



Printed and Published by THE YOUNG CANADIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.—M. P. MURRAY, Secretary, 111 Mackay Street, Montreal.

No. 8. VOL. I.

Montreal, Wednesday, March 18, 1891.

Five cents a copy
\$2.00 per annum, in advance.

REBEL OR PATRIOT.

BY S. M. BAYLIS.

CHAPTER V.

“Last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history.”—AS YOU LIKE IT.



RAOUL spent the greater part of the night writing last words to relatives and friends, and composing what might be called a political testament as his dying legacy to his country, reserving a few impressive words to be spoken at the last moment. Snatching a brief sleep, he was early

awakened by the commotion betokening the arrival of the fateful day. Dressing himself with scrupulous care in the costume of the gentleman of the period, he awaited the coming of Father Lebeau, whose devotion never faltered. A few solemn words, a prayer, and he was ready to answer the call of the sheriff. The procession formed, the surpliced priest, bearing in his

hands the holy symbol of the crucifixion and chanting in solemn tones the service of the church, leading the way.

This, be it remembered, was in the days when such sad scenes were not enacted with the privacy with which Justice now tempers her stern decrees, and, when the procession mounted the scaffold, a strange sight met the eye.

A strong cordon of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, was formed in close order round the foot of the scaffold. Pressing up to and around these in a dense mass, was a motley crowd of men, women, and children, drawn to the spot as a show attracts the crowd. The sea of up-turned faces presented in their varied expressions of brutal exultation, suppressed passion, sorrowful pity, or careless indifference, a study for the student of human nature. Permission to speak being granted, Raoul stepped forward, swept his glance over the sea of heads, and in clear tones began:

“Friends and fellow-countrymen! In this solemn hour, at peace with God, it would ill-become me to die with words of wrath upon my lips. For those who have brought me here to this ignominious death I pray for-