

WHO THEY ARE.

Canadians Who Were Honored With Decorations on King's Birthday, Nov. 9, 1903—Sketches of Their Careers.

Louis Felix Pinault was born at Rimouski November 6, 1852. His father, a farmer, realized the value of a good education, and made many sacrifices to secure it for his children. Col. Pinault, after a course at the seminary of Rimouski, graduated B.A., and won the Prince of Wales prize. Having studied law at Laval, he secured the degree of LL.B., and was called to the Bar in 1879, and soon built up a lucrative practice. He joined the 9th Battalion, and had risen to the position of Major, when appointed to the present position, Deputy Minister of Militia and Defence. He was also M.P.P. for Matane from 1890 to 1900.

Louis Philippe Hebert was born at Ste. Sophie d'Halifax, Megantic county, Quebec, January 27, 1850. Educated at the local schools, he became at fourteen clerk in a country store, and in 1871 went to Massachusetts, where he worked on a farm. He had always an inclination for wood-carving, and having gone to Montreal, obtained a prize at the Provincial Exhibition of 1873 for a small bust in wood. Soon afterwards he was taken into the studio of N. Bourassa, sculptor and painter, and, after working there for five years, studied for a year in Paris. On his return he entered on his profession until 1886, when he removed to Paris, where he has since maintained a studio. Among his works are the statues of De Salaberry at Chambly, Sir George E. Cartier and Sir John Macdonald at Ottawa, Malouneuve and Chénier in Montreal, and Champlain at Quebec. He has been a member of the R.C.A. since 1886.

Dr. Robert Bell, Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, was born in the township of Toronto in 1841. He was educated at the Grammar School, L'Orignal, Que., and McGill University. In 1857 he joined the Canadian Geological Survey. From 1863 for five sessions he was professor of chemistry and sciences in Queen's University. He was medical officer, naturalist and geologist in the Government expeditions to Hudson Bay in 1884, 1885 and 1897. Morgan says of him that during his connection with the Geological Survey of Canada he has had opportunities of making more extensive surveys and explorations throughout the Dominion than has fallen to the lot of any other man. These include the Mackenzie River region, the shores and country around Hudson Bay, the Labrador peninsula, and part of Baffin Land. In 1895-96 he found in the territory southeast of James Bay an immense region of good soil and timber, and surveyed a great river all the way from the height of land to James Bay, now known as Bell River. He has been the recipient of many honors from various learned bodies and educational institutions.

J. George Hodgins, LL.D., is historiographer of the Ontario Department of Education, which department he entered as chief clerk in 1844, becoming Secretary of the Provincial Board of Education, 1846; Deputy Superintendent, 1850; and, under the late Dr. Ryerson, in 1855, and Deputy Minister in 1876, a post which he held until 1889. He has thus been for sixty years, prominently connected with Ontario education. He was one of the pioneers in schoolbook literature in Canada, and is still engaged in important work on the historical side of education in this Province. He was also chief editor of the life of Dr. Ryerson, a graduate of Victoria University, an LL.D. of Toronto (1870), a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society (1861). Dr. Hodgins has also the French decoration of the Palm Leaf (1879). He also holds a confederation medal in acknowledgment of his services as a public officer and man of letters. Dr. Hodgins was born in Dublin, August 12, 1821. He is an elder brother of Judge Thos. Hodgins.

Lieut.-Col. Henry Robert Smith, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons, was born at Kingston, Dec. 80, 1833. Educated at the Kingston Grammar School, he entered the public service May, 1859, and became Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms, Jan. 11, 1892. Lieut.-Col. Achon Gosford Irvine, warden of Manitoba Penitentiary, was born in Quebec, Dec. 7, 1837; gazetted Lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion for service at La Prairie under Field Marshall Wolseley, 1864; made 2nd Battalion Quebec Rifles in the Red River expedition 1870; command of Manitoba Provincial Battalion 1871, and retired from the service with the rank of Lieutenant-colonel, June, 1875. Assistant Commissioner of Northwest Mounted Police 1875, and Commissioner 1880. Served in Northwest Rebellion 1885, and was appointed to his present office 1892.

Oddities of Donkubors.
The Donkubors have resumed their fanatical customs in the Yorkton district in Manitoba, where they are located in colonies, says a Winnipeg special. Six have recently been before the courts charged with having willfully set fire to a binder and a quantity of grain some weeks ago. The prisoners were asked to select one of their number who would give evidence for them all. The prisoner chosen was the man designated during the last pilgrimage as "John the Baptist." He gave his evidence in the following words:
"The wheat we are accused of rolling down and injuring was ours, as well as the other Donkubors. We helped sow it, and it was sown with out animal labor; therefore it was sown in accordance with the new life. The binder also belongs to us as much as to the brethren, and we burned it to show the new life to the world. We think that everything invented by man is evil, because those inventions injure both man and beasts."

ABNER DANIEL

By WILL N. HARBEN

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"There you go," laughed Miller. "Make it personal. That's the only way the average lover argues. I am speaking in general terms. Let me finish. Take two examples—first, the chap crazily in love, who faces life with the red rag of his infatuation—his girl. No parental objection, everything smooth and a carload of silverware, a clock for every room in the house. They start out on their honeymoon, doing the chief cities in the biggest hotels and the theaters in the three dollar seats. They soon tire of themselves and lay it to the trip. Every day they rake away a handful of glamour from each other till, when they reach home, they have come to the conclusion that they are only human, and not the highest order at that. For awhile they have a siege of discontent, wondering where it's all gone. Finally the man is forced to go about his work, and the woman gets to making things to go on the backs of chairs and trying to spread her trousseau over the next year, and they begin to court resignation. Now, if they had not had the glamour attack they would have got down to business sooner, that's all, and they would have set a better example to other plungers. Now for the second illustration: Poverty on one side, boodles on the other; more glamour than in other case because of the gulf between. They get married; they have to. They've inherited the stupid idea that the Lord is at the bottom of it and that the glamour is his smile. Like the other couple, their eyes are finally opened to the facts, and they begin to secretly wonder what it's all about. The one with the spondules wonders harder than the one who has none. If the man has the money, he will feel good at first over doing so much for his affinity, but if he has an eye for earthly values—and good business men have—there will be times when he will envy Jones, whose wife had as many rocks as Jones. Love and capital go together like rain and sunshine; they are productive of something. Then if the woman has the money and the man hasn't there's tragedy—a slow cutting of throats. She is irresistibly drawn with the rest of the world into the thought that she has tied herself and her money to an automaton, for such men are invariably lifeless. They seem to lose the faculty of earning money—in any other way. And as for a proper title for the penniless young idiot that publicly advertises himself as worth enough, in himself, for a girl to sacrifice her money to live with him—well, the unbridled does not furnish it. Jack Ass in billboard letters would come nearer to it than anything that occurs to me now. I'm not afraid to say it, for I know you'd never cause any girl to give up her fortune without knowing at least whether you could replace it or not."

Alan arose and paced the room. "That," he said as he stood between the lace curtains at the window, against which the rain beat steadily—"that is why I feel so blue. I don't believe Colonel Barclay would ever forgive her, and I'd die before I'd make her lose a thing."

"You are right," returned Miller, lighting his cigar at the lamp. "and he'd cut her off without a cent. I know him. But what is troubling me is that you may not be benefited by my logic. Don't allow this to go any further. Let her alone from tonight on, and you'll find in a few months that you are resigned to it, just like the average widower who wants to get married six months after his loss. And when she is married and has a baby she'll meet you on the street and not care a rap whether her hat's on right or not. She will tell her husband all about it and

blame to you as her first, second or third fancy, as the case may be. I have faith in your future, but you've got a long, rocky road to hoe, and a thing like this could spoil your usefulness and misdirect your talents. If I could see how you could profit by waiting, I'd let your flame burn unmoled; but circumstances are against us."

"I'd already seen my duty," said Alan in a low tone as he came away from the window. "I have an engagement with her later, and the subject shall be avoided."

"Good man!" Miller's cigar was so short that he stuck the blade of his penknife through it that he might enjoy it to the end without burning his fingers. "That's the talk! Now I must move on downstairs and dance with that Miss Fewclothes from Rome—the one with the auburn tresses that says 'delighted' whenever she is spoken to."

Alan went back to the window. The rain was still beating on it. For a long time he stood looking out into the blackness. The bad luck which had come to his father had been a blow to him, but its later offspring had the grim, cold countenance of death itself. He had never realized till now that Dolly Barclay was so much a part of his very life. For a moment he almost gave way to a sob that rose and again clapped his hands before him in dumb self pity. He told himself that Rayburn Miller was right; that only weak men would act contrary to such advice. No, it was over—all, all over.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER the dance Frank Hillhouse took Dolly home in one of the drenched and bespattered hacks. The Barclay residence was one of the best made and largest in town. It was an old style southern frame house, painted white, and had white columns verandas on two sides. It was in the edge of the town and had an extensive lawn in front and almost a little farm behind.

Dolly's mother had never forgotten that she was once a girl herself, and she took the most active interest in everything pertaining to Dolly's social life. On occasions like the one just described she found it impossible to sleep till her daughter returned, and then she slipped upstairs and made the girl tell all about it while she was dressing. Tonight she was more alert and wide awake than usual. She opened the front door for Dolly and almost stepped on the girl's heels as she followed her upstairs.

"Was it nice?" she asked.

"Yes; very," Dolly replied. Reaching her room, she turned up the low burning lamp and, standing before a mirror, began to take some dowers out of her hair. Mrs. Barclay sat down on the edge of the high posted mahogany bed and raised one of her bare feet and held it in her hand. She was a thin woman, with iron gray hair, and about fifty years of age. She looked as if she were cold but for reasons of her own she was not willing for Dolly to remark it.

"Who was there?" she asked.

"Oh, everybody."

"Is that so? I thought a good many would stay away because it was a bad night, but I reckon they are as anxious to go as we used to be. Then you all did have the hacks?"

"Yes; they had the hacks." There was a pause, during which one pair of eyes was fixed rather vacantly on the



Began to take some dowers out of her hair.

image in the mirror. The other pair, full of impatient inquiry, rested alternately on the image and its maker.

"I don't believe you had a good time," broke the silence in a rising, tentative tone.

"Yes; I did, mother."

"Then what's the matter with you?" Mrs. Barclay's voice rang with impatience. "I never saw you act like you do tonight—never in my life."

"I didn't know anything was wrong with me, mother."

"You act queer; I declare you do," asserted Mrs. Barclay. "You generally have a lot to say. Have you and Frank had a falling out?"

Dolly gave her shoulders a sudden shrug of contempt.

"No; we got along as well as we ever did."

"I thought maybe he was a little mad because you wouldn't dance to-night, but surely he's got enough sense to see that you oughtn't to insult Brother Dillbeck that way when he's visiting our house and everybody knows what he thinks about dancing."

To Be Continued.

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