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THE DAY OF TEMPTATION - Wm. LeQue  
 BENNETT TO DAWSON CITY - Illustr  
 THE WARRIOR - Wm. LeQue

# The Great West Magazine

September 1898

**Illustrated Monthly**

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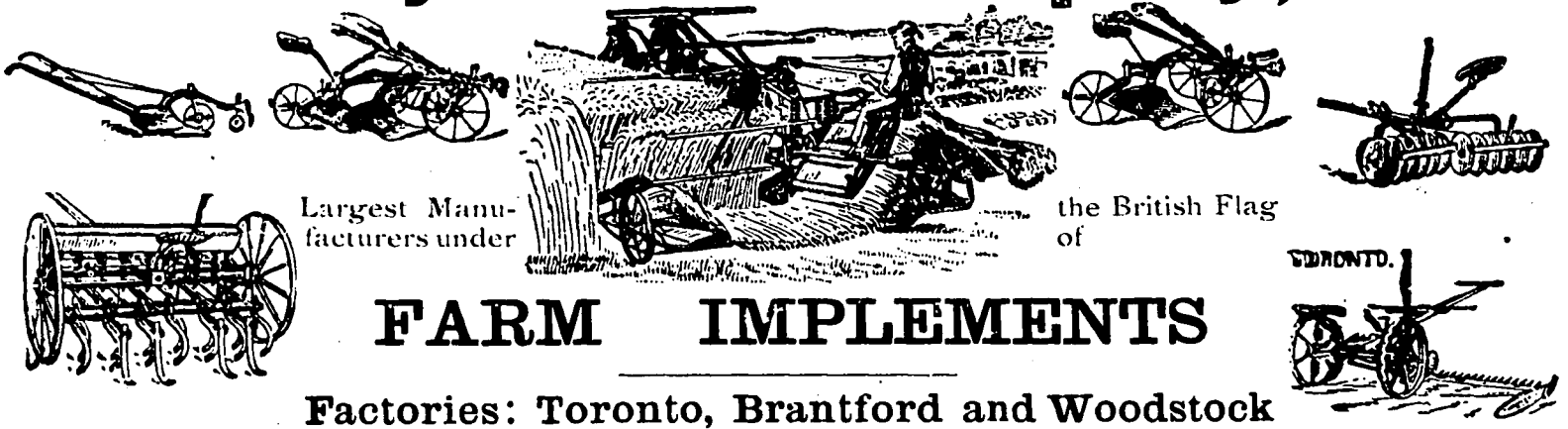
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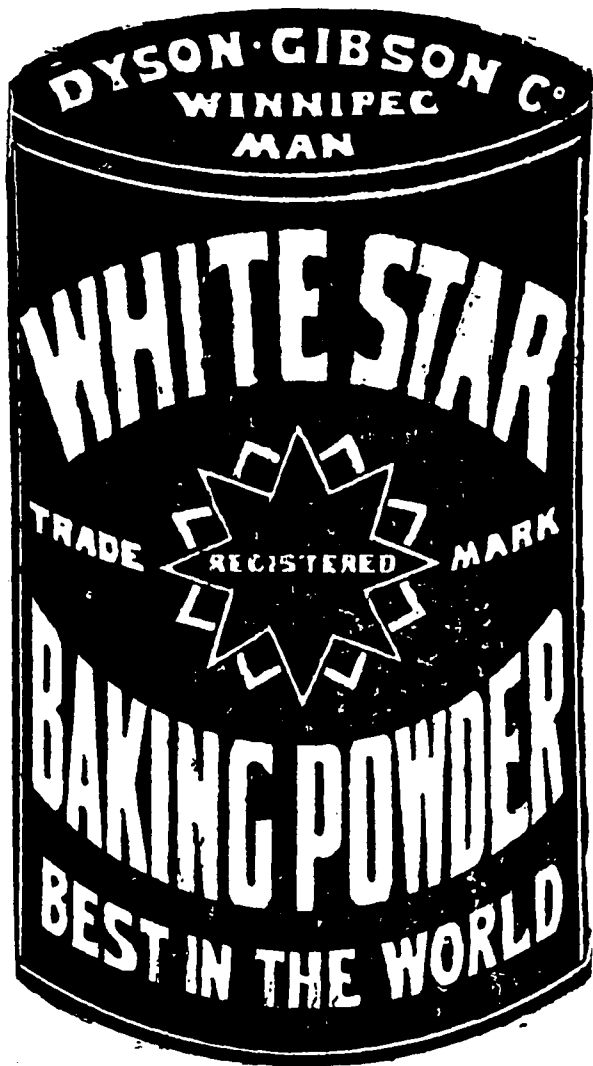
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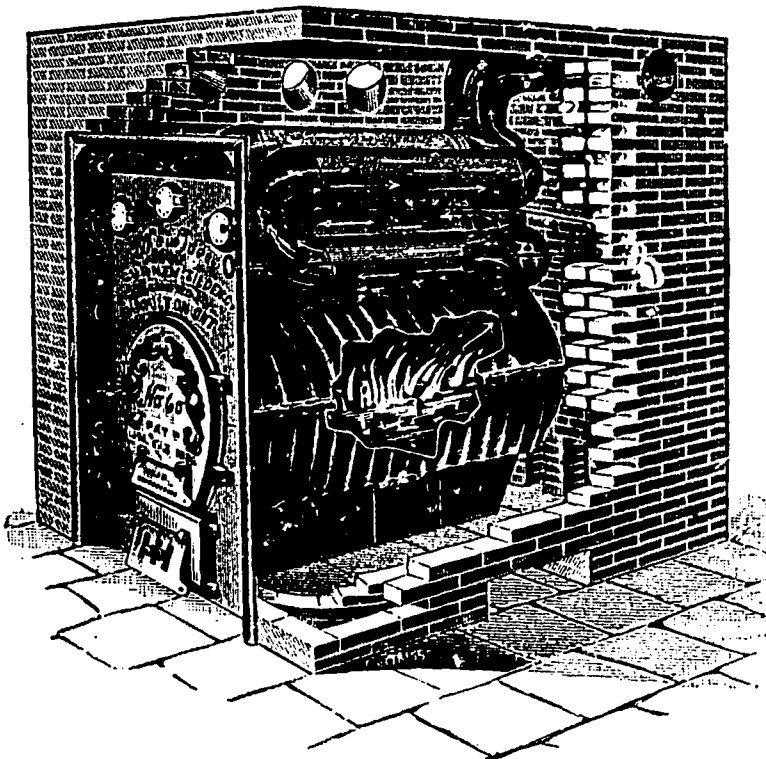
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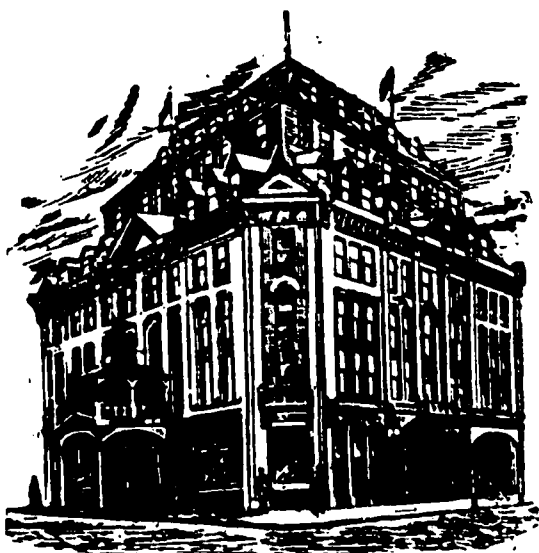
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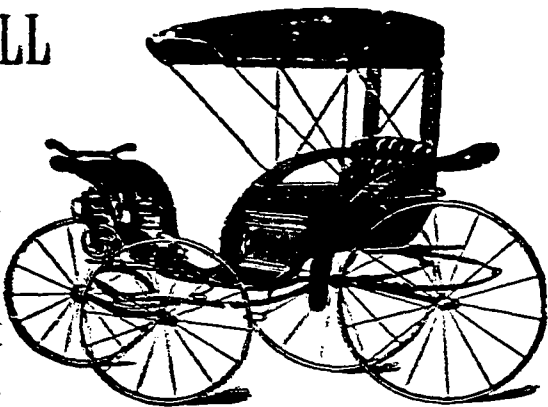
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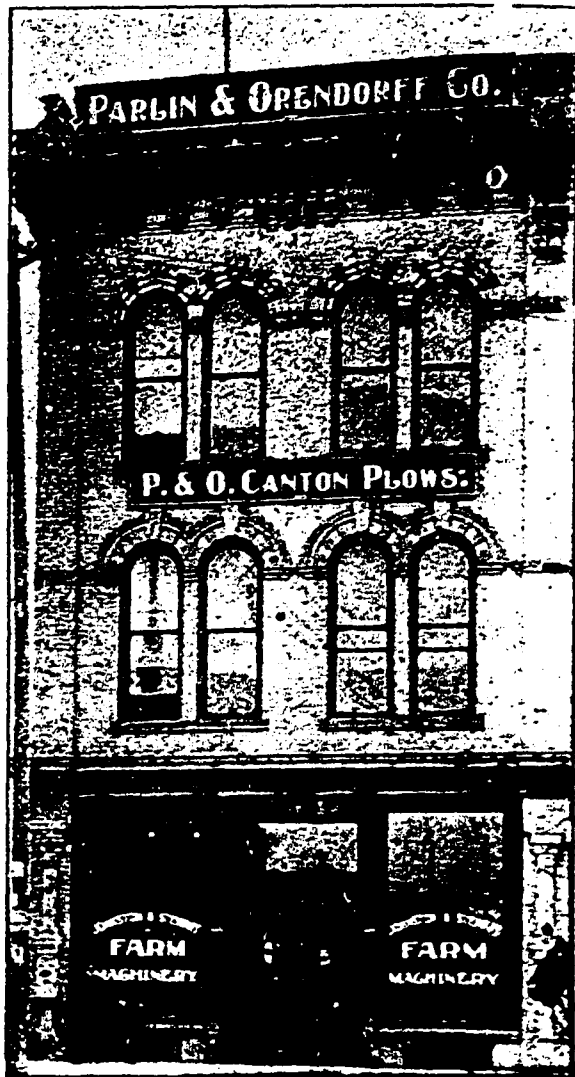
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THE QUEEN.

"GOD BLESS HER."

# The Great West Magazine

VOL. XIII.  
(NEW SERIES).

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

No. 1.



KENNEDY STREET, WINNIPEG.

*Photo by F. W. Gill, Winnipeg Camera Club.*

## THE WINNIPEG CAMERA CLUB.

**I**N these halcyon days of the amateur photographer—the “Kodak fiend,” as he has been irreverently named—dilletanti are beginning to scratch their polls and ask themselves if after all there is not a well defined relationship between photography and art. The work of the camera has been sneered at by high art critics as a mechanico-chemical process quite beneath the serious attention of any save the vulgar, philistine herd, but its later achievements have forced a half-hearted admission from some of them that if not a half sister of art, photography stands in close affinity with her and is in fact her handmaiden and devout neophyte. Gird at photography as they will, Mes-

sieurs the critics must acknowledge that the rapid spread of its practice is certain to lead its devotees by gentle paths to a knowledge and appreciation of art to which no other method would guide them. The kodak fiend is moved perhaps unconsciously, but surely, to study nature in all her varied moods, to commune with the beautiful and picturesque, and if he be possessed of an atom of artistic instinct his recreation briefly becomes a passion which irresistably draws him to the higher plane of legitimate art. The irruption of the amateur photographer all over the world must lead to the most happy results from the standpoint of art, for one who observes and absorbs the graces of



GREY NUNNERY, ST. BONIFACE.

*Photo by C. Driver, Winnipeg Camera Club.*

nature in the arrangement of her menage must soon be moved to borrow her methods in his immediate surroundings and thus brighten and ennoble his daily life.

Amateur photography has become the absorbing pursuit of thousands of young men and women everywhere, its practice leads them away from the bustling commonplaces of the streets to sylvan by-paths and secluded nooks where nature hides her treasures of beauty ready to be surprised, captured and preserved by the camera. In their search for the beautiful, the graceful and the unique in nature, these modern knights and ladies of the kodak meet with adventures innumerable that cast a glamor and romance over their everyday life, compensating for its hard realities and smoothing off its rough corners by a subtle method unknown to their compeers who know not the kodak and its mysteries. Every picture they make has its history. The pleasant memory of the quest for it, the circumstances of its capture, the beatific satisfaction of the

return from the hunt with the newly acquired treasure, the anxious yet pleasurable moments of its development and fixing and the pride and glory that attends its exhibition to the admiring and envious gaze of the brethren of the craft.

Angling has been called the gentle art, but what a sad misnomer was never forcibly realized until amateur photography became the vogue. A gentle art, forsooth, to commit murder amidst scenes of natural beauty that should only prompt one to deeds of mercy. It is pleasure, perhaps, to lure the innocent denizen of some rippling stream or shaded pool to a gasping death on the flower strewn, mossy bank, but a pleasure worthy only of a barbarian. Then too the self-styled sportsman extols the pleasures of the chase. The tramp over the upland or through the fragrant meadow with the faithful dog, a blameless accessory to the crime, seeking the unconscious quarry, the whirr of wing, the quick, sharp report and then the poor bruised and bleeding bird with

that appealing, never to be forgotten, dying gaze into the eyes of its slayer. If these be joys relegate them, for pity's sake, to those who can reconcile them to their consciences—they are the sports of savage men, not the pastime of the gentle or humane. How infinitely preferable is the method of the man with the kodak. He hunts his game, not to destroy but to preserve it in a pretty picture, he shoots not to kill, but to immortalize.

The amateur photographer is a gregarious being, he seeks companionship of his kind with whom to share his pleasures and his triumphs. He forms clubs and associations, devises outings and excursions at which he turns out in strength, invades country sides, carries mountain fastnesses by assault, explores obscure streams and lakes and generally spreads himself over the face of nature, seizes here and there what may strike his fancy and bears his spoils home to his lair—the dark room—with

pride and satisfaction. In pursuit of his quarry he wrongs no man, nor does he mar or detract from the treasures which he appropriates. Surely he is the most considerate of highwaymen, for he satisfies himself with the shadow of things, leaving the substance intact and uninjured. His robberies are intangible, so well conceived and so artfully carried out that his victims never discover their loss. Shakespeare must have had him in his mind's eye when he penned the phrase, "A picker-up of unconsidered trifles." This modern knight of the road is gaining in strength daily, his cult extends from "Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," it has invaded the counting house, the workshop, the pulpit, the bar, the surgery and in the nursery the very babies have taken to it; it is fast becoming a factor in the advance of civilization and, in the interests of the best and finest instincts of humanity, we give it hearty hail and wish it God-speed. The camera age—which is coming



VIEW OF RED RIVER, ELM PARK.

*Photo by F. W. Gill, Winnipeg Camera Club.*

in with the new century—will be one of peace, good will and progress in all that tends to better the race.

Canadians have taken to amateur photography with a vim and enthusiasm highly creditable to their good taste. We are not an impulsive people, but when a subject presents itself we examine it for its merits, and if they commend themselves to our consideration we adopt it with determination and earnestness, resolved to make the most of it. Thus the practice of photography, which has proved itself to be in the forefront of agreeable pastimes, has taken a strong hold upon a large class of our population and from Cape Breton to the Pacific the kodak is abroad in the land. Camera clubs flourish in all Canadian cities and towns and ere long, it is to be hoped, we will see the formation of a Canadian Amateur Photographers' Association with annual conventions, and excursions and a central headquarters where a representative picture gallery will be maintained.

Winnipeg's Camera Club is one of the most successful of these organizations. Although of comparatively recent formation its membership is large and constantly increasing and the *esprit du corps* which animates its members promises well for its future success. Its objects are the study and advancement of amateur photography, to assist and encourage beginners, to improve the methods of its members by mutual advice and comparison and to promote sociability. The officers of the club are : Honorable Hugh J. Macdonald, Patron ; Mrs. the Honorable Hugh J. Macdonald ; Patroness ; R. J. Campbell, Presi-

dent ; Mrs. J. H. D. Munson, and J. S. Carter, Vice-Presidents : F. W. Drewry, J. Scroggie, D. H. Webster, F. J. C. Cox, C. Driver and H. Fry, Directors ; F. W. Gill, Treas. ; S. W. Smith, Sec. The club's headquarters are in the Roblin House where cosy rooms are fitted up for meeting and lounging as well as a darkroom with accommodation for five operators. The club holds weekly outings on Saturday afternoons when pleasant excursions into the country are enjoyed by the members. Gold, silver and bronze buttons are awarded weekly to members producing the best pictures on a subject fixed upon by the managing committee. These competitions are immensely popular, the buttons are warmly contested for and highly prized by the winners. During the winter months the club intend holding a series of lectures and lantern slide entertainments which should prove of interest and value to the members.

That the members of the Winnipeg Camera Club are doing some excellent work is manifest in the illustrations to this article, which are specimens of some of the latest achievements of those gentlemen whose names appear under them. They are as fine specimens of photography as can be desired and have been well reproduced from the original by the Great West artists, no professional need blush to own them.

To encourage the club and amateur photographers generally, the Great West will award two cash prizes every other month to the persons sending in the two best original photographs. The conditions of the contest will be found on another page of this number.





## CABOT.

BY CHARLES MAIR, F.R.S.C.

*What matters it if on the stormy shore  
Of wild Newfoundland or stern Labrador  
His foot first fell, or on Cape Breton's strand?  
The dauntless sailor somewhere hit the land!*

*The Land! No pent-up nursling of the seas  
Framed in the Gulf-stream by the torrid breeze,  
For ocean grim this grim sea-dog had cast,  
Triumphant, on his furthest shore at last.*

*With loud huzzas St. George's banner flew,  
First o'er the main—a world, an Empire new!  
Whilst woke the Continent, and, from his lair,  
The wildling rushed, and shook his streaming hair.*

*Time sped, and saw full many a flag unfurled  
In fierce contention for that virgin world;  
Saw France's star by Britain's sun effaced  
And Britain's flag by kindred hands abased.*

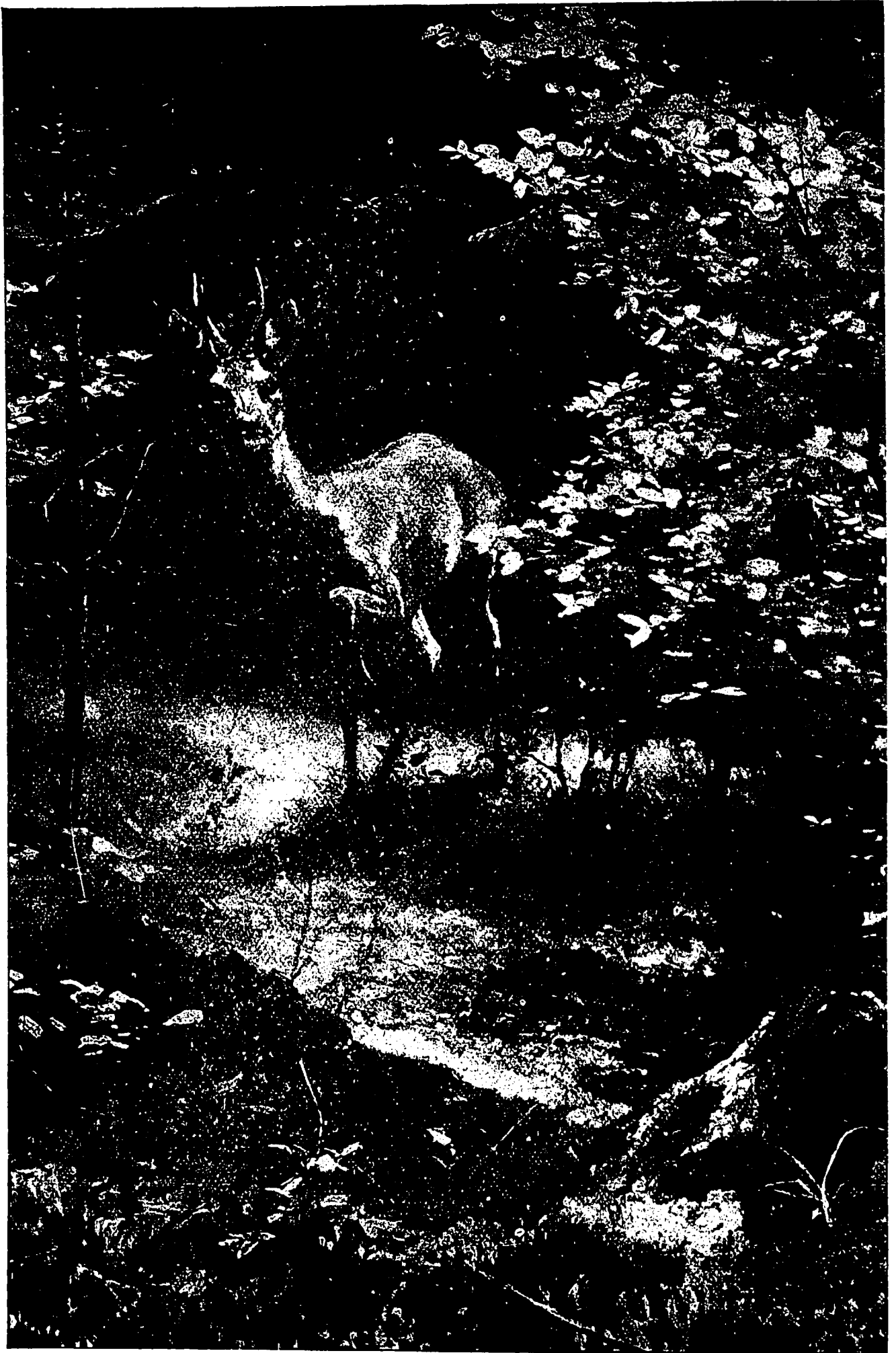
*Yet time beheld the trampled banner rise  
To float triumphant 'neath Canadian skies,  
And races nurtured neath its sway go forth,  
In welded strength, the Nation of the North.*

*And where is he who gave a realm to these  
Large heirs of Freedom, rulers of its seas?  
What recompense was his? What high acclaim?  
An unknown grave, a half forgotten name.*

*But, no! The hour is ripe; its tumult stills  
Whilst Canada her sacred task fulfils,  
At last the triumph sounds, the laurels twine,  
And incense burns at Cabot's matchless shrine!*

NOTE:—The foregoing verses were written for the Cabot celebration at Halifax last summer.





AUTUMN.

## A RARE DECEIVER ON HUDSON BAY.

BY GEORGE BRYCE, LL.D.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, who in a remarkably short time has taken the first place as a Canadian novelist, deals largely in his books with the earlier French-Canadian period, and the scenes of that part of our country now known as the great Canadian West.

In his novel, "The Trail of the Sword," which an English journal calls, "The most finished piece of work Mr. Parker has yet done," our novelist presents a vivid picture of the remarkable character "Radisson," of whom we treat in this sketch, under the title, "A rare deceiver on Hudson Bay."

It is the time of Frontenac in Canada, and young D'Iberville, the son of Charles LeMoyne, of the Canadian noblesse has reached New York, and is standing looking out of a window in government house, alongside Jessica Leveret, the interesting daughter of the governor, when the young man is startled by seeing in the garden one whom he looked on as a traitor to France. He exclaims, "Radisson—Radisson, as I live."

Mr. Parker proceeds, "He had seen a man cross a corner of the yard. This man was short, dark-bearded, with black, lanky hair, brass earrings and buckskin leggings, all the typical equipment of the French "coureur de bois." D'Iberville had only got one glance at his face, but the sinister profile could never be forgotten. At once the man passed out of view.

The young Frenchman was so excited that his manner drew the attention of the governor, who was not far distant, and in reply to his enquiry D'Iberville declared "Radisson is an outlaw. Once he attempted Count Frontenac's life.

He sold a band of our traders to the Iroquois. He led your Hollanders stealthily to cut off the Indians of the west, who were coming with their year's furs to our merchants. There is peace between your colony and ours—is it fair to harbor such a wretch in your court yard."

It is not our intention to follow further the words of reply of the angry governor or indeed the further description of Mr. Parker.

Parker takes, of course, the liberty of a novelist, kills off his villain Radisson, in the most distressing manner, ten or fifteen years before the death of that redoubtable character, and indeed lays no claim to be historic, inasmuch as Radisson could not have been in New York at this time, being a peaceful citizen of London, England.

In the realm of sober history the Prince Society of Boston, Dr. Dionne, of Quebec, Dr. Sulte, of Ottawa, and Judge Prudhomme, of Winnipeg, have in book or article dealt with this man, the last of these saying of him, "by turns, discoverer, officer of marine, originator and founder of the most powerful commercial company which has existed in North America, his life presents a most astonishing variety of human experience."

We shall pass very hurriedly over the portion of his life antecedent to his connection with Hudson Bay. Pierre Esprit Radisson was a Frenchman, who came early in life to seek his fortune in French Canada. The youth was fairly educated, and was influenced with the desire then formed among all of the better class of young French adventurers in the new world, to see the Indians and

engage in the fur trade. With his brother-in-law, Groselliers, he made four voyages from Montreal or Three Rivers to the interior of New France. The first of these was one of compulsion (1651). Being engaged in hunting near Three Rivers Radisson was captured by the Iroquois, and kept a prisoner for a time. He was adopted after the Indian fashion into one of the tribes, and lived fairly well till his escape, when he joined the Dutch merchants on the Hudson River, crossed over to Holland, and thence to France.

Coming back to Canada, and finding peace restored between the French and Iroquois Radisson went on an expedition to the Indian country.

The third voyage of Radisson and his brother-in-law was a very notable one. On this they passed up the lakes and wintered in the country to the north of Lake Superior. The Indians then knew but little of the white man, and the courage and ingenuity shown in dealing with them, proved Radisson and his party to be suited for their work. The early French voyageurs certainly showed great capacity in dealing with the wild Indians.

It was, however, Radisson's fourth voyage (1661) that determined his fortunes. The governor of New France was very arbitrary and it is said even corrupt in dealing with the traders. Radisson and his brother-in-law had gained much of the careless and ungovernable spirit of the savages of the west. The voyageur life had made them to feel restraint to be irksome. The governor besides wished two of his servants to go in company with Radisson, and no doubt to share on his behalf in the enterprise. Radisson was unwilling, and contrary to the orders of the governor slipped

off in the night and went west to Lake Superior.

A very successful trip took the voyageurs as far as the Mississippi, and it would seem as far north as Lake of the Woods. Some have claimed that this expedition went through to Hudson Bay. This is very unlikely, although the voyageurs heard from the Indians an account of this great body of salt water. After an absence of about two years the party returned to Quebec, to be met with the anger of the governor, as well as with fines and imprisonment.

This was the turning point of their history. Radisson and his brother-in-law were Huguenots, and so when the enormous fine of £10,000 in all was placed upon them, they gave up the French, and turned to the Puritans of New England looking for assistance. They immediately sought to interest the merchants of Boston in Hudson Bay. A futile expedition was really made up to the mouth of the bay. Several prominent English officials of Charles II were at this time in New England on government business. By the advice of these gentlemen Radisson and his brother-in-law went over to England.

Meeting Prince Rupert, and having been introduced to the king, Radisson and Groselliers were listened to, and after several years of delay the celebrated expedition of 1668 was undertaken which led to the founding of the Hudson's Bay Company. Two ships were fitted out. In one of them—the "Eaglet"—Radisson embarked, and in the other—the "Nonsuch Ketch"—his brother-in-law. Radisson was much chagrined at the result. The "Nonsuch" under Captain Gillam reached the bay and wintered there. The first factory named Fort Charles being built. The "Eaglet" failed

to enter the bay, and brought back Radisson in disgust to London.

This was the beginning of one of the greatest enterprises of modern times, and every western Canadian looks to-day with pride at the British standard flying, with the well known letters, H. B. C., which has been seen for two centuries and a quarter in Rupert's Land. Radisson though disappointed in not reaching Hudson Bay on the first ship yet worked up the company in London, and it was incorporated in 1670.

The new company prospered, and all went well with the adventurers for four years, till the fickle and strong-headed Radisson became dissatisfied, could not be propitiated, and so he and his partner returned to the service of France, after being under the British flag for ten years or more. The circumstances were however very peculiar. Colbert, the great prime minister of France never trusted them. He dallied with Radisson, knowing very well his fickle character. Radisson was married to a daughter of Sir John Kirke of London, and his wife would not leave England. Radisson was sent for seven years on single expeditions, but at length in 1681 was commissioned to go to Canada, and thence on a voyage for fur to Hudson Bay. The ambition of the restless adventurer seemed now likely to be fulfilled. Radisson and his brother-in-law left the gulf of St. Lawrence with two wretched little vessels of only ten and fifteen tons burthen, reached Hudson Bay, and with accustomed energy founded a fort at the mouth of Nelson river. Leaving behind his nephew, Radisson returned to Canada, taking with him the Hudson's Bay Company governor, and thence crossed to France.

Now took place the greatest act

of treachery of Radisson's life. The French were so encouraged by his success that they were sending Radisson to Hudson Bay to obtain the fruit of the winter trade by his nephew on the bay. The expedition was to start in a few days, when Radisson suddenly disappeared from France, accepted a position (1684) in the Hudson's Bay Company service and went out in their employ to Hudson Bay. Arrived there the adventurer compelled his nephew to give up the results of the winter's trade, turned it over to the Hudson's Bay Company, and sailed home to London. The capture was enormous, being it is said of the value of many thousands of pounds.

Of course no apology can be offered for such treachery and bad faith. This seems to have been the feature of the times for France and England, though ostensibly at peace, thought nothing of keeping up border raids and reprisals at any point along their boundaries in the new world. The members of the company in London were very much elated over Radisson's capture, voted him a gratuity of 100 guineas, made him a present of stock, and we find in the records of the London office, the entry for the successful adventurer of "a hogshead of claret ordered for Mr. Radisson; such as Mr. Radisson shall like." The Prince Society publication announces that in the next year (1685) Radisson went to Hudson Bay and that "this is his last appearance in public records or documents as far as is known." All the other authors mentioned state the same thing. It is no doubt this statement, seemingly unanimous which led Mr. Gilbert Parker to take Radisson as a character, and to dispose of him by having him murdered in the wilds of North America.

We are glad to be able from personal investigations in London to give our facile adventurer a lease of life twenty-five years longer. In 1896, on a visit to the Hudson's Bay Company house, Lime Street, London, the writer read many documents of the first fifty years of the the company's history. From these it was found that Radisson returned to London from Hudson Bay, took up his abode there, and was regularly paid a salary by the company. In the last decade of the century, the French wars extended to Hudson Bay, and through the attacks of the valiant D'Iberville and others the profits of the company were greatly diminished, though in the year 1690 a dividend of 75 per cent. on the original stock had been made, in which our adventurer shared. When the profits fell off the company sought to pay Radisson only one-half of the salary that they had promised to pay him for life, in the days of their prosperity.

Radisson made frequent appeals through friends to the company, and at length brought a suit in chancery in which he was completely successful. During the period of this dispute he was very poor, one of his applications stating that he had only £50 a year to live on, of which he was compelled to pay £24 for rent of house. He spent the last years of his long life in London and disappears from notice in 1710, about which time he probably died.

His life was a long and troubled one. His ability was very great; he was splendidly adapted for dealing with the Indians; his skill and diplomatic power were unsurpassed; his energy was enormous; his opportunity for distinction in being at the founding of one of the greatest enterprises of modern times—the Hudson's Bay Company—is fully recognized; but the verdict of posterity is that he was soulless and treacherous—and so his name and fame are tarnished.





CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE PARTY AT BENNETT EN ROUTE TO DAWSON.

## FROM BENNETT TO DAWSON.

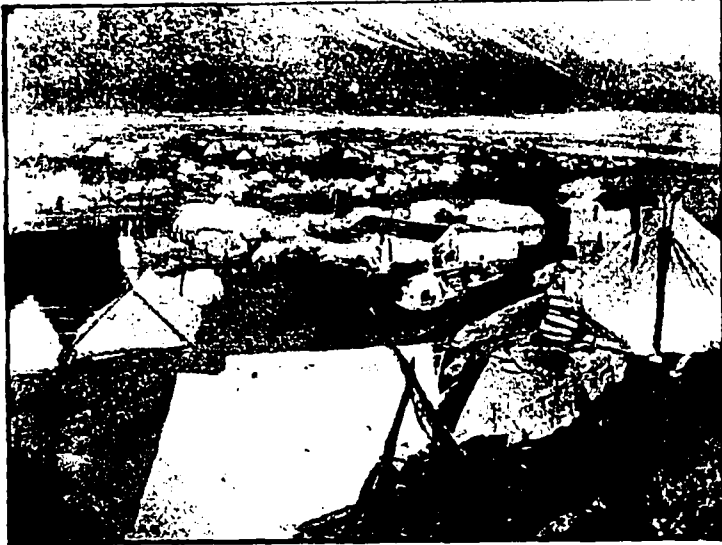
By the end of May the lakes and rivers between Lindeman and Dawson were clear of ice. The disappearance of this dangerous obstacle to navigation was the signal for the hoisting of full four thousand sails, and from Lindeman to Tagish, a distance of forty-five miles, one continuous procession of boats streamed along the wide and often boisterous waters that lie ensconced among the rocky hills of this remote northern region.

The party that I was with were ready to start on June 5th, and at about three o'clock on a fine afternoon, with a nice fair breeze blowing, we set our lug sail, and started on our long journey of over 550 miles to the metropolis of the golden north. Our boat was a Bennet built craft, about 28 feet in length, with a beam of nearly six feet, and she carried a cargo of about three tons besides our party of five. She was stoutly built, and an excellent craft for the purpose, though to the

uninitiated she would have appeared very rough and possibly unserviceable. There was not a planed board in her, and of paint she was as entirely innocent as any young lady of two weeks of age, but she rode the heavy seas of the lake like a duck, and with anything like a breeze to fill her large lug sail, she showed her keel to the best and smartest of the Peterborough canoes or any other of the products of the boat yards of civilization. Our skipper was an old hand at both oar and sail, and we had with us the "chef" of the best hotel in Bennett, so that the rest of us—the "G. T.'s" or gentlemen travelers—had nothing more to bother us than an occasional turn at the oars.

A spanking breeze soon took us across Bennett, and as early as six o'clock that evening we landed at the foot of the lake, and camped for the night.

The next morning was a sample of the weather we were to have



VIEW OF BENNETT AND LAKE.

throughout the whole trip. It was clear, bright, and very warm—in the neighborhood of 80 degrees in the shade—but with hardly a breath of wind, and that in the wrong direction. In every respect but the most important—that of sailing—the weather was perfect, and if our undertaking had been a picnic instead of a business enterprise we should have been suited exactly. But as it so happened that we were all on business bent, we varied the monotony of drifting with our sails down in the frequent periods of dead calm by whistling for a breeze; and when the breeze did come, as invariably it did, in the wrong direction, the monotony was further relieved by the arduous labor of endeavoring to adequately express our feelings. Needless to say, the results were not fit for publication.

For days together we drifted with the current, where there was one, or labored at the rough heavy oars, where the water was still and apparently as heavy as so much molten lead, surrounded on all sides by the huge fleet of home-made boats that we had expected to so easily outstrip. The large, square-ended roughly-built

“scows,” with their ridiculous little light cotton sails, which in our conceit we had scoffed at so often in Bennett, kept alongside of us, and as the passengers lived on board and avoided the necessity of camping at nights, actually in the end outstripped us.

Our big lug sail,—the only one in the whole fleet—of which we had expected so much, was practically useless to us, and, as the “chef” so aptly put it “hardly paid for itself.”

As none of us were in condition for the heavy labor of propelling a deadweight of some four tons by means of rough twelve-foot so-called oars, that were themselves about as much as a strong man could lift, it is not surprising that it took us two days to reach Tagish House, a distance of 40 miles. All the conditions that are said to prevail were in our case reversed. We had crossed this much-dreaded Windy Arm, so-called because of the constant gales that are said to blow from it in a dead calm, with its water like a mill pond; what little wind we had had, had been from the north instead of from the south—said to be the prevailing



BUILDING BOATS AT BENNETT.



wind—even the much libelled mosquito had failed to put in an appearance, excepting in comparatively small numbers, and of a character peculiarly modest and unobtrusive for members of such an aggressive race. So, taking one consideration with another, we were forced to the conclusion that either the people who had written about the country were grossly ignorant as to its conditions, or they were infected with a complaint which we found peculiarly prevalent among all the old residents of the northern portion of the Pacific Coast—a complaint of which the most characteristic symptom is an unparalleled love of misrepresentation. In some parts of the old world people infected with this disease are called “liars,” sometimes, coupled with an adjective of more or less gaudy emphasis, but in this new part of the new world this practice is so common and it is done in such a cheerful, lamb-like manner, that it passes as the natural mode of expression of the human race, and he whom anywhere else a man would call a “liar,” he here addresses as “partner,”—the same as every other male specimen of the human race.

At Tagish House, there is a Mounted Police post. It is situated on the banks of the short river connecting Lake Tagish and Lake Marsh. Here the police compelled every boat to haul in, and they took this last opportunity to inspect everyone's goods in order to prevent whiskey smuggling. Everyone had to show his papers, and as there was a constant jam of several hundred boats at a time to be inspected the process caused some delay to the travellers. The police barracks are prettily situated among the trees. The log buildings are not pretentious, but

they look comfortable, and doubtless serve their purpose well. The great attraction when we were there, was three Indian prisoners, who had murdered two prospectors under peculiarly cold-blooded conditions for the sake of their outfit. The capture and punishment of these Indians is a striking instance of the inexorable efficiency of police rule. The Indians were living with their friends hundreds of miles away in the interior, but, the long arm of the police law reached out to them. Two constables travelled six hundred miles to capture them, and they brought all three prisoners safe to Tagish House, where they are now in confinement, chained to an anvil from which probably they will not be released until the time comes for them to step upon the scaffold.

We crossed Marsh Lake, a narrow sheet of clear blue water, some twenty miles long, in fine, calm weather, with just enough wind to keep us going slowly. From end to end the lake was dotted over with an unbroken stream of boats, all with their sails set, and the scene was indeed charmingly picturesque, and strangely interesting when one recalled the fact that this beautiful sheet of water now teeming with a thousand boats, now carrying a crowd of thousands of men and women from every quarter of the globe, lay in the midst of a wilderness of mountains, absolutely uninhabited or even explored, fifteen hundred miles away from any place that has a name and a regular occupation, and that only two or three years ago when Ogilvie crossed it he was looked upon as an explorer and a kind of original discoverer. Now the lake presented very much the appearance—with a little water and mountain added—of Putney on a Bank Holi-

day; and, indeed, the humor of the crowd, laughing, singing and cracking jokes, reminded one very strongly of "Arry and 'Appy 'Ampstead." Genuine 'Arries were there, too—men who had never before been out of a shop or a factory, and it was wonderful to see how well some of them got on under what were to them such entirely novel conditions. Side by side, the

second nature to the real prospector, but certainly they were the men who appeared to stand the toil and annoyances of the trail most cheerfully, as far as my own observation went.

Lakes Tagish and Labarge are connected by a river with very little current, and deep and easy to navigate. This beautiful stream is some fifty miles long, and it flows through some fine scenery. For some distance after leaving Lake Marsh, the country is comparatively flat, the hills standing back and leaving large stretches of almost pastoral looking land on either bank. The vegetation when we passed was beautifully green and vigorous, grass growing in many places luxuriantly, while the woods contained many fine specimens of pine, spruce, poplar, cottonwood,



RAFT STRANDED ON SQUAW RAPIDS, BETWEEN MILES CANON AND WHITE HORSE.

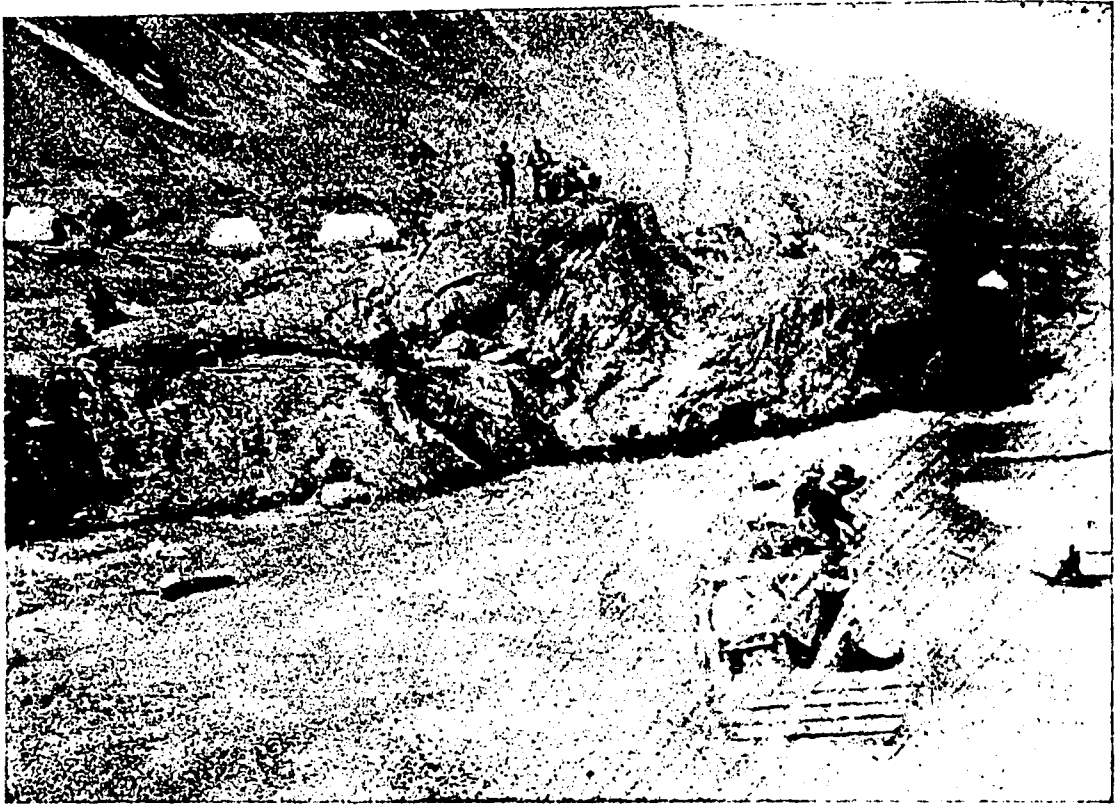
townsman and the hardy professional prospector had become by this time scarcely distinguishable in appearance; but it was always safe to bet that the boat from which came the strains of the cornet, the banjo, mandolin or flute, or the merry chorus of a popular song, or whence you were chaffed most gaily as you drew up alongside, was occupied by townsmen who, probably, had never slept out of a spring-bed in their lives before. Possibly the good spirits and "grit" of the townsmen will not stand the strain of a long continuance of the hardships that becomes

and a dense growth of willow bushes lined the shores. On nearing Miles Canon the mountains became higher, and closed in on the river. All the way along, the sides of these mountains, and in particular the gulches in between them, were well wooded with, in many places, a really heavy growth of what were to us surprisingly fine trees. Timber is absolutely indispensable to the miners of this country, and is at least as valuable as the gold, and yet so thoughtless and selfishly indifferent are the people, that for hundreds of miles along the rivers and lakes the

woods were ablaze, ignited from camp fires carelessly left burning. Dozens of times we saw men embarking from the wooded banks, and within a quarter of an hour a column of black smoke ascending to the sky from burning spruce and pine trees! For days the atmosphere was thick with smoke, and hundreds of square miles of good timber must have been destroyed through the selfish indifference of men, who would not stretch forth a hand for a pail of water to prevent the destruction of a million cords of good wood. Timber is already scarce in Yukon, and a few more years of this kind of thing, will effectively settle the question of how long the mining industry that has sprung up so recently will last.

We reached Miles Canon on the evening of the 8th, and tied up among hundreds of other boats to await the morrow, before deciding how we would overcome the only serious obstacles to navigation of these extensive water ways, the White Horse rapids and Miles Canon. The next morning we were up early, and started to walk along the bank, from the head of Miles Canon to the foot of White Horse Rapids—a distance of some five miles, in order to decide whether we would undertake to run our own boat through these difficult places. There was more than one alternative. We might have avoided the danger of the water entirely by having our goods transported over one of the two tramways that are constructed on either bank for that purpose. These enterprises are in the hands of private parties, and they ask a rate of three cents a pound for the service, which with the average boat would amount to a sum of from \$150 to \$200. This is, of course, the safest method, but too expensive for most

people, and the more popular plan with those who have had no experience in handling boats in rapids, is to engage a pilot who takes the boat through the canon and the rapids for from fifteen to twenty dollars. These pilots are running the rapids constantly, and they know where the rocks are, and should be able to take a boat through better than anybody else; but still they make mistakes, and we saw several boats wrecked by them. In the end we decided to take the risk, and run our own boat through. Our skipper was a good boatman, and after seeing the water he felt confident of being able to take a boat through without any difficulty. Indeed, at the time we made the passage, there was certainly nothing to prevent any fairly good boatman from taking a boat down without much difficulty, and the much dreaded White Horse rapids seemed to us the least dangerous part of all. Miles Canon is decidedly a nasty place. It is a narrow gorge, with the water running very rapidly between perpendicular walls of solid rock. The water is piled up in the middle, and the current is very treacherous, the danger of being thrown against the rocky wall being considerable. We saw a boat swung against the wall by the stream, and her bow was smashed so that she had to be landed at the first opportunity and unloaded. Still the thing is easy enough if the steersman keeps cool, and a couple of goods oarsmen keep good headway on the boat. Beyond the canon there is a nasty stretch of water called the Squaw Rapids. A rocky shoal splits the stream right in the centre, and unless the boat is under control there is danger of running on to it. The day we passed, there was a large raft stuck there, with six men and some



RUNNING RAPIDS BETWEEN LAKE LINDEMAN AND BENNETT—BOAT ON ROCKS.

horses on board, and they had then been there five days. One or two boats had run into the raft, and there was a considerable "mix-up." Farther on the White Horse rapids are reached, and this seemed to us the simplest part of all. There is very little danger here, if one keeps steerage way on the boat, and avoids one or two rocks which are easily seen. At the foot of the rapids there is a drop of some feet, where the water rushes at a great pace between two large rocks. The space is wide enough to allow any large boat to pass through. All that is necessary here is to keep the boat from swinging round—the current does the rest. The water is very rough with a great deal of spray, and most boats ship a good deal. The boats are covered with canvas and tarpaulin to protect the cargo, and any passenger who objects to getting wet had better take the overland route over this part of the trip. We ran our boat through

the whole business without touching anything, and when we dropped down at the bottom of the White Horse we did not ship more than a quart or two of water. Altogether, it seemed to us that both the canon and the rapids need not be feared by boatmen of any experience, and I should think that the tramway people, who have gone to very heavy expense, have made a very poor investment. The day we were there, boats were running the rapids at the rate of fully from fifteen to twenty an hour all day long and a great part of the night, and though the majority of them were taken through by their owners, the accidents were comparatively few. We saw, perhaps, half a dozen boats out of two hundred wrecked, or come to more or less grief, but in every instance the damage was the result of bad handling or carelessness.

There is quite a little settlement at the head of the rapids, formed by the offices of the tramway com-

panies, a saloon, postoffice, and police barracks, and the day we were there, there must have been several thousand people camped in the neighborhood. It is probable that up to that time over two thousand boats had passed the rapids this season, and the total losses had been a few cargoes sunk, a good many boats smashed and their contents damaged by moisture, and, as far as we could ascertain, about half a dozen men drowned. Considering the unserviceable nature of so many of the boats, and the inexperience of the men handling them, this seems to prove to me that after all these much dreaded rapids are not so bad as they have been made out to be.

After leaving the rapids there is a short day's run down the Lewes River to the head of Lake Labarge. The current here is swifter than above the rapids, and one makes better progress, though here as elsewhere on our trip we were unable to make use of our sail on account of head winds. At the head of the lake we found several hundred boats tied up, some of them

having been there as long as four and five days, waiting for a fair wind. Lake Labarge is thirty-one miles long, and no one wants to pull a heavy boat for that distance through still water, even in calm weather. With head winds and seas the thing would be impossible, and as there was a stiff breeze blowing the wrong way after we arrived there we had to wait with the rest of the company. It was not until the second day that the wind suddenly changed, and within half an hour every sail was set, and the biggest fleet we had yet been in started to cross the lake. Altogether from one end of Lake Labarge to the other there was a continuous procession of boats, that must have numbered close on a thousand, and a man could almost have thrown a biscuit from boat to boat, right along the whole thirty-one miles of the lake. The boats had all been delayed, like ourselves, at various points, by head winds, and now that there was an opportunity to get across the lake everybody continued sailing all night. We left the head of the



MAIN STREET, SKAGWAY.

lake early in the afternoon, and with a very light breeze, reached the foot of the lake after sailing all night, the next morning a little before noon. It was on this lake that we caught our first fish. All along we had used a spoon-bait trolling, but we had no success, excepting on Lake Labarge where we caught two fine Arctic trout, and lost another just as we were lifting him into the boat. This snack of fresh fish was to us a treat that no one can fully realize who has not been condemned for weeks at a time to a diet of salt pork, beans and baking-powder bread. We were considerably disappointed at our want of success in fishing, as we could see that the fish were there in large numbers. Some people at the various places set gill nets, at night, and with these they invariably caught a good many trout and pickerel. We had no net, and we had to swallow our envy—and our salt pork. Altogether in the matter of game we were disappointed. We had expected to get some ducks, and had had dim visions of roast goose, but though we saw a few ducks all along the route, and here and there got a distant glimpse of one or two geese, we never had a chance of “landing” anything.

Flowing out of Lake Labarge is what is known as the “Thirty-mile river,” which is the local name for that part of the Lewes. Here the current is very swift, running at from four to five miles an hour. We began to make the best progress we had yet made, and were feeling “good,” in consequence, when suddenly our mirth was checked by a call from the skipper to man the oars quickly, and pull like ——! Right in front of us was a big rock sticking out of the water, with only a narrow channel

between it and the shore. We had heard nothing of rocks in the Thirty-mile, and were not looking out for them. However, the watchful eye of our skipper had just saved us, and we got through all right. Later on we pulled out our “official guide,” by Mr. Ogilvie, but could find no warning of the danger of the Thirty-mile. He could not have seen the river in the condition it was when we passed it. Just in front of us a “scow” struck the rock I have mentioned; and was broken clean in two. By a miracle it seemed to us, each piece was landed separately, one at least half a mile from the other, and very little was actually lost. We saw another scow in the same shape, and further along the wrecks were numerous, including a large steamer called the “Kalamazoo.” For several miles the river is full of rocks, and the channel keeps crossing from side to side so that in such swift water it requires great care and watchfulness to avoid striking something. The scenery along this part of the route was particularly fine, and everything looked very bright and green, excepting where some of our “parties” had set the woods on fire. There was good grass in small patches here and there, and lots of wild roses and other flowers, besides strawberries, cranberries and other small fruits.

We passed the mouth of the Hootalinqua at noon of the 14th and were called ashore by the police who have a station there. Once more our papers were inspected, and we were allowed to proceed on our way until the next police post was reached at the mouth of the Big Salmon, the same evening. Here, for the last time, we had to show our papers, and from this point we decided to drift along, day and

night, stopping only for meals. The stream was running at about four miles an hour and we simply drifted along without rowing. If we had had a fair wind we should have made very rapid progress. Even as it was we averaged over four miles an hour, without rowing much, over the whole distance from Thirty-mile river to Dawson.

There is, of course, day and night, here, in June, according to the clock, but it is not day and night as most people are used to

and I found it as easy to sleep in the daylight of the daytime as in the daylight of the night-time. In this manner we covered a great many miles, in spite of head winds all the way, in the twenty-four hours, some days doing as many as eighty or more.

On the 15th we shot the Five Finger rapids, which we found to be nothing, if we took the right channel. A few miles farther on we passed the Rink rapids which were still less, always under the

same proviso that one took the right channel. The right channel is the right one in both senses of the word, and we heard of no accidents to anyone who kept this course. Early in the morning of the 16th, we entered the Yukon river, and reached Fort Selkirk. Here we found a small Indian settlement—the Indians were all away fishing—with a few log huts, a Catholic mission, a store and a post-office. The next day, very early in the morning, we

passed the mouth of the White river, and from here to the mouth of the Stewart—a stretch of some ten miles—we found the river very full of islands and shoals, which were practically impossible to avoid if one got out of the proper channel for a minute. Here for the first time we touched bottom, and as if the spell were broken, we kept on doing it from there to the Stewart.

At the mouth of the Stewart we found the camps of some hundreds



YUKON GIRLS AT BENNETT.

them. At midnight it is broad daylight, the birds are singing with apparently more gusto than at mid-day; there are no stars and the moon is only visible when full, and like some of our friends in that condition looks pretty sickly and about the only palpable difference between day and night is that the latter is a good deal cooler than the former. The river was just as easy to navigate in the middle of the night as in the middle of the day,

of newcomers who were making preparations to prospect that river. The Stewart is known as "Ogilvie's tip," because Mr. Ogilvie has recommended it to prospectors in his guide, and the consequence is that it is everybody's tip, and a great many people have pinned their faith to it. That night we tied up our boat, and pitched camp about 30 miles from Dawson, to take the opportunity of cleaning up a little before arriving at the golden me-

tropolis of Yukon. Here at one o'clock in the morning (not the afternoon) in broad daylight, the chef (who was a bit of a barber) cut our hair, and shaved us, while the birds sang blithely in the trees overhead. Just as the sun was getting hot, in the wee small hours, we turned in to bed and took a good rest before rising to finish our interesting journey. The following afternoon we arrived at Dawson City.

H. S. WHITE.



SOME DIE BY THE WAY—A FUNERAL.

### IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

*Sweet maiden of Passamaquoddy,  
Shall we seek for communion of souls  
Where the deep Mississippi meanders,  
Or the distant Saskatchewan rolls?  
Ah no! In New Brunswick we'll find it  
A sweetly sequestered nook—  
Where the sweet gliding Skoodawabskookis  
Unites with the Skoodawabskook.*

*Let others sing loudly of Saco,  
Of Passadumkeag or Miscouche,  
Of Kennebecasis or Quaco,  
Of Miramichi or Buctouche;  
Or boast of the Tobique or M'ssec,  
The Musquash or dark Memramcook:  
There's none like the SKOODAWABSKOOKSIS,  
Excepting the SKOODAWABSKOOK.*

—JAMES DE MILLE.



## AN OFFERING TO THE GODS.

BY FRANCES A. CLARKE.

The sun had set in the land of the Aztecs. The chanting of the priests was borne on the breeze as it stirred among the palms, it was a chant of triumph for to-day was a day of victory—weeks before the Emperor had gone forth leading his warriors into a far distant land. Wonderful were the conquests he made and great the spoils, but better than all, there now lay in the prison many a hundred of captives. In the palace all was feasting and rejoicing, in the prison, sorrow and silence reigned. Crouched together on the hard earthen floor the captives lay, each wrapped in his own misery, and no one spoke—a little apart from the crowd were two figures, seemingly very intent on each other—a youth of about nineteen, and his younger sister. The boy had spread his outer garment on the ground, and she lay upon it holding his hand in hers. A pale, delicate girl she was, and he, a striking contrast with his strong, athletic figure, well shaped head, and handsome face. As the shadows deepened in the damp cell the girl began to speak in low, soft tones: "Oh, my brother what thinkest thou will befall us in this strang land? Already I languish and weary of captivity, should it last long I fear I shall die."

"Nay, my sister, thou must be courageous as thou art wont to be—think Cedraza, if our friends are free they will surely ransom us and once again we shall be happy."

"Never again happy, Rado—no. Since that fearful night when our little village was destroy-

ed and we were made prisoners, I have not had one peaceful moment. There is such uncertainty, such a vague fear for our future. Thou art my only solace Rado, and in the dark nights while we were journeying hither, the cruel thought would force itself upon my tired brain, 'if *he* were taken away, what then?' and I would nestle closer to thee and try to sleep as thou didst. Would that we had never seen this place"—and the girl wept bitterly.

Vainly the brother sought to whisper words of comfort and hope but in his heart, he found no echo of these sentiments. At length wearied out, she fell into a deep sleep. The moon rose slowly and shed its beams through the high, small windows, and they shone on the captives, and on the brother and sister as they slept.

\* \* \*

The days passed drearily enough in the prison, till one morning an old man entered and looked curiously about him. His coming caused a great change. All the youths among the captives left the cells when he left, and did not return till evening. Rado being among the number it was an anxious day for Cedraza, but she forgot her sorrow when she felt his arm about her. There was a perplexed expression on his fine face when she asked where he had been.

"I know not how to tell thee, little one," he said slowly, "it is such a strange tale for thee to hear,

and yet it would be too cruel not to tell thee. Wilt try to be brave and strong to bear what I am about to say?"

She looked at him wonderingly and nodded her head.

"Sit here beside me then, and I will tell it as best I may. When I left thee this morning, we were conducted by a strong guard of soldiers to the palace. There we were placed before the Emperor and priests, and made to walk up and down separately—each one was examined carefully. I seemed to claim particular attention, they whispered together, came to me, looked into my face, turned me around, felt my arms."

"They thought you handsome, Rado, and you *are*," cried his sister, with a glad smile.

"I fear you are right, Cedraza, and I would it were otherwise for after a long conversation, during which they all looked fixedly at me, an old man of great authority among them spoke, making me understand that they had chosen me to personify their god Tetzcatlipoca. It is an annual custom with the Aztecs to personify this god choosing a new subject each time, the one selected is treated with extraordinary respect all during the year, and at the end he is sacrificed on the high altar of the great Teocalis in honor of Tetzcatlipoca. Tomorrow Cedraza, I shall be taken from thee, I should not have seen you again had I not begged to spend the night here instead of in the gorgeous apartments prepared for me. For one year I shall have every luxury, they say, every happiness, but without thee my sister, what joy can delight me—and then the thought of such a death——," he paused, for the frightened look in his sister's eyes

would permit him to say no more, and he forgot his own sufferings to solace hers.

For hours she clung to him sobbing, she could not let him go and so, in expressions of frenzied grief, the night wore away and with a start Cedraza perceived the first gray light of dawn. Hardly had the shadows in the cell disappeared, when the guard which was to conduct Rado to his new and brief life, entered. The parting between the brother and sister was soon over. He kissed her many times and held her close in his strong young arms—then turned to go. When he stood in the doorway to take one last look at the loved form of his sister, he saw only a despairing little heap on the floor where she had thrown herself, but the guard marched forth with him in their midst.

\* \* \*

Time, in the days of the Aztecs, slipped by as quickly as now. Four months of Rado's year had passed. Cedraza was now an attendant of the Empress, in the royal palace, and each morning she roused herself with the hope of seeing her brother that day. One evening the Empress and her attendants, was present at a banquet—the banquet was to honor Rado who sat in great splendor, near the Emperor, among the priests. Cedraza, standing with the suite of the Empress, looking eagerly for her brother, and not once during the whole repast did her eyes leave his face. When the feasting was at an end he turned towards the Empress to salute, according to the custom—it was then that he caught sight of his sister. A glad look of recognition came into his face.

The Empress smiled. Cedraza lifted her hand to her lips, Rado returned the sign, the Empress bowed graciously in acknowledgement, but Cedraza knew for whom the salute had been intended and was happy. She saw her brother once more before the end of the year. He was alone in the palace garden and she hastening through on a message of importance. The greeting was one of wildest excitement and joy but scarcely had a word been spoken when the attendants of Rado announced their approach by sweet strains of music. Rado knew that he must meet them alone, Cedraza was obliged to retire behind a hedge and from there she saw him led away.

Eight months had passed since the separation in the prison, and the endless anxiety and solicitude for Rado's safety had wrought a great change in Cedraza. She seemed paler and weaker every day, she scarcely eat and was tormented with cruel dreams. As the time for the sacrifice drew near, Rado gave himself up as completely as possible to revelry and merriment. He grew reckless, and the knowledge of his approaching fate was banished from his mind. At length the eve of the festival arrived; all was confusion, preparation and rejoicing. No one thought with pity of the luckless god personified, save his sister, and for her, there was no other thought. The last banquet was given in the royal palace, the Empress in her place of honor viewed the proceedings with great interest. Rado was very quiet, he drank hurriedly and often, but all the choice dishes before him were untouched—he grew sick at the thought that tomorrow at this very time these same people who now surrounded him would be

feasting on his flesh. He looked for Cedraza and scarcely recognized the pale thin face and the white lips that tried to smile a last farewell, yet there was a feeling almost of joy in the thought, "Cedraza will not be here tomorrow night." The banquet lasted long and in a few short hours the day began to break. Already the house-tops were thronged with people, eager for the great spectacle, and in the distance the white walls of the Teocalis cast back the first rays of the rising sun. At dawn Cedraza had hastened to the apartments of her mistress, where she knew she would be needed, she wondered at herself, as she helped to fasten the royal jewels, and held the heavy silver mirror in place while the Empress' hair was being dressed. She longed to go out on the house-tops, it seemed they would never have her mistress's toilet completed. She felt that she must see the last of Rado's strange role. At length the royal party appeared on the roof of the palace. That seemed a signal for the beginning. The Emperor came forth at the head of his soldiers, then the priests with Rado leading them, he held a lute and played low sweet music. As he came in view of the palace, Cedraza leaned far over the parapet and gazed long and lovingly at him.

"Take heed," whispered one of the maidens near her "take heed lest thou fall. This is a new spectacle to thee, but when thou hast seen it as many times as I, thou wilt not be so eager for it."

Cedraza scarcely heard the kindly warning—that was Rado passing in the street beneath, Rado her brother, going to his death and she powerless to help him. She had dreamed it many times, and

this seemed even less real than her dreams had been. On and on comes the procession; as they approach the mountain the strains of Rado's lute grow wilder and louder. They reach the Teocalis, the soldiers form two lines, Rado and the priests file down the centre and commence the ascent. The air is still and the music of the lute, now wild and discordant can be clearly heard. Slowly the mournful cavalcade winds its spiral course towards the Teocalis where stands the altar of sacrifice. The summit is reached; Rado casts his lute from him; the chief priest takes his wreaths of flowers from him and strips him of his jewels and rich attire. His hands and feet are bound and he is laid on the altar. The priests form a circle and close in around it. A moment of breathless suspense in which the chief priest inserts his *itzil* in the breast of his victim, plunges his hand into the wound—another, and the palpitating heart of Rado is held high in the air then cast at the feet of the idol while the

people on the house tops prostrate themselves in adoration.

\* \* \*

It is over now. The priests go down from the temple as they came; the body of Rado is pushed over the side of the Teocalis and is taken away to be prepared as the principal dish at the customary banquet. The house tops are fast being deserted, but on the roof of the palace two girls still linger. They are maidens of the royal train and at their feet lies Cedraza.

"She has fainted," says one, "she is not strong, our sacrifices must seem strange to her. Come, let us bear her to our rooms, she will recover."

As they stand over her, the dark eyes open slowly.

"The sacrifice frightens you," says the maiden softly,

"He was my brother," she replies in a scarcely audible voice, and the dark eyes close—this time, forever.



## THE LOYALIST.

BY MRS. J. R. GUNNE.

*A nation we, but newly framed  
From the nations of the earth,  
Yet loyally turn to the brave old flag  
That guards the land of our birth ;  
Yes, loyal and true are we of the East  
And we of the golden West—  
We who dwell on the motionless seas  
The years have rocked to rest.*

*We of the farms and swaying fields  
Of rippling, rustling grain ;  
We who live near the earth's full breast  
And reap of the sun and rain ;  
We who are wise in nature's ways  
And who toil for a nation's weal,  
Would fight till the last red drop was spent  
And our hearts had ceased to feel.*

*We of the ranch of a thousand kine,  
Who may look over leagues of land  
Straight to the gateway of earth and sky,  
Unmarred by a human hand ;  
We who are browned by the sun and the wind  
And are fearless, frank and free,  
Will not be the last to offer arms  
When the summons sweeps over the sea.*

*We of the mines, who search for gold  
And dig in the dim, dark drifts ;  
We who rend from the naked rocks  
The richest of nature's gifts ;  
We who are rugged and rude and rough,  
And are shut from the open sky,  
Would come at the call of England's need  
And stand by the flag or die.*

## THE GOLD FIELDS OF CANADA.\*

BY JOHN M. HARDMAN, M.E.

It may be regarded as strange, that a country, in which the discovery of alluvial gold antedates the similar discovery in Australia by fifteen years, and that in California by thirteen years, should be only now attracting the attention of the financial world to the wealth of its auriferous gravels and lode mines. Yet that is Canada's position to-day, although it is a country in which the political and economic conditions existent are most favorable for the development of a mining industry; a country where one operates under the security of the British flag, where there is a salubrious climate, where the necessary factor of wood, water, food and supplies are in abundance, where the titles are secure, and the administration of law and order are unquestionable, where labor and fuel are abundant and comparatively cheap, and where the home industries supply all the machinery, tools and equipment desired. This region so favored has been passed over by capital for nearly sixty years in favor of the greater wealth of the Western United States, the golden stores of Australia, and, more recently, the phenomenal deposits of the Transvaal. Possibly the exceedingly burdensome restrictions imposed on the mining industry by the Government of this last country has directed the attention of Englishmen (who practically are the capitalists of the world in mining matters) to a country over which their own flag floats and in which the only struggle will be with economic and not with political conditions.

In the statistical compilation published each year by the Geological Survey of Canada as a "Summary of the Mineral Production of Canada," it appears that the total value of all minerals produced in the Dominion in 1886 was in round numbers about \$10,000,000, but for the year 1897 this value had increased to \$29,000,000, of which coal and coke contributed about \$7,500,000, and gold something over \$6,000,000.

In 1886 the production of gold amounted to \$1,365,496, being 13 per cent. of the full total; in 1897 the gold product constituted over 21 per cent. in value of all metallic and non-metallic minerals produced in Canada. Its ratio of increased production each year for the last three or four years has also been greater than that of any other mineral, and in consequence of the attention which has been directed to Canada during that period, there has been a general inquiry by investors from abroad regarding the extent, situation and probable profits of the various gold fields of this Dominion. To answer this inquiry in a broad and general way, but yet with a statement of uncolored facts, is the object of this article. Lack of space, however, precluding any attempt to go into details of different districts or of individual properties.

It may be said, broadly speaking, that a traveller landing in Halifax puts his foot on gold-bearing rock when he steps on shore, and that, from the time he takes a transcontinental train in that city bound for the Pacific Coast, there is not a

\*Reproduced from the *Canadian Mining Manual*, 1898.

day of his journey on the railway that he does not pass over some portion of territory which is, or has been, more or less auriferous. During his first day he will travel for a time within sight of some of the gold districts in Nova Scotia: in which the first successful vein mining for gold was done in Canada; before daylight of the next day he will pass near portions of the Province of Quebec in which alluvial mining has been carried on since the early sixties, and twenty-four hours later he touches the border of the region round Lake Wahnapitæ, in which gold quartz veins have been found and are now working. In the evening of this third day he enters a district of that promising new Ontario, which is beginning to have a respectable production of that precious metal, and in which developments are so rapid as to justify a belief that only experienced exploitation is necessary in order to establish a permanent and profitable gold mining industry. The fourth day finds him at the western boundary of this new Ontario, and it is only the fifth day that will be passed in going through territory which has, perhaps, a doubt of possible auriferous deposits; but from the time he enters the portal of the mountain regions to the last moment of his journey's end he is passing through a succession of mineral bearing districts in which the mining of gold has been more or less prominent since 1860.

Along this stretch of 3,761 miles of railway journey are four provinces which contain the principal gold fields of the Dominion, excepting only that unknown and uncertain tract of the North-West known as the "Yukon Region."

These provinces are Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario and Brit-

ish Columbia, and a brief account of the history, production, area and geology of each of the known fields is given below, beginning at the east and proceeding westerly.

#### NOVA SCOTIA.

*History.*—The first discovery of gold in this province is imputed to Captain L'Estrange, R. A., during a fishing trip in 1858, but the first discovery to be made public and to attract attention was undoubtedly that of a farmer, John Pulsiver, in the summer of 1860, in a portion of what is now Tangier district, known as "Mooseland," Mr. Pulsiver's discovery led to numerous explorations by other people in other sections that same summer and the following spring.

The industry of gold mining dates from the year 1862, when the government appointed an officer known as the "Chief Gold Commissioner," and framed laws governing the acquisition and working of gold bearing lands, imposing a royalty upon the gold produced, and commenced the publication of a series of annual reports. In this year also arose the excitement consequent upon the finding of gold in many and separated portions of the province and the inception of mining work in many of these districts. This excitement was fed for many years by the richness of quartz veins which were found cropping to the surface, and was increased to a "boom" by the schemes of both American and English speculators and promoters, which boom was due in no small respect to the very exaggerated ideas of the richness of the veins discovered. The excitement began to fade in 1868, when the lean and poorer portions of the lodes began to predominate over the rich pay streaks, and when

shareholders began to realize that their extravagant expectations of dividends were unfounded.

When one considers that these early discoveries were all of narrow veins carrying very high value in pay chutes, that the development and working of these veins was intrusted to men more accustomed to fishing than to any other pursuit that the milling was of a very imperfect kind entailing large losses, and that the character of the ore favored speculation by the workmen (a source of no inconsiderable loss), such a reaction can be seen to have been inevitable. The unprofitable character of many of the early investments made was due not only to the narrowness of the veins and their uncertain continuity, but in a great measure to the gross incapacity of the management supplied. From 1868 to 1882 there followed a period of depression, and amongst capitalists there arose a distrust of Nova Scotia gold properties and a feeling that the veins were too patchy or pockety in character to be reliable as an investment. During this period of depression the production fell off to about half of what it had formerly been, and the greater part of this diminished production came from discoveries of new districts, or from new and rich veins in some of the older districts; but the management did not improve and the same fate befell these later discoveries which had befallen the earlier ones, viz., that they were worked in a manner entirely devoid of system or economy, no ore bodies were opened up ahead, and no reserve fund was maintained in the treasury.

Some twenty years after discovery, in 1883 or 1884, a new era began, especially in regard to the character of the management employed. A number of men of ex-

perience and training in other mining countries were intrusted with the direction of mines, which were chiefly properties that had been idle for ten years or more. The effect of the introduction of American methods, of modern machinery, better mills and business management was seen in the yield for the year 1885, since which time the value of the yearly production has been from \$400,000 to \$500,000. The result of this new management has been an increased attention paid to the mining of large bodies of low grade material which hitherto had been disregarded as profitless, and the notable profits which have been made during the last few years from material yielding only from four to six dwts. have occasioned a partial disappearance of that distrust amongst capitalists which had previously marked this field. Nor is it unfair to say that the mine owners themselves must be largely held responsible for the delay in the development of this Province, for the reason that prices largely in excess of values were asked for properties upon which there were absolutely no reserves, little development and no plant of value. In almost every case since 1885, where ordinary business prudence has been exercised in the selection of a property and the price paid for the same, and in choice of a managing man, success has resulted from the venture, and to-day many properties are equipped with plants that will stand comparison for effectiveness and economy with those of any gold producing country.

*Production.*—From the year 1862 the Department of Mines has required sworn quarterly returns to be made by each person or company operating a gold mine, showing the number of tons of stuff



milled, the yield of gold therefrom and the amount of days' labor performed. From these sworn returns on file in the office of the department at Halifax, the following tables have been prepared:—

TABLE NO. 1.

*Annual yield of Nova Scotia gold fields from 1861 to 1869.*

YEAR.	TONS MILLED.	GOLD OBTAINED.			Value at \$19.50 per Oz.	Average Yield per Ton.
		Oz.	Dwts.	Grs.		
1861 (a)	.....	6,000	0	0	\$117,000	.....
1862	6,473	7,275	0	0	141,862	\$21 91
1863	17,002	14,001	14	17	273,034	16 06
1864	21,434	20,002	18	13	390,447	18 21
1865	24,423	25,454	4	8	496,357	20 32
1866	32,162	25,204	13	2	491,491	15 28
1867	31,386	27,314	11	11	532,634	16 96
1868	32,262	20,541	6	10	400,555	12 41
1869	35,147	17,866	0	19	348,426	9 91
1870	30,829	19,826	5	5	387,392	12 56
1871	30,791	19,227	7	4	374,933	12 17
1872	17,093	13,094	17	6	255,350	14 94
1873	17,708	11,852	7	19	231,122	13 05
1874	13,844	9,140	13	9	178,243	12 87
1875	14,810	11,208	14	19	218,571	14 76
1876	15,490	12,038	13	18	234,754	15 15
1877	17,369	16,882	6	1	329,205	18 95
1878	17,999	12,577	1	22	245,253	13 63
1879	15,936	13,801	8	10	269,127	16 83
1880	14,037	13,234	0	4	258,063	18 37
1881	15,556	10,756	13	2	209,755	13 48
1882	22,081	14,107	3	20	275,090	12 45
1883	25,954	15,446	9	23	301,206	11 60
1884	25,147	16,059	18	17	313,169	12 45
1885	28,890	22,202	12	20	432,952	14 98
1886	29,010	23,362	5	13	455,564	15 70
1887	22,280	21,211	17	18	413,632	18 56
1888	36,178	22,407	3	10	436,940	12 08
1889	39,160	26,155	6	13	510,029	13 02
1890	42,749	24,358	9	9	474,990	11 11
1891	35,212	23,391	0	0	456,125	12 95
1892	33,633	21,080	3	18	411,063	12 22
1893 (b)	28,040	14,030	5	7	273,590	9 75
1894	30,333	14,980	7	13	282,117	7 17
1895	58,082	22,112	17	21	431,202	7 42
1896	65,873	25,596	14	6	499,136	7 57
1897	76,559	26,579	19	21	518,311	6 78
Totals	1,029,923	660,446	8	14	\$12,878,710	\$12 50

(a) Estimated, authority of A. Heatherington, in "Practical Guide to the Gold Fields of Nova Scotia,"

(b) For nine months only, the Government fiscal year being changed in 1893.

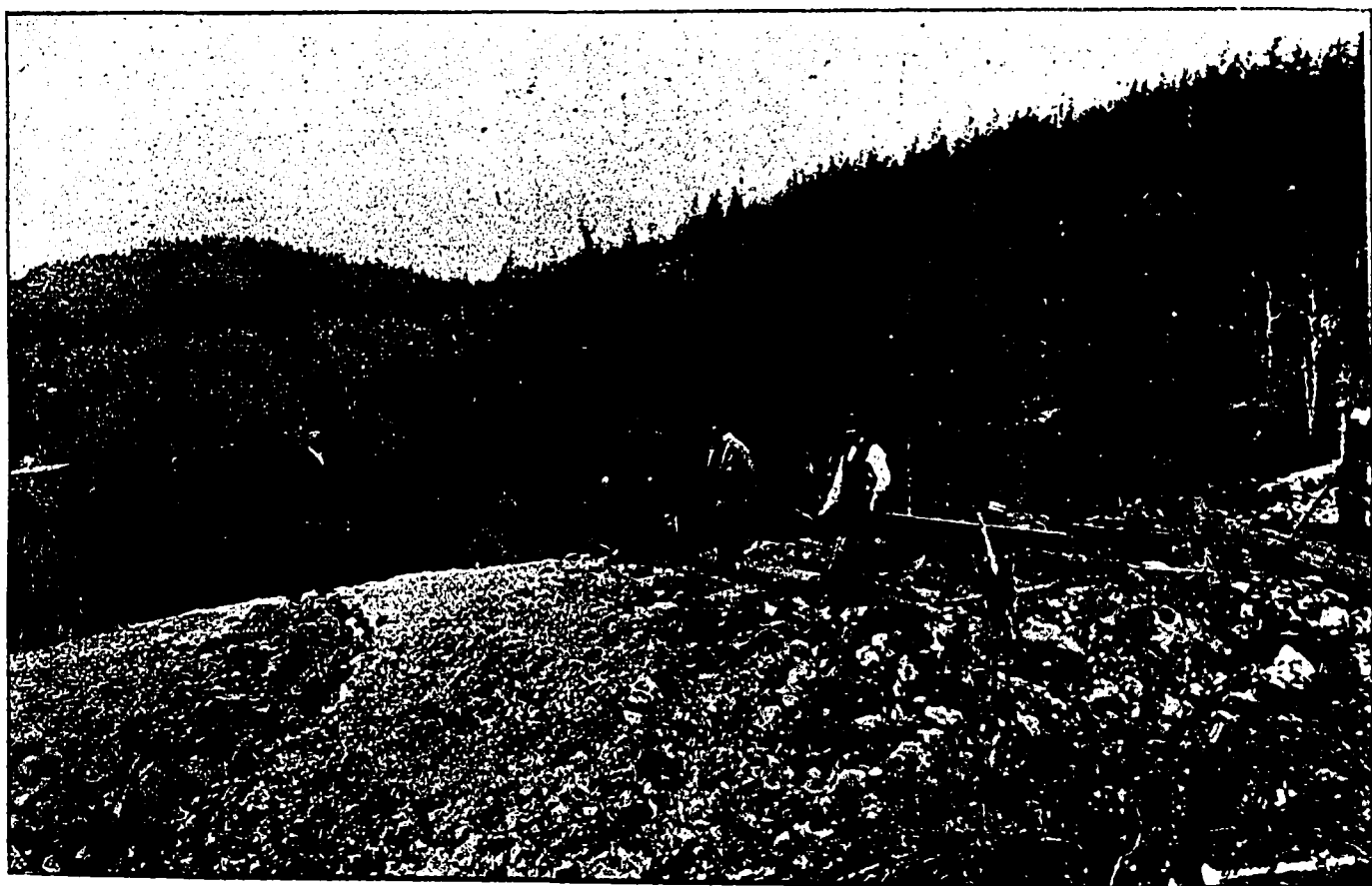
*Area.*—The area of the lower Cambrian rocks which constitute the gold measures of Nova Scotia has been estimated by various authorities to embrace from five thousand to seven thousand square

miles. These rocks extend along the Atlantic coast-line, in a general north-east and southwest direction for about 250 miles, with a width ranging from 10 to 30 miles. But a large portion of this area is occupied by granitic and gneissic rocks, occurring in patches and in continuous masses, which, when fully mapped out, will probably reduce the gold measures to between 3,000 and 3,500 square miles.

The combined area; however, of the different districts which are

known only to the hunter and lumberman.

*Geology.* — The gold of Nova Scotia occurs both in quartz veins and in broad bands or belts of bluish fissile slates in which are interlaminated, or interstratified, veins or veinlets of quartz, with threads and stringers of the same material ramifying in all directions throughout the mass, the gold being found in the laminae of the slate as well as in the quartz itself. The quartz of the veins is both



ON THE DUMP.

producers is only about fifty square miles.

A study of the excellent maps which have been made of this gold field by Mr. E. R. Faribault, of the Geological Survey of Canada, leads one to the conclusion that there are many eroded anticlinals, not yet explored, which may ultimately become gold districts, since a very considerable portion of Nova Scotia is yet a comparative wilderness,

vitreous and opaque, ranging in color from bluish-black to milk-white, and carrying as associated minerals arsenopyrite and pyrite chiefly, with smaller quantities of chalcopyrite, blend and galena and occasional specks of calcite, rhodocrosite and bismuthite. The continuous (or "main" lodes so called) vary greatly in width, running from an inch to twenty feet, but averaging usually from six to

twelve inches. The auriferous slate belts range from three to over sixty feet in width, but are low grade in character, those worked having yielded from \$2 to \$10 per ton of rock milled; the quartz veins are higher in grade, those worked yielding from \$10 to \$1,600 per ton.

Owing to the intense metamorphism to which these veins have been subjected, no fossil remains have yet been found in them, and their age is therefore to be determined by their stratigraphical relations and not from the fossils contained. They consist of quartzites and argillites having a thickness of from ten to twelve thousand feet and are referred by the Geological Survey of Canada to the Lower Cambrian or Pre-Cambrian age, on account of their similarity lithologically to the measures of Quebec of this age. These rocks are usually divided into two groups, an upper and lower series, but Mr. H. S. Poole, and some others, have been disposed to subdivide the lower group into two. The upper series is composed of black, sometimes greenish, argillities both graphitic and ferruginous in character, and always fissile. The lower series is made up of compact beds of quartzite and bluish-black slates, and in it occur the gold-bearing quartz veins. This quartzite is essentially a sandstone, with usually a felspathic, but sometimes an argillaceous, cementing material. The lower part of this series, according to Mr. Poole, is made up of beds of slates and grits, not carrying quartz veins but much crumpled and contorted. Mr. Faribault does not include these beds in the gold series.

The gold districts occur along

the axial lines of a series of great anticlinal folds which are the result of contraction forces applied tangentially. The tops of these folds, in places, have been so eroded as to expose the edges of the constituent strata of quartzite and slate, with the included quartz veins, constituting the "proclaimed gold districts" of the Province. These veins, in common with the slate bands above referred to, are parallel in their strike to the course of the country rock, and for that reason (amongst others) were supposed, in the earlier years of mining, to be contemporaneous bedded veins, a view taken at that time by Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, Prof. H. Y. Hind, and others, as the conformability throughout with the large beds of quartzite and slate is marked. Later investigations, after more extensive workings, tend to disprove this view and to refer them to a class of true veins which were formed by the infiltration and segregation of siliceous matter into the lines of minimum pressure, or of least resistance, produced during the folding. The resultant of these two forces of gravitation and of contraction, is a force tending to separate or force apart the constituent layers of the series, and it is believed that to these forces is to be ascribed the openings (subsequently filled in by infiltration or lateral secretion) which have formed the present quartz deposits of the series. Mr. H. S. Poole (*a*) thus summarizes the main arguments in favor of the theory of true veins:—

"The distinctive features of the gold leads are their general conformability with the slate and quartzite beds and their regularity, suggesting that they are rather beds than veins. But there are

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(*a*) Report of the Department of Mines, N.S., 1878. p. 27.

characters that point to their being true veins in spite of these features, and they are the following: The roughness of the planes of contact between quartz and slate and quartzite; the crushed state of the slate or gouge on some foot-walls; the irregularity of the vein contents; the termination of the leads; the effects of contemporary dislocations; and the influence of stringers and offshoots on the richness of the leads."

Dr. Selwyn (*a*) holds the opinion that the quartz veins are not contemporaneous and that they must be considered as true veins. He also has pointed out the analogy between these quartz veins and those of the Bendigo in Australia, and indicated the probability of similar origin.

The main difference or distinction between the Australian and Nova Scotia veins arises from the fact that the folds or flexures of the strata in Nova Scotia are much broader than in Bendigo, of greater extent and farther apart, and in consequence the "legs" of the "saddle reef" extend to much greater depths than in Bendigo. The greatest depths upon the dip of the vein yet attained in Nova Scotia (some six hundred feet) show the quartz to be continuous, whereas in Bendigo "the vertical extent of the auriferous quartz is very limited," (*b*) being under rather than over two hundred feet.

The influence which the granitic masses (which, as already mentioned, cut the gold measures) have exerted upon their gold veins and their metallic contents has not been determined and requires closer study, but that they have played an important part is quite probable

since in many places they must be regarded as intrusive and their influence is seen all along the edges of the sedimentary strata penetrated by them. At the Crow's Nest mine on Cochrane Hill, in Guysboro county, the metamorphic action exerted by these granites is well seen, beds of quartzite becoming vitreous quartz in their vicinity; the slates also garnetiferous and crystals of staurolite and andalusite are of frequent occurrence.

From the similarity in structure and probable genesis of these deposits with those of Bendigo, and from the data obtained from these Nova Scotia districts which have been extensively worked, it would appear that the auriferous contents of these quartz veins and slate bands are in direct relation with the horizontal distance of such deposits from the axis of the anticlinal fold in which they occur. As some of these folds are quite sharp (having a vertical dip upon one side and from 40 to 45 degrees on the other) and others are broad, this distance will vary with each district within limits. For the narrow folds Mr. Faribault has placed the limits at from 600 to 800 feet, and for some of the broader ones the limit appears to be from 1,200 to 1,300 feet. Therefore it may be expected that, in a series of veins, the pay zone will be confined horizontally, but unconfined vertically, although the quartz is continuous beyond these defined limits.

The summary of results which will be available when the Geological Survey has completed its work in these gold districts will be of the greatest value in arriving at a probable rule for governing the pay zone of these Nova Scotia deposits.

(*a*) Report of Progress, Geological Survey of Canada, 1870-71.

(*b*) Transactions American Institute Mining Engineers, vol. XX., p. 542.

The bulk of the gold hitherto won has come from the smaller parallel quartz veins which, in some districts, have recorded phenomenal yields (*a*). The district of Montagu is particularly noted in this respect.

The occurrence of gold in the slate has been alluded to, and more recently quartzite carrying gold in paying quantities has been found at the Richardson mine near Isaac's Harbor. To the development of these quartzose slate belts the industry must look for its enlargement and greatest profits in the future, and an indication that the industry is already turning in this direction is afforded by the returns for the year ending December 31st, 1897, which shows a return of \$539,048 from 83,234 tons milled, or an average value of \$6.47 per ton.

By reason of the cheap but excellent labor, the low cost of fuel, supplies and machinery, the favorable climate and the easy means of access, the gold industries of this Province are worthy of more attention from capitalists than they have yet received.

*Laws.*—The mining law of Nova Scotia is exceedingly fair and easy to interpret. The main provisions are :—

(1.) All mines are the property of the Crown, and the product from the gold mines is subject to a royalty of 2 per cent. upon the gross output, verified by affidavit.

(2.) Gold mining lands are laid out in rectangular "areas," having a length of 150 feet along the course of the veins and a width of 250 feet across the same. A license to prospect may include up to, but was placed on the chimney-shelf

not over 100 areas, and costs the prospector 50 cents for each area in his application ; the license is valid for one year.

(3.) Leases, running for forty years, can be obtained for any number of areas up to 100, upon payment of \$2.00 for each and every area leased, and a further rental of 50 cents per area per annum ; this rental is rebated if the provisions of the lease regarding labor to be performed thereon are complied with ; such labor being performed or such rental being paid, the lease is non-forfeitable, and the title is absolute for the period of forty years. Such leases are renewable for a second period of forty years, and are transferable, being regarded as personal property.

(4.) If the areas are upon private lands, provision is made for an agreement with the owner of such lands, failing which a method of arbitration is provided whereby the property may be acquired.

## QUEBEC.

*History.*—Unconfirmed accounts place the first discovery of gold in the Province of Québec as occurring during the first quarter of the century, but the first authenticated discovery was made in the gravels of the Gilbert river near its junction with the Chaudiere in the Seigniory of Rigaud-Vaudreuil in 1834.

A young girl Clothilde Gilbert by name, (still living in 1896) in watering her father's horse in the Gilbert on Sunday morning had her attention attracted to a glittering stone at her feet, which she picked up and took to her parents as a curiosity. On account of its

(*a*) The year 1891, was notable for high yields. South Uniacke returned values of 10 to 20 ozs. per ton, and Oldham had one yield of 643 ozs. from 8 tons milled.

weight, color and oddity the stone (a nugget weighing 2 ozs. 4 dwts.) where a short time after it was noticed by Mr. Charles DeLery, the seignior of the district, who had business with her father, one of his censitaires.

Mr. DeLery bought the nugget from Mr. Gilbert, though uncertain that it was real gold, and when he went to France that year he took the nugget with him, from which, on learning its real character, he had some teaspoons made which are still in the possession of the DeLery family.

The first public announcement of this discovery was published the following year in a communication to the *American Journal of Science*\* by Lieut. F. H. Baddeley, R.E., then stationed in Quebec.

Upon learning the value of this discovery further search was instituted resulting in the discovery of several nuggets, but no attempt to work the gravel was made until twelve years later. In 1846, for political services it is reported, Mr. DeLery received from the Government a grant in perpetuity of the mining rights within his seigniori, covering about 100 square miles.

In 1847 these rights were leased to a concern called the "Chaudiere Mining Co.," which, after desultory operations on the Gilbert and Des Plantes rivers for two or three years ceased active operations.

The finding of this gold stimulated search on the other tributaries of the Chaudiere, resulting in the discovery of auriferous gravels at various points in the valley from the parish of St. Joseph northward to the boundary line. Some operations near the mouth of the Du-Loup produced (1851-52) over

\$4,300 from an area of one acre in which the pay gravel was only two feet thick. The workings were a crude form of ground sluicing and were suspended in 1852 on account of troubles with the owner of the soil, although many nuggets had been found ranging from one ounce to six ounces in weight.

From 1854 to 1863 no organized work was carried on, but a few individuals, singly or in groups, continued to prospect or work small patches with the pan and rocker. In 1863 some of these individuals, the Poulin brothers, discovered rich gravel on the north fork of the Gilbert river, and the result of this discovery was a small "rush" in 1863 and 1864, during which time some five or six thousand men were attracted to these fields.

Trouble at once arose over titles, the farmers giving leases to the miners in ignorance or disregard of the fact that the seignior held all mining rights. Excitement ran high, and provincial constables were required to preserve the peace and maintain the rights Mr. DeLery had conveyed to the Chaudiere Mining Co.

In consequence of these troubles and of the difficulty of obtaining satisfactory terms from the Chaudiere Company, there resulted as large an exodus of men in 1865 as there had been an influx during the two preceding years.

The difficulty of this time, supplemented by those occurring in 1877-78, are the origin of the bad reputation which the gold fields of Quebec have had as to insecure and imperfect titles. While it is true that a very complicated and unsatisfactory condition of titles still exists in the seigniori of Rigaud-Vaudreuil (largely due to leases and

\*"Mines and Minerals of Quebec." J. Obalski, Govt. Mining Engineer. 1889-90. p. 58.

sub-leases *ad infinitum*) titles outside of that seigniorie are clear and secure, and by far the larger portion of the auriferous gravels lie outside the limits of the DeLery seigniorie. In 1864 the DeLery Gold Mining Company was formed, inheriting all the privileges of the Chaudiere Company for a period of 30 years from June, 1864, with the right of renewal for another 30 years. This renewal was given in 1894, and the seigniorie of Rigaud-Vaudreuil is now practically locked up until 1924.

The DeLery Company made a futile attempt at quartz mining near the Devil's rapids, and then ceased active work, preferring to sub let its territory. The most important of these sub-lessees was Mr. W. P. Lockwood, who, by himself and companies organized through him, undertook investigations extending over many years which demonstrated the existence of an ancient river channel on the Gilbert, and proved that the gold in the modern gravels was derived from this pre-glacial bed.

Mr. Lockwood's troubles with titles in 1877 and 1878 have been referred to above; they arose from the policy of the Government in permitting the habitants, or farmers, to grant rights, and in issuing licenses to work upon ground already covered by the rights of the DeLery Company. These difficulties culminated in 1881, when the Government entered suit to test the validity of the grant to Mr. DeLery, and to set it aside. In 1883 the court dismissed the action, declaring in favor of the validity of the grant, and in 1884 this decision was affirmed on appeal.\*

Owing to causes already mentioned this seigniorie has not been in favor and little or no work has

been done since 1885. In 1880-83 an attempt was made, under the guidance of a man totally ignorant of his subject, to work some bench gravel on the DuLoup river by the hydraulic method, and something over \$200,000 is said to have been expended in a ditch, pipe-line, monitors, etc., only to find when construction was finished that there existed no dump for the tailings.

Several other attempts to reach and work old channels failed for lack of capital, but demonstrated the existence of gravels carrying gold, in quantities sufficient to yield large profits over a large extent of country.

Gold has also been found in the superficial gravels of the Little Ditton river in the county of Compton, but as these lands are entirely in private hands (the estate of the late Hon. J. H. Pope) they are not accessible, and no information is available.

The existence of gold in the drift of the St. Francis Valley, and about the shores of Lake St. Francis, has been noted for many years, but these gravels do not appear to have been so rich as those of the Chaudiere, and little or no gold has been obtained from them. The same may be said of the deposits occurring in the township of Weeden and Dudswell, although systematic exploration might show the existence of pay dirt.

*Production.*—It is impossible to give exact figures of the production of these fields for the reason that the Government of Quebec did not exact official returns for many years. There are returns only since 1868, and these are but fragmentary.

From 1868 to 1883 inclusive there were returned some \$280,000.

\* "Mines and Minerals of Quebec." J. Obalski, Govt. Mining Engineer. 1889-90. p. 58.

From the statement of Mr. Obalski, Government Mining Engineer† it would appear that the total production of the whole province from 1846 to 1889 is estimated after extensive research, at \$2,000,000.

Of this amount it is estimated, by competent persons, that the alluvions of the Gilbert river alone produced fully one-half, or over one million of dollars.

*Area.* — The area over which superficial gravels carrying gold have been found has been variously reported at from 2,000 to 10,000 square miles in the different reports made to the Provincial Government and to the Geological Survey. While gold in minute quantities is widely disseminated in Quebec, the area of the region over which it is likely to be found in economic quantities is from 4,000 to 4,500 square miles.

This area is irregularly shaped, having for its largest dimensions a line running north-easterly from Massawippi Lake to Lake Etchemin, a distance of about 120 miles; its transverse width in a north-westerly direction is comparatively uniform running from 40 to 50 miles.

It must not be understood that the whole of this large area has been proved auriferous, but that within these bounds are included practically all the regions in which auriferous alluvions have been found.

The boundaries are approximately: The international boundary line on the south-east, a north-west line drawn through Lake Massawippi on the south-west, the main anticlinal axis of the Province (running from the Township of

Shipton to the Township of Framp-ton) on the north-west, and the valley of the Etchemin river on the north-east.

Within this area are the four districts of the Chaudiere, Ditton, Dudswell and Magog. The Chaudiere (as previously mentioned in the historical sketch) is the chief district and the largest. It comprises all the water-shed of the Chaudiere above Beauce Junction on the Quebec Central Railway, and extends in a north and south direction for nearly 50 miles, with a greatest width of about 28 miles, embracing the seigniories of Rigaud-Vaudreuil, Aubert, Gallion and Aubin de L'Isle, and also the Townships of Shenly, Dorset, Gayhurst, Spalding, Risborough, Marlow, Jersey, Liniere, Metgermette, Watford and Cranbourne.

The Ditton district covers a small area in the County of Compton of some 15 or 20 square miles.

The Dudswell area is indeterminate, but so far gold has been found here only over a few square miles.

The district along the valley of the Magog has a length of about 12 miles with a width of 20 or 30 miles.

*Geology.*—The gold which has been obtained in Quebec has come entirely from alluvions, both ancient and modern.

That there are workable quartz veins in the Cambrian and Cambro-Silurian slates which underlie the auriferous gravels has long been the opinion of several authorities conversant with the country, (a) but the depth of the superficial deposits overlying these rocks is so great (from 50 to 200 feet) in most

†Mines and Minerals of Quebec. J. Obalski, p. 62.

(a) T. Sterry Hunt, and A. Michael, Geol. Survey of Canada, 1886. R. W. Ells, Geol. Survey of Canada, 1886.



places as to prelude prospecting in the ordinary way.

Mr. Loockwood has informed me that several quartz veins were uncovered while working the ancient channel of Gilbert river, some of which carried visible gold and were very promising, but which nowhere cropped to the surface, and upon which no development was ever prosecuted. From the outcrop of several veins occurring in Cambro-Silurian rocks of the DuLoup valley, I have seen minute particles of free gold, but the size of the veins too small to admit of working at a profit.

Dr. Selwyn, who twenty years earlier (*a*) suggested the vigorous exploitation of the old deep channels, has expressed the opinion (*b*) that the future of the gold mining industry of Quebec must lie in the working of the solid vein stone.

It is from the working of alluvial deposits, however, that a stimulus for prospecting for auriferous vein-stone must come.

The area alluded to on the preceding page is occupied chiefly by two synclinal basins trending north-east and south-west. The first or easterly one of these synclinals lies between the ridge forming the International boundary and the uplifts of the pre-Cambrian rocks known as the "Stoke Mountain Range." This uplift is less pronounced to the north-east of Lake St. Francis but is represented by a back-bone of Cambrian rocks, some two to four miles wide, which keeps a general northeasterly course to Moose Mountain.

The second or western synclinal lies between the ridge just described

and the main anticline axis of Pre-Cambrian rocks which traverses the Province in a north-easterly direction for many miles, and is regarded as the prolongation of the Green Mountain range of the Appalachian system.

The eastern synclinal is almost entirely underlain by rocks of Cambro-Silurian age, portions toward the north, however, embracing areas of Cambrian rocks.

The bulk of the Chaudiere district and all of the Ditton district are within the eastern basin, while the Dudswell and Magog areas are in the western. The broad basin of the eastern synclinal is for the most part covered with a great thickness of superficial gravels and boulder clay, the latter of which may, or may not, have been originally deposited in this basin but which certainly has been re-arranged by the action of the great ice sheet.

These superficial deposits have a general arrangement (*c*) which is as follows in descending order :

(1). Modern gravel and sand of a few feet in thickness sometimes containing fine gold.

(2). Boulder clay, often exceeding 100 feet in thickness.

(3). Stratified clay and fine sand; the clay usually bluish, sometimes a white "pipe-clay;" the sand hard and firm when dry, but running freely when saturated with water, forming a "quicksand."

(4). Stratified yellow or reddish gravel, containing flat water-worn pebbles lying conformably and presenting the unmistakable earmarks of "river-wash." The gravel is

(*a*) Reports of Progress, Geol. Survey of Canada, 1870-1871.

(*b*) Summary Report Geol. Survey of Canada, 1891.

(*c*) "The Gold Bearing Deposits of the Eastern Townships of Quebec," by Robt. Chalmers, Journal of the Federated Canadian Mining Institute, vol. 2, p. 21.

usually auriferous and is the direct debris from the wearing action of the streams of Devonian and later ages.

In some cases there is found a thin bed of sand between the yellow gravel and the bed-rock, when the gravel is then found usually to be poor and the gold lies directly on and in the rock and slate.

The gold is usually concentrated in the lowest portions of the gravel and in the seams of the decomposed slate bedrock where the latter has been uptilted or has presented edges to the stream. Where the old bed is smooth little or no gold is found, and to this circumstance we think must be attributed the conclusion reached by a recent writer (*a*) that the distribution of gold in these old channels is sporadic. This opinion is strenuously opposed by Mr. W. P. Lockwood as regards the Gilbert River, and since that is the only old river bed which has yet been worked, it is not justifiable to infer that the old channels, yet to be worked, will be sporadic in character. Nor is it unusual to find, in the undisturbed, ancient river gravels of California and Australia, that there has been a greater accumulation of the gold in one portion of the river-bed than in another; the uncertainties of "smooth bed-rock" are known to every miner experienced in alluvial mining.

The authorities of the Geological Survey (*b*) are strongly of the opinion that the gold found in the superficies has been derived from the erosion of the Cambrian and pre-Cambrian rocks with their contained quartz veins, and that proximity to these veins is a necessary condition of a rich deposit of gravel;

although as yet no quartz vein has been found which has contained gold in anything like paying quantity.

The fact exists that the richest gravels yet worked are ancient, and occur in the old channels of rivers running across Cambrian and Cambro-Silurian rocks. There is evidence to show that these rocks have had but little disturbance since Silurian times and that the rivers of that period excavated their valleys and perhaps filled them again with debris to such an extent as to divert the waters into a new course, long before the re-arrangement of surface material during the ice age; in other cases it is probable that this diversion was caused by the glacial re-arrangement.

From the fact that gold is not found in the boulder-clay it is evident that the gold alluvions were distributed prior to the clays. Where gold has occurred in modern gravels it has occurred in places below where one of these old river beds has been crossed transversely, or impinged upon, by the course of the present river, which has acted to redistribute and concentrate the old gravels, thus causing a local spot richly auriferous.

No systematic attempt has been made to locate or map out the course of these ancient river-beds, which may be accounted for by the fact that many of them are unquestionably below the level of the modern stream, and would entail heavy expense to keep prospect shafts and mine workings free from water, but "it is in these old deep channels that the heaviest particles of gold may be looked for," and it is in them alone that gold mining in Quebec may expect to be remun-

(*a*) R. Chalmers, Op. Cit.

(*b*) Report of Progress, 1870-71, Dr. Selwyn; ditto, 1888-89, Dr. Ells.

erative ; for quartz mining is not likely to speedily become a profitable industry owing to the heavy surface already spoken of. With judicious expenditure of money, advised by ability and experience, the gold fields of the Chaudiere valley should be highly remunerative to capital invested therein.

*Laws.*—The laws governing the acquisition and working of mines in Quebec do not encourage either the miner or the investor. The right to prospect and explore upon public lands is granted without fee, but before one can do any mining he is required either to obtain a "mining license" or to purchase the "mining rights" over the territory he has selected.

The former can be acquired by the annual payment of a fee of \$5.00 and \$1.00 per acre for each acre desired ; the latter can be purchased outright by paying for each acre \$5.00 if "more than twelve miles from a railway in operation," or \$10.00 if less than twelve miles from such railway. No one license can be granted for more than 200 acres, and no sale of "rights" con-

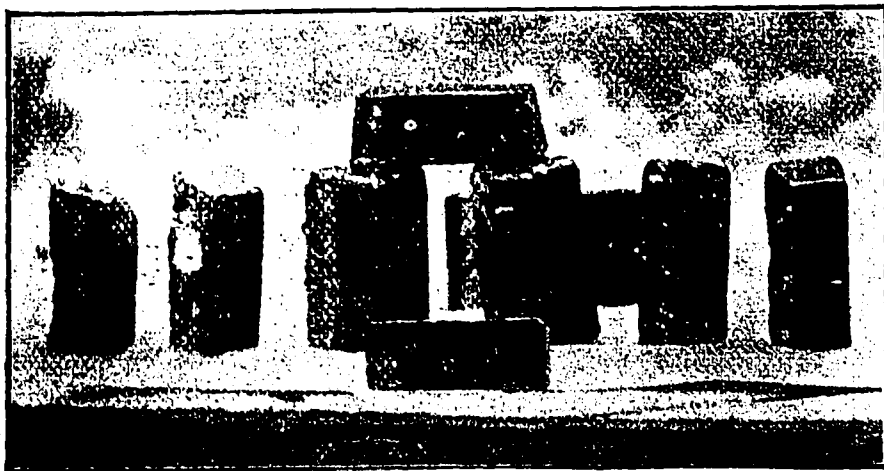
taining more than 400 acres can be made to one person.

To acquire either a license to mine, or mining rights, upon lands already granted, he must first buy the preferential right (*a*) from the owner of the soil, or if not able to do so he may "arbitrate" for "damages"—a procedure involving from three months to many months delay.

The Quebec law makes a clear statutory division into two realties of the "soil" and the "property under the soil" (*b*) and gives the owner of the soil a "preferential right" to the purchase of the property under the soil, more tersely designated as "mining rights."

There is a provision empowering the Governor-in-Council to levy a royalty, not exceeding 3 per cent., upon the net value of the gold, *i.e.* "upon the value of the mine after deducting the cost of "extraction," but this provision has never been enforced, and is not likely to be, although it hangs like the sword of Damocles over the investor's head. For the interest of the province, this section (No 1435) should be taken off the statute-book.

(To be continued.)



GOLD FRICKS.



SUMMER SCENE, MANTOYA.

## SOME SEASONABLE ADVICE.

BY THE KHAN.

*If you think it's going to rain,*  
Don't hurry.  
*If it spoils a little grain,*  
Don't worry.  
*If you've got a lot of hay out,*  
Don't hurry.  
*Trust the Lord: He'll find a way out—*  
Don't worry,

*If the weeds are busy growin',*  
Don't hurry.  
*Just keep steady at the hoein'.*  
Don't worry.  
*If the Robins eat your berries.*  
Don't hurry.  
*Heaven next week will send you cherries,*  
Don't worry.

*If you're busy making love,*  
Don't hurry.  
*If her heart is hard to move,*  
Don't worry.  
*Stay away for quite a while.*  
Don't hurry.  
*Soon or late she's bound to smile,*  
Don't worry.

*If you'd like to be elected,*  
Don't hurry.  
*If at the polls you are rejected,*  
Don't worry.  
*List! if you'd win a splendid name,*  
Don't hurry.  
*Slow are the iron feet of Fame,*  
Don't worry.

*Now if you think you're going to die,*  
Don't hurry.  
*And when the wife and children cry,*  
Don't worry.  
*You'll soon be up and out of bed,*  
Don't hurry.  
*For some day you'll wish you're dead.*  
Don't worry!



Much to Captain Baker's annoyance, on his arrival at Malta, he found that he was to remain there subject to the order of the Commandant of the Island, and although he and his crew had absolutely nothing

**D**URING the occupation of Toulon by the British fleet under Admiral Lord Hood in 1793 the *Juno* frigate, commanded by Captain Samuel Baker (afterwards Admiral Sir Samuel Baker) was ordered to proceed to Malta with dispatches. The brave captain, who scented a battle on every breeze that blew, and longed for an opportunity to distinguish himself under the eye of his chief, promptly, but very reluctantly, obeyed his instructions.

"Too bad, Welby, too bad;" said he to his first lieutenant, "while we are philandering down the Mediterranean, the rest of the fleet will be winning promotion and prize money, for, if I am not greatly mistaken, the 'Johnnies' will show a bit of their mettle before long—but duty, my boy, duty."

So the *Juno* sailed away, every man aboard grumbling at his hard luck which would prevent his "having a shy at the Mossoos" in the engagement which all felt was imminent. The voyage was uneventful for the only break in its monotony was the chase and capture of a schooner flying the French flag—a mere everyday incident, scarce worthy of notice in those eventful times.

to do but enjoy the hospitality of the inhabitants, which was liberally extended to them, such is the perversity of the sailor man's nature that they one and all cursed the fate which forced them to luxurious ease and longed for orders which would release them from their silken bonds and send them back to hard knocks and hardships. The long expected order came at last and joyfully the crew of the *Juno* set every inch of canvas to catch the favoring breeze which wafted them towards France. Alas, dirty weather and contrary winds beset them, and a long, weary time it seemed to their longing hearts ere the entrance to Toulon harbor was made late in the afternoon of a cold, dreary day in January, 1794.

Strange things had happened during their absence; events of which Captain Baker was ignorant. When they sailed from Toulon in September (1793) British troops occupied the town and the British fleet rode at anchor in the harbor, but on December 19th the French had made a successful attack on the place. Napoleon directing a large force of artillery brought to bear on the town and fleet had forced Lord Hood to retire with serious loss, a loss which he retrieved at Brest and Toulon in the following June.

In blissful ignorance and totally unaware of danger the *Juno* felt

her way up the harbor in the fast increasing gloom of the short winter day. Two sharp eyed mid-dies were stationed in the tops to scan the course ahead and report the position of the fleet which was no longer there. The evening was foggy and the wind light, so the *Juno's* progress was necessarily slow.

"Deck, ahoy! A ship close aboard our starboard bow!" shouted one of the lookout men.

Almost simultaneously came a hail came from the stranger.

"Ship ahoy. What ship is that?"

"His Majesty's frigate, *Juno*, from Malta, with dispatches," answered Captain Baker.

"Viva, *Juno*!" was the reply from what was now perceived to be a brig.

"Where is Lord Hood's ship, and where is the rest of the fleet?" asked the Captain.

"Luff! Luff!" came in alarmed tones from the brig; the *Juno's* helm was put hard down but before she could come about she grounded fast on a shoal. Here was a pretty kettle of fish. Fortunately the wind had been lightning till at the moment she struck it was almost a dead calm. In a moment all hands were piped aloft, the sails clewed up and handed, and just as the men were ready to leave the yards, a gust of wind came sweeping down from landward and she slid off the shoal almost as quickly as she had grounded, all but her rudder, for as she slewed round, that was caught in the rocks and held her fast. The launch and cutter were immediately manned and lowered and a kedge laid with which to heave her off the rocks if possible.

During this time, while all was bustle and excitement aboard the *Juno*, a boat from the brig had

come quietly alongside and two officers from her had climbed to the deck. Around the visitors crowded every officer and man of the *Juno* not otherwise engaged, all eager, the officers to question and the men to hear the news. The newcomers informed Captain Baker that it was the regulation of the port and the Commandant's order that he should take his ship further into the harbor without delay to report at quarantine. To his repeated questions as to where the flag-ship lay, the strangers gave evasive answers and he was beginning to have suspicions of them, when an inquisitive mid-dy, who had thrust himself into the inner circle, blurted out, "Why Sir, they're Frenchmen! See, they wear the National Cockade!"

Perceiving that further attempt at deception would be useless, the French officers, for such they were, assumed an air of bravado, and one of them, the senior, with a courteous bow addressed the astonished crowd before them:

"*Soyez tranquille, mes amis, les Anglais sont des braves gens, nous vous traitons bien. L'Amiral, mi-lor Hood, est sorti d'ici il y a longs temps.*" ("Be easy my friends, the English are brave people; we will treat you well. Admiral Lord Hood has left here a long time.")

On hearing this appalling news it is recorded that Captain Baker made use of certain colloquialisms of a decidedly emphatic nature, and the fact that they had innocently sailed into a trap flew like wild-fire through the ship.

"We assure you, my brave Captain," continued the Frenchman, with a deprecatory grimace and evidently feeling the least bit apprehensive of his position, "that we regret from the depths of our

hearts the disagreeable necessity of having to inform you and your excellent and gallant crew, that you are our prisoners. Hien!"

By this time the whole crew of the *Juno* formed a circle about their unwelcome visitors and although the brave Jack Tars did not understand their lingo they read their faces and gestures and a murmur, suppressed but ominous, was heard as they pressed forward with lowering brows to get a good look at their would be captors. The Frenchmen were evidently feeling uncomfortable, they were on dangerous ground, and instinctively they put their hands to their sabres. At this critical moment when a word or a look was sufficient to precipitate an onslaught which would have meant the instant death of the French officers, the land breeze freshened and Lieutenant Welby whispered to Captain Baker: "I believe we can fetch her out if we can get her under sail."

"Thank you, Webley."

Then rang out the order sharp and clear: "Marines, seize these men and confine them below. Pipe all hands aloft to set sail! Lively all! Cut away the boats and cable!"

In less time than it takes to tell it the Frenchmen found themselves snug and fast in the cockpit, every sail set and filling in the livening breeze, the kedge cable and boat painters cut away, and the *Juno*, once more obedient to her helm, gliding towards the open sea and liberty.

When those on the brig noticed the movement on the *Juno* they brought their guns to bear on her and the land batteries from both sides of the harbor—roused to action by the fire of the brig—made a target of the gallant frigate which was now making good way down

the channel. But the *Juno* was not sneaking away. Far from it. When the men had performed their duties aloft, the drums beat to quarters and the guns were manned. A well aimed discharge from her stern chasers crippled the brig, which was close on her heels, and as she ran her broadsides peppered the land batteries most liberally. As she came abreast of Cape Sepat she had such small leeway that it looked as though she would have to tack and then, when she stood up in the wind, the batteries could make a fair mark of her, but just at the instant she was prepared to go about she came up and weathered the Cape like a swallow. Thus she ran the gauntlet of the batteries, keeping a little off the wind now and then to make her fire the more effective, till at last she came within range of the last of them. Then Capt. Baker, feeling sure of his position, brought the ship to and poured in broadside after broadside with such good results as to silence two-thirds of the battery's guns before he sailed away in triumph.

The casualties on board the *Juno* were slight considering the number of guns directed against her. None of her crew were killed though many were wounded by grape-shot and splinters.

One incident of the fight has been preserved and one which throws light on the character of the men who sailed in the *Juno*. Early in the action a shot from the brig passed clean through her main cabin doing a lot of damage to her wood work and furniture, making the splinters fly in an alarming way but without seriously injuring any of the men. Dennis McCarthy the captain's servant, was quartered at one of the cabin guns and the moment the shot came tearing through he dropped his portion of



the gun tackle and rushed to the main deck. His comrades were amazed at such conduct for never before had Dennis shown the white feather when under fire, but, heedless of the peremptory shouts of the officer in charge of the gun and the jeers of the men, he deserted his post and never stopped till he gained the quarter-deck where he took his stand close alongside his master, whose every movement he followed like a shadow. After a while the Captain noticed him.

"Why, Denny, my man, what are you doing here, away from your gun? Get down to your gun, lad. What do you mean by tagging around after me?"

And above the din of thundering

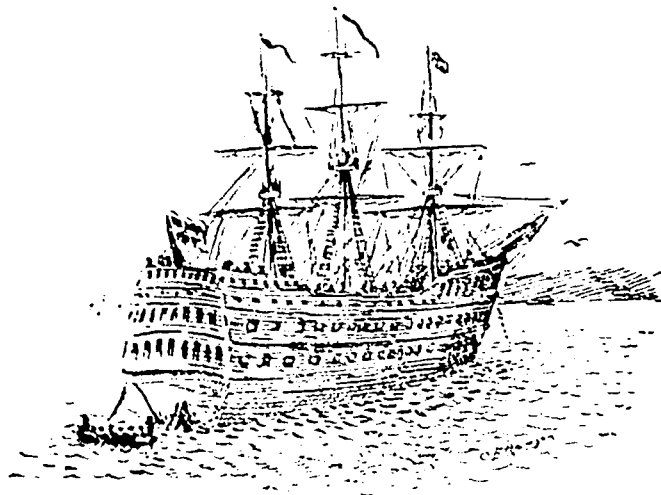
guns, came Denny's brave reply: "Oh! Be the powers, yer honner, Captain dear, sure I thought ye might be kilt; so I want to be near ye, so that I could be av some use to ye!"

So Denny remained through the fight by the side of his loved master, a place which he bravely filled in many a fierce fight afterwards when they stood together on the quarter-deck of a flag-ship.

In the stirring and important events which followed the *Juno* took an active part, but of all her brilliant exploits none is more worthy of record, than her wonderful escape from under the gaping batteries of Toulon—naval history contains few, if any, more marvellous.

NAT.

Frank J. Clark.





LAKE OF THE WOODS SCENE.

## THE CROAKING OF THE CROW.

ANON. (Mrs Jackson)

*When walking in the country,  
Thinking of friends we used to know,  
O, how it cheers our poor sad hearts to hear  
The croaking of the crow!*

*In your row-boat you calmly set  
Watching the sunset low,  
Lost in thought to everything  
But the croaking of the crow!*

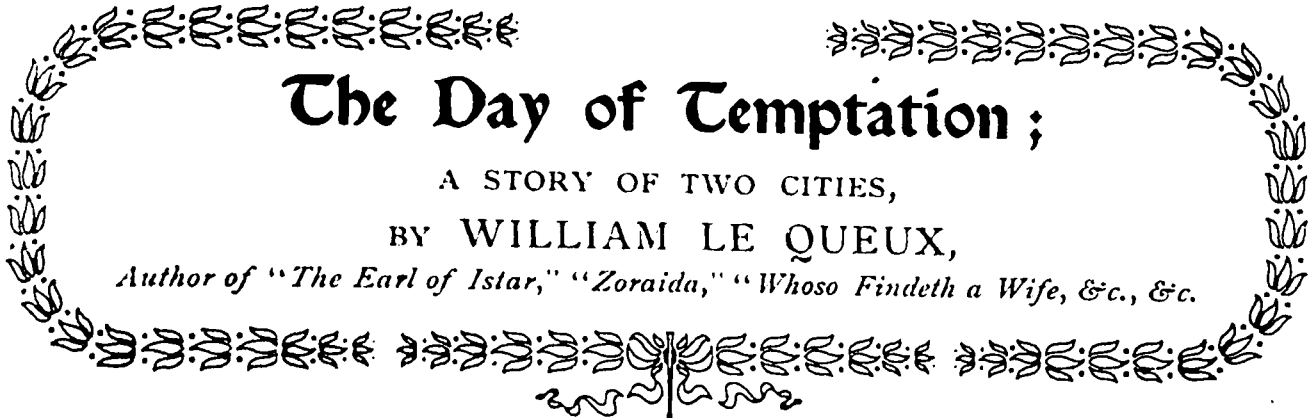
*They are a loving bird I have lately heard—  
Never eat alone you know;  
And in the wood what they find good,  
You will hear the croaking of the crow!*

*When the farmer's day's work is done,  
And homeward in the gloaming he does go,  
How sweet to set upon a stone,  
And listen to the*

*croaking*

*of the*

*crow.*



# The Day of Temptation ;

A STORY OF TWO CITIES,

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX,

*Author of "The Earl of Istar," "Zoraida," "Whoso Findeth a Wife, &c., &c."*

## CHAPTER I.—ALIENS

"One fact is plain. Vittorina must not come to England."

"Why? She, a mere inexperienced girl, knows nothing."

"Her presence here will place us in serious jeopardy. If she really intends to visit London, then I shall leave this country at once. I scent danger."

"As far as I can see we have nothing whatever to fear. She doesn't know half a dozen words of English, and London will be entirely strange to her after Tuscany."

The face of the man, who, while speaking, had raised his wine-glass was within the zone of light cast by the pink-shaded lamp. He was about twenty-eight, with dark eyes, complexion a trifle sallow, well-arched brows, and a dark mustache carefully waxed, the points being trained in an upward direction. In his well-cut evening clothes Arnaldo Romanelli was a handsome man, a trifle foppish perhaps, yet his features with their high cheek-bones bore the unmistakable stamp of Southern blood, while in his eyes was that dark brilliance which belongs alone to the sons of Italy.

He selected some grapes from a silver fruit-dish, filled a glass with water and dipped them in, true-bred Tuscan that he was, shook them out upon his plate, and then calmly contemplated the old blue Etruscan scarabæus on the little

finger of his left hand. He was waiting for his companion to continue the argument.

The other, twenty years his senior, was ruddy-faced and clean shaven, with a pair of eyes that twinkled merrily, square jaws denoting considerable determination, and looked altogether a typical Englishman of the buxom, burly, sport-loving kind. Strangely enough, although no one would have dubbed Dr. Filippo Malvano a foreigner, so thoroughly British was his appearance, yet he was an alien. Apparently he was in no mood for conversation, for the habitual twinkle in his eyes had given place to a calm serious look, and he slowly selected a cigar while the silence which had fallen between them still remained unbroken.

The man who had expressed confidence again raised his glass to his lips slowly, regarded his companion curiously across its edge, and smiled grimly.

The pair were dining together in a large, comfortable, but secluded house lying back from the road at the further end of the quaint old-world village of Lyddington, in Rutland. The long windows of the dining room opened out upon the spacious lawn, the extent of which was just visible in the faint mystic light of the August evening, showing beyond a great belt of elms the foliage of which rustled

softly in the fresh night wind, and still further lay the open undulated country. Ever and anon the wind in soft gusts stirred the long lace curtains within the room, and in the vicinity the sweet mellow note of the nightingale broke the deep stillness of rural peace.

Romanelli ate his grapes deliberately, while the Doctor, lighting his long Italian cigar at the candle the servant handed him, rested both elbows on the table and puffed away slowly, still deep in contemplation.

"Surely this girl can be stopped, if you really think there is danger," the younger man observed at last.

At that instant a second maid entered, and in order that neither domestics should understand the drift of their conversation the Doctor at once dropped into Italian, answering—

"I don't merely think there's danger; I absolutely know there is."

"What? You've been warned?" inquired Arnaldo quickly.

The elder man raised his eyebrows and slowly inclined his head.

Romanelli sprang to his feet in genuine alarm. His face had grown pale in an instant.

"Good heavens!" he gasped in his own tongue. "Surely the game has not been given away?"

The Doctor extended his palms and raised his shoulders to his ears. When he spoke Italian he relapsed into all his native gesticulations, but in speaking English he had no accent, and few foreign mannerisms.

The two maid-servants regarded the sudden alarm of their master's guest from London with no little astonishment; but the Doctor, quick-eyed, noticed it, and turning to them exclaimed in his perfect English:

"You may both leave. I'll

ring if I require anything more."

As soon as the door had closed Arnaldo, leaning on the back of his chair, demanded further details from his host. He had only arrived from London an hour before, and half-famished had at once sat down to dinner.

"Be patient," his host said in a calm strained tone quite unusual to him. "Sit down and I'll tell you."

Arnaldo obeyed, sinking again into his chair, his dark brows knit, his arms folded on the table, his dark eyes fixed upon those of the Doctor.

Outwardly there was nothing very striking about either, beyond the fact that they were foreigners of a well-to-do class. The English of the elder man was perfect, but that of the Romanelli was very ungrammatical, and in both their faces a keen observer might have noticed expressions of cunning and craftiness. Any Italian would have at once detected from the manner Romanelli abbreviated his words when speaking Italian that he came from the Romagna, that wild hot-bed of lawlessness and anarchy lying between Florence and Forli, while his host spoke pure Tuscan, the language of Italy. The words they exchanged were deep and earnest. Sometimes they spoke softly, when the Doctor would smile and stroke his smooth-shaven chin, at others they conversed with a volubility that sounded to English ears as though they were quarrelling.

The matter under discussion was certainly a strangely secret one.

The room was well furnished in genuine old oak, which bore no trace of the Tottenham Court Road, the table was adorned with exotics, and well laid with cut-glass and silver, while the air which entered by the open windows was refreshing

after the heat and burden of the August day.

"The simple fact remains that on the day that Vittorina sets foot in London the whole affair must become public property," said Malvano seriously, dipping his fingers in the crimson bowl beside him.

"And then?"

"Well, safety lies in flight," the elder man answered, slowly gazing round the room. "I'm extremely comfortable here, and have no desire to go wandering again; but if this girl really comes, England cannot shelter both of us."

Romanelli looked grave, knit his brows, and slowly twirled the end of his small waxed mustache.

"But how can we prevent her?" he inquired after a pause.

"I've been endeavoring to solve that problem for a fortnight past," his host answered. "While Vittorina is still in Italy and has no knowledge of my address we are safe enough. She's the only person who can expose us. As for myself, leading the life of a country practitioner, I'm respected by the whole neighborhood, dined by the squire and the parson, and no suspicion of mystery attaches to me. I'm buried here as completely as if I were in my grave."

The trees rustled outside, and the welcome breeze stirred the curtains within, causing the lamp to flicker.

"Yet you fear Vittorina!" observed the younger man puzzled.

"It seems that you have no memory of the past," the other exclaimed a trifle impatiently. "Is it imperative to remind you of the events on a certain night, in a house overlooking the sea at Livorno; of the mystery—"

"Basta!" cried the young man, frowning, his eyes shining with unusual fire. "Can I ever forget

them? Enough! All is past. It does neither of us good to rake up that wretched affair. It is over and forgotten.

"No, scarcely forgotten," the Doctor said in a slow impressive tone. "Having regard to what occurred don't you think that Vittorina has sufficient incentive to expose us?"

"Perhaps," Romanelli answered in a dry dubious tone. "I, however, confess myself sanguine of our success. Certainly you, as an English country doctor, who is half-Italian, and who has practiced for years among the English colony in Florence, have but very little to fear. You are eminently respectable."

The men exchanged smiles. Romanelli glanced at his ring, and thought the ancient blue scarabæus had grown darker—a precursory sign of evil.

"Yes," answered Malvano with deliberation, "I know I've surrounded myself with an air of the most severe respectability, and I flatter myself that the people here little dream of my true position; but that doesn't effect the serious turn events appear to be taking. We have enemies, my dear fellow—bitter enemies—in Florence, and as far as I can discern, there's absolutely no way of propitiating them. We are, as you know, actually within an ace of success, yet this girl can upset all our plans and make English soil too sultry for us ever to tread it again." A second time he glanced around his comfortable dining-room, and sighed at the thought of having to fly from that quiet rural spot where he had so ingeniously hidden himself.

"It was to tell me this, I suppose, that you wired this morning," his guest said, taking a cigar from his box.

The other nodded, adding: "I had a letter last night from Paolo. He had seen Vittorina."

"In Florence?"

"No, at Livorno. She's there for the sea-bathing."

"What did she say?"

"That she intended to travel straight to London."

"She gave him no reason I suppose?" Arnaldo asked anxiously.

"Can we not easily guess the reason?" the Doctor replied, raising his brows expressively. "If you only reflect upon the events of that memorable night you will at once recognize the extreme importance that she should be prevented from coming to this country."

Romanelli nodded, and lit his cigar in silence.

"Yes. You are right," he observed at last in a tone of conviction. "I see it all. We are in peril. Vittorina must not come."

"Then the next point to consider is how we can prevent her," the Doctor said.

A silence, deep and complete, fell between them. The trees rustled, the clock ticked slowly and solemnly, and the nightingale filled the air with its sweet note.

"The only way out of the difficulty that I can see is for me to hazard everything, return to Livorno, and endeavor by some means to compel her to remain in Italy."

"But can you?"

Romanelli shrugged his shoulders. "There is a risk, of course, but I'll do my best," he answered. "If I fail—well, then the game's up, and you must fly."

"I would accompany you to Italy," exclaimed the other, as he poured out some whisky and filled his glass from the syphon at his elbow, "but, as you are aware, beyond Modane the ground is too dangerous."

"Do you think they suspect anything at the Embassy?"

"I cannot tell. I called the other day when in London, and found the Ambassador quite as cordial as usual."

"But if he only knew the truth?"

"He can only know through Vittorina," answered the doctor quickly. "If she remains in Italy he will still be in ignorance. The Ministry at Rome knows nothing, but her very presence here will arouse suspicion."

"Then I'll risk all and go to Italy," the younger man said decisively. "I don't relish that long journey from Paris to Pisa this weather. Thirty-five hours is too long to be cramped up in that horribly stuffy sleeping-car. Thank heaven they've lately taken to selling drinks on board."

"If you go you must start tomorrow, and travel straight through," urged the Doctor, earnestly. "Don't break your journey, or she may have started before you reach Livorno."

"Very well," his young companion answered, stretching himself a trifle wearily, "I'll go right through, as you think it best. If I start from here at six to-morrow morning I can leave Charing Cross at eleven and catch the Rome express out of Paris at eight-thirty to-morrow night. This is Friday. I shall be in Livorno on Monday morning. Shall I wire to Paolo?"

"No. Take him by surprise. You'll have a far better chance of success," urged the other, and pushing the decanter towards him, added, "Help yourself, and let's drink luck to your expedition."

Romanelli obeyed, and both men raising their glasses saluted each other in Italian. The younger man no longer wore the air of gay recklessness habitual to him, but

took a gulp of the drink with a forced harsh laugh. In the eyes of the usually merry village doctor there was also an expression of doubt and fear. Romanelli was too absorbed in contemplating the risks of returning to Italy to notice the strange sinister expression which for a single instant settled upon his companion's face, otherwise he might not have been so ready to adopt all his suggestions. Upon the countenance of Doctor Malvano was portrayed at that moment an evil passion, and the strange glint in his steely eyes would in itself have been sufficient proof to the close observer that he intended playing his companion false.

"Then you'll leave Seaton by the six-thirty, eh?" he inquired at last, after watching the smoke of his cigar curl slowly away through the zone of softly-tempered light.

Romanelli nodded.

The Doctor touched the gong, and the maid entered.

"Fletcher," he said, "the Signore must be called at half-past five to-morrow. Tell Goodwin to have the trap ready to go to Seaton station to catch the six-thirty."

The maid withdrew, and when the door had closed, Malvano, his elbows on the table, his cold gaze fixed upon his guest, suddenly asked in a low, intense voice.

"Arnoldo, in this affair we must have no secrets from each other. Tell me the truth. Do you love Vittorina?"

The foppish young man started slightly, but quickly recovering himself answered:

"Of course not. What absurd fancy causes you to suggest that?"

"Well—she is very pretty, you know," the doctor observed ambiguously, with a good humored smile.

The young man looked sharply at his host. "You mean," he said "that I might make love to her, and thus prevent her from troubling us, eh?"

The other nodded in the affirmative, adding,

"You might even marry her."

At that instant the maid entered bearing a telegram which a lad on a cycle had brought from Uppingham for the Doctor's guest.

The latter opened it, glanced at its few faintly written words, then frowned and placed it in his pocket without comment.

"Bad news?" inquired Malvano. "You look a little scared."

"Not at all. Not at all," he laughed. "Merely a little affair of the heart, that's all," and he laughed in a happy self-satisfied way as he swallowed the remainder of his whisky. Arnoldo was fond of the society of the fair sex, therefore, the Doctor, shrewd and quick of observation, was fully satisfied that the message was from one or other of his many feminine acquaintances.

"Well, induce Vittorina to believe that you love her, and all will be plain sailing," he said. "You are just the sort of fellow who can fascinate a woman and compel her to act precisely as you wish. Exert on her all the powers you possess."

"I'm afraid it will be useless," his companion answered in a dry, hopeless tone.

"Bah! Your previous love adventures have already shown you to be a past-master in the arts of flattery and flirtation. Make a bold bid for fortune, my dear fellow, and you're bound to succeed. Come, let's take a turn across the lawn. It's too warm indoors to-night."

Romanelli uttered no word, but rose at his host's bidding, and

followed him out. He felt himself staggering, but holding his breath, braced himself up, and, struggling, managed to preserve an appearance of outward calm.

How, he wondered, would Doctor Malvano act if he knew the amazing information which had just been conveyed to him. He drew a deep breath, set his lips tight, and shuddered.

His cigar fell from his nerveless fingers upon the grass.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE SILVER GREYHOUND.

On the same night as the Doctor and his guest were dining in the remote rural village, the express which had left Paris at midday was long overdue at Charing Cross. Friends awaited its arrival anxiously, for on the contents-bill of that evening's papers were the words in alarming capitals "Gale in the Channel," and although the train was timed to reach London at half-past seven it was now already nine.

The local services were ever and anon arriving and departing, and the whirl and bustle of the terminus, the hub of London, continued, as it ever does, amid much shouting, ringing of bells and roaring of engines, until at length those waiting on the arrival platform saw the first sign of the approaching mail from the Continent in the form of a Customs officer, who produced a key, opened the door of the smoke-blackened Customs House and closed it after him. Presently a troop of porters assembled and folded their arms to gossip, more Customs officers entered and prepared to search passengers' baggage for spirits, perfumes and Tauchnitz editions, and at last the glaring head-lights of the express were seen

slowly crossing the bridge which spans the Thames. Within a couple of minutes all became bustle and confusion. The pale faces and disordered appearance of alighting passengers told plainly how rough had been the passage from Calais. Many were tweed-coated tourists returning from Switzerland or the Rhine, but there were others who, by their calm, unruffled demeanour, were unmistakably experienced travellers.

Among the latter was a smart, military-looking man of not more than thirty, tall, dark and slim, with a merry face a trifle bronzed, and a pair of dark eyes beaming with good humor. As he alighted from a first-class carriage he held up his hand and secured a hansom standing by, then handed out his companion, a well-dressed girl of about twenty-two, whose black eyes and hair, rather aquiline features and sun-browned skin were sufficient evidence that she was a native of the South. Her dress of some dark blue material bore the stamp of the first-class costumier, across her shoulder was slung the small satchel affected by foreign ladies when traveling, her neat toque became her well, and her black hair, although a trifle awry after the tedious, uncomfortable journey, still presented an appearance far neater than that of other bedraggled women around her.

"Welcome to London," he exclaimed in good Italian.

For a moment she paused, gazed wonderingly about her at the great vaulted station, dazed by its noise, bustle and turmoil.

"And this is actually London!" she exclaimed. "Ah! what a journey! How thankful I am that it's all over, and I am here in England at last!"

"So am I," he said with a sigh



of relief as he removed his gray felt hat to ease his head. They had only hand-baggage, and this having been quickly transferred to the cab he handed her in. As he placed his foot upon the step to enter the vehicle after her a voice behind him suddenly exclaimed:

"Hulloa, Tristram! Back in London again?"

He turned quickly and recognized in the elderly, gray-haired, well-groomed man in frock-coat and silk hat his old friend Major Gordon Maitland, and shook him heartily by the hand.

"Yes," he answered. "London once again. But you know how I spend my life—on steamboats or in sleeping-cars. To-morrow I may start again for Constantinople. I'm the modern Wandering Jew."

"Except that you're not a Jew—eh?" the other laughed. "Well traveling is your profession; and not a bad one either."

"Try it in the winter, my dear fellow, when the thermometer is below zero," answered Captain Frank Tristram, smilingly. "You'd prefer the fireside corner at the club."

"Urgent business?" inquired the Major, in a lower tone, and with a meaning look.

The other nodded.

"Who's your pretty companion?" Maitland asked in a low voice, with a quick glance at the girl in the cab.

"She was placed under my care at Leghorn, and we've travelled through together. She's charming. Let me introduce you."

Then approaching the conveyance, he exclaimed in Italian:

"Allow me, Signorina, to present my friend Major Gordon Maitland—the Signorina Vittorina Rinaldo."

"Your first visit to our country, I presume?" exclaimed the Major,

noting how eminently handsome she was.

"Yes," she answered, smiling, but regarding him with wide-open eyes, as if a trifle surprised. "I have heard so much of your great city, and am all anxiety to see it."

"I hope your sojourn among us will be pleasant. You have lots to see. How long shall you remain?"

"Ah! I don't know," she answered, with a slight shrug of her shoulders. "A week—a month—a year—if need be."

The two men exchanged glances. The last words she uttered were spoken hoarsely, with strange intonation. They had not failed to notice a curious look in her eyes, a look of fierce determination.

"Terribly hot in Leghorn," observed Tristram, turning the conversation after an awkward pause of a few moments. Vittorina held her breath. She saw how nearly she had betrayed herself.

"It has been infernally hot here, in London, these past few days. Parliament is up, and the clubs are deserted. I think I shall go abroad tomorrow. I feel like the last man in town."

"Go to Weisbaden," Tristram said. "I was at the Rose ten days ago, and the season is in full swing. Not too hot, good casino, excellent cooking, and plenty of amusement. Try it."

"No, I think I'll take a run through the Dolomites," he said. "But why have you been down to Leghorn? Surely it's off your usual track."

"Yes, a little. The Ambassador is staying a few weeks for the sea-bathing at Ardenza, close to the Leghorn, and I had important dispatches."

"She's exceedingly good-looking," the Major said in English, with a smiling glance at the cab.

"I envy you your travelling companion. You must have had quite an enjoyable time,"

"Forty hours in a sleeping-car is scarcely to be envied this weather," he answered, as a porter, recognizing him in passing, wished him a polite "Good journey, I hope, sir."

Continuing, Tristram said: "But we must be off. I'm going to see her safe through to her friends before going to the office, and I'm already nearly three hours late in London. So good-bye."

"Good-bye," the other said. "Shall I see you at the club to-night?"

"Perhaps. I'm a bit done up by the heat, but I want my letters, so probably I'll look in."

"Buona sera, Signorina," Maitland exclaimed, bending towards the cab, shaking her hand, and raising his hat politely.

She smiled, returning his salute in her own sweet musical Tuscan, and then her companion, shouting an address in Hammersmith, sprang in beside her, and they drove off.

"You must be very tired," he said, turning to her as they emerged from the station-yard into the busy Strand.

"No, not so fatigued, as I was when we arrived in Paris this morning," she answered, gazing wonderingly at the long line of omnibuses and cabs slowly filing down the brightly-lit thoroughfare. "But what confusion! I thought the Via Calzaioli in Florence noisy, but this—!" and she waved her small hand with a gesture far more expressive than any words.

Frank Tristram, remarking that she would find London very different to Florence, raised his hand to his throat to loosen his collar, and in doing so displayed something

which had until that moment remained concealed. A narrow ribbon was hidden beneath his large French cravat of black silk tied in a bow. The colour was royal blue, and from it was suspended the British royal arms surmounted by the crown with a silver greyhound pendant, the badge known on every railway from Calais to Ekaterinbourg, and from Stockholm to Reggio, as that of a Queen's Foreign Service Messenger. Captain Frank Tristram was one of the dozen wanderers on the face of the earth whose swift journeys and promptness in delivering dispatches have earned for them the title of "The Greyhounds of Europe."

Like all his colleagues, though bound to wear his badge while travelling on State business, he kept it concealed, and only exhibited it to convince a prying douanier that his baggage was exempt from Customs examination, or to secure preference for a berth in a wagon-lit. According to Foreign Office regulations Queen's messengers are bound to wear an elaborately braided uniform of dark blue; but of recent years this has been discarded, and one may often travel over French, German or Italian railways with a pleasant Englishman of military bearing in a well worn suit of dark tweed, entirely in ignorance that in his battered valise are secrets which certain Powers would willingly pay thousands to obtain. Sometimes the tiny blue ribbon strays from beneath the cravat and betrays its wearer. This, however, is seldom. The Queen's Messenger, known as he is by all and sundry of the railway officials, always endeavors to conceal his true office from his fellow-passengers.

So engrossed was the dark-haired girl in contemplating her strange

surroundings that she scarcely uttered a word as the cab sped on swiftly through the deepening twilight across Trafalgar Square, along Pall Mall and up the Haymarket. Suddenly, however, the blaze of electricity outside the Criterion brought to Frank Tristram's mind cherished recollections of whisky and soda, and being thirsty after the journey he shouted to the man to pull up there.

"You, too, must be thirsty," he said, turning to her. "At this cafe, I think, they keep some of your Italian drinks—vermouth, menthe, and muscato."

"Thank you, no," she replied, smiling sweetly. "The cup of English tea I had at Dover did me good, I'm really not thirsty. You go and get something. I'll remain here."

"Very well," he said, "I won't be more than a minute," and as the cab drew up close to the door of the bar he sprang out and entered the long saloon.

His subsequent movements were, however, somewhat curious.

After walking to the further end of the bar he ordered a drink, idled over it for some minutes, his eyes glancing furtively at the lights of the cab outside. Suddenly when he had uttered a few words to a passing acquaintance, he saw the vehicle move slowly on, probably under orders from the police, and the instant he had satisfied himself that neither Vittorina or the cabman could observe him, he drained his glass, threw down a shilling, and without waiting for the change turned and continued through the bar, making a rapid exit by the rear door leading into Jermyn Street.

As he emerged a hansom was

passing, and hailing it, he sprang in, shouted an address, and drove rapidly away.

Meanwhile the cabman who had driven him from Charing Cross sat upon his box patiently waiting his return, now and then hailing the plethoric drivers of passing vehicles with sarcasm, as cab and bus drivers are wont to do, until fully twenty minutes has elapsed. Then there being no sign of the reappearance of his fare, he opened the trap-door in the roof, exclaiming—

"Nice evenin', miss."

There was no response. The man peered down eagerly for a moment in surprise, then cried aloud—

"By Jove! She's fainted!"

Unloosing the strap which held him to his seat, he sprang down and entered the vehicle.

The young girl was lying back in the corner inert and helpless, her hat awry, her pointed chin upon her chest. He pressed his hand to her breast, but there was no movement of the heart. He touched her ungloved hand. It was chilly, and the fingers were already stiffening. Her large black eyes were still open, and glaring wildly into space, but her face was blanched to the lips.

"Good Heavens!" the cabman cried, stupefied, as in turning he saw a policeman standing on the kerb. "Quick, constable!" he shouted, beckoning the officer. "Quick! Look here!"

"Well, what's the matter now?" the other inquired, approaching leisurely, his thumbs hitched in his belt.

"The matter!" cried the cabman, whose features were white and scared. "Why, this lady I drove from Charin' Cross is dead!"

*(To be Continued.)*

## WHAT WILL THE END BE ?

We are living in an age of haste, of rapid change and feverish activity, an age of telephones, fast expresses, speedy steamships and high gear bicycles. We are impatient of delay in all things, begrudge ourselves our hours of sleep and regard every minute not devoted to business as so much time lost. Even those rare hours which we devote to amusement must be cut short. We chafe at the play, longing for the final curtain; our summer trips are timed to the instant from the time we leave home till we return jaded by the worry of counting the minutes we have lost in pleasure making; at church we fidget in our pews and can scarce contain our impatience till the doxology releases us; we bolt our food and as for reading, the headlines in the newspapers and the briefest of reviews of the very latest books quite satisfy us. We are the slaves of time though we flatter ourselves that we are conquering it and space by our time saving and rapid transit devices. We race with time, keep abreast with him sometimes, but the old rogue is satisfied to keep on at his steady jog well knowing that in the end he will distance us. Onward we press, goaded by the spirit of unrest which we call modern business energy, onward, ever onward, breathless, eager, insensible to the charms of life that lie so temptingly in the by-paths, until the goal is reached and we gain the reward of it all—a premature grave and the epitaph “Died from nervous strain.”

This unnatural straining after money, for after all the acquisition

of wealth is the sole incentive that underlies all modern effort, has become a vice more destructive of business, political and social morality than drunkenness, gaming, or the morphine habit, for, far from being condemned by our educationalists and our churches it is unhappily applauded and encouraged in a majority of classrooms and in innumerable pulpits. The merciless doctrine of the survival of the fittest is preached universally an individual or a nation must be “up-to-date” as the slang of the age goes, or be condemned to starvation in the one case or disintegration in the other. This besetting sin of modern civilization is nurtured in the infant’s class, cultivated in the public schools, encouraged in the colleges, applauded in the press, upheld in the courts and condoned, if not endorsed, in the churches.

The man with an ambition beyond money getting, is looked upon with pity by some, with contempt by the majority.—He is a “back number,” a fossil, a survival of the middle ages, a dreamer, a nondescript, anything or everything that will serve to describe what is useless, undesirable and superfluous. The monstrous error possesses all classes, engendering discontent in the workers, envy and unrest in the commercial world and insatiable greed in the all-absorbing ranks of capital.

Thinkers all over the civilized world are puzzling over the probable outcome of it all. Publicists and economists declare that a frightful social upheaval, such as the world has never seen, will be the inevitable culmi-

ation, a distinguished German scholar holds to the opinion that outraged nature will regenerate the world through some awful cataclasm which will upset our modern house of cards and inaugurate a new age of primæval effort and gradual development. Whatever fate may have in store for the world

it is unquestionable that it cannot continue in its present evil course, the strain is too great, the pace too fast and like the rake's progress the present delirium must end in self destruction if the brake of reform be not applied speedily and effectually.

CHEOPS.



The need of a popular, low-priced Canadian magazine is so universally acknowledged that it is almost unnecessary to dwell upon the subject. Scarcely a day passes but we hear people regretting, as they lay down their ten cents for a copy of one of the many cheap magazines published in the United States, that "we have not something like this in Canada." The attractive cover and the pictures catch their eye and they buy because nothing native appeals to them. The literary and artistic merits of the average United States magazine is an open question. Many of them are distinctly meritorious while more, perhaps, are decidedly trashy; but that is not the question. The reading of foreign periodical literature is almost a duty with any person wishing to be au courant with the world's affairs; but a surfeit of it is not advisable, like all good things one may have too much of it. To the

man or woman of matured opinions the light reading of the day is a pastime solely, but to the unformed minds of the rising generation the absorption at monthly intervals of a mass of matter devoted to unstinted praise of the United States and its institutions cannot fail to work serious injury. Not that we would attempt to detract from or deny the excellence of many of the natural, social, artistic and literary attributes possessed by our neighbors; they are in many respects admirable, but we hold that it is the first duty of Canadians and Britons to cultivate in themselves, above all things, a love for and admiration of their own country and to educate their children to the greatness and importance of their native land, to teach them that the proudest boast to which they can aspire is, "I am a Canadian."

THE GREAT WEST will be Canadian from cover to cover, not the Canadianism that approaches in

narrowness the denial of the existence of all that is good outside of the Dominion, but a broad, comprehensive nationality that will help in the structure of Greater Britain. We shall endeavor to make THE GREAT WEST first and last a popular educator. The people of Canada—we make the statement with all due deference—are, with few exceptions, quite susceptible of training in a knowledge of their country. Nor is the fact to be wondered at, they occupy the unique position of five million people who possess a territory larger than Europe, hundreds of thousands of acres of which are unexplored and unknown. Its natural resources are only beginning to be understood, their development is as yet in the embryo stage, in fact, Canadians are only discovering their country. It will be our aim to assist in every way possible in the exploitation of this noble heritage by keeping a faithful record of the country's progress in all the industrial arts while cultivating and stimulating the literary and artistic tendencies of our population.

To attain success in our undertaking we require the sympathy and support of the public and we expect to win both through the merits of THE GREAT WEST. By sympathy we mean the practical quality which will move a reader who is pleased with the magazine to mention it to his friends, or who, if he be a writer, will send in a contribution on some subject of general interest. By support we mean subscribing for THE GREAT WEST and inducing all your friends to subscribe, and if you have friends or relatives living in some other part of the world, sending them copies or making them a present of a year's subscription. You can

adopt no more certain or cheaper method of keeping yourself in their memory. If a man of affairs you will find the advertising pages of THE GREAT WEST an excellent medium through which to reach your customers.

We ask the hypercritical to be lenient with this initial number of THE GREAT WEST. Like all great, and a majority of successful ventures, it may have many things about it that are not quite up to our ideal. Many disappointments and difficulties beset us but, experience teaches, and we will try our best to improve with each succeeding number until THE GREAT WEST will become synonymous with everything desirable in the form of a magazine.

THE GREAT WEST while aiming to cover the entire field of Canadian progress and enterprize will, as its name implies, pay particular attention to the west, for we consider that in this western country lies the future wealth and greatness of the nation. Agriculture, the foremost of our industries, will occupy a prominent place in our columns. Articles by practical farmers, stock raisers, dairymen and horticulturists will be presented from time to time, written in a popular style and illustrated when practicable in such a way that they may be of interest to all classes of readers. Mining is yet in its infancy but destined to become one, if not the most important of Western enterprises will receive particular attention in the GREAT WEST. Arrangements are being made by which our readers will be supplied with reliable information regarding the great mineral wealth which surrounds us, and through which we hope to demonstrate that mining is one of the most profitable and legitimate of industries

when undertaken and prosecuted with intelligence. Industrial progress in all lines will be reported, the establishment of new manufactories noted and their methods and processes described, so that the people of the West generally may know what is being done for the betterment of the community and that they may be gradually weaned from the idea that everything manufactured must come from abroad. Articles on popular science, educational, social and his-

torical subjects will form attractive features. Lighter literature will be abundantly supplied by serial stories from the pens of prominent authors and shorter stories and poems by Canadian writers of merit.

In the editorial department an effort will be made to pass in review the principal events of the month, especially those possessing an interest to Canadians. Party politics lie beyond our province, we will have naught to do with them.



THE adoption of Imperial penny postage by the London Postal Conference marks an important epoch in the cementing of the British Empire. It is something more than a realization of the dream of the apostle of cheap postage, Mr. Henniker Heaton, to whom all honor and glory is due—it is the entering edge of the all powerful wedge of public opinion which will one day split the knotty problem of Imperial trade relations. We are told that the chief obstacle which confronted the postal conference was the determined objection to change advanced by permanent officialdom and no doubt the obstructions placed in the way of the advocates of inter-Imperial trade are furnished by the same cabal.

The circumlocution office has not yet lost its grip on Imperial affairs although this recent postal innovation must have shattered its poor old nerves sorely and filled it with indignant amazement.

A NOTABLE gathering recently held in London was that of the Anglo-American League. The spirit which was presumed to animate the meeting was that of good fellowship and peace, but there are those who question its genuineness and advance the opinion that it was an evil spirit masquerading as an angel of light. Mr. Goldwin Smith, whose views are ever to be regarded as worthy of more than passing attention, is one of the doubters. He points out, forcibly, that on

this side of the water the shouters for Anglo-American alliance are those who not long ago were loudest in their denunciation of all things British. They may have experienced a change of heart at some international Bethel, but the change was so sudden, so unaccountable, that we may reasonably suspect the presence of the old leaven. Mr. Smith does not entertain even a particle of belief in their conversion, he attributes their present hysterical protestations of love to the need they have of British support and sympathy in the prosecution of their iniquitous war with Spain. He perceives in these un-called for demonstrations of pinch-beck friendship, a lurking danger both to Great Britain and the United States. To the former in allowing herself to be enticed by frothy, meaningless flattery into tacit complaisance with an act of national brigandage, with all the bitter consequences which her careless good nature may entail, while the States in its new born confidence of Britain's support in whatever vagaries it may plunge into, may find in the end that it has succeeded only in deceiving itself.

THE International Conference at Quebec, now in session, promises to be the most important convention of the kind in the history of Canada. For many years past Canadian Government leaders have courted discussion with those of the United States on subjects of dispute and friction between the two countries, and now that their desire is on the eve of fulfillment, they are nursing a strong hope that good may result. The prevailing agitation for closer and more friendly relations between Britain and her colonies and the United States may well lead to the antici-

pation that the deliberations of the Quebec Conference will end in substantial and lasting benefits to the countries interested, but on the other hand, the tone of many of the leading journals of the United States, would indicate that their idea of the convention is an international game of poker in which the player with the biggest "wad" must inevitably win. This is doubly regrettable, first, from the fact that, approached in a spirit of aggression and conducted with a determination to secure advantages without granting a quid pro quo, the affair is likely to degenerate into a drawn battle in which each party will suffer, if not material loss, at least a wound to its dignity. Secondly, the after-smart of defeat may intensify the bitterness which has at times animated the people of the two countries and instead of improving their neighborly relations, render them more hostile and less forgiving of real or imagined wrongs. Canada is now, as she always has been, desirous of living at peace with the United States. She admires its greatness, its enterprize and its many noble qualities - indeed she has materially assisted in building up the Republic by contributing some of her best blood and brains in every line of industry, art and science - but she baulks at its political system, its administration of justice and some of its social customs. Her commissioners will enter the Quebec Conference in a spirit of conciliation determined to grant every reasonable concession compatible with the vital interests and the honor and dignity of their country. They seek the lasting good will and amity of the United States and to secure these they are prepared to stretch complaisance to the verge of sacrifice, but they will



decidedly decline to truckle or to entertain the arbitrary demands of men who seem to imagine that Canada approaches them as a suppliant, willing to concede everything for the favor of an empty friendship.

"PEACE proclaimed!" Two simple words flashed over the wires from Washington to the outermost corners of the world on Aug. 12th., bore a message that thrilled the hearts of men more than all the news of battle and victory that preceded them in the past four months. Peace proclaimed what joy and thankfulness they convey to thousands of weeping, anxious hearts all over the United States, in distant Manila, in beleaguered Havana, and the sadly bereaved homes of Spain.

THE termination of the war with Spain has opened an immense vista to the people of the United States. It marks a turning point, not only in their history but in the destiny of the world. It is the birth of a new nation, evolved from the ruins of the principles laid down by Washington, Jefferson and Monroe; the rise of a new power among the great ones of the earth paralleled only in history by Republican Rome. The United States has assumed responsibilities that may easily appal the more conservative of her publicists. Her complicated system of government, which experience of a century has failed to simplify, becomes still further involved by the acquisition of colonial possessions widely scattered and the addition of several millions of people to her already mixed and incongruous population.

The greed of conquest which is credited as an inherent quality to the men of the northern races, has taken

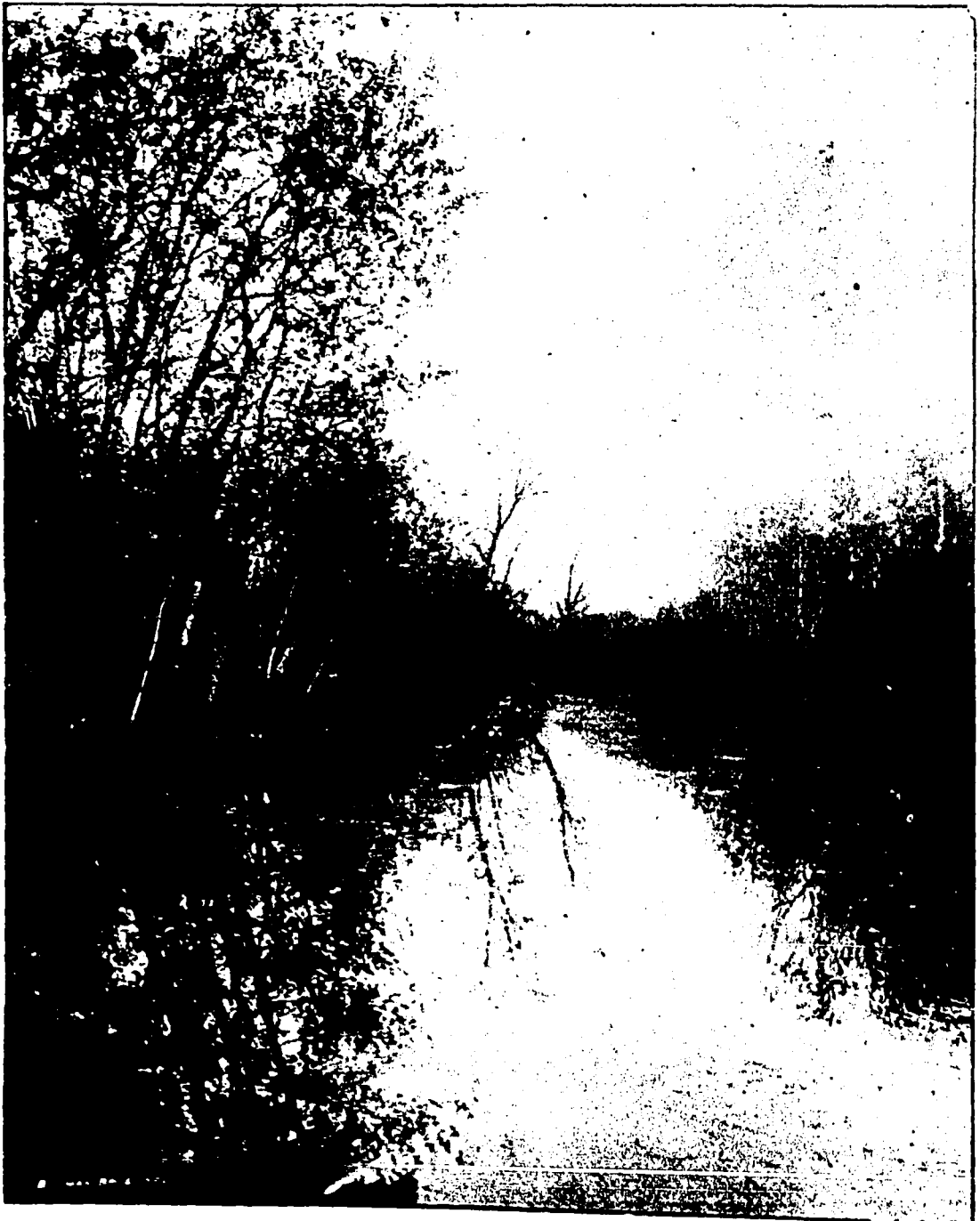
possession of the people of the United States. For weal or woe they have committed themselves to a policy of expansion the outcome of which no man can foretell or even picture in his imagination. While Europe may look askance at the new order of things and sneer at the bungling diplomatic gyrations of the young giant released from his leading strings, we with whom they claim kindred, wish them success in their undertaking hoping that the lessons learned in establishing governments over alien peoples may aid to a better understanding of the enforcement of the law than they have hitherto shown in their home affairs. They are "venturing like little, wanton boys who swim on bladders . . . in a sea of glory," let us hope that they will not get beyond their depth.

THE alarmist reports sent out by London news agencies regarding the relations existing between Great Britain and Russia are, happily, to be taken with a plentiful pinch of salt. It is obvious that Britain, Russia, France and Germany are engaged in a scramble for Chinese trade and Chinese territory. It is a game of diplomacy in which all the players are equally matched, but at present Russia seems long on trumps and the others are ready to cry cheat and ask for a new deal. That the game will end in a resort to force is not at all probable. All the gamblers recognize the importance of keeping their feelings well under control and each recognizes the others' veiled threats of war as so much blank powder fired to create a smoke with which to conceal their real desires. The jingoes of London, Paris and St. Petersburg may yell and hurl defiance till they are black in the face, but it will be a very serious

question indeed, and one that has not yet arisen, that will plunge Europe into a ruinous war.

The remarkable expansion in Canadian trade during the past year, following a long period of world wide depression, gives new heart to the people of the Dominion. The present season, with cheerful reports of abundant crops pouring in from all quarters, lends assurance to the hopes of better times for all classes. With fair prices for grain Canada should this year experience one of the

most prosperous in her history. The growing inclination of the mother country to foster trade with us, the efforts being made towards the establishment of an Imperial Zollverein and the new conditions in the West Indies all tend to give an impetus to Canada's trade that should lift her to the position of one of the most important of commercial nations. The hour seems ripe for our statesmen and men of affairs to seize the golden opportunities presented on every hand and by wise action secure as a permanency the prosperity which we are enjoying.



LANDSCAPE AT SELKIRK.

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THE GREAT WEST desires a reliable agent in every town in Canada to whom liberal commissions will be paid. For instructions and terms write THE GREAT WEST, Subscription Department.

THE GREAT WEST will be mailed, postage paid, in Canada and the United States, for one dollar a year payable strictly in advance. Any person sending \$4.00 for four yearly subscriptions will receive THE GREAT WEST for one year free.

THE GREAT WEST is for sale at all the principal bookstores and news agencies in Canada, 10 cents per number.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE GREAT WEST will prove an excellent medium for advertisers in all lines of business reaching as it will a numerous and intelligent class of readers. For rates and terms address Advertising Department, GREAT WEST MAGAZINE, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

CONTRIBUTIONS.—Original articles on subjects of general interest, short stories and poems, are solicited. All contributions must be accompanied with stamps for return postage otherwise we will not hold ourselves responsible for them. Address all MSS. to the Editor, THE GREAT WEST MAGAZINE, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

## PUBLISHERS ANNOUNCEMENT.

IN presenting the first number of THE GREAT WEST MAGAZINE to the reading public we wish it understood that it is only an earnest of what we purpose to make it. It is our ambition to publish a magazine second to none in literary and artistic excellence, and to produce it in the capital of the Canadian West as a proof to all Canada of the progress and advancement which this country has made in a quarter century of existence. To succeed in this we require the co-operation

of our friends, the people of the Dominion, and we hopefully rely upon securing their sympathy and support. We have placed the subscription to THE GREAT WEST at a figure within the reach of all—\$1.00 per year—and our success depends upon the number of subscribers we secure. Many thousands of dollars go to the United States annually for magazines that might better be spent in Canada in support of a home magazine with features definitely Canadian and national. We can produce, right here in Winnipeg, a magazine equal in every respect to the best of the United States monthlies if we are given the loyal support which we think our effort merits. We hope that one and all who receive this initial number of THE GREAT WEST will pronounce it a good thing and, following the advice of the sage, "Push it along." Remember THE GREAT WEST is only a dollar a year for nearly a thousand pages of good, interesting reading and several hundred fine illustrations. Send along your dollar and secure a welcome monthly visitor to your home and fireside.

THE GREAT WEST has much pleasure in presenting to its readers the opening chapters of William Le Queux' latest novel "The Day of Temptation," now first published in Canada by special arrangement with the author. This fascinating story of love and mystery is pronounced by critics to be Mr. Le Queux' greatest effort. The plot is intricate and full of startling surprises and the interest is kept up to the very end.

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## THE GREAT WEST PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

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The publishers of THE GREAT WEST feel confident that a vast amount of literary talent lies dormant in Canada, and particularly in the West, for want of encouragement. We possess many distinguished writers who have made their mark in the world of literature, but there are scores of others unknown to fame who will one day see their names enrolled on the scroll of honor. To encourage these budding literateurs we have decided to offer cash prizes for original short stories by Canadian writers. The competition will open at once, and will close on December 31st, 1898. Manuscripts received on or before that date will be submitted to a committee of literary men, who will award the prizes as follows:

For the Best Story	.. .. .	\$25.00
For the Second Best Story	.. .. .	15.00
For the Third and Fourth Best Stories	.. .. . (each)	5.00

---

### CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

PLEASE READ CAREFULLY

1. The stories must contain not less than fifteen hundred nor more than four thousand words.
2. Manuscripts must be legibly written—typewriting preferred—on one side of the paper only.
3. The paper used should be large note—8 inches by 9½ is a good size—and the manuscript should be mailed flat, not folded if possible, and never rolled.
4. Each MSS. should be addressed THE GREAT WEST MAGAZINE, Winnipeg, Manitoba, and on the corner "Prize Story Competition."
5. At the top of each MSS, above the title of the story, must be written "Prize Story"—words by ——— (some distinctive name by which the writer may be identified), and enclosed in the same envelope with the MSS, must be one dollar for one year's subscription to THE GREAT WEST. Enclose also a sealed envelope, marked on the outside "Prize Story," by ——— (the pen name chosen) and containing the real name and address. After the prizes have been awarded these envelopes will be opened, and the names of the winners announced, unless for any cause a prize winner wishes his or her name withheld. MSS. which do not secure a prize will be returned to the writer.
6. In every case stamps for return postage must accompany MSS.
7. The stories securing prizes shall become the exclusive property of THE GREAT WEST MAGAZINE.
8. THE GREAT WEST MAGAZINE reserves the right to purchase from the author any story which, although it may not be awarded a prize, is deemed suitable for publication. The price of any such story to be agreed upon between the author and the publishers.
9. All MSS., to be eligible for this competition, must be received at this office on or before the 31st day of December, 1898,

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## The Great West Prize Contests for Amateur Photographers.

The Publishers of the Great West Magazine have pleasure in offering a series of Prizes for the best Photographic Prints made by Amateurs. The contests will run for a year, and two prizes will be awarded every second month.

**The First Prize** will be \$10.00 in cash, and the second \$5.00. The conditions are as follows :

The competitions are open to amateurs only.

Prints are to be made from original negatives on Aristo or Albumen paper, and suitably mounted.

Postage or express charges are to be paid by the competitor.

The prints will not be returned whether successful or not; and the publishers of the GREAT WEST will have the right to publish them during the contests or afterwards at their discretion.

The art editor of the GREAT WEST will select for publication the best photographs sent in by the first of the month preceding the date of each competition. His selection will be governed by three qualities: photographic perfection, artistic treatment, subject. Each published photograph will be given a number. The maker's name, address and title of subject will also be printed. The readers of the GREAT WEST will then be invited to record their votes on coupons which will be supplied, in favor of **ONE** of the published pictures; and the one that receives the greatest number of votes will be awarded the first prize of ten dollars; the one that receives the next greatest number will receive the second prize of five dollars.

It is an essential condition that competitors be yearly subscribers to this magazine. Any one who is not a subscriber may compete by sending a dollar for a year's subscription at the same time that he sends his photographs.

The best half-tones are made from Aristo prints, toned to a warm sepia. The larger the print the better.

Particulars of make of camera, lens and plates should be sent with every photograph.

Photographs for the first competition should reach the office of the GREAT WEST not later than the first of October. The best among them will be printed in the November number, and the votes will be recorded till the end of the month last named, when the award will be made and the prizes paid.

Address: Art Editor, Great West Magazine, Winnipeg.

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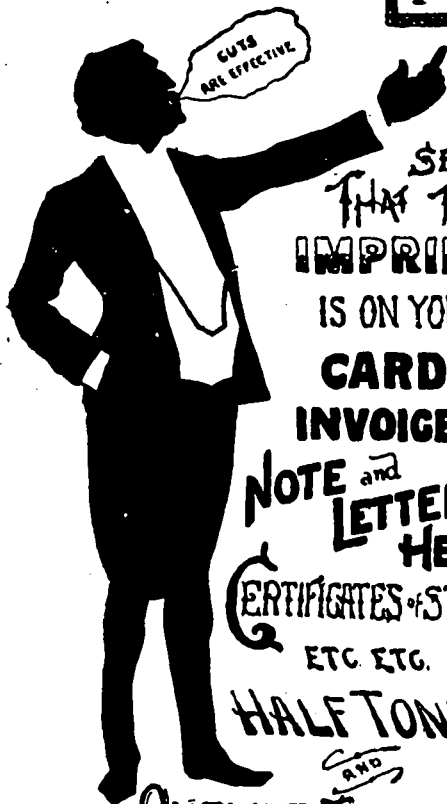


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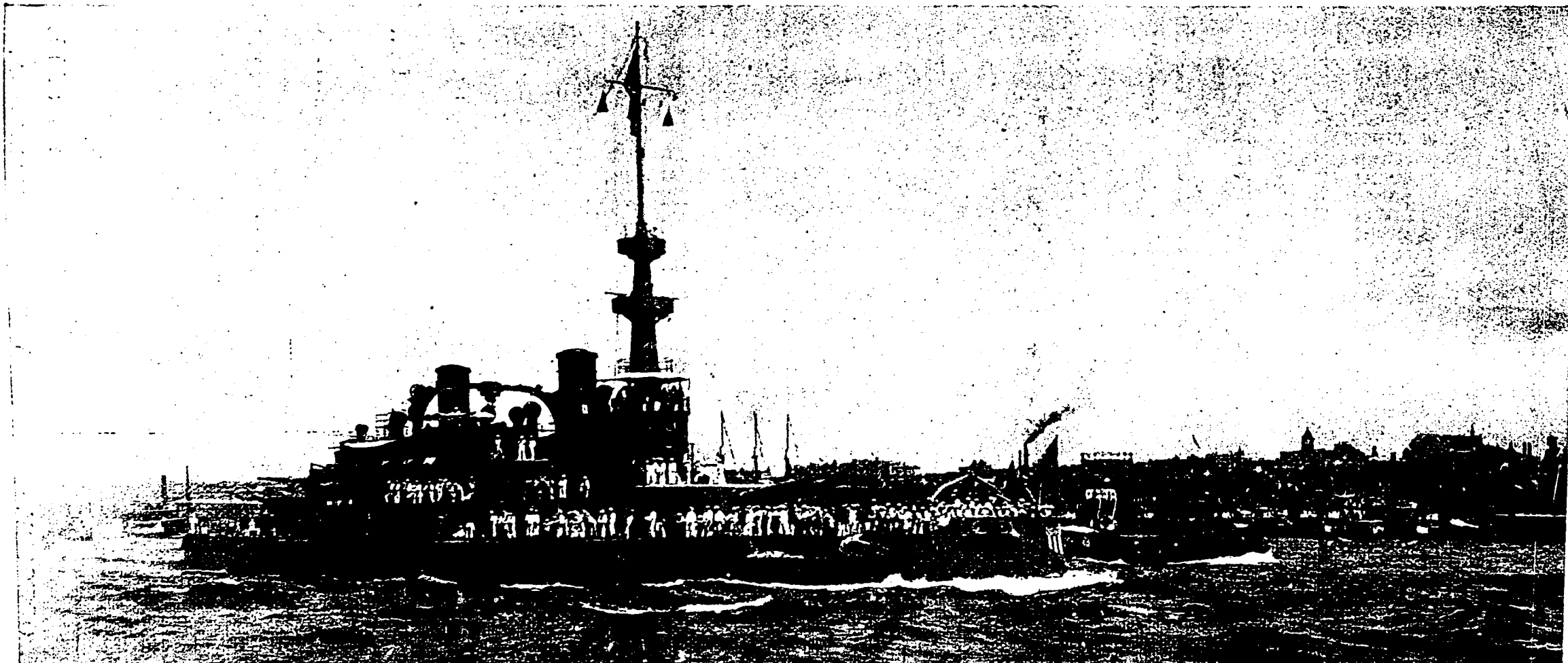
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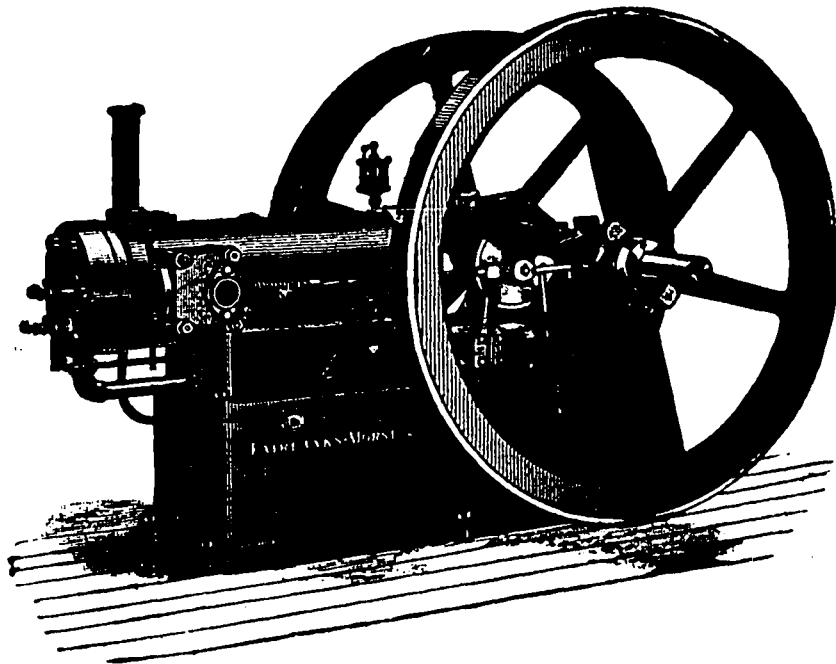
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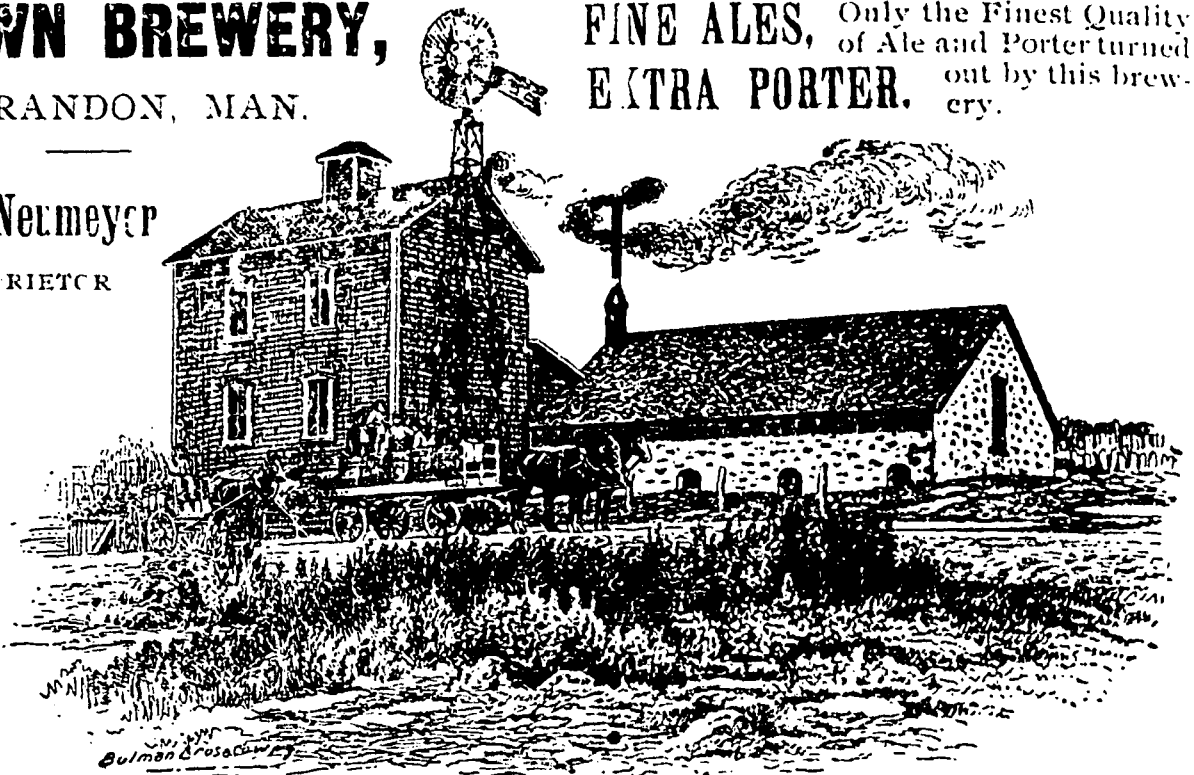
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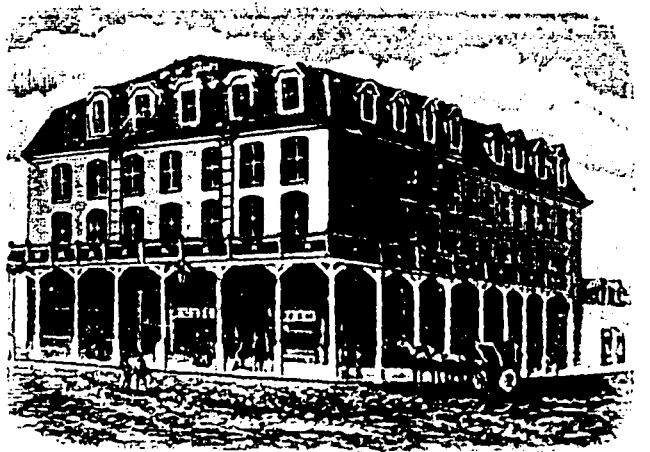
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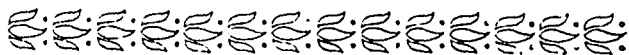
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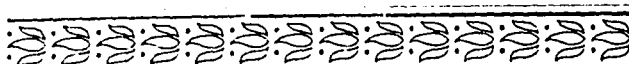
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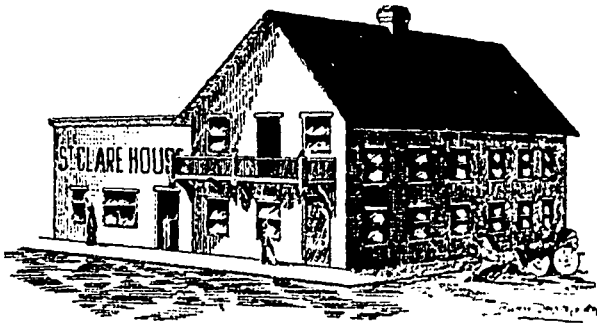
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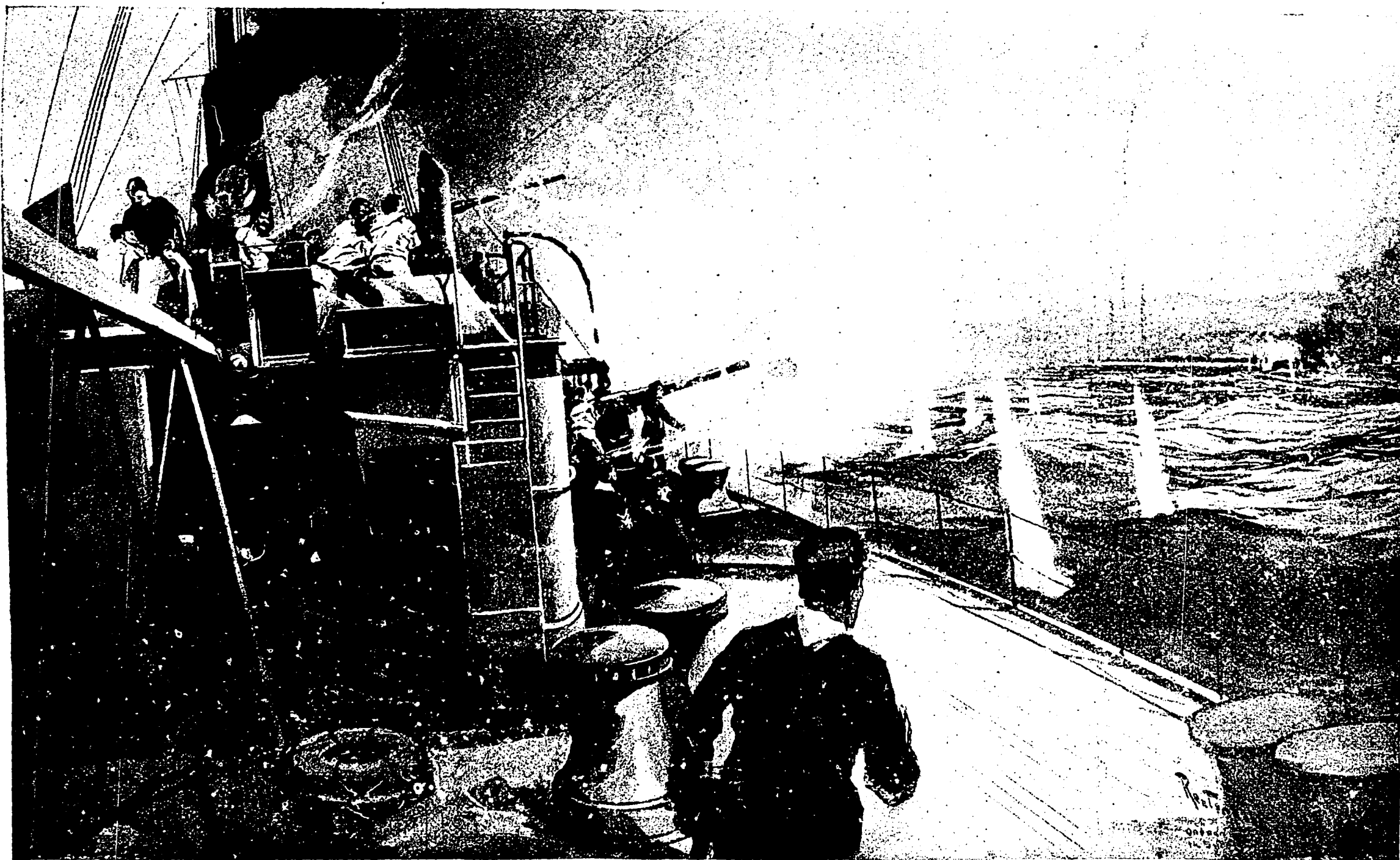
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## HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even-numbered sections of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which have not been homesteaded, reserved to provide wood lots for settlers or other purposes, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

### ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situated, or, if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one to make the entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for an ordinary homestead entry; but for lands which have been occupied an additional fee of \$10 is chargeable to meet inspection and cancellation expenses.

### HOMESTEAD DUTIES

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed under the following conditions: Three years cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

### APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent or any homestead inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands of his intention to do so. When for convenience of settlers, application for patent is made before a homestead inspector, a fee of \$5 is chargeable.

### A SECOND HOMESTEAD.

may be taken by anyone who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands upon application for patent made by him, or had earned title to his first homestead on, or prior to, the second day of June, 1889.

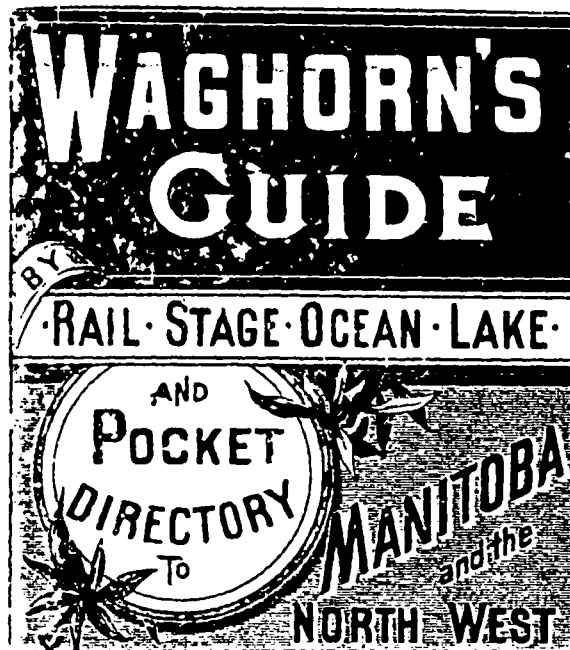
### INFORMATION.

Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, and copies of these regulations, as well as those respecting Dominion lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Land Agents in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories.

JAMES A. SMART,  
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

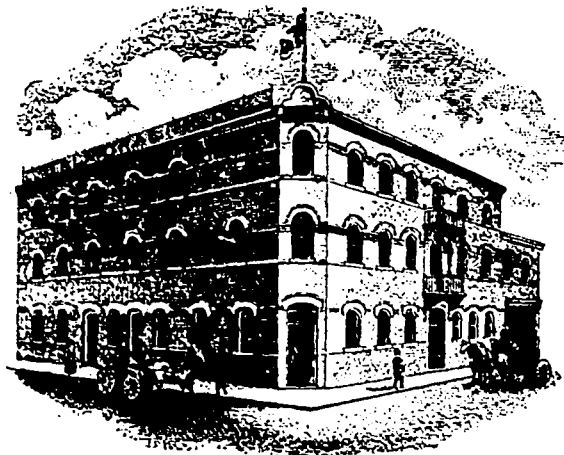
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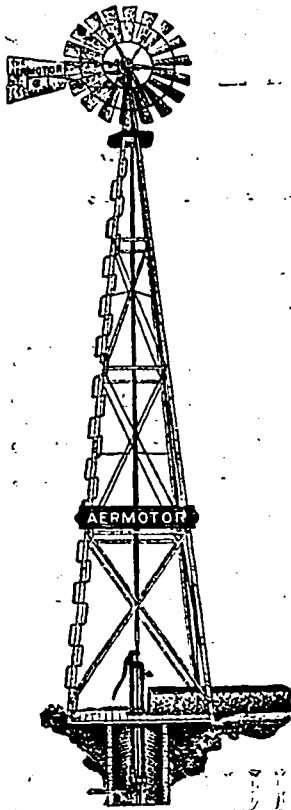


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