

ness than before, and the physical effects were found to be far more injurious. The villainous stuff that was sold to the people for wine not only produced inebriety but poisoned the persons indulging in it to such an extent that they did not recover for a week or ten days from the effect of a night's debauch. The beer, too, whether on account of its own intoxicating qualities, or the foreign admixture—the "stirk"—that was smuggled into it, proved itself a pretty effective agent in producing drunkenness and making drunkards.

It was felt that if the movement was to succeed, and the reformation aimed at was to be really effected, everything intoxicating must be placed under the ban. The result was the formation of the Total Abstinence Society. With the organization of this society in Canada, about sixty years ago, the battle against intemperance, outside of the Methodist Societies, may be said to have had its beginning. Even the General Rules of Wesley's "United Societies" did not go so far as this particular organization, for though they prohibited the use of spirituous liquor and all sorts of excess, they did not forbid the use of vinous, and fermented liquors; besides they were only binding upon actual members of the Methodist Church. Hence, in an important sense, the struggle which has resulted in the state of things which exist among us to-day may be said to have fairly commenced with the formation of the Total Abstinence Society.

TORONTO, Ont.

THE UNFORMED ROSE.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

Some years ago a valued friend and his wife were visiting me. Watching my little ones in genuine childish play, he looked up with a curious smile upon his face.

"Well, wife," he said, "they have children in this house; it is generally dwarfed little men and women we have to meet in our friends' households."

I never forgot the sad fact, nor his regretful assertion that "there are no children these days." And looking around at the little girls one meets in city and country I am obliged to confess that they do not retain their childish unconsciousness while their years are still but few.

There are not many opening buds, but the crude, green, immature, would-be blossom, opens too quickly into an ill-developed, full blown rose. Alas, that in her hurry to enjoy the so-called pleasures of young ladyism, the child rubs off the dew from the flower, the bloom from the peach.

A friend of mine, Mrs. Terhune, who, under her *nom de plume* of "Marian Harland," has written a book called "Eve's Daughters," touches this subject with a true and yet tender hand.

She says, speaking of the fourteen year old girl: "We sin in allowing the fears, hopes, and flutters of nubility to obtrude, even in imagination, upon this most susceptible stage of the formative period. There is vulgar violence in exciting coquetish projects in such a mind, and not merely shaking the dew from the rosebud, but tearing the delicate involutions apart to let in the sunshine upon the guarded, immature heart. Premature blossom is generally deformity. The unripe peach is not worth plucking, it is tough within."

I never look at a little girl of this sort, who is pushed into older society before her time, without a feeling of profound pity. Her mind is not receptive of any good influence or study. The sidelong glance, and air of absurd coquetry, takes the place of the fearless, open gaze, and childhood's un-

studied grace, and, as years go by and she becomes old before her time, with a mind uncultivated and unformed, save for the frivolities of fashion, or the turns of a dance then it becomes as apples of Sodom tasting only of the ashes of bitterness. I remember such a woman—in her youth a selfish butterfly—whose mother said she should have a good time while she could, and was proud of her early marriage.

There was no permanent attraction in her selfish beauty which was only skin-deep. Her husband tired of her, and her family grew up as useless as she had been. An unhappy home—a faded, care worn face—and spiritless manner—succeeded the gay, coquettish vivacity, and she died while still in middle life, having lived an aimless existence.

If in such a life the reading of good books, and some special aim, or study had formed a part of life's daily routine; if early hours had been part of her duty, and the mind occupied with useful but not heavy cares, a different fate had been hers. It is really astonishing to know that so many young girls live without any object in life, but to enjoy the present regardless of the future; who take no pride in the development of the intellect, or the study of so many of the beautiful works of nature and of art, that would elevate their minds, make low amusement distasteful and lead them up to a nobler life, to worship nature's God.

CHATEAUGUAY BASIN, Que.

THE BLUE BONNETS.

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.

No 19.

The present article does not relate to the Blue Bonnets of Old Scotland, nor to their raids over the borders in former days to chastise their Saxon foes, but simply to point out a place where an old French village once stood, some five miles from the City of Montreal. This is not the story of a "Deserted Village," but of a village which has entirely disappeared within the memory of living men. Not a vestige of the old place now remains. It lives only in name.

The Blue Bonnets is still a familiar name among railway men and to travellers by the Grand Trunk, and it is also well-known in sporting circles, the old spot being close by and connected with the present "Fashion Race Course." Few of them, however, know the origin of the name, but the name and the place were well known to Montrealers forty years ago. Very few of the present day can recall the days of the Old Stage Coaches, four in hand, between Montreal and Lachine, to catch the mail steamer leaving Lachine every day at noon. The completion of the Lachine Railway, nearly forty years ago, put an end to stage coaching.

The stage office was on McGill street, near the old Ottawa Hotel, on the corner of St. Maurice street. This was then a busy spot between the hours of nine and eleven every morning. It required two coaches every day, some days four, to carry all the passengers. There was something pleasing as well as exciting in the bustle of preparations to start, and to hear the last horn blown and the word—"All aboard"; then the graceful sweep of the coachman's whip and the rattle of the wheels as they moved off and turned into St. Joseph Street on their way to Lachine. Besides the mail coaches, it required from twenty to thirty *caleches* or cabs some days to carry all the passengers. Many an old Upper Canadian will recall those days of other years.

Let us follow those stage coaches, *caleches* and cabs, on the way to Lachine. There were few houses then, not over half a dozen, between Cantin's Shipyard and the Tanneries. The most noted building was the City Powder Magazine, which still stands, but now hidden from view by houses built in front of it. The coachman's horn an-

nounced their approach to each stopping place. The first halt was at Paul Deschamps, the stage house, at the Tanneries, to water, (Paul was a noted character, everybody knew him) both horses and passengers seemed to be often drouthy. Such was the custom in those old days.

Then up the Tanneries Hill and along the high road of Cote St. Pierre; a charming drive of three miles; bordered with orchards and market-gardens, as at the present day, over-looking what was once a lake—the present lowland she's ching over to Cote St. Paul. The next halting place was at the foot of the Coteau Hill, at the present crossing of the Grand Trunk Railway. There was then a considerable village at that place, having from thirty to forty houses, including some half-a-dozen taverns or inns. Not a vestige of this old village now remains! There was no business to be done in the tavern way after the completion of the Lachine Railway, by which the Stage Coach was superseded. The old village was, we believe, afterwards destroyed by fire.

About the year 1812, a Scotch soldier, a sergeant in one of the Scotch regiments, then stationed in Montreal, Alexander McRae by name, or rather "Sandy McRae," by which name he was familiarly known, opened a tavern in this old French village at the foot of the Coteau Hill, three miles from Lachine, which he named the "Blue Bonnets," having a full sized Highlander, plaided and plumed in tartan array, painted on his sign. From this tavern and sign, board the village got the new name of the "Blue Bonnets," before this it had a French name which we cannot recall. To stop at the Blue Bonnets to water the horses and to refresh the travellers was quite an understood thing—to pass the Blue Bonnets was the exception.

Sandy McRae, of the Blue Bonnets, was a real host in himself, a jolly good fellow, full of stories of old Scotland, and of the old wars in which his regiment had served. It was pleasant to have a crack with him and to enjoy a mug of his old ale, not forgetting a pinch of real Scotch from his always professed *big mull*.

"Low lies this old house, where village statesmen talked profound,
And news much older than their ale went round."

And who that enjoyed it can forget "the parlour splendours of that once festive place."

Sandy was known far and near, at kirk and market, the country round; the name he gave to that place lives after him. But where is poor Sandy now? He may be gathered to his fathers—whether we are all journeying! or, maybe, is an outcast or a wanderer over the wide world. The place that once knew him knows him no more! The writer met with him some twenty-five years ago, a wanderer, changed in all save his broad, honest, open Scotch face.

The old village was a noted place during the troubles of 1837 and 1838, being three miles from Laframme's Hotel, the headquarters of the Lachine Brigade. A report came to headquarters that some mischief was brewing out there, and on the night of the 7th November, 1838, a raid was made on the village by a body of the Lachine Troop and some of the foot. The villagers were disarmed; some fifty stand of arms—old French fowling pieces—were collected; no disaffected persons were found and no prisoners made. The writer was in that raid. It is well to collect and to preserve these reminiscences. There are many interesting old historical spots in and around Montreal, of which very little is known at the present day.

ON PLUMBERS.

BY A SUFFERER.

Your cartoon last week representing the plumber's dream is admirable, and I have enjoyed a good laugh over it, but for all that these sort of things are no laughing matter really to the citizens of Toronto. I don't suppose I have suffered more than most householders from plumber's extortions, but the amount I have had to pay in the last few years has been a serious loss to me. My first experience with them was when I had just laid on city water. Not wishing to run the risk of bursting pipes in-doors I had a

pipe put into the garden. The very morning after it was put in something broke and the garden was flooded. The plumbers, who had been recommended to me as very honest men, explained blandly that the weather was too cold to solder properly, and after fixing it again assured me it was all right, and so it was for a month, then it broke again with the same flooding consequences. I found that an old nail had been stuck in instead of a proper pin, and of course the nail wriggled out, which was no doubt the intention of the honest men that it should do after a decent interval. The next time he fixed it he did it with wire, and of course the wire broke in about six weeks. I decided not to go to these plumbers again, but went to a new plumber, explained the case, and told him I was willing to pay liberally, but if the job gave way again under a year, at least, I would not employ him again. This man charged high, but did the job so well that I had no more trouble till I sold the house some 3 or 4 years afterwards. I then bought two houses which had been built to sell by a firm of builders. Good houses as far as the eye could see, but the builders had evidently never heard or did not believe in the old principle embodied in the lines,

"In the elder days of art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere."

In a little while my family's olfactories were greeted with a smell—not aromatic—ascending from the cellar. My tenants, also, raised a cry of distress from the same cause. Plumbers, of course, were sent for, and sewer gas was declared to be the cause of the trouble. I told them to see to the drains and make the job like the "Deacon's one-horse shay," no matter what the expense. On digging up it was found that there were no traps whatever, and even the drain pipes had been put in cracked. Now these houses cost nearly \$3000 each, and yet to save a paltry \$10 extra these rascally builders had risked the lives of those who occupied the houses. Now it seems to me we have talked a long time about these things; the *Globe* says before each election, "the time for talk has passed, the time for action has come." Why should we not organize a society to prosecute fraudulent plumbers? Not long ago there was a howl in New York about a certain Boddensiek, whose "erry" buildi'g collapsed, causing the death of some of the workmen; but we are every year losing many lives, if the doctors speak the truth, owing to bad drainage, yet we take things with a coolness that is astounding when you come to think over it. Surely this is as much murder or manslaughter as Boddensiek's offence was. What makes it more exasperating is the fact that little children are the chief sufferers. We often hear of two or three down in one house with diphtheria; it is a very sacrifice of infant life on the altar of Mammon instead, as of old, on the altar of Moloch. Of course plumbers have their own excuses to make. One honest man complained that the builders would not pay for good work; that they would only pay \$75 whereas to do it properly would cost \$125 to \$150. That may be, but I hold that the plumber should be held legally responsible for his work, and any illness or death caused unmistakably by dishonest work, and then he would not accept the contract at a lower price than would enable him to do the work properly. We must not let the matter be confused between the plumbers and the builders so that they can each lay the blame on the other. If this were done there would soon be no defective drainage except such as must occur through natural causes, such as wearing out of materials. The risk of loss would be too serious for plumbers to put in bad work, or a few examples would settle the matter as far as Toronto is concerned for generation or two. It would be as reasonable for a ship's carpenter to argue that he left a hole in a ship's bottom, thereby endangering the lives of all the crew because he was paid too little for the job, as to argue that a plumber is justified in leaving a hole for sewer gas to escape into a house for the same reason. We want a Canadian house Plimol. If any one wants to be a benefactor to his species here is an opening for him to supply along "smelt" want. Rascally plumbers or builders are a worse evil than landlords or monopolists; the latter may rob us of our money, but the former take both life and money too.

TORONTO, Ont.