

voured or 1898 WARD NO. 3. 1898 nost diseque for Your Vote and Influence are respectfully Canada JAMES ALISON The People's Candidate 461 women As Alderman for 1898 s will be of The YORK TOWNSHIP mmends rustees your vote and influence are respectfully solicited for the ommitelection of Lawrence H. Baldwin As Reeve for 1898. Election January 3, 1898. THE MCGOMN GOLD AND COPPER MINE of Parry Sound, Limited. ble stocks. other e or CQUE, o-street. A block of Treasury Stock is now nd suffered offered to the public at 25c per dollar v the mar an official share. non-assessable and non-personal liability. tripes were pole that ericans and Assays running from \$25.00 to \$249.00. Prospectus forwarded on application to was hoist-GEORGE MONTEITH, ssession the ied the men not to allow Official Broker, ROSSEAU, ONT. uano un xican laws. MINING STOCKS an atoll, o ur miles in trees consti-the island, Smuggler, Saw Bill, Golden Cache, millions o tons of the ound on the is landed to ind in behalf Hiawatha, Tin Horn, Hammond Reef, Winchester. irmed. pecial quotations in any of the above tocks during this week. Write for prices. h Lady. F. McPHILLIPS. er of the Ear ep Singh wil Tel 1800. 1 Toronto-street, Toronto. COLD AND SILVER MINING STOCKS idea It is generally believed that the year 1898 will be a record breaker in mining matters throughout the Dominion." Investments made now-at low prices-will undoubtedly give splendid returns. For information regarding the mines Pearline use for ning, etc., E. L. SAWYER & CO., No. 42 King-street West, over the just wash Telephone 259. See how MINING STOCKS han soap, ork! BY AUCTION. Pearline Next sale of Mining Stocks will take place on 1UESDAY, 4TH JANUARY, at 12.33 o'clock, when 70,000 shares of Golden Gate, Canadian Gold Fields, Hammond Reef, Ibex, Tin Horn, Frincess, Monte Christo, Ban-nockburn, Grand Prize, Colonna, etc., will d not for cleaning, of a great 547 LINE be offered J. ENOCH THOMPSON, 34 Adelaide-street east.

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camp on the river. Jean Baptiste is a true friend and delightful companion. Their songs, their dances, either in the cabanne, on the raft or on the deck, or in some house or barn, I know and love. There is to-day, to my mind, no such paradise of nature as the Laurentian country, north of the St. his ideal is: Lawrence. Muskoka, or the country north of it, is not to be compared with the wild and silent grandeur of the lakes, streams and rocks and mountains of Quebec. And it is in these backwoods fastnesses, as well as in the more settled parishes, that one learns to love the French-Canadian character and to expreciate the humor that is in his conversation, carried on in the English tongue. In a word, all I know of the Canadian is to make me respect him and seek his fellowship, whether in the House at Ottawa, or tramping settled parishes on the other shore.

But before I speak of Dr. Drummond's book, let me tell a story. One night, it must be six or more years ago, I was in the smoking end of the sleeper going to Montreal, My companion, a more elderly man, and myself, we got into a conversation about Canada and Canadians. We had never met before. We gradually exchanged experiences, and after a good deal of talk about French-Canadians, and after I had gathered that he came from New England, he slapped his leg and said, "I try to get to Lower Canada every summer, and I it, because you can get there a sixteenth century civilization, with a feudal service, and when a want a rest and change my whole surroundings, I go there. The people are so different and yet so hospitable and friendly." statement, "a sixteenth century civilization with a feudal service," was certainly a striking off-hand deliverance and made a great impression on me, part ly by reason of its force, partly as confirming my own observations.

My companion went on in this way for a few seconds longer, when, as of an Inspiration. I said. "Oh, I know you; you're the Professor of Greek at Harvard, your brother owns the seigniory at Port Neuf, and your name is Greenough!" I've heard all about you from some of my friends in that country. His nect remark was, "Well,, the world is not so wide. Would you mind joining me in a drink out of my flask?" which he produced from a traveling bag. It was only a traveler's incident, but what made it dramatic to us was that we were both enamored of the habitant character, and had both been intimate with it in the same parish, and suddenly had discovered that fact in the smoking end of a sleeping car! I've never seen the professor since, but I've had the pleasure of meeting his brother the "seigneur," and in him I found a gentleman who has lived steadily on his property in Port Neuf, which he bought as a speculation some twenty odd years ago, but which he now regards as his patrimony, and where he and his family choose to spend their days with few but French-Canadian neighbors. It is a rather odd conversion to see a Boston man turned into a genuine French-Canadian "seigneur," living among the ha bitants as of preference, and becoming to all intents and purposes one of the people. There is a distinguished legal family in Toronto who have settled for the summers for many years in much the same way further down the St. Lawrence, and the junior members whereof are as familiar with habitant character as is the gentleman I have just mentioned. Montreal and Quebec have thousands of English-speaking families who know the habitant in all his phases and who can appreciate a book like that of Dr. Drummond.

And I know of at least one little "manoir" house on the banks of the great river, near Quebec, inhabited by a family, father French, mother Glengarry Scotch, where they speak either tongue as the moment suits them, where they all appreciate the humor of an Upper Canadian's French or a French-Canadian's English, where they live amid two different currents of life that mingle in themselves and the result of which has been to make them all generous, charitable, hospitable, most of all tolerant. And it is the best tribute to the French-Canadian character that those English-speaking people who live most among them are the most tolerant of them, have the warmest regard and respect for them. The day is coming, I trust, when the two races will be mingled as they are in the house I refer to.

I've always been more or less familiar with habitant English, but the first time I came to know that it could be made to sing, if I may use the term, was on meeting my brother, "J. H.," who had been for some time in Montreal or the papers there, and who one night in his own way recited "The Wreck of the Julie Plante." He had picked it up in that city when it first came out. I had heard all about "Rosie, the Cook," long before I knew that her clever creor was Dr. Drummond, whose book is now before mc. Dr. Drummond has own up among the French Canadians, and, as he says, he has learned to e them. It is with the sympathetic hand of an admirer that he draws the bitant's character, and he does it well.

And having mentioned one professor of Harvard let me speak of another, sident Elliot of that well-known seat of learning. Some three or four years he discussed in a magazine article the failure of the people of the United tes to build up, or rather establish, families. This was due, he pointed But spring's in beeg hurry, an' don't stay long wit' us An' firs' t'ing we know, she go off till nex year.

And so the habitant has no complaint to make of his climate. Indeed,

Dey 's many way for spark de girl, an' you know dat of course, Some way dey might be better way, an' some dey might be worse But I lak' sit some cole night wit' my girl on ole burleau [sleigh] Wit' lot of hay keep our foot warm-an' plaintee buffalo-

And most of the pathos and some of the humor of the poems turn on the climate: the humor of "The Wreck of the Julie Plante" turns on a storm and the forest fastnesses of the Laurentides, or spending a quiet day among the the pathos of "Le Vieux Temps," most of all the pathos of the truest of the poems "Pelang" turns on:

> Dan out of de sky come de Nor' Eas' win'-Out of de sky come de becg snow storm.

Blow lak not'ing I never see, Blow lak le diable he was mak' grande tour; De snow come down lak wan avalanche, An' cole! Mon Dieu, it is cole for sure!!

The most ambitious of the poems "Philorum Juneau" deals with the hardest of subjects, the supernatural, and it turns on a stormy night:

An' de win' she blow lak I never see, an' de beeg show storm come down And next to his parish and his climate the habitant loves his "reever."

He regrets the decline of lumbering, of rafting, of the old days of prosperity. that went with the sa wlogs. He loves to have a farm with a river front. on "bord de l'eau."

Jean Baptiste is proud also of the fecundity of his race, and Dr. Drun mond makes him sing:

Ma fader an' ma moder too, got nice, nice familee, Dat's ten garcon an' t'orteen girl, was mak' it twenty t'ree; But fonny t'ing de Gouvernement don't geev de firs' prize den Lak w'at dey say dey geeve it now, for only wan douzaine.

De English peep dat only got wan familee small size Mus' be feel glad dat tam dere is no honder acre prize For fader of twelve chil'ren-dey know dat mus' be so. De Canayens would boss Kebeck-n.ebbe Ontario.

An so in "De Nice Leetle Canadienne:"

I marry ma famme w'en I 'm jus' twenty year, An' now we got fine familee, Dat skip roun' de place lak leetle small deer. No smarter crowd you never see-An' I t'ink as I watch dem all chasin' about. Four boy an' six girl, she mak' ten, Dat's help mebbe kip it, de stock from run out Of de nice leetle Canadienne.

And a word as to the vocabulary of habitant English. The most characteristic word is "tam" for our word "time," or the Frenchmans "temps." turns up in almost every verse. So do such words as "lak" for "like." "beeg" for big and "geev" for give. The word "also" which we never use for a rhyming ending to a line, does duty in twenty places in the habitant English verses. One of the most humorous words used by the habitant is "satisfy:"

"I tole you dis: I'm very satisfy."

Let us quote for a closing what we think to be two or three very characteristic verses in habitant English:

Nex' morning very early,

'Bout ha'f-pas' two-t'ree-four. At a dance:

An' w'en Bateese play Irish jeeg, he's learn on Mattawa Dat tam he's head boss cook Shaintee den leetle Joe Leblanc Tak' hole de beeg Marie Juneau an' dance upon de floor Till Marie say "Excuse to me, I cannot dance no more."-

.

Away she go-hooraw' hooraw' plus fort Bateese, mon vieux Camille Bisson, please watch your girl-dat's bes' t'ing you can do

He say, "Oh yass dat 's sure enough-I know you now firs' rate, But I forget mos' all ma French since I go on de State. Dere 's 'noder t'ing kip on your head, ma frien' dey mus' be tole Ma name 's Bateese Trudeau no more, but John B. Waterhole

"Hole on de water 's" fonny name for man w'at 's call Trudeau Ma frien's dey all was spik lak dat an' I am tole heem so-He say "Trudeau an' Waterhole she 's jus' about de sam' An' if you go for leev on State, you must have Yankee nam'."

Den we invite heem come wit' us, "Hotel du Canadaw" W'ere he was treat mos' ev'ry tam, but can't tak w'isky blanc, He say dat 's leetle strong for man jus' come off Central Fall An' "tabac Canayen" bedamme! he won't smoke dat at all!-

But fancy drink lak "Collings John" de way he put it down Was long tam since I don't see dat-I t'ink he 's goin' drown!-An' fine cigar cos' five cent each, an' mak' on Trois-Rivieres L'enfant! he smoke beeg pile of dem-for monce he don't care!-

I s'pose meseff it 's t'ree o'clock w'en we are t'roo dat night Bateese, hees fader come for heem, an' tak' heem home all right De ole man say Bateese spik French, w'en he is place on bed-An' say bad word-but w'en he wake-forget it on hees head-

Wall! all de winter w'en we have soirce dat 's grande affaire Bateese Trudeau dit Waterhole, he be de boss man dere-You bet he have beeg tam, but w'en de spring is come encore He 's buy de premiere classe tiquette for go on State some more.

You 'member w'en de hard tam come on Les Etats Unis An' plaintee Canayens go back for stay deir own countree? Wall! jus' about 'dat tam again I go Riviere du Loup For sole me two t'ree load of hay-mak' leetle visit too-

De freight train she is jus' arrive—cnly ten hour delay— She 's never carry passengaire—dat 's w'at dey always say— I see poor man on char caboose—he 's got heem small valise Begosh! I nearly tak' de fit,—It is—it is Bateese!

He know me very well dis tam, an' say "Bon jour, mon vieux I hope you know Bateese Trudenu was educate wit' you I 'm jus' come off de State to see ma familee encore I bus' mesef on Central Fail—I don't go dere no more."

'I got no monee-not at all-I 'm broke it up for sure-Dat 's locky t'ing, Napoleon, de brakeman Joe Latour Jie 's cousin of wan frien' of me call Camille Valiquette, Conductor too 's good Canayen-don't ax me no tiquette.'

I tak' Bafeese wit' me once more "Hotel du Canadaw" An' he was glad for get de chance drink some good w'isky blanc! Dat 's warm heem up, an' den he eat mos' ev'ryt'ing he see, I watch de w'ole beez-neese mese'f-Monjee! he was hongree!

Madame Charette wat 's kip de place get very much excite For see de many pork an' bean Bateese put out of sight Du pain dore-potate pie-an' 'noder t'ing be dere But w'en Bateese is get heem t'roo-dey go I don't know w'ere.

It don't tak' long for tole de news "Bateese come off de State" An' purty soon we have beez crowd lak village she 's en fete Bonhomme Maxime Trudeau hese'f, he 's comin' wit' de pries' An' pass' heem on de "Room for eat" w'ere he is see Bateese.

Den ev'rybody feel it glad, for watch de embrasser An' bimeby de ole man spik "Bateese you her for stay?" Bateese he 's cry lak beeg bebe. "Ba j'eux rester ici. An' if I never see de State, I 'm sure I don't care-me."

"Correc'," Maxime is say right off. "I place you on de farm For help your poor ole fader, won't do you too moche harm Please come wit' me on Magusin, Iftex you up-ba oui An' den you 're ready for go home an' see de familee.

Wall! w'en de ole man an' Bateese come off de Magasin Bateese is los' hees Yankee clothes-he 's dress lak Canayen Wit' bottes sauvages-ceinture fleche-an' coat wit' capuchon An' spik Francais au naturel, de sem' as habitant.

I see Bateese de oder day, he 's work hees fader's place I t'ink mese'f he 's satisfy-I see dat on hees face He say "I got no use for State, mon cher Napoleon Kebeck she 's pod enough for me-Hooraw pour Canadaw."

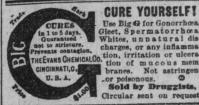




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