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DRAWN BY A. H. HIBER.

ON THE ICE, LAKE SUPERIOR, 1887.

FRONTISPIECE, MASSEY'S MAGAZINE, OCTOBER, 1896.

[*Canadian Militia Series*.—See p. 254.]

# MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. II.

OCTOBER, 1896.

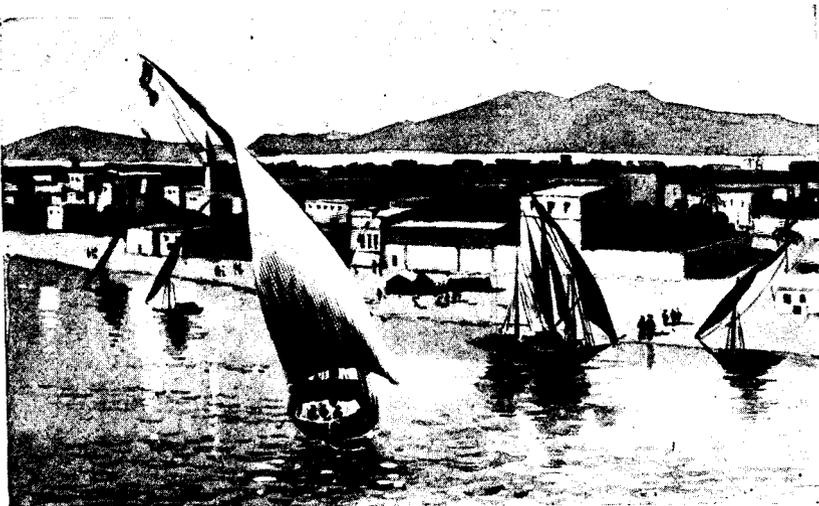
No. 4.

## CAMPAIGNING IN THE SOUDAN.

BY CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

**A**ROUND a small camp-fire on the high cut bank of the Nile a few miles south of Dongola, a group of British officers were lolling after their supper of corned beef and biscuit. The heat and glare of the April day had given place to the quiet and coolness of the night, and with belts unbuckled and pipes alight, they talked. Talked of the River Column, of Kirbekan and Earle's death, of Sir Herbert Stewart, Abouklea and Sir Redners Buller, of the treachery of the Mudir of Dongola, of the strength of Khartoum and Sir Charles Wilson's wait of 48 hours at Metemneh, of the fire from the walls of

the Governor's palace on Beresford's Steamer, which told that Gordon had laid down his life for England's sake, that the struggles, hardships and bloodshed had been in vain, that they were too late. There was a note of fierce regret in every voice as they referred to the treacherous fanaticism of the Mahdists and the official shilly-shallying of the Government at home. The Gordon Relief Expedition was over, and they were proceeding to various posts along the river from Dongola to Korosko to play the weary game of waiting the pleasure of Mr. Gladstone's Government. They represented every branch of Her



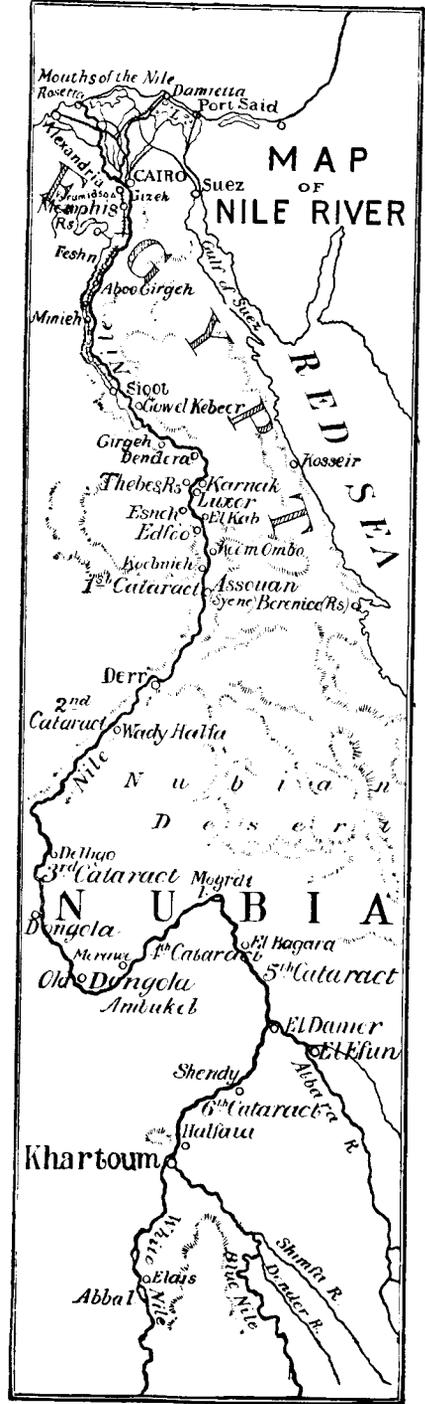
DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN, AFTER PRINT.

NEW DONGOLA.

Majesty's service from the Naval Brigade to the Life Guards, and as I listened to the conversation—for a Canadian *voyageur* was permitted many privileges denied Tommy Atkins—I felt that I learned more about the campaign that night than months of service with Earle and Brakenbury had taught me. The tragedy at Khartoum had a depressing effect, and soon the conversation drifted into politics and surmises as to the campaign, which almost everyone believed would open after the hot season had passed.

"Well, we'll have a shy at the beggars in the autumn, and accounts will be squared then," said a young subaltern, with considerable feeling, as he glanced at his arm, which an Arab's spear at Abouklea had caused him to wear in a sling. "I saw Reuter's latest telegram from Soudan at Korti, and it says that Lord Wolseley, Sir Redners Buller, Col. Butler and all the chiefs have advised an advance up the river at high Nile. So it must be a go. We've got to take Khartoum; everybody knows that."

"You're right and you're wrong, youngster," reflectively said a grave looking Major, who had hitherto spoken but little. Everybody listened, for he was a man worth listening to, and knew the ways of the Government as well as pipe-clay and field manœuvres. "This war was forced on the Government by public feeling, and we all know how reluctant they were to enter upon it. When they did, they made it distinctly understood that it was an expedition for the relief of General Gordon and the garrison at Khartoum. It was to be that and nothing more. Now, if they were reluctant before, much more so will they be now to enter upon a campaign, the only object of which can be conquest or revenge, and Mr. Gladstone is not fond of either one or the other. No, there will be no advance in the autumn, in spite of all the advice our chief may give. This campaign has been expensive and disastrous, and the British public can be pacified now; Mr. Gladstone is not going to conquer the Soudan. But" (he relit his pipe) "as sure as those stars are shining above us, the



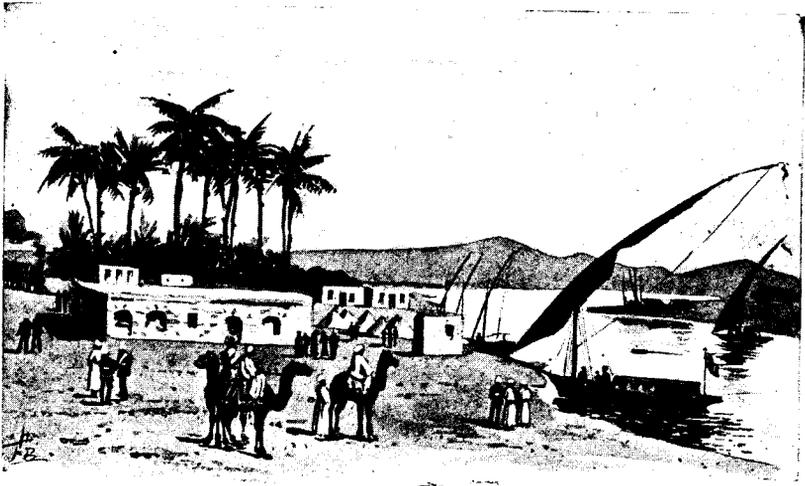
Soudan will have to be conquered sooner or later. Egypt herself cannot do it. If it were not for England, the Arab would even now have looked upon the bazaars of Cairo. And until he is conquered he will not only be a menace, but a source of continual warfare to Egypt. If England doesn't do it, some other European power must, or Egypt and the Suez Canal will be in possession of a lot of fanatical Dervishes, and the only way to conquer him is to capture his stronghold, the source of all his strength and wealth and the metropolis of Equatorial Africa, Khartoum. You were right, my boy, Khartoum will have to be taken."

That was eleven years ago, and that scene and those words have burned themselves into my memory. And when I read that Dongola is the object of the present Anglo-Egyptian expedition, that the campaign will end with its capture, and that it will be the outpost of Egypt, I think of the words of the grave Scotch Major. And I also know that the consensus of intelligent opinion given by those who have studied the military and political situation of Egypt and the Soudan, is that, however diplomacy may demand the assertion that Dongola is the point of the campaign objectively, this war will be carried on till the British and Egyptian flags float side by side over the palace in which Gordon was murdered. The last war has taught England much. She knows that Egypt will have to be held at the point of the bayonet if it is to be defended by outposts, and England now knows that war is a material part of the religion of the Soudanese Arab, and until his power is completely shattered he will throw his half-naked body against the border forts of Egypt.

For centuries the Soudan has been a source of trouble and expense to the Khedives. Although once an Egyptian Province, it can never be said to have been healthy under Egyptian control, and when the internal troubles of the Government in Cairo were such as to lead to its practical abandonment, Mahdist fanaticism appeared in all its blood-thirstiness to arouse the sons of the desert to an effort which overcame even the genius of Gordon, and the last ves-

tige of Egyptian rule was wiped out. "On to Cairo!" was then the cry, and as Hamdab, Korti and Dongola were each in turn abandoned during 1885-86, in spite of the protest of military men who were skilled in Arab warfare, and understood the spirit of Mahdism, the Arab tide flowed northward, and soon the garrisons of Wady Halfa were busily engaged in dispelling the rushes of the Dervishes. 'Tis the Arab's way. You give an inch and he struggles for an ell.

There is nothing so surprising to any one who has been in the Soudan, or who knows the Arab, as the comparative indifference with which the present war is looked upon by the generality of men on this side of the Atlantic. Although the Arab is at his last ditch, and the man, his civilization and his religion are anomalous in this stage of the world's progress, still the conquest of the Soudan is a matter that will demand not only consummate generalship on the part of the commander and a splendid courage and disregard of hardship on the part of his troops, but also the sacrifice of many lives, for the Soudanese Arab fights to his death. Saturated with Mahdism, and convinced that his cause is the cause of God, that death in a holy war means an eternal paradise, he unites with his fanaticism an innate courage that places him amongst the greatest warriors of the world's history. With all our discipline, with the most improved magazine rifles and smokeless powder, a war with the Arab of the Soudan is a serious matter. He has never bowed to the yoke of the Turk, as he persists in calling the Egyptian, and the wars of a century have taught him to despise the undisciplined mobs of Fellaheen conscripts that have been sent against him. But beyond his personal courage and prowess—for the desert Arab is an athlete so swift of foot that his attacks in the open can only be repelled by forming a square—there is something more that makes the conquest of the Soudan a serious matter—the climate and the nature of the country. Until quite recently that indefinite region, the Soudan—the land of the blacks—was only known from the fugitive tales of some



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN, AFTER PRINT.

## WADY HALFA.

venturesome traveller, and they told only of impassable cataracts, of an ocean of sand and of deadly disease; and even now, with an extended knowledge obtained from several campaigns and careful observation on the part of the officers in Egypt's service, Britain might well hesitate to enter upon a task presenting difficulties that have been found insurmountable by the Persians in almost prehistoric times, by the legions of Rome in her palmiest days, difficulties that set at naught the dash and daring of Napoleon's bravest general, Dessaix, and the military skill and ambition of Mehemet Ali. No, the conquest of Soudan will be no picnic, and, knowing as I do the scene of the present hostilities, I can understand the exultant tone that runs through the British military papers when they note the successes that the little Anglo-Egyptian army have already attained.

The Nile from Wady Halfa to within a short distance of Dongola is almost an unbroken succession of cataracts, and is unnavigable for half the year. This entails the transport by canal of supplies to the army in the field during the most trying season. And well might the military critics in England be jubilant at the success of the 8,000 Egyptians and 2,500 British at the outset of the campaign, for the advance already made has been through a country which

presents every conceivable obstacle to the handling of disciplined troops and the transport of artillery and supplies.

Although the long disused railway around the second cataract from Wady Halfa has been rendered serviceable, and construction is being pressed forward from Sarvass, at the head of the cataract, its progress, on account of the engineering difficulties, is necessarily slow. The construction, by-the-way, of this railroad at enormous expense, is pointed to as proof conclusive by those who assert that the present war is one of conquest, and that permanent occupation is decided upon by the authorities in Soudan and Cairo. However that may be, the railroad has only been of service, so far, in transferring the supplies unloaded from the steamers and native craft at Wady Halfa, fifteen or twenty miles nearer the advancing army.

Water is one of the most essential factors in North African warfare, and the line of march has necessarily been far from the banks of the Nile. And when I recall the misery of only two days' camel ride through steep defiles and over scorching sands in that part of the country traversed in the present campaign, and remember the frequent glimpses I had during the Nile expedition from the tops of the mountainous cliffs overlook-

ing the roaring cataracts, of the weary waste of volcanic rocks, precipitous hills, with here and there a little valley of red-brown sand, and not a leaf or twig or any living thing to relieve the awful desolation, I can faintly realize what the Anglo-Egyptian has accomplished. The major portion of the route from Sarvass to Dongola has been through a country that would try the endurance of the hardest. The troops were com-

The district from Wady Halfa to within a few days march of Dongola is practically barren and incapable of cultivation, for the rocks which cause the cataracts are not confined to the river, but extend inward, and, as there is no rainfall in the northern Soudan, the population for nearly a hundred miles is sparse and the villages insignificant and poor. The line of communication with Wady Halfa through this seemingly im-



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIDGEN, AFTER PRINT.

#### THE SECOND CATARACT.

pelled to clamber up steeps in single file, and, what is more, force the camels with the Krupp guns and supplies on their backs to follow along paths more fitted for goats than the broad, clumsy feet of the ship of the desert. The chaotic confusion of rocks, cliffs and gorges would be such as, in places, to extend the line of march to an extent that a sudden attack of the Dervishes would have meant annihilation.

passable country has therefore to be kept up for the thousand-and-one supplies of an army in the field. But in the face of all these difficulties and dangers, "Tommy Atkins" and "Mehemet," "Jack" and "Hassan" have fought two battles, and won them, and are now within a few weeks' march of the walls of Dongola. That march, however, will not be made until the end of the hot season. With the large city of Dongola,

and the rich district surrounding it as a base of operations, and the whole winter season and the high Nile before them, the allied armies will enter upon a campaign for the conquest of the Soudan under more favorable auspices than any expedition with a similar object.

The power of the Khalifa throughout the Soudan is yet omnipotent both north and south of the Equator, and no one knows the number of fighting men he can put in the field. Pessimists speak of a quarter of a million warriors from Central Africa. But whatever the hazard may be, there can be little doubt that if the Soudan is to be conquered in this generation, no more favorable opportunity could be presented than the present. The Khalifa and his Dervishes have learnt during the present campaign that they can no longer hope to meet a force of impressed peasants commanded either by a Cairian Court favorite or an inexperienced Englishman. The day has gone by when Egyptian officers could be taken by surprise, and when one mad rush would cause the Egyptian soldiers to throw down their arms and be massacred. The Egyptian troops are now officered by Britons, many English regiments are acclimatized, and Sir Herbert Kitchener is the Commander-in-Chief. The world is just beginning to believe that another great general has appeared in the person of the Sirdar of Egypt, a man known only a short time ago as Major Kitchener, the astute Chief of the Intelligence Corps in the Gordon Relief Expedition.

There is probably no living European who has so thoroughly studied and so thoroughly understands the Arab and his ways as Sir Herbert Kitchener. From the time of his entry into the Egyptian service, over twelve years ago, the present Sirdar, then a subaltern in the British army, has devoted himself to the task of understanding the true inwardness of the politics, the warfare and the country of the Soudanese Arab. It is a complex problem but Kitchener has solved it. And for the first time in the history of the Soudan there is a man at the head of the army in Egypt who can fight the Arab with his own weapons. The Egyptian Intelligence Corps, under his direction, has been brought to such

efficiency that Egyptian agents are scattered throughout the Soudan, and from Kassala to Wady Halfa, the Sirdar is kept advised of every political and military movement, from a disturbance in the Khalifa's household in Oudur Mann to the arrival of a caravan of ammunition at Berber. But beyond the knowledge and genius of Sir Herbert Kitchener in oriental warfare there is another factor of success in the fact that the Egyptian soldier has been taught to fight. In the past the able-bodied fellah, that is the peasant, was forcibly seized, a rifle which he didn't understand the use of placed in his hands and he was then marched off to fight in a cause of which he knew little and cared less. The Government of Egypt he knew only as a cruel taxmaster that respected neither his liberty nor his hard-earned savings. He had been oppressed and robbed for centuries by the alternate conquerors of Egypt, to none of whom he was attached by common interest or the ties of blood. Under these circumstances, without a spark of patriotic feeling to animate him, no wonder that he never withstood the onslaught of the free-born Arab of the desert. But the blood of the Arab largely permeates the fellaheen, and Kitchener knew that if properly treated, drilled and led, the Egyptian soldier would fight. The present campaign is sufficient evidence of it. In other days the regimental officers of the Egyptian army were the effeminate appointees of the court and the harem, or Turkish and Circassian adventurers, who ground down their men by extortion and persecution until they nearly ground the Arab heart out of them. They were a cowardly lot.

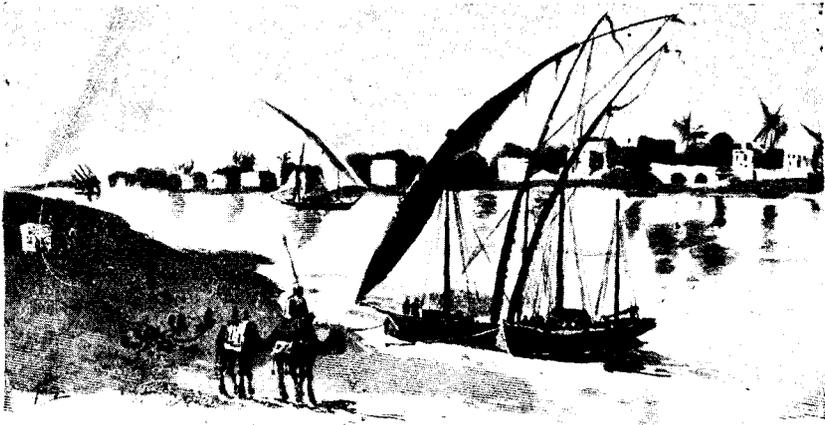
I remember an incident during the last war when I was with an Egyptian Infantry Regiment which was going down the Nile, not far from the scene of the present operations. It was at the head of the cataract of Tangier, and the water below, dashed into foam against the black rocks which rose up in the gorge through which it roared, looked dangerous

"I think I shall walk around," said the officer in Arabic, after a long and earnest look at the boiling torrent.



THE CANADIAN VOYAGEUR AT HOME.

DRAWN BY J. D. KELLY.



DRAWN BY F. H. DRIGDEN, AFTER PRINT.

## KHARTOUM.

"Not by a — sight," said the *voyageur*, who had charge of the boat, in crisp Canadian. "You run that with your men or, — you, walk to the night camp."

It was then noon, and we would camp twelve or fifteen miles below, and the walking was bad, very bad—but he did it, and when he tottered into camp about midnight, he hadn't enough energy to swear at his men.

Under British officers the fallaheen have become soldiers, and, with British regiments to support them and Sir Herbert Kitchener in command, a vigorous and aggressive campaign in the autumn means the downfall of Khartoum, means to Britain, with her other African interests, the control of the Dark Continent. France and Russia know this full well, and it may be that this expedition will be the spark that sets Europe aflame.

*Charles Lewis Shaw.*

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 THE LAST STRAW.

BY EZRA HURLBURT STAFFORD.

THE people at Bitter Bay had never thought that summer village too small. Indeed, some even claimed that in the matter of population it might at any time be made smaller to its advantage. This was a personal allusion, and was somewhat unkind.

Mr. Balsom, however, had not of late found the Village of Bitter Bay large enough for his grievances. History furnishes no similar example.

Mr. Balsom's ankle had been injured by the fall of a gang plank on the little

steamboat *Olympus*, which calls tri-weekly at Bitter Bay.

To a man who had been through the Egyptian war there was something ignoble in a misfortune of this kind, but in the dissatisfaction which he soon began to take in his doctor, any such minor matter of sentiment was lost.

He was a member of the church, but in questions of a medical nature Bro. Balsom was not altogether orthodox. With some complaisance he confessed that he had "pecooliar ideas."

His theory of the tides was not so simple, or as easy for a shallow mind to understand, as the one usually accepted. It had been worked out upon the hypothesis that the earth was similar in shape to a Waterbury watch, and was daily becoming more so. This he did not think was as it should be. A perfectly round earth was to be preferred, and Mr. Balsom regarded with gloomy forebodings the future of the human race, but expressed especial sympathy with the lot of the next generation.

His scientific ingenuity extended to medicine also, and was of such a nature that it was very difficult for a physician to inspire any respect from him—as a physician.

Thus the indefinite regimen of "Rest" which his doctor prescribed, and which consisted mainly in lying on a sofa all the time, was very distasteful to a man of his active habits. Mr. Balsom therefore dismissed his medical adviser.

The other village physician made the mistake of giving the same advice. When summoned he was forced to undergo a preliminary catechism as to his convictions. His answers were not at all satisfactory, as I have hinted, and he was not engaged.

To his own intuitive knowledge of surgery Mr. Balsom now resorted. The results were very discouraging. But this was not the last straw.

As the situation grew in gravity the patient became less exacting, and eventually reached that pathetic stage where a sick and thoroughly irritable man is willing to endure in meekness anything that promises a hope of recovery.

It was then that a youth who had just established himself in a neighboring village was called in.

The brilliant young man (it was his first case) was so fortunate as to discover that it was not the ankle after all that was causing all the trouble, but the heart. The sounds of the latter, to which he listened a great deal at each visit, were found to be violent and otherwise unusual. He also noted some symptoms of incipient Cholecystenterostomy, and mentioned the discovery to Mrs. Balsom.

The patient was at once packed in ice-bags and dieted on charcoal biscuits.

During the treatment subsequently pursued, he would take as much as a pint of medicine at different times in one day by teaspoonful doses, from as many as eighteen separate prescription bottles. It was the first time he had ever been known to touch doctors' medicine in any form, and all Bitter Bay wondered.

On the third day the faithful youth was lucky enough to discover a medium-sized cancer under Mr. Balsom's jaw. He had had, it seems, a suspicion of some such thing all along, but he expected the news to be something of a surprise to the patient. The unhappy Balsom had some time since, however, lost all power of being surprised at anything. He received the information calmly.

Instructing the devoted wife to hold a heated flat-iron to the patient's feet until his return, the young man, with an air of portentous calm, hastened away for more drugs, an electric battery and a few knives.

Meanwhile, the flat-iron appeared to arouse Mr. Balsom. He felt a feeble return of his old independence of thought, and arose and dressed with a deadly determination. To entreaties he made no reply, but grimly took down the venerable arquebuse from its place, and like the veteran that he was, limped out to the veranda to do picket duty.

The enemy soon came in sight, and he fired first in the air to shew that his intentions were hostile. He did not need to fire again.

After a square meal (his word) which he now indulged in, regardless of risks, he went back to his old seat behind the kitchen stove, and gazed gloomily at the medicine vials on the shelf opposite.

It was Saturday, and his wife was arranging "the spare room," as she called it, for the coming of the preacher, who was a consumptive, womanish sort of a man, and, in her opinion, very pernickety.

It was about the middle of the afternoon, and Mr. Balsom had just taken a mustard plaster from his back, which till that moment he had forgotten was there, in the general familiarity with the refinement of discomforts to which he had been schooled of late.

At this auspicious moment there came a pompous knock at the front door. A benignant and fatherly old gentleman asked gently if Mr. Balsom was at home.

"Yes sir, but he's not very well," said Mrs. Balsom; "won't you come in."

"Thank you; I am Dr. Jenkins. You have heard of me, I fancy. My young friend has had a nervous shock, and so will be deterred from coming to-day. I, therefore, have come in his stead, and will remain over the Sabbath with you." And so saying, Dr. Jenkins seated himself in the chair and rocked with an expansive and deliberate comfort, which Mrs. Balsom, who had not, by-the-way, heard of him, thought somewhat offensive.

Considerably dazed, she wisely sought counsel of her husband.

"Has sent another doctor here to visit us! Esther, I can't believe it!"

"But that's what he says, Joshua,—that his young friend can't come as usual, and that he has come instead, and will stay with us till Monday."

"Why, I should think he couldn't come as usual. Reach me that other crutch, there—I'll see this new doctor—I'll—I'll—has he any weapons?"

"Hush, Joshua, and, oh, do try to be patient!"

"Ah, Bro. Balsom, I'm sorry to see you looking so unwell," said the stranger, as Mr. Balsom reached the parlor door. "I shall have to take you in hand myself now," he went on in a jocular tone.

"I don't think you will, Mister."

"Aha, you don't know me yet, I see. I've seen worse men than you are, though."

Something in Mr. Balsom's face arrested the further flow of such pleasantries.

"But pardon me," he went on, growing more serious in his tone, "I thought I had told Mrs. Balsom—our good friend who has been officiating here, has found out since he last parted from you that it will be inconvenient for him to come again this week; so I shall have to take his place for the time being. How sweetly those roses smell!"

Dr. Jenkin's ingenuity could do no more after making this botanical remark, and perceiving that Mr. Balsom was not richly endowed with conversational energy, he added, after a painful silence:

"Well Bro. Balsom, before we sit down to get better acquainted with each other, I believe I should like to lave myself. Would it be too much if I were to ask to be shewn to my room?"

This was the last straw.

"I'll—I'll be—dog-goned if I do. And so you want to *lave*, do you? Look a here Mister Pill Box! I'm a deacon in the First Church, and I haven't said a swear word since I had a change of heart! But I'd be justified if I did now; I can't help it, and—you'd *lave*, would you!—now just you get out, I tell you! What's the use, I had to take the shot-gun to the other one, and I will to you, too—I will, if I—if I have to stand a church trial for it!"

At this painfully dramatic moment Mrs. Balsom rushed suddenly to the open front door.

"Oh lands," she cried, hysterically; "Joshua, oh my lands, it's all right! I was too flustered to read his visitin' card,—oh, to think of your talking to the preacher that way!"

In her hand she held this card:

REV. CALEB J. JENKINS, D.D.

*Pastor Zion Church.*

At family prayers that night Dr. Jenkins dealt at some length upon the delusiveness of anger, and the sin of profane words; whether the offender actually spoke them or only wished to speak them. Bro. Balsom, mostly with the aching of his ankle, which had taken a turn for the worse, but partly, too, with real remorse, was heard to groan. But the Doctor did not abuse his well deserved moment of triumph, and Mr. Balsom often said afterwards:

"I've seen poor preachers, and I've seen powerful ones, but, take him for all in all, I don't think I ever saw a man I liked so much, even in our own church, as Dr. Jenkins."

"Except that first day," Mrs. Balsom would generally interrupt.

"Except nothing, Esther—why, I would have really cussed, out and out, if it had been any other sort of a doctor. Say there wasn't spiritual power there? Well!"

*Ezra Hurlburt Stafford.*

## CANADIAN SUCCESSES ON THE STAGE.

BY W. J. THOROLD.

(*Second Paper.*)

**A**RT is nature expressed through a personality. It is this great natural endowment that is one of the most potent factors in bringing to the front the sons and daughters

ers. No labor is too arduous when it is the price of success.

This is undoubtedly the creed of those of our number who have selected the stage for a career.



HERBERT FORTIER AS "LUCIUS" IN *VIRGINIUS*.

of Canada. Our country seems to be especially adapted for the development of strong individuality—so indispensable and significant in the realm of art. In addition to this, ours is a nation of toil-

HERBERT FORTIER is one of the most promising Canadians and one of the handsomest men on the American stage. His home is in Toronto. He first appeared before the footlights eight years

ago with McKee Rankin, playing a great range of parts and developing the versatility for which he is noted. He has also been leading man in *Jane* and *The Private Secretary* under the management of the Frohmans. During the earlier part of last season he was with Samuel Edwards in *A Cat's Paw*, by Max O'Rell, as leading support. In January he

and on the stage Mr. Fortier is a man of exceptional grace and refinement. His success should be most gratifying, if it is at all in proportion to the natural gifts with which he has been so amply endowed. Having had the good fortune of a liberal education and wide experience, he is also possessed of the dramatic trinity: temperament, intelligence, and ambition.



CAROLINE MISKEL HOYT.

joined James O' Neill's company, having long been desirous of appearing in a classic and romantic repertoire. With that distinguished star he appeared in *Hamlet*, *The Courier of Lyons*, *Virgin-ius* and in Dumas' thrilling and brilliant drama *The Count of Monte Cristo*. This season he again goes as leading man with Mr. Edwards. Both in private life

Considering the fact that he is a hard student and still in the twenties, his talents should ensure him a most enviable career.

\*.\* \*.\* \*.\*

CAROLINE MISKEL HOYT, after a series of conquests and storms of laudatory press notices, achieved two great successes. The first was her marriage



HERBERT FORTIER AS "FERNAND" IN  
MONTE CRISTO.

to Charles H. Hoyt, and the second, her rôle in his latest offering, *A Contented Woman*. As the girlish Carrie Scales she is well remembered by those who knew her at the old family residence on Church St., Toronto, and later by her numerous friends at Moulton Ladies' College. Her theatrical *début* was made with that prince of romantic actors, Robert Mantell, in *The Face in the Moonlight*. Afterwards she appeared as "Ruth," in *A Temperance Town*, one of Mr. Hoyt's great money-makers, when her praises were heralded from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It would be almost impossible to invent any new phrases descriptive of her bewildering beauty of figure and countenance, with those flashing eyes and that wealth of Titan-hued hair. She is a study in curves and color. Caroline Miskel always was what the

unanimous continent has declared to be one of the most beautiful and fascinating creatures of modern times.

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JULIA ARTHUR was born in Hamilton, Ontario. "Seventeen summers ago," she said, smiling; "I have given up counting the winters." The gentle reader can easily work out this problem in mental arithmetic.

"You went on the stage rather early?" I remarked, interrogatively.

"Yes, at eleven," she replied, "in an amateur way."

"Playing —?"

"'Zamora' in *The Honeymoon* and 'Portia' in *The Merchant of Venice*."

Other parts fell to her in those embryonic days, but her first successes were won in Sheridan Knowles and Shakespeare.

"Did you experience any difficulty in getting on the professional boards?"

"Well, I recited for Bandmann, whose people all paid their own expenses, and was immediately engaged."

"When you were —?"

"Thirteen—and remained with him until I was sixteen."

"Doing —?"

"In *Hamlet*, the 'Player Queen,' 'Gertrude' and 'Ophelia'; in *Romeo and Juliet*, the 'Mother,' the 'Nurse,' a 'Page' and 'Juliet'; in *Macbeth*, all the 'Witches,' a 'Lady in Waiting' and 'Lady Macbeth'; in *The Merchant of Venice*, 'Nerissa,' a 'Page' and 'Portia'; in *Richard III.* the 'Queen,' the 'Duchess of York' and 'Lady Anne.'"

Surely this is a Shakespearian record worth noting! During these girlish years, Miss Arthur also played the leading female rôles in *The Lady of Lyons*, *East Lynne*, *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, *You Like It* and *The Corsican Brothers*.

"I then went to Germany," she continued, "to study the violin, but gave it up, went to the Pacific Coast and there joined the Wilbur Dramatic Company."

"How does newspaper criticism affect you?" I enquired.

"Materially—at least, the first one did. It was the result of a performance of Tennyson's *Dora* and brought with it a salary—ten dollars a week."

But the hard work did not cease. It increased, the young actress thus adding



CAROLINE MISKEL HOYT.

valuable experience to phenomenal natural ability. That she believed in the gospel of labor may be judged from the following pieces in which she played the leading female parts: *The Galley Slave, Called Back, The Two Orphans, Woman against Woman, Captain Swift, The Colleen Bawn, Arrah-na-Pogue, Jim the Penman, The Black Flag, After Dark, The Silver King, Uncle Tom's Cabin, The Still Alarm, Peril, Divorce, The Private Secretary.*

Her first hit in New York was made in *The Black Masque*—a weird representation, which, however, gave the young Canadian an opportunity of distinguishing herself. This was followed by a

tempting offer from Manager A. M. Palmer, under whom she played "Jeanne" in *A Broken Seal*, "Letty Fletcher" in *Saints and Sinners* and "Lady Windermere" in *Lady Windermere's Fan*—gaining both gold and glory. But her great triumph came in *Mercedes*, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. In this brief one-act tragedy Miss Arthur found a character peculiarly suited to her personality—for with her lustrous eyes, so large and dark, her raven-black hair, her soft, rich voice so full of music, her passionate expression, she is the ideal heroine of romance—the woman that men dream about and delight to look upon.

"What was your next effort, Miss Arthur?"

"'Rose Woodmere' in the Drury Lane drama, *The Prodigal Daughter*, which ran for eight months at the American Theatre, New York. Then, returning to Mr. Palmer, 'Druscilla Ives' in *The Dancing Girl*, 'Mary Lonsdale' in *A Woman's Revenge*, 'Vera' in *Moths*, 'Constance Belmore' in *One Touch of Nature*."

"Where you made a pronounced hit as a comedienne."

"So many were kind enough to say," acquiescing with characteristic modesty.

"Then?"

"My last part in America before setting out to try my fortunes in England, the little rôle in *Sister Mary*, by Clement Scott and Wilson Barrett. After that for a year I did not act."

"Of course you had plenty of offers," knowing well of several.

"One from Sir Augustus Harris to come to London, which I did not accept. So I came here on my own account in October—and waited. Meanwhile other offers came from Mr. Charles Frohman,

Mr. Daniel Frohman, Messrs Rosenfeld, who exploited Duse in the United States, and from Richard Mansfield. But I wanted a London engagement."

"And you got it."

"That I can't deny."

While waiting—but not in idleness—

she was a beautiful vision, her performance was as delicate and poetic and mystic as the tracing of frost. Her reception was almost as generous as that accorded the two luminaries of the Lyceum Company. William Winter pronounced her "Elaine" an achievement. As "Rosa-



JULIA ARTHUR IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF "SISTER MARY."

offers were received from Mr. George Alexander, from Mr. John Hare to succeed Mrs. Patrick Campbell as "Agnes Ebbsmith," and also one from Sir Henry Irving.

From this point on, the career of Miss Julia Arthur has been brilliant beyond precedent. As "Elaine" in *King Arthur*,

mond" in *Becket* she has won a triumph on every occasion, her beauty and her art keeping the most critical audiences from regretting the absence of the great Ellen Terry. The press in America and England unites in her praise. To be leading lady to the foremost actor of the world and win such unbounded success looks

as if this young girl from the Ambitious City were a child of destiny.

Miss Arthur intends to star about a year from now, if she can obtain one good play from a famous author. "It is my ambition," she says, "to impersonate the heroines of Shakespeare and Sardou."

wonderful, is quite unconscious of her beauty and thoroughly unaware of the fact that she is a genius. Amidst all flatteries and victories she remains a sweet Canadian girl, full of simplicity and charm. Now that she is in the circumstances conducive to the development of her natural gifts, she will un-



JULIA ARTHUR AS "ELAINE" IN *KING ARTHUR*.

Julia Arthur has a vast amount of common sense. She refuses to let her head be turned by all the current eulogies and keeps working steadily along to perfect herself in the portraiture of character. In fact, she is the most unassuming woman I ever met. She does not seem to think she has done anything

doubtedly become the peer of the greatest actresses in the French, Italian or English languages.

Julia Arthur is the Bernhardt of the future. A few years—and her very name will bring with it an atmosphere of magic and power.

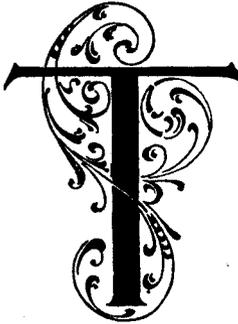
W. J. Thorold.

# WITH PARKMAN THROUGH CANADA.

BY PROF. WM. CLARK, D.C.L.

## PART I.

### FRANCE IN THE NEW WORLD.



THE aim of these papers is two-fold: first, to furnish, under the guidance of Parkman's volumes, an outline of Canadian history for the benefit of those who may not have leisure for more extended studies. In the second place, these sketches may serve the purpose of an outline map for those who intend to enter more fully into details. For the most part we shall do no more than reproduce a condensation of the pages of Parkman, often in his very words, although, of necessity, stripped of nearly all the ornamentation which makes them such pleasant reading.

The honor of discovering the new world must be shared between Italy and Spain, that of discovering the Continent of America between Italy and England. Christopher Columbus, who discovered the West Indian Islands in 1492, was an Italian, but he was sent out by Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. John Cabot, who discovered the continent in 1497, was also an Italian, but he was sent by Henry VII. of England.

#### FRANCE.

But it is more important to direct attention to the part assumed by France on the borders of the new world, since "it was from France that those barbarous shores first learned to serve the ends of peaceful commercial industry." "Long before the ice-crusted pines of Plymouth had listened to the rugged psalmody of the Puritan, the solitudes of Western New York and the stern wilderness of Lake Huron were trodden by the iron heel of the soldier and the sandalled foot of the

Franciscan friar. France was the true pioneer of the Great West. They who bore the *fleur de lis* were always in the van, patient, daring, and indomitable. And foremost on this bright roll of forest chivalry stands the name of Samuel de Champlain."

#### FLORIDA.

Parkman begins his story with the narrative of the bloody conflicts between Spaniards and Frenchmen in Florida (1550-1574). It is a horrible story of thrilling interest, and will not be passed over by the readers of Parkman's books. Its lessons are deep and manifold and can hardly be missed; but it does not bear directly on our purpose.

#### EARLY HISTORY.

French writers have maintained that Canada was known to their countrymen as early as 1489, and that it was through a Frenchman who was in the discovering party, that Columbus was induced to make his expedition. If this story is improbable, it is at least certain that the inhabitants of the western coast of France—Normans, Bretons, and Basques—frequented the cod banks of Newfoundland at a very early period, perhaps before the voyage of Cabot in 1497, but certainly as early as 1504. In 1517, fifty Castilian, Portuguese, and French vessels were engaged in fishing. From this time the Newfoundland fishery was never abandoned.

#### JACQUES CARTIER.

Passing over some earlier explorers, whose path is somewhat uncertain, we pause at Jacques Cartier, a citizen of the Breton port of St. Malo, whose portrait still hangs in the town hall of that place, his "bold, keen features bespeaking a spirit not apt to quail before the wrath of man or of the elements." Sailing from St. Malo April 20, 1534, Cartier

entered the *Baie des Chaleurs*, planted a cross at Gaspé, and, like Columbus, believing that he was on the way to India or China, advanced up the St. Lawrence till he saw the shores of Anticosti. He returned to France taking with him two young Indians acquired by treachery. On the 19th of May, 1535, Cartier set forth again and steered along the coast of Labrador, till they reached a small bay opposite the Island of Anticosti on August 10th, the *Feast of St. Lawrence*, from whom Cartier named the bay, a name which afterwards extended to the whole gulf and to the great river above. Ascending the river with no other guides than the two young Indians previously captured, they came to an island, now called *Isle d' Orleans*, about four miles below Quebec, and were met by multitudes of Indians with whom they held friendly conference. Soon after they came to "the cliffs now rich with heroic memories, where the fiery Count Frontenac cast defiance at his foes, where Wolfe, Montcalm and Montgomery fell—a cluster of wigwams, the site of the rock-built City of Quebec," then called *Stadaconé*. Hearing of a great town further up the river, named *Hochelaga*, Cartier set forth, and on Oct. 2nd, reached the site of the future Montreal. The Indians, in great numbers, received them with delight. After a period of friendly intercourse Cartier called the neighboring mountain *Mount Royal*, whence the name of the city. They returned to *Stadaconé*, where they spent the winter very sickly and suffering. In the spring they made their way to France and again cast anchor at *St. Malo*, July 16th, 1536.

The next expedition was undertaken by de Roberval, a nobleman of Picardy, with whom Cartier was associated as Captain-General. On account of delays in the equipment of the fleet, Cartier sailed away by himself, May 23rd, 1541; and Roberval nearly a year later, April 16th, 1542. Cartier, weary of waiting, insisted on returning to France, and the expedition of Roberval attended by bad fortune, ended in failure. It was some years before the French renewed their attempts on the new world. Civil war

wasted their energies, their treasure, their blood. Roberval is said to have died in 1543. The Marquis de la Roche, many years afterwards (1598), attempted a settlement, but only left a number of convicts on *Sable Island*, forty, who afterwards dwindled to eleven before they were rescued.

Samuel de Champlain was born of a good family, adhering to the Roman Catholic Church, in the year 1569, at *Brouage* on the Bay of Biscay. "A true hero, after the chivalrous mediæval type, his character was dashed largely with the spirit of romance; though earnest, sagacious, penetrating, he leaned to the marvellous; and the faith which was the life of his hard career was somewhat prone to overstep the bounds of reason and invade the domain of fancy." For these reasons we must accept with some caution the account which he gives of his travels, illustrated as it is with pictorial representations of creatures which we can only believe to be fabulous.

The first expedition of Champlain was under the leadership of de *Chartres*, who obtained from Henry IV. a patent, giving him authority to take possession of New France. When these men sailed up the St. Lawrence, they found (1608) the rock of Quebec tenantless, and *Hochelaga* deserted. Of the savage population that Cartier had found there, sixty-eight years before, no trace remained—the consequence of a war of extermination between the hostile tribes. Soon afterwards de *Chartres* died, and de *Monts* was appointed to command the expedition. He petitioned the king for leave to colonize *La Cadie* or *Acadia*, a much larger area than that which we now designate by that name, for it extended from *Philadelphia* to beyond *Montreal*. De *Monts* was made Lieutenant-General with vice-regal powers, receiving a monopoly of the fur trade. He was empowered to impress idlers and vagabonds for his colony, and he got together a very incongruous band of the worst and the best, and of every variety of opinion. There were thieves and ruffians brought there by force. There

ROBERVAL.

ACADIA.

were Roman Catholic priests and Huguenot ministers; de Monts, although himself a Protestant, promising that the Indians should be instructed in the Roman faith. The first point at which they landed was Cape la Hève on the southern coast of Nova Scotia. After various explorations they arrived (1604) at an island which they called St. Croix—a name now given to the river. The island (now Doucet's island) has been recently identified, and with it the foundations of buildings long crumbled into dust. They erected a group of wooden dwellings, defended by two batteries, and planted grain and vegetables. The crops failed to ripen, and the extreme cold of the winter was intolerable to the ill-fed and ill-housed Frenchmen. Scurvy carried off nearly half of the settlers; and when a ship arrived (1605) with supplies the island was abandoned, the colonists having removed

## PORT ROYAL

to Port Royal, now Annapolis, which had been settled by de Monts and Champlain in the previous year.

The small results of these expeditions had made the French at home reluctant to expend more of men or money; and when de Monts returned to France, he met with scant encouragement. He was able, however, to send out a fresh body of settlers under Lescarbot (1606). But just when hope seemed to smile upon them there arrived (1607) a message from France to say that the privileges of de Monts were rescinded, and Port Royal had to be abandoned. Pontreincourt, one of the original party by whom Port Royal had been discovered, who had obtained the ownership of Port Royal by a gift from de Monts, had, with Champlain, been the last to leave the settlement. In 1610, he resolved to attempt its settlement as a private venture, and associated with himself one Robin, a man of family and wealth. The undertaking was prosperous for a time. The most friendly relations were established with the Indians, a large number of them were converted to Christianity; and their zeal ran so high that they proposed to make war on all who would not embrace the faith. But Pontreincourt, although a Catholic, was a liberal, and

became intolerable to the Jesuits, who stirred the Virginians under Argall to attack him. The colony was abandoned, and the site lay vacant for some years. The fort and buildings had been destroyed by the English, but, for some time the French still kept possession of Acadia.

CHAMPLAIN  
AT  
QUEBEC.

When Pontreincourt undertook his new venture at Port Royal, Champlain was in Paris; but his heart was in the New World. Five years before, he had explored the St. Lawrence as far as the rapids above Montreal. On its banks he thought was the best site for a settlement, from which they might explore the Far West, and where they might carry on the fur trade, and where, by a single fort at some commanding point, they might protect themselves against foreign intrusion; and above all, from which the work of conversion to Christianity might be carried on. De Monts embraced his views, fitted out two ships, and gave command of one to Pontgravé and of the other to Champlain. The former was to trade with the Indians and bring back furs; the latter to explore and to settle.

Pontgravé found a Basque vessel and crew engaged in the fur trade, and after some difficulties both agreed to refer their rights to the French Court of Law. Champlain proceeded up the St. Lawrence as far as Quebec; and here his axemen fell to work. In a few weeks a pile of wooden buildings rose on the brink of the St. Lawrence, near the site of what is now the market-place of the Lower Town of Quebec. The spot was fortified, surrounded by a moat, and guarded by two or three cannon placed on a platform. Not long afterwards a conspiracy was formed to murder Champlain. The plot was discovered, the ringleader was hanged, and three conspirators were sent to the galleys in France. The life of the colony, ill-supplied themselves and sometimes having to feed starving Indians, must have been a hard one; and during the winter they were attacked by scurvy. Of twenty-eight men who had settled there, only eight were alive at the middle of May, and half of these were suffering from disease.

On the 5th of June the long expected succours arrived to the great joy of Champlain. Pontgravé had reached Tadoussac, and it was agreed that he should take charge of Quebec whilst Champlain set forth on his explorations. But there was the difficulty of the restless and pugnacious Indians. Champlain was invited to join the Hurons who dwelt on the lake of that name, and the Algonquins who lived on the Ottawa, against the Iroquois or Five Confederate Nations, who lived in fortified villages within limits now embraced by the State of New York, and who were a terror to all the surrounding forests. Champlain thought that, by such an alliance, he might become the leader of the tribes of Canada and at the same time be better able to explore the country. Of the policy pursued by the French, of holding the balance of power between adverse tribes, Champlain, the father of New France, set the example which may have been rash and premature. But at least he had formed a distinct plan of action.

INDIAN  
WAR.

The Indians were much impressed by the armour and the artillery of their new allies. So, (on June 28th, 1609) they set forth on their expedition. But Champlain found that he could not rely upon the veracity of his allies. He rebuked them, but continued his co-operation. They proceeded southwards for several days through the Green Mountains and the Adirondacks, encamping at night. Then they changed their plan, lying close by day in the depths of the forest, stealing along in their canoes or through the forest in the night. Their goal was the rocky promontory on which Fort Ticonderaga was long afterwards built. Thence they would go on to the Hudson and attack some outlying town of the Mohawks. But they were spared part of their proposed journey. Near Ticonderaga, in the evening, they came upon a party of Iroquois who set to work to erect wooden barricades made of the forest trees. This was on the borders of the Lake afterwards receiving the name of Champlain. The fight was deferred until daybreak. The Iroquois were about 200 in number, tall, strong men, full of courage and ferocity. They

advanced through the forest with admirable steadiness, under three chiefs, conspicuous by their tall plumes. Champlain wore a breastplate, had his thighs protected by steel curiasses, and his head by a plumed helmet. At his side was his sword: in his hand his arquebuse. The allies called aloud for their champion, who had concealed himself at first. The Iroquois gazed at him in mute amazement. When they prepared their arrows, Champlain levelled his arquebuse, which he had loaded with four balls, and aimed at one of the three chiefs. He brought down two and wounded another. As he was reloading, one of his companions fired a shot from the woods, upon which the Iroquois took flight, pursued by the allies. Four of them were killed and nine taken. The victory was complete. The conquerors scalped one of their victims in preparation for burning him, but were induced to allow Champlain to shoot him. Here was the beginning, probably the cause, of a long series of murderous conflicts. "Champlain had invaded the tiger's den; and now, in smothered fury the patient savage would lie biding his day of blood."

WAR  
TRADE  
DISCOVERY.

Champlain and Portgravé returned to France and told Henry IV (a few months before his assassination) of their successes. In the spring of 1610 they came back. Champlain designed to get the Montagnais to guide him to Hudson Bay, and the Hurons to shew him the great lakes. As these allied tribes were preparing to keep a great festival in honor of Champlain on an island at the mouth of the Richelieu, they discovered a number of Indians in a canoe, who told them that the Algonquins were a league off, engaged with a hundred warriors of the Iroquois, who, outnumbered, were fighting fiercely within a barricade of trees. They held their ground until they heard the sound of the terrible arquebuse. At last the defences were carried, and only fifteen remained alive to be made prisoners. Only one of these was Champlain able to save, the rest were tortured, one was quartered and eaten.

Champlain might have carried on his work to completion; but the interests of

his colony demanded his return to France. Next spring he returned (1611). But reports of the wonders of New France had brought a crowd of hungry adventurers across the ocean; and he saw a prospect of losing the fruits of his work. Champlain, however, set to work to establish his new settlement, choosing the site of the present Montreal, and calling it Place Royale. But soon the Indians, who were friendly to Champlain, became alarmed at the crowd which followed him; and Champlain quieted them with difficulty. Again he crossed the ocean in order to place his colony under royal protection; and the Comte de Soissons was made Lieutenant-General for the King in New France with vice-regal powers, which in turn he conferred upon Champlain. De Soissons died almost immediately, and his place was taken by Henri de Bourbon, Prince de Condé. He was a man of little ability, greedy of money and power. The hope of New France was in Champlain to whom the interests of civilization and Christianity were greater than the profits of trade.

THE  
IMPOSTOR  
VIGNAU.

One remarkable episode in the work of Champlain needs only to be mentioned here, although it is the subject of a very interesting and exciting chapter in Parkman's book. A Frenchman named Nicholas de Vignau, whom Champlain describes as "the most impudent liar that has been seen for many a day," gave a very circumstantial account of discoveries which he had made beyond the sources of the Ottawa. His story was proved to be false by the Indians, who declared him a liar, and he afterwards confessed that his story was an imposture.

RECOLLET  
MISSIONS.

There was nothing nearer to the heart of Champlain than the conversion of the Indians, who, he says, were living "like brute beasts, without faith, without law, without religion, without God." He found a kindred spirit in a friend named Houël, of the town of Brouage, who was well acquainted with some Récollet Friars who had a convent near him. The Recollets, it should be remembered,

were a reformed branch of the Franciscans, and were sometimes known as the Franciscans of the Strict Observance. Four of their number were named for the missions of New France: Denis Jamay, Jean Dolbeau, Joseph le Caron, and the lay brother Pacifique du Plessis. They reached Quebec at the end of May, 1615. The sight of the friars with their coarse, gray frocks and wooden sandals greatly perplexed the Indians. They first chose a site for their convent near the dwellings built by Champlain. They then made an altar and celebrated the first mass ever said in Canada. They then agreed that Le Caron should go to the Hurons, Dolbeau to the Montagnais, and that Jamay and Du Plessis should, for the present, remain at Quebec. Dolbeau immediately set forth, and bravely carried on a work which was almost impossible. Le Caron first hastened to Montreal and lived among the Indians there, learning their language. Afterwards he set forth for the Huron country with the Indians and twelve Frenchmen well armed. On the way he endured all kinds of privations, paddling, wading rivers over sharp rocks which cut his feet, half starved, living on a kind of thin porridge of maize, but always with the cheerful hope of winning the savages to God. Champlain was following on his track, passing the Algonquin villages on the Ottawa, reaching Lake Nipissing, passing on to the west, and at last arriving at the fresh water sea of the Hurons. For more than a hundred miles his course was along the eastern shore until not far from what is now called Thunder Bay he came upon the Huron town of Otouacha, the seat of one of the most remarkable savage communities on the continent. The population was probably between twenty and thirty thousand. Champlain was received with enthusiasm. He passed on to Carhagouha where he found Le Caron, for whom the Indians had built a bark lodge in which Le Caron set up an altar. Here, with his ten Frenchmen and the two that had followed Champlain, he celebrated mass. "The brave friar, a true soldier of the Church, had led her forlorn hope into the fastness of hell; and now, with contented heart, he might depart

in peace, for he had said the first mass in the country of the Hurons."

THE GREAT  
WAR  
PARTY.

Champlain set forth to explore the country, and came to the Huron metropolis, Cahiaqué, in the modern township of Orillia. The town swarmed with warriors, and all were preparing for war against the Iroquois. The Huron fleet passed along Lake Simcoe and down the chain of lakes which form the sources of the River Trent. Crossing Lake Ontario, they landed on the borders of New York. Passing on, they crossed the outlet of Lake Oneida, and after a march of four days were deep within the limits of the Iroquois. Reaching one of their towns a skirmish took place, not to the advantage of the Hurons, on account of their rashness and carelessness. A second assault, conducted with equal imprudence, had no better success, and Champlain was wounded. They were so discouraged by these failures that they insisted on retreating; and even Champlain had lost caste with the savages, although their failures had resulted entirely from their neglect of his counsels. Adventures befel him among the Hurons which cannot here be told. He returned to Carhagouha, where he found the friar still laboring. They went forth on a journey of discovery, received cordially by the tribes. In the spring Champlain made his way back by the Nipissing route, composing strifes which had arisen between the Hurons and Algonquins. At last he arrived at Quebec, where Le Caron had preceeded him. Great was the joy of his friends who had heard of his death.

NEW  
DIFFICULTIES.

At Quebec Champlain met fresh embarrassments. In the forest he had to deal with savages. Here he had fur traders, friars, and two or three wretched families who had no inducement, and little wish to labor. All was discord and disorder. Champlain showed great

patience and fortitude. The contending interests of the inhabitants threatened to paralyze the community; and he did his best, travelling backwards and forwards between France and Canada, to regulate affairs for the general good. But matters grew worse and worse. The Indians, too, became troublesome. Then Protestants arrived, to whom a measure of toleration was conceded. Quebec reached a population of one hundred and five persons, few of them able to support themselves from the products of the soil. It was at this time that the Puritans landed on the Rock of Plymouth (Dec. 20th, 1620).

WAR  
WITH  
ENGLAND.

War broke out between England and France and Quebec was famishing when Kirke, the commander of the English adventurers, at the head of three armed ships, demanded of Champlain the surrender of the city. It was incapable of defence, and succour was vainly expected from France. Yet Kirke did not venture to attack Quebec, and Champlain had defied him. But famine stared him in the face. At last three English vessels arrived, offering terms of capitulation. The French were to be conveyed to their own country, each soldier taking with him his clothes and a coat of beaver skin. The city was surrendered. King Charles, however, gave up what his sailors and soldiers had won, and restored New France to the French, it is believed, because only one-half of the dowry of Henrietta Maria had been paid.

Kirke resigned his prize, and in the following spring, 1633, Champlain resumed command at Quebec. The place became a centre of missions. But on Christmas Day, 1635, Champlain, struck with paralysis, lay dead, at the age of 68. He was soldier, statesman, crusader. His patience was equal to his courage, and his virtues were remembered long after he was gone.

*William Clark,*

## FATHER THOMAS.

BY EDGAR M. SMITH.



NOW, Doctor, it's your turn," remarked the Adjutant, as the laugh which followed the Major's story subsided.

"I'm sorry I can't amuse you," replied the Doctor gravely. "My fund of wit is at present very low."

"Oh! but we must have a story," shouted a chorus of voices.

"It would be only just to the champagne," added a brazen subaltern whose potions had not been restricted.

"Wine doesn't loosen every man's tongue," said the Doctor dryly. "But since you are all so anxious for a story I'll not be disagreeable."

"Hear! Hear!"

"But I warn you that it will be a sad one."

"The Doctor promises to be sentimental," murmured the Major, with mock solemnity.

"He docs," added the Adjutant; "so have handkerchiefs and wine glasses ready."

Doctor McMahon took no notice of these good-natured sallies, but lighting a cigar he pushed his chair slightly away from the table and commenced his tale. His voice was rich as well as expressive, and it was but a few moments ere he had secured the undivided attention of every redcoat in the room.

"The story I'm going to tell you," he said, "is a true one, but I shall not give the correct names of the parties concerned, for though it all happened a quarter of a century ago I wouldn't for the world reveal the identity of the principal character in the tragedy."

"Tragedy!" echoed a voice.

"Yes, tragedy; and a particularly sad one too. It was in '68, and I had been but a short time attached to the 14th Fusiliers when the regiment was ordered to Kay, a lonely and rather rough spot in Clare County. The move pleased none of us, for our quarters in Belfast

were as pleasant as any man could wish, and it was a sad change to be shunted a good many miles away from civilization. But we had to go, and, like a true Irishman, I, for one, determined to make the best of it. We had not been long in our new quarters before the few nice families in the locality called upon us, and amongst the number we found a boon companion in Squire—well, I'll call him Costigan, though his name didn't even sound like that.

"He was a splendid chap, in the prime of life, and having never been foolish enough to marry, was as gay and jolly as the best of us. His house—'The Lodge' he called it—was about two miles from the barracks, and it wasn't long before every man of our mess was a more or less frequent recipient of the Squire's hospitality. It's true he was a little on the noisy side, like our friend the Adjutant here, but his heart was as big as his voice, and it would have been next to impossible for any fair-minded man to dislike him.

"Of course he dined with us a great deal—several times a week in fact—and the other evenings two or three of us sat down to good dinners at 'The Lodge.' I was usually amongst the number, though the Squire's hearty laugh was not as great an attraction to me as was the quiet conversation of his brother, the village priest, who passed most of his evenings at the old home.

"The Squire was a Protestant, like his father, but Mrs. Costigan had been a Catholic, and she brought up the second boy in her faith. One might suppose that this difference of religion would have caused bad feeling between the two men, particularly as one of them was a priest, but they loved each other dearly, and when I first met them their mutual affection and respect was something beautiful to see.

"Now, the priest—Father Thomas the people called him—was not the kind

frequently met with in my country, for besides being a quiet, modest man he never touched a drop of liquor, so that he was always in the same humor. Unlike his brother he was slim and somewhat short, but graceful and easy in his movements.

"Though there was a big difference in our ages, he and I formed a friendship that has become one of the loveliest memories of my young days. Many were the talks we had on the serious questions of life, and it was then that I first discovered the true beauty of my friend's character.

"The regiment had been stationed about a year at Kay when some of the Squire's tenantry began to act badly, refusing to either pay rent or leave the houses. Now, the Squire was an easy going man, and would never have taken extreme measures if the people had approached him in a friendly way and asked his consideration. But instead of doing this they kicked up the mischief and defied him to do his worst. He was hot headed, and this was enough to put him on his metal. The result was that in a few days the objectionable tenants were evicted, and the whole place was wild with excitement.

"Indignation meetings were held, and fiery addresses made by every rascalion who hated to pay rent. Vengeance was sworn against the Squire, and in spite of the sharp watch kept by our troops 'The Lodge' windows were often smashed by fleet-footed fellows, who, however, always managed to escape.

"Three of the tenants who had done bodily harm to the evicting party were in the county jail awaiting their trial, and Father Thomas tried to induce his brother to drop proceedings against them. 'You might as well let them go, Henry,' he said. 'You've got them out of your houses, and if you let the matter stand as it now is the trouble will blow over in a few weeks.'

"But the Squire was obstinate. 'No,' said he, 'the law must take its course, for the scoundrels deserve no pity.' 'Certainly not,' said the priest, in his quiet voice; 'but we should never be chary about forgiving. At any rate,

brother, I'd feel much easier if you'd act on my advice. If these men get worked up to a higher pitch of anger your life will be in danger.'

"There was no doubt that what he said was true, but the telling of it to the Squire was a mistake, for it made him more than ever determined to punish the offenders. 'And do you think I'm afraid of the scoundrels?' he asked, his good natured face becoming flushed with anger. 'By heaven! Thomas, they threatened me and defied me to do my worst. I'll do it, too, and I'll defy *them* to do *their* worst.' 'Yes,' answered the priest sorrowfully, 'and they'll do it too, unless you keep a sharp lookout.' 'In that case,' said the Squire, with a wink at the Major, 'I'll have to get a body-guard from the barracks to follow me about wherever I go; so cheer up, brother.' But the brother wouldn't cheer up, though he said nothing more about the affair.

"Well, the trial came up in a few days and the men were sent to jail for three months. Many were the threatening looks directed against the Squire, but he seemed to care less than any of us about them.

"For my part I felt kind of uncomfortable, and took the first opportunity to speak to Father Thomas. 'Do you think any violence will be resorted to?' I asked. 'I fear the worst,' said he; 'for, in spite of everything I've tried to do, the people about here have remained a wild lot. Of course, there are some good ones among them, but the majority are bad—desperate. And the unfortunate part of the business is that my influence over them is comparatively slight on account of Henry being my brother. They all think I'm in sympathy with the landlords, whereas I think both sides are too much in the wrong and too little in the right.' 'And would these fellows go to the extent of committing murder?' I asked. Father Thomas bowed his head. 'I don't like to judge them too harshly,' he said, 'but when they get worked up to such a pitch of fury as at present there's no saying what they might do. I feel very anxious about it, and only take comfort out of the thought that no definite step

will be taken until the convicted men are released from imprisonment, and by that time the storm may have blown over.' 'Let us hope so,' said I. 'And pray so,' he answered.

"So the weeks went on, but the priest wasn't idle. He preached against violence, interviewed the most dangerous characters and brought every influence to bear to dissuade the hot headed from giving way to their anger. I don't know whether it was through his labors or not but certainly the people became more quiet. Occasionally a landlord's windows were smashed, and the inmates of the house may have had to dodge the stones, but in Ireland no one thinks seriously of such slight matters as that.

"One evening the Major, the Captain and myself were having a quiet rubber with the Squire at 'The Lodge,' and as the dinner had been exceptionally good we were all in fine humor. Father Thomas was sitting at the far end of the room, in front of the fireplace with a book in his hand, but I could see that he wasn't reading, and, what was more, that he was very agitated. The corners of his mouth twitched and his bright eyes wandered about the room in a nervous way. When we got through the game he walked over and asked if we remembered what day it was.

"'Not Sunday, sure,' said the Squire. 'Nor any other holy day,' added the Major. 'No,' said the priest, 'it's not Sunday nor any other holy day, but it's the day of liberty for the men who were sent to jail three months ago.' 'You're a regular calendar,' laughed the Squire. 'It's well to keep track of the time,' answered his brother. 'Quinlivan, the ringleader, is a bad lot and unless something's done he'll have his grudge out against you.' 'And do you think I'm frightened?' exclaimed the Squire; 'if the scoundrel attempts any violence I'll have him sent to prison for so many years that his friends will all be dead before he gets out.' 'Much good that'll do you if you're murdered,' said Father Thomas. 'My brother seems to have a poor opinion of his sheep,' said the Squire. 'There are black sheep in every flock,' answered the priest; 'and I wouldn't put murder past some of them.' 'Oh!

I'll look out for myself,' said the Squire carelessly; 'and why should I be afraid when the Major has promised me a body-guard?'

"Everybody laughed at this except the priest and myself, for I understood him so well that I knew he wouldn't worry over imaginary troubles.

"Well, the Squire came to mess a few evenings after, and we had a jolly time. It was past twelve when he said good-night to us all and started on his two-mile walk home. I had offered to accompany him but he wouldn't hear of it, so I had to let him go alone. The poor fellow never reached 'The Lodge.' Early next morning his body was found in a lonely part of the road with a bullet through his heart.

"You can imagine the gloom the tragedy cast over us all. I don't think there was a man amongst us who didn't want to leave Kay and never see it again. But one thing we had to do first, and that was to find the assassin.

"As soon as I heard the news I went straight to Father Thomas. He was sitting beside his brother's body with a look on his white face that I'll never forget. His eyes were quite dry and seemed brighter than ever. I couldn't say anything, but I took his hand and he understood what I felt.

"That man was a priest, but he was, before all, a brother, and immediately after the funeral he took steps to discover the murderer. But it was useless. Though it was supposed that many of the people could have given the necessary information, they remained as mum as death, and the search was finally abandoned as hopeless.

"'It's too bad,' said I to Father Thomas, in talking over the matter with him. 'It is,' he replied, 'but I'm not going to give up. I'll keep my eyes and ears open and I hope to be successful yet.'

"I told him that if I could be of any use to call upon me, and he promised to do so, if necessary.

"I had obtained a month's leave of absence, so I bade him good-bye and left the house with the load on my heart still heavy.

"I had a good time in London, and

spent a quiet ten days with my mother, who, as you may guess, was delighted to see me, and sorry to have me go. I, on my side, wasn't particularly joyful about returning to the regiment, but I swallowed my lonesomeness with a gulp, and started for Kay.

"The first evening after my arrival I called upon Father Thomas, and was shocked to see the change that had taken place in him. It is true, he was never over-stout, but in a month's time he had got like a skeleton; his cheeks were sunken, his face a ghastly white, and his eyes more feverishly bright than at the time of his brother's death.

"'You're not looking well,' I said, after we had shaken hands and seated ourselves.

"'Why should I?' said he, his voice sounding as though all the joy had gone out of his life.

"'But you seem worse than when I left,' I explained.

"'I've had more time to think over my brother's death,' he answered; 'and thinking on such a subject doesn't improve a man's spirits.'

"'True enough,' I said, 'but you should try and brace up.'

"He didn't reply, and so I asked: 'I suppose you haven't found any trace of the murderer?'

"No sooner were the words out of my mouth than he jumped to his feet as though he had been shot, and glared at me like a madman.

"'What makes you ask that question?' he whispered, hoarsely.

"'Ask that question?' I repeated, in surprise. 'Why shouldn't I ask it?'

"'You've heard something,' he said, sitting down, but eyeing me suspiciously.

"'If I had, I wouldn't have waited till now to tell you,' I answered. I spoke mighty sharp, for, to tell you the truth, I wasn't at all pleased with the way he acted.

"The tears came to the poor fellow's eyes, and, leaning towards me, he took my hand.

"'Forgive me,' he said; 'I'm so upset that I don't know what I'm saying.'

"'But something must have happened to make you like this,' I persisted.

"'Aye, true enough,' said he, 'some-

thing *has* happened, but I can't tell you what it is.'

"'Is it about the murderer?' I asked.

"He bowed his head and groaned.

"'And why can't you tell me?' said I.

"'A priest can't tell all he hears,' answered my friend.

"'That may be,' agreed I, 'but there's no harm in saying if you've found out anything about the murderer.'

"'Too much,' he groaned, 'too much; and the secret is driving me mad.'

"'Do you mean that you know who killed the Squire?' I asked.

"Again he bowed his head.

"'And you feel grieved over the discovery?' said I, in surprise.

"'Can't you understand?' he exclaimed. 'I heard it in the confessional!'

"That knocked the wind out of me.

"'Oh, Lord,' I said; 'that's bad.'

"Neither of us spoke for five minutes, and then I asked him what he had done about it.

"'Everything I can do,' he said; 'and that's nothing. You see,' he went on, 'the guilty party knew I was keeping a sharp lookout, and he feared that I might discover him, so what did the villain do but make use of the church to shield him, and confess the whole thing to me. "And you dared to come and ask for absolution?" said I to him. "As you like, Father," he answered; "but I thought it better to let you know the truth this way than to have you hear it from others." Ah! Doctor, it was a terrible moment for me. I had suspected the man all along.'

"'Quinlivan!' I murmured.

"'Hush!' said he; 'don't say a word. I've no right to tell you anything, but the secret is killing me, and I know you can be trusted.'

"'I'll say nothing more,' I answered.

"'Yes,' he groaned, 'the secret is killing me. I can do nothing without sacrificing my honor as a priest.'

"'I'd be tempted to do it,' said I.

"'Tempted!' cried he; 'I've been fighting with myself ever since I heard the man's confession, and I feel afraid that some day I may forget my heavenly vows in my eagerness for earthly vengeance.'

"'And who could blame you?' I

exclaimed. But he shook his head and sighed as though his poor heart would break.

"A few weeks later, Father Thomas left Kay hurriedly, and was gone five days. He didn't tell me where, or why, he was going, and, of course, I didn't ask him, but I noticed that he seemed more lively than he had been for a long time back, though he was certainly very excited.

"In less than a week the news spread that Quinlivan had been arrested for the murder of the Squire. A cold chill came over me when I heard this, for the thought immediately struck me that the good priest had, in desperation, broken the vows he had made, and used the man's confession as evidence against him. It certainly looked that way, as Father Thomas was said to be one of the witnesses.

"I called to see him, and he greeted me warmly. 'I've been true to myself,' he said, 'but I've brought my brother's murderer to justice.'

"'And how did you do it?' I asked.

"'Well,' he said, 'it happened when I least expected it. A couple of weeks ago, when walking along the road to the barracks, I caught up to Quinlivan. "Good evening," he called out, and I could tell he had been drinking. I simply bowed and passed on, but he followed me. "Won't my father confessor stop and talk with me?" he said. And I answered him that I wouldn't. "Please stop," he called, "and examine this spot; it's where your brother was killed, and I fired the shot from behind that bush over there." Ah! Doctor, my heart seemed to stand still, and for a moment I felt faint; then the sudden idea struck me to get the villain to tell me again the story of his crime, for I was no longer in the confessional. "Did

you kill my brother?" I asked. "Certainly I did," said Quinlivan; "and you know it, too, for I told you all about it in the confessional. "It's too bad, isn't it, that you're a priest?" "But did you kill him by yourself?" I asked. "One bullet was enough," he answered, "and there was no need for half a dozen fellows to be lumbering about; but Tim Dolan and Pat Walsh were hid a little way on, and gave the signal when my man was coming."

"'And so, Doctor,' said Father Thomas, 'I got the whole story out of him down to the finest details, and I can now give evidence without breaking the vows I made when I entered the church.'

"'And what was the result?' asked the Adjutant, as the Doctor ceased speaking.

"'He gave the evidence, but the counsel for the defence claimed that he made use of information heard in the confessional. This wasn't true, and, as the judge pointed out, it made no difference, anyway; but it had an effect upon the jury, for, though they found Quinlivan guilty, they recommended him to the mercy of the court, and he escaped the gallows. I'm glad to say, however, that he passed the remainder of his days behind the bars. But the sad part of this story is, that, though Father Thomas was a man in every way above suspicion, people said he made use of the confessional for worldly purposes. The story was carried to the bishop, and even he reprimanded him.'

"'And what happened to him?' enquired the Major.

"'He died in my arms a few months afterwards. I was unable to diagnose his case from a medical standpoint, but I knew full well what the trouble was—his heart was broken."

*Edgar Maurice Smith.*



# UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH.\*

BY RAYMUND H. PHILLIMORE, M.D.

[Conclusion.]

## CHAPTER III.

When I woke up I felt as though I were recovering from some frightful nightmare. I found that I was the sole occupant of the room, and, as I collected my thoughts together, one idea only kept forcing itself upon my mind—that Quebec murder! What made *me* do it? How every horrid detail seemed to be seared into my memory. What a foul fiend I must have been to have thrust that shining blade into the breast of my innocent and unsuspecting victim! And then how I had pounced upon the other poor wretch! And the blood! Then I chanced to glance at my left hand, and saw that it was bandaged, and that the middle finger was absent. Ah! that was more proof of my guilt! I did not care to enquire how I lost it—indeed, it never occurred to me. I took it for granted that I had lost it in the stabbing affray. And where was Yorstons? He must have gone away in the night, leaving me to my fate. That was cruel of him; however, I would wait in my room till evening, and then I would go out and search for him. I dared not show myself in the light of day; for the sun was not made to shine upon doubly-dyed criminals: deeds of darkness go hand in hand with night; so I furtively drew aside the curtain, and glanced out of the window. The sun was shining brightly, pedestrians were hurrying to and fro in the streets—all was life, bustle and business. Just then I heard footsteps coming up the stairs. How my heart palpitated, and my very knees quaked with fear! Perhaps it was the police! Then came a rap at the door—yes, I must put a bold face on the matter—

“Come in!” I exclaimed.

It was only my landlady, poor, old soul—a harmless and inoffensive, Irish

woman—she had come to enquire whether I was sick, for it was past eleven o'clock, she said. I replied that I was not feeling very well, and she might bring me a cup of tea, and some bread and butter.

“Your friend left you quite unexpected last night, sir,” she continued; “he was a real nice gentleman, and, knowing as how you was asleep when the *calèche* came, he told the driver to make as little noise as possible. He said as how he was going on to Boston.”

When the shades of evening deepened into the black shadows of the night, I stole forth from my rooms, and, quietly opening the front door, stepped outside. Would it be safer for me to hurry through the back streets, or boldly walk along the principal thoroughfares, I wondered? How everybody seemed to suspect me—they must have some idea that a miserable assassin was brushing past them. Just then I noticed a saloon, and peeped in—there was no one there but the bartender. I stepped up and asked for a glass of brandy—then another. What courage the fiery liquid gave me as it coursed through my veins! Still it would not do for me to be reckless. I carelessly took up a newspaper. Yes! there it was again—“THE QUEBEC TRAGEDY”—it seemed to be printed in letters of fire.

“Public interest,” it said, “in the Quebec murders is still at fever-heat. The police and detectives are closely watching all *exits* from the city, but as yet no arrests have been made. It is possible, of course, that the murderer is not in Montreal at all, or he may have sailed from Quebec early on the morning following the murder. The only outgoing boat, however, was the *Nightingale*, which sailed at three o'clock a. m. It seems probable, however, that the criminal was well acquainted with the old city, or why should he suspect that plunder might be secured at Messrs. Logan and Co.’s establishment? He must certainly have been watching the

\* Begun in September Number.

building for some time, and waiting his opportunity; for both victims were slain as they were parting for the night—one on each side of the entrance-door.”

I laid down the paper, and again journeyed forth on my search for Caleb Yorston. I walked for two or three hours, and it was past eleven o'clock, after a fruitless hunt, when, weary and disheartened, I reached my lodgings. I had just unlocked the door, and was about to enter, when a hand was laid heavily on my shoulder, and a voice said:

“I arrest you in the name of Her Majesty the Queen!”

#### CHAPTER IV.

The next day the papers contained the following intelligence:—

“THE QUEBEC MURDERS.

*“Arrest of the assassin, who confesses his crime.*

“The Quebec murderer has been arrested, and has confessed his guilt. The capture was made about eleven o'clock last night, and was brought about in a very unusual manner. It seems that a letter was received by the chief constable on the same evening, which ran as follows:

‘Montreal, 27th November.

‘Chief Constable,—

‘SIR:—I was passing along Joliette St. a couple of days ago, and noticed a young man walking in front of me. I observed that the middle finger of his left hand was *bandaged*, and it has occurred to me that possibly this circumstance may assist the police in arresting the Quebec assassin. The man entered No. 11 of the above-mentioned street. I prefer, for private reasons, not giving my name or address—

‘Yours etc.’—

“Upon receipt of this communication, a watch was set upon the house, and at the hour afore-stated, the efforts of the authorities were crowned with success.”

My children, you can never understand how I felt when I found myself in a felon's cell. I can see those four cold, bare, stone walls to this day. I can picture that little window, guarded by strong iron bars, that served to give the cell the little light which it possessed. I sometimes think that I can feel the handcuffs burning into my flesh to this day. Oh! how I used to shiver and tremble at night, and wonder whether hanging

was a very painful death! When the evening approached, and the dark shades of a dying day stole softly into my cell, every sound seemed to warn me that Death was sitting beside me. And then the jailer! A stolid, hard-looking Scotchman he was, who seemed to take a grim delight in jingling his keys in my presence.

And yet, occasionally, a kind of flimsy idea would float through my brain that I was innocent of the crime of which I was accused. But again when I reflected over the matter, I could not doubt my own guilt, for I remembered every detail so distinctly. It is a wonder, indeed, considering my state of mind, that my brain was able to endure the strain.

And then came the trial! I need not give you the harrowing details of the judicial examination. I was so dazed and bewildered that I passed through the ordeal as one in a dream. I told an incoherent and contradictory account to my counsel of my movements on that fatal night, but the most damning evidence was produced against me—(1.) A few of the lost jewels were found secreted in my trunk. (2.) I had lost a finger on my left hand, and (3.) I had already confessed my guilt. It was only when the judge pronounced the dreadful words—

“That you be taken forth from here to the place whence you came, and that there you be hanged by the neck until you be dead—And may the Lord have mercy on your soul”—

That I woke up to realize the appalling situation in which I was placed, The shock to my system, I suppose, was sufficient to break the spell that Yorston had cast over me. So, with a loud cry that echoed and re-echoed through the court, I exclaimed: “No! no! I did not commit the crime: the other man killed them both. As there is a God above, I am not guilty!”

“Remove the prisoner from the dock,” spoke the judge, in a quivering voice.

Time went on; and oh, how quickly the days flew by! Every morning when I woke up, after a troubled and restless night, I used to glance up at the little window, and say to myself—“Another day nearer the gallows!” When the

good clergyman visited me I would tell him a thousand times, with tears in my eyes, that I was innocent of the crime of which I had been adjudged guilty. But he would only shake his head sadly, and reply: "Then why did you plead guilty?" I tried to explain that I was mad at the time, but I saw that he was incredulous, and regarded all my explanations as pure inventions. So I relapsed into a moody silence, refusing to speak to anyone. Then I thought I would starve myself to death—anything to cheat the hangman—but the prison authorities threatened to feed me by force. This went on until the night preceding the morning upon which the execution was to take place. I walked up and down the cell like some tortured animal. To add to the misery and horror of the situation, I could hear the carpenters erecting the scaffold just outside the cell. I fancied sometimes that I could see Death dancing before my eyes.

It was nearly midnight! only a few hours more, and all would be over! The night watchman seemed to pity me. I think he almost doubted the justice of my sentence. I related to him once more the conduct of Yorston, and when I had concluded my story, I begged and prayed him to fetch me some poison.

"I cannot," he replied, "I dare not; but *I believe you!*"

Then I crossed my cell to the place where the man sat, grasped his rough hand, and blessed him for those words.

And now the morning broke! The sun's rays smiled through the bars of my prison, but it was destined, I believed, to be the last sunrise that I should ever witness.

But, hark! what is that? Are they coming already? No! no! It was too soon! They must not kill me before my time. I had three hours more to live yet—three sweet hours and five minutes, before they strangled me! I listened again—nearer and nearer came the sound of footsteps down the corridor. Why did they walk so quickly? There was the hum of voices—the jingling of keys—then the cell-door opened, and in rushed the warden of the prison, waving over his head a paper with a red seal affixed to it.

"You are free!" he cried.

"Free?" I repeated, in a half-dazed tone, for surely the news was too good to be true.

"Free!" he exclaimed again.

Then I fell down on my knees, and, covering my face with my hands, sobbed a prayer of thankfulness to God.

And now, my children, the rest of my story is soon told. It seems that the night before the date of the execution, the Chief of Police received a small parcel, marked: "*Immediate and Important.*" When it was opened, a five-pound Bank of England note came to view. It also contained the ivory handle of a dagger, and a small vial, which preserved a ghastly relic—that relic was the middle finger of a man's left hand—it was my finger; and last of all was a letter, which ran thus:—

"*To the Chief of the Montreal Constabulary—*

"SIR,

"You will observe that this letter is written by the same hand that sent you the last. It was *I* who committed the Quebec murders; but I am far out of your reach now, and I do not wish an innocent man to suffer an ignominious death. Examine the enclosed five-pound note—on the reverse side you will find a thumb mark: it is a blood stain. This note lay at the bottom of a package of bills which I snatched from Messrs. Logan & Co's counter. Examine the dagger handle, and you will find that it exactly fits the blade which was discovered in the dead man's breast. Look into the bottle and you will find a man's finger. It belongs to the poor wretch who will be executed to-morrow morning, unless you are speedy in your movements. I cut it off when I had stupefied him with the occult and mysterious power which I exercise. I learned this power from long associations with the disciples of Buddha. Briefly then, this is my history: I was born in India, of half-native, and half-English parents. Both died when I was very young indeed. As I grew up, through my long association with the native population, and impelled by an irresistible desire to acquire the wisdom of the Mahatmas or devotees of the Buddhist religion, whose wonderful achievements none others in the wide world can accomplish, I became to some extent acquainted with their secrets—indeed, had it not been that I was afraid to undergo the terrible hardships which alone could qualify me to become a priest of Buddha, I should undoubt-

edly have become an ascetic myself. When I reached manhood, my natural ambition urged me to secure wealth, power, and position. Be it known that at that time I was staying in the house of a wealthy Indian, a near relative on my mother's side. His home sparkled with ornaments and precious stones. In an evil moment I was tempted to betray his kind hospitality and confidence. I stole a large number of valuable gems and fled. Perhaps he did not institute a search for me, for he loved me dearly; however, I escaped safely, and, boarding the first vessel that was sailing for foreign parts, I said farewell to my native-land, and, in due course, arrived in England. Here I heard much of the new world, so I immediately sailed to this country, believing that I should be offered fabulous sums for my diamonds and rubies. But, a few hours after the ship left Liverpool, I discovered that I had been robbed of my jewels!—yes, plundered in a strange land, wherein I could only expect to become a slave, whereas I had always lived in affluence. So, I vowed that when I reached Canada—the land of desolation and ice—I would replace their loss at whatever cost. You know the rest—how my presiding genius assisted me in my efforts; and how the loss of a finger might have ended in my discovery. But the plan which I hit upon was cunning; and, better still, it was successful. Go, then, you who belong to a people who rob and plunder the stranger, go and snatch the doomed youth from the shadow of the gallows; and go quickly, for Death reposes beside him, and is hungry for the sacrifice!"

And thus, my children, the strange letter concluded. What became of Caleb Yorston - if indeed that was really his name, which I doubt—was never discovered. Whether he migrated to South America, as some think likely, or whether he returned to India, remains an insoluble mystery. But you will not wonder now that my hair was bleached before I had reached the age of twenty-four, or that I should have striven for the remainder of my days to forget an occurrence which had driven me to the verge of madness. As some recompense for my imprisonment, and the agony of mind which I had suffered, the Government granted me a sum of money. With that money I returned to the land of my birth, and prospered in all my undertakings; and God rewarded me by giving me your good mother for a wife, and surrounding me with loving children who have brightened my peaceful home, and proved an incalculable blessing in my declining years.

And when I had finished reading the MS., we—the dead man's children—rose silently from our chairs, kissed each other all round, and, with moistened eyes, retired to rest for the night; for our hearts were too full for words.

*Raymund H. Phillimore.*

THE END.

## CELESTIAL GUIDES.

TELL me, ye stars that gem the vault of heaven,  
 And hang like beacons out upon the sky,  
 Were not your soft, your liquid blazes given  
 To guide our feet? To draw our wandering eye  
 And make us loath the scenes of sin and woe?  
 To turn our thoughts from off this earthly clod,  
 And show the way on which our steps should tread,  
 And lead us to, the eternal throne of God?

*Isabell Lawlor.*

## IMPRESSIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACES.

BY WILLIAM Q. PHILLIPS.



HOSE Canadian yachtsmen who were fortunate enough to be present at the recent international yacht races at Toledo have returned home not only well satisfied, but with a few new ideas. In the matter of building and sailing a racing yacht our Chicago friends still have something to

learn, but the Toledo people have set a pace in hospitality and enthusiasm that will hold the record for some time.

Hitherto, Toledo has been known to the majority of Canadians simply as a name on the map, offering no attractions to the tourist and easily eclipsed either by Detroit or Cleveland. As a yachting centre it had never been heard from.

Ten years ago there were very few yachts at Toledo, and they attracted but little attention, even locally; now there is a large fleet including many craft of modern design, two flourishing yacht clubs and a general interest in the sport which promises much for the future. School boys there are "talking yacht," not in generalities, but on a basis of "water-lines," "overhangs" and measurement rules. They pick out the various craft at anchor by details of rigging in true nautical style, and altogether know more about the subject than many of their seniors who call themselves yachtsmen.

The public spirit of the citizens of Toledo is entitled to the credit for the very satisfactory character of all the circumstances attending the match between the *Canada* and the *Vencedor*. When the event had been secured, an association was formed to make and carry out all necessary arrangements, its membership including not only yachtsmen, but prom-

inent business men, who subscribed liberally towards expenses. The affair cost a lot of money. First of all there was \$1500 prize money, and the general expenses must have footed up at least as much more. Three or four tugs were engaged and placed at the disposal of the visiting fleet for nearly a week, towing the sailing craft down the river on the morning of each race, and bringing them back to moorings after the finish. A commodious press boat was at the disposal of the local and visiting journalists, well manned and well provisioned. The crews of *Vencedor* and *Canada* were quartered at the Hotel St. Charles, first-class in every respect, and all at the expense of the Association. When Mr. Jarvis got back to Toronto he summed it up as follows: "We had everything we wanted, almost without asking, and the only thing we were not allowed to do was to pay bills."

When *Canada* and *Vencedor* arrived at Toledo and were docked for cleaning, experts had leisure to examine and compare them and venture predictions. There was no lack of points of contrast between the two on which all manner of conclusions might have been based. *Canada's* hull was found to be less extreme in any direction than had been supposed, the sheer-plan being compact with the conventional rudder hung on the raking stern-post, the whole appearance of the under-water body being harmonious and promising easy steering if nothing more. *Vencedor*, on the other hand, showed the now familiar fin-keel construction, its ugliness accentuated by a spade-shaped rudder hung through the after body. The general appearance of her hull was more powerful but less graceful than *Canada's*, and as the official tape line afterwards showed, *Vencedor* was a larger boat.

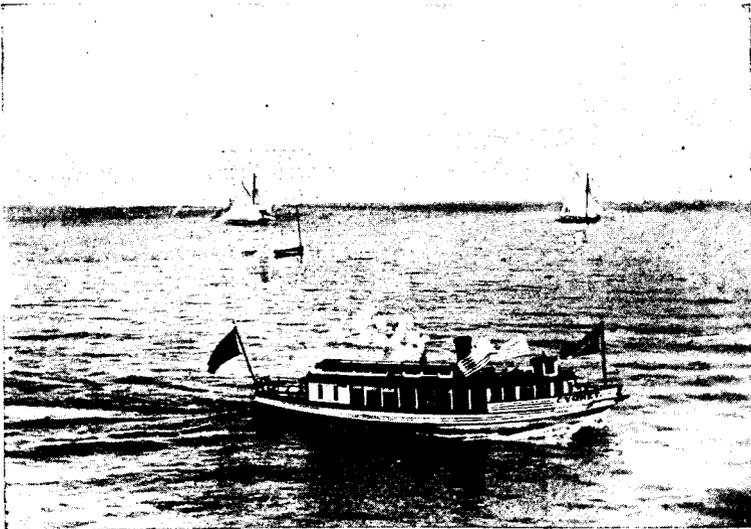
Viewing the two craft afloat, striking



TOWING OUT THE FLEET.

points of contrast again presented themselves, and so far as a handsome appearance was concerned, *Canada* easily had the best of it. Her topsides were "black, all black," but not even prosaic pot-lead could spoil the graceful sheer, the "overhangs" being cleverly worked out and adding to the general effect rather than

detracting from it, as is frequently the case with modern yachts. *Vencedor's* topsides were varnished mahogany, looking none too smooth by-the-way, her sheer flat and hard-looking, the forward "overhang" run out close to the water for half its length and then turned up abruptly producing an ugly snout, while



THE START, AUGUST 25TH.

the quarters looked heavy although finished by a neat transom. Even in the details of rigging *Canada* had the advantage with light wire halliards and neat blocks; *Vencedor's* outfit of manilla and clumsy wooden blocks being quite out of date. It was unfortunate that such unsightly details marred a design in many respects bold and capable.

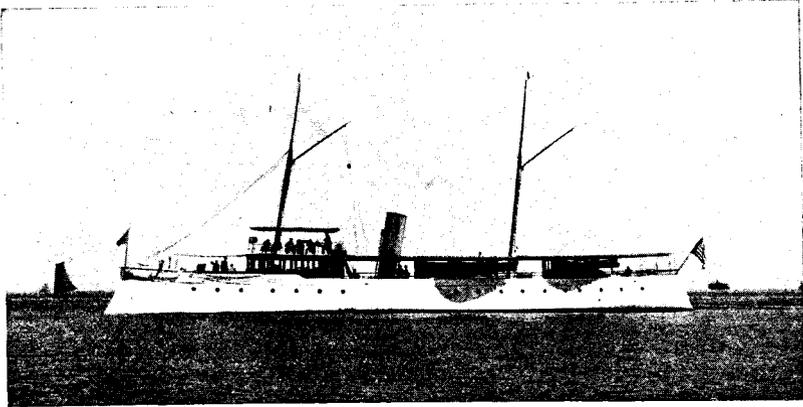
A comparison of the sail plans is most readily made by inspection of the published photographs, and this leads up to the most serious handicap under which *Vencedor* sailed. When the challenge was sent last fall, *Vencedor's* design had been completed and her dimensions fixed, although these were kept a close secret, except that the water-line was to be about forty-three feet. For Lake Ontario this was an odd size, too large for the forty-two foot corrected length class and too small for the class above. No member of the R. C. Y. C. would have cared to build a yacht of such a size, and at first it was a serious obstacle to the acceptance of the challenge. Finally the *Vencedor* people agreed to confine their craft to forty-five feet corrected length, or in any case not to exceed this by more than half a foot and to give double time allowance on any such excess. In consideration of this the R.C.Y.C. agreed that their representative should not exceed forty-two and a half feet corrected length. The arrangement was peculiar, but it was altogether straightforward and above-board, and in undertaking to meet a large boat with a small one the Canadian club accepted what would, under most circumstances, have proved a handicap. That it turned out to be a slight advantage is due to the fact that *Vencedor* is far too long and powerful a yacht for forty-five or forty-five and a half feet corrected length, and, although canvassed up to the extreme limit, she is still under-rigged for general racing on the lower lakes.

But these are dry technicalities, and the jolly crowd of yachtsmen and excursionists that flocked to the races for three successive days troubled little about them, being more concerned with the day's sport and its immediate result. The City of Toledo is twelve miles up from the mouth of the Maumee River and as

the starting buoy was four miles further out in the lake everybody had a sixteen mile trip before getting to the scene of action. For the dozen excursion steamers and a score or more steam yachts this was merely an incident, but it would have proved a tedious if not impossible task for the many local and visiting sailing craft, had not generous provision been made to tow them down the river and back.

It was a free-for-all arrangement; the puffing tugs usually heading their long tows with a stately schooner or cutter gleaming with polished brass, immaculate paint, and by a natural and easy system of declension coming down to a grimy fish boat at the tail end, with bottled beer and a homely lunch-basket making no attempt at concealment. And the fish-boat crew who made no pretensions to style undoubtedly had as good a time as the well-dressed guests who trod the holy-stoned decks of the larger yachts. Everybody was out to see the racing, and everybody hoped the best boat would win; of course with a mental reservation as to which of the two—heedless of grammar—was the "best boat."

It had been rumored that the U. S. Revenue Cutter *Fessenden* would be on hand to keep the course clear, but she failed to appear. The rather formidable looking steam yacht *Pathfinder* was for a long time supposed to be the *Fessenden*; but the course was kept clear by something better than guns and authority—the good sense and good seamanship of the captains of the attendant fleet. Not only was there shown a commendable desire to give each competing yacht a fair field, but also excellent judgment in keeping clear of the course while still affording passengers a clear view of all that was going on. Outside of the races nothing attracted so much attention as the steam yachts *Pathfinder*, *Enquirer*, *Sentinel*, *Say When*, *Promise*, and many smaller, not forgetting the speedy and comfortable looking *Sigma*, kindly placed at the disposal of the judges by her owner, Col. Reynolds. The gentlemen who acted in this capacity were Oliver E. Cromwell, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y.C.; H. C. McLeod, Minnetonka Y.C.; and



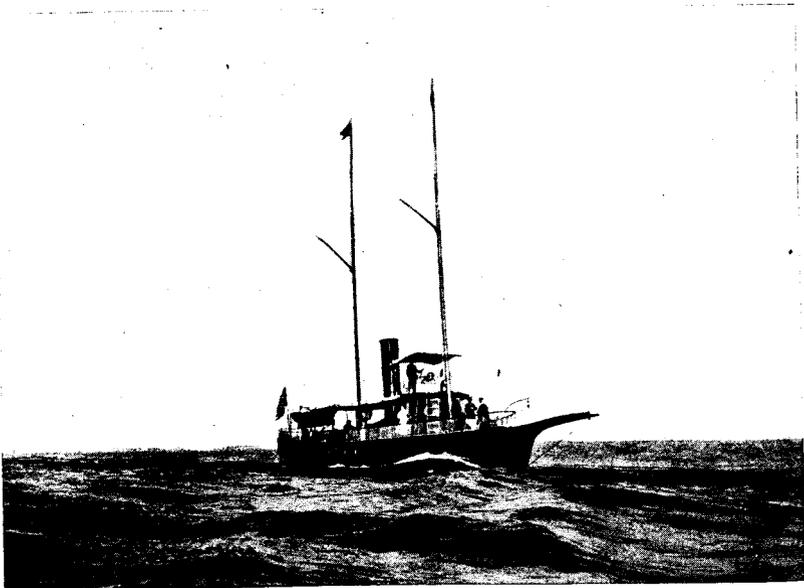
THE PATIFINDER.

E. H. Ambrose, Royal Hamilton Y. C. To them fell the responsible duties of measuring the yachts, laying out the courses, starting and timing the racers. All this work was performed to the satisfaction not only of the competitors but of the critical yachting public generally.

By Saturday evening, August 22nd, all the preliminaries had been completed and the newspapers announced the measurements of the competing yachts on Monday morning, as follows:—

	<i>Vencedor.</i>	<i>Canada.</i>
	Feet.	Feet.
Length over all.....	62.73	55.21
Length, water line .....	43.00	37.04
Boom .....	46.90	42.85
Gaff .....	27.80	24.42
Hoist .....	26.30	21.55
Racing length.....	45.33	41.78
Sail area.....sq. feet	2273	2164

On these measurements *Vencedor* had to allow *Canada* 4 min., 45 sec., on a 24-knot course, and 3 min., 57 sec., on a 20-knot course. These figures were in excess of the expectations, even of the



THE PASTIME.

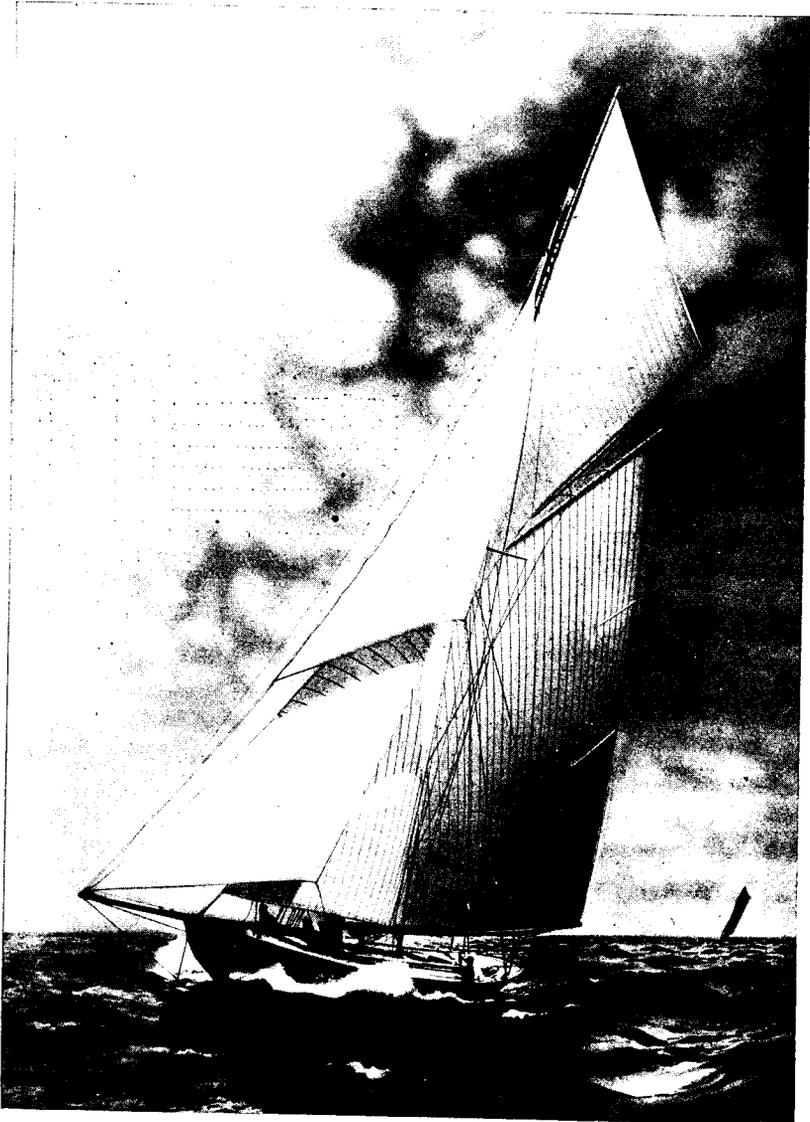


PHOTO BY ALVORD & SPRAGUE, DETROIT.

THE *CANADA*.



PHOTO BY ALVORD & SPRAGUE, DETROIT.

THE *VENCEDOR*.

yachtsmen, and created still more astonishment among the non-yachting public, who were somewhat reassured, however, upon learning, that Com. Berriman was quite satisfied with them.

Both yachts were out in the lake long before the excursion steamers, and were manned by the following crews:—*Vencedor*: Com. Berriman, Capt. Barbour, John Connors, Lewis Bernard, Ralph Hoagland, Ed. Andrews, Al. Johnson, R. D. Potter, Wm. Miller, Henry Miller. *Canada*: Rear Com. Jarvis, G. D. Boulton, W. H. Parsons, J. H. Fernside, Sidney Small, W. S. Clouston, W. J. Moran, Ed. Roach, W. M. Fertile.

Of *Vencedor's* crew, Capt. Barbour was, last year, one of the quarter-masters of *Defender*; Mr. Potter is the owner of the Lake Erie yacht *Sultana*, and the Miller boys belong to the crew of the well-known Rochester yacht *Nox*. Among *Canada's* crew will be recognized the names of several of the best known Corinthians in the R. C. Y. C. Mr. Fernside is one of the smartest and best natured men in the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club, and Mr. Clouston hails from Montreal, and is the owner of *Chaperone*, designed a few years ago by Mr. Jarvis. While the two crews compare very well, man-for-man, *Vencedor's* was handicapped by lack of drilling together, while the *Canada's* men had been working on the yacht all season, and the Toronto contingent had hauled sheets and smothered balloon canvas in company for years past on *Verve*, *Vreda*, *Zelma*, *Aggie*, and other craft.

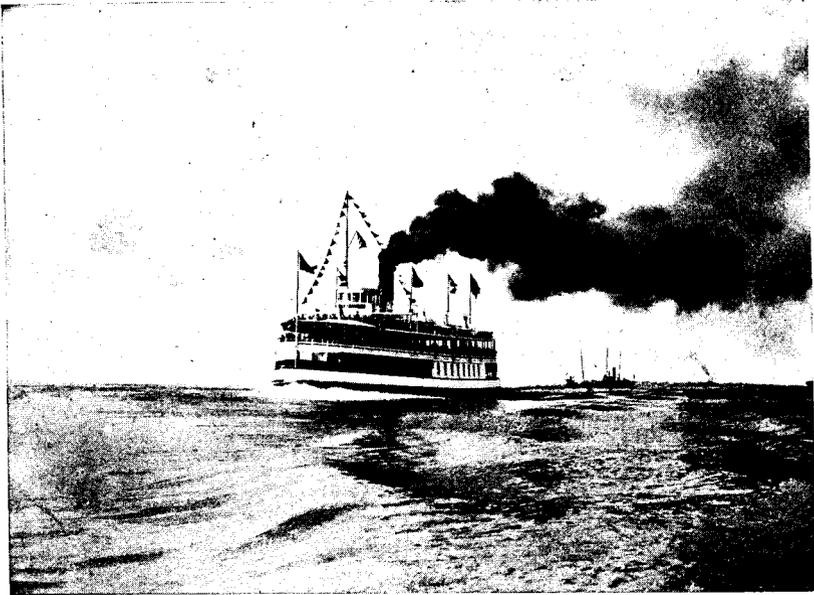
Early in the morning there had been a moderate breeze blowing over the city, but the sun had burned it up by the time the excursion fleet reached the lake, and the start at eleven o'clock was made in a light air, no more than sufficient to give steerage way. *Vencedor* was first over the line, but *Canada* rapidly overhauled and passed her, pulling out a lead of a mile at the first mark, although it took over two hours to cover the four knots. At three o'clock the second mark had not been reached, and a clock calm prevailed. All prospect of completing the race in the time limit had vanished long before, so the judges called it off and

notified the contestants, who were promptly picked up by their tugs and towed back to moorings.

Tuesday morning brought more wind, still light, however, but with a few ragged patches of cloud in the sky that were travelling well and promised more. The triangular course was again used, the yachts being signalled to keep all buoys to port. For the first leg the wind was over the starboard quarter, *Vencedor* crossing first without her spinnaker, *Canada* breaking hers out on the line and rapidly overhauling, blanketing and passing the Chicago boat.

It took nearly an hour to make the first buoy, *Canada* gaining a minute and a half, but, picking up another six minutes on the second leg sailed in a failing breeze. It was a peg to windward back to the starting buoy, *Vencedor* gaining a trifle as the breeze freshened toward the end, but losing on the whole.

The first round was timed: *Canada*, 2" 05' 00, *Vencedor*, 2" 13' 30. The time limit expired at 4.30 and more than half of it had been used in the first round. From this point interest centered, not on the relative positions of the boats, for *Vencedor* was clearly beaten even without time allowance, but on the question whether or not, *Canada* could finish in time to make it a race. The wind had shifted and made the first leg of the triangle a reach, *Canada* covering it in thirty-four minutes and still gaining. This looked promising, but the next leg was a spinnaker run and occupied nearly an hour. This slow travelling in proportion to the cloud of canvas each yacht carried gave the idea that the wind must be getting very light, but in reality it was holding well, though of just that strength that made running before it the slowest point of sailing for a racing yacht. *Canada* luffed around the buoy at last with just an hour to make the beat to the finish. Excitement ran high. The wind was of that paltry nature that might shift, freshen, or drop altogether in a few minutes, and not until *Canada* was within a mile of the finish was it apparent that she would make it in time. As it was, she had ten minutes to spare, getting her gun at 4 19" 08'. It is doubtful if anyone outside of the



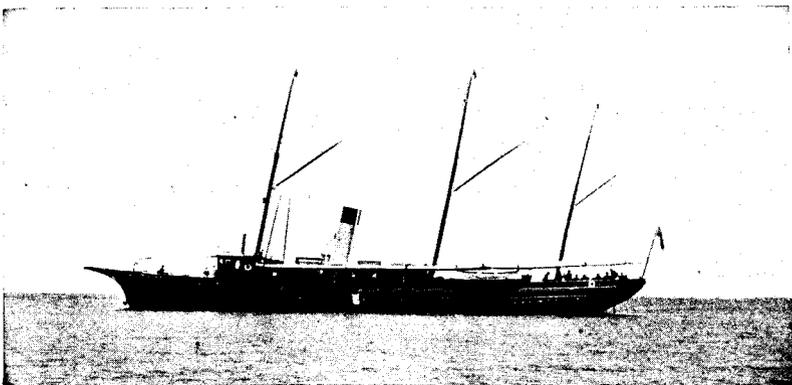
ONE OF THE EXCURSION STEAMERS.

judges' boat heard the report, for the puff of blue smoke was a signal for a most awful and discordant din from the whistles of the half-hundred steam craft, a performance that had been rehearsed at every turning buoy, when they were more or less scattered, but that reached its climax in a prolonged *finale* as the smoke-grinders came up in a bunch astern of *Canada*. Much more attractive was the appearance of the sailing craft, all anchored or dodging about the finishing line, ready to be

picked up by their friendly tugs. *Vencedor* finished at 4" 37' 07, the screeching being repeated with no noticeable lack of enthusiasm. The official times for the race were as follows:

	Start 11 a.m.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
<i>Canada</i> .....	4" 19' 08	5" 19' 08	5" 14' 23.	
<i>Vencedor</i> .....	4" 37' 07	5" 37' 07	5" 37' 07.	

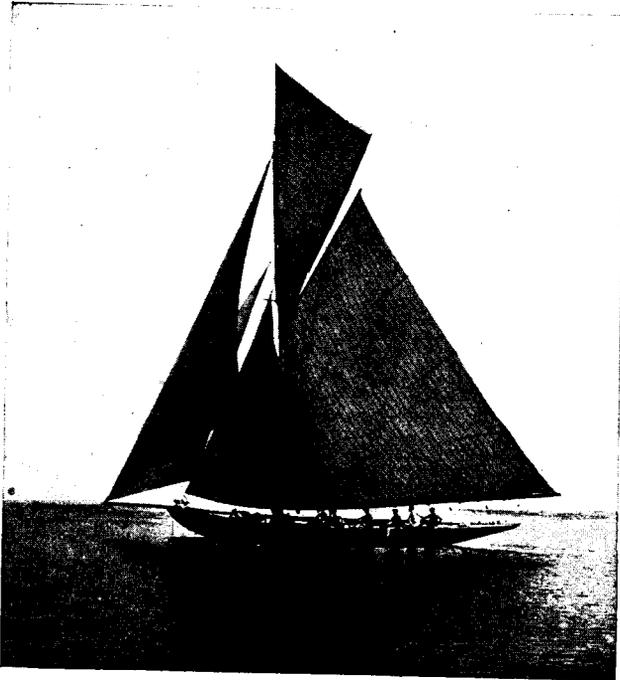
*Canada* had clearly demonstrated her superiority to *Vencedor* in light to moderate weather, and the result was attributable chiefly to her larger proportionate sail area. But, in addition,



THE JUDGE'S BOAT SIGMA.

her sails set better than *Vencedor's*, and some advantage seemed to follow the free use of a balloon stay-sail, something new to the American yachtsmen, for it excited so much comment as to become a standing joke. *Vencedor* stuck to a working staysail throughout, it being reported that she carried a lee helm and could not afford to increase her head canvas. Still her supporters did not lose hope, but looked for a better breeze on Wednesday, and in this they were not disappointed.

except at close quarters, and the *Chicago* boat pulled out a lead of over a minute on the run to the leeward buoy. Working back it was not quite dead to windward, a sharp rain squall being encountered and the wind shifting with it, but *Vencedor* was still gaining. Just how much will never be known, for on nearing the mark boat a couple more of similar character had anchored near it, creating confusion, and she finally rounded them all, going out of her course to do it. *Canada* fortunately picked up



THE CANADA IN A LIGHT BREEZE.

The course was five knots down a twenty mile breeze and return, two rounds, the start being made at 11.30, with a wild looking sky that promised more wind before there should be less. It was *Vencedor* weather, and she led off promptly on gunfire, carrying small club-topsail, and breaking out spinnaker and balloon jib-topsail as she crossed the line. *Canada* was half a minute later, contented with working top-sail No. 1 jib-topsail and spinnaker. Skipper Jarvis laid out to blanket *Vencedor*, but the wind was too strong for this work

the proper boat at once and rounded only one minute twenty-six seconds behind her competitor. The wind was still shifting, making the former run a broad' reach, both carrying balloon jib-topsails but lowering them to a freshening gust. *Vencedor* picked up one min. fourteen seconds on this work, turning the mark with a lead of two minutes, forty seconds. The race had now become desperately exciting, for everybody had been timing it, more or less closely, and knew it would be a question of seconds in any case. The passengers on the steamers

crowded alternately to one side or the other, unwilling to lose sight of the racers for a minute. It was a close reach home for the competing yachts, and while *Vencedor* was clearly holding her own it was impossible to decide whether she was making any material gain. The wind lightened a trifle, improving *Canada's* chances, and her friends looked to see a larger topsail go up, but Jarvis made no change in her canvas. *Vencedor* finished at 2" 11' 04, and then followed a breathless spell of waiting, carefully marked by a thousand watches as *Canada's* time allowance ticked away. One minute passed—two minutes—the little black boat was near the finish now and footing it bravely. Three minutes—she was almost on the line and had fifty-seven seconds of time allowance left. Slowly they ebbed away, each one counted now, and when thirty-one had passed *Canada* crossed the line a winner by twenty-six seconds. It was all over. The official times were :

	Start 11.30.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
<i>Canada</i> .....	2" 14' 35	2" 41' 35	2" 40' 38	
<i>Vencedor</i> .....	2" 11' 04	2" 41' 04	2" 41' 04	

In the evening a ball was held, during which the Cup and prize money, \$1500, were presented. The latter did not all go to the winner, for by previous arrangement it was divided with the loser in the proportion of 60 and 40 per cent. Nothing daunted, and, following the example of the Seawanhaka Club, the Chicago people presented Commodore Boswell with a challenge for another race next year, to be sailed under similar conditions. Of course it was met in a handsome and sportsmanlike spirit, but final acceptance will be delayed until some of the preliminaries are settled. It specifies that the competing yachts are not to exceed forty-three feet water line, but this size is just as awkward as it was a year ago. It is expected that a conference will shortly be held under the auspices of the Inter-Lake Yacht Racing Association, at which the Lake Michigan Clubs will be represented. If possible some uniform system of measurement and classification will be arranged, applying to all yacht clubs on the Great Lakes. The Royal Canadian Yacht Club would prefer to meet a challenge with a

yacht of the same size, and certainly the Chicago people will not care to sail against a smaller boat again.

Mr. Jarvis and crew were tendered a public reception by the citizens of Toronto which was both hearty and spontaneous. It became, in fact, the celebration of the victories of the Canadian craft, *Glencairn, Canada*, and the canoe *Mab*, owned by C. E. Archbald of the Toronto Canoe Club, who won the sailing trophy at the Meet of the American Canoe Association, Grindstone Island. The list may well make Canadians feel proud, for it is pretty nearly everything in sight—save the *America's* Cup. It has been freely suggested that our next effort should be a challenge for that venerable mug, but the possibilities of such an attempt are very remote. None of the lake clubs can move in the matter for the conditions specify that the only clubs eligible to challenge are those having a racing course on the sea or an arm of the sea. This clause was inserted with the express intent of warding off challenges from the lakes. In addition, legislation and precedent have fixed upon ninety foot cutters as the only correct craft in which to sail matches for this cup—a class we know nothing about in Canada. We have no facilities for designing or building them, and no fleet to serve for trial racing. While many of these difficulties might disappear by dint of determined effort and a liberal outflowing of wealth the task is not an advisable one for Canadians to undertake at present. Our successes this year are due almost entirely to the fact that our men have been thoroughly familiar with the sizes or types of boats concerned and with the local conditions of wind and water. When racing aboard *Glencairn, Canada* or *Mab* the crew were doing just what they have been doing for years and were thoroughly at home at the work. We shall do well to stick to what we understand, at all events until present conditions change. Meantime, our three trophies have got to be defended next year, and this alone will give our sailor men quite enough to think about during the coming winter season.

William Q. Phillips.

IN THE ORCHARD.



O apple leaves, so cool and green  
Against the summer sky,  
You stir although the wind is still  
And not a bird goes by;  
You start,  
And softly move apart  
In hushed expectancy,  
Who is the gracious visitor  
Whose form I cannot see?

O apple leaves, the mystic light  
All down your dim arcade,  
Why do your shadows tremble so,  
Half glad and half afraid;  
The air,  
Is an unspoken prayer,  
Your eyes look all one way;  
Who is the secret visitor  
Your tremor would betray?

Chas G. D. Roberts.

1917/90

## THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BODY GUARD.

BY THOS. E. CHAMPION.

IN 1808 an Act of Parliament was passed by the Upper Canadian Legislature its object being to increase the efficiency of the Canadian Militia, the Preamble to the Act, which received the Royal assent March 16th 1808, setting forth, that, "A well regulated militia is of the utmost importance to the defence of this Province."

There followed a great number of clauses, the 31st of which authorized the formation of troops of cavalry in various parts of the country, these to be commanded by a captain with two sub-



TROOPER—UNDRESS UNIFORM.



TROOPER—FULL DRESS UNIFORM.

alterns, each troop to be an independent command in itself.

During the war of 1812-14 several bodies of horse were called into existence in accordance with the provisions of this Act, but they do not appear to have taken any very active part in the operations of the war, and were probably used more for despatch duty than for any other purpose. Captain Merritt, of Niagara, grandfather of one of the present officers of the G. G. B. G., was in command of one of these troops. One thing is certain that no cavalry were engaged at Queens-  
ton Heights or Lundy's Lane, while in all the records of the war, there are very few references to a mounted force.



TRUMPETER—"REVEILLE."

Whatever cavalry troops existed during the continuance of hostilities were disbanded as soon as peace was concluded, and for several years after, no steps were taken to supply the deficiency. In 1822 though, Lieutenant-Colonel William Chewitt, who commanded the 1st West York Infantry Militia, determined to make an effort to organize a troop of cavalry in connection with his regiment, and applied to Captain George Taylor Denison, of *Bellevue*, Toronto, to aid him in his purpose.

Captain Denison was a veteran of the war of 1812, and had served as volunteer at the Battle of Queenston Heights, receiving his first commission as ensign in the York Militia in December, 1812. Captain Denison afterwards distinguished himself when the United States' forces in April, 1813, invaded Canada and captured York, by destroying a vessel that was on the stocks, so as to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. He, also, with a party of militiamen and lumberers, cut a road through the forest—

Dundas Street—from the Garrison to the Humber. He was of English birth, having come with his father, John Denison, of Hedon, Yorkshire, to Canada in 1792. He married Esther Borden, the daughter of Richard Lippincott, a U.E. Loyalist, who attained conspicuous celebrity during the Revolutionary War.

George Taylor Denison was perfectly ready to second Lieutenant Colonel Chewitt's wishes, and readily took upon himself the duty of organizing a troop of dragoons. This troop, when enrolled, was known as the York Dragoons, its immediate commanding officer being Captain G. T. Denison, with Lieutenant Aaron Silverthorne of Weston, and Cornet Charles Richardson of York, as subalterns.

THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. F. C. DENISON, C.M.G.,  
IN SOUDAN UNIFORM.



DRAWN BY A. H. HIDER.

"GALLOP."



LIEUT.-COL. G. T. DENISON (*BELLEVUE*).  
UNIFORM 1822-1838.

The uniform adopted by the York Dragoons was similar to that worn by 13th Light Dragoons. Subsequently, when the latter regiment were changed into Hussars and their uniform also altered, the Toronto Dragoons followed the change, adopting the new uniform worn by the 13th.

When the Rebellion of 1837 broke out in December, 1837, the corps which had hitherto received but scant consideration at the hands of the Government was placed on an entirely different footing, as they were taken into the service of the British Government, arms and accoutrements supplied to them, and the honorary title bestowed on them of "Queen's Light Dragoons."

The officers at this time were Major George T. Denison, of *Bellevue*, in command, his eldest son, Richard Lippincott Denison, was lieutenant, and Perine Lawrence was cornet. For six months the corps were actively employed, they not

returning to their homes until June, 1838. On October 31st, 1838, the "Queen's Light Dragoons" were again called out, their officers being R. L. Denison, who had succeeded to the captaincy—his father having been promoted to the command of the 1st West York Battalion—George Taylor Denison, Jr., being lieutenant, and E. C. Fisher cornet. During this period the "Queen's Light Dragoons" with Captain McGrath's troop of cavalry, performed despatch duty between Oakville, about twenty-five miles to the west of their headquarters, and Cobourg, about ninety miles to the east. This duty continued until May 31st, 1839, when all troubles being at an end, the militia were allowed to return to their homes. The following paragraph from the General Orders issued by the Lieutenant-Governor is well worth reproducing here:

"It affords the Lieutenant-Governor and Major-General Commanding, extreme gratification at being enabled to permit the whole of the Militia and Volunteer Corps, embodied for six months' service only, also those who were called out for an indefinite period, to return to their homes forthwith, pay being issued to them to the day of their discharge inclusive, and seven days' additional pay to take them home."

"Sir George Arthur cannot dismiss these loyal and patriotic defenders of their country without offering to them the assurance of his highest estimation and warmest approbation of their gallantry and zeal, as well as of the patience and perseverance with which they endured the hardships and privations which unavoidably fell to their lot during the period of their engagement, and His Excellency most confidently relies on their coming forward with equal spirit and determination should their valuable services be again required."

After the troops were removed from active service the whole of the arms, accoutrements and uniform which had been issued to them were returned into store, as they belonged to the Imperial Government, but those in command

of the troops were not to be daunted by this, for with commendable public spirit (as told by Lt.-Col. F. C. Denison)—

“The officers immediately purchased sufficient swords to supply the troop, and commenced another system of clothing and arming the men. It was arranged in this way. On a recruit joining, he was supplied by the officer commanding with a sword and sword belt, pouch and belt, shako and jacket. The man then gave security to the amount of five pounds, to return them when leaving, in good order (fair wear and tear excepted), and to show his good faith was required to get some friends of substance to subscribe with him to this agreement; thus, for years, the whole troop equipment belonged to the officers, and was merely loaned to the men.”

From 1839, and for several years afterwards, but little was heard of the troop, though they performed several public duties and put in a certain number of days' drill annually. In 1843, Sir. Charles Metcalfe, the Governor-General visited Toronto, his escort being formed by the York Dragoons, the officers of which were three brothers, Richard, George and Robert Denison.

In 1846, Captain R. L. Denison having accepted another position retired from the command of the troop, his place being taken by his brother George Taylor Denison Jr. (of *Rusholme*). The troop was now known as the “1st Toronto Independent Troop of Cavalry.”

One incident connected with this period is of very considerable public interests; it is thus told in the *Historical Record* of the troop:

“In the year 1849, the troop rendered essential service in escorting and protecting the Governor-General, Lord Elgin, to open Parliament in Toronto; in the troubled times which followed the riot over the Rebellion Losses Bill in Montreal, during which the Parliament



COL. G. T. DENISON, (*RUSHOLME*).  
UNIFORM 1838-1867.

Buildings there were burned, while the House was actually in session: at a time, too, when the troops of cavalry that had been on regular service in Montreal for over ten years forgot their discipline, forgot their duty to their Queen's representative, forgot their *esprit de corps*, and sat on their horses and laughed while the mob were engaged in pelting Lord Elgin with eggs.

“The Toronto troop acted differently, and established a name for obedience to order, that should be looked back to with pride by every man who ever serves in its ranks. Unquestionably there was a great deal politically to tempt them from their duty, and to lead them to remain inactive, if nothing worse. But their sense of duty to their Queen, through her representative, was so strong that they turned out, taking the Governor General safely to and from the Parliament Buildings, and against the will of a noisy, turbulent crowd. This was an excellent proof of what *esprit de corps* will do, and of the good state the troop must have been in. His



DRAWN BY A. H. HIDER.

"PURSUING PRACTICE."

Excellency was so pleased with the loyalty, discipline and general conduct of the escort on this occasion, that he sent orders to the officer commanding, to dismount his men and bring them into the drawing-room of Government House. By His Excellency's request, Captain Denison presented each man individually to him, and he shook hands with them all, thanking them personally for their services. They were then invited to sit down to lunch with His Excellency's staff."

In the year 1853, a regiment of volun-

war had a great deal to do with the rise of our present militia forces, as when it broke out, with scarcely an exception, the whole of the Imperial troops were withdrawn from Canada.

At this period Her Majesty's Colonial Dependencies generally, Canadians particularly, were told that they would have to do a great deal more for themselves in the matter of national defence than had hitherto been the case.



LIEUT.-COL. G. T. DENISON (HEYDON VILLA).

UNIFORM SINCE 1867.

teer cavalry was raised in the County of York, in which corps the York Light Dragoons formed the 1st troop, Captain Robert B. Denison being in command, he having succeeded G. T. Denison who had been promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of the regiment.

The Crimean War and the events brought in its train are now fast becoming matters of ancient history, yet that

The substance of what was told the Canadians by the Mother Country was this:

"If you are attacked or in danger of being attacked we will help you, but you must at all other times be prepared to act in your own defence."

In consequence of this intimation the Militia Act of 1855 was passed by the Provincial Legislature, and although it

has been amended many times within the last forty years the ground work of the Act still remains. Great care was bestowed in drafting it. Among those whose opinions were taken were Sir John Beverley Robinson, Judge McLean, Lieut.-Cols. E. W. Thomson, J. Prince, G. T. Denison (of *Rusholme*), Henry Ruttan, John Macauley and many others. Colonel de Rottenburg was Adjutant General of Militia at the time, and he also lent valuable assistance in preparing the Act.

In the fall of 1855 the York Light Dragoons were brought into the active militia under the provisions of the Act just referred to. The Government undertook the duty of equipping the men, and for the first time revolvers were issued to each man of the troop. Storerooms were also built for the arms and accoutrements. These rooms were in Toronto, on Queen Street West, on the south side, just east of Bathurst Street.

On November 13th, 1856, Captain R. B. Denison was transferred to the Toronto Foot Artillery, and on January 15th, 1857, Lieutenant G. T. Denison, the present Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the G.G.B.G., was promoted to the captaincy of No. 1 Troop.

I have now sketched the early history of the regiment. Some few years later, in 1866, in consideration of the corps being such an old one and of the great number of times that they had acted as escort to different Governors-General of Canada, the 1st York Cavalry were granted the title of Governor-General's Body Guard for Upper Canada, and were given precedence over all other corps of cavalry in the Province.

A few years later the Royal Guides, who had been known as the Governor-General's Body Guard for Lower Canada, were disbanded, and now Lieut.-Col. Denison's command enjoys the distinction of being "second to none," (*Nulli Secundus* is the Regiment's motto), as regards precedence among the militia regiments of Canada.

It is only possible in a short sketch such as this has of necessity to be, to refer very briefly to the services rendered in the field by the G.G.B.G.

When the Fenian troubles broke out,

in 1866, the Body Guard did not receive orders to march until late in the afternoon of June 1st, and left Toronto at eight a.m. the next day, joining Colonel Peacock's force at New Germany about five p.m. on the same date. At dark the entire column halted at Bown Farm until daybreak of June 3rd, and were in possession of Fort Erie at five a.m.

No praise can be too great for the way in which these citizen soldiers performed their duty during the Fenian Raid; at all times and in all places where they were sent were they active and alert, though many of them were young soldiers, having only been with the corps a few months. On June 20th the Body Guard returned to Toronto, and on June 28th were entertained at Weston at a public banquet, which was attended by many of the leading public men of the Province. It may be mentioned that at this banquet one of the original members of the corps when it was formed in 1822 was present, namely, Mr. Edward Musson, whose sons have also always taken an active interest in the militia of the Province.

The next active service upon which the Body Guard were engaged was the North-West Rebellion of 1885. They were called out on April 1st and left Toronto at 1.30 a.m. on April 7th, though they had been ready to march three days earlier.

The following officers went with the corps on this expedition: Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison, Captain O. Dunn, Lieutenant Wm. H. Merritt, 2nd Lieutenants F. E. Fleming, T. B. Browning, Captain Clarence A. K. Denison, Adjutant, Charles Mair, Quarter-master, and Surgeon J. B. Baldwin.

On the 9th of April the Body Guard reached the end of the C.P.R. track, and then came the march through "the gaps." On April 11th the regiment arrived at Jack Fish Bay after a terrible march over the ice on one of the inlets of Lake Superior. In all the accounts which have been given of the North-West campaign, but little notice has been taken of this achievement of the Body Guard. Crossing the ice the horses often sank to their knees in the snow, the men's boots and overalls were

frozen on them as they marched, the thermometer being at zero, yet, there was no word of complaint uttered, discipline was never once infringed, cheerfully and manfully was borne the hardship and the toil, and when the regiment arrived in Winnipeg they went quietly to their tents without any attempts at self glorification, satisfied that they had done their duty to their country and to their Queen.

After the Battle of Batoche, Captain Merritt, with a detachment of the G. G. B. G., captured Chief White Cap with his band of Sioux Indians.

After three months constant duty during the campaign, the regiment returned to Toronto, and were received by the inhabitants with an amount of enthusiasm and rejoicing such as the city had never previously witnessed.

Since the momentous events just referred to, the Body Guard, which consists now of four troops, with a full complement of officers—there not being a single vacant commission—has year by year gone on keeping its ranks well filled and having its men efficiently drilled. No higher compliment can be paid the G. G. B. G. than this: that the public hear but little about them, yet the same public is perfectly satisfied that should their services be required the Body Guard would be ready, prepared to do their duty as manfully and as loyally as they have done in the past.

A few words must be said in reference to the special services rendered by some of the officers of the G. G. B. G. In 1870, when the first Red River Expedition was organized for the suppression of the Riel Rebellion, the late Lieut.-Col. Frederick C. Denison, then just appointed to a lieutenancy in the corps, was selected by Colonel, now Field Marshal, Wolseley, who was in command, as his orderly officer, and in that capacity earned for himself the approbation and hearty approval of Colonel Wolseley by the efficient and conscientious manner in which he discharged his duties. Fourteen years later, when General Wolseley was setting out from England on the Nile Expedition for the relief of Gordon, a corps of Canadian *Voyageurs* was raised to assist in the campaign.

Wolseley being asked to name an officer to place in command of these men, remembering the gallantry and devotion of his orderly officer, young Fred. Denison, in 1870, determined to offer the command to him. No soldier ever buckled on his sword more readily than did Fred. Denison. No thought of refusing the service—one in which the dangers were only exceeded by its tremendous difficulties—ever entered his mind, but in less than three weeks from receiving his orders, he, in September, 1884, sailed from Quebec for England in command of his men. It is sufficient to say that Frederick Denison went on this service; that he did his duty follows as a matter of course.

During the campaign he was many times under fire, and on its conclusion was not only thanked in General Orders by Lord Wolseley, but received what is one of the highest distinctions that can be bestowed on a soldier, the thanks by name for his services, of the British Parliament. In addition to this honor, he was created C.M.G. and received the Egyptian war medal and Khedive's star.

No truer man, no more thorough soldier ever wore a uniform than Frederick Charles Denison, and as he was esteemed in life he was regretted at his death, men of all shades of politics and religion standing around his grave. He was just fifty years of age, when in April last he was called away, leaving behind him a record of which his regiment, in which he had served for thirty years, is justly proud.

The present Commanding Officer of the G. G. B. G., Lieut.-Col. George Taylor Denison, of *Heydon Villa*, has achieved as great success with his pen as he has with his sword. In 1868 he published his book entitled "Modern Cavalry," which has been translated into Russian, German and Hungarian, and is looked upon as a standard work on Cavalry tactics.

This, though, was not his chief literary effort, for in 1877 he obtained the prize offered by the Czar of Russia, consisting of 5,000 roubles, for the best essay on the history of Cavalry and its use in modern war. The competition was against the world, and G. T. Denison was

the victor. After his success Lieut.-Col. Denison was presented to the Czar at St. Petersburg, the interview being alike gratifying to the Autocrat of all the Russias and, the then young Canadian soldier. This book has also been translated widely.

A few brief words in conclusion respecting other officers, past and present. The first, second, third and sixth commanding officers of the Toronto troop have all passed away. They were G. T. Denison, of *Bellevue*, died December, 1853; Richard L. Denison, died March, 1878; G. T. Denison, of *Rusholme*, died 1873; Edwin P. Denison, died in 1894, and Fred. C. Denison, of whom I spoke in an earlier paragraph.

Of present officers, Brevet Lieut.-Col. O. Dunn has served continuously in the regiment for more than forty years and

accompanied the corps on the Fenian Raid and the North-West campaign. All who know the gallant Colonel will hope he may be spared yet for many years before being summoned to the final "Roll Call."

It may also be mentioned that at the late Military Tournament, held in the Armoury, Toronto, both officers and men of the G.G.B.G., achieved marked success. In the officers' class, Lieutenant G. A. Peters being first in "Heads and Posts," "Riding and Jumping," and "Lemon Cutting." Hospital Sergeant Barnhart and Troop Sergeant Major Secord were also successful contestants.

In the illustrations accompanying this article, the three different uniforms worn by the corps are depicted, the one at present in use is an adaptation of that worn by the 6th Carabineers.

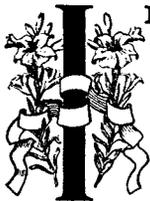
*Thos. E. Champion.*



## ENDS ROUGH HEWN.

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

*Author of "IN THE VILLAGE OF VIGER," etc.*



**I**n the year 18— there was a village in Canada, which for the purposes of this story may be known as Sedgeford. It has gradually grown to a town, put off many of the quaintnesses which it possessed

in its village days, and taken on not a few of the crudities which come with enlarged boundaries. But it has hardly altered in picturesqueness, and even at the risk of revealing an identity which might well be concealed, as in the elements of this fiction, truth is largely mixed, this beauty of situation may be a little dwelt upon.

From a clear lake the shore rises steeply, and above the silver ripple stands the town, fronting the rising sun. Many of the houses are of brick, more ruddy than is usual with that material in Canada, and, with the dark pines for a background, the place borrows a tone of richness; as if the picture had been painted by an old master—as if the pigments he had used were his deepest and warmest. The light seems to dwell considerably there, not in sombreness, but with a temperate strength. In winter the place gives good cheer to travelers crossing the frozen lake in the north-west wind; either by day, with the glow of welcome in the houses, each

giving the sign of a hearth in the tossed plume of smoke, or by night, with the lights above the snow, from a distance clustered like a single diamond shaking with light, or, nearer, separating into stars of different magnitudes outlining a new terrene constellation.

Once in the streets, a feeling of comfort surprises the traveler; he knows that there he might die in contentment, and his discernment, for the *nonce* disarmed, leads him to believe that there every man has a plenty and is free of care. It is not true; but the fancy, springing to life in the congenial atmosphere of the place, has root in an ideal of the human heart from which we have drifted far.

In the year already written down, there lived in Sedgeford a family named Pangman, whose head was a great man in the village. He possessed the largest general store in the place, and was also the postmaster, he issued the marriage licences and was full of those small important offices which gather about one in his position.

He was a man whom everyone respected and there were daily prophecies for his success in life. Many people believed he could do what he would: that if politics attracted him he would lead his party, that if business held him he would be rich and powerful. Already he had been remarkably successful, and he was in, so called, comfortable circumstances.

His wife was a woman of fine character and her activity in charitable works gave her husband an additional claim on the goodwill of the community. She had such native tact and wisdom that she was likely to grace any position in which she might be placed.

Four children had been born to them, and at the time when the occurrence happened which so seriously affected the tranquility of their existence, they were respectively eighteen, sixteen, ten and four years of age. The eldest was a girl, called Christine, the next a boy, Charles. The two youngest children, a boy and girl, have no active part in this history; their names need not be mentioned.

The Sedgeford post-office was one of some importance, as the township was

thickly settled and the farmers generally preferred having their mail matter sent to the office at the market-town. One department of the Government had an agency at Sedgeford which transacted a large volume of business. Twice a year a money packet was received addressed to the agent whose duty it was to make certain cash payments to the Indian wards of the Government. This packet contained usually about \$12,000.00; it was invariably registered, and arrived at Sedgeford during the months of April and November.

In April of the year 18—the packet was overdue; the middle of the month came and went and nothing was heard of it. The Agent inquired of the postmaster and the postmaster inquired of the agent, but the interchange of questions did not bring the delinquent packet. At last Mr. Pangman said: "You had better let them know." Accordingly, the agent reported the non-arrival of the money. Days went by, but he received no answer to his letter and at last he telegraphed. An answer came promptly. The packet had been registered to his address on the 5th of April, and a letter of instruction had accompanied it under separate cover. He had received neither. The information threw the two officials into a state of alarm. The agent at once advised his department, and in due time the post-office inspector for the district arrived at Sedgeford. The letter, properly registered, had passed the hands of the mail clerks on the route and had been billed to the Sedgeford office. It did not take the skilled officials long to place the responsibility where it rested, with Mr. Pangman. He was nonplussed. He was deeply concerned. Charles must know something about it; he had helped him with the mail constantly, being his sworn assistant. Charles was sent for; it was early in the morning; he was not at home. He had left the previous evening to row across the bay of the lake, saying he would likely stay all night with a friend. The day wore on but he did not come back. A messenger returned from his friend's with the word that he had not visited them. The inspector, who was an adept at looking suspicious, became an index finger of

accusation. By nightfall he had concluded to act without pretending any longer to take Mr. Pangman's hopeful view of the case. Charles' boat was missing, he argued; until that was found without his son he would not harbor a single suspicion. The next morning two lads brought it; they had found it beached in a shallow cove. A note to his mother was pinned to the gunwale. Simply a few words.

"Dear Mother: Forgive me, don't think hardly of me. I had to go, and it will be better for all of you. Give Christie a kiss. Charlie."

When she read that note her greatest trial came to her, a lightning stroke. But she turned to comfort her husband. He lost control of himself; he wrung his hands as if he had burnt them, and wept like a child. He seemed completely overcome by his son's crime. Ruin stared him in the face; to pay such a sum he would have to sell or mortgage every tittle he owned in Sedgford—and he must, he would repay the amount at once.

But here his friends stepped in. It was powerfully represented to Government that he should be given an opportunity, a man of his integrity—that he should not be dealt with harshly. Perhaps his son would return; a little time might well be consumed in the interests of justice. But nothing was heard of the unfortunate young man, and in a year's time Mr. Pangman repaid the money with interest as he wished no one to suffer for the sin of his misguided boy. He was an able financier and he raised every cent of the money and continued his business as before.

He prospered, but this cloud shadowed the family life. The feeling of trouble dwelt with them constantly, there was a gap at the table which stood for a failure in life. The younger children were too inexperienced to understand, but Christine mourned for her brother and could not be comforted. She had always been a very delicate child—for ten years she had been confined to the house, and for long periods to her bed, by a malady which baffled the doctors. Her brother had been her best friend and comforter, he had sat with her by day, watched

with her at night, and made her life more than tolerable. She was inconsolable. She kept the note he had written in a locket over her heart.

Years went by and Mr. Pangman prospered so exceedingly that he sold his business at Sedgford and removed to Toronto, a city which was growing in wealth and importance. He made excellent investments and the home of the Pangmans was a luxurious one. Beyond everything, Christine became much better; she regained her strength, could walk and drive, and, although her nervous organization was still extremely sensitive, she was, by comparison with her former state, restored to health. Mrs. Pangman found larger opportunities in the city to engage in her deep-hearted charities; her husband, who had changed since their supreme sorrow, seconded her in everything. Their church funds were aided munificently, and many were the private sufferings which were either entirely removed or softened by their grace.

Very few in the city of their adoption, knew the story of their trial, of the robbery and flight, but in their home life the lost son had not been forgotten. His name was never mentioned, but Mr. Pangman supplicated for him at the family altar night and morning euphuistically: "May he who wanders afar, we know not whether alive or dead, be brought to a knowledge of Thy truth, and, if it be not Thy will that he shall again join with us at this altar, let our family be united in Heaven." But to Christine he was still alive, his image was ever present with her, she had thought so vividly of him that he was a power in her life, and her new strength and the widened range of her activities did not wean her from this fancy. She always remembered that he had thought of her last: her heart had grown round the words, "Give Christie a kiss." It is to such simple, childish expressions that the most tragic affections often cling.

One morning early in May of the year 18—Christine was engaged in some small domestic task in the dining-room. She had been so long cheated of all such feminine employment that she took delight in them. Standing by the side-

board with a silver cup in her hand, she was aware of some indistinct object to her left, between her and the window. She did not glance at it, but it seemed to be there, where nothing stood. She kept her eyes fixed on the cup and slowly recognized that what she saw was a plain deal table very much notched as if whittled by a knife, and covered with blotches of ink. Upon it was a heap of something, unformed; a yellow light as if falling from a lamp lay upon the whole. The picture slowly faded away.

That is very strange, she thought. Her first impression was to run and tell her mother, but just as she reached the door she remembered that her mother was out. Then she recollected that she had somewhere read that other people had had similar experiences. She resolved to keep the matter to herself, lest by communicating the occurrence she might break the spell and remove the possibility of receiving a similar visitation. At this resolve she turned faint with excitement and had to recline for some time before she could move.

Weeks passed, and July had come with its heat and its beginning of a dying summer. Christine had been away from the city in the mountains. She had not been the observer during this time of anything which she could trace to an actuality. Mr. Pangman having been recalled to the city on urgent business, had brought her for a companion. They had driven out in the morning through the park and Mr. Pangman had directed the coachman to stop before the new building for the Provincial Parliament. He had left the carriage and had gone within the walls, which had risen ten or twelve feet, with the purpose of seeing one of the contractors. Christine was left alone.

It was extremely warm. The carriage stood near one of the corners of masonry but there was no shade. Her eyes followed the lines in the purplish stone. Then without warning she became aware of the beginning of a picture between herself and the background of the wall. It was the same deal table as before; she saw it more clearly. The mass which she had before found undistinguishable, she now saw

was a heap of letters and papers. There was one parcel sealed, much larger than anything else on the table, except a leather satchel. The same yellow light flooded everything. Behind this scene she could plainly discern the purplish wall of the new building. As before, it soon faded away. It seemed to her she had seen a colored print in a book, the lines were of that sharp distinctness; but there was something familiar in the picture, as if the book were a book of memory.

As she was trying to recollect, her father came out of the works. As soon as she saw him she recognized that the leather satchel that she had seen was the image of one which had years ago belonged to him, when they lived at Sedgeford. He ran towards her with trepidation; she was pale and faint. The heat bore the blame of her condition and as fast as the horses could carry them they sped away to their cool house.

Mr. Pangman wished to send for his wife, fearing that Christine might be seriously ill, but she would not hear of it. In a day or two she was quite herself, and they carried out their plans of returning to the mountains. September found them again in the city. During this interval Christine had not had a recurrence of the vision, but she had succeeded in fixing the impression that it was her father's old satchel which she had seen. When she was a very little girl, she had frequently been within the Sedgeford post-office, which was merely a division of her father's shop, and she had, with partial success, called upon her memory to furnish details of the arrangements which would correspond with her vision. What she had twice seen would be repeated, she had faith; and, moreover, she began to think of the occurrences devoutly, as if they had some significance above the common level of her experience.

It was early in the morning when she saw it again. She awoke in the silence which she felt in her room after the departure of a pair of swallows which every year inhabited the eave above her window, whose purling notes were the first sounds she heard. The sun was nearly up, and her room was faintly

lighted. Between her bed and the window she saw the now familiar picture, but there were several new elements in it. Above the table she could see a looking-glass in a black frame; a figure stood before it—her father. So distinct was the impression as she remembered him in the old days at Sedgford, that she started up with a cry, and the fabric of her vision slipped away like summer lightning.

That day she did not feel able to rise, a feeling of dejection, which was a stranger to her, kept a weight on her heart. She thought much about her old suffering, much about her brother Charlie, and, for the first time in years, she opened the locket and read the words he had pencilled and the message for herself. Could it be that the strange hallucination, which had come to her now three times, was in any way connected with him? Would she have to wait weeks before knowing?

She had not long to wait. One evening in October she was in her room; it was not late, but the house was quiet. She stood before her glass, her luxuriant hair flooding her shoulders, falling to her waist over the loose wrapper that she wore. In a moment she saw the picture in her mirror. She did not stir. This time there was movement. Her father's figure was actually tearing the wrapper off a packet. His back was turned to her, but she could see him thrusting something into the satchel. Suddenly, her attention was drawn to the looking-glass above the table. There she saw her brother Charlie's face, pale, serious, attentive. Her father seemed to raise his head and see it also, but in a moment it moved away, the vision faltered, and she was confronting her blank mirror.

Christine threw herself upon her bed and gave herself up to the tragic thoughts which seized upon her like lions. Her mind flew back to that old, melancholy time at Sedgford, and she felt anew the pang which had struck through her when she had been told of her brother's flight. Suddenly she sprang to her feet. An idea which had just entered her brain appalled her. It had root in that gesture of her father's figure, and the sad, significant face of her brother in the glass.

She had had for all these years a strenuous faith in his innocence; a faith with nothing tangible to support it, living like a delicate, air-fed plant, sustained upon invisible nourishment. Now that she seemed to possess a sort of evidence, no matter how subtle, how occult, she would have the truth. She knew her father was alone in his library. Her mother and sister were out, her brother was away. She went rapidly down the stairs.

Mr. Pangman was stretched upon a sofa with his fingers in the leaves of a book which he had not been reading. The day had been remarkably successful; by a shrewd manipulation of stocks, he had cleared a very large sum, but he had not been thinking of that. Whenever he was alone with his soul, there was only one subject for his thoughts. Anyone would have pitied the rich, powerful, respected man, could he have seen his gashed heart, and known how much of his life was consumed by a vain longing for his lost boy. He was absorbed in such hopeless reflection as Christine approached his door. His face followed his broken thoughts, and looked deep sorrow, and even despair.

Christine frightened him with her wan, spirit face, her streaming hair. She seemed to float, rather than move; in truth, she did not feel her limbs. She spoke at once, while he was raising himself on the sofa, with a look of apprehension, and her name on his lips. His face, with its mask of despair, shocked her, and she noticed with involuntary surprise how white his hair was, and how deep and anxious were the lines on his brow. But, while the thought was flashed upon her, she had spoken.

"Father, was there a table in the Sedgford office with a looking-glass above it?"

"Yes, Christine. Why do you ask?" He started, but it did not seem to him an unnatural question.

"I have had a strange idea. Father, did Charlie take that money?"

"Yes, dear; poor boy! What has made you think of it to-night?"

"And you knew nothing about it?"

His face fell strangely pallid, his voice almost vanished.

"No—no—why? he took the money. I paid back every cent—every cent."

"And you did not see his face in the glass?"

"I—in the glass—Christine—do not stare like that." He could not control his twitching arm.

"In the glass—I mean when you put the money into the satchel."

He fell as if a stone from a sling had entered his brain between the eyes. But he did not faint; he put up his hands as if to keep back a rush of memories.

"Christine!" he cried, not in his own voice, "it was his fault."

"His fault—that poor boy—who led him on? You plotted—he was to take the blame. I see it—you have kept him away. Give him back to me. Give me my brother." Her eye was on fire.

"No, no, Christine. You don't understand; *he* misunderstood; he thought I was going to keep the money, but I only wanted it for a while. He went away; he may have thought I would be blamed, but he needn't have gone."

She stood, dazed by her tumultuous thoughts; she had, for a moment, fancied her brother partly guilty, now she saw him innocent.

"You saw his face in the glass. You knew that he knew. You did not speak to him. You let him go,"—these words in a low voice, as if thinking out loud. Her father stood before her, judged.

"He took the disgrace for you because—why?—he thought you had everything at stake, that your ruin would kill us all—now I know, don't speak—he did not say a word to anyone—he let us think what we would—he thought he was saving us."

"Christine, how could I know?" She looked beyond him stonily.

"What did you do with that money?"

"I turned it over."

"Turned it over?"

"Yes, I speculated with it. In a year I had doubled it. I paid it back; they lent me money on the place at Sedgford at three per cent., but I was getting ten per cent. for all the money I could find. Everyone liked me and trusted me."

"And you were acting a lie! Father! Father! And this prosperity is built on the heart of my brother—his ruined life!"

He tried to calm her, but he was so broken in every nerve that he shook like a sapling in a great wind.

"Listen, Christine; how could I help that—I have spent a fortune in trying to find him. Think of what I have given to the church; to-night I was preparing to give a new organ."

"No! no!" she cried, "do not speak to me. I must think." She threw herself on her knees and hid her face against the lounge. A moment later she was on her feet.

"Father," she said calmly, "we must renounce all this, you must tell everyone. We must go away. You must save your soul. You must tell mother. We must not wear a mask any longer."

He felt fire rise from his heart and flood his brain. He could not see. He caught at the air.

"Christine," he groaned, "not me! Just think how I am respected; everyone would lose faith—no, no, I can't, I have been rich too long. It would kill your mother—just think—to make a confession."

"Father, listen to me, you must do this yourself, no one else can do it for you, it is the only thing left to do. I do not demand it—everything good and just in heaven demands it. It must be done, and you must do it."

She left him. He fell back on the sofa. There was no further need for concealment from himself; he was plunged into despair. The horrid life he had led stood beside him like a character in a play. He knew the part was hateful, but he loved the character he had made. "I cannot, cannot, cannot," he cried out in spirit, with a growing intensity. Christine would not ask him to do that. It was only Christine he had to deal with. He felt clammy; he brushed cold water off his face, how had it come there? How could Christine have found out? Perhaps Charlie had come back—nonsense, he had almost direct proof that he was dead—and what need was there then to confess. He battled up and down the lurid field of his experience. He went to his room, locked himself in, and began again. Dawn found him tossing on his bed. He did not know how all these years of cowardice had weakened him. When he rose he could not stand.

Christine met him at his door. "You will tell mother first," she said. Lead-colored, weary lids were over her eyes.

"Never," he groaned, "never, I cannot tell anyone; think for a moment of what I stand for." He was unable to exorcise his demon and Christine seemed to feel it.

"I am in the right," she said; "by noon you must do it." Then she mentioned the Rev. Mr. Birchlake's name. "If you cannot tell mother, tell Mr. Birchlake; go at once."

He felt so little control that he left the house. He wandered on the streets. He wandered far. For long periods he forgot himself. He did not know where he was. Suddenly he found himself without his hat. Persons he did not know were staring at him. He found a shop and bought a new hat. It was half after twelve when he came to his office. Christine was there. He spoke wild angry words. Would she never leave him alone. She went away without a word. He spent all the afternoon looking at his desk. He would not see anyone. He could not tell of what he was thinking.

Suddenly he felt that it was late; it was growing dark. He drove home in a cab. He feared to meet Christine. He found a letter on his writing table. He read it, and for some time did not comprehend.

"Dear Father:—I have decided to leave this house and never enter it again until I know you have confessed. When I see an advertisement, worded as follows, in the Buffalo papers, I will give mother my address and she will write to me: 'Christie. There's a divin-

ity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will.' Do not try to find me, it is useless. Christine."

He fell back in his chair. No! no! he could not stand this. What explanation could he give of Christine's absence? This would kill his wife. No, rather than do that he would call on Mr. Birchlake. He went out at once. He had not far to go, but he seemed unconscious of the way. A wave rose in his breast and tossed to his brain and rolled back again: to confess and not to confess; to save Christine or to let her go; he would get her back before anyone knew. No, she had gone, and she could stay. The wave rolled and tossed. He found himself in Mr. Birchlake's study. He must do something now. The wave commenced to beat him wearily and blind him; it was full of light. He felt Mr. Birchlake's step. The whole deep ocean was upon him. He did not see his pastor's extended arm. His hands were like two bats fluttering over his head. His nerveless jaw fell to chattering. He tried to speak. He was going to say, "I am a guilty soul." But he cried out in a loud, ungoverned voice, "Christine! Christine! There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." And these (unexplained, until Christine's note was found) were the only words that moved his lips until they were forever covered with silence.

Strange! sometimes our resolves come too late; sometimes when we would drink the cup of expiation, the bright power which has so long, so patiently held it to our lips snatches it away, and hides his face darkly.

*Duncan Campbell Scott.*

**THE END.**

# A WILD ORCHID.

BY HÉLÈNE E. F. POTTS.

"There may be heaven—there must be hell ;  
Meantime this is our earth here—Well !"

## CHAPTER I.

### THE READING OF THE FORTUNE.



IT was only a few moments ago that she had come very definitely into view. O'Donnahue, powdered white from head to foot by recent contact with divers bags

of flour, leaned up against the siding of the big mill door to cool himself, for the heat was great, and to rest awhile ; and saw her toiling up the railway track, carrying two something—or—other, that had a pale pink flush on the top, discernible even at a distance. "What in thunder has the girl got?" was his mental ejaculation. O'Donnahue's capacity for expletives was a constant source of astonishment to his wife.

The girl made straight for the mill with her burdens as soon as her eye lighted on O'Donnahue, and, when she got to the foot of the inclined platform where the truck is trundled up and down, she set down two patent pails and said :

"Lady's slippers."

O'Donnahue came down the platform and went into a rapture.

"How magnificent! Where d'you get them? How beautiful! Wild orchids!" For he had a small notion of botany.

They were beautiful indeed ; and as O'Donnahue turned them over and over, he saw that there were yellow ones, as well as pink, and magenta ones, and even one or two purple-black ones, which kind are very rare, so he said, again looking at the girl somewhat attentively :

"Where did you get them?"

"Over there where I live," she answered.

"Where's that?" continued O'Donnahue, looking down again at the flowers.

"Over there on the mash (marsh) near the Mus'rats?"

"Are you a Muskrat?" asked O'Donnahue.

"Yep," said the girl ; and, as O'Donnahue scanned her face, she dropped her eyes. She looked sad, he thought, and her eyes were swollen as if she had been weeping heavily ; so he said kindly, for he had a big heart :

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothin'" said the girl, turning her head away. O'Donnahue felt his trousers' pocket and brought out four quarters.

"Here's a dollar for your orchids, and I'll take all you can bring me."

"They'll soon be done," said the girl as she took the money. Her face did not change its stolid sadness ; she was not to be affected by mercenary considerations it seemed.

"Kin I leave me pails till I come back? I'm goin' up to the Dorf."

"Yes," said O'Donnahue, and called to a boy to fetch a tub to put the orchids in.

The girl turned, and walked towards the Dorf, which swells gently up from the marsh.

O'Donnahue looked after her for a minute, then laughed and said : "Guess she's suffering from the 'distressing malady of being seventeen.'" Just lately he had been reading a famous essay, and it was on his mind.

The girl turned into the first grocery shop. She bought a quarter of a pound of tea, a dozen bananas and two small boxes of strawberries, for it was the month of June.

When she came out with her purchases, she retraced her steps till she came to a side street which leads to the French Canadian quarter. Up to the top of this street she went, and knocked at the door of a house there, the last of a row of similar houses—all wooden, standing on cedar posts in the midst of little vegetable gardens.

A handsome girl with dark flashing eyes opened the door.

"Hullo!" she said.

"Is your mother in?"

"Yes," said the girl who had opened the door. Her name was Alice "Charpunkey," which is only a colloquial way of saying, "Charpentier."

They went inside to a clean, neat room with a chest of drawers in one corner, a table by the front window, some chairs and a new rag carpet.

"Mother!" called out Alice. "Mother! Here's Jinny Dinch."

"Ver' well, ver' well," answered a voice from the rear; and presently there appeared a clean old woman with erect bearing and a thin face, very pale, with that intense pallor which characterizes French Canadians in age.

Jinny placed her purchases on the table and then said:

"Will ye read me fortun' this evenin'?"

"Oui, for sure, for sure," said Mrs. Charpunkey; then dropping into the French *patois* which Jinny well understood. "You did not need to bring me anything, my child: I do it for pleasure."

"Yes, I know," said Jinny, "But fruit iz nice when the weather'z hot."

"Alice," said the old woman raising her voice, "put the tea-pot back again on the stove."

"How you get 'long 'bout de whiskey?" asked the woman of Jinny, while the tea was brewing.

Jinny was sitting at the end of the table. She leaned her head in her hands wearisomely.

"Oh, I dunno. All right, I guess."

"Is Jake gone again?"

"Yas," said Jinny, and the old woman scrutinized her sharply.

"Never mind," she said dropping again into the *patois*; "Never mind about Jake. Don't fret my child, you'll get a better man than Jake. He is a 'good-for-nothing.' Bring the tea-pot, Alice!"

Alice brought the tea-pot and a cup and saucer. Mrs., or Mother Charpunkey, as she was usually called, poured out some tea into the cup, and then drained it off into the saucer, the leaves remaining in the cup.

Jinny turned the cup around three times. Then the old woman said: "Now wish!" Jinny did so, and the reading of the fortune began.

"You goin' make some bargain, good, complete, and a stranger comin', tall man in grey coat: somethin' like John Bitherbo', oui, like John Bitherbo'."

Bitherbowski was a young man about the Dorf.

"When'z he comin'?" said Jinny, getting interested, and spreading her elbows on the table.

"Soon, soon," answered the old woman. "You goin' marry 'im. He a nice man, no Muskrat you bet, no Muskrat. You going 'way with 'im."

"An' what'll mother do?" questioned Jinny, her eyes dilating as she thought of herself from this dizzy social elevation.

Mother Charpunkey looked into the cup closely, turned it round towards the light to get a better view of the mysterious occurrences, supposed to be portrayed in symbol by the mass of tea-leaves on the side of the cup. At length, after a prolonged scrutiny, she looked up: "She die," she said, and brought her lips to.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said Jinny, almost involuntarily, and turning pale.

"When?" she asked again, wishing to push this portentous revelation of the future into definite time and space, if possible.

The old woman looked into the cup again.—

"That all," she said, and arose, as if to put an end to the subject. Jinny took leave; but, as she was going, the woman, who was really kind-hearted and wished her well, added this bit of advice:

"You 'tink no more 'bout Jake. Dat whiskey business bad, ver' bad."

"Yes, I know," said Jinny. "Good-bye."

## CAPTER II.

### THE MUSKRATS.

The Muskrats are so called from their chief occupation, the trapping of muskrats. They do this work superlatively well, and, as every skin will sell in the Dorf and other neighboring villages for fifteen cents, they are thus assured a certain livelihood, sufficient at least to keep them in food and whiskey.

They are not a high order of creation. They speak indifferent French and yet more indifferent English, but their usual medium of communication is a jargon-mixture of both languages. Probably they are descendants of French Canadian settlers with mayhap some Indian taint in the blood. Their prodigality, their quarrelsomeness, their "hand-to-mouth" method of existence, and their general lack of industrious thrift, bring quite within the limits of probability the supposition, that certain far-off "*coureurs du bois*," scarcely discernible at this distance of time, scouring those marshy lowlands for beaver and mink skins, had taken to wife some dusky Indian maidens, who have left behind them, after length of years, this doubtful issue.

Or, indeed, the matter may be the other way about. Indian braves of the Huron tribe, paddling up the sluggish river from their stronghold on Lake Simcoe, may have fallen upon some little French settlement, exterminated the men and married the women out of hand, as it were, without priest or license, after the manner of the Indian, strong in his belief that he with his scalps and his war-paint was more than a sufficient compensation for any woman whatsoever.

These few suppositions are at least within the bounds of reason, for the Frenchman in his *amours* and the Indian in his conquests are two greatly prominent features of early Canadian history, as I read it.

But the Indian sleeps with his fathers, and the mink and the beaver have vanished long ago from the river and marsh. Only the muskrat is left and this settlement.

These people number about one hundred souls—may be more—may be less—and their miserable homes lie in a line along that sandy stretch of soil which runs side by side the marsh, at about one-half mile south of the river, as the crow flies, and which bears such a great contrast to the marsh itself: The one barren, light, arid—the other fertile, heavy, rich; the one with difficulty producing life, the other prolific in every kind of rank growth. Here one would expect to find the botanist, with his tin

case over his shoulder more particularly delving and searching after rare treasure of flower. But no; the botanist comes not here, and the Muskrat knows better where to find the choicest beauties.

There also grows upon the marsh abundance of coarse grass, which is very valuable for upholstery purposes, and the cutting, stacking and pressing of which supplies many people with work for months. The Muskrats get a portion of this work, too; and, as the pressing-machines are fed by hand, even the women and girls take their turn and share the labor: and then in the autumn there are the duck and snipe, which abound along the reed-margin, to be shot and sold.

Taken altogether, the Muskrat with his unreliable habits puts in a "daredevil," do-as-you-please existence which suits his nature perfectly, and which he would not exchange for a consideration. He is not an imaginative creature, and his wildest flights of fancy rarely soar beyond the next drinking bout in the Dorf. His day is filled, between whiles, with visions of carousals past, present and to come, and his night is broken with muttered dreams of rum and whiskey. Debauchery has so written itself out upon his face that in intellectual expression he is little better than a fool. Sinister superstitions haunt him, but he is not without a certain skulking courage. Good people belated in his neighborhood at night keep a sharp look-out for this uncanny dweller, for he might "put a knife in your heart," say they. Of three things only is he greatly afraid: a clergyman, death and the goal. I put the goal last, advisedly; for, although the visit of a priest or clergyman is distressing to him while it lasts, it must come to an end some time, and as for death, why, when all's said and done, it is no more than must be expected. But the goal! That is another thing. To the Muskrat, this represents the law and order, and the very fibre and blood of him is averse to these rigid principles.

### CHAPTER III.

#### SHADOWS.

Jinny got her pails from the foot of the platform at the mill.

O'Donnahue was in sight and called out :

"Hello, Wild Orchid! Come again!"

Jinny looked up at him, and smiled. She liked this jolly man, and made up her mind to buy her chicken-feed at his mill henceforth. Then she turned southward and tramped back again along the railway track to the river, where she had left her canoe. Into this she lightly stepped, and was soon paddling down the river.

The day was falling towards evening, and the heat was intense. Not a whisper of wind stirred the reeds on the right and left of the stream; the very wild-fowl gave over screaming for lack of breath. Jinny said, as she scanned the heavens: "There'll be a thunder-storm soon." Then she fell to meditating upon the predictions of Mother Charpunkey, and her mind went far away to meet the coming stranger, who had been described as "nice" and wearing a "grey coat." She pictured him but in her mind, and saw herself meeting him, now here, now there, and each fresh fancy was more delightful than the last. At length her thoughts fell upon Jake. Instantly a flame shot into her face, a flame of black anger. She clenched her teeth and her breath came hard. "I hate him," she said.

Now Jake was her lover, and she had quarrelled with him about what Mrs. Charpunkey had called the "whiskey business," which was indeed a very bad affair. It was this:

Some lawless fellows had set up an illicit still for the brewing of the stuff—swamp-juice, they called it—and they were carrying on operations in a hastily constructed shed about five miles down the river. This shed was well located for such a purpose, as there were numerous other sheds of similar appearance scattered here and there, on both sides of the marsh, where the men live during the haying season; for the marsh is sixteen miles in length from end to end, and often the men are far from their homes when stacking and pressing the hay.

Consequently, from the river side it would be impossible to locate such a place, and from behind it was completely

hidden by clumps of cedars. Jake said the only way the authorities could "spot" the place was by their noses, for a strong wind will carry the odour of the brewing for miles.

Their noses had evidently been set in the right direction this time, for within the last week, there had been rumors and whispers of "revenue officers" and "government inspectors," but nothing definite had come of them as yet. It was a risky business, in any case, and offenders caught were likely to be severely punished.

Jinny reviewed the little scene which had taken place between her and Jake three days ago. She had seen him going past the door in the dark carrying suspicious looking jugs and kegs; so she followed him until he was down near the river at the landing-place for canoes and row-boats.

"Are ye goin' down *there* again?" she asked, as she caught up to him.

Jake started and trembled, for he had not heard her following him, and guilt makes cowards of the bravest.

"Yas" he answered, recovering somewhat.

"What ye want te go fer?"

"Fer swamp-juice, of course, ye fool. What ye mean by a-follerin' me?" answered Jake, feigning anger as the best means of covering up his fear.

Jinny made no reply; then Jake said again:

"What yer got to say?"

"Nothin'" said the girl.

"Better git out o' this thin," replied Jake, brutally.

"I've only got this te say t' ye, Jake Teeks," said Jinny, after a pause, while Jake was arranging the kegs in his flat-bottomed punt, preparatory to setting off as soon as it fell dark; "I've only got this te say, that ef ye go down there to-night, I'll not marry ye."

"Who wants te marry ye?" questioned Jake in great anger at this unexpected turn, and then dropping into the French *patois*, he poured forth upon the girl beside him, such a volley of curses, invectives and oaths as would have made the hair of any but a Muskrat stand on end forever.

But this storm of passion had no effect

upon Jinny. She had eaten her daily bread seasoned with such spice since her infancy; for her dead father, old Bill Dinch, had the reputation of being able on occasion to swear such an oath as would "make the dead turn in their graves." So Jinny said very quietly, when Jake paused to take breath:

"I hate ye, and, ef ye go down there te-night, I ain't a-goin' te marry ye—never!" and Jinny compressed her lips firmly.

Jake looked down at her for a moment in silence. This quiet stubbornness enraged him more than any abuse, so he said again bitterly and tauntingly:

"You're an ugly thing anyhow."

This roused Jinny.

"I ain't ugly," she retorted.

"Yer're. Yer're 'tarnal ugly; but it won't hurt yer fer work."

Jinny, infuriated, flung out her strong right arm and fetched him a ringing box in the ear, and then turned and sped away up the marsh, never pausing until she was inside her own home.

Jake was subdued, for he knew he had gone too far, and in his mean little Muskrat heart he knew he really loved the girl, and didn't intend to give her up. But this love was not great enough to induce him to grant her request that he would let alone this detestable business, which offended her so much; for, although she said she hated him, she trembled lest he should get into difficulty.

But strong is the power of whiskey and it prevailed.

*Hélène E. F. Potts.*

*(To be Concluded.)*



## THE EVOLUTION OF THE VOLUNTEER CONTRIBUTOR.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

IN spite of the announcement frankly made by some important periodicals that unsolicited manuscripts are not desired nor considered, and the brusqueness of one of the best-known editors in England that he has hardly ever been repaid for the labor of examining volunteer contributions, the unsolicited manuscript and the volunteer contributor will continue to form important factors in literature so long as there are periodicals to be published.

How, indeed, could it be otherwise? Let us suppose that for the next five years no writer, not already favorably known to the editorial guild, should submit a story, poem, descriptive sketch, or literary essay—what would be the sure consequence? Simply this—that the reading world would rise up in revolt, and one of the first victims of its

righteous wrath would be the very editor who has declared himself so superbly indifferent to unsought contributions.

The reason of this revolt would not be far to seek. Notwithstanding the independence, not to say arrogance, of editors who will accept, and periodicals which will print, only such articles as may be ordered of their producers in much the same fashion as groceries or dry-goods, there is no gainsaying the truth that it is the volunteer contributor who keeps the stream of literature rippling, bright and refreshing. Were it not for him it would soon become stagnant, turbid and stupefying.

Without any disparagement of the writers of varying degrees of distinction that fill the pages of our ever-multiplying host of periodicals, it is a perfectly safe thing to say that we would inevit-

ably weary of their names, and of their writings, but for the constant spice of variety afforded by new claimants for a place in the literary galaxy, whose work, if only as affording a means of comparison and contrast, saves our palate from becoming jaded, and our appetite from satiety. Let us be thankful, then, for the volunteer contributor, some outline of whose evolution I am venturing upon in this little paper.

"A lyric conception," the beloved "autocrat" has confessed, "hits me like a bullet in the forehead. I have often had the blood drop from my cheeks when it struck, and felt that I turned as white as death. Then comes a creeping as of centipedes running down the spine, —then a gasp, and a great jump of the heart—then a sudden flush, and a beating in the vessels of the head,—then a long sigh,—and the poem is written."

In similar terms, if he only knew how to do it, might the volunteer contributor describe his sensations when first there broke into his brain the daring thought of submitting something of his own to a periodical of recognized position.

With what punctilious care is the manuscript prepared—with what pathetic humility is it commended to the favorable consideration of that awful despot, the editor—with what painstaking accuracy is it addressed—and with what a strange admixture of pride and shamefacedness is it posted! And then comes the long waiting for the response, when every morning dawns in hope, and every evening ends in sinking of heart.

In due time the reply is received, "Declined with thanks," of course. There are writers, I know, who can truthfully boast of never having tasted the bitterness of rejection, but they are as rare as black swans, and need hardly be taken into account.

The first effect upon the volunteer contributor is, usually, to produce blank despair, and he probably pitches the unfortunate manuscript into the deepest drawer of his desk, vowing never to touch it again.

Some are faithful to their vow, and by being so escape many a heart-ache, though it is quite possible that the world

has thus lost the help of voices that might have added welcome notes to the chorus led by the Muses.

But the vast majority, after the first pain has passed, summon courage for another venture, and so go on until they have either established their footing, or else the fact that they have not a leg to stand on in a literary sense. It takes a good many lickings to train a dog to "toll ducks," and so it requires a good many rejections to teach the volunteer contributor the meaning of the word, "available."

How savagely he hates it at first! How dearly he learns to love it when his own work, three times out of five say, falls within its application!

It is so comprehensive, so elusive a term, that it is no wonder he is long in coming to understand it. There is no rule by which to measure, to analyze it. The editor of the *Cycle* uses it in an entirely different sense from the editor of the *Cosmopolis*, while the editor of *Limners* would define it in another way altogether than the editor of *Fiddlers*, and so it goes on all down the list, until there are times when the volunteer contributor is almost forced to the conviction that like a certain virtue mentioned in the good Book, of which many editors seem to have none too ample a stock, the over-worked term, "available," is made to cover a multitude of sins.

Perhaps one of the most surprising examples of its application fell within the experience of the present writer, who had a solicited contribution returned to him by the editor of a renowned periodical because, although it was an excellent story, etc., etc., it was not "*ideally available.*"

The blessed saints preserve us! Hard indeed would be the lot of the writers for periodicals if only "ideally available" manuscripts were accepted, and thrice happy forsooth the lot of the editor who could always command a supply of such manuscripts sufficient for the needs of his publication.

The word "needs" suggests another stage in the evolution of the volunteer contributor. When he has fought his way to a fair comprehension of the meaning of "available," let him not

rashly congratulate himself that he has reached smooth water. There is yet another bar to be crossed, and that is, "our present needs."

Having with infinite pains at length got the range of a given periodical, and having prepared for it, with joyous heart, a contribution that he is sure will wreath the editor's face in smiles, it seems somehow the unkindest cut of all to have it returned with the regretful intimation that while at any other time the *Omnibus* would be only too glad to avail itself of so capital a story, the *MSS.*, unfortunately, was not suited to its present needs, and must therefore go back.

When the volunteer contributor has finally overcome even this obstacle, and learned how to do work that is "suited to the present needs" of the different periodicals at which he aims, then it may be said that his evolution is completed. He ceases to belong to the class of volunteer contributors, and joins the happy band of those—few but fit—who are able to boast that no manuscript of theirs ever goes a-begging.

But by this time he has learned many things that would otherwise have been missed from his experience. He has, for example, known a manuscript so lightly esteemed by its author as to be in the first instance submitted only to second-rate periodicals, to be unanimously rejected by them, and then in a sort of wild despair sent to a first-class periodical where it was cordially accepted.

Pondering over such a puzzling problem as thus presented, how could he do else than murmur with slow shake of head, "Verily, the ways of editors are past finding out."

Again he would be bewildered by having a contribution specially prepared for a periodical of a particular class, returned with regrets, subsequently accepted by another periodical of a wider scope, and then, on its appearance therein, copied *verbatim* by the first periodical with due acknowledgment.

"How is it," he queries "that what was not worth printing as an original contribution was quite worth copying after it had appeared elsewhere?"

Many like causes of bewilderment

might be noted. Yet after all they would only go to emphasize the fact that so long as human nature remains what it is, the volunteer contributor and the editor will never come to understand one another very much better than they do at present.

The enterprises of the former must continue to be in the vast majority of cases the drawing of a bow at a venture, and the chief business of the latter a zealous endeavor to, so far as possible, avoid being hit by the arrows for which he is the target.

In justice to the editor, it must be admitted that he has a story of his own to tell. Thus I had a friend, who, stimulated by my own example, made a venture in the same direction. As it chanced, he had had two somewhat picturesque and striking experiences, and these he worked up into short stories, and sent them to the most widely-circulated of young folks' periodicals. To his wild delight they were promptly accepted, and well paid for.

Yet that acceptance turned out ill for both writer and editor.

Carried away by such instant success the former invested in a typewriter, and for months thereafter bombarded that editor with manuscripts that were uniformly useless until his soul must have sickened at the very sight of the writer's name.

Such things cannot help making editors callous and cynical, and must be borne in mind when their case is up for a hearing before the court of contributors.

But the subject is one capable of indefinite expansion. With the marvellous modern development in periodicals of all kinds, the field of the volunteer contributor is ever widening. At no previous time did good magazine work command more liberal remuneration, and the fact that, after making all allowances the magazines themselves were never more richly instructive, nor vivaciously interesting, is conclusive proof that the volunteer contributor is fully alive to his opportunities, and, in spite of all the eccentricities of editors, is pegging away with high hope, and sublime persistence.

*J. Macdonald Oxley.*



# THE LITERARY KINGDOM

BY M. M. KILPATRICK.

THE great necromancer, Hawthorne, remarked in his "American Note Books" during this month fifty-four years ago: "I found a maple leaf to-day, yellow all over, except its extremest point, which was bright scarlet. It looked as if a drop of blood were hanging from it. The hue of the berry bushes at a distance is lustrous scarlet—a beautiful fringe on autumn's petticoat . . . It is pleasant to notice the wide circle of greener grass beneath the circumference of an over-shadowing oak . . . A gush of violets along a mud path . . . I saw a mosquito, frost-pinched and so wretched that I felt avenged for all the injuries which his tribe inflicted upon me last summer, and so did not molest this lone survivor. In the village graveyard I saw a man digging a grave and one inhabitant after another turned aside from his way to look into the grave and talk with the digger. I heard him laugh, with the traditionary mirthfulness of men of that occupation." Later he encounters "people who are aware of some decencies, but not so deeply aware as to make them a matter of conscience. The foliage having its autumn hues, Monument Mountain looks like a headless sphinx wrapped in a rich Persian shawl. There is still a shaggy richness on the hillside."

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AMONG well-known women of the day, few enjoy a fuller measure of success than Frances Hodgson Burnett. Endowed with a personality at once beautiful and gracious, her claim to popular esteem does not rest solely upon a brilliant career as a writer of juvenile classics and of much-read and exceptionally interesting novels. Her early

short stories, and romances of greater length, were written and published in the United States, and for some years there prevailed an impression among readers that Mrs. Burnett was a Southerner by birth and education. As it really is, she was born in England, and in early girlhood accompanied her parents and brothers and sisters when they left the old home to start life anew, establishing their household gods in a sparsely settled region of the Tennessee Mountains. Love is no laggard in coming to a nature like that of Frances Hodgson's. In her sixteenth year she had won the life's devotion of a young physician, Dr. Swaim Burnett, a slender, dark-eyed cripple, with a face indicative of an intense spirituality of mind and heart. In that war-devastated district everybody was poor, and the Hodgsons and Burnetts did not escape the popular affliction. While both were still very young, the Doctor married his sweetheart, and together they sought and found a wider usefulness.

*Habitues* of Washington society and of summer resorts in the mountains of Virginia and Tennessee, remember these wedded lovers as the centre and inspiration of whatever circle they chanced to enter. And now that for many years Mrs. Burnett has lived in England, we learn that abroad, as at home, she is honored as men honor those whose lives withstand reproach and whose geniuses include a talent for the humanities in the best and widest significance. At a recent banquet given in her honor by the Authors' Club, of London, Mrs. Burnett enjoyed the unique compliment of being the first woman guest of a noted society of men.

WE read much of her beautiful home, of its appointments of almost Eastern magnificence, and of its best ornaments in the distinguished guests who come and go, but we wonder if the lovely chatelaine knows the happiness she knew before making a compact with Fortunatus, and while yet dwelling with "the beautiful goddess of Poverty." Certainly, we most love to picture her as she looked on a summer day of a summer long gone by, fashioning the picture as presented in an interview which she granted to a very young and very unsophisticated girl, who also knew the path leading to Olympus. At that time Mrs. Burnett was young, fair, blue-eyed, with a complexion of singular brilliancy, and a glory of reddish hair. She was on a visit to her husband's mother at the farm-house in the Tennessee Mountains, and her study was in the attic, where she received the young enthusiast who writes:

"She rocked Little Lord Fauntleroy in her arms while she told me the story of early despair, struggle and success. 'I wanted to go to a picnic with Doro (her soubriquet for Dr. Burnett), and I had nothing to wear and no money,' and a dimple came into her cheek. 'It was a Sunday school picnic, announced many weeks ahead, and, moved by the energy of despair, I surreptitiously sent off a story to Godey—an impossible romance of an English family and a set of diamonds. When I received thirty-five dollars in return, I went into violent hysterics; but, you see, I was only fifteen years old. But I also went to that picnic in a white, white dress and blue, blue ribbons, and I was blessed.

"After that it was all plain sailing. I wrote because it was as easy to write as to breathe, and Doro read every line before it was sent away, and we were so poor, yet so happy together. "Surly Miss Timble," published in *Scribner*, cost me such agonies of weeping that they sent for Doro. I pointed to the finished manuscript: "I am so, so sorry for him," I sobbed, and then he read the story aloud, and we all wept sore. After that, money flowed in so easily to the little English girl locked in the Tennessee mountains that Doro and I got married.

We went to Europe, and these little ones came to us—one under the blue skies of France and one in the Eternal City.

"I am absolutely happy, that is all." Was it not enough?

"Early tea was long since over, gold-tinted shadows crept in the attic windows, and we each undressed a sleepy, black-eyed boy, robed him in a little white nightgown and rocked him to rest in our arms.

'The Den,' as she called it, was roughly furnished, near the sky, littered with manuscript, but sacred under the guardianship of the trim gods of brain and health. Crowned with laurel and myrtle, she was rocking the babies under the admiring gaze of their father, and to my young imagination she seemed to wear the double crown of domestic love and earthly honor.

"I wish I could do something for you,' I sighed in my hero-worshipping way. 'You can,' she said, in her pronounced manner. 'That gown looks Parisian; is it?' I confessed that it was. 'Then help me cut the pattern of the overskirt.' And when the boys were safe in their little bed Dr. Burnett held the lamp and we knelt on the attic floor, in the cool deep shadow of the Tennessee Mountains, and cut in newspaper the pattern of that overskirt. And to-day I like to recall her, exquisitely young and womanly, in love with her husband, in love with her children, in love with life, cutting, with anxious face and puckered brow, the pattern of a Parisian overskirt."

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THE lady whom Carlyle first loved and whom he immortalized as Blumena in "Sartor Resartus" was a Miss Kirkpatrick. She was the daughter of a Begum at Hyderabad, a Persian princess by descent, who married Colonel Kirkpatrick, an English officer holding a high post at the court there. Her hair, which Carlyle described as bronzed, was peculiar to the Persian royal family. In person, she was far more foreign than English, and it was this rare combination of Eastern grace and beauty, with the highest English culture, which made her so very charming. She married a Captain Phillips and their

home in Torquay was at a lovely place called the "Warberry." As she was arranging books in the library one morning, she turned to a friend and said, "Have you ever read 'Sartor Resartus,' by Carlyle? If you have not, get it, and read the romance. I am the heroine, and every word of it is true. He was then tutor to my cousin, Charles Buller, and had made no name for him-

self; so, of course, I was told that any such idea could not be thought of for a moment. What could I do, with every one against it? Now, anyone might be proud to be his wife, and he has married a woman quite beneath him." This was all she said and the subject was not alluded to again during the friend's visit to her home.

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## BOOK NOTICES.

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*Sleeping Fires.* By George Gissing. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A tragic story, as old as sin and as depressing as sorrow. The book is specially well named as in the reproach of the hero's manhood, the existence of his son, his own saddened life and the wrecked happiness and slowly congealing heart of the woman he loved and who loved him in return, we find in truth a succession of sleeping fires which any breath may fan into instruments of devastation and despair. In her developed character the heroine presents a marvellously clear picture of the much discussed "British matron" whose austere virtues so strongly contrast with the frivolities of her Gaelic sisters. She is, beyond question, a model of every excellence, and entertains thoroughly correct views, but, nevertheless, possesses an immense potentiality for becoming tiresome. Her husband's fortune shields him from the demands of labor, but he will not lack occupation while under the necessity of thawing the chilled affections of his truly British spouse. The book has an admirable literary quality and will afford considerable interest to those who make a study of the distressing social problems which are always with us.

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*Stephen, A Soldier of the Cross.* By Florence Morse Kingsley. Toronto: William Briggs.

Among the singularly beautiful testimonies grouped around the story of the Cross, few possess the pathetic interest

which permeates the short record of the ministry and death of Stephen. With the brevity of Holy Writ, we know little of the life of this first Christian Martyr, but all students of Scripture feel the charm of his personality, as much suggested as revealed, in Luke's chronicles of the Acts of the Apostles. In that fruitful age of the world's history there was no lack of tragic incident and forceful circumstance, and of these Miss Kingsley has woven a story at once profoundly reverent and intensely human. This book appeals to readers of every class, but to those who have made a special study of the period and people portrayed, it will prove to be peculiarly interesting.

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*The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard.* By A. Conan Doyle. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If asked to compile a list of the names of men who have delighted us, we would give that of Brigadier Gerard first rank. He is not the mere automaton of the written page, but lives, and breathes, and tells his own story. And such a story, taken in the collective; such gallant rescues and daring adventures and comical escapades were surely never known before. Our friend Gerard was a boy veteran of the first Empire and, as he says himself, learned to handle a sword before he knew the use of a razor. There is a splendid singleness of purpose in all he does; he is too honest to escape the charge of occasional stupidity, and

his superb egotism yields only to his blind infatuation for Napoleon, which infected rank and file of the Grand Army. As an unconscious illustration of this last sentiment, he reads a wife's unquestioning love when she raises her eyes to her husband "with such a look as a young recruit might give to the Emperor." And we share his astonishment at the methods of that same marvellous man, the little Corsican. We laugh and cry with him over the nerve and the endurance of his pretty Violet, who bears him untouched through fire and flood. We play him nine to four at *écarté*, and on those rare occasions when fortune favors the enemy, we refrain from relieving our feelings in just his way because a limited vocabulary denies us the privilege. But there is one point wherein the Brigadier fails to convey the intended impression. He insists upon describing himself, at the time of writing, as an old, broken soldier, dozing in his arm-chair and dreaming of the days when the Emperor's Army bivouacked in the cities of Europe and taught the world how to fight. But dreams are the only realities. He dreams he is young, and so he is and always will be,—young and *débonnaire* with nothing heavier than his epaulettes upon his shoulders, ready with a kiss or a laugh and always on the eve of another adventure.

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*Studies in the Thought World.* By Henry Wood. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

These papers deal with thought-education, mental science and spiritual evolution in their practical aspects. Their restorative forces are explained and applied to human life. No one can read this book without receiving a great mental and spiritual uplift. Mr. Wood is an original thinker and an idealist, and has the faculty of presenting vital topics in a marvellously graphic and interesting manner. The higher unfoldment of man is ably treated from

the scientific standpoint. The moulding power of thought, and its systematic exercise, as related to health and happiness, are also clearly set forth. As with his other works, which have had a wide circulation, the literary construction is extremely felicitous. Thinkers have a treat in this work, and when once begun one's interest increases to the end.

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*The Reds of the Midi.* By Félix Gras. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

As the name indicates, this is a story of the French Revolution, in which the doings of the terrible Marseilles battalion are portrayed. M. Gras has given us a charming tale, in which the much-abused body of men who marched from the south of France to Paris, striking terror in every breast as they pursued their course, are shown up in their true colors. They are painted as members of a long down-trodden peasantry who have at last risen to cast off the yoke of tyrannical oppression to which they have been subjected, and not as the murderous brigands which history has been pleased to class them. The author portrays with terrible vividness the hardships and ignominious sufferings to which the French peasantry of that day were subjected by the "*aristocrats*," and it is not difficult to see that M. Gras is a son of the soil. The tale is told autobiographically, and the story which the author tells now, was first of all related to him by the old soldier, Pascal, at the village shoemaker's, where the other boys of the place used to gather also. The lament of M. Gras that he was not permitted to become a shoemaker too, so that he could have heard more of Pascal's stories and been able now to relate other tales besides "*The Reds of the Midi*" is one which the reader will feel half inclined to echo until he recalls that M. Gras has already given him cause for delight in several other beautiful stories. The work is a translation by Catharine A. Janvier from the Provençal.

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# CURRENT COMMENT.

## EDITORIAL.

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**GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.** THE 23rd ultimo was an important occasion throughout the British Empire, for on that day Queen Victoria acquired the distinction of having reigned longer than any other monarch upon the Throne of England. On the twentieth day of June, 1837, Her Majesty ascended the Throne, and on the 23rd ultimo, she had completed fifty-nine years and one hundred and eleven days of her reign; having ruled over the destinies of the English people one day longer than her grandfather, George III., who ascended the Throne on the twenty-fifth of October, 1760, and died on January the twenty-ninth, 1820.

The Victorian era has been marked by advancement along all lines. A comparison of things as they existed when it began and as they are now, discloses changes that are unparalleled in their comprehensiveness. During the reign of Her Majesty the population of the United Kingdom has increased from twenty-five million people in 1837 to nearly forty millions to-day. The value of the aggregate property of the people has enhanced six billion pounds sterling. The shipping of Great Britain has risen over seven hundred per cent.; so that to-day, by long odds, British shipping dominates the maritime commerce of the world. The policy of colonial expansion, pursued during the past fifty years, has added to Her Majesty's dominions to such a material extent also, that the Empire now comprises over ten million square miles of territory, having a population all the way from three hundred and fifty to four hundred million souls; or in other words, a sixth of the inhabitable land of the globe and a fifth of the entire population. Space does not permit of our touching upon all branches of trade, but we cannot refrain from drawing at-

tention to two important interests which have been materially augmented and which may serve as illustrations of the unexampled progress in industry that has been made by Great Britain during the reign of Her Majesty. During the year 1837 but eighty million letters were transmitted through the mails of the United Kingdom, while to-day more than two billion are delivered annually by the Imperial Post Office. Then, again, the year 1836 marked the inauguration of the first line of railway in England, while to-day one billion pounds sterling represents the amount of English money invested in Great Britain in that industry. There are to-day in operation throughout the British Empire twenty thousand locomotives, earning eighty million pounds sterling per annum and providing employment to three hundred and ninety thousand people.

The unbounded confidence and faith which the Crown has shown in its Ministerial advisers is responsible in no small measure for the steady advancement that has been made. Where there is discord and want of harmony between the people's representatives and the sovereign, leading to a thwarting of the measures passed for the well-being of the people, the nation must of course suffer. During her reign, Queen Victoria has steadfastly refused to interfere with the work of her Ministers, and has always shown a willingness to meet the people's wishes. In consequence of this, the harmony and good feeling that has been engendered has had its good effect in promoting the various interests of the realm in a way that could not have been hoped for if a reverse policy had been pursued.

Queen Victoria has indeed been a model sovereign, winning not only the love of the people of the motherland but

also the affection of the inhabitants of the colonies. We are sure that we echo the sentiment of all good citizens within the British Empire and of many people without, when we hope that Queen Victoria may be spared to reign for many years yet, to be a source of inspiration and an example of noble qualities to the world.

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THE CAPTURE  
OF DONGOLA.

THE Anglo-Egyptian expedition to the Soudan has met with the most complete success so far. The speedy ascent of the Nile in the face of the greatest obstacles which a barren, ragged country can present, and the capture of Dongola, one of the most important dervish strongholds and the nominal objective point of the expedition against the Khalifa, within so short a time after the column began to move, reflects the greatest credit upon the Sirdar, General Kitchener, and his subordinates in command.

As was supposed would be the case from the beginning, the expedition has now been ordered to advance upon Khartoum, the Mahdist capital, distant from Dongola about 175 miles as the crow flies, but nearly three times as far following the course of the Nile. Those who recall the principal incidents of the Soudan campaign of ten years ago under General Wolseley will remember that the territory mainly contended for, and the district where the most important engagements took place, was that which is just about to be entered upon by the present force. At this point the Nile performs a series of eccentric turns, and its course might appropriately be represented in diagram by the letter "S." Between the centre of the "S," where Dongola is situated, and the horn of the lower loop marking Khartoum, lies the terrible Bayuda Desert, the crossing of which proved so fatal to the members of the former expedition. It was the traversing of this barren waste that entailed the greatest loss upon Wolseley's forces ten years ago. All manner of hardships had to be borne. Marching for days upon the blazing African sands with scant water supply, the troops at last drew near the wells of Abouklea.

It was at this moment, and at this spot, that the dervishes chose to attack, and the most sanguinary engagement of the campaign was fought here upon the terrible Bayuda Desert. Shortly after this came the news of the death of Gordon and the fall of Khartoum.

It is proposed to build a railway for the advance of the expedition on this occasion, the work of which, we understand, has already been started. In this way it is calculated that the dangers to the troops will be minimized, while a steady communication can easily be kept up with the base of supplies. But the building of a railway across an African desert can be no light work, and those engaged upon the work, be they natives or climated Europeans, will require to summon all their fortitude for the task. In any event, the probability is that from this on the advance of the Anglo-Egyptian expedition will be contested every foot of the way, and we may expect to hear of some thrilling encounters before the taking of Khartoum.

With the fall of that place, the power of the Khalifa will have been crushed, and the Soudan, having been made an Egyptian province, will become, under British protection, a well-governed and thriving country like Egypt itself.

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BRITISH CO-  
LUMBIA GOLD  
MINES.

THE latest reports from the famous Trail Creek mining district show that new veins of the precious yellow metal are being brought to light almost daily. Canadians should be alive to what this really means. They should not leave the working of so large a field entirely to foreigners. Any money that is to be made out of our mines should certainly be placed in the pockets of the people of this country.

At the same time the utmost care and judgment should be exercised in the placing of each investment. There is no doubt that there are many splendid chances for investment in British Columbia mines open to people having money to dispose off in this way—investments which will repay the investor a fair return on the money sunk. But it must not be forgotten that spurious concerns

and bogus enterprises always follow in the wake of successful industries, and it often requires the greatest care to detect the counterfeit from the genuine article. Even with legitimate concerns, the great risks involved by small investors hardly ever repay them for the money invested. Unless an investor can plainly afford to lose all that he puts into the venture he has no business to invest at all. The last investment that a laborer, who earns but a pittance, should make with his hard earned savings is in stock in a gold mining concern. He ought to place his money in something more certain—something more under his immediate inspection and control. All gold mining investments are of course huge speculations, and it is advisable to let those who can afford to speculate without stinting themselves and are in a position to satisfy themselves of the stability of the company whose stock they are buying, do what speculating there is to be done.

Those who have money to invest in this way, however, would do well by first of all making sure that the title to the claim is a Crown grant. They should also enquire into the class of people who figure on the Board of Directors, the rules and by-laws of the company, and the laws of the province or state under which the concern was organized. The capitalization of the company and the use to which the money paid in is to be put should also be looked into. All money sunk in stock should go towards procuring machinery to develop the mine, and the capital of the concern should not be so large as to preclude the chance of a fair dividend.

The cost of transportation and the proximity of the mine to railroads or tramways should be ascertained, for the cost of working a mine is of course affected largely by its accessibility. Having satisfied himself upon these points, the intending investor should not be too precipitate in the purchase of his stock. By deliberation and care he will be able to make selections that will probably yield him a good return. He must ever be on the look-out to escape those stock-jobbing concerns who have no interest

in the business except the speculation in stock. In every case the object of the company should be the operation of the mine and not the manipulation of the stock. Anything short of this will prove fatal to the interest of the small investor.

From all reports there can be no doubt that there is plenty of gold in paying quantities in the Trail District Mines, and those who can afford to invest there are pretty sure—with judicious selection—to obtain fair returns for an indefinite number of years to come. Before the full value of the mines can be had it will be necessary, however, to construct railways and roads for the transportation of ore and supplies; the trade in the latter should be secured to Canadians. The Government has been turning its attention to the question and the results of the enquiries made will be looked to by Canadians with interest. In the meantime British Columbia is feeling the effects of a decided boom.

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**SPAIN'S  
TROUBLES.**

THE woes of Spain keep piling up. In addition to the Cuban Insurrection and the threatened Carlist uprising at home, news comes of a rebellion having been started in the Philippine Islands with the object of throwing off the Spanish yoke. We may consequently expect to see further examples of military incompetency when the Spanish troops take the field to suppress this uprising.

The mismanagement that has ensued in Cuba on the side of the Royalists is shocking. General Weyler has been no more successful in suppressing the insurrection than was General Campos; meanwhile the revolutionary forces have been augmented by the best families, who at first held aloof from the insurgent party, on the island. Arms, ammunition and supplies are being run in under the very noses of the Spanish officers who seem powerless to prevent these incursions. Spain has already sent over two hundred thousand men to Cuba—three times as many as England sent to the Crimea—and the suppression of the insurrection is further off than ever.