

There seems to be some confusion on the point. At all events, the new-comers disembarked with plenty wherewith to make good cheer, and the fort was soon a scene of merriment. Before long, too, Pontgrave's vessels were seen entering the harbor, and "all went merry as a marriage bell," L'Escarbot proving the very life of the little company. He, it appears, inspired the men to put in a crop of wheat, vegetables, and barley, cheering them meanwhile with his merry songs and plans for entertainment. At the table of the fort, so he writes, meat of moose, caribou, beaver, otter, hare, and bear, was commonly seen, with wild ducks, geese, sturgeons, and fish of all sorts. Often Indians—and old Membertou always—sat at the feast, and all seemed to be going well. But in the spring the news came that De Monts' monopoly was rescinded, and that Port Royal could no longer be supported.

On the 30th of July, L'Escarbot sailed for Canseau in the Jonas. There, on the 27th of August, he was joined by Poutinacourt and Champlain in an open boat; all set sail and arrived at St. Malo, October, 1607.

These Frenchmen at Port Royal, it will be noted, were the first Europeans who attempted to form an agricultural colony in the new world.

COMING OF THE ENGLISH.

For three years, again, there was a lull, then Poutinacourt, from whose dream the vision of Acadia transformed into a second France had never vanished, returned again, a memorable feature of the voyage being the fact that, for the first time the vessel bore a priest—Father Fleche—who had come with the special purpose of converting the heathen.

The curiosity with which Poutinacourt looked toward the fair shores as, early in June, 1610, the vessel sailed into the well-known basin, may well be imagined. What had become of the little fort; what had become of the little farm during the long absence?—Yes, there were the roofs; there was the fort practically as it had been left in 1607.—And there, too, was old Membertou, beaming a welcome, with smiles perhaps not lessened because of memories of the fine dinners of yore. With rejoicing, the Frenchmen took possession, and ere long Father Fleche was enthusiastically engaged in his special work, but nonplussed indeed he must often have been. All the Indians wanted to be converts at once, partly out of an idea that the baptismal rite would bring good luck, partly out of the hope that their embracing the Frenchman's faith would prove an open sesame to the good cheer at Port Royal. Membertou, indeed, was for making war on all who would not turn Christians, while "one dying neophyte," so it is recorded, asked whether there would be "French pies in heaven."

Before long, Poutinacourt sent his son, Biencourt, to France, with an account of all that was being done, and when the youth arrived there it was to find that momentous changes had taken place; Henry IV had been assassinated by Ravallac, in the streets of Paris, and Marie de Medicis was regent for her son. The Jesuits, too, had gained greatly in power, and it was arranged that when Biencourt returned, two of the order, Fathers Biard and Masse, should return with him. So, arrived at Port Royal, on the 22nd of July, 1611, the first of those indefatigable workers, the Jesuits, in the interminable forests of Canada. Shortly afterwards, old Membertou died, and was buried in consecrated ground near the fort.

Henceforth, for long enough, were difficult times indeed for both priest and layman in Acadia. Sedulously the priests set themselves to learning the Indian tongue, but even when they had accomplished it, they were at sea so far as the teaching of their religion was concerned, for in the speech of the red man there were no terms for such abstractions as faith, hope, charity, etc., and sometimes when asked for the equivalent of these, the Indians would give wrong words, which, when used later in all sincerity by the fathers, were met with shouts of laughter.

Physical hardships enough, too, there were. Father Masse, indeed, even went to live among the Indians, where he was nearly starved and smoked to death in their camps; while at the colony provisions ran low and the outlook was very gloomy. Poutinacourt was ruined, and

even in prison for debt in France, and had it not been for the energy of the virtuous M^{me}. de Guercheville, starvation itself might have faced the colonists at Port Royal. At the end of May, 1613, however, a ship with supplies, equipped by her, arrived, but shortly, after taking on board Fathers Biard and Masse, sailed towards New England and began erecting buildings.

But approaching was a crisis, as unexpected as tragic for the Frenchmen. Into the harbor came sailing a man-of-war, and from her masthead floated, "not the fleur-de-lis, but the blood-red flag of England." Looking upon the presence of the French as an encroachment upon British territory, the newcomers, under their Captain, Argall, opened fire, and in a few hours nothing was left of the infant settlement of St. Sauveur. Fifteen of the French, including the leader, Sausseye, and Masse, were turned adrift in an open boat, but were eventually picked up by some trading

Poutinacourt seeing further effort to be of no avail, took employment in the service of the King of Spain, and two years later was killed at the siege of Meri.

In later years, possession of Annapolis fluctuated between the English and French, but now let us turn for a time to the St. Lawrence valley, where even more momentous events had been transpiring.

(To be continued.)

The New Public Health.

Those who have followed with interest the New Public Health Department, which will re-open within a week or so, will be glad to know that the Institute of Public Health at which the papers are prepared, although so new an institution in Can-

plished. A book on the "Principles of the New Public Health," has been printed; 150 popular articles on public health subjects have been supplied to daily and weekly papers, and free Provincial Board of Health Analytical work has been extensively done for Western Ontario.

As noted in a previous article in this journal, the staff consists of:

H. W. Hill, M.B., M.D., D.P.H.—Director, Chief of Division of Epidemiology, Vital Statistics, and Sanitary Engineering.

E. Fidler, B.A., M.B.—Chief of Division of Pathology, Bacteriology, and Parasitology.

A. J. Slack, Ph.C.—Chief, Division of Chemistry.

S. N. Best, Pharm.C., Ph.C., Assistant Division of Chemistry.

J. C. Clark—Curator and technical assistant.

Doctors Beal and Williams, as mentioned above.

Dr. Hill, it may be mentioned, has been elected next chairman of the Public Health Section, which will meet in St. John, N. B., in 1914. He has also been appointed an examiner of the Medical Council of Canada.

It is planned to greatly enlarge the Institute and its scope in the near future, and steps are being taken to that end, among the privileges sought being to secure for the Institute the right of entry and search in cases of outbreaks of infectious diseases, or reasonable suspicion of them.

The above synopsis of the work of the Institute has been given in order that our readers may know exactly with whom they have to deal in the New Public Health column of our journal, and it is hoped that on its re-opening, its articles will be received with due understanding and appreciation.

The Pumpkin Pie.

O, fruit loved of boyhood; the old days recalling;
When wood grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling;
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!
When we laughed round the cornheap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like steam
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

Then, thanks for thy present!—none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine!
And the prayer which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadows may never grow less,
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy work like a pumpkin vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset thy
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own pumpkin pie!

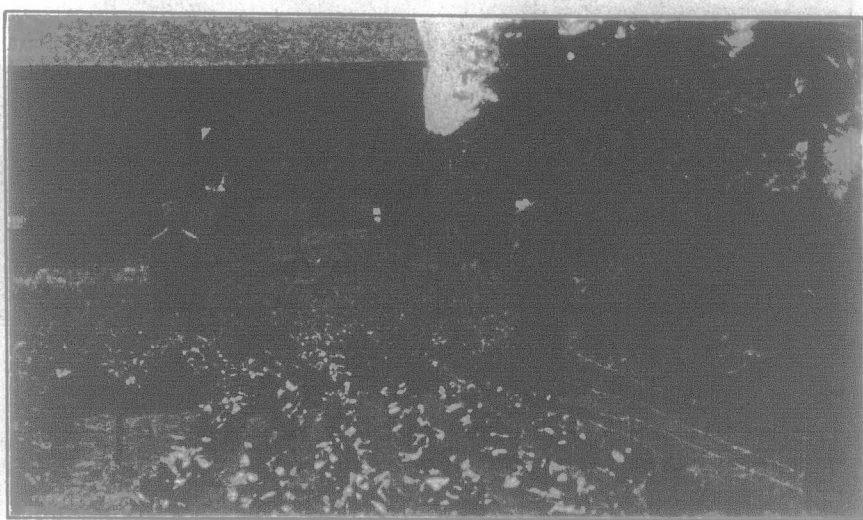
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

The Best Service.

He serves his country best
Who lives pure life, and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths, however others stray,
And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,
A stainless record which all men may read;
This is the better way.

No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide;
No dew hut has an errand to some flower;
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray,
And man by man, each helping all the rest,
Make the firm bulwark of the country's power;
There is no better way.

—Susan Coolidge.



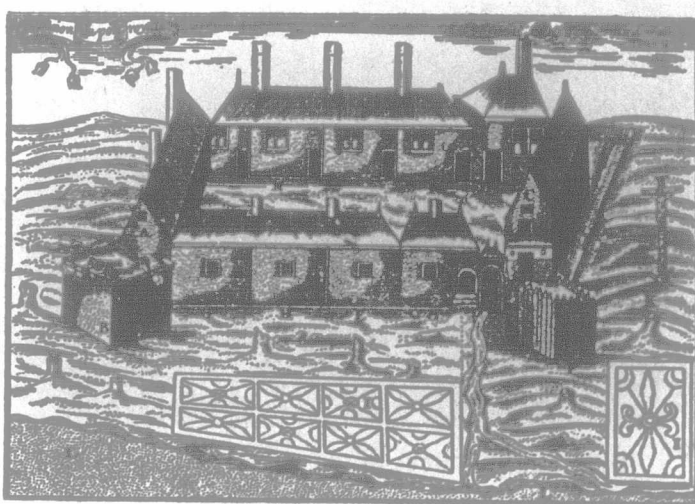
Not Little Sentinels, but Proud Little Gardeners of the Wardville Rural School.

vessels from St. Malo. Father Biard and others were taken by Argall to Virginia, then to England, and all at last found their way to France.

While all this was going on, the indefatigable Poutinacourt, having regained his liberty, had again secured the assistance of friends, and equipped a small vessel for a last desperate attempt to reverse the fortunes of Port Royal. In the spring of 1614 he entered the basin of Annapolis once more, "only to find his son and followers wanderers in the woods, and only piles of ashes marking the site of buildings on which he and his friends had expended so much time and money."

ada, has, during the past year, presented such a showing as must well justify the confidence of the people in what it has done in the past and will do in the future.

Following the report of the Institute for the year, just published, the scope of the work covered may readily be seen. Classes for medical students and nurses from the adjoining hospital have been held, and arrangements have been made to give instruction in public health to the students and teachers of Alma College, St. Thomas; the Western University, and Ontario Education Department; a number of public-school lectures have been delivered in the Institute, ten being



Champlain's Drawing of Port Royal in 1605.

Poutinacourt had made his last throw and lost again. The Governor of Virginia, Sir Thomas Dale, hearing from Argall of the persistent attempts of the French to settle on territory which, he considered, belonged to Britain by virtue of its discovery by Sir John Cabot, at once despatched Argall on another voyage of destruction. So the masterful Englishman set sail, completing the work of destruction at St. Sauveur, razing the deserted buildings at Ste. Croix, and finally taking possession of Port Royal.

technical addresses given before scientific public health and medical bodies; an investigation of the histories of 8,900 school children has been carried through with the object of understanding better, and coping with more effectually, infectious diseases that affect children; and a cancer bureau, under the direction of Dr. Norman Beal, and Sanitary Engineering Bureau, under D. E. L. Williams, have been organized.

In addition, a volume of work reaching far beyond the city has been accom-