

of the "call," and the echoes which they awoke along the shores of the lake.

I had been assigned a position in front of the place where our caller had taken his stand, and within about one hundred yards of the strip of woods already mentioned. The nearly full moon shone from a cloudless sky, and as I lay in the shadow of the boulder I could distinctly see a considerable distance about me. Listening there with breathless intentness to catch the first tone of a renewal of the answers to our calling, or any other sound indicating the approach of the moose, which I fully believed to be in our immediate neighbourhood, I heard the snapping of a twig in the bushes before me. The quick ears of our caller had caught the sound too, as I gathered from his sudden disappearance from view.

All was still after that for some minutes, and then I heard from time to time the rustling of branches, from which I inferred that a moose was cautiously advancing upon us. The feelings which I experienced as I lay there can only be understood by those who can recollect the sensations with which they first found themselves face to face with large game. Every nerve in my body thrilled and trembled. I naturally felt but little confidence in my marksmanship under such conditions, so, raising myself cautiously to a kneeling posture, I rested the barrel of my rifle in the angle of a sharp projecting point of rock, and aimed as well as I could at the spot where I expected the moose to break cover.

I had not long to wait. Almost immediately the bushes moved and parted directly before me. I caught what I believed to be the gleam of antlers, and saw the outline of a dark object beneath. I fired on the instant. There was a heavy crash in the underwood, followed by a chorus of cheers from myself and companions as we rushed forward to ascertain the result of my shot.

I shrink still at the thought of the wild exultation of that moment. Panting, shouting, trembling with excitement and delight I leaped on in advance of the others. I tore recklessly through the intercepting bushes. How can I speak, even after all these years, of the terrible sight which awaited me! The moonbeams fell directly into a little glade before me, and there, doubled limply backward over a fallen tree, his face showing with ghastly distinctness against a background of dark, wet moss, lay the body of my brother, blood oozing slowly from a jagged hole in his forehead.

I had killed him!

I knew nothing more for months. Reason and almost life forsook me.

When at last I struggled slowly back to sanity and a measure of strength, I learned how it had happened. Rupert and his companion, after our departure from Fort La Tour, had spent some time in their cruise upon the coast. Then, coming to the mouth of the river, upon the head waters of which we were encamped that fatal night, and knowing that we were in the not-far-distant interior, they had resolved to push up stream in the hope of running across and surprising us. They had reached the lake where death was awaiting my brother only a short time after us. Not knowing of our presence, they were preparing to encamp for the night when our "call" came to them over the water. Hastily concluding that the sound proceeded from a moose, they had re-embarked and paddled towards us, answering a few times as best they could on the way. Upon reaching the shore near us Rupert had taken off his boots, and, gun in hand, started to creep towards us in the hope of getting a shot at the supposed game.

It was the noise made by him in his approach that I had heard. It was the gleam of his gun-barrel that I had caught in the moonlight. It was the dim outline of the upper part of his body that I had seen for a moment through the bushes, and so fatally mistaken for the head of a moose. Rupert had just risen to look about him on reaching the edge of the clearing when the bullet from my rifle went crashing through his brain.

Thus ended the excursion to which my brother and I had looked forward for so much of happiness. Thus was my own hand the means of cutting me off from companionship, and for many years almost from hope in the world, making the burden of my life "seem greater than I could bear."

W. E. MACLELLAN.

Pictou, N. S.

SIR GEORGE CHESNEY told this tale just before leaving India. A short time ago, when at a Calcutta dinner table, he observed a fine-looking young fellow at the end of the room, who, from his likeness, was evidently a son of the hostess. Sir George asked her how he came to be there. He was not clever enough for the army, and so they were going to make a lawyer of him.

THE most preposterous of prices are paid nowadays for polo ponies. That particular species of quadruped has increased in value at a prodigious rate in recent years, and now a hundred pounds goes for nothing towards purchasing one of the best specimens of the animal in question. The climax of absurdity was reached recently when Lord Dudley paid no less than three hundred and fifty guineas for a pony belonging to Mr. Watson, the great Irish poloist. Mr. Watson's prestige is, of course, enormous, and a good pony is after all more important in a game than a good player, which Lord Dudley can hardly claim to be at present.—*Piccadilly.*

## FROM THE WEST.

A CRY of grief has burst from Britain's breast,  
And, moaning 'cross the wild Atlantic main,  
Has reached the prairies of the New World's West,  
Where its sad throbbing wakes an answering sob of pain.

Cut down, alas, Great Britain's future King!  
Gone, Greater Britain's coming Emperor!  
We Britons far from home are sorrowing  
For the dead Prince our Island-brothers sorrow for.

With them we mourn the unexpected Fate  
Which ends that royal life, for which long years  
Laden with happiness appear to wait;  
The nuptial songs we thought to sing giv'n place to  
tears!

With sympathy our stricken hearts expand:  
Chiefly, for her he loved, the Princess May,  
His bride-to-be. May the Almighty's hand  
Sustain the widow-maiden in her grief, we pray.

Heart-broken parents, who your firstborn weep  
At silent Sandringham! Could you but know  
Our sorrow, 'twould assuage your anguish deep,  
If there be any solace in an Empire's woe.

And thou, our Queen, upon whose palace door  
The spectre Death so oft hath set his seal,  
Now Albert's grandson, Albert, is no more,  
Again thy people with thee in thy sorrow kneel.

Waft, western wind, our western sympathy,  
Breathing it gently with thy balmy breath,  
To these bereaved ones across the sea,  
Who mourn a lover's, son's, the grandson's early death.

F. H. TURNOCK.

Calgary, Alberta, Canada, January 14, 1892.

## PARIS LETTER.

THE death of the Khedive is giving rise to a great deal of wild writing in the French press. Let us appeal from Demos drunk to Demos sober. When France refused to execute her part of dual duty in Egypt, by voluntarily abdicating her Nile valley responsibilities, leaving all the risks and sacrifices to England, she, in her heart, knows that the opinion of the world outside France is on the side of the Central Powers that delegated England to organize Egypt, after her suppressing, single-handed, mutinous troops led by Arabi Pacha. And till the proof be forthcoming that she has failed in her work and in her mission, she will be left by the Central Powers to decide when she may be able to retire. England is not of course bound to France, but to all the Central Powers, for her administration of Egypt.

The hard heads here recognize the logic that, if English help was a necessity for the late Khedive, it is more than ever so for his lad-successor. Odd that the French press were ignorant that the question of the succession to the eldest son had been regulated by the Padichah several years ago. The sovereignty-nominal, 'tis true, of the Sultan over Egypt is just the same to-day as it was under the Franco-English protectorate. European opinion would not permit Turkish troops to occupy Egypt, and Gambetta has left on record that the day such a calamity was sanctioned it would be impossible for France to hold Algeria, as it would set the Mussulman world there in a blaze.

The Sultan, it is now clear, will not pull the chestnuts out of the fire for France, neither on account of the Bulgarian nor the Egyptian questions. England, acting on the motto that what is good to take is good to keep, will always be ready to quit Egypt when the Egyptian Government is able and willing to govern justly, but will oppose naming a day for departure until satisfied no other power shall replace her, and that Egypt shall never be placed under either dual or international control. The French are not so hot on the Egyptian question as to risk a collision with England, because she will not name the date when the regeneration of the fellaheen shall be accomplished, and their hereditary enemy, the old Turkish party, as extinct as the dodo. That would be to drive, not an English government, but the English nation, into the beckoning arms of the Triple Alliance. It is to be hoped that matters will never come to that pass.

It is something akin to a sterile Byzantine discussion, the proposal to buy Germany out of Alsace, either for hard cash or by exchanging Tonquin or other protectorate for the amputated provinces. This is putting the cart before the horse. Outside Fatherland most people would like to see France re-possessed of her lost provinces; but the first step ought to be to ascertain, is the victor willing to buy or barter? There is no evidence that "Barkis is willin'"; but much that he is opposed to the transfer, so the sad question is just where it has ever been—only war can effect a change. The mooted of the proposition has revealed the existence of the colonial expansionists, who object to exchanging Tonquin, a promising El Dorado, for Alsace. This must make M. Jules Ferry stroke his newly grown beard, and add fresh strength to his running or the succession to President Carnot.

Democrats, Royalists, Liberals, Conservatives, Catholics and Protestants agree that the stomach is the god of

all ages and of all peoples, and that, as Voltaire observed, the greatest things depend on a good or a bad digestion; and the *bon* in culinary is more easy to feel than the *beau*. Practically arts, science, Governments and all the socialisms depend on the kitchen. Hence the importance of the Culinary Exhibition now taking place in the Champs Elysées (Pavillon de la Ville de Paris). Madame de Staël observed that cookery and politics ought not to be examined too closely. The exhibition in question contradicts that saw of the great blue-stocking; one can there witness how the Alpha and Omega of life—our meals—are prepared free from repulsive surroundings, and be convinced of the importance of good cookery. It is said that Charles IX. ordered the massacre of St. Bartholomew under the influence of an after-dinner colic; it is a fact that Rousseau's pessimism was the output of indigestion. Carlyle might have been ranked among the blessed of his epoch had he had a good plain cook to save him from dyspepsia. "Madame," said Brillat Savarin to a hostess, "your cook resembles the Marchioness de Briuvilliers in everything save in motive."

This is the tenth annual Culinary Exhibition. Originally the show was very humble; to-day it is aided by the State, by the municipality, the syndicate of restaurateurs, whilst Madame Carnot and others of lesser note offer prizes. There is the head culinary college in the Rue Bonaparte, and there are branches in the suburbs, notably at St. Denis. The soul of the movement is Professor Charles Diesseus, who, in addition to practical knowledge, possesses the enthusiasm of a Zealot and the patience of a Benedictine. He is the right man in the right place to head the movement for educated cooks, or rather educated housewives. Twenty-two of his female pupils, aged from nine to twenty, competed before a crowd of spectators in the preparation of calf's liver, omelettes and fried potatoes—*à la Française*, of course. The pupils were in cook-toilette, and each had her own gas furnace. The Professor gave instructions as the cooking proceeded, solicited questions, pointed out faults and corrected them. The audience was allowed to taste the *plats*, freely expressed their opinions, and a jury of six leading restaurateurs named the prize winners.

Order, cleanliness and economy were strongly inculcated on the pupils, who when in the lecture-room act on Captain Cuttles' advice, and make notes. The exhibition had, as usual, many prepared dishes, and art constructions in pastry and sugar work. Naturally the "Kremlin" served as a motif; there was a hare pie, where on the crust the head and ears and paws of the animal figured, while from the sides the heads of quail peered out. There is the model of a picnic, where sportsmen exist in the mind's eye, but the good things are ranged on the ground. The rewards comprise medals in gold, silver and bronze and diplomas of honour, while in a livre d'or is inscribed the names of the laureates and of the patrons of the schools; the latter include the Ministers of Commerce and of Public Instruction, Senator Jules Simon, etc.

Every ill that flesh is heir to will soon be baptized by the generic name of influenza, from sprained joints to toothache. A German professor is, it is said, well on in a treatise of six volumes on the reigning malady. Five of the leading Paris physicians have each given their prescription against the epidemic, and pronounce them to be "cures fit for a king." As for the names of the simples, some of them would crack the trumpet of fame itself. However, no remedy has so many partizans as a stiff tumbler of punch, a cosy fire and a warm bed; keeping the mind exempt from anxieties. One philosopher traces the influenza to a diminution of oxygen in the air. A balloon is to be sent up to test the point. Meantime, savant Jansen might tell us from his tower at Meudon if that physical misfortune be exact. The poetic astronomer, M. Flammarion, has been sounded to know if the "spots on the sun" were in any way connected with influenza. He scouted the idea. He affirmed *en passant* that the sun would continue to warm us during twenty millions of years—a mere flea-bite of time in point of astronomy.

Instead of the partizans of quarantine endeavouring, at the International Sanitary Congress of Venice, to choke British Commerce by stopping her ships from entering the Suez Canal, why not, a sensible American asked the other day, the advocates of quarantine try the preventive measures that have so well succeeded with England. The experiment would secure the thorough cleansing of European ports, those breeding grounds for all the bacilli, present and to come.

There is a medical authority in Paris who declares that it is possible for a man to live healthily on half a franc a day, provided he be a hydropath and a vegetarian; perhaps the day may come when man can be grazed out, like Nebuchadnezzar, plus free access to a running brook. At Lyons, the Prefect of the Department has inaugurated a "People's Tavern," where, for 95 centimes, the common purchase measure for articles in bazaars, the customer receives soup, bread, wine, meat (or fish, if he be engaged in brain work), vegetables, dessert, coffee and a *gloria*; that is, a thimbleful of cognac—Prussian potato whiskey. After that bill of fare, a prolétaire merits to be classed as a veritable bourgeois.

The very newest theory in circulation to account for the decadence of the French population is that by M. Vannacque, the official statistician, who attributes the excess of deaths over births to the influenza! But he does not show why, in the basin of the Garonne, where