudly. At that instant a shot was heard. A ball struck him in the breast, and our savage, for it was he, fell dead in front of the fire. Taking aim with my gun, and sending a ball in the direction whence the shot had come, and where I saw another shadow gliding among the trees, was for me the work of an instant. The Indian, with a terrible death-cry, described an arch in the air with his body, and fell dead to the ground. The tragedy was finished; our savage was avenged, but we had no longer a guide. I then thought of our conversation that evening, and how his apprehensions of the two savages, whom we had tracked in the morning had been so fearfully realized.

DEATH.—"Abandoned without a guide, in the midst of interminable forests, we were in a state of extreme perplexity. We hesitated a long time whether to proceed on our route or to retrace our steps. The danger of falling into the hands of the Iroquois, who infested that part of the country, decided us to continue our journey.

"The only means left of finding our way was a little compass which my father had fortunately brought along. Several days later found us still on our painful march, in the midst of a violent snow storm. It was a veritable tempest; the snow fell so thick and fast we could scarcely see two feet in advance. In every direction we heard the trees splitting and falling to the ground. We were in great danger of

being crushed. My father was struck by a branch, which completely buried him under the snow, and we had great difficulty in extricating him. When we raised him up, he found that the chain around his neck which held the compass was broken, and the compass had disappeared. We searched long and carefully, but in vain—it could not be found. In falling, my father received a severe injury on the head, while dressing the wound, which bled freely, I could not restrain my tears on seeing this old man, with his white hair, enduring intense suffering with so much fortitude, and displaying such calmness in the midst of an agony which he tried to conceal from me by an outward show of confidence. My son," said he, when he saw my tears, "remember that you are a soldier. If death comes, it will find us on the roll of honor. It is well to die a martyr to duty, besides, nothing happens except by the will of God. Let us submit at once with courage and resignation to whatever He pleases to send."

(Continued on Page Seven.)

NOTES FOR FARMERS.

A soft pork bulletin has just been issued by Professor Shutt, of the Central Experimental Farm, which contains valuable information for all those engaged in that rapidly growing Canadian industry of pork raising. Firmness was found some time ago to be an essential quality in all pork for English markets. A tendency to softness or tenderness is sufficient to rate the bacon at second class prices and if the softness is at all pronounced to make it entirely unsaleable at a profit.

When it was reported that a large number of the pigs sent by packers produced soft bacon and that certain districts were more productive of this kind than others it was considered that an investigation into the causes would be of much benefit. On May 1st, 1899, the work began at the Dominion chemical laboratory at Ottawa.

The samples of fat for examination were obtained from taking pieces of the loin and shoulder. Pork is "soft" when it contains too much olein. Palmitin and stearin which form the consistency of a certain proportion of linolein—also a fluid fat—occurs in the fat of soft pork, and especially in that produced from corn. It will be seen from the present investigation that not only is there a close relationship between the consistency of a fat and its composition, but also that the food has a marked effect upon that composition, and hence upon its consistency or relative firmness. The oil of corn possesses more or less of this fluid fat linolein which makes it soft. In part through the animal economy into the body fat. In the method of analysis employed, advantage was taken of the fact that these fluid fats are unsaturated and combine with iodine and in this respect differ from the saturated fats of solid fats. From the amount of iodine so absorbed, the fluid fat present was calculated, which, for the sake of simplicity, has been recorded in this bulletin as olein. Whenever the term olein is used it is intended to include all fluid fats present.

After the completion of the first work four very young pigs were examined to learn the nature of the fat of immature animals. It seemed probable after the data had been procured that the fat of all young animals was of a large amount of olein and was consequently "soft." From this it was concluded that age and maturity are factors of importance toward a firm fat. A live weight of 180 or 200 pounds was reached. The pork is not rigidly dry. At the conclusion of the first experiment with 180 pigs the following information was procured:

- 1. That of all the grain rations employed, that consisting of equal parts of oats, pease and barley gave the finest pork. It may further be added that the fat was deposited evenly and not too thickly, and that this ration gave a very thrifty growth.
- 2. That no difference could be observed in the firmness of the pork from the preceding ration whether fed soaked or dry.
- 3. That when half the grain ration consisted of corn meal, the resulting pork was somewhat softer than from that of any of the rations already discussed. We conclude that the longer the period during which the corn is fed as a large proportion of the ration, the softer will be the pork.
- 4. That beans produce a soft and inferior pork. The growth of the pigs so fed was poor and miserable and the deposition of the fat meagre.
- 5. That corn meal fed exclusively as the grain ration, either dry or previously soaked, results in an extremely soft fat, the percentage of olein being considerably higher than from any other ration tested. The percentage of olein in the fat of the half first ration was somewhat higher than the whole of the second period, and the resulting pork was somewhat softer than from that of any of the rations already discussed. We conclude that the longer the period during which the corn is fed as a large proportion of the ration, the softer will be the pork.
- 6. That beans produce a soft and inferior pork. The growth of the pigs so fed was poor and miserable and the deposition of the fat meagre.
- 7. That when corn meal formed half the first ration, and the whole of the second period, and the resulting pork was somewhat softer than from that of any of the rations already discussed. We conclude that the longer the period during which the corn is fed as a large proportion of the ration, the softer will be the pork.
- 8. That beans produce a soft and inferior pork. The growth of the pigs so fed was poor and miserable and the deposition of the fat meagre.
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GOOD WORK

Ever heard of the man who sold his horse because it was growing thin? After awhile he saw a fine looking horse he wanted to buy. It was his own old horse grown fat. The new owner had found the right medicine.

Scott's Emulsion does that kind of work with sickly children. Sometimes it changes a child's whole nature so much one would scarcely know the child. Scott's Emulsion starts the small ones to growing like weeds. The scrawny ones get hearty and fat. Color begins to show in the pale face.

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tion consists of corn meal, the resulting pork showing an increased percentage of olein; in other words, a tendency to softness.

4. That in this ration (half corn meal, half oats, pease and barley in equal parts) the feeding of it boiled gave a much higher olein content, but this is only apparent when the average from the four pens is taken into consideration.

5. That considering the effect of feeding the ration of oats, pease and barley during the first period (to a live weight of 100 pounds) and corn meal during the second period, compared with the reverse of this plan—that is, corn first, followed with oats, pease and barley—we may conclude that the former gives a firmer pork.

6. That in both methods mentioned in the preceding paragraph, no marked difference was to be observed from the ration fed dry or previously soaked, though taking an average of the two groups on each ration the "dry" feed gave a somewhat higher olein content.

7. That when corn meal formed half the first ration, and the whole of the second period, and the resulting pork was somewhat softer than from that of any of the rations already discussed. We conclude that the longer the period during which the corn is fed as a large proportion of the ration, the softer will be the pork.

8. That beans produce a soft and inferior pork. The growth of the pigs so fed was poor and miserable and the deposition of the fat meagre.

9. That corn meal fed exclusively as the grain ration, either dry or previously soaked, results in an extremely soft fat, the percentage of olein being considerably higher than from any other ration tested. The percentage of olein in the fat of the half first ration was somewhat higher than the whole of the second period, and the resulting pork was somewhat softer than from that of any of the rations already discussed. We conclude that the longer the period during which the corn is fed as a large proportion of the ration, the softer will be the pork.

In 1900 the second series of experiments was begun to obtain corroboration of the first results. The presence of several modifications in the ration and the method employed was sought to be investigated.

In all important features the data of the first series were confirmed by the second investigation. There was however much learned in addition from the latter experiments. In every instance where it was found that the fat was soft, the fat from the same grain ration fed without skim milk. The softening effect of corn which is hard to overcome is counteracted by the use of skim milk. There are where it is pointed to injurious effects from a ration of more than half corn without skim milk it is recorded that its use as part of a grain ration in conjunction with skim milk has produced an excellent quality of pork.

Among the most important conclusions of the second investigation were:

1. That the one great controlling factor in the quality of the pork of finished pigs lies in the character of the food employed.
2. That Indian corn and beans tend to softness, i.e. to increase the percentage of olein in the fat. If these grains are used they must be fed judiciously if first class firm pork is to be produced. If fed in conjunction with skim milk it has been shown that a considerable proportion of Indian corn may be used in the grain ration without injuring the quality of the pork.
3. That a grain ration consisting of a mixture of oats, pease and barley, in equal parts, give a firm pork of excellent quality.
4. That skim milk not only tends to checkiness in rapid growth, but counteracts in a very marked manner any tendency to softness.
5. That rape, pumpkins, artichokes, sugar beets, turnips and mangels can be fed in conjunction with a good ration without injuring the quality of the pork.
6. That the fat of very young pigs and animals of unthrifty growth is softer than that of finished pigs that have increased steadily to the finishing weight.

If a man is not making constant sacrifices, he is deceiving himself, and is not advancing in spirituality. If a man is not denying himself daily, he is not carrying the cross.