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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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WINTER VIEW OF TABLE ROCK HOUSE, QUEEN VICTORIA PARK, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.  
(Messrs. Zybach & Co., photo.)

# The Dominion Illustrated.

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24th JANUARY, 1891.

With reference to our Prize Competition, we think it well to remind our subscribers that the coupons—entitling the holder to compete—are only sent when applied for. All direct subscribers who wish to take part should, therefore, write at once for same.



## The Hawaiian Islands.

The death of King Kalakaua, of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, at San Francisco on Tuesday is much to be regretted, as occurring so soon after the settlement of the constitution of the little kingdom, and when its general affairs and the civilization of its natives were progressing so favourably. The late monarch, born in 1836, did not come to the throne until nearly forty years later, and then with extreme difficulty; his reign has, therefore, been a comparatively short one, but it has witnessed and brought about a wonderful advance in every branch of industry in the Islands. The new sovereign is the Princess Liliuokalani, who, well on in years, will not likely make any radical change in the policy of her predecessor. To many persons the Sandwich Islands have been known only as having been discovered by the famous Captain Cook, and also where that intrepid navigator was murdered; but many circumstances connected with the group are of great interest, and deserve greater publicity than is usually accorded to them. With a form of monarchical government very similar to our own—except that the Upper House is elective—the Islands have a special interest for Canadians, and an additional link lies in the fact that Colonel Volney Ashford, the commandant of the Hawaiian forces, is a native of this country. At present almost the entire trade of the Islands is with the United States; but the treaty under which this trade is done will expire within two years, and can be terminated at even an earlier date by one year's notice being given. As the distance from Honolulu to Victoria involves but one day's extra steaming than to San Francisco, and as we can consume all their exports and supply them with practically everything that they now get from the States, it would be an excellent opportunity for Canada to make a vigorous effort to capture all or most of their trade, amounting, as it does, to over \$6,000,000 per annum. As a nation, we want a foreign trade; our friends to the south of us continue to throw every vexatious obstacle in the way of business relations between us and them, and every patriotic Canadian will hail with pleasure such legislation on the part of our Government, backed up by the practical efforts of our merchants and manufacturers as would result in a large and lucrative trade being opened up with the neighbouring islands in the Pacific and Atlantic oceans.

## The Behring Sea Dispute.

The political sensation of the past week has, without doubt, been the application to the Supreme Court of the United States for the writ of prohibition against the condemnation of the British schooner Sayward, seized in the Behring Sea. In spite of Mr. Blaine's disclaimer this move appears to have been a total surprise to the American Government; loud complaints have been uttered by the press of that country, while an elaborately worded resolution on the subject has been introduced by Mr. Enloe, of Tennessee, into the House of Representatives. It can be readily understood why such action would excite so much indignation. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Blaine had been exchanging ponderous diplomatic notes on the subject; a sudden and widespread interest had been taken in the naval forces of the two Powers in the Pacific; and all the features of the case promised to develop rapidly into the great event of the year; when lo! in steps Mr. Cooper—owner of a little vessel, the very existence of which most people had forgotten—under the direction and guardianship of Sir John Thompson, and thrusts straight at the legal head of the matter; the stroke may be parried, but in any case the attacking party have all the advantage of a two-fold assault. Should the Supreme Court decide (as may be expected) that in their opinion the legal merits of the case sustain the claims of that nation to which they owe allegiance, matters will be exactly where they were three weeks ago. While there is no question but that the Canadian Government was the prime mover in the affair, the concurrence of the Imperial authorities is not so clearly proven, and, while heartily endorsing the action, many of our people would be pleased to know that the Home authorities had nothing to do with the motion, beyond a passive acquiescence in its being taken; they could recognize in such an opportune proof of the admirable system under which Canada is governed. Had Her Majesty's Government directly instituted or fathered this sudden change in the method of conducting a serious diplomatic campaign against a great nation like the United States, many would think it to be inconsistent with the dignity of the British Empire, and even an unwillingness to maintain their position at any hazard that might arise; it being certainly a marked departure from the regular and accepted lines on which the action of the Empire against a foreign state is conducted. But while this is true as far as Great Britain is concerned, there is nothing derogatory on the part of a country like Canada, occupying the almost independent position she does, endeavouring to obtain a decision of the knotty question from the highest legal tribunal of the country whose action inaugurated the dispute, knowing that such a decision—if favourable to the Canadian view of the case—would practically settle the whole difficulty; if unfavourable, would make matters no more prejudicial to Canadian interests than before. Such is one of the benefits of the system of our government. A kingdom within a kingdom, and unhampered by the tradition and formulæ necessarily of great influence with an older and greater state, we can fight our own battles to the utmost extent of our power, and adopt measures, honourable and fair to us, which might be less so if directly put into practice by the Government of the British Empire.

## The Late Mr. Bancroft.

Three names stand out in pre-eminence of all those whom the first year of this century brought into existence—each a representative of a great nation. From England, the name of Lord Macaulay tells of a man known wherever the English language is spoken as a writer of unequalled charm in the narration of history and biographical essay. From Germany, Count Von Moltke is a fitting type of that grand empire which to-day leads the world in the art of war. From America, he whose death we are now called on to deplore, George Bancroft, the historian of the United States. Full of years, and the worthy recipient of all the honour that a republic can be-

stow, he passed away with the knowledge that the work he set himself to accomplish had been faithfully completed, and that throughout all the English-speaking world his name and the result of his labour had received the most honourable distinction. Born at Worcester, Mass., in 1800, his training was such as to fit him for literary success. He graduated from Harvard in 1817, immediately following this up with a course of travel in Europe, where he spent five years, diligently studying men, manners and books. At twenty the degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred on him by the University of Gottingen. At twenty-two he was back in America, and a tutor of Greek in his *alma mater*. Like many other literary young men, he had been writing verses—of a more or less indifferent quality—for some time, and in 1823 he published a volume of these. But his destiny did not lie in poetry. In but a year later, at the age of 24, he had decided on his life-purpose, and began to lay out his great work. A careful plan was drawn up, and then the next ten years were spent in the collection of material for the work and in the preparation of the first volume. It appeared in 1834 and was at once recognized as a classic, combining great historical accuracy with a bright and vigorous style. Its success was ensured from the first, and the young author received congratulations from all parts of the world. During the next eighteen years three more volumes were issued, and in 1852 the fifth\* volume commenced the most important epoch of American history—the revolutionary war—and for 23 years that subject engrossed his attention and occupied the last five volumes of his history, it concluding with the peace of 1783. The last volume of the history did not see the light until 1874—the work thus being the outcome of forty years of steady labour and persistent searching after historical truth. In this spirit he had obtained access to the richest treasures of the archives of Great Britain and Europe, to say nothing of the State papers of his own country, and family MS. and correspondence placed freely at his disposal throughout the land. Such a work, drawn from so many original sources, must, in the natural course of things, lay bare the true character and history of many individuals who, having hitherto figured as martyrs and sufferers for their country, were shown to be self-seeking, and false to their vaunted principles. Much public controversy was the result; but in almost every particular the historian was able to substantiate his statements. Although 74 years of age when the tenth volume appeared, his physical and mental powers were so well preserved, and his zeal in historical work so unabated, that he devoted nine more years of his life to the preparation of a "History of the Foundation of the United States," in two volumes, bringing the narrative of the nation's life down to 1789. Since the conclusion of his last two volumes he had contented himself principally with literary work of a miscellaneous character, writing magazine articles, pamphlets, etc., although, within a very few years back, he had contemplated writing another work on the Constitution of the United States, but this idea he afterwards abandoned. During this monumental literary work, extending over nearly two-thirds of a century, he had dutifully served his country as occasion arose. He acted as Collector of Customs at Boston from 1838 to 1841, held successively in the Cabinet the honourable positions of Secretary of the Navy and Acting Secretary of War, and diplomatically represented the United States at London and Berlin. While thus stationed abroad, occupying high and not very laborious positions, he enjoyed unusual facilities for the consultation of documents inaccessible to an ordinary student, and took full advantage of the chances thus given him. In private life he was most popular—affable, kind, and a charming talker. In his death has now removed the most stately and distinguished figure in American literature.

\*NOTE—It may be noted that while the historian indicated his fourth volume as being the first of those on the Revolution, the period it covers (1748-63) can scarcely be considered as fitly belonging to that period.



# THE KRUMISER MYSTERY.

BY JAMES GREENWOOD.

Christopher Chiffinch was indicted at Oxbridge Assizes for the wilful murder of his mistress, Priscilla Krumiser. The circumstances of the case, as revealed at the trial, were peculiar. The deceased woman had been for many years a widow, and was an aged lady of eccentric habits. Up to the time of her death she resided in her own freehold house, which was situated in a somewhat lonely spot, about a mile and a half from the market town.

The estate included a small farm, and Mrs. Krumiser's two nieces, Catherine and Helen Prawl—women of middle-age and unmarried—lived with her in the capacity of servants. Chiffinch was a labourer, a sort of handy man about the house and premises, and had been in the same service since he was a lad up to the time when he was accused of the horrible crime in question, when his age, as it appeared on the deposition, was forty-six. Though hard working, and seemingly trustworthy, Clifffinch was of a morose disposition, and seldom had any other than a surly answer for anybody, excepting his old mistress. To her he was always respectful, and cheerfully willing to do everything she bade him. He was a clumsily-built, ungainly sort of fellow, which made it necessary for him to wear an iron ring attached to the sole of one boot, to eke out the short leg and make it of a length similar to the other.

Old Mrs. Krumiser was crippled too, and much more seriously. It was the result of an accident, that happened

a few weeks after the demise of her husband. It was not to be wondered at that Widow Krumiser was eccentric if only half of the stories told of the farmer were true. He was one of the close-fisted sort. Although he could very well afford to hire all the house and out door work he required, he toiled in the fields and on the farm harder than any common labourer, and shocked all his decent neighbours by working Sundays as well as week days. He was grasping and greedy for wealth, and compelled his wife to do housework and assist with the washing as well.

Anything to save a shilling. He never went to church, and, as far as anyone was aware, professed no religion. He had a stuffed monkey in his bedroom—a monstrous creature of the baboon species, with a Satanic expression of countenance, and gleaming white tusks, and great goggling glass eyes. This stuffed animal stood in a square glass-case near the bed, and when old Ambrose Krumiser was taken with his last illness, and the parson heard of it, he deemed it his duty, although the farmer had never treated him with common civility even, to call with a view of affording him spiritual consolation. But the wicked old fellow would have nothing to do with him.

"D'ye you want to know what my religion is and has been all my life?" he enquired of the minister.

"I should like very much to know," was the answer.

"Then *that* is it," and with a grin he pointed to the hideous ape in the glass-case. "That's the chap I believe in. He has been the best friend in the world to me."

The parson was much pained, of course, and left the venerable reprobate. But his meaning was not quite as it appeared. After Krumiser's death and burial, it was discovered that he had made a money-box of the ape—had taken out all the stuffing from its inside, and replaced it with hoarded money. Thinking it probable that there was more hidden somewhere, his widow mounted on a pair of high steps, poking among the rafters, fell and was afflicted with paralysis. He arms were so nearly useless that she could neither dress herself or eat her food without assistance. In addition to this, a few months before her death, she was so decrepit—her age was seventy-four—that she could walk but slowly and with difficulty, and having a great liking for sitting in the garden when the weather was fine. Chiffinch, who was very strong, was accustomed on such occasions to carry the old lady out, seated in her easy chair, and convey her back again to the house in the same way when she desired it.

Old Mrs. Krumiser's eccentricity manifested itself in various ways, but none so markedly as in the disposal of her money. In this respect she was amazingly like her late husband, but even more cunning. There could be no doubt as to her being rich. She was possessed of excellent house-property in the neighborhood, and her rents amounted to at least two hundred a year, and besides this she derived from another source an annual income of a hundred and fifty, and in addition there were the profits of the farm, which were at least enough for defraying household expenses.

But the singular part of it was Mrs. Krumiser never had any money. It was not frittered away in unnecessary extravagance in the way of living, and twenty pounds a year were made to meet the wage account of Mrs. Krumiser's two nieces and the kitchen maid as well. What the old lady did with the money was a mystery inexplicable, and the more so because she had a strange fancy for gold. If her rents or any part of them came to her in shape of bank notes, she was restless until she had exchanged the latter for sovereigns, and it was the same with her annuity. She put nothing in the bank. If she had done so, either Catherine or Helen Prawl must have known of it, for having scarce any use in her arms she never ventured abroad without one of them went with her. Where then could she hoard it? Say it was quarter day and she received forty or fifty pounds in gold. She would have it brought into her little sitting-room, and placed, for the present, in an old china punch-bowl, that stood in the corner cupboard by the fire-place. If this happened in the afternoon, never tired of puzzling on the singular circumstance, the two nieces went to look for it as soon as Mrs. Krumiser was gone to bed, but the punch-bowl was empty.

Had she been a person blessed with the free use of her limbs, the natural inference of course, would have been that she carried the gold upstairs with her. But it was a tested and proved fact, that she could not lift a coin from the table. Her fingers were powerless for such a feat. She might, with a spasmodic jerk of the wrist, sweep a piece of money from the table to the ground, but she could not, if her life depended on it, pick it up. How then could she take the money out of the bowl and convey it off and hide it? It was physically impossible. Yet, there was no getting over the hard fact, that, somehow or other, she did convey it off and hide it as well.

But where? The two sisters, though they were honest and faithful, were irate against the old woman for her parsimony, and, as need not be said, opportunity serving, they had many and many time made the strictest search for the concealed wealth. They had minutely examined beds and mattresses, probed the clinks between the floor-boards, raised the hearth, investigated the chimney even, but not so much as a single half-sovereign could they ever discover. They dare not question Mrs. Krumiser on the subject.

Niece Helen, being the bolder of the two, ventured to put out a feeler in this direction, and got sharply snubbed for her pains. A house in the neighborhood had been visited by burglars, and their booty included a considerable sum in ready cash.

"It should be a caution, aunt, to folk who hoard money on their premises," said Helen. "Much better bank it I should say. Suppose they were to break in here?"

"Well, what then," demanded Mrs. Krumiser, sharply.

"Why, see what they might perhaps find," replied her niece.

"They would have to be sharper than you or your sister then," the old lady rejoined, with a grim chuckle. "You two, who know every hole and corner and cranny and crevice in the house, and are always ferreting about. And what have you ever found?"

"Yes, but aunt," began the niece, protestingly, "you know——"

"Aye, that's just it," snapped Mrs. Krumiser. "I do know, and you don't, and never will. And if you ain't satisfied, you can pack up and be off as soon as you please?"

It will be understood how completely the two inquisitors had exhausted every means of accounting legitimately for what Mrs. Krumiser did with her money when it came at last to their falling back on the supernatural. It was actually whispered in the house and not so softly that it reached Christopher Chiffinch's dull ears that Mrs. Krumiser swallowed her money. They did not go so far by way of giving colour to this monstrous statement to affect to believe that she was gifted with a digestive system more powerful even than that of the ostrich, nor did they do the old lady the injustice to declare that her greed for gold was such that she had bargained with one who shall be nameless, and for a certain awful consideration for ability to enjoy her precious sovereigns not by spending them in the ordinary, but in partaking of them as dainty food, endowed with a delicious flavour.

This much, however, Helen Prawl and her sister Catherine as well were prepared to swear to on the Bible. They had seen their aunt with money in her mouth. Helen's testimony was even more startling than this. She averred that on one occasion when Mrs. Krumiser had received some rent, she watched her through the keyhole, and saw her amusing herself in a curious kind of a way. She had reached the punch-bowl out of the cupboard by embracing it with her trembling arms, and by the same means tilted the gold on to the table. Then she knelt on a stool, so as to bring her open mouth on a level with the table top, and pressed against the side. Then, with much pain and difficulty, with a circular movement of her partly-paralysed arms, she swept the money, a few coins at a time, into the receptacle ready to receive it. As Helen Prawl told her story, at the time she had an idea that the old lady might find a miserly enjoyment in sucking the gold as folks do sweetstuff, and watched for a long time to see her take them out of her mouth again. But she kept them there until she at length quitted the room by an inner door that led down into the garden. The strange story was told to Peggy, the kitchen woman, and shortly after she had a story to tell. Chiffinch had carried Mrs. Krumiser in her easy-chair into the garden and set her in the sun; and Peggy saw her, when she was left alone, get up and walk about among the flowers. Wishing to ask her some question, Peggy approached her from behind, and so noiselessly that when she spoke the old woman gave a sudden start, and as she did so a sovereign fell from her and rolled along the path. 'It fell out of my bosom,' said Mrs. Krumiser; 'put it back there again.' But Peggy declared that it was quite wet, for all the world as though it had fallen from her mouth. The kitchen woman had told Chiffinch, who gruffly replied that he believed it was a lie of the same pattern as that hatched up by Helen Prawl.

From such a rude and unceremonious manner of address it might be inferred that Chiffinch had but little respect for his fellow servant; but it was only his unpleasantly blunt way of speaking, the fact being that he and Peggy Drake were almost on sweetheating terms and occasionally walked out together on Sundays.

It was with evident reluctance that Miss Drake gave incriminating evidence against Chiffinch at the trial. She stated on oath that on one occasion when they were talking of old Mrs. Krumiser having been seen to place sovereigns in her mouth, and apparently to swallow them, that Chiffinch had remarked with a laugh that he would give the old woman a shake up the next time he was carrying her to the garden in her chair, and if he heard anything rattle inside her he would no more mind twisting her neck that the man did who killed his goose for the sake of the golden egg.

Drake further deposed that Chiffinch had expressed to her his opinion that Mrs. Krumiser had a lot of money hidden away somewhere, but that it would take them all their time to find it, for she was more artful than old Ambrose, who had stowed his savings in the stuffed mon-

key. And, at that time, Chiffinch had remarked; "If you or me, Peg, could discover the golden nest, by hook or crook, it would give us a fair start to marry on." And when she asked him what he meant when he said "by hook or by crook," he made answer that "one day he might have to put her courage to the test and that then he would explain further."

Other evidence was forthcoming, showing that within a few weeks of the murder the accused had been observed under such circumstances as left little room for doubt that he was stealthily watching the old woman. One time after he had carried her into the garden, he was seen by the cowboy to crawl under a heap of straw, at a point from which he could watch her movements, and on another occasion he was observed to climb up into an old pear tree and crouch among its branches probably for the same purpose. But one of the most serious items of testimony against Chiffinch at this period was that all of a sudden the old woman took a dislike to Chiffinch, and was seemingly afraid of him. She would not permit him to carry her into the garden, or if she knew it to enter the house even.

"He is crafty," she remarked to her nieces, "crafty and sly. He is a changed man, and I wish he was far away from here."

And when one of them asked her since she could no longer trust him, why she didn't discharge him, she made answer:

"No, no, that wouldn't do! I wouldn't have him think that I suspected him for the world. He might turn revengeful, and lurk about the neighborhood, and come one night and murder me in my bed."

Chiffinch was informed of this by Peggy Drake, but he affected to make light of it, and said that he had noticed a "queerness" in the old woman lately, and perhaps she was going a bit cranky. And there was some evidence of the latter. Although Mrs. Krumiser could still manage to walk about a bit in the garden, and seemed no weaker bodily speaking than usual, she began to have odd fancies, one of which was to have the old stuffed ape, which years ago had been put away in a lumber room, brought back again into her bedroom. She had, she declared, had it made known to her in a vision that the late husband's spirit had taken up its abode within it, and that it intended to remain in its present quarters until the money it had been robbed of had been replaced where originally deposited—when that happened, the ghost would return to where it came.

"And where is that?" niece Catherine asked her. "Was you told in the vision, aunt, where the spirit came from?"

Old Mrs. Krumiser made no verbal response, but with a jerk of her head indicated a downward direction.

"Good Lord!" the niece exclaimed, "what—in that dreadful place?"

"Who mentioned a dreadful place, you fool. If you had waited a moment, I was going to tell you that in the vision it was explained to me that, as a punishment for drinking hot rum and water after dinner on Sundays, your poor uncle is doomed to abide in a cold spring in the bowels of the earth for one hundred years."

She told the doctor the same story.

"There could be no harm," he said, "in bringing back the stuffed ape to the bedroom again, since she so much desired it, but it seemed not improbable that her intellect was failing her, and that she had best be well looked after."

Soon after this, Chiffinch became flush of cash. His wages being but eleven shillings a week, he had at all times to practise the strictest economy, and seldom allowed himself more than a half-pint of ale at the alehouse of evenings. But, quite suddenly, he seemed to have plenty of money. He took to wearing his Sunday clothes on week days, he bought a silver watch; and, one night, being at the Barleymow, he stood drinks round to everybody there, at a cost of four and tenpence.

Such mad extravagance, of course, soon got talked about. It appeared to have been an understood thing between him and Peggy Drake, that they were each to put by what they could out of their earnings, and when they had accumulated enough to furnish a small cottage they were to be married. Peggy naturally concluded that Chiffinch had proved false to her. That he had altered his mind about getting married, and was fooling away his savings in sheer wantonness of spirit.

Of this she accused him, and he laughed at her. It was all

right, he declared. He had come into a bit of money "from an unexpected quarter," and there might be a good deal to come yet. He declined to give her any particulars as to the "quarter" mentioned, and was shy of discussing the matter with Peggy at all.

"As long as the money was his," he remarked, "where was the odds where it came from?"

In giving her evidence at the trial, Peggy said, that putting "this and that together, she could think no other than that he had discovered the mistress's hoard, and had been helping himself. It was but a suspicion, of course, and it was not for her to accuse him, but when he offered her twenty pounds to mind for him, all in gold, she made an excuse and declined."

At the end of that week Mrs. Krumiser was one afternoon missing.

She seemed better than she had been of late, and after dinner had walked out of the house and into the garden, and when one of the nieces went to bring her in to tea, she was nowhere to be found. Chiffinch, who was at work in the stables, helped to look for her. It was a very large old garden, and in a part of it that was never cultivated, there was a well, and continuing the search to this part, it was evident that there had been a struggle at that spot. No one could stumble into the well as it was fenced in with brickwork to the height of nearly a yard. There was old Mrs. Krumiser's cap trod in the muddy soil—it had been raining all the previous night—and there were plentiful footmarks all round about, some such as a woman would make, and the others of heavy boots, and with deep circular indentations such as might be made by Chiffinch's iron-shod boot.

A man was lowered down into the well, with a rope and a grapple, and the body of poor old Mrs. Krumiser was brought to the surface at the first cast.

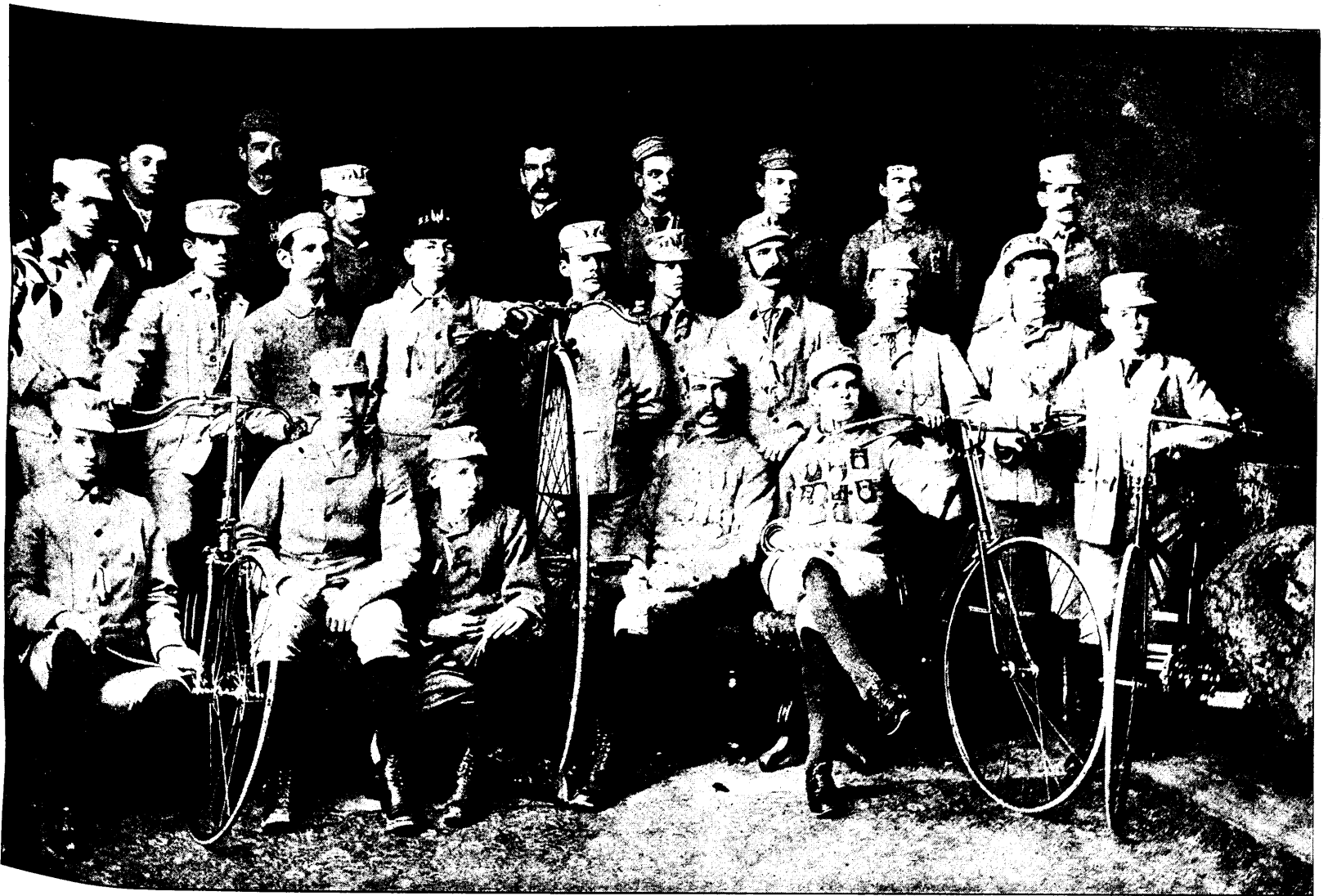
Chiffinch was arrested. Everything pointed to him as being the murderer. There was the half-joking conversation that had taken place between him and Peggy Drake, weeks previously, respecting the "goose with the golded eggs," and the finding and appropriating the old lady's hoard by hook or by crook. There was Mrs. Krumiser's sudden dislike and mistrust of the man, and her expressed fear of discharging him, lest he should come one night and kill her in her bed. There was the large sum of money he had so mysteriously become possessed of, and of which he could give no more satisfactory account than that it had "come from an unexpected quarter," Chiffinch at the same time remarked to Peggy Drake that there might be "a great deal more to come yet." And finally, and of course more convincing than anything else besides, there, at the brink of the well into which the victim had been cast, mingling with her shoe-marks was the imprint of the iron ring on his lame foot.

What more reasonable conclusion could be arrived at than that Chiffinch—who was seen to be on the watch—had found out whereabouts in the garden the old woman hid her money; that he had helped himself to a portion of it; that his mistress had discovered the theft and taxed him with it, and that infuriated by her threats he had thrown her into the well.

Chiffinch, while acknowledging that he had been guilty of concealing the fact that he knew deceased was in the well, stoutly maintained his innocence of murder. At the same time it was the opinion of everyone who heard it, that his explanation was a lame and exceedingly unlikely one.

He accounted for the moneys he had in his possession, and part of which he had requested Peggy Drake to mind for him. He had found it. It had apparently been purposely stowed away and hidden, but not by Mrs. Krumiser, neither was it her property. The sum he, Chiffinch, had discovered was £40, all in gold, and it was in an old leather bag, such as old Ambrose Krumiser used to carry on market days, and it had been placed in the hole in the wall in the hay-loft; the probable period of the deposit being indicated by a toll-gate ticket within the bag, and dated within a few weeks of the farmer's death. When, as he averred, he remarked to Peggy Drake that there might be more where that came from, he meant that the old man, whose miserly habits were pretty much like those of his wife, might have more gold hidden away in out-of-the-way places, and he might find it.

As regarded the untimely end of his mistress, Chiffinch declared that it was a case of suicide. He had seen her



G. A. Oulton. Chas. Coster. H. C. Page. W. A. Maclouchlan, *Prest.* G. Robertson. J. M. Barnes. W. C. Rankine. A. S. Morrison.  
 A. M. Sancton. G. H. McKay. F. L. Temple, *Lieut.* B. S. Purdy. J. H. Armstrong, W. C. Allison.  
 W. Hall. C. W. Hope Grant. H. C. Fairweather. S. L. T. Burnham. A. L. Foster. T. S. Hall, *Capt.*  
 H. C. Tilley. B. R. Fairweather. E. H. Turnbull.

BICYCLE CLUB, ST. JOHN, N. B.

in the garden on the day of her death and they had some talk together, she being more friendly than she had shown herself towards him for a long time. She related to him, as something she had never mentioned before, and as a secret he must never divulge, the nonsense about the spirit of her husband having returned to earth and taken up his abode in the ape's skin, where it intended to remain and haunt her until she repaid him all the money he had hoarded there during his lifetime, and of which she had possessed herself. She was in great trouble, because, although she was able to repay the claim in question, her money was sunk in such a way she could not touch it, and that since her husband's spirit was growing more and more angry every day there was nothing for her, even though it cost her her life, but to find the money and appease it. "I couldn't make anything of her wild talk," said Chiffinch, "and while I was persuading her to return to the house, she suddenly turned and ran towards the well. Her craziness seemed to give her more strength than she has shown for years, and she was so quick I could not overtake her until she reached the well. She ran round and round it to prevent me taking hold of her, which accounts for her footprints and mine being so numerous at the spot, and her cap came off and got trod in the mud. I never dreamt that it was her intention to jump in, or I should have called out for help. But all in a moment she did jump in, striking her head against the side and sinking like a stone. Then it rushed to my mind that I might be suspected of murdering her. It would be said that we were unfriendly, and my having been seen with money would be brought up against me, people thinking that I had robbed her of it, and that had given rise to a quarrel between us. So, like a fool, I resolved to say nothing about it."

As might have been expected, counsel for the prosecution ridiculed Chiffinch's "explanation," and spoke of it as preposterous and unworthy a moment's serious consideration. And the judge unmistakably leaning to the same

opinion, had no hesitation in finding a verdict of guilty against Christopher Chiffinch, who was condemned to death.

And hanged he undoubtedly would have been but for a very singular accident. As need not be said, the water in the old well was no longer used for domestic purposes, but was good enough for cattle.

The water was drawn up in a large stable pail, which, being old, sprung a leak, which was temporarily stopped with a large putty plaster. This was one day being let down by a boy, and the weight proving too much for him, and losing control of the windlass, the bucket fell plump to the bottom. When it was hauled up, lo and behold! there were six sovereigns sticking to the putty!

Amazed at this seeming miracle, the experiment was repeated; at the second cast two more "gold fish" were brought to the surface. Once again, and four more came up.

There was a stir then. A steam pump was procured and the well pumped dry, and rich, indeed, was the mud and clay which formed the well's bottom. Carefully washed and sifted, it yielded no less than eleven hundred and forty sovereigns.

This turned a new light on the Krumiser mystery, and it seemed that Chiffinch's story might after all be true. The old woman, according to him, had told him she had money enough to meet the claim her dead husband's spirit had made on her, but "it was sunk in such a way she couldn't touch it," but get at it she must though she lost her life in the effort. Then she ran to the well and threw herself in.

Which may have been her mad way of "finding" the gold she herself had "sunk." This was the pith of the petition sent to the authorities, praying for a reprieve for the condemned man. As to how deceased, not having the use of her arms and hands, carried the gold to the well, three witnesses had seen her with money in her mouth, and she might so have conveyed it there and dropped it in. Any-

way, the strange discovery threw a grave doubt on Chiffinch's guilt, and he was reprieved, and a very few months afterward received a free pardon.

[THE END.]

### Insomnia.

Quiet, with weary limbs relaxed, I lie,  
 And weary eyelids closed, awaiting sleep,  
 That holds aloof; for thronging fancies keep  
 Unwearied watch, and restless phantoms fly  
 About the empty mind. Within the eye,  
 Instinct with memory, dead summers steep  
 Forgotten scenes with light; dead faces leap  
 To light again. . . . But now, with querulous cry,  
 A sparrow breaks the silence; clattering feet  
 Of early toilers echo down the street;  
 The frosty light grows warmer on the wall,  
 And dims the luminous visions of the night.  
 Over the drowsy watcher's swimming sight  
 Relenting slumber draws a dreamless pall.

—MUNROE SMITH in *The Cosmopolstan*.

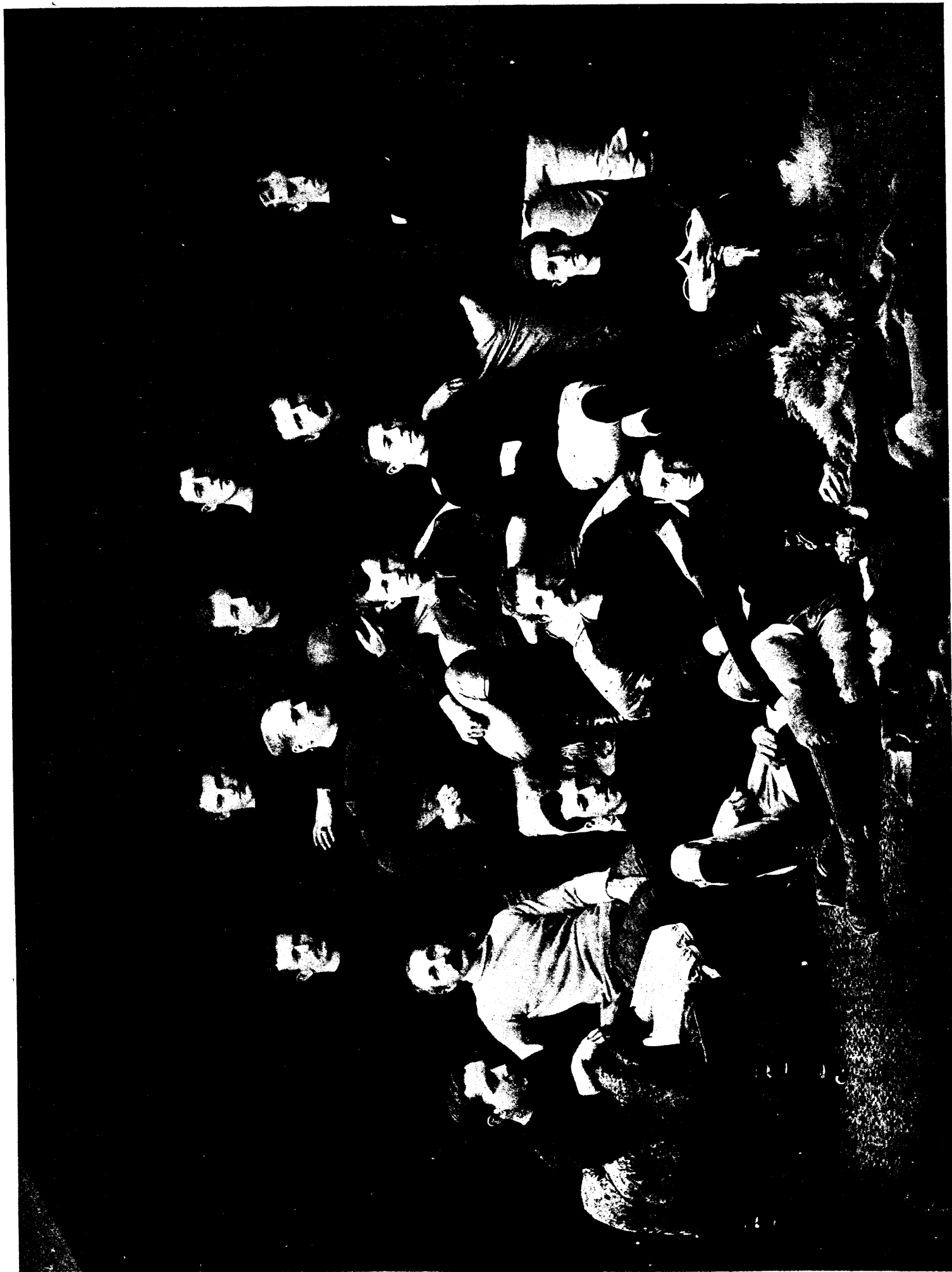
### Snowbirds.

Along the narrow sandy height  
 I watch them swiftly come and go,  
 Or round the leafless wood,  
 Like flurries of wind-driven snow,  
 Revolving in perpetual flight,  
 A changing multitude.

Nearer and nearer still they sway,  
 And, scattering in a circled sweep,  
 Rush down without a sound;  
 And now I see them peer and peep,  
 Across yon level bleak and gray,  
 Searching the frozen ground,—

Until a little wind upheaves,  
 And makes a sudden rustling there,  
 And then they drop their play,  
 Flash up into the sunless air,  
 And like a flight of silver leaves  
 Swirl round and sweep away.

—ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN in *The Atlantic Monthly*.



FIRST FIFTEEN OF THE OTTAWA FOOTBALL CLUB.  
CANADIAN RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM.



SCENE IN THE DON VALLEY, NEAR TORONTO.  
(Mr. G. R. Lancefield, photo.)



## MRS. SMITH'S ADVENTURES IN MONTREAL.

"Nell, my dear, what do you say to spending Christmas with your niece as lives in Canada," said Smith, coming into the room where I was busy hadding my week's account, as I 'old every careful housekeeper should do. I was just adding the column a second time, as it would not balance within sixpence, when Smith came in that hexcited that I first thought has 'ow 'e had got a telegram to say that 'is eggs 'ad arrived as 'e was hexpecting from Canada, but 'e went on to say that my neice 'ad written asking me to pay 'er a visit. I wouldn't 'ear of it at first, as I don't 'old with women a-gadding about when they 'ave a 'ome to look after; but Smith was that set on me going, that at last I consented, especially as 'ow I saw 'e was a-worrying about those eggs as 'ad never arrived.

Ever since the passing of the McKinley Bill, Smith 'ad spent a deal of time reading 'he reports of the egg trade, and as 'ow it would pay those in the old country to trade with Canada, and has that was in 'is line, being a provision merchant, 'e sent an order to a merchant in Montreal, but 'e didn't get any satisfaction. And as 'e couldn't get away 'imself, 'e was very glad when I said I would go, and was sure I would henj-y myself, and, 'aving a good business 'ead, I could pick up a deal of valuable information on the egg line, as there was nothing like being on the spot, where one could see for oneself if things were all right.

I arrived in Montreal a few days before Christmas, and was most haffectionately welcomed by my niece, Sara Ann, leastways Annie, as she says 'er name is, though 'ow that can be I don't know, as I was at the church when she was christened, and I saw 'er sign 'er name in the register the day she married Brown, a young man in the German sausage line, as was much given to foreign ways.

As I 'ad 'eard 'ow dreadfully cold it was, I 'ad come prepared with plenty of warm flannels, and was agreeably surprised to find the weather on the whole most henjoyable. Though I must say as 'ow the walking is somewhat dangerous owing to the sidewalks 'aving what Sarah Ann says are 'og backs in the middle, though I never could see any likeness between them and the 'ogs, and never 'eard tell of any that were different from our own; howsumever, the Canadian gentlemen are most attentive, a-walking up and down and a-standing at the corners just on purpose to pick up any of the ladies as fall, which, as I said to one young gentleman, who had the most beautiful brown eyes as ever I saw, was most kind of them, and I didn't know as how the ladies could do without them, and he smiled and said as 'ow lonesome it would be without the ladies a-walking about, which I thought was very nice of 'im to say so, and told 'im that if 'e ever came to England I would be pleased to see 'im.

Julia, as is the name of Sarah Ann's eldest daughter, and who is engaged to a young man in a bank on St. James street, a very nice young man, only, as I said to Sara Ann, I didn't quite 'old with 'is neglecting 'is business a-coming up every afternoon to take Julia for a walk, but Sara Ann said as 'ow 'e was in a bank and could get away early. Well Julia and Mr. Wilson, as his the name of her young man, said that I must go to the rink on Saturday afternoon and see them skate. Through it being so crowded that I could not see the skaters, Mr. Wilson said he would take me up to the directors' balcony, where I could be able to get a fine view of the rink, and hintroducted me to a Mr. Sampson, as who, 'e said, was one of the directors, and who very kindly came and sat with me, through my feeling kind of bashful to go up alone, as was somewhat conspicuous with the electric light a-shining that brightly as made me feel glad as 'ow I 'ad put on my bonnet with the cock's feathers, as is all the rage in Paris.

It was a pretty sight to see the ladies and gentlemen a-skating that beautiful and the band a-playing. One pretty young lady, as 'ad the loveliest 'ead of yellow 'air, glided over the ice like a fairy a-cutting of all kinds of fancy figures and a-rolling backwards most beautifully. Then Mr. Sampson pointed out a gentleman as who, 'e said, was the champion skater of the world, and that once he went to Russia and they were that jealous of 'im they wanted to put 'im in prison, which was most unkind treatment; but what can you expect of a nation as is tolerant of only one religion. The young lady with yellow 'air kept looking up and bowing and smiling to Mr. Sampson, and though

all the gentlemen were quarreling among themselves as to who should skate with her, I could see she didn't want any of them but Mr. Sampson, and so I said as 'ow 'e 'ad better join 'er and not to mind me, but 'e answered that I was most pleasant company and 'e would rather stay, as was very kind of him to say so; indeed, as I said to Smith afterward, 'e was a most perfect gentleman, which, as every one knows, is not plentiful.

Well, I was enjoying myself very much, when suddenly I 'eard a cock crow, which gave me such a turn as made Mr. Sampson think I was going to faint, and 'e was very hanxious to get me a glass of water, but I assured 'im I was better, and would 'e kindly tell me something about the Canadian hen, leastways 'ow eggs were selling. He kind of so looked dazed, as though 'e didn't know what I meant, said as 'ow perhaps 'e wan't in that line, and then I told 'im as 'ow Smith was hanxious to know all about eggs, and if I could find some honest dealers 'e would like to deal with them. Well, he brightened up at once, and said as 'ow 'e wasn't in the line, but would be most 'appy to give me all the hinformation 'e could and would introduce me to some traders as was most honest. Just then Julia came and said it was time to go, and Mr. Sampson said 'e would call for me some day and take me to see some of the traders. I am not superstitious, but I will never forget that cock a-crowing just at that time. I 'ad been that selfish enjoying myself and forgetting all about poor Smith's interest, and if that ere cock had not crowed and warned me, I would never 'ave thought of asking Mr. Sampson, as is a most perfect gentleman.

Christmas was most lively at the 'ouse, as Julia gave a dance in the evening, and I must say as I never saw so many pretty girls. I was watching them dance when Sara Ann came up and said as 'ow they were playing whist in the library and would I like a 'and. I started for the library, but I thought I would like a peep at the conservatories first, as they looked very inviting. I was turning round an orange tree, when I saw a young lady a-sitting down and a gentleman bending over 'er and she a-looking just as though she was going to faint, and I 'astened to give 'er my smelling salts, as I 'ave always carried round with me ever since the time I took faint in church and Smith 'ad to take me out, and 'e made such a fuss about it, a-saying has 'ow I might 'ave waited till I got 'ome, which was unkind of 'im, as though I 'ad done it on purpose, as I said to Sara Ann before she married Brown, but she only laughed, and said as 'ow I didn't know how to manage Smith, though I never could see as 'ow she managed Brown any better. Howsumever, the young lady thanked me and said as 'ow she felt better and would go back with me to the rooms, but the gentleman 'e took 'old of 'er 'and and begged 'er to stay, which I thought was selfish of 'im, a-seeing, no doubt, as 'ow some could not stand the smell of flowers through them turning faint, as I said to 'im, but lor'! 'e was that selfish 'e wouldnt listen, and muttered something about throwing 'imself in the river if she didn't stay, and I said as 'ow 'e couldn't do that, for somebody 'ad told me as 'ow it 'ad took firm and fast a day or two ago, at which the young lady commenced to laugh and the gentleman 'e got very red in the face; but just then Sarah Ann came up and said they were a waiting for me to take a 'and, and the young lady said she would come and look on as she took a deep interest in the game.

The gentleman as was my partner I didn't care for very much, as 'e was that bent on gaining everything 'e wouldn't say a word, and when I entered into conversation with my opponent about the egg line, 'e got so angry, and said as 'ow 'e thought whist was a silent game, which I said as 'ow 'e was mistaken, seeing Smith said it was always the time for ladies to talk.

I never did see such a 'ouse as Sara Ann's, there is always something going on, and I was kept that busy that I was afraid Smith would think I was not taking enough interest in the eggs, though I 'ad written 'im quite a long letter on the subject. And Julia she insisted on my seeing as much as possible of Canadian life. One day she said as 'ow I must go and see her hact, as she belonged to a school of hacting which was going to give a performance in aid of some charitable purpose. We left early so as to

get good seats. I had on my best black silk, which, as the saying is, can stand alone, and Mr. Wilson said as 'ow I looked like a picture with my fresh English complexion.

One of the scenes was a grand ball, and Julia and Mr. Wilson were there among the rest as natural as possible, and then they all danced a most beautiful dance, where the ladies kept a-courtesying to the gentlemen, and the gentlemen a-putting their 'ands on their 'eart and bowing back to the ladies very slow and solemn-like, as though their whole mind was given to that line. It was all so beautiful that I couldn't help the tears a-trickling down my cheeks, which is a 'abit of mine when I feel moved, and which Smith says is foolish, there being nothing to cry about, but lor'! men can't enter into women's feelings. Then there was a duel, where one of the seconds was a most disagreeable man, hinsisting that one of the men as was fighting the duel should be killed, which was very unkind of 'im, seeing that tht two wanted badly to be friends. I was glad the poor wife and 'usband as 'ad suffered so much through the misunderstanding made it up and lived 'apily ever afterwards, and I said to Sarah Ann as 'ow it ought to be a warning to the ladies and gentlemen as were present.

Curious things them snowshoes are, and never would I have believed that I would be able to use them, but Julia she was that set on my going for a tramp round the mountain that nothing would do but I must practice in the yard till I was able to walk, and then, as the Hindians used them, I thought as 'ow it would be encouraging them if they knew the people in England took an interest in their 'abits, for I don't 'old with laughing at the ways of conquered people, and if the Americans 'ad been kinder to their Hindians they would not have been looking for Messiahs a-coming to help them. Howsumever, the night arrived for Julia's snowshoe party, and away we started, going up Peel street and getting on the Park road, which, as every one knows, is the mountain. It was a beautiful night, the moon shining that bright that it made me feel homesick, and I couldn't help wondering what Smith was doing, but I really felt unable to talk about him, it seemed somehow out of place on such a night, and so I just gave myself up to the henjoyment of the scene and it really was grand, the mountain a-lifting up its snow-capped summit and the city below with its lights flashing in all directions, while the keen, hinvigourating hair made me feel as though I could walk for miles. And the road was that pleasant, so smooth and well kept that it was quite easy walking. But presently we came to a steep bank, as Mr. Brown said as 'ow we 'ad to get over it. "Just give a little run and you will be over," they said to me. "See, this way," and they scrambled over in no time, which was all very well for them, but seeing as I hadn't practiced on going over hills, for Julia 'ad never said as 'ow I would 'ave to go over any; howsumever, I tried it, and did get half way up, when down I rolled, but Mr. Wilson and another gentleman helped me on my feet again, for it is impossible to get up alone with them snowshoes on. Then two of them took 'old of me and two pushed behind, and finally I got over and said as 'ow I hoped they would be no more 'ills to climb, but law! I was only a-beginning my adventures, for the next thing I knew we 'ad come to a steep place covered with ice, and weren't they a-sliding down that ere 'ill on their snowshoes and a-laughing and a-shrieking as though it were the greatest fun out. "Put your snowshoes close together and sit on the back of them," said Julia, laughing at my fear, but child, I gasped, there is nothing to sit on! "Why yes, don't you see those two sticks sticking out? Now that's the way," and she gave me a push and down I went as nice as you please. It was really surprising to see how nice they all came down, some of them going up to 'ave another slide. Presently we came to some open fields where the snow was very soft, and 'ere I couldn't get along at all; first one leg would disappear away down till I thought as 'ow I would never get it up again, and a two hassisting me on each side, till finally I fell and dragged my hescorts down into a deep ditch as was covered with snow, and there we all three lay as 'elpless as could be till they came to our assistance, and, as the saying is, misfortunes never come alone, I broke one of my snowshoes, and such a time as they 'ad a-getting me across those fields, and me that tired and weary as could hardly stand and a-feeling somewhat put out with the way they laughed, as though they thought it was great fun. Not for all the Hindians in the world will I hever be tempted to go on their queer shoes again."



FOR FAINT and KING  
a Romance of Ville-Marie

BY BLANCHE L. MACDONELL

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

As a host, brilliant, imposing, stately, the Governor-General was at his best. The winning grace, the delicate condescension of his breeding that tempered his strenuous and determined will, charmed his guests.

"A last toast. To the glory of our arms. Help yourselves, gentlemen, and here's to you," carrying to his lips a golden goblet, engraved with his family arms, "To the glory of our arms."

The guests bowed ceremoniously, raising their goblets and repeating, "To the glory of our arms."

The room to which the company adjourned was a long drawing-room, with curtains of the finest turkey red, embossed with a damask pattern, the high carved mantel piece painted white. There were rich faceteuils and sofas, buhl-cabinets and spindle-legged chairs. On rosewood cabinets, inlaid with ivory, stood Japanese jars filled with dried rose leaves and spices. The gathering was as brilliant as beauty and wit could make it. The individuality and fascination which has made of French women a power and rendered them an inspiration to the men of their race, stamped on all around them the impress of their aptitudes, their grace, their charm. In this charmed circle Madame la Marquise reigned like an empress. Card tables were ranged, the older guests played at *lasquet*, *hombre* and *brélan*, the younger members of the party revelled in charades and *bout rimés* or listened charmed to the soft strains of the *théobe*.

Diane had never looked so beautiful, a lovely, persuasive creature, strangely in touch with the spirit of her surroundings. A noble figure, from the white brocade of her robe, haughtily rose the regal head and neck; beneath the powdered masses of her hair, her eyes burned deeply like violet stars.

"The fairest favourite of Versailles cannot compare with this peerless flower of New France. She has that in her face that would send men to death as to a banquet," the Governor, who was a connoisseur in feminine charms, had declared.

"Mademoiselle, will you permit an old man, whom your freshness makes young again, to pay his devoirs," making a low bow, his palms steadying his sword while his spurs clanked and his plumed hat in his right hand swept the ground. He spoke the language of gallantry, the strained courtesies of the Court and high society, but the homage offered was sincere and palpable and carried with it a subtle flattery.

The Chevalier de Crisasi held his place at Mademoiselle de Monestrol's side. The Chevalier was owned, body and soul, by this girl; there was a pathetic dignity in his very hopelessness. Even to hint at his preference was so glaring a departure from French precedence that the courtly gentleman would have shrank from it. He could, however, express many varying meanings with his eyes while the rest of his face remained blandly inexpressive; the most rigid propriety could not deny him that privilege. The soft, southern orbs dis-coursed eloquently, their look of reverential homage melted so marvellously into a glance of burning tenderness, even the slow veiling of his eyes was like a silent salutation. Lydia, looking like a pale, blush rose, childishly engrossed with all about her, always exercised that peculiar charm of careless spontaneity, of purposeless yet inspiring loveliness.

"But she is a Circe, the Demoiselle de Monestrol, superb, a magnificent creature, whose spells are irresistible, but, alas! without heart or soul," sighed d'Ardieux, who found himself secluded from the circle that surrounded Diane, and whose views on matters in general were somewhat bitter in consequence.

"Ah, softly, my friend, but what a comparison." Du Chêne laughed with easy frankness. "Women of the Circe type to me offer no attraction. I prefer something simple and natural."

"Simple and natural, truly, and who could be more simple and natural than our Diane," sharply interrupted Le Ber's niece, Madame de St. Rochs. Wife and mother at thirteen, the young lady wore her matronly dignity with exaggerated demureness, or sometimes, in the wild exhilaration of youthful spirits, forget it altogether. Now, with her brown, mutinous, piquant face, she looked, in her rich costume, like some pretty, mischievous child, masquerading in the stately robes of a grown woman.

"Sainte Dame! who so good to the little ones as Diane? who so patient with the old and the sick? When my baby—"

"When that baby's mother," mischievously interrupted Du Chêne, his eyes twinkling with fun, "heartlessly abandoned it to go coasting with the children, Diane, doubtless, took the marmot under her protection. Say then, is it not so, cousin?"

"Not at all, cousin. I went only to see that no harm befell the little ones."

"And were tempted to join in the amusement. What a situation for a matron of experience," provokingly, "and the doll, Louise, that was so long hidden in the oak chest that Armand, believing it a secret, concealed from him, became wildly jealous. When the baby was ill, St. Rochs cradled the little one on one knee and his wife on the other, singing lullabies to the two babies at once. Was it not so, Louise?"

Madame de St. Rochs flushed angrily, tears of vexation sprang to her eyes, though she made a determined effort to control herself. It was the Demoiselle de Monestrol who came to her aid.

"Say, then, Louise, have you heard of the Indian witch who is camped at the foot of the mountain. She is said to have attained a marvellous age and to be possessed of extraordinary powers."

"She foretold the disasters of the Sieur La Salle," said Crisasi.

Regarding the Chevalier with attention, Diane, by aid of that new intuition that vitalizes all her faculties, perceives a change. Is it the misery of sleepless nights and weary days, the sick craving of a heart at variance with itself? A swift thrill of misgiving crossed her mind.

"Let us organize a promenade to visit her," urged Madame de St. Rochs. "Baptiste Bras de Fer can tell us all about her. A genuine witch—*ciel*—let us go."

"Oh, fie, then Louise, such vagaries are unfitting a dignified matron. Your destiny is already settled," the glimmer of laughter was already shining in Du Chêne's eyes.

"Rest tranquil, cousin, it is about your fate I would concern myself. And, oh! I would know if Armand is soon to rise in the army; we have, indeed, need of a larger income. And Diane! the Chevalier and the Sieur d'Ardieux. I would know all." Madame de St. Rochs would not include Lydia, whose beauty and tractability had never won her favour, and against whom she had conceived a bitter and inveterate prejudice.

"I could tell you all that myself, Louise, would you have a glance into futurity?" Diane's eyes sparkle and scintillate with a glance of audacious mischief. "Lydia will become a nun of the Congregation of Notre Dame, Louise will be a great grandmother before she is forty, the Chevalier will receive a command, the Sieur d'Ardieux will regain his rights."

"And my cousin, Du Chêne?"

"Du Chêne will be Governor of New France,"

with a momentary stirring of impatience, quick and vital.

As the party came out into the street the flambeaux of the servants, picking their way as best they could through the mire, by lights of a chance lantern or a still open shop, flared wildly against the solemn evening sky.

"It is against the rules of the Church—this expedition," hazarded Lydia, raising the most beautiful of anxious eyes.

"Then risk it not," urged Madame de St. Rochs sharply. "For us that promenade takes place tomorrow. We will do ample penance, Father Denys is not severe."

"There is but evil to be found with the Witch of the Woods, I answer to you for it, Mesdames and Messieurs." Bras de Fer removed his pipe from his mouth and gazed around reflectively at the circle of eager faces that surrounded him. "Trust to the experience of a *coureur de bois*, to whom the silence of the desert has taught much that is not found in books. I could tell you tales of the most exciting of the Lady of the Iris, whom the Redskins call Matshi Skonéon."

"Tell us, then, pray thee, good Baptiste," implored Madame de St. Rochs.

"The Matshi Skonéon is in alliance with the Spirit of Evil. Her green eyes possess the power of fascination like those of a snake. On her head she wears a crown of iris flowers; she is surrounded by flames of fire. She never appears in the light of day. At midnight she descends upon a ray of moonlight and appears in the foam of waterfalls, the shadow of dark rocks, on the silent sand of the seashore or amidst the mists, rising from the valley. Her favourite hour is when all Nature reposes—the time when fire-flies dance over the rank marshes, when bats beat the air with their wings and cling with their slim nails to the rocks, when the silence is only broken by the croaking of frogs and the *hou-hou* of night birds, it is then that the Matshi Skouéon descends to gather the iris with which she crowns herself, and to invoke the Great Manitou." "Children," say the old people, "never go near the river by moonlight. Hidden behind the rushes the Lady of the Iris watches for her prey and her voice entralls the senses. Woe to him who falls into her power."

Far in the heart of the forest stood the solitary wigwam of the Witch of the Woods. The witch was a tiny old woman, wrinkled and shrivelled like a mummy; it seemed as though the whole force of a vigorous vitality had gathered in her luminous, dark eyes. Displaying no surprise at the late hour which her visitors had chosen for their visit, she received them with cringing servility, and her chief characteristic appeared to be a sort of animal cunning, inspired by instinct and not by reason. When the merry party found themselves brought into direct contact with the consequences of their indiscretion, all the fun of the enterprise faded away, and only the undefined sense of terror and mystery remained. Superstition bound intelligence with restraints both potent and stringent in those days, and existence was so environed with encroaching dangers of many kinds that it did not require any effort of a specially vivid imagination to create phantoms of solicitude and dread. Amidst the silence of the impenetrable forest a vague sound made itself heard; at first scarcely perceptible, then approaching and becoming more distinct, prolonged in waves of tender harmony, only to recede and die faintly away. These mysterious sounds seemed to proceed from different directions.

"Ah, well, Mesdames and Messieurs, will you now believe the word of a man who has not gained his knowledge from books? Midnight, the first night of the new moon. *Voilà!*"

"Bah! that is a seal on the rocks, far in the distance," responded Du Chêne promptly.

"Mon Dieu! I fear I dare not." Madame de St. Rochs turned her troubled, childish face, the brown eyes moist with tears, towards her companions when informed that those who would penetrate the mysteries of futurity must, one by one, accompany the witch into still deeper recesses of the forest, and Du Chêne assured her that, as matron of the party, it was absolutely essential that she should set an example of courage and dignity.

"Parbleu! that is demanding too much of a lady. It is the place of the gentlemen to lead the way," proposed Crisasi. "I shall be charmed to venture first. Having little to risk——"

"And as your friends are well aware, being a stranger to fear," added Du Chêne.

When the Chevalier returned his smile was suave, his tone bland as usual; no one would have divined that the Sicilian had received and steadily believed in a confirmation of his own death warrant. Towards Diane he had gained a new confidence; his manner was respectful as became a gentleman, but he scarcely withdrew his eyes from her face. The miserable past and doubtful future were forgotten in the rich flavour of the exquisite present, intensified now by the knowledge of its brief duration.

Du Chêne re-appeared, looking flushed and annoyed.

"It is but a cheat. I saw nothing, but the water was red as blood," he announced.

"*Mort diable*, I am convinced that no deception exists," d'Ardieux shook his perfumed locks excitedly. "I have had the very happiest predictions, the promise of realizing my dearest hopes."

"I wish we had not been tempted to come. I shall vow a taper to the Virgin to preserve us from harm," whispered Madame de St. Rochs.

"I am persuaded it is very wicked," murmured Lydia, her blue eyes swimming in tears. She was so deliciously timid and gentle that in his efforts to reassure her Du Chêne was betrayed into several trifling follies, but her scruples never induced her to abandon her intentions, and she returned from the interview radiant, flushed and conscious.

The shade of the trees was excessively dense, and for an instant Diane stood still, confused by the prevailing obscurity, and a sense of mystic atmosphere, within which all things seemed transformed. As she regained the power of vision she perceived the witch, with a long wand in her hand, standing before a fountain of water. She was speaking rapidly in her own tongue, her voice rising and falling in a weird, monotonous chant, a strange fantastic incantation, in which numbers of distant voices appeared to join, and which borrowed a sombre power from the stillness of the solemn hour and the perfect quiet of the forest. Then resounded and echoed a slow, solemn chant, dreamy and plaintive, redolent of mystery and melancholy—long drawn sighs—the echo of angels' voices—the dreams of cradled children; the song of the winds—magical accents that captivate the imagination. Quick and bright came thin, broken notes, rising into a mad, reckless gaiety that set the blood aflame, when suddenly changing it became sadly mournful like the autumn wind, moaning in the branches, deepening and still deepening till the sonorous tones, recalling now the flourish of trumpets on the battle field, anon, a funeral hymn floating through the dim aisles of some vast cathedral. The witch's decrepit form expanded, acquiring size, height and dignity, the crafty, sensual features gained a strange power and majesty. It was an entrance into a dream life. A sudden sense of supreme mystery, of dominant and all but overpowering force, took possession of the French girl. Every thought of her heart to the very depths of her being seemed familiar to this strange influence and responsive to its call. She shivered with an excited desperation of feeling, of mingled desire and apprehension, of attraction and repulsion. A rich, heavy perfume, resembling the fragrance of incense, filled the air, and a mist, like a thick cloud, rose from the water and then floated away in delicate, airy wreaths of vapor. Obeying an imperious gesture from the squaw, the girl advanced and bent over the basin. There emanated from it an indistinguishable influence of temptation and attraction, an intense desire for a clearer vision.

Diane's attitude seemed to stiffen. As her eyes rested on the water, the pupils dilated in a fixed and terror-stricken gaze. Was it a tissue of fancy and reality that formed a creation fantastic? Vaguely as in a dream, dimly as in the distant past, she perceived distant vistas, all weird and cabalistic, peopled by throngs of spectral shapes, and resounding with remote and uncertain

footsteps. Out of the weird darkness there glided wavering, shadowy figures, at first faint and almost indefinite, then gradually becoming more distinct. Clear and distinct, every detail delicately perceptible, the scene shaped itself before her eager gaze. It was a spacious apartment, two nuns moved softly to and fro, around the lofty four-post bed; wax tapers, in tall, curiously chased silver candlesticks, burned dimly; lying on the bed, still and stately, like the heroic statue of some young knight asleep upon his tomb, was a young man. In the shadow a girl, slender and delicately formed, knelt upon a *Priedieu*, her head bowed upon her clasped hands. In the flickering, uncertain light, there was something strangely familiar about it all. Surely that aged *religieuse*, with the sweet, benign expression, resembled the venerable Sister Marguerite Bourgeois, and that other, taller, more active, was none other than the Soeur Berber, Superior of the Congregation of Notre Dame. The girlish mourner moved and slowly turned her head. A horrible, paralyzing dread ran shudderingly through Mademoiselle de Monestrol's veins, for the face, bloodless, haggard, convulsed by an inexpressible grief, was her own. For an instant a thick revolving cloud of darkness passed before her in the mystic light, she was conscious that the glowing eyes of the witch were riveted intensely upon her; in their dumb pathos they were like those of some wounded animal.

Diane did not often lose command of herself. She raised her white face, from which, as from a waxen mask, the sweetness of her eyes glanced proudly and confidently.

"We have been guilty of a folly, it is but an idle jest," drawing herself up with a pretty, assured dignity she spoke graciously and deliberately.

"Never yet has it been in the power of danger and disaster to daunt the spirit of a De Monestrol."

The party walked home very merrily. Listening to their gay chatter and badinage no one would have guessed that, with the exception of three, each one of the group had looked a tragic fate in the face.

"It has been tiresome and not worth the trouble," in the serenity and composure of Diane's pose and gesture it seemed as though her girlish passion and misery had completely faded out of her remembrance and her heart no longer beat with a pained, fierce heat.

That night as she lay awake, a strange flash of realization came over her. Panting with pain and terror, flinging up her hands in the darkness, she cried desperately.

"Holy Virgin, deliver me. That which I never imagined has come upon me—has conquered me—that which will never leave me in peace all my life long. Too late—the woman's heart has come to me too late," she sobbed and gasped and panted, with her hand clenched hard against her heart.

#### CHAPTER XI.

"Was I, a careless woman, set at ease,  
That this so bitter cup was brimmed for me."

—C. ROSETTI.

The land awoke glad and fragrant at the caress of the pale dawn, the birds clamored in their nests, the fish rose in the lazy streams, the robins sang plaintively among the shrubs; Mount Royal, St. Helen's Island and the St. Lawrence all glowed and palpitated in the magical, summer haze, though a dark cloud of alarm and consternation hung over the colony. As events drew closer the circle of fire the air was full of rumours concerning the expedition which it was alleged the English were about to direct against Canada. Priests and traders, nobles and bourgeois, *coureur de bois* and red-skinned children of the forest all forgot prejudices and animosities in the common interest and were united in the extremity of the common peril. The situation of the colony was most precarious. The town of Ville Marie was defended only by a palisade of stakes. The garrison consisted of but seven or eight hundred soldiers. The prolonged echoes of the cannon reverberated from Mount Royal and across the St. Lawrence, as the guns were fired to recall the troops that had been scattered about the country, to protect the *habitants* while gathering their harvests. Yet through all some elements of

Gallic light-heartedness mingled with the poignant distress of the moment. Soon the soldiers began to arrive, accompanied by the peasants from the surrounding country, who sought shelter under the protection of the forts. The clamour of fear and anxiety, the multitudinous sounds created by the vital, strenuous current of human existence, penetrated even to the seclusion of the recluse's quiet cell.

Yielding to the urgent prayers of the Sisters of the Congregation, Jeanne Le Ber wrote upon a sacred picture a prayer of her own composition, addressed to the Virgin; this the Sisters caused to be fastened up on a barn in the country, owned by the community and peculiarly liable to attack, in order to preserve it from harm. It was Anne Barroy's hour of triumph, and her pride swelled to enormous proportions. At this moment beauty, birth and worldly pride could bear no comparison with the temporal as well as spiritual advantages connected with the possession of superior holiness. Even Nanon was somewhat daunted by the overwhelming force of circumstances.

"Our saint" and "that sainted one" were the mildest terms in which Mademoiselle Barroy alluded to her cousin.

"When I enter her apartment," Anne would recount with impressive solemnity, "I perceive in the air a certain odor of sanctity which gives me the sensation of an agreeable perfume. Truly she speaks like a seraph and is the companion of angels. Indeed, our saint accumulates merits against the day of judgment. In her earliest years she began the study of perfection, every virtue was seen and admired in her. It is the country of saints, this. Behold, the head of the martyred Jesuit Father, which amazed the Iroquois, who had cut it off for scolding them roundly for their perfidy, and threatening them with the vengeance of Heaven. Think also of the handkerchief of the late Père Le Maître, stamped indelibly with the features of its former owner."

"Might I commend myself to the good prayers of Mademoiselle and particularly to the sacrifice of the Mass," urged Jean, with eager subserviency, "and are you quite persuaded, Mam'zelle Anne, that our saint's credit with the powers of Heaven, will prove sufficient to protect the colony from all danger?"

"Certainly. Can you doubt the power of the saints?"

"Assuredly not, nor should I dare presume. Without doubt, it is a convenience to find oneself under the same roof as a holy saint, if she but remembers the needs of the poor sinners, and exerts her credit with St. Joseph and all the holy saints on our behalf. Could Mademoiselle Le Ber be persuaded to write me but a little word that I might wear with my *scapulaire*. Voila! Mam'zelle like Mademoiselle herself, have I denied myself the happiness of matrimony in order to merit the favour of Heaven?"

"Ta, ta, ta, there are saints and saints, my son," interrupted Nanon sharply.

"Wilt thou, then, dare to compare thyself to Mademoiselle, who is an expiatory offering for the sins of her country and not a refuge for lazy valets? It is that unruly ostrich, Nanon, who is at the bottom of thine impertinence," cried Anne in a fury.

"Mam'zelle Anne has always reason, yet doubtless you will allow that my bones are precious to me, and it is but right to take thought for oneself." When Jeanne Le Ber's prayer disappeared, stolen from the edifice to which it had been attached, no one suspected the immense solace which Jean derived from having it comfortably tucked away under his scapulaire.

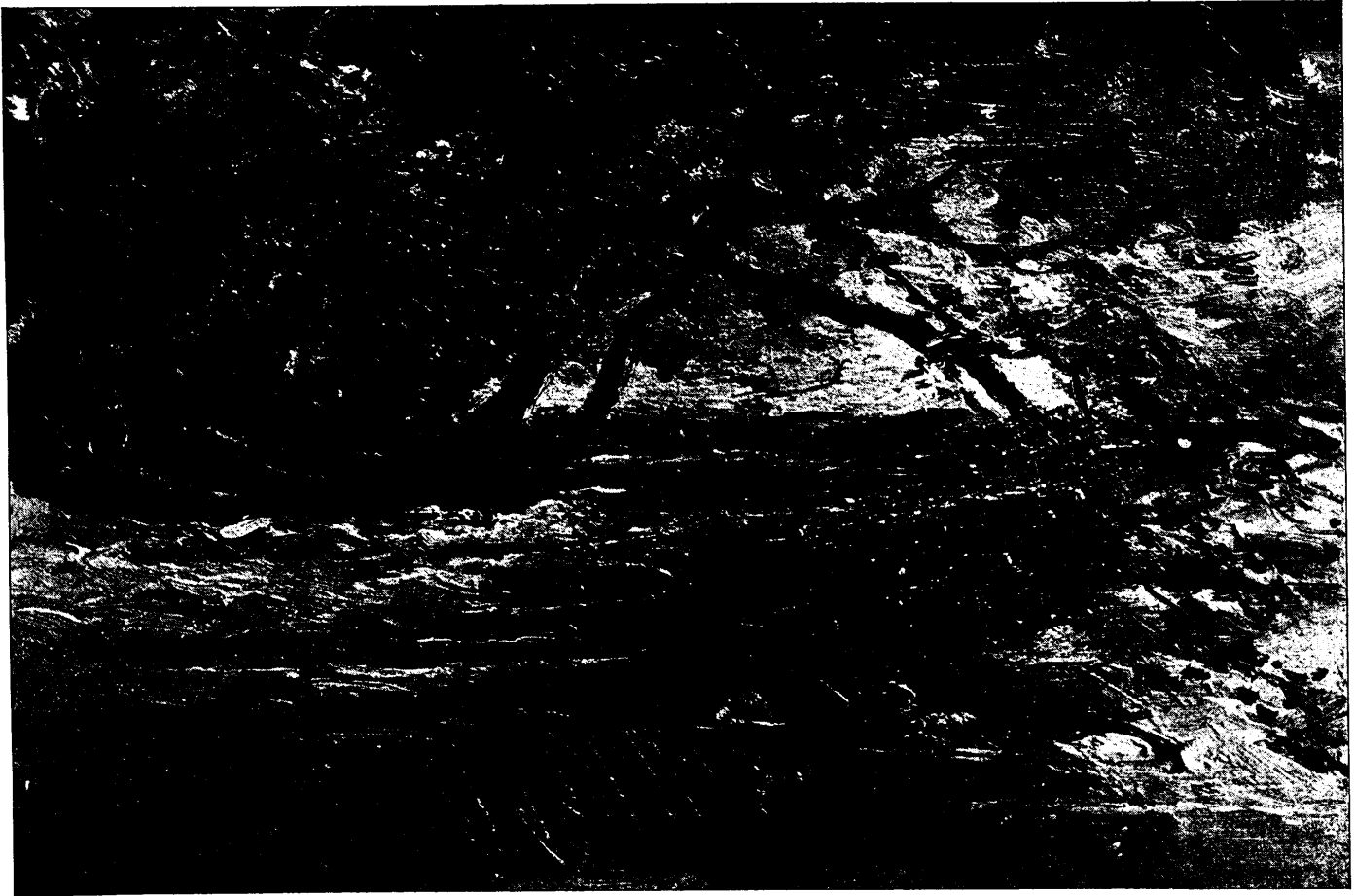
Scouts coming into the town informed the Military Governor, M. de Callières, that Peter Schuyler, with two hundred and sixty-five men, a hundred and twenty Dutch or English, the remainder of his party being made up of Mohawks, Wolves and Mohegans, was marching on Montreal, and Dame Rumour magnified the actual facts to the most exaggerated proportions. A crowd of anxious people blocked up the street in every direction.

"Is it true," asked the baker, "that the invaders are close at hand?"

(To be continued.)



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A NEW BRUNSWICK SKETCH.

## A TALE OF THE U. E. LOYALISTS.

"Were the British really so cruel to the American colonists, Auntie?" said little Hattie with a sigh, as she closed a bound volume of St. Nicholas. Dearly this wee girl loves British glory, and very fond is she of her charming St. Nicholas, and so she felt grieved because she had vainly tried to harmonize the stories of the latter with her ideas of the former.

The question was addressed to a fine looking, elderly lady, and Hattie gazed bewildered at the anger it excited in her usually placid friend. To excuse herself, she slipped her little hand into that of her companion, and was surprised to find herself clasped in a warm embrace; emerging from this, she pressed her rosy lips on Auntie's wet eyelids and snuggled down to hear what had brought the tears there.

"It is a down-right shame!" exclaimed the old lady, "Canadian children are allowed to fill their heads with stories about the hardships Britain imposed on the American colonists and the bravery and skill with which the latter won their independence, while not a word is told them regarding the sufferings and fortitude of the U. E. Loyalists."

"A Loyalist is one who loves king and country," here interrupted Hattie, "but what does U. E. mean?"

"I'll tell you what it meant to my grandfather!" was the answer, while the fine head was poised yet more proudly and the brown eyes flashed fire. "Grandfather B——, my mother's father, owned a large estate in Georgia. When the war of American Independence broke out he took sides with the British, and even joined their forces. When Burgoyne surrendered he contrived to make his way

home, to assure my grandmother of his safety. He was a kind-hearted, pleasant-tempered man, who would cheerfully share his last crust with a needy fellow-soldier without asking whether he fought for King George or Washington. It was hard to induce him to believe that his life was sought by men to whom, in more prosperous days, he had shown neighborly kindness. He yielded solely to his desire to relieve her painful anxiety when, with but a hurried embrace of wife and children and a few prayerful words of hope, he fled in secrecy from his home. That was none too soon though, for scarcely had he gone when a guard entered, seeking the life of the man who had dared be true to the flag of his and their fathers. Short shrift these patriots gave a man guilty of *that crime*—a halter and the nearest tree served his turn—they had been more merciful to a horse thief.

Those around the lonely wite gleefully recounted the tale of such as met this fate, even her own kin reproached her for still loving him, until, convinced that her hero was slain, the faithful heart broke, and the weary, desolate woman found rest in the grave.

The property should have been more than sufficient to have educated their three little orphan girls, but the desire for plunder and hatred of the principles held by their father were sufficient to cause these innocent children to be persecuted. Their mother's brother was wealthy and lived near them, but he seemed quite indifferent to their fate. They were simply sold by him as drudges to one and another neighbour, until Katie and Mary, the two elder girls, ran away to the nearest town, where they sought and found places as servants, and there, where their story was

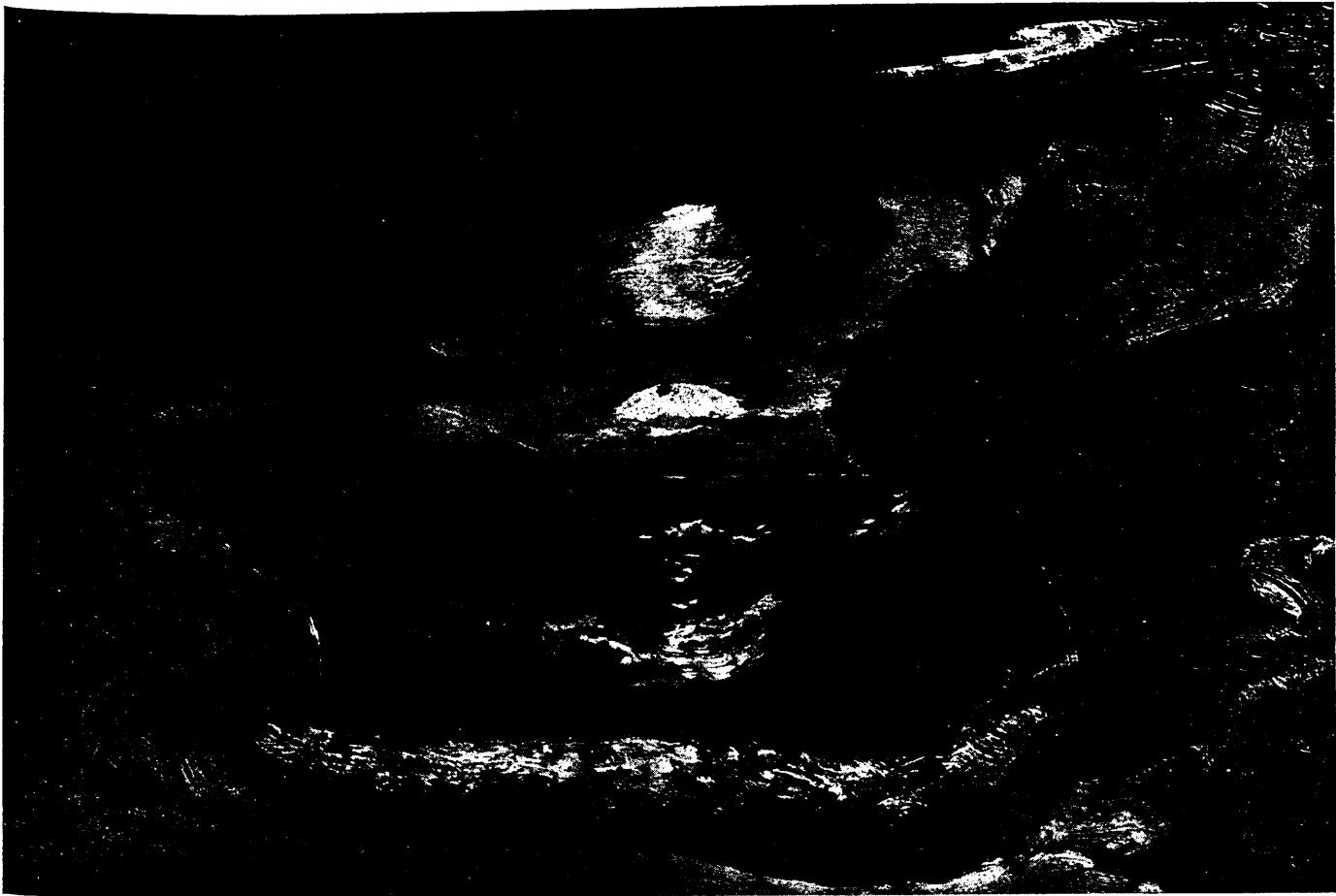
not known, they were more kindly treated; but alas for baby Nell! their mother's little dark-eyed darling. Vainly did Katie implore her uncle to take care of Nellie; vainly did she try to even keep trace of where he had placed her. The little innocent was hated for her resemblance to the brave father she had lost before she could lisp his name.

The war closed, peace was declared, and loyal British subjects were at liberty to leave the country over which the Red Cross of Britain no longer floated; but times did not alter for the three little ones until one day, on an errand for her mistress, Katie saw a face she had never forgotten, although taught to believe the grave had long closed over it. One glance into the dark eyes, and she had sprung forward with the glad cry of "Father! father!" and then sobbed out on his breast: "Oh, father, Mary is safe! We can see each other sometimes, but Nellie! Nellie is—I couldn't, I couldn't ever find where uncle had put her!

Eager questioning elicited a brief outline of the mother's sad fate, and her dying hope that malice would have spent itself on her, and pity be shown after her death to the helpless children she left behind her. Mary was quickly sought, and both children released from servitude, but it took time and money to trace little Nellie to where she was at last found, toiling in the fields in company with some negro children, for her uncle had sold her as a *slave*.

She was so tanned by hard usage and exposure, they were forced to strip bare her little body to prove she was a white child. With no good-will to the new republic, you may be sure, grandfather sought a home in Canada, where the government did what it could to make amends to him and those who, like him, had sacrificed their homes and risked all they held dear for love of British rule. These people were called the United Empire Loyalists because they had endured so much to prevent dismemberment of the empire; this was afterwards, for convenience, shortened into U. E. Loyalists.

MUNCHIE.



THE LAIR.

## POINTS.

BY ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale.

—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

It is during these long winter evenings that the voice of the debating society is heard in the land. Throughout the new year these societies may be expected to continue their good "resolutions," while they deliberate as usual upon Resolved This, That and The Other Thing. As a result of these deliberations, the usual round of evils will, no doubt, be abolished for the thousand and first time. What a pity it is they will not stay abolished. Abolished over and over again, the usual round of evils nevertheless continue to show remarkable signs of vitality. Bones of contention of long standing with the debaters, have been the subjects of capital punishment, and secret societies. But as to the latter, the "secret" of their abolition does not seem to have been exactly hit upon as yet; and as to the former, no doubt Radcliffe expects to fall into another job some day.

\* \* \*

That "tea meetings" and "church socials" should be necessary to induce people to contribute for religious purposes, says more for the appetite than it does for the conscience of the average christian. Not to enjoy such entertainments is, of course, a matter of taste; and to enjoy them is also a matter of taste, largely of the kind that is in one's mouth. Other methods of raising money are from time to time tried and abandoned, nothing seeming to draw like a liberal supply of groceries and provisions. As an abstract matter of duty, the congregation should contribute voluntarily sufficient to meet the demands; and the moral effect of such contributions would be infinitely greater than that of cash paid out gingerly for an "equi-

valent." In many cases the clergy realize this, but in many cases they are helpless. The experiment has been tried of abandoning church entertainments, and simply asking at certain times for special voluntary contributions; although it might be premature as yet to pronounce upon the success of the experiment. At all events, they who "do what they can" will verily get their reward; even though it be not in the shape of a lovely oyster, a ham sandwich or a glass of homeopathic lemonade.

\* \* \*

It seems that the paper flower fad, like the flowers themselves, is still in full blossom. For collars and car wheels paper does well enough, but it seems too commonplace for purposes of æsthetic decoration. Certainly the flowers that bloom in the spring are worthy of all that Mr. Gilbert may say or sing concerning them; but paper flowers, on the other hand, are the flowers that bloom *in the fall*, and they do not inspire the Muse to any great extent. They do not hold the mirror up to nature. Superstitious Brahmins tell of some sacred and mystical blue flower that blooms only in paradise. The paper flower would more resemble some sacred and mystical flower that bloomed nowhere.

\* \* \*

Having heard sad tales of how comparatively few of the fair sex there are out in our great North West, I have rejoiced to still find myself here in the east within the radius of the light of their pretty countenances. Perhaps if Horace Greeley were alive now he would alter his advice, and say "Young woman go west." But a cause for apprehension looms upon the horizon. The enterprising Mormon may interfere in more ways than one with the poor but honest Canadian. And I think we shall have good cause to be jealous if he attempts anything of a monopoly out there.

The "nickel-in-the-slot" machine shows that (like the machine itself) the "world do move." This is certainly an age of invention. This marvellous contrivance is not confined to the chewing-gum business, but its application is becoming so extended that there is no knowing where it will end. It is said to have been used even for a charity ball, where all one had to do was to drop a nickel in the slot and draw the name of his partner for the next dance. And we can very easily see how the same thing might be utilized by the newspapers, by bearing some inscription asking one to drop a nickel in the slot and get, for example, a copy of the *Evening Worldling* or the latest "election returns." It is more than likely to be the case, however, that you drop a nickel in the slot and get—left!

\* \* \*

Many and curious are the devices employed or the purpose of impressing things upon the memory. Of these, no doubt the most common, as well as the simplest, is the customary string tied around one's finger; and allied to this method is changing a ring from one finger to another. Other devices are more complex. Indeed, in the Model Museum at Ottawa, there is a model of a machine to assist in memorizing, the principle depending chiefly upon the adjustment of colours and association of ideas. A gentleman who desired to remember which is the "port" side of a ship, used to arrive at in this way: he would think of port wine, which is red, this colour suggested blood, blood suggested the heart, the heart suggested the left side, and thus he arrived at the "port" side of a ship. An eccentric student, when he was studying history, used to *sing* it to some familiar air; so that he could recall the passages afterwards by running over the tune. It is said that John Bright used to memorize, in connection with his speeches, all sorts of grotesque images to suggest what he had to say.



## THE WEDDING RING,

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," "STORMY WATERS," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER V.—Continued.

A wooden gate, set in a red brick wall, and leading to a short gravelled carriage drive, led to the house, a pretty and pleasant two-story building swathed about to its chimney cowls in rose-vine and creepers. A glass roofed verandah ran the entire length of the house, supported on square wooden pillars, and covered also with the same sweet smelling growths. The still summer air was heavy with their breath.

A fire of roses, roses white and red and pink and yellow, burned on the lawn before the house, and sun smitten roses glowed like lamps all over its front. The door stood open, and Mr. Herbert entered, like a frequent guest certain of his welcome.

Bream, following him, found himself in a wide, old-fashioned entrance hall, occupying the whole depth of the house back to the open French windows leading to a second and wider lawn. A mighty chestnut tree, in full leaf, stood in its centre, and on either hand it was bounded by the sweeping curve of the shrubbery, through a wide gap of which the corner of a hayrack and fields of tall green wheat were visible.

The hall was solidly and comfortably furnished as a reception room; and on the left a door led to another apartment; on the right was a huge open chimney, with a wide tiled hearth and wooden settees. The place was a curious and pleasant mixture of old architecture and modern conveniences, and of old and modern decorations. Strange mon-

sters, born of the fancies of Chinese and Japanese artists, encumbered the high mantelshelf, and delicately coloured fans and exotic plaques of earthenware shone against the fully polished black oak of the walls.

"What a delightful room," said Bream.

Mr. Herbert, with a sigh of content, sank his portly frame into an arm-chair.

"I shall really be very glad of a cup of tea," he remarked.

"Dora!" called a clear feminine voice on the lawn outside. "Dora, my darling!"

Dora's voice was heard in answer from a distance, and a quick patter of light feet on a gravel path showed that she and her unseen summoner were close to the open French window. Bream, who had taken a seat behind the vicar, started and stared with a sudden wonder and doubt in his face. Mr. Herbert, flicking the dust from his shoes and gaiters with his pocket-handkerchief, took no notice of these signs of perturbation.

"Go and tell Johnson," the voice proceeded, "to pick some strawberries for tea."

"Oh, mamma, can I help?"  
 "I think you had much better not," said the voice. "You had better go to Barbara and get her to dress you. Look at your shoes, and oh! what hands. There, run away and tell Johnson."

The little feet were heard fading in the distance. "Am I mad?" Bream asked of himself, "or dreaming?" I would know that voice among a thousand."

A lady, clad like the child to whom she had been overheard speaking, in a white summer dress, entered at the open window and glided towards the two visitors. Bream's face, as he rose, was against the light, and only dimly visible. Mr. Herbert had stepped forward to their hostess.

"I have taken the liberty," he began—  
 "Which is not at all a liberty, to begin with," said Mrs. Dartmouth with a pleasant smile.

"Thank you—I have done myself the honour, let me say, to make known to you the Reverend Mr. Bream, my future assistant in the duties of my parish. You will remember that I mentioned his name to you a day or two ago."

"I remember very well," said Mrs. Dartmouth, extending her hand frankly to Bream. He took it with a curious clumsiness. "Welcome to Crouchford, Mr. Bream. You are here," she said to Mr. Herbert, "just in time for tea."

"Then I am here, Mrs. Dartmouth," said the reverend gentleman, "just at the time I wanted to arrive at. We have had a long walk and the roads are—ah! dusty."

"It is laid on the lawn. Will you come out?" She led the way to where, under the spreading shade of the great chestnut tree, a table gleamed, set with the whitest of cloths and the prettiest of glass and china, to which a stout, homely-brown faced woman of thirty, dressed in a neat cotton print in contrast with the ruddy brown of her face and her bare arms, was just putting the finishing touches.

"That'll do, Barbara, thank you," said her mistress. "Will you see that Miss Dora changes her shoes?"

Barbara, with a courtesy to the reverend gentlemen, which Mr. Herbert repaid with a fatherly nod and smile, and Bream passed unheeded, went into the house.

"Mr. Herbert tells me, Mr. Bream," said Mrs. Dartmouth, when the little party were seated in the rustic chairs set about the table, "that your last curacy was in London—in Westminster, I think?"

"Yes," Bream answered.  
 "You will find this a pleasant change, I hope; the country is really delightful in this neighbourhood."

Bream, a little more collected, replied, "Beautiful, indeed."

"Bream," said Mr. Herbert, "is hardly altogether a stranger here. He is, to a certain extent—ah! *en pays de connaissance*. He is an old friend of Sir George Venebles."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Dartmouth. "You know Sir George, Mr. Bream?"

"We are old friends. We were at Rugby together, and at one time were inseparable. We have seen little of each other of late, from many causes. I believe he has spent most of the last five years almost entirely abroad. I have to thank him for my appointment as curate here, for it was he who introduced me to Mr. Herbert and induced him to engage me."

"Sir George and I are old friends. I was his tenant here before he consented to allow me to buy the freehold," said Mrs. Dartmouth.

Dora arriving at this instant with an enormous glass dish of strawberries, and Barbara following her with the teapot, Mrs. Dartmouth busied herself in distributing the materials of the pleasant meal, additionally pleasant amid such surroundings. Had Mr. Herbert been a man of quick observation, which he decidedly was not, his curate's strangeness of manner since their hostess's appearance could hardly have escaped him. They had made many visits together that day, and Mr. Bream had come through them all with flying colours, and was at that moment being lauded in a dozen Crouchford households as a delightful companion. Here, he

was decidedly stiff and embarrassed, and though he had recovered from the first shock of the condition with which he had met Mrs. Dartmouth, he was still constrained in voice and manner, and looked harder and longer at the lady than was altogether polite or necessary.

Mrs. Dartmouth seemed quite at ease under his scrutiny, unless a livelier flush of colour on her face, which might have been equally accounted for by the heat or by the shade of the large pink Japanese umbrella attached to the back of the chair she sat in, was called there by his protracted reading of her features. She addressed her conversation, after the beginning of the meal, mainly to Mr. Herbert, who answered with a rather high-flown clerical gallantry in the intervals of absorbing a vast amount of tea, now and then bringing Bream into the talk, until after a while he found his tongue and his forgotten manners simultaneously, and came into it himself naturally and easily.

The shadows lengthened on the green as they sat and talked, when Barbara came to her mistress's side with a card. She bent her head for a moment to her visitors, and after glancing at it said to Barbara:

"Certainly, ask him to join us here, and bring another cup and saucer. Sir George Venebles," she announced to her visitors. "You have not met him since you arrived, Mr. Bream?"

"No," said Bream, "though I have a standing invitation to the Lodge. I expect I shall get a blowing up for not having availed myself of it on my first coming here."

Barbara appeared, followed by the new comer. Sir George Venebles was a man in the early thirties, one of those happy people who seem to radiate health as a lantern does light. He had the fair skin, bronzed by constant exercise in the fresh air, and the light brown hair, common among Englishmen, of pure strain. He was, as he looked, as hard as nails all over, and had not an ounce of superfluous flesh anywhere about him, though his breadth was rather more than proportionate to his height, which was five feet eleven in his stocking feet. He wore a short clipped moustache and a crisp brown beard of a golden bronze tinge, which admirably finished a face more remarkable for its evidences of health, pluck and kindness than for accurate beauty of line, though he was a handsome fellow too, judged even by that standard. He was dressed in cords and spurred boots, literally powdered by the dust of the road, and carried a riding crop.

"You're a pretty fellow, don't you think," he asked Bream, after greeting Mrs. Dartmouth, "to have been more than twenty-four hours in the place and never to have given me a call! I called at your diggings just now—just fancy, Mrs. Dartmouth, he's gone and taken Mrs. Jones' first floor, over the Supply Stores in the High-street, when he might have had the free run of the Lodge as long as he liked."

"I shall come over there presently," answered Bream. "It's a maxim of mine to work upwards, not downwards. When I know all the *oi polloi* of the district I shall claim acquaintance with the lord of the manor."

"Do I belong to the *oi polloi*?" asked Mrs. Dartmouth, a question which created a diversion by sending Mr. Herbert's tea the wrong way.

## CHAPTER VI.

### MRS. DARTMOUTH.

The meal finished, Mrs. Dartmouth rose and invited her guests to a stroll about the grounds.

In the dead quiet of the evening air the trees stood silent, no breath of wind waked their leaves to the faintest rustle. The sun was sinking in a placid splendour of rose and gold, and in the opposing heavens a crescent moon was faintly glimmering in an ocean of tender sapphire. A riot of birds came from the winding borkage, blackcap, and thrush, and linnet, and blackbird merrily piping their adieu to the departing sun. The little party passed through the gap in the semicircle of trees on to a broad terrace separating the house domain from the farm.

They had split into two groups, Sir George and Mr. Herbert, and Mrs. Dartmouth and Bream,

while little Dora flitted from one to the other, and from bush to bush like a butterfly.

"Mr. Bream," said Mrs. Dartmouth, when they had got beyond earshot of the others, "I have to beg your forgiveness. Believe me, I do most sincerely."

"For what?" asked Bream.

"For taking no farewell of the only friend I had, seven years ago."

"Surely, Mrs. O'M—I beg pardon, Mrs. Dartmouth, you have no need to ask my forgiveness for that. You have, I suppose, in common with other people, the right to choose your own acquaintances."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Dartmouth, "let there be no conventional phrases between us. I acted wrongly, and I have repented it many a time. When I heard from Mr. Herbert and Sir George that you were coming here I was glad, not merely at the prospect of renewing an old acquaintance, but of apologizing and explaining, if you think my explanation worth listening to."

"I cannot see that you have anything to apologise for," said Bream, "but I shall be glad to hear anything you have to say."

"You cannot know," said Mrs. Dartmouth, "even your sympathy cannot guess, what I suffered before and during the time you knew me in London. I look back on that time now as a soul escaped from purgatory might be supposed to look back on its experience there. I wonder that I came out of it with life and reason. It was only last night—perhaps the mention of your name and the knowledge that you were coming here may account for it—I dreamed that I was back in Westminster, and I woke, crying and sobbing like a child. I woke in that way often for months after I had left London. All that time comes back upon me as a hideous nightmare. I have set myself resolutely to forget it—striven hard to banish any thoughts of it from my mind, but every detail is as clear in my memory to-day as if it had all happened only a week or two ago. I cannot even look at my child, healthy and strong as she is, thank God, without remembering—" She passed her hand across her eyes, as if to clear away some shadow that offended them.

"Why distress yourself by recalling it?" said Bream.

"Because the only way for you to forgive me my ingratitude is by your knowing as much as anyone, other than myself, can know, what a mad desire I had to cancel, to root out, destroy, cast aside, all that reminded me of that time. My one desire was to get free of it, to get beyond it all, to persuade myself, if possible, that it had never been. I passed the first year of my freedom abroad, moving from place to place, trying, in the bustle and movement of travel, to forget. Forget! How could I, when the one thing in the world that was left me to love, my little Dora, brought back memories of that time at every minute of the day! The very pleasure I felt in seeing her grow back to health recalled the agony I had known in seeing her dying—dying of hunger, Mr. Bream, as you saw her."

No hardness of voice or passion of gesture gave any force to her speech. They were not needed. Her voice throbbed as an even note of pain, her face was white, her eyes looked straight before her with something of the wild look Bream remembered in them seven years ago in the garret in Westminster, when he had warned her that Dora's life was in danger.

"I returned to England—not to London, I have never entered London since that day I left the hospital, and, with God's help, I never will. I resolved to try some kind of occupation, some steady daily task, some work that must be done at its appointed hour, and see if that would not banish the memories which had clung to me all over the continent. This house and farm were advertised to let. I am country bred, and had passed most of my early years on a farm, and a longing for the dear old innocent life, for the fields and woods where I had been so happy as a child, came back to me. I took the farm, at first on a lease, and threw my whole heart into its management.

(To be continued.)



# LITERARY and ARTISTIC NEWS FROM NEW YORK

On January 10th the Century Club opened their beautiful new building on 43rd street. It was a great occasion—the Century is the Athenæum of America, and all the most brilliant authors and artists are included in its membership.

In the Sunday *Herald* Rudyard Kipling demolishes San Francisco, and has a seed of truth in everything he says.

Prof. C. G. D. Roberts returned to Windsor, Nova Scotia, on Friday, January 9th, after a stay of some time in New York and Boston.

Rider Haggard is staying in New York at the Victoria. He is on his way to Mexico to gather material for a new novel.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Major, of Vancouver, B.C.; Mr. Edward Grant, of Ottawa, and Mr. J. A. Ritchie, of Ottawa, have been spending the week in New York.

George Bancroft, the historian of the United States, the dean of the literary guild, as his countrymen delighted to denominate him, is dead. All the flags in the city are half-mast high to-day for him. When I spent the evening at his house in Washington two years ago I was very much struck with the broad-minded and judicial way in which he spoke of England and her colonies. His conversation with me naturally turned a good deal on the colonies.

Frank Stockton is in New York, and New York literary society will be centering for the next few weeks round the famous novelist—a man as delightful as his delightful books.

Among the new books I especially note:

**THE RICH MAN'S FOOL**, by Robert C. Givins. (Caird & Lee, Chicago.) A very ingenious book, built up on the transposition of the brain of a dying Russian exile of great ability into the head of the idiot son of a rich American, who has exceptionally perfect physical development. It would be unfair to describe the ingeniously worked-out plot. Whether the operation described is within the limits of the healing art must be left to professional authorities. The book, like all the series, is a handsomely got up fifty cents worth, with several illustrations, but the story is not very artistically told.

**A. D. 2000**, by Lieut. Alvarado M. Fuller. (Caird & Lee, Chicago.) Another of the handsome illustrated volumes of the choice fiction library. The hero, by an abstruse chemical process, becomes hypnotized for over a hundred years, and wakes up to find a vast central sea occupying the Mississippi basin, pneumatic railways crossing the continent in one day, a universal newspaper, malleable glass, liphthalite cartridges, and what not. A very ingenious book. Upon the scientific details professional judges must decide. But the book is decidedly ingenious, though, like the *Rich Man's Fool*, the writer is a little loose.

**THE BUCCANEERS AND MAROONEERS OF AMERICA**, by Howard Pyle (New York, MacMillan, 1891). A fascinating book. Captain Morgan (Sir Henry Morgan), who sacked the City of Panama; the notorious Captain Kidd, Captain Teach, called Blackbeard from his fantastic get-up—the plaited beard, the face smeared black with gun-powder, the lighted matches thrust under his hat-brim, the burning sparks thereof hanging down about his face; of Captain Bartholomew Roberts, and Captain William Avery, who died of starvation at Bideford afraid to claim the treasures he had carried into Bristol. Morgan's adventures are Englished from the quaint Dutch of Esquemeling, a buccaneer himself. It fires the blood of an Englishman, whether born in the old home or in the larger Englands beyond the seas, to read the exploits of "these English-scorners of Spain sweeping the blue sea-way," these bold sea-dogs of the Old Tortuga Strain, and this handsome volume of 8vo., with a round half dozen illustrations, is an astonishing work.

**MARGUERITE**, by Georges de Peyrebrune (Belford Company's series). One of the very best of this series. It is original and charmingly told. A young French noble, of small means and literary, finds in an out-of-the-way game-keeper's hut a little girl savage of 16, with no knowledge of anything, but full of germs of physical beauty and in-

tellectual brilliance. He carries her off to Paris, makes her his mistress and educates her with the idea of making her his wife whenever she is fit to enter society. But the growth of her beauty and accomplishments eclipse him entirely, and she finally leaves him for a larger life just as he is about to make her his wife. It is intimated that she would eclipse Sara Bernhardt—but the story ends with her flight with the poet in whose play she is to appear, the flight taking place on the day after a private rehearsal in which she scores an absolute triumph. This is one of the most charming French stories I have read for a long time.

**THE SNAKES PASS**, by Bram Stoker (Harper's), a very tiresome book, weighed down with dialect and legends and stock-characters. Certainly not without ability, but why give us any more of the young English gentleman falling in love with the Irish peasant girl, and doing all sorts of Quixotic things for her sake. What a relief it would be, for a change, to have a young Irish gentleman and an English peasant girl. At all events, we should get rid of the stereotyped adventures.

**A NEW VOLUME OF POEMS BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON**.—"In the Garden of Dreams," by Louise Chandler Moulton. (Roberts Brothers, Boston, 1890). A unique volume. Alike in its beautiful green and white cover trailed over with golden poppies to typify dreams; in its dainty illustrations by Winthrop Pierce, and in its contents, exquisite. It is not like so many volumes of verse nowadays, merely a year's harvest. There are poems in it which I cut out of Australian newspapers and saved a dozen years ago. Mrs. Moulton's poetry has a quality of its own, delicate, refined, soothing. It puts her at the very head of the poetesses of America. The more you read it the more it gains on you. There is no straining in it. It flows naturally and easily, and yet it takes in the full "harvest of a quiet eye." Her sympathies are genuine and healthy, though the nightingale note of subdued melancholy runs through nearly all her work. There are two sonnets of hers which will, I think, give the idea of the dignity of her power as a sonnet writer—in which I think she is unexcelled by any living American poet.

## THE LAST GOOD-BY.

How shall we know it is the last good-by?  
The skies will not be darkened in that hour,  
No sudden blight will fall on leaf or flower,  
No single bird will hush its careless cry.

And you will hold my hands, and smile or sigh  
Just as before. Perchance the sudden tears  
In your dear eyes will answer to my fears;  
But there will come no voice of prophecy;

No voice to whisper, "Now, and not again,  
Space for last words, last kisses, and last prayer,  
For all the wild, unmitigated pain  
Of those who, parting, clasp hands with despair."  
"Who knows?" we say, but doubt and fear remain,  
Would any choose to part thus unaware?

## THE CUP OF DEATH.

FOR A PICTURE BY ELIHU VEDDER.

She bends her lovely head to taste thy draught,  
O thou stern "Angel of the Darker Cup,"  
With thee to-night in the dim shades to sup,  
Where all they be who from that cup have quaffed,  
She had been glad in her own loveliness, and laughed  
At Life's strong enemies who lie in wait,  
Had kept with golden youth her queenly state,  
All unafraid of Sorrow's threat'ning shaft.

The human Grief found out her human heart,  
And she was fain to go where pain is dumb;  
So Thou wert welcome, Angel dread to see,  
And she fares onward with thee willingly,  
To dwell where no man loves, no lovers part—  
So Grief that is makes welcome Death to come.

Mrs. Moulton's own favourite in this volume, or, at any rate, the poem which she thinks her very best is "The Venus of Burne Jones," which had the honour of appearing in the *London Athenæum*:

Pallid with too much longing,  
White with passion and prayer,  
Goddess of love and beauty,  
She sits in the picture there—

Sits, with her dark eyes seeking  
Something more subtle still  
Than the old delights of loving  
Her measureless days to fill.

She has loved and been loved so often,  
In her long, immortal years,  
That she tires of the worn-out rapture,  
Sickens of hopes and fears.

No joys or sorrows move her—  
Done with her ancient pride,  
For her head she found too heavy,  
The crown she has cast aside.

Clothed in her scarlet splendour,  
Bright with her glory of hair,  
Sad that she is not mortal,  
Eternally sad and fair,

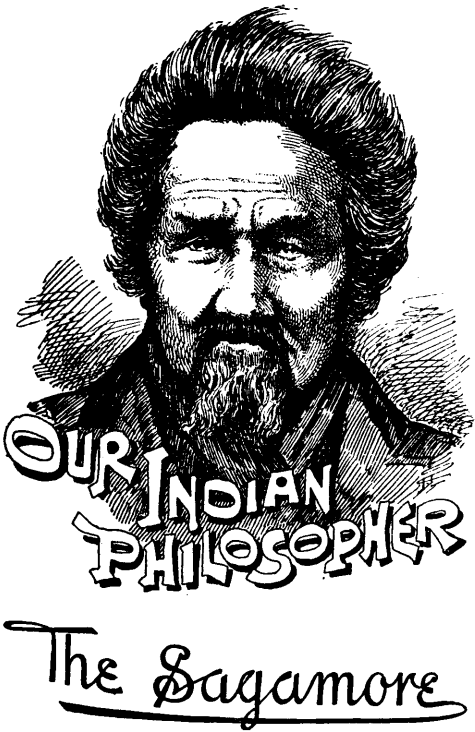
Longing for joys she knows not,  
Athirst with a vain desire,  
There she sits, in the picture,  
Daughter of foam and fire.

"If These Were Dreams to Sell," "At End," are lovely little poems, and "Old Jones is Dead" has some of the irony of Edgar Fawcett. There are many Canadians to whom Mrs. Moulton's salon is known. Rutland square, Boston, is not a very poetical looking place, but at 28 all the poets of Boston who care for literary society at all may be found on one or other Friday afternoon. Mrs. Moulton is as fond of Old England as she is of her native New England. She has not missed a London season for thirteen years, and may generally be found enjoying the hospitality of her friend, Lady Seton, at Durham House, though she nearly always is back by the early winter for her salon in Boston.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

## Death of Nelson.

It was just past twelve o'clock at noon as Collingwood's vessel came to close quarters with the Spanish flagship Santa Anna, and it was more than a quarter of an hour before Nelson's ship came close up to the stupendous four-decker Spaniard, the Santissima Trinidad. He was soon in a terrible contest not only with this great ship, but with the Bucentaure, of eighty guns, the Neptune of eighty guns, and the Redoubtable of seventy-four guns. The Victory and Redoubtable were fast entangled together by their hooks and boom-irons, and kept up the most destructive fire into each other with double-shotted cannon. Both ships took fire; that in the Victory was extinguished, but the Redoubtable finally went down. But it was from the mizzen top-mast of this vessel that one of the riflemen marked out Nelson by his stars, and shot him down. He fell on the deck, on the spot where his secretary, John Scott, had fallen dead just before. Captain Hardy, to whom Nelson had shortly before said, "Hardy, this is too warm work to last long," stooped, and observed that he hoped that he was not severely wounded. He replied, "Yes, they have done for me at last, Hardy." Hardy said he hoped not. "Yes," he answered, "my backbone is shot through." He was carried down to the cockpit, amongst the wounded and the dying, and laid in a mid-shipman's berth. The ball was found to have entered the left shoulder, and to have lodged in the spine; the wound was mortal. For an hour the battle went on in its terrible fury, as the dying hero lay amid those expiring or wounded around him. He often inquired for Captain Hardy, but Hardy found it impossible, in the midst of one of the fiercest and most mortal strifes that ever was waged—the incessant cannonades sweeping away men, masts, tackle, at every moment—to go down. When he was able to do it Nelson asked how the battle went. Hardy replied—"Well, fourteen or fifteen vessels have struck." "That is well," said Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." He then told Hardy to anchor, foreseeing that a gale was coming on; and Hardy observed that Admiral Collingwood would now take the command. At this the old commander blazed forth in the dying man for a moment. He endeavoured to raise himself in the bed, saying, "Not while I live, Hardy! No, do you anchor." And he bade Hardy signal to the fleet this order. His last words were again to recommend Lady Hamilton and his daughter to this country, and to repeat several times, "Thank God, I have done my duty!"



"A very convenient toilet," said the reporter, grimly.  
 "Old man, are you crazy, or am I?"  
 "Nobody," replied the sagamore. "I been thinkin' this thing over since I come home from Toronto and Montreal, and I'm gonto make squaws put on style. Gonto what you call civilize 'um right away."  
 "What did you see in Toronto and Montreal?"  
 "I went to them playhouses," said Mr. Paul.  
 "Ah! the theatres. Did you visit more than one?"  
 "Ah-hah"  
 "And what did you see?"  
 "One place I went heap girls come out on platform showed their legs."  
 "Displayed their shapely limbs," corrected the shocked reporter.  
 "Same thing," said Mr. Paul. "One old bald-head 'longside me said it's best show he seen this winter."

"And it was at the theatre you got your ideas of dress?" queried the reporter.  
 "Ah-hah."  
 "And from the display at one and the other, you concluded that a correct and complete costume would be such as your granddaughter wears."  
 "Ah hah," rejoined the sagamore.  
 "Shades of Venus and Detective B-ers of Montreal!" ejaculated the horrified reporter.  
 "That's all right," said Mr. Paul. "Us Injuns git more like white people every day."  
 The blanket at the door was pulled aside at this moment. As the Indian maiden re-entered the reporter took to his heels. He resolved at the very earliest possible moment to acquaint the people of Montreal and Toronto with this latest phase of the effect of modern civilization on the savage mind.



The reporter pulled aside the blanket that guarded the entrance to the sagamore's wigwam and was about to step within when a glimpse of the interior caused him to close the aperture with a jerk.  
 "Come in," called out the voice of Mr. Paul.

The reporter waited a few moments before again pulling the blanket aside. He did not pause before closing it a second time, for the interior of the wigwam was the same as before.

"If you don't come in here right away you git heap good lickin'," yelled the sagamore.

Thus admonished, the scribe reluctantly pulled the blanket aside, and even as he was commanded so did he. But he kept his eyes fixed studiously upon the floor and blushed clear up to the roots of his eyebrows. For seated at the other side of the fire was something that did not come within several yards of cloth of his ideal of the eternal fitness of things. To put the matter bluntly, it was a person whose apparel was not a very marked improvement on the traditional costume of the savage. And the person was a female. Nor did the forest maiden appear at all abashed. The reporter was conscious, on the contrary, that she regarded herself with no small degree of complacency and pride. Nor was Mr. Paul at all disturbed in his mind. He smoked with the air of a man who was perfectly satisfied with himself and his surroundings. To the reporter, who had been nurtured under the eye of the Citizen's League, this revelation came with the force of a shock. To his infinite relief, the forest maiden rose presently, and after a coquettish movement, which the scribe felt was aimed at him, threw a blanket gracefully about her person and went out.

"Who or what, in the name of all the Greeks, is that?" gasped the reporter when she had gone.

"My gran'daughter," said the sagamore, with evident pride.

"And hasn't the poor thing any clothes?"  
 "Got all he wants," said Mr. Paul.

"Then why, in Heaven's name, doesn't she put them on?"

"He's dressed up to day," proudly replied the grandfather.

"Dressed up, did you say?"  
 "That's what I said."  
 "Well," commented the dazed reporter, "perhaps she is. Look at me, Mr. Paul. Do you notice anything wild in my appearance?"

"You look pooty scart," said Mr. Paul, after a critical survey.

"I could have sworn," murmured the reporter, drawing his hand across his puzzled brow, "that that girl had scarcely anything at all on in the way of costume. And I wasn't drinking last night, either."

"You're all right," said Mr. Paul, assuringly. "That's what you seen. He's dressed up to-day."

"Then I went to that other playhouse up town. Good 'eal more style up there. Got to pay more money git in there. I got up in that gallery place. I seen women in them boxes. They show their arms—their necks—their shoulders—

"Yes, yes," interrupted the reporter hurriedly, "that was a fashionable theatre. The ladies were in evening dress. Those were private boxes."

"Well," said Mr. Paul, "that's best place go to."

"It costs more," said the reporter.

"But you kin see more," said the sagamore.

This is the effect as far as it had gone at the time of his last visit.

SOME USE.

"There's one thing about Stanley's rear column."  
 "What's that!"  
 "It's about the most successful advertising column on record."

THEY ARE NOT REPEATED SO OFTEN.

"Have you ever noticed how the last words of great men cling to our memory?"  
 "Humph! They don't stick half so well as the last words of small women!"

AN OBSERVER'S OPINION.

"What do you think the most notable feature of American literature to day?"  
 "Uncut edges."

HIS FIRST LESSON.

PLUMBER'S BOY (out of breath from running)—Here's the solder—I found it on—the bench—'n'—ra-ra-raced back—all the way!

BOSS PLUMBER (Biff—biff—biff!)—Take that! Th' idea of a plumber's 'prentice running! Do you want to set an example that will ruin the trade? Go on back to the shop 'n' fetch me some rosin; 'n' if ye git here in less 'n' an hour and a half, I'll discharge ye.

—Puck.





THE GREATEST NATION ON EARTH.  
UNCLE SAM.—“We hold that life-liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are the inherent rights of every man!” (?)

## OUR ENGRAVING

**SAMUEL PLIMSOLL, ESQ.**—The subject of our portrait—so well known throughout the Empire as the “seaman’s friend”—is the son of Mr. Thomas Plimsoll, of Plymouth, and was born in Bristol in 1824. He was educated privately under Dr. Eadon, subsequently going into business as a coal merchant, in which he achieved great success. In 1851 he acted as one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Great Exhibition; at the general election of 1865 he unsuccessfully contested Derby, but the seat becoming vacant three years later he again became a candidate, this time with success. He continued to represent that constituency for many years, his political sympathies being with the Liberal party. In 1873 he came prominently before the public as the author of a book, entitled, “Our Seamen—an Appeal,” in which he drew a startling picture of the enormous loss of human life from the overloading of vessels, and from the defective state in which British sailing vessels were permitted to leave port. The publication attracted great attention in England, and resulted in a Royal Commission being appointed to enquire into the subject, the outcome of which was that, in 1875, an act was passed by Her Majesty’s Government, under Mr. Disraeli, correcting the abuses so detrimental to the interests of the British sailor. Mr. Plimsoll’s recent visit to Canada, in connection with the cattle export trade, is fresh in the minds of our readers.

**THE LATE WM. WELD, ESQ.**—The sad particulars of the death of this gentleman, on 3rd inst., caused a sensation throughout Western Ontario, especially in London, where he had lived for many years. Mr. Weld was a native of England, his father having been Rector of Tenterden, Kent. Born in 1824, he came to Canada in 1843, and spent 23 years in the higher branches of agriculture. In 1866 he

commenced the publication of *The Farmer’s Advocate*, which speedily became a great success, and is now one of the best known agricultural journals in the country. From that date until his lamented death his time was devoted to the interests of that paper, and to the improvement of the qualities of grain used by the farmers in the vicinity of London. Married in 1845, he leaves a large family of eight sons and two daughters, all of whom occupy honourable and prominent positions throughout the Dominion.

**WINTER SCENE IN QUEEN VICTORIA PARK, NIAGARA FALLS.**—This gives a vivid and picturesque representation of one of the effects of our winter. Nothing can be more beautiful than a building, covered with the delicate crystals of frost, glistening in the bright sun—each icy gem sparkling and reflecting a thousand brilliant rays. The park, in which this charming scene was observed, owes its existence to Lord Dufferin, who, in 1878, when Governor-General of Canada, wrote to the Governor of the State of New York, suggesting the advisability of the land in the immediate vicinity of Niagara Falls being jointly acquired by the two governments interested for the purpose of a national park. The idea was warmly received; commissions were appointed by both sides, and the result is the magnificent reservation so well known to all visitors to the Falls.

**SEAFORTH STAR HOSE COMPANY.**—This organization is well known throughout the West as one of the finest Hose Companies in the country, and, a year or two ago, were the winners of the International Hose Reel Race. Such societies deserve every encouragement, as on the skill and training of its members depends the issue of serious conflagrations with the consequent loss of valuable property and, possibly, of life itself.

**SECRETARIES TO MANITOBA CROWN MINISTERS.**—We have pleasure in presenting the portraits of the three gentlemen who represent this branch of the Manitoba Civil Service; although there are five Crown Ministers in the province, the Hon. Provincial Treasurer and Hon. Provincial Secretary are at present without stenographers.

Mr. Pritchard, who has held his present office since 1887, is a native of Ontario, and has had long experience in the duties of secretaryship, having filled that position with Mr. McKay, of the Michigan Central Railway; General Hammond, of the Manitoba S. W. Col. Ry; Mr. Leacock, of the Portage and Westbourne Ry; and the late Hon. John Norquay. Mr. Smith and Mr. Urquhart, who have been appointed more recently, are well-known to their *confrères* for their skill and *savoir-faire* in all relations of their duty.

**SCENES IN THE DON VALLEY.**—This pretty bit of scenery is one of the many to be observed by any who have walked or driven much along the country roads in the vicinity of the metropolis of Ontario.

**OTTAWA FOOTBALL CLUB.**—Our engraving gives portraits of the first fifteen of this organization, so well known on the football field. It is one of the oldest Rugby clubs in the Dominion, and has always maintained an excellent reputation for brilliant play, and for the high social standing of its *personnel*.

**THE ST. JOHN BICYCLING CLUB.**—This well-known club was organized in the year 1879 by a few enthusiastic cyclists, when “wheeling” was in its infancy, the membership commencing with eight, increasing year by year until now it numbers fifty, the majority of whom are active members. The officers of the club are as follows:—

President—W. A. McLaughlin.

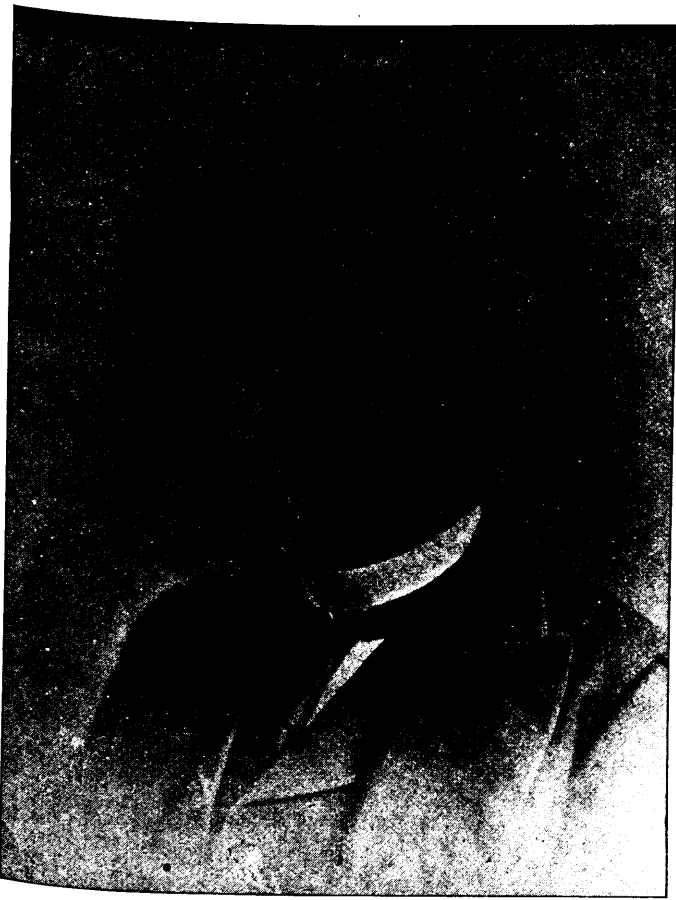
Secretary—P. B. Holman.

Captain—T. Shaw Hall.

Lieutenants—Messrs. A. P. Paterson and Fredk. Temple.

Managing Committee—Messrs. G. M. Robertson, W. C. Fairweather and D. C. Robertson.

The club is one of the liveliest organizations in the city, containing some of the best all-round athletes in the Province, among whom we number Capt. T. Shaw Hall, the amateur champion in the Maritime Provinces.



SAMUEL PLIMSOLL, Esq., of England.  
(Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



THE LATE WM. WELD, Esq., of London, Ont.

### The Lair.

See page 84.

We were salmon fishing down at Grande Riviere, Chaleur Bay, P. Q., six years ago, the late Col. John Walker and myself. We had broken up camp and come down to the village of Port Daniel. After dinner, a clear, cloudless sky and calm sea, the Colonel and I were strolling up the beach when, looking up, we saw skimming quietly along, about 200 yards distant, a serpent. Dispatching a man to the Robbins Fish Factory, in the village, for a telescope, we watched it carefully. I am accustomed to rifle shooting and am a fair judge of distance on water or otherwise. I estimated the length of the creature, which we saw most distinctly, to be about 100 feet long and four feet thick, in colour, of a dark brown. It propelled itself with the serpentine line of a land snake on land or water, but with the up-and-down action of a caterpillar. I noticed particularly it had no mane, nothing, in short, to distinguish it from a huge serpent. By the aid of the telescope, we, and several villagers, by this time arrived, watched it for three-quarters of an hour, as it swam from point to point of the semi-circular bay, at the apex of which stands the hamlet of Port Daniel. Returning on the steamer Admiral next morning to Dalhousie, I went down to summer resorts in Maine, and my narrative was received with jeers and derision, till I received a telegram a month later from Gaspé: "Steamer Admiral saw a huge sea-serpent in Gaspé Bay, and put it on record in the ship's log."

The author of the above statement is a well known Montreal gentleman of the Stock Exchange. The local fishermen often record having seen it from Perce to Gaspé. Putting aside authentic records from other and various parts of the continent, it should not be forgotten that the fact is absolute. A writer in *Atlantic Monthly*, not a sensational journal by any means, gives plausibility to the idea that the strange creature may be a Plesiosaurus, a fossil of

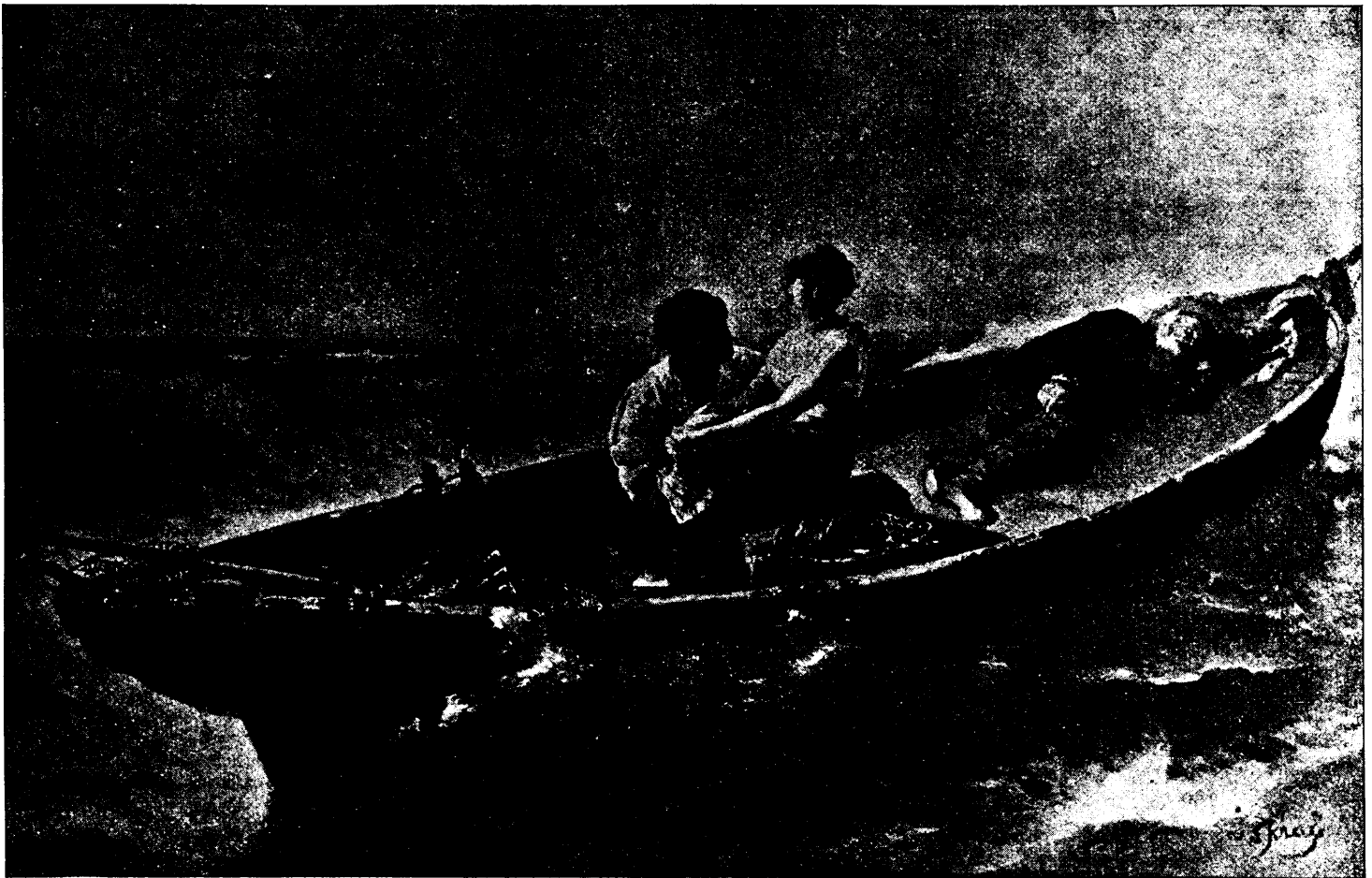
the Devonian period. Unfortunately, the testimony, lengthy and weighty as it is, could be increased by others, who, having seen this unclassed monster of the deep, are unwilling, for fear of ridicule, to cling to their convictions. Have you ever drifted down that Gaspé coast? Have you ever seen for yourself the huge wave cloven, fissure-worn Perce rock, two safe-resting places for countless thousands of clamouring sea-fowl. The dark, high, towering rock, backed by fire-welded tongues of mountain form, seamed with traces of the fury and agony of earth's early travail; the far deep calling unto deep beneath it; the shadowy undulations of the moving tide, formless and foamless, alive with power, the power of the ponderous sea. Drift round the cavernous spaces where the long twilight merges into night; drift round with one companion, and as the stars come out overhead and the large, white moon breaks the horizon line and sends a trembling wave of glory to your feet, then, and then only will you realize the narration of how a boat's crew out for herring bait, here, under your very eyes, beneath this pall of formless black that looms far overhead, looked and saw with amaze, weedy and wet with the salt ooze of sapless sea-woods, a huge, slow-moving undulated tangle, dripping with white light when the moonlight struck its shining scales, moving inch by inch to the slow-moving deep from its dark, rocky lair, a serpent of the sea.

### A New Brunswick Sketch.

See page 85.

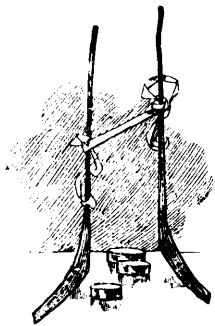
Any one a-weary of the monotony of the usual summer resorts, by sea or mountain, cannot do better than drop into an Intercolonial car at St. John, N.B., or Montreal, and let the habitant thatch-roofed barns and tall, shining church towers, the long green and brown squares of tith

and tillage, the picturesque groups at the way stations, pass by like a kaleidoscope *en route* to Chaleurs Bay. The long reaches stretching back from the gulf, with here and there a schooner beating in or out, always framed in by the blue-grey mountain wall to the northern end; now green and grey and golden, anon dipped in the black, lightning-like gloom of a thunder cloud or gleaming in the flushing dawn of a summer day, with hurrying frog-wreaths leaving dewy tracks on pine and birch and maple; then the fire-scarred, brushy cariboo burrows, where the glowing crimson of the wild raspberry is passed over to the sumach and maple glories in the fall. And lo! before one knows it, here is Casupscal Canon, with its eddying pools and expectant salmon, and one of the loveliest spots imaginable, the junction of the Metapedia and Restigouche rivers. The clear water revealing the red and sandstone pillars on either flank, clean-washed by swirling eddies and absolutely innocent of sawdust or any other abomination. And here are the woody islands above Campbellton, and the long dewy twilight of a summer day brings out Tracadie Gash, the faint outline of Cascapedia shores and far away to the eastward a wavering line between cloud and wave lies Paspebiac, at the gate of Chaleurs Bay. Numberless streams starting from the deep wilderness course down from cedar and birch woods over sandstone ledges, and all these streams are open to the angler for trout. It is also more than probable that in some a 10 lb. salmon or smaller grilse may be turning up unexpectedly, but always welcome; so the fisherman should have a piece of wood capable of standing the strain. At most of the hamlets is a hotel, or board can be obtained at \$3 or \$4 a week at any farm house. The delicious sea air, invigorating appetite—creating sea-food, good mutton and berries in abundance, will do you more good in two weeks than a month elsewhere. Try it, as I did, and speak the truth.



"THE FISHERMAN'S LOVE."  
(From the painting by Kray.)

# SPORTS AND PASTIMES



HOCKEY in Montreal began in earnest on Monday evening last, when the Victorias met the present champions, the M.A.A.A. team. The 19th of the month seems a little late to begin the championship battle; but one of the rules, which was never enforced before, was this year utilized and that was the necessity of having all club fees paid up. The match was not one of those to set the river on fire. In fact it was marked more by want of condition than by anything particularly brilliant. Neither club had their old time teams, but the weakness did not lay with the newcomers altogether. One thing should be remembered by hockey players, and that is, that if they intend to do their club justice in two stubbornly-fought half hours, they must practise sufficiently to be in tip-top form on the day of the match. This was the case with neither of the teams on Monday, although the Montrealers were in somewhat better shape than their opponents. On the Victorias there are strong points at both ends of the ice and the work of Barry was almost phenomenal considering it was his first senior championship match. Jones was a little weak between the poles, and, although perhaps the best man available for the position, he lacks the coolness of the veteran Paton. Warden and Ashe are remarkable for brilliant work, but it is done in streaks and is not continuous, and even when almost a

clean opening is left both are liable to be erratic at the supreme moment. This was especially noticeable when dribbling the puck down the ice. They usually went too far before the shot, and it almost invariably being from the side, the angle was entirely too small and left the chance at least two to one against scoring, even if there had been no goal tender guarding the sticks. In these instances a good combined rush of the forwards would have simplified matters wonderfully, but at these points team play seemed to be a forgotten quantity; it was not an unknown quantity for there were several flashes of it, but not at the moment when it would do most good. The Montreal team has been weakened by the loss of Allan Cameron, for although Elliott plays a good defensive game he devotes most of his time to heavy checking *a la lacrosse*, and to the spectator this method does not always appear necessary. Of Paton and Stewart and McNaughton, it is unnecessary to speak, and Kingan was not a source of weakness to the team. The whole character of the match may be briefly described as brilliant in spots, slow in other spots, frequently dropping into raggedness, and on the whole not approaching really first class championship form. The first game was taken with a rush after three minutes play by Montreal and the second likewise went the same way, but only after a hard struggle and many close calls, in which only the coolness of Paton saved his side. The third game was scored by Kinghorn for the Victorias, after a nice bit of team play, about the only one the Vics succeeded in making effective in the whole match. Two minutes more and the M.A.A.A. had put another goal to their credit and that finished the first half time. In the second half there was only goal taken, which made the final result:—Montreal, 4; Victorias, 1. There were a few little side issues in the match such as the laming of Barlow, and the collapse of the spectators' stand. Mr. W. J. McDonald, of the Crescents, acted as referee and the umpires were Messrs. D. Nash and R. J. Ross. The teams were as follows:—

M.A.A.A.	Position.	Victorias.
T. L. Paton.....	Goal.....	R. W. Jones
J. Stewart.....	Point.....	A. Shearer
R. Elliott.....	Cover Point.....	J. Barry
G. S. Lowe.....	Forwards.....	E. Barlow
A. E. MacNaughton....	".....	J. R. Kinghorn
S. Lee.....	".....	W. Warden
A. B. Kingan.....	".....	F. Ashe

\* \* \*

In the Junior hockey championship the Crystals and the Maples played on the same evening as the foregoing match but on account of the frequent delays during the early part of the evening the match was left undecided, as both sides had scored three goals at midnight, when the electric light went out, and nobody can play hockey in Stygian darkness. The teams were:—

Maples.	Position.	Crystal Jr.
W. Fenwick.....	Goal.....	O. McNiece
F. Gilman.....	Point.....	S. Robertson
W. Murphy.....	Cover.....	S. F. Allo
W. Irwin.....	Forwards.....	G. Donaldson
J. Virtue.....	".....	M. Grant
W. Gillellan.....	".....	J. Robertson, capt.
A. Thom.....	".....	W. Murray

McQuisten, referee.

\* \* \*

There has been a good deal of anxiety expressed in Canadian skating circles recently about the American champion, Joe Donoghue, and one of the rink proprietors has struck upon rather a novel scheme to bring the crack to his rink and have him skate. The invitation published in a daily contemporary reads as follows:—

"I hereby offer a prize, valued at \$100, if Mr. Joseph Donoghue, the champion skater, will come to Montreal and skate a race in the Prince of Wales rink (thirteen laps to the mile). He can choose his distance from one to five miles and his antagonist will be an unknown. If Mr. Donoghue will come to Montreal all legitimate expenses will be paid. Good ice is guaranteed until March 15th."  
"J. STENHOUSE."



Mr. M. Urquhart,  
Sec'y to Hon. Jas. A. Smith, Minister of Public Works.

Mr. J. O. Smith,  
Sec'y to Hon. Joseph Martin, Attorney-General.

Mr. A. W. Pritchard,  
Sec'y to Hon. Thos. Greenway, Minister of Agriculture.

PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE MINISTERS OF THE MANITOBA GOVERNMENT.

This is a very good idea to advertise a skating rink, but it is not at all likely that Mr. Donoghue will accept the kind invitation, for as far as I have learned Mr. Donoghue is an amateur and would scarcely care to have any doubts cast upon his standing. If the American champion cares about coming to Canada to meet our flyers he will probably enter for the Canadian Skating Association championships, where the length of the laps would be more favorable to him. He would probably not care about putting himself on exhibition for the benefit of any particular rink; and that is practically what he is asked to do when invited to skate with an unknown, and even a cup or medal worth \$100 would hardly be an inducement. Then again the offer of paying expenses must be extremely delightful to the wearer of the cherry diamond, whose club is generally supposed to be able to pay all the legitimate expenses of its representatives abroad.

\* \* \*

A ten mile skating race was run in the Prince of Wales rink on Monday, when there were six starters, but only two competitors had any chance, Gordon and Bellefleur. The time made was not by any means wonderful, but then it should be remembered that the track is thirteen laps to the mile. Gordon's style however, showed that he was in pretty good trim and could have gone much faster. I will be surprised if Gordon does not win a championship this year.

\* \* \*

There is one trophy which is particularly valued by members of the Thistle Curling Club, namely the Muir prize. On Monday last play began at nine o'clock in the morning and continued to eleven o'clock in the evening. The competition is one governed by points and the possible score is 36. The top score was made by Mr. W. H. Scott, who made 15 points and captured the prize. The five

next best scores were: Messrs. J. H. Balfour, 14; A. Nicoll, 12; W. Stewart, 12; F. I. Campbell, 14; J. F. Mackey, 12.

\* \* \*

The Fish and Game Protection Club had a committee meeting on Monday night; when arrangements for the annual dinner were made. It will be held in the Windsor Hotel on Thursday next, the 29th inst.

\* \* \*

The Montreal Hunt Club has made a general change about in the officers elected for the ensuing year. The report presented at the annual meeting was such a one as the retiring officials have reason to be proud of, and the other members have fully appreciated their efforts. Taken on the self-paying basis the club's generosity in giving entertainments and other expenses has left but a meagre balance to be shown at the annual meeting; but the past season has been more successful, the statement showing a cash balance of nearly \$400, while the insurance payments which were paid for open years would bring up the balance to \$500. The officers for the forthcoming season were elected as follows;—Master, Mr. M. H. Allan; secretary, Dr. C. McEachran; committee, Messrs. L. H. Gault, E. J. Major, Hugh Paton, Geo. R. Hooper, W. R. Miller. The retiring officers were:—Master Mr. John Crawford; secretary, J. Alex. Stevenson; committee, H. M. Allan, L. H. Gault, E. J. Major, J. Alex. Strathy and Dr. C. McEachran.

\* \* \*

The annual meeting of the Club de Chasse et de Peche du Chenal du Moine was held on Monday evening. From a financial point of view the club is decidedly in a prosperous condition, the secretary's report showing a surplus of over \$1,500. The election resulted as follows:—Honorary president, Hon. George Duhamel; honorary

vice-president, T. DeGrosbois, M.L.A.; president, Charles Desmarteau; vice-president, Jos. Monette; treasurer, Armand Dion; secretary, L. A. Lapointe; assistant secretary, J. B. Bureau; directors, E. G. Phaneuf, J. O. Pelland, Jos. Riendeau, A. Carmel; auditors, E. L. Ethier and M. Longtin, N.P.

\* \* \*

The trotting men are in the height of the ice season just now, and what may be called the Province of Quebec circuit is in full swing. Opening on the Driving Park and continuing on the Jacques Cartier track, the programme will pretty well fill up two weeks. Then will follow the meetings of the Ottawa and Hull clubs. The opening at Point St. Charles saw some good sport, and there was also an evident desire on behalf of both management and officials to have the letter and the spirit of the law carried out. At the time of writing there are only three races completed, and wet weather is making matters inconvenient, but the programme will be finished out in time for the second meeting on the river. Following is the summary:

2.40 class:

Mr. L. Larin's Farmer Boy.....	1	1	1
D. Donnelly's Billy Ross.....	2	2	3
F. Gibeau's Berthier Boy.....	3	3	2

Time, 2.49¼, 2.51½, 2.47.

Three-minute class, purse \$150:

Mr. H. Pope's b s King Charles.....	3	1	1	1
Mr. D. Deardon's g g Silverton.....	1	2	2	2
Mr. L. Larin's cg Vancouver.....	2	6	6	5
Mr. M. Bain's b g Butcher Boy.....	4	3	3	4
Mr. D. Donnelly's b g Billy Ross.....	6	5	5	3
Mr. C. Fournier's c m Rose Ann.....	5	4	4	dr.

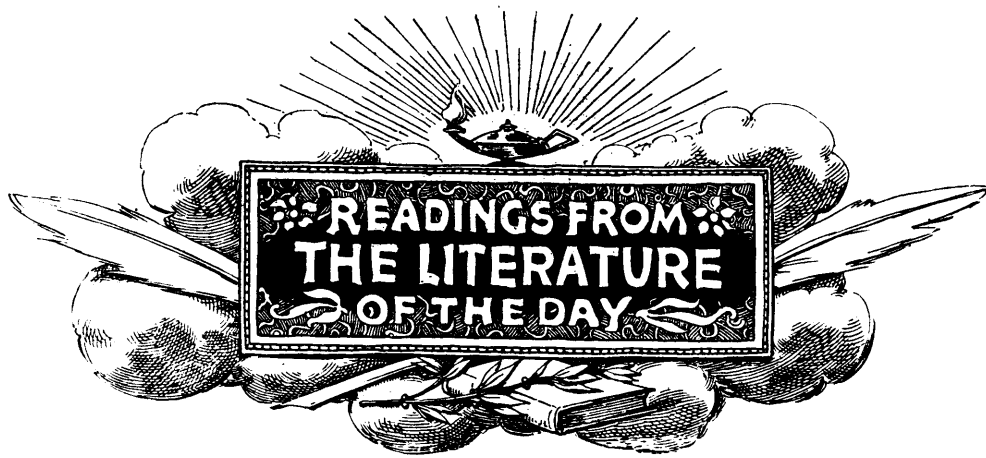
Time, 2.51, 2.46½, 2.48, 2.50.

2.29 class, purse \$200:

Mr. A. D. Maloney's c g Col. Stoner.....	1	1	1
Mr. J. Mallette's blk g Blackstone.....	2	2	2
Mr. G. Essery's c g Whistler.....	3	3	3
Mr. E. Cameron's blk m Blackbird.....	dis.		

Time, 2.39¼, 2.39¼, 2.39¼

R. O. X.



### The Sufferings and Death of Books.

Do you love your books? Books have bodies as well as souls. Do you care for the material tabernacle which enshrines the spirits that warm and brighten your own? "Slaves of the lamp," they are ready at a moment's notice to come forth and transport you not only to foreign regions upon earth, but to mystic scenes in worlds unknown. They will build castles for you—in the air, and *Chateaux—en Espagne*; and will people them with figures that sometimes seem startlingly near, a descent from the canvas of the imagination on to the solid floor of tangibility. But the bodies of your books—how do you house them? Do you guard them from excessive cold and excessive heat? Do you save them from being poisoned by foul gases, and from consumption through exposure to damp, and from the vermin? Do you provide them with medicine and medical attendance in their diseases? Do you belong to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Books? We are not aware that there is such a society; but that is a mere matter of detail. We feel disposed, like the Fat Boy, to "make your flesh creep" by counting some of the brutalities practised toward books.

Books have perished by fire on notable occasions, as in the case recorded in Acts, xix. 19, where the books destroyed are valued at fifty thousand pieces of silver. These were either treatises on magic, books of sorcery, or *Ephesia grammata*, little scrolls containing magic sentences and carried about as charms. The martyrdom of living flesh and sentient nerves runs through all the centuries alongside of the cremation of the books that enshrined the martyrs' doctrines. Tyndale translates the Bible; the Bishop of London buys up an impression and consigns it to the flames. With the proceeds Tyndale prints many more than were burned. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church;" and the smoke of the burning Scriptures was the printer's capital. Orthodox and heterodox were pretty evenly balanced in their fiery judgments on the enemies' books. Much rubbish has thus perished, but the coiling wreaths of smoke from the martyr-fire of a true book have always formed the letters *Resurgam*. Ignorance, as well as flaming orthodoxy, has incinerated many a precious book. One shudders to read of valuable black-letter volumes, "Caxtons" and others, being found in the baskets of Sally or Betty, the melancholy relics of hundreds that may have preceded them up the chimney of some parlor fire or kitchen grate. And one trembles to think how many absolutely priceless manuscripts may be—probably are—at this moment tumbling about amid dust and vermin in old monasteries and cellars and caves, not knowing whether their destiny be destruction, or an enthusiastic welcome in the British Museum or Bodelian, or some continental harbor of refuge.

Water has played quite as terrible a part as fire in the massacre of books. We are not thinking of the whole libraries that have been lost at sea—though it is true that cultured fishes have not lacked literary pabulum—but of the slow torture of books by damp. It is a relief to know that books do not suffer from rheumatism or neuralgia, though we have nightmare suspicions on the point. But they suffer decay in a symbolic parallelism to human lapses into disease and towards the tomb. The fibre of the paper and binding succumbs to the damp; and finally the maltreated book loses all its vitality and crumbles into powder at the touch. College libraries have been known in which the books have never been comforted with a fire, and where ivy and other tendrils have crawled in through broken panes in the neglected windows and made tracks for the

heavy dews, the condensed November fogs, the driving autumn rains; and the unhappy books have slowly rotted in their prison, in the company of fungi and slugs, like forgotten prisoners of some condemned faith in the *oubliettes* of stony-hearted ecclesiastics.

Collections of books subjected to modern conditions are afflicted by the same causes of disease to which many of our own maladies are due. Their health perishes under the fumes of gas. The sulphurous element in the midnight gas which, not to our advantage, has supplanted the midnight oil, destroys the elasticity and robustness of their binding and eats away their strength. Under the influence of the gaseous acids and the drying effects of heat, you will see the constitution of your poor books showing the inroads of disease and approach of death. And of course your top shelf goes first. It is not true that there is "nothing like leather." In point of the conditions of firm, robust health, your leather-covered books are very like children; they want a pure atmosphere, not too hot, nor too cold, nor too dry, nor too damp; and if your books are ailing, look after your children in the same room.

Dust and neglect have to bear the responsibility of much suffering on the part of our books. The custom of gilding the top edges of books is a useful palliative, but like all palliatives, it is not to be too much relied on. Nor are glass doors to bookcases so valuable as people suppose. The alterations of temperature create a constant in and out suction, and with the air goes the dust, and the dust partly consists of germs, always going up and down in the earth seeking what they may devour.

"Bookworms" are now almost exclusively known in the secondary and derivative meaning of the word as porers over dry books; but there was a time when the real worms were as ubiquitous as our cockroaches. They would start at the first or last page and tunnel circular holes through the volume, and were cursed by librarians as *bestia audax* and *pestes chartarum*. There were several kinds of these little plagues. One was a sort of death-watch, with dark brown, hard skin; another had a white body with little brown spots on its head. Those that had legs were the larvae of moths, and those without legs were grubs that turned to beetles. They were dignified, like other disagreeable things, with fine Latin names, which we spare our readers. All of them had strong jaws and very healthy appetites; but we are happy to find that their digestive powers, vigorous as they were, quail before the materials of our modern books. China clay, plaster of Paris, and other unwholesome ailments have conquered the *pestes chartarum*. They sigh and shrivel up. Good-bye, little wretches; we have worse than you to look after now; germs of fever, and cholera, and hydrophobia, to keep us busy, and we are staggered to discover what pitched battles are being fought in our veins every day by our brave little white corpuscles. Peace to the memory, for it is now hardly more than a memory, of the *bestia audax*.

The most audacious beast of our day is the cutter-out of plates. Where is the library that cannot show evidence of his ravages? Towards him we feel a ferocity that is merciless. We should like to extract a tooth without anaesthetics for every plate he has purloined. A giant of villainy of this kind existed in the early part of last century. His awful robberies were bound up in about a hundred volumes, now in the British Museum. There is a feebler but still more irritating form of outrage upon books in public libraries, which consists in scrawling on the margins the vapid and frivolous criticisms or opinion of the reader, who

often unconsciously gives evidence that he is incapable of appreciating what he reads. We have a book before us now, the collected poems of the greatest poetess of our century, and there is hardly a page not disfigured by some trumpery cavil about the words, or the sense, or the rhythm. Through all her sweet thoughts, this *pestis chartarum* follows her, until we take up the poker and strike a blow at an imaginary skull too thick to break and too empty to be susceptible of concussion of the brain. We are growing hot, and will lay down the topic here, lest we need a cooling febrifuge.

From *Chamber's Journal*.

### Reminiscences of American Hotels.

The American hotels are all alike. Some are worse.

Describe one and you have described them all.

On the ground floor, a large entrance hall strewn with cuspidors for the men, and a side entrance provided with an awning, a sort of triumphal arch, for the ladies. On this floor, the sexes are separated as at the public baths.

Between meals you will be supplied with ice-water *ad libitum*.

No privacy. No coffee-room, no smoking-room. No place where you can go and quietly sip a cup of coffee or drink a glass of beer with a cigar. You can have a drink at the bar, and then go and sit down in the hall among the crowd.

Life in an American hotel is an alternation of the cellular system during the night and of the gregarious system during the day; an alternation of the penitential systems carried out at Philadelphia and at Auburn.

It is not in the bedroom that you must seek anything to cheer you. The bed is generally good, but only for the night. The room is perfectly nude. Not even "Napoleon's Farewell to His Soldiers at Fontainebleau," as in France, or "Strafford Walking to the Scaffold," as in England. Not that these pictures are particularly cheerful; still they break the monotony of the wall-paper. Here the only oases in the brown or gray desert are cautions.

Another notice tells you what the proprietor's responsibilities are, and at what time the meals take place. Now this last notice is the most important of all. Woe to you if you forget it! For if you should present yourself one minute after the dining-room door is closed, no human consideration would get it open for you. Supplications, arguments, would be of no avail. Not even money.

"What do you mean?" some old-fashioned European will exclaim. "When the *table d'hôte* is over, of course you cannot expect the *menu* to be served to you; but surely you can order a steak or a chop."

No, you cannot; not even an omelette or a piece of cold meat. If you arrive at one minute past three (in small towns, at one minute past two), you find the dining-room door closed, and you must wait till six o'clock to see its hospitable door open again.

When you enter the dining room, you must not believe that you can go and sit where you like. The chief waiter assigns you a seat, and you must take it. With a superb wave of the hand he signs to you to follow him. He does not even turn round to see if you are behind him, following him in all the meanders he describes amidst the sixty, seventy, sometimes eighty, tables that are in the room. He takes it for granted that you are an obedient, submissive traveller who knows his duty. Altogether I have travelled in the United States for about ten months, and I never came across an American so independent, so daring, as to actually take any other seat than that assigned to him by that tremendous potentate, the chief waiter. Occasionally, just to try him, I would sit down in a chair I took a fancy to. But he would come and fetch me, and tell me that I could not stay there. In Europe the waiter asks you where you would like to sit. He is a paid servant, and therefore a master in America. He is in command, not of the other waiters, but of the guests. Several times, recognizing friends in the dining-room, I asked the man to take me to their tables (I should not have dared to go by myself), and the permission was granted with a patronizing sign of the head. I have constantly seen Americans stop on the threshold of the dining-room and wait until the chief waiter had returned from placing some guest to come and fetch them in their turn. I never saw them venture alone and take an empty seat without the sanction of the waiter.

## OUR LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, January, 1891.

The guests seem struck with awe in that dining-room, and solemnly bolt their food as quickly as they can. You would think silence was enjoined by the statute-book. You hear less noise in an American hotel dining-room containing five hundred people than you do at a French *table d'hôte* accommodating fifty people, at a German one containing a dozen, or at a table where two Italians are dining *tête à tête*.

The chief waiter at large hotels in the North and West is a white man; in the South he is a mulatto or a black; but white or black, he is always a magnificent specimen of his race. There is not a ghost of a savor of the serving-man about him; no whiskers and shaven upper lip reminding you of the waiters of the Old World; but always a fine mustache, the twirling of which helps to give an air of nonchalant superiority to its wearer. The mulatto head waiters in the South really look like dusky princes. Many of them are so handsome and carry themselves so superbly that you find them very impressive at first, and would fain apologize to them. You feel as if you wanted to thank them for kindly condescending to concern themselves about anything so commonplace as your seat at table.

In the smaller town the waiters are all—waitresses. The waiting is done by damsels entirely—and also by the guests of the hotel.

How grand this lady is, as she approaches you, darts a look of supreme contempt at you, flings a spoon and fork and knife down on the table in front of you, and turning her back upon you, gabbles off the *menu* in one breath.

In the large hotels, conducted on the American plan, there are rarely fewer than fifty different dishes on the *menu* at dinner time. Every day and at every meal you may see people order three or four times as much of this food as they could under any circumstances eat, and, picking at and spoiling one dish after another, send the bulk away uneaten. I am bound to say that this practice is not only observed in hotels where the charge is so much a day, but in those conducted on the European plan—that is to say, where you pay for everything you order. There I notice that people proceed in much the same wasteful fashion. It is evidently not a desire to have more than was paid for, but simply a bad and ugly habit. I hold that about five hundred people could be fed out of the waste that is going on at such large hotels as the Palmer House and the Grand Pacific Hotel of Chicago,—and I have no doubt such five hundred people could easily be found in Chicago every day.

I think that many Europeans are prevented from going to America by an idea that the expense of travelling and living there is very great. This is quite a delusion. The price of houses, clothing and servants is far higher than in Europe, but there the difference stops, I believe. For my part, I find that hotels are as cheap in America as in England, at any rate, and railway travelling in Pullman cars is certainly cheaper than in European first-class carriages, and infinitely more comfortable. Putting aside in America such hotels as Delmonico's in New York, the Thorndyke in Boston, the Richelieu in Chicago, as you would the Grand Hotel in Paris, and the Savoy, the Victoria, the Metropole in London, and taking the good hotels of America, such as the Grand Pacific in Chicago, the West House in Minneapolis, the Windsor in Montreal, the Cadillac in Detroit (I mention those I remember as the very best), you will find that in these hotels you are comfortably lodged and magnificently fed for from three to five dollars a day. In no good hotel in France, England, Germany or Switzerland, would you get the same amount of comfort—or even luxury, I might say—at the same price, and those who should require a sitting room would get it for a little less than they would have to pay in a European hotel.

The only very dear hotels I have come across in the United States are those of Virginia. There I have been charged as much as two dollars a day, but never in my life did I pay so dear for what I had; never in my life did I see so many dirty rooms or so many messes that were unfit for human food.

But I will just say this much for the American refinement of feeling to be met with, even in the hotels of Virginia, even in the "lunch" rooms of little stations; you are supplied, at the end of each meal, with a bowl of water—to rinse your mouth.—MAX O'RELL in *The North American Review*.

Christmas, bringing with it an unusual amount of snow and frost, has come and gone, leaving the London streets covered with a mass of dirty brown mud and filth. Skating has been going on on the Serpentine, in Hyde Park, for the first time for ten years. Now that Christmas is gone the pantomimes are in full swing—all the music halls have been deprived of their larger stars to provide a company for both the town and provincial pantomimes. A Drury Lane—where, in his twelfth pantomime, Mr. Augustus Harriss has surpassed himself—"Beauty and the Beast" is being played. Miss Belle Bilton (Lady Dunlo, future Countess of Clancarty) plays the Beauty, while the Beast, in his glorified shape, is enacted by Miss Vesta Tilley—"London's Idol," as she delights to call herself. Mr. Harriss always makes a specialty of his pantomimes. I am afraid to say how much he is reported to have spent yearly; but he is sure to get it all back again, for the Drury Lane pantomime is an institution, and every one, young and old, goes to see it.

In spite of the victory of the patriots in Kilkenny (there is some talk of it being disputed under the Bribery Acts), Mr. Parnell does not despair. To a press representative he is reported as having said: "The seat was hopeless; I never expected to win it," and he said that Sir John Pope Hennessy's victory was entirely due to the influence of the priests. Mr. Parnell contradicted, point blank, Mr. Justin McCarthy's statement that Kilkenny was the very best division in the country for the patriotic fight, and he went on to say that "if priestly influence is used, Ireland is lost."

Both sides are using every endeavour to be able to number Mr. William O'Brien among their party. He is now in Paris with Mr. William Gill, stopping with Mr. Raffalovitch, his brother-in-law, but since he landed he has been continually pestered by the representatives of both parties. On one side Messrs. Justin McCarthy and Sexton, armed with a pile of *Suppressed United Ireland*, and on the other side Mr. Byrne, of the *Freeman's Journal*. A crowd of press men have been dogging his footsteps, but no one has been able to get any direct expression of opinion, and he is generally supposed to be waiting for an interview with Mr. Parnell, who is now on his way to Paris.

Professor Huxley still continues to thunder away in the *Times* against General Booth's scheme. The General has issued a circular, in which he says that he is now quite confident of getting the required £100,000; but even if the whole amount be not forthcoming, he hopes to receive sufficient for him to carry out his experiment in a really efficient manner. In the meantime he has received a check in the retirement of Commissioner Frank Smith, the head of the Social Reform Wing of the Salvation Army. It is Commissioner Smith who has collected the majority of the materials with which the General (or rather Mr. W. T. Stead) wrote his book, so that his retirement is particularly unfortunate. It is due to a difference of opinion with General Booth on a point of principle. This quarrelling does not augur well for the future of the scheme.

The facts of Commissioner Smith's resignation seem to be these: In 1887, at the time of Bloody Sunday, Smith was the only member among the officers of the Salvation Army who saw the need that there was to do something for the suffering lower classes. At this time he was very friendly with Mr. Stead (then editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*), who told me that at the time Smith had incurred the censure of a large portion of the Army for his socialistic tendencies. He tried to impress on General Booth the necessity of using the Salvation Army as an instrument for raising what the General now calls "The Submerged Tenth." But the General, less advanced in his ideas, could not see his way clear to do as Smith suggested. Smith then went to America, and in the meantime the General developed the Rescue Homes, the Slum Brigade, and the Food Depots, which were of such advantage during the great dock strike. On Smith's return the General entrusted him with the leadership of the Social Wing. Then it was that the General decided to write his "Darkest England," and started writing a rough draft when his wife fell ill. Not wishing to delay the publication, he went to Mr. Stead and asked him to find a literary hack to write the book, Mr. Stead himself volunteered,

and, in his own words, "acted as a scribe temporarily under the General's orders." Of course the General owes a little to Mr. Stead's suggestions, but Mr. Stead tells me that it is very little. When the book had been published some four weeks (the sum collected having reached about fifty thousand pounds), Mr. Smith began pressing the General for the fulfilment of his promise that the Social Wing should be entirely distinct from the religious side of the Army, and that the Social Wing should be carried on on an entirely independent basis. The General now said that this was impossible, and Frank Smith, finding the friction, consequent on the present mode of working, between himself and the other departments—he was always more or less distrusted since 1887—that he resigned, giving up a place where, as Mr. Stead says, he had a power of doing good second to none.

Nothing that is new is stirring just now in the dramatic world, although, of course, we are promised a number of more or less important new plays at the end of January. Besides Mr. Jones' "Dancing Girl," of which I spoke last week, the really important coming plays are "The Idler"—Mr. Haddon Chambers' new melodramatic play, which has been a great success in New York—at the St. James, under Mr. George Alexander; a revival of "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Lyceum, with Mr. Henry Irving as Benedict, Miss Ellen Terry as Beatrice, Miss Annie Irish as Hero, and Mr. Mackintosh as Dogberry. A revival of Henrik Ibsen's "Doll's House" is also contemplated, with Miss Marie Fraser as Nora.

The cold weather has abated somewhat, but the streets are still covered with a thick coat of half frozen black slush. It has been calculated that the cost of a snowstorm such as we have just had, covering the ground with about two inches of snow, to Central London is very little short of sixty thousand pounds. Of course, this includes the payment of carts, etc., for conveying the snow away. One of the processes has been to cart the snow down on to the Embankment and then to throw it into the river. Another way has been to flush the streets with water until they are quite clean. This last, however, is a trifle expensive, as the vestries have to pay the water companies ten shillings an hour for the use of each hose. In the country the cold, for England, has been intense. The driver of the mail cart between Canterbury and Dover was found frozen to death on his seat a few days ago. The horse had stopped at each resting place from habit, and the driver's silence was put down to ill humour, so that his death was not discovered till the end of the journey.

The plagiarism rage, which has been so rife in England of late, has, it appears, spread to France. The other week all Paris was talking of Alphonse Daudet's new play, which was shortly to be produced. Now that it is produced, it is found to be identical, in character and plot, to a novel written by Xavier de Montephen, which appeared as a *feuilleton* in one of the leading Paris papers. This author considers himself particularly aggrieved, for he had made arrangements for the production of a play founded on his play at another theatre, though now, of course, M. Daudet's play makes that impossible. He does not, however, accuse his brother author of plagiarism; all he does is to state the facts plainly and fairly, and leaving M. Daudet to clear the matter up, as, no doubt, he will to his own and every one else's satisfaction.

Among the list of new books for the ensuing season, Messrs. Macmillan & Co. announce a new work of Prof. Goldwin Smith on "Canada and the Canadian Question."

Henrik Ibsen's new play is said by those who have read it to be the finest he has yet written, both from the dramatic and from the psychological point of view. Two London publishers, and two well known Ibsenites are quarrelling over the possession of the English copyright. The title is "Hedda Gebler," and although the author advances no new theories and propounds no new questions, it may well be called a study in pessimism. Hedda Gebler, the heroine, is a miserable creature, who is able only to suffer not to enjoy, and the whole play turns upon her near-sighted and selfish pessimism. The plot is exciting enough for an Adelphi melodrama, but the delicate by-play is all distinctively Ibsenite. The whole action takes place in thirty-six hours and in a single room.

GRANT RICHARDS.





IN THE LADIES APARTMENT.  
(From the painting by Dianna Coomans.)

### They Turned Her Out in the Street.

While attending the Assizes at one of the northern circuits in New Brunswick in 1889, the painful facts which suggested the following poem were brought to the knowledge of the author. The Hon. Judge Wetmore, of the New Brunswick Supreme Court, in addressing the Grand Jury, referred to the matter as follows: "This poor girl has been grossly imposed upon and had no friends to look after her; was an outcast in society and the hand of humanity refused her in her bereavement. Many are in positions where there are no temptations. No persons with wily advances endeavour to draw them from the paths of rectitude; in their comfortable homes, with friends to advise them, there is very little fear of them going astray; but if they were placed in circumstances of danger on every side, without home or friends, without early education or training, they might also become victims of deception. Her circumstances must have been known to the community, and she should not have been left to die like a dog. She has been unpardonably overlooked, neglected, exposed to the weather and scorn of mankind, treated as no human being should be treated in a civilized country, and I have been informed her clergyman even turned his back upon her in her sad hour of need and forbade others to shelter her. I think it was the peculiar business of the overseers of the poor to have cared for her, and they have been criminally derelict in the discharge of their duty. If she had been properly looked after this would not have happened, and I think the overseers of the poor should be indicted for their neglect."—*St John Daily Telegraph*.

They turned her out in the street at night  
They turned her out in the street.  
Her sorrow was heavy, her garments light.

They turned her out in the street.  
In form a woman, in years a child,  
Her weeping eyes were large and wild,  
For her hopes were ruined, her fame beguiled,  
As they turned her out in the street.

Within the parlour was life and light,  
As they turned her out in the street.  
The cheerful fire was burning bright,  
As they turned her out in the street.  
She caught a glimpse of the daughters fair,  
As they gathered around their mother's chair,  
And all was warmth and comfort there,  
As they turned her out in the street.

Without a friend, without a home,  
They turned her out in the street;  
Sick and helpless, the town to roam,  
They turned her out in the street.  
The pane was frozen, the mercury low,  
Wildly drifted the wintry snow,  
As they slammed the door and bade her go,  
And turned her out in the street.

The frost benumbed her shivering form,  
As they turned her out in the street;  
And her sighs were drowned in the blinding storm,  
As they turned her out in the street.  
She thought she heard the tempest cry,  
You deserve to die! You deserve to die!  
And sought a place in the snow to lie,  
As they turned her out in the street.

In a country cottage a mother prayed,  
As they turned her out in the street;

Her spirit broken, her heart dismayed,  
As they turned her out in the street;  
That God would cherish her hope and pride,  
Her only support (she had none beside),  
And homeward to mother her steps would guide,  
As they turned her out in the street.

And her sighs and prayers were heard above,  
As they turned her out in the street,  
By the Father of mercy and truth and love,  
As they turned her out in the street;  
And she dreamt her child was free from care,  
Robed in a garment white and rare,  
And joined her again in the evening prayer,  
As they turned her out in the street.

And the morning came, and the storm passed by,  
Where they turned her out in the street;  
And the sun shone out from a clouded sky,  
Where they turned her out in the street;  
And a stranger driving along that way,  
In his costly furs and his cozy sleigh,  
Was sure he heard a spectre say,—  
They turned her out in the street.

And peeping out from the drifted pile,  
Where they turned her out in the street;  
Was a woman's face with a heavenly smile,  
Where they turned her out in the street;  
A face so sad, a form so bare,  
The cold snow matted in her hair,  
And her prayerful eyes in a vacant stare,  
Where they turned her out in the street.

St. John, N.B.

FRED. DEVINE