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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

APRIL  
1893.

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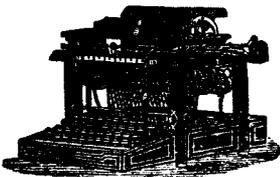
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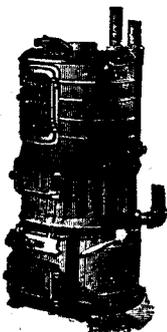


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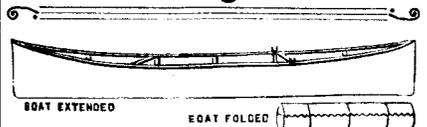
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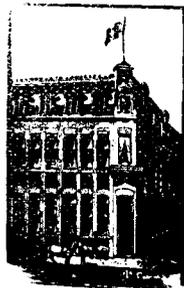
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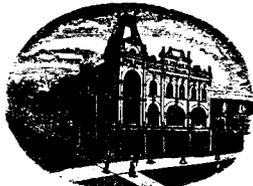
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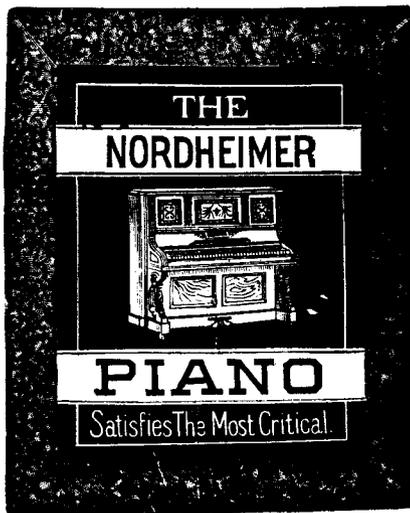
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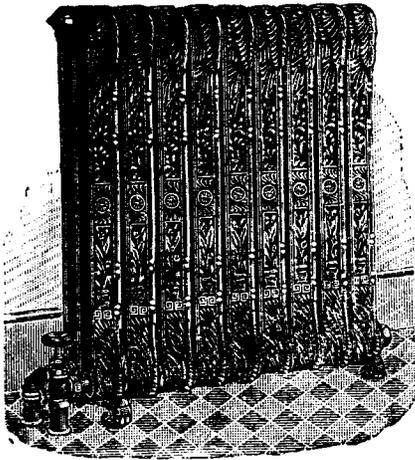
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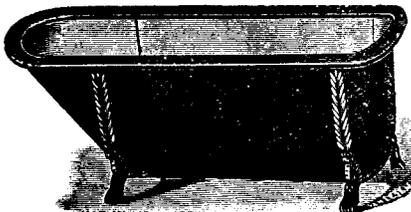
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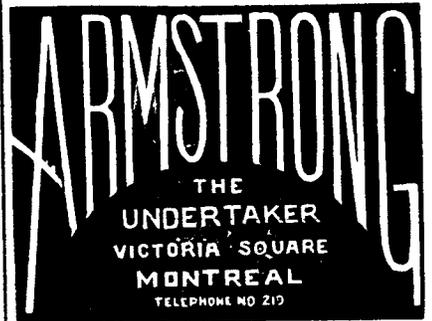
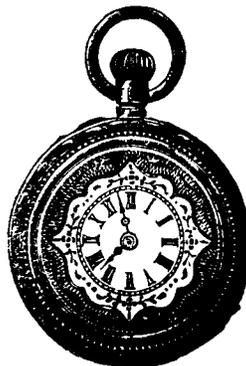
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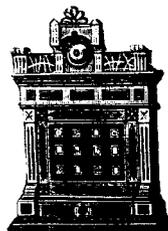
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Among the features will be Nova Scotia, the home of Evangeline; New Brunswick and the United Empire Loyalists; Quebec; St. Anne's (P.Q.), where Tom Moore once lived; and very many other bright features. Mr. Sladen knows Canada intimately, and we may predict for this work even more success than that achieved by "Japs at Home."

# The Dominion Illustrated Monthly.

APRIL, 1893.

Volume II. No. 3

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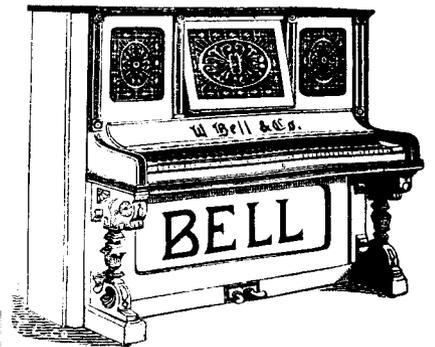
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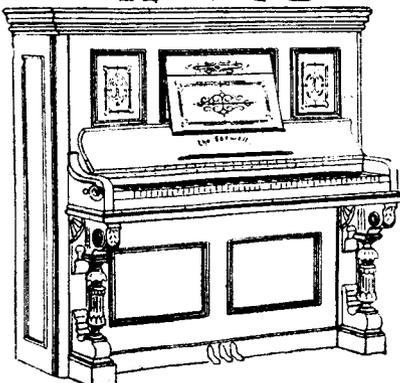
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VOL. II.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, APRIL, 1893.

No. 3.

# *Atica Rubra*

*From the French*

I.



DECIDEDLY he was slightly mad, my friend, Herbert MacNey. I watched him as he strode along beside me, his long, fair hair floating almost to his shoulders. In the moonlight his thin body seemed even thinner, and reminded me as he leaned upon his alpenstock, of one of those skeleton spiders we see running over a wall.

He was slightly mad, my friend, Herbert MacNey. He was full of the marvellous tales of Scotland, and had been lulled to sleep by the music of its fairy legends; and his green-blue eyes, like the lakes of his country, held in their depths a strange and mysterious charm. He was walking beside me, while a sturdy guide laden with bundles of all sizes, followed us. It must have been about nine in the evening. The moon lit up the little windows of Pontresina, the village we had just left, and the heavens above sparkled with stars. Before us lay the valley of Rosegg, with its forests of pine and larch, and there, at its end, like a white cloud, was seen the glacier and the snowy peaks which surmount it.

We meant to spend the night at the foot of this glacier. The next day before dawn, Herbert was to start on an expedition with two guides, to some one of

the mountain tops, while I remained sketching in the valley. We walked on in silence, both penetrated with the charm of this July night, neither caring to exchange a word even of admiration.

The road followed a wild stream, which tumbled its way amid masses of rock, suddenly becoming a dazzling cascade, again to disappear between huge boulders covered with moss and bush. To the right and left were groups of pine and larch, planted in picture groups by the all-skilful Gardener. The hills and dales were clothed with a soft velvety grass, while here and there, the juniper displayed its violet fruit and thorny bush, and tufts of rhododendron offered their flower-harvest to the passer-by.

The air was filled with the scent of balsam and pine, of the thyme and wood-strawberries. A light breeze from the glacier, breathed into us strength and life, and indeed, nothing could equal this night-walk in the high Alps.

As we went on towards the foot of a slope, some loose stones rattled down and rolled upon the road. MacNey stopped short with an air of defiance.

"You see," cried he, turning to me, "this is a declaration of war! The mountain wishes to warn off the imprudent visitors who are disturbing its sleep. I know it, how it hates us, and me in particular."

I said to him, laughingly :

"You have already given me your strange ideas on this subject, and I tell you; you are nothing but a most fearful pantheist, attributing life and sentiment to these inanimate rocks and icy peaks, and clothing them with our human passions."

"I have grown up among the Scotch mountains," replied MacNey with excitement, "and I have had to struggle all my youth in the solitude of their high peaks. They never liked me. Man is odious to Nature, she defends herself against his encroachments. The struggle is ever renewed between these two powers. The forest takes vengeance on us, the brambles tear our faces, the trees dread the wood-cutter as their murderer. The snow-clad peaks await us with treacherous crevasse and slippery rock. How many times have I returned from our mountains with torn clothes and bleeding feet! But in spite of that I have crossed the wildest steppes of heather, my eye has discovered places till then unknown, the mountain had no more secrets from me, no more unexplored paths; I knew it, and had become its master!"

"You will have a good deal to do if you intend to know our Swiss Alps as thoroughly," said I to my Scotchman.

"Yes! They also resent man's domination. Three times have I started on the Bernina ascension, three times was I obliged to give it up; the fourth time I succeeded, but one of my guides was left behind in a crevasse. To-morrow I shall explore the glaciers around here; the mountain need hide itself in vain in the fog; if we have to cut each step in the ice, I will place my foot on its virgin summit! Mountain, I will be thy master!" added the young fool, brandishing his stick as he spoke.

Our guide made the sign of the cross.

"May the Holy Virgin protect us," he murmured in a low voice, "what's the use of blaspheming!"

"No later than to-morrow evening will I come back to Pontresina with a *rabiosa* in my button-hole!" continued MacNey.

This time the guide grew pale.

"Don't say that, sir, don't joke about the *rabiosa*, it is sure to bring us bad luck."

"What's that you say, fellow?" I asked him.

"It is a flower that grows on the heights," interrupted MacNey, with a laugh; "a legend of the country says that it belongs to the Genius of the

Mountain, and that whoever touches it, is immediately struck dead. There is not much danger of that, for you scarcely ever see this famous flower. I would be inclined to believe that it was only a myth, invented by the imaginative mountaineers, if I had not seen it with my own eyes."

"You saw it?" exclaimed Hans.

"And even picked it! which does not prevent me being here at your side in flesh and blood, and one of the steadiest of limb."

MacNey described to me this famous flower, which I thought must be the *Altica rubra* already described by Linnæus, a difficult flower to find, as, like the edelweiss, it frequents the high peaks and borders of precipices.

Our guide walked beside us in silence, but he seemed disturbed and anxious.

"As for me, I have only seen the *rabiosa* twice," he said, when Herbert had finished speaking, "and both times it was in the hands of a corpse. Some poor chamois hunters, attracted by its brilliancy, had gathered this flower of blood-red colour, and paid for it with their lives."

MacNey's brow clouded over:

"Listen," he said, in a more serious voice, "I must confess to you, that the day on which I picked the *Altica rubra*, as you call it, something strange happened to me. I wonder if this flower really brought me ill-luck?"

"Last year I was hunting chamois with some friends. It was the first time that I had explored the Engadine, and I made excursions on all sides from Pontresina, which I had chosen as head-quarters. Well, one day we had just crossed a glacier and were climbing a steep hill. The August sun beat down upon us from a cloudless sky. To the right and left were fields of dazzling snow. Before us, looking as if it defied our efforts, the head of the mountain lifted itself into the intense blue."

"My eyes were bloodshot, and I was beginning to suffer from the glare, when my attention was attracted by something which looked like a black spot, at the foot of a rocky wall. I left my companions, and, as you know I am very fond of botany, directed my steps towards the rocks, feeling sure that there, in that thin layer of mould, free of snow, I should find some one of those flowers of the heights, which are born, blossom and die, within a week or two. I was not mistaken."

"On every part of the damp, black earth, appeared tufts of plants of a delicate foliage, saxifrage, with its stars of silver and gold, violet soldanelles and microscopic mosses. Then, at the very foot of the rock, a flower that I had never seen before, its strangely cut purple corolla fluttering in the breeze like the wings of a butterfly.

"To hasten towards the flower, pick it, examine it curiously, was the work of a moment. I quickly laid my find between two leaves of the press which I always carry with me, then arose to join my friends.

"Scarcely was I on my feet, when an indescribable uneasiness took possession of me. It seemed as if my feet could not leave the ground, and I felt as if a cloud of blood passed before my eyes. Then an acute pain circled my head; I cried aloud and fell . . .

"After that I remembered nothing except that I seemed to hear beside me the sound of shrill laughter. . . .

"Several days later I regained consciousness, and found myself in my room at Pontresina. . . .

It appears that my guides and hunting-companions had heard a cry of distress in the mountain, that they had started to look for me, and had found me soon after I had fainted, stretched out on the snow apparently lifeless." . . . With great difficulty they brought me to the hotel, where the doctor declared I was the victim of one of the worst sunstrokes he had ever known."

"Thanks to my iron constitution, I did not succumb to the brain fever which followed, and I could at length slowly make the round of my room."

"You had a strange notion in your delirium," the doctor said to me one day, "a fixed idea possessed you, you were for ever fighting with an imaginary being, from whom you wished to take something . . . 'The flower! the flower!' you repeated, 'I want it. The flower, it is mine! You shall not take it back!' . . . and the struggle would begin again between you and some phantom demon, who loaded you with chains. . . ."

"As my strength and memory came back to me, I had only one wish, one thought, to see again this strange flower, which I had only seen for an instant. I found my press in my room, and opened it with a feverish hand: in the place where I had put the *Altica rubra*, there was nothing, *absolutely nothing*, but a

*reddish stain* like a little drop of blood. . . . The flower had disappeared.—It is probable that while I was ill, some curious friend had opened the flower press and had let my precious find drop out. Yet my servant assured me that no one had touched it since my accident."

"Well, that's the latest trick the mountain has played me," added MacNey, as we reached the chalet of Rosegg. "Tomorrow, my revenge, and you will be conquered this time, you great rebel!"

Decidedly he was slightly mad, my friend, Herbert MacNey.

## II.

The first thing we all did on arriving at the rustic hotel, at the foot of the glacier, was to take a hot grog. Then as Herbert and his guide were to set out before day-break, they lay down for a few hours to rest. Before retiring I went to my window, opened it, and admired once more the splendor of the summer's night.

The moon had nearly reached the horizon, and was disappearing behind the enormous mass of mountains. The peaks were illumined by its pale light, but the valley and glacier were plunged in darkness. Save the dull and infrequent rumble of some distant avalanche, not the least sound could be heard. The air was thick, and seemed changed into heavy draperies. The gaunt pines lifted their black plumes heavenward, making the solitude more solemn and terrible.

This picture, however, did not prevent me sleeping so well, that I was unconscious not only of the departure of Herbert and his guide at four o'clock, but also of the sunrise, which it seems was wonderful that day. Two English ladies, who breakfasted with me, gave descriptions of it that would make Delille jealous.

After getting my painting apparatus together, I started out and found a comfortable place by the side of a torrent, where I settled down to try a larch study. The sky, which had been so clear the preceding night, was losing its colour hour by hour, and was assuming a milky aspect. Towards noon the heat became unbearable, the tops of the mountains disappeared beneath the heavy vapour, and everything warned us of an approaching storm.

After the noon meal, I settled myself again, with brushes and canvas, beside the torrent, but an indescribable torpor took possession of me, and I felt unable to work. I stretched myself on the grass,

with a rock for a pillow, and let my thoughts take what turn they would. Herbert's conversation and strange theories came back to me, and I looked again at those mountains which MacNey treated as enemies. They seemed to be clothed in mourning, and gray clouds rising on all sides, seemed to try to hide them from man's gaze. Suddenly the wind arose, moaning and wailing through the branches of the old pines. Doubtless this was what my friend meant by the *voice of the forest*, and it really seemed to complain and groan as the hurricane grew stronger, twisting and cracking the trees. The branches despairingly shook the mosses that hung from them like long white beards, and joined their voices to the confused chorus, both terrible and melodious, which now arose.

A flash of lightning pierced the clouds, large drops of rain began to fall, and I had just time to reach the Rosegg inn when the storm broke in all its violence, and the rain and hail poured wildly down.

I became more and more anxious. I imagined Herbert and his companions lost in the whirlwind of snow, and subject to the most frightful danger. Surely they had seen the storm approaching; why, then, had they not returned? The darkness increased. A flash of lightning showed me the path which led to the glacier, and in the distance it seemed to me I could discern two men. They were walking as fast as they could against the storm, and as they came nearer I recognized Hans, our guide from Pontresina, accompanied by another guide; they were alone, Herbert did not come with them.

Neither wind nor storm could restrain me, and I rushed out to meet the two guides.

"Where is my friend? My friend MacNey!" I cried to them.

Then Hans, turning and pointing to the mountain, said in a hoarse voice:

"He is back there!"

"He there, and you here!" I cried.

"What have you done? What has become of him? Why did you abandon him?"

"He suffers neither from snow nor storm," answered the guide with a shiver.

"Dead! Is he dead? Speak, speak in Heaven's name!"

We entered the inn. The two mountaineers were wet to the skin, but paid no attention to the fact; their faces were

stamped with an indescribable terror and fatigue.

"Ah! The rabiosa brought us bad luck," said the guide. "What's the good of making fun of sacred things?"

I shrugged my shoulders. This man's superstition seemed to me more than ridiculous.

"Speak, tell me about him, can't you!" I cried.

"Well, sir; we started before dawn, as you know, and reached the glacier as the sun rose. Mr. MacNey was wild and reckless, and this made us uneasy. He walked first, and although I am well accustomed to the mountain, (twenty years have I climbed its sides,) I swear to you sir, that I could not follow him. Mr. Herbert stopped at nothing, jumping over the snow bridges which hung above the crevasses, and it is a wonder he was not killed before reaching the end of our climb."

"Finally, about ten o'clock we reached the top. Mr. MacNey, of course, wished to be the first to put his foot on the highest rock, after which he jested and ridiculed the mountain in his usual scornful manner. Then he told us strange tales, like those of last evening, shook his fist at the glaciers and the Bernina: I really believe he was going mad. . . .

But that was nothing to what was to follow! "And now," he cried, "I must get the Altica for my friend, the flower of the glacier, and then the festival will be complete!"

"We began the descent. We had the choice of two roads, one well-known and easier than the other, which tourists generally follow; the second, shorter, but much more dangerous. Naturally Mr. MacNey wished to take the latter. He consented, however, to have this rope tied around his waist, it also bound together my companion and myself. He continued to go first, in spite of all I could say."

"We had been going down for about an hour, when suddenly Mr. MacNey cried out: 'There! Do you see it! There! At the bottom of the rock at the edge of the precipice, where the snow has melted away . . . , there is something red, it is the Altica, the Altica I'm looking for!'

Here the guide stopped to wipe the perspiration from his forehead.

"I tried in vain to prevent Mr. MacNey from carrying out this idea. He interrupted me with a laugh: 'If you are



"He continued to go first, in spite of all I could say."—See page 134.

afraid, I can easily go alone to get this pearl of the mountain."—"May God protect us!" I cried. "Since you insist on this folly, we will not let it be said that we abandoned you, and Hans Rickly will try to save you from the abyss." We had to cut our steps in the ice, and hold on by the rough places, in order to reach the little platform which MacNey had seen."

"He looked then, just like a mad man. I could not help shivering, when I saw him pick the fatal flower with its leaves of purple. He put one proudly in his cap: "And now, he said, off for Rosegg! Hans, you said you never saw the Altica except in the hands of a corpse. Here is one in my hand," and he sprang forward. . . .



"I saw him pick the fatal flower."

"Take care!" I shouted, but it was too late.

While speaking, he had come to the edge of the earth at the foot of the rock, and in his madness, for I believe he was mad, forgetting the narrowness of the place where he stood, he advanced, and the ground gave way beneath his feet \* \* \*

"My companion and I withstood the fearful shock which followed. I thought,—for in such moments a thousand ideas cross your mind in a second's time,—I thought that all was not yet lost, that the rope which was tied around us all, would prevent him from falling into the abyss; but as I arose, for the violent shock had thrown us into the snow, I felt with horror, that the rope did not pull \* \* \*

It had been cut on the edge of the rock, as if by a knife!

For a moment we remained stupefied, Karl and I, not daring to go to the edge, for fear of what we should see. Finally we approached. On a carpet of snow, three hundred metres beneath us, a black shapeless mass could be seen."

"The flower had taken its revenge!"

\* \* \*

Two days afterwards, the little street of Pontresina was filled with a silent crowd of people. A thick smoke covered the valley, and from time to time the church bell was heard, tolling the death knell. A funeral was taking place.

We had found the body of the unfortunate MacNey, stretched out on the white shroud of the high peaks. He showed no trace of wounds, and his face bore an ineffable smile. His hand still held a dried flower: I put this famous *Altica rubra* in my herbarium in memory of my poor friend. Hans did not want me to touch it, and I am convinced that he regards me to this day as a doomed man.



"I accompanied his coffin to its last resting-place."

Herbert was an orphan, and I had not to make known his tragic end to anyone—it was I who accompanied his coffin to its last resting-place. I had grown attached to this strange boy in spite, or rather, because of his eccentricities, and as I walked to the Pontresina cemetery, many thoughts and memories of our frequent talks came back to me.

The sky was in sympathy with my sadness; the fog was so dense, that we could scarcely see the pines in the wood about us. At last we reached the cemetery and approached the half-opened grave, which was to receive all that remained of Herbert MacNey.

At this moment, something happened which left a lasting impression with me, although there may have been nothing extraordinary about it in that mountainous region. A breath of wind suddenly

swept away the mist and fog as if by enchantment, and before us was displayed the wonderful panorama of the glittering mountain range; the Rosegg valley, with its forests of dark green and glacier of blue, and all around us, the mighty peaks of the Alps, standing out gloriously against the blue of the sky. Draped in their mantles of snow, they raised their heads with pride, flooded with light, and glorying in their haughty beauty. They knew how strong they were, these giants with their granite hearts, and seemed as if they would crush us with the force of their majesty \* \* \*

Involuntarily Herbert's last words came back to me: "Mountain, I will conquer thee!" He was mistaken. This time again, the mountain had conquered the man.

H. R. Y. REID.

# WHIST AND WOLVES.

WE had just settled ourselves for a good smoke and the usual hour's yarn spinning which we all recognized as a necessary adjunct to a camp fire, especially after enjoying a hearty meal and a long, exciting day of duck shooting.

"Now old man, let's have that wolf story you've been promising us all week. I know it's good from the way you "size" up your pipe, there's more tobacco when that's burned out."

The fact was I had promised several times to unburden myself so at last was prevailed upon to "let loose."

"Well, boys, I am not an "artist" at telling stories, nor can I draw upon my imagination sufficiently to picture to you the romantic side of probably the most startling and uncomfortable moment of my life. I am not an "old timer" nor have I had the proverbial number of bones fractured in my endeavours to conquer the "docile broncho" thereby earning world wide renown as "Sticker Bill" or "Ride or Bust McConkey," but I have had leisure to reflect upon the ills and vicissitudes of a too close proximity to a wounded moose, and perhaps have been rather hasty in my retreat from the stamping ground of a half killed bear, but never in my life was I so utterly lost to all sense and feeling of bravery as on Christmas night in 1884. Bob Acres remarks very sagely, "valour is a thing that comes and goes,"—mine "went."

There had been a very heavy fall of snow that winter, and the range of mountains running along the international border between Dakota and Manitoba was infested with the common prairie wolf or "coyote," and a great number of the larger and fiercer timber wolves. These creatures as the snow deepened and the weather grew colder commenced to run in packs of from four or five to a dozen, and although they had not done much damage beyond killing a great number of sheep and deer the settlers when in the mountains for their fire wood, did not care to remain after dusk.

A friend of mine, Jack Houston, who was "doing time" on a government homestead, informed me that the prairie chickens had left the lower land

and taken shelter in the heavy timber of the mountains. Between these and the rabbits, he added, I could enjoy a few days very good shooting. He invited me to return home with him to spend a fortnight. I thanked him and accordingly made preparations to enjoy some good sport for at least a few days. I cleaned my "Winchester" and revolver more as a matter of habit than anything else, took a peep at my shot gun and finding it in good shape, in a very few minutes I was all ready and we set out on our journey. We had about twelve miles to cover before reaching my friends at "Batch Hall." The thermometer registered about fifteen degrees below zero, and just breeze enough to make the horses eager and anxious to gain the shelter of their comfortable stable. We had travelled the distance between the village and timber, and were probably about a mile and a half from Jack's house. Suddenly a large wolf sprang out upon the trail about fifty yards in front of us, and quietly sat down to "size" us up in the most approved and orthodox manner. First he looked at the trail behind him, then leisurely surveyed our approaching horses, and was probably making up his mind to move, when, crack! and I had bagged my first timber wolf, and I tell you he was a "daisy." That's his skin I have at home in the front room near the piano. Stocks began to rise firmly and rapidly after we had Mr. Wolf loaded up, and I am not sure that I did not offer to fight all the wolves in the country single-handed. It was such a very simple matter to bowl over a wolf, that it was hardly worth while taking a gun along to kill them. However, we were not long in reaching our destination, and I started for the house to light a fire, while my friend put in the horses. By the time supper was ready (consisting of bannocks, eight by ten, and three inches thick, a roast chicken and broiled rabbit), it had become very dark, and Jack remarked that "we shall have to take the lantern down to the spring when we go to water the horses." I enquired if the lantern was to keep the wolves away. "Oh, no!" he replied, "there are no wolves so close to the house, and they would not harm a person

anyway." I felt considerably disappointed that there was not a greater chance of our meeting another wolf, and when Jack let out one of the horses, and handing the halter and an axe to me said, "If you lead this one down to water I will follow with the lantern," I immediately started down to the spring, thinking of anything in the world but wolves.

"Come along, you brute!" what's the matter with you? Whoa! what the devil are you snorting at? Where in the deuce is Jack and the lantern? Whoa! whoa! d——n." There I was standing up to my knees in snow, and the horse careering up the hill to the stable. My reflections on the conduct and actions of that horse were anything but flattering, I assure you. I walked back with a feeling that things were not as agreeable as they might be. Presently my friend appeared, and I asked him why he had not come, and why the horse had scampered off to the stable, nearly wrenching my arm from the socket by the jerk he gave me.

"Oh, he smelled a wolf, I guess!" "Smelled a wolf," I said?

"Yes, I thought you would have some fun with him, so I did not come down at once. See, he will go without leading, if we take the lantern."

Sure enough that horse followed us down to the spring, and waited patiently until we had chopped a hole in the ice, and given him a drink, then followed us up the hill, until Jack put out the light, when away he went, as if all the wolves in Christendom were after him. There were wolves there, though, but we had not sense enough to realize it. As I entered the stable, Jack called from outside, "Say, old man, you forgot the axe, and I shall have to go back for it; you need not come. If you tie the horses, I will be back by the time you are through."

I had just finished lighting the lantern when I was startled by the most unearthly howl I ever heard. You know what it feels like when you have your last cent "up" on "two pair," and the inexorable "I'll call that," comes across the table, and the cheerful smile on the individual's face when he produces "three little ones," my feeling was worse than that.

The lantern went out, as if it had been "sent for," and I stumbled to the door just in time to open it for my friend, who rolled in as if he had been struck with a two-ounce glove. Breathless and panting he began—

"Well!" pant—"by all that's holy"—"pant, pant,—if they did not,"—pant,—"shove me,"—pant—"right up the hill." "There's a million of them between here and the spring; they tumbled over each other trying to catch me."

I could readily believe there were some wolves there by the howls I heard every moment or so, but I could not imagine there were so many or that they were so close. One thing I was sure of however, that they had given Jack a very serious fright, and I felt even with him for the joke he had played upon me. I am afraid I am not coming to the best part quickly enough. We soon fixed up the horses and retired to bed in order to get a good night's rest, so that we might be up in plenty of time to enjoy the sport of the following day.

I was awakened in the morning by hearing a prairie chicken calling, and it seemed to me as if the bird was in the chimney. I slipped out of bed and soon had my clothes on; picking up my gun I crept quietly out of the door and looked for the chicken. I could not see it any place, and had just about made up my mind I had been mistaken when "whir," and away he went from the roof of the house. I had a splendid shot at him as he went scooting through the air, and had the pleasure of seeing him tumble into the snow. We soon had breakfast over, and away we went for chickens. We had splendid sport, and by dinner time had as many birds as we could carry home. After dinner we changed off from chickens, and before dark had about forty rabbits. We had not seen a single wolf all day although there were plenty of foot-prints, and my friend remarked that the shooting had probably frightened them all away. After supper (it being Christmas night), Jack proposed that we should walk over to a neighbour's and have a game of whist. This I very readily agreed to, and off we went. I wished to take my rifle but was persuaded not to as it was a mile to the next house, and the "trail" through the woods was very rough and uneven, and the less we had to carry the better. I took my revolver along, however, and Jack carried the lantern. We reached the neighbour's in good time and spent a most enjoyable evening. Our host remarked several times that there were a great many wolves that year and asked me if I was not a little afraid to travel through the woods after dark. I answered that so long as the

lantern was lighted that I did not think there was much danger. "Well," he remarked, "it is very dark and I would not waste any time on the way home." (We didn't.)

We started back about half-past eleven and for some reason we seemed to be able to talk of nothing else but wolves. It was beastly dark. "The trail was rough and uneven and to make matters worse our lantern commenced to flicker and dance as if it had the asthma. Just when we reached the most densely wooded part of our journey, where there might have been a wolf within ten feet of us without our knowing it, I was remarking to Jack that I had read that wolves very seldom attacked people when they were walking, but that if a person stumbled and the animals were close to them, that they fell upon the unfortunate traveler at once. I had barely got the words out of my mouth when my foot caught on a snag and down I went, knocking the lantern from Jack's hand in my fall! In a moment all was darkness. Boys, I shall never forget it!

In an instant the air seemed filled with howls and growls of wolves. I was completely paralyzed with surprise and fright. I expected to be seized and torn to pieces every moment. To add to my horror, Jack had left me and I could hear him ahead of me crying, "Come on—for God's sake, come on." I scrambled to my feet as best I could and grasping my revolver in my hand started up the trail again as fast as I could run, not caring for stumps, logs, or in fact anything. The wolves were there on each side of the trail and

every moment a fierce howl would cause me to make a greater effort to reach the clearing round the house. I seemed to be making no progress, however, and imagined every second that one of the beasts was going to spring on me.

Down I went again, head-over-heels! "Now I am done for," was my only thought. I tried to struggle to my feet, but somehow my legs seemed paralyzed. I could see a dark object close upon my right side. I fired two shots. The report of my pistol seemed to put new life in my veins. I was on my feet in an instant and started again—this time feeling determined to gain the house or make it as unpleasant for the wolves as I possibly could. I reached the 'clearing' without further mishap and met Jack at the door rifle in hand, coming to avenge my death, I suppose. I told him I thought I had wounded a wolf but we did not feel anxious to investigate the matter that night. Next day, however, we went down to the thicket and sure enough we found bloodstains on the snow which upon following led us to a ravine. The snow was all blood and trampled as if there had been a deadly struggle for life. We found the skull and part of the tail of a timber wolf so I was convinced that one of my two shots had taken effect. I suppose the wolf had been badly wounded and his companions smelling the fresh blood had fallen upon and devoured him.

I did not remain my full two weeks with Houston. I returned home at the end of the first week with over one hundred chickens and about eighty rabbits.

F. C. FLESHER.



# MR. SOO WAH'S NEW YEAR.



AP, TAP, there came a gentle deprecating touch at my door. It was the familiar weekly knock of Mr. Soo Wah, the Chinaman who did my laundry work, and in answer to my lazy "come," the door was opened just wide enough to admit him, and Mr. Soo Wah wriggled silently in, in the feet foremost kind of a way peculiar to himself.

Soo Wah, or as he was familiarly called "Soo," was not a handsome Chinaman, for his skin was more than ordinarily yellow, and his eyes had a more than ordinarily upward slant; he was much marked with small-pox, and the habitual expression of his countenance was one of such extreme sadness, that, coupled with his habit of looking anywhere but at you, it gave one an uncomfortable feeling that his past had not been as fair as it might have been. He was, however, a very gentle, quiet sort of person.

"Heap cold," remarked Soo, laying the clothes he had brought on a chair.

This was to be expected. It was Soo's invariable remark, made with a happy disregard of the thermometer, and was generally followed by a "good-bye," chirped out in an excessively cheerful tone, ludicrous in contrast to his dismal face, and an instant vanishing in the same gentle fashion in which he had entered.

But to-day he lingered. Outside the sky was grey and overcast, the constant Texas sunshine had played us false for once, and the wind sweeping tumultuously down from the mountains, was cold and drear.

My friend, Gertrude and I, had drawn our chairs close to the open fire, and we plied our needles with an industry born of the desperation induced by the cloudy weather.

Soo glanced at us impartially out of the corners of his almond eyes, then seated himself on the extreme edge of a chair, in close proximity to the fire.

"Heap cold," he repeated, picking up the hem of his long blue cotton sacque, and winding it around his fingers.

"Very," we assented cordially.

"Nice, nice, vellee nice," he said, laying his long yellow fingers caressingly on the bright piece of embroidery Gertrude held in her hand.

"Him cost two bits (twenty-five cents)?" he added inquiringly.

"Indeed it cost more like a dozen bits, Soo."

"Oh, him cost heap much." His sad face lengthened at the thought.

He got up and began making a slow tour of the room, examining all the knick-nacks, photographs, etc., occasionally remarking that something was "velley nice," and invariably asking the price. Finally he brought up at his chair again, and once more seated himself on the extreme edge.

"Bling him early," he said, pointing to the clothes, and shuffling his thick-soled slippers about on the floor.

"Why so you did, Soo. This is only Wednesday. How is that?"

"Day after tomolly China New Year."

"The Chinese New Year!"

"Yes, China New Year."

"No workee allee samee sabe? No workee tree day" (counting the days on his fingers held high in the air) "hab fun, so many fun, eat, eat, allee timee." He went through an expressive pantomime, to show us to what an extent he would indulge in gastronomical pleasures. "Heap fire cracker, big noise." He went through another set of gestures, waving his hands, working his voice, and making queer inexpressible sounds, to indicate the cracking and fizzing of fire-crackers and rockets.

"You come visit me, Sabe? Hein too," pointing to Gertrude.

"Indeed we shall, with pleasure, Soo."

A pale little smile flitted across his yellow face.

"Good bye." He got up in a relieved way, and noiselessly disappeared, returning, however, to put his head in at the door and say—

"You come certain. China New Year day after tomolly."

The city, a frontier one, had a large percentage of Chinese among its population, all the laundries, market gardens, restaurants and curiosity shops being "run" by these shrewd business people, so that next day, the eve of their new year, the stir of holiday preparation was very perceptible. The Chinese are essentially a conservative people and in whatever corner of the globe they find themselves observe faithfully the customs and

traditions of their fathers, so that the New Year, which is with them a great civil and religious holiday was celebrated even in this far-away corner, with befitting honors.

Before, however, I describe the New Year festivities and our call on Mr. Soo Wah, it may be well to make a few explanatory remarks on the Chinese method of computing time which is as unerringly accurate as it is complicated and difficult to understand.

The Chinese civil year, like that of the Hindoos, is regulated by the moon, and since the Han dynasty, two centuries before Christ has begun with the first day of that moon during the course of which the sun enters their sign of the Zodiac corresponding to our sign Pisces. They have also an astronomical year which is governed by the sun, and for the adjustment of these solar and lunar years instead of our leap year plan of an extra day in every fourth year they have an inter-calendary month occurring every third and second year in periods of nineteen so that the year contains either thirteen or twelve months as it has or has not an inter-calendary month. The same Chinese character is used to indicate both month and moon and a month has either twenty-nine or thirty days, the number of days being intended to correspond with the number of days which the moon takes to make the revolution around the earth. A convenient feature of the system is that the age of the moon at any time denotes the day of the month, thus there is no moon on the first, a full moon on the 15th, etc., and the moon accordingly presents the same appearance on the same day in any month from year to year.

This year the Chinese New Year's Day fell on the 29th January of our calendar. Festivities in connection with it lasted, as is the custom, for three days during which the shops were all closed, labor ceased, and the time was given up to feasting, to the interchange of calls, the giving and receiving of presents and occasional outbursts of fireworks. A generous hospitality marked the occasion bearing out well the Chinese saying, "that during the first part of the first moon no one has an empty stomach."

The day before was a busy day. Signs had been re-painted and gilded, mottoes appropriate to the season, of black hieroglyphics on an orange or red background covered the lintels of the doors and windows and everything possible was draped

in red, which is not only the Chinese festal color, but is supposed to possess the power of keeping off evil spirits. Gorgeous lanterns were hung before the doors and nearly every window and door had its dish of the favorite Chinese lily, the narcissus, in full bloom, and refreshments were laid ready for serving. With knitted brow and pre-occupied faces, Celestials went rushing hither and thither making purchases and settling debts, all of which according to a wise Chinese custom must be cancelled before the New Year. New clothes were donned, those who could not afford to buy them borrowed them, and silk and satin replaced the ordinary cloth and cotton garments, fresh white stockings and new thick-soled slippers adorned the feet, heads were well shaven and every pig-tail received an extra dressing.

Once early in the afternoon we encountered Soo, he was returning from a marketing expedition, and held, one in either hand, firmly clasped by their yellow legs, two wriggling, angrily clucking chickens, while visions of delectable compounds of chickens and rice on the morrow, flitted through his mind, and transformed his sad countenance.

"How do," he called out cheerily, as he caught sight of us. "Heap good time," waving the indignant fowls in our direction. "You come visit tomolly, certain."

By set of sun of the old year everything was in readiness, and festivities began then. Crack! bang! fizz! Fire-cracker, bomb and rocket rang out gaily in the clear evening air, and before each one of the low adobe buildings where the laundry work was done, and before each one of the Chinese curiosity shops and restaurants there blazed and cracked a small pile of fireworks. This was followed later in the evening by a feast in each household, when food was partaken of with certain mystic ceremonies, including an offering to the deceased ancestors and before the household idol Joss-sticks, mock money and pieces of red paper covered with printed prayers were burned. At midnight a perfect bedlam of noises, gongs, tom-toms, bombs, rockets, and fire-crackers ushered in the new year, the deafening outburst of sound being intended to drive away all evil spirits from its birth.

At an early hour the next morning Celestials in gorgeous apparel of purple, blue and olive green started out to pay

their rounds of visits, and offer to each other the congratulations of the season.

It was not, however, until late in the afternoon that Gertrude and I proceeded to pay our respects to Mr. Soo Wah. We had carefully studied the equivalent of "a Happy New Year" in Chinese, and we kept repeating it all the way from the hotel to the long adobe house in which Soo's laundry was situated. The ground before it was littered with bits of colored tissue paper, tails of bombs, and defunct fire-crackers, the remains of last night's display; the door was covered with hieroglyphic mottoes appropriate to the season, and above it hung a gay lantern.

Soo himself opened the door for us. His usual blue sacque had been replaced by a gorgeous dark green quilted one of a perfectly incredible thickness and stiffness; his flowing sleeves were ample enough to contain dozens of packs of cards, and his trousers so wide that they twisted about him in curving folds as he moved; his stockings were immaculate in their whiteness; his slippers were brilliant in crimson and gold garniture, and even his pig-tail appeared to have been lengthened by at least six inches. I regret to say that we were so overcome by the sight of all this magnificence that we entirely forgot our hardly learned Chinese phrases and blurted out our salutations in commonplace English.

Soo shook hands with himself, Chinese fashion, over and over again as he ushered us in, and we bowed to his two assistants, who, robed in gay purples and greens, also shook hands with themselves. All trace of sadness had banished from Soo's face, which was positively wreathed in smiles, and every few moments he gave vent to his pleasure in little hysterical giggles.

Everything pertaining to the laundry had been carefully put to one side, and the little dark room was brightened with the festal decorations. Tables graced with Chinese lilies and red trimmings were laid with various refreshments, mostly sweets. Piles of tiny Chinese oranges about the size of a walnut, quaint dishes filled with sweets of various description, candied pork fat, water melon seeds, prepared in some fashion and salty to the taste, slices of oranges and lemons dried and candied, cocoanut, queer looking nuts with raisins inside, sweet potatoes candied and a variety of other things which Soo, when we questioned him as to their nomenclature, vaguely

answered "China name allee samee."

In a dim shadowy corner low down on the floor some Joss sticks were burning before the household idol and their faint woody smell permeated the room. There was a great pile of visiting cards on the table, folded pieces of red paper with black hieroglyphics on them, left by Soo's numerous callers, and he gave us each one of these to take away as a souvenir.

We were offered refreshments, first Chinese wine or brandy, a few drops in tiny vessels of exquisite china, in shape like the half of an eggshell, and afterwards sweets in such abundance were pressed upon us that we felt quite embarrassed.

As we stood nibbling the strange tasting candy, and heroically endeavoring to look as if we enjoyed it, we asked Soo if he had ever been married. He answered no but one of his assistants had been "malled" three years though he had not yet seen his wife, having been married by proxy; he added, however, with a beaming face that he himself had a sweetheart in China, and that when he was "heap lich" he was going home "to mally him."

"And how long have you been away from China, Soo?"

"Thirteen year."

"Why your sweet heart won't know you?"

"Yes—yes, allee-samee him mudder know."

"But, Soo, probably she'll have got tired waiting and will have married some other man?"

"No allee samee, Sabe China girl no like 'mellican girl, him mudder boss, he no talkee. China boy, China girl allee samee he no talkee, mudder boss. China girl never go udder man, China man kill him."

"And has she small feet?"

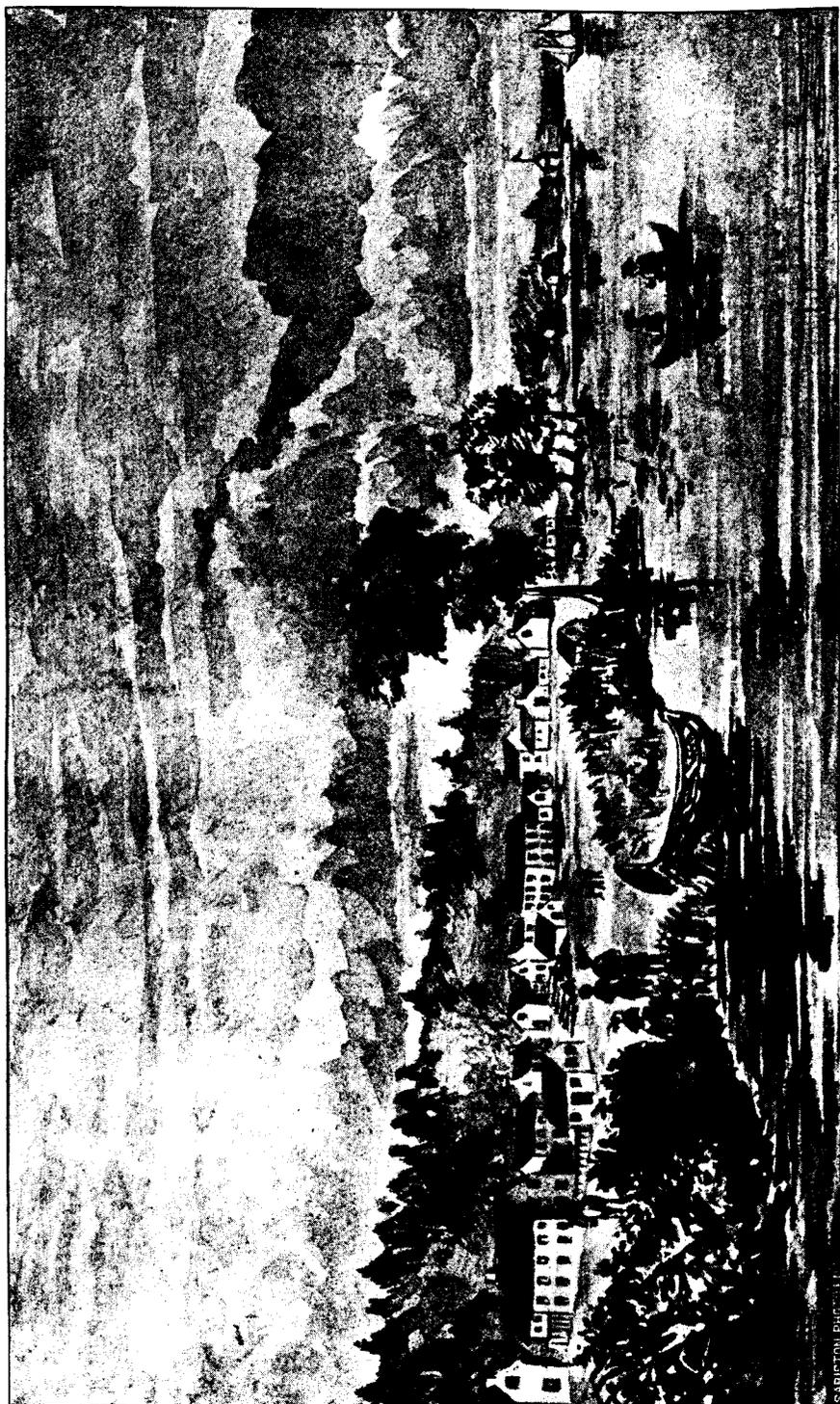
He indicated proudly with his two hands a foot measuring not many inches in length.

"But such little feet are no good, Soo."

"Yes heap good. Mellican girl big feet walk too far." He cast a sidelong contemptuous glance from his slanting eyes in the direction of our pedal extremities, "China girl him no walk far, him stay home allee timee."

And smiling complacently at the thought of the little maiden with the almond eyes and the tiny feet waiting so patiently for him far away in China, Soo bowed us out.

LINDA BELL COLSON.



YORK IN 1803.

From a drawing in the possession of Dr. Scadding, Toronto.

SARLETON PHOTOGRAPHY

# The First Legislators of Upper Canada.



IRTHS of Nations are the epochs of History. Thus Nineveh, Israel, Babylon, Greece, Rome, stand out from the canvas of the past with power. We reckon from these epochs; we date to them. And

why? It is because their lives have moulded the world, their deeds have impressed themselves upon the spiritual as well as the material nature of mankind, and there is no resource from their influence

Enquiring further we see that their careers have been entirely governed by the basis of their being. Thus Rome with its wolf-suckled warriors was governed by the traditions of will and war. It was always an autocracy, even when its republic ruled, for its people's will was the law of other peoples. Greece with its Cadmæan letters cultivated the beautiful fruitage of a literature that is still the model of the cultivated world, and of an art that will present its pure ideals as a standard, to the end of time. Switzerland is yet the synonym of liberty, and Russia of serfdom.

Can we legitimately carry these conclusions to the birth of a province? We think we can. There is no need to make statements to prove it, we have only to recall the foundations of the various nations, peoples, even states, on this continent, to recognize that the basis of their beginnings rules their history. Each has its own individuality that springs from its initial plan.

Yielding this, then, we are constrained to say that in the setting off of an Upper Province as a separate existence, one hundred years ago, the Province was blessed in its first Governor. General Simcoe was the man *par excellence* who could lay the foundations of happiness and prosperity for a free people. He was God-fearing, unselfish, wise, far-sighted, and honest; and thus he gave to the infant province a constitution based on truth and right, and entirely free from those meretricious adornments which while calculated to attract observation, nevertheless sap the life-blood of the state and place it at the mercy of unhealthy conditions.

For himself, Simcoe said in his address

of prorogation of the First Legislature, that Upper Canada had received a constitution "which has stood the test of experience, and is the very image and transcript of that of Great Britain." It is, however, certain that while adhering to the very principles of Magna Charta, that are the corner stone of the Constitution of Great Britain, Governor Simcoe saw, and was very willing to allow, that many modifications of the application of the constitution to the circumstances of a free people placed under new conditions, were necessary, and therefore he properly conceded them. Had this wise foresight always ruled in Government circles, Upper Canada would have been saved some troubles that certainly arose from a too literal translation of the legal use and custom of the Motherland.

Before proceeding it is necessary to explain that in dealing with the members of the first legislature of Upper Canada no ready-made information is at hand. Even the journals of the House are not all in our possession, nor, as far as is known, do they exist. War and fire have played havoc with the original documents; and stress of weather, privateering and other accidents, with the official copies of such documents duly despatched to the Home Government. Such as remain have been copied afresh, and these copies may be found in the Dominion and Provincial Legislative Libraries, and also in the Public Library of Toronto.

Of the men themselves who composed the First Legislature, with the exception of a few notable examples, little or nothing is on record, and that in no literary or official form. Old military rolls and pay lists, land grants, incidental mention in some connection, either of their own actions or of that of their neighbours, etc., are all that furnish us with what knowledge we may secure. If details seem meagre in the instances of several of our first legislators, it is from the almost insuperable difficulties in the way of procuring more, but the hope of the present writer is that the few particulars gathered herein may be the lodestone of others.

Of Simcoe, happily, records are not scarce.

A military man born of a military

family, a son of Capt John Simcoe who died on board His Majesty's ship *Pembroke* just before the siege of Quebec in 1759, John Graves Simcoe was left fatherless at a very early age. His only brother, died very soon after his father, and thus the elder became the only representative of the family. He was educated at Eton, and at Merton College, Oxford, and at nineteen entered as ensign the 35th Regiment of the line. This regiment was part of a contingent sent to support British authority in the revolted colonies of America. In June, 1775, Simcoe

was in Boston, and fought at Bunker Hill. Later he purchased command of a company in the 40th Regiment, and was severely wounded at Brandywine in 1777. As commander of the Queen's Rangers, a Provincial corps, which was raised in Connecticut and New York, by Colonel Rogers, an ancestor of Col. Z. Rogers of Cobourg, to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of which Major Simcoe was appointed by Sir William Howe, Simcoe developed an astonishing gift of leadership and conducted that famous corps to the zenith of its fame. It was this regiment that in two divisions, the first under Captains Shaw and Shank, and the second under Captain Smith, marched on snow-shoes from New Brunswick to Montreal in the depth of winter in order to welcome their beloved Lieut.-Colonel, the new Governor.\* Simcoe's subordinate officers were attached to him; both of these last-named officers and Captain Smith had been with him during the whole campaign of the Revolutionary War.

\*This feat was twice afterwards nobly rivalled. In 1813 in the month of February, the 104th, the first Colonial Regiment of the Line, marched in ten divisions from Fredericton, N. B., to Quebec. And in 1837 the 43rd Regiment of Light Infantry made the same march, doing it in twelve days.

Both of these instances are given by Mr. W. G. Macfarland in his deeply interesting *History of Fredericton* appearing in the *Daily Sun*, St. John, N. B., issues Feb. 28th and March 1st, 1893, respectively.



General John Graves Simcoe,  
First Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada

The year 1781 saw the capitulation of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and the consequent cessation of hostilities. Simcoe, whose health had long been failing, received leave to return to England, a sea voyage alone being spoken of hopefully by his physicians. But he had to go on parole to the United States, and was only exchanged some time after his arrival in England, at the particular instance of the U. S. Minister to Britain, Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

"Thus was ended," says D. B. Read, Q. L. C., in his *Life and Times of General Simcoe*,

"the military career of Lieut.-Col. Simcoe, a man who during the whole of his military life was honoured and beloved by all who knew him, of most generous impulses, and well entitled to promotion in the service of the Crown whose battles he had fought, if with varying success, at least with devotion and loyalty not surpassed by any of the King's subjects of high or low degree."

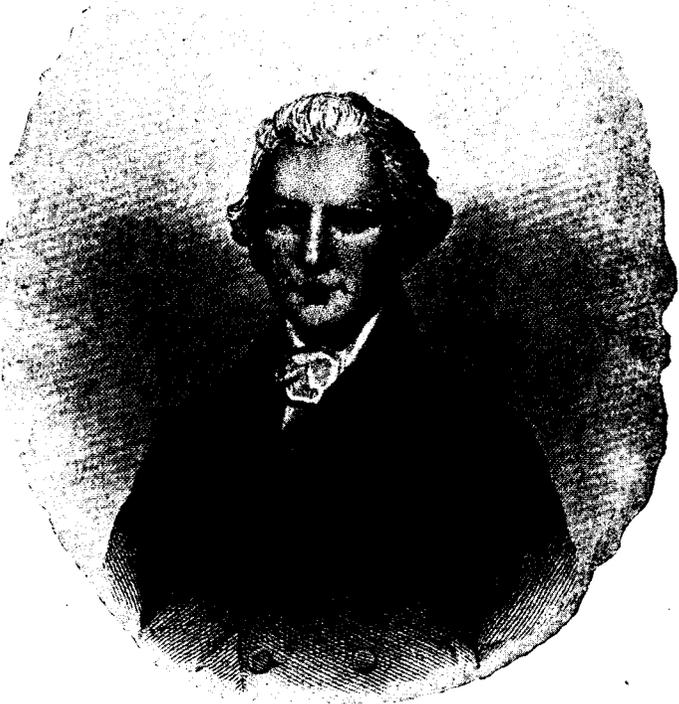
Soon after the restoration of his health, and while living quietly on his estates in Devonshire, Simcoe married. His wife was a near relation of a distant relative of his own, Admiral Graves. She was a Miss Gwillim, and it is her maiden name that is perpetuated in the townships of North, East, and West Gwillimbury in this Province, as is that of Simcoe in the Lake as well as the county that bears his name, and the capital town of the county of Norfolk.

Soon after his marriage Simcoe entered Parliament as member for St. Maws, Cornwall, and thus took part in the debates on the Bill for the division of the Province of Quebec into two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. The debate was warm, both Fox and Pitt taking part in it, and the future Governor was thus enabled to see clearly the course the Government wished to pursue in dealing with

the new provinces. That course was liberal and the whole of the article, which may be found in Read's *Life of Simcoe*, pp. 117-27, is both interesting and instructive. It is said that Lord Dorchester, then Commander-in-Chief of Quebec, desired the appointment of a resident gentleman as Governor of the Upper Province, but the appointment of Simcoe had been made and confirmed before his Lordship's letters arrived. The date of Simcoe's appointment cannot be ascertained, but the Bill for the separation of the Province passed the second reading on the 16th May, 1791, and we find the new Governor at once laying plans for the future welfare of his trust. Indeed, the whole purport of Simcoe's correspondence with the Government, as shewn by the

Archives, both before leaving England and after his arrival is the benefit of the settlers and the best development of the Province on a sound basis. On the 20th May, 1791, only four days after the passing of the Bill of Separation, Lieut.-Col. Simcoe wrote to Mr. D. W. Smith, who became acting surveyor-general of the Province, desiring him to have a report ready by his arrival of the quality of a salt spring on the river Trent, Simcoe himself having "directed Mr. Angus Macdonell to proceed at once to analyze its quality." (This was one of the Macdonells of Glengarry.) The value of salt is scarcely recognized by the public of the present day, but Governor Simcoe who had known the difficulties caused by its absence or too limited supply in military campaigns, and had observed the manner in which the Indians and wild cattle flocked to natural salt centres, was able justly to place a value upon it. The Indians in some measure worship this natural production, from a sense of its importance to them as a centre of food supply.

As Mr. Read justly remarks, "How could the new Governor have known of this salt spring in a province wherein his mili-

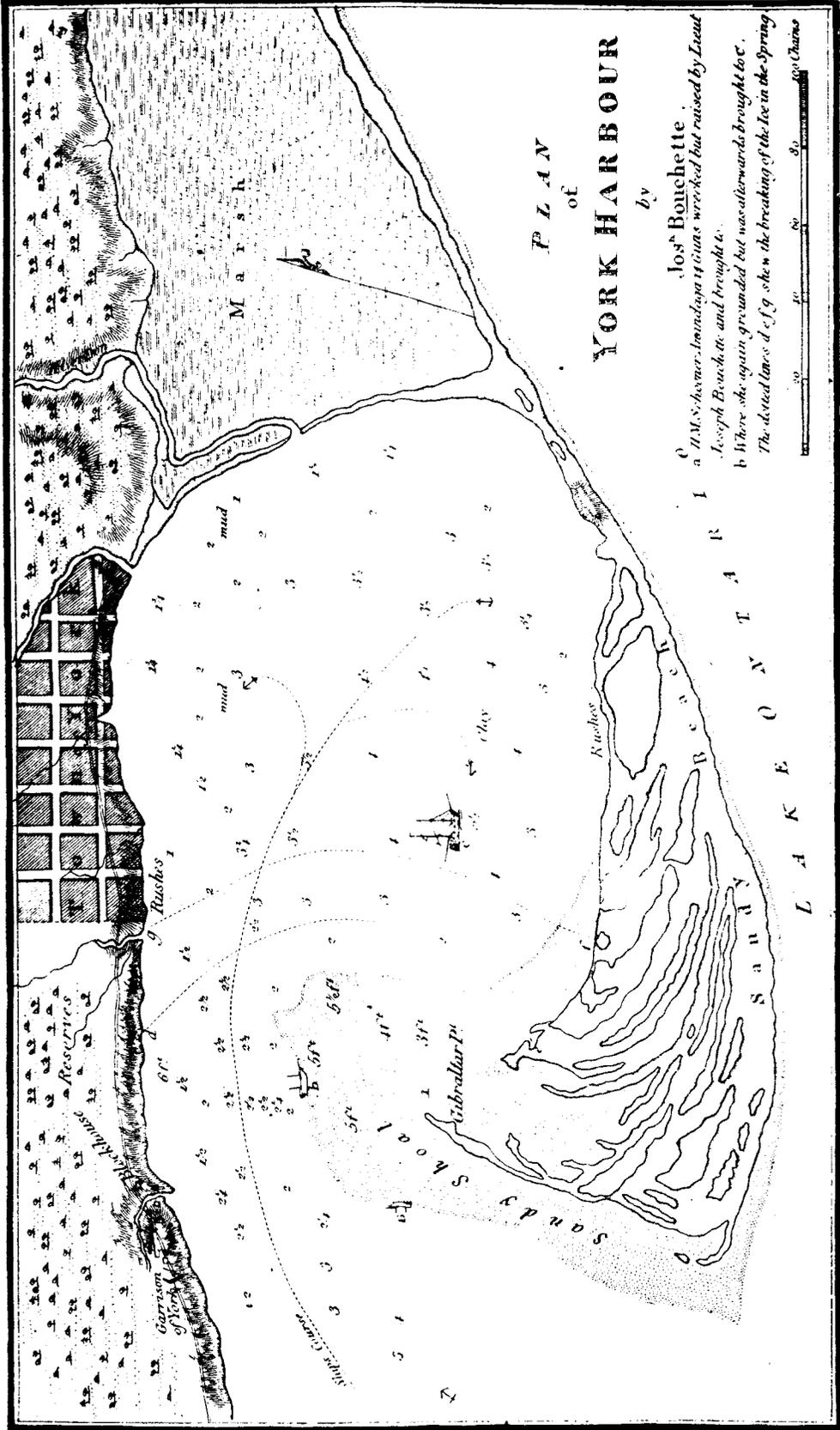


Hon. William Osgoode, First Chief Justice of Upper Canada.

tary duties had never lain, unless he had carefully studied the official documents relating to its survey, that were in the hands of the Home Government?" His solicitude for the rights of the Indians, for their proper and respectful treatment as denizens of the soil, and ancient allies of Britain, whose friendship was worth retaining, is also conspicuous in the letter referred to, a singular mark of his paternal and just attitude towards the province he was sent to govern.

But before proceeding to the details of the initiation of the First Legislature of Upper Canada, a few words are necessary in regard to the setting off as a separate government, the new Province.

The Treaty of Ghent, which gave to England the despised French Colony of Quebec, was concluded in 1763. In this cession Nova Scotia was also included, France thus giving up, by one scratch of the pen, the whole of the North American dominions. "The population of Quebec was about 65,000 souls, inhabiting a narrow strip," says N. P. Willis, "on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and chiefly employed in agriculture." In the wilds of the Far West some few hundred others



PLAN  
 of  
**YORK HARBOUR**  
 by  
**Jos. Bouchette**  
 a H.M.S. Surveyor: In which it is shown as wrecked but raised by Lieut.  
 Joseph Bouchette and brought to  
 b Where she again grounded but was afterwards brought to c.  
 The dotted lines d. e. f. g. show the breaking of the Ice in the Spring.



YORK AND ITS HARBOUR IN 1793.

were engaged in trade and peltry, but many of these were half-breeds.

Of Upper Canada, Judge Pringle speaks thus in his new volume "*Lunenburg, or the old Eastern District*," "prior to the year 1784 that part of the old Province of Quebec called Upper Canada, and now Ontario, was an almost unbroken wilderness. The French had extended their settlements up by what is now the line between the Province of Quebec and Ontario, but had not pushed them further West. At an early period of their occupation of Canada they had explored the rivers St. Lawrence and Ottawa, navigated the great Lakes, visited many parts of the North-West, and established military and trading posts, at Frontenac (now Kingston), the mouth of the Niagara River, Detroit, and other points. Their priests, active and energetic in their holy vocation, had gone far into the country, carrying religious instruction to the natives, and in too many instances sacrificing their lives in their endeavour to benefit and civilize the Indians."

The names of many rapids, headlands and islands still testify to the extent of the French explorations, but it was not until 1784 that the permanent settlement and occupation of Upper Canada began. In that year about 10,000 persons were placed along the northern shores of the River St. Lawrence, Lake Ontario and Lake Erie. Nearly all of them were U. E. Loyalists, driven from their homes in the thirteen colonies, and most of the men, old enough to bear arms, had served in the corps raised for the King during the Revolutionary War.

With the characteristic generosity of the British people towards the conquered, the Canadians, as the French population of Quebec were called, were granted full civil and religious liberty. The *Coûtume de Paris* still remained their legal use, and their language was assured to them in all public documents. Only in so far as the proper rights of the British Crown were menaced were any changes made, and, to their credit be it said, the Church acknowledged the beneficence of the new rulers by inculcating a patriotic and obedient service in return for these large concessions from Britain.

But it was not to be expected that when a British population began to settle in the west of the province, it would be willing to be governed by French laws or ideas, therefore after some years of stress and strain on the part of both neighbours,

it was found necessary to give the British, who certainly had a preferential claim on their own government, a Constitution of their own, erected on British lines. Thus it came to pass that the Bill for the Separation of the Province of Quebec into the two Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, was brought before the Home Parliament and passed.

It must not, however, be supposed that the Government set up in the wilds of a new land could at first find its full development. The means for the application of its details did not exist. There were no Counties to send representatives to Parliament, no Towns to furnish municipal powers, Judges there were, but no Juries. And, therefore, it was necessary to furnish the Governor with plenary powers to administer in every particular in which authority might be called upon to enforce law and order. Such rule is called military rule, because the chief officer holds his commission from the King, and all other officers look to him for orders.

Nevertheless the Constitution of Upper Canada was "the image and transcript of the British Constitution," only it lacked development. The action of the First Parliament was at once taken in this direction, as will be seen from its Acts as will be hereafter presented.

From the "Canadian Archives Report for 1891," a most valuable volume with regard to Upper Canada, we learn on the indisputable authority such records furnish, page 7. Letter from Lieut.-Gov. Alured Clarke to Mr. Henry Dundas, British Secretary for the Colonies, date Nov. 12, 1791, "Lieut.-Colonel Simcoe had arrived at Quebec on board the "Triton" on the previous day. Had received by him a new commission of Lieut. Governor of Lower Canada, and despatches addressed to Lord Dorchester, with a copy of the new Act for the government of the country, authority to fix the time when it shall come into force, with order for dividing the Province" (Quebec) "instructions and commissions." It will thus be seen, as indeed was to have been supposed, that the setting off of Upper Canada as a distinct Province affected the one left. There were now two Lieut.-Governors and a Governor-General, or as he was then styled a Commander-(sometimes Governor) in-Chief. This latter was Lord Dorchester, whom we know better as Sir Guy Carleton, and thus it was that his commission as supe-



YORK IN 1813.  
From the Block House east of the Dou.

SALISTON PUBLISHED

rior had to be read at Kingston at the same time as that of the Lieutenant-Governor.

In his report addressed to the Hon. the Minister of Agriculture the Archivist says :

"Simcoe, as already stated, arrived in Quebec on the 11th of November, 1791, and remained there for some time, there being no council constituted in Upper Canada by whom he could be sworn into office. For the same reason difficulties arose as to the administration of justice in the newly created province, which appear to have been overcome, to some extent at least, by an assumption of power which did not exist. Simcoe's plans for opening up and developing the resources of Upper Canada were on a scale of some importance. . . . "In the summer of 1792," Mr. Brymner continues : "Simcoe reached Upper Canada, and on the sixteenth of July, issued a proclamation dated at Kingston, that the old Province of Quebec had been divided into the two Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and fixing the division of the province into "districts, counties, circles or towns and townships" to carry out the intent of the Act, "and to declare and appoint the number of representatives to be chosen by each to serve in the Assembly of the said Province."

The principle adopted "to equalize the numbers for the purposes of representation, was the Militia returns," said Simcoe in a letter to the Colonial Secretary, and the justice and common sense of this basis is very evident, since the county or district that shewed the largest number of men willing to defend the country was surely that entitled to the strongest representation.

In this particular the District of London, which contained the four ridings of Lincoln, appears to be strongest, and the Eastern District, containing the Highland settlement of Glengarry, and the strong U. E. settlements of Prescott and Dundas, next.

On the 17th January, 1792, Governor Simcoe arrived at Montreal, bringing with him his wife and little son. In a private letter dated the same day, to Sir George Yonge, the Secretary of war, (after whom Yonge street, Toronto, is named;) he tells of the affection of his old corps, the Rangers, who had just reached Montreal by travelling all the way from New Brunswick on snow-shoes.

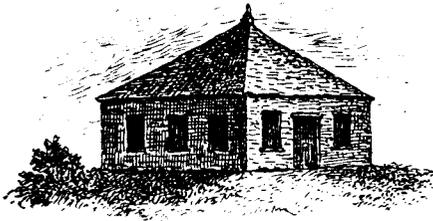
Proceeding by bark canoe—the only

way of ascending the St. Lawrence in those days—to Kingston, Simcoe stopping by the way at Johnstown, where the new Governor was received on entering his province by a salute of artillery of one gun, the only one available, and taken from the old French Fort on the island below Johnstown; here at a hostelry called St. John's Hall, Governor Simcoe held his first levée.

"Soon after the Governor left on his journey up the river," says Mr. Read, "the gentry of the surrounding country in their queer old broad-skirted military coats, their low tasseled boots, their looped chapeaux with faded feathers fluttering in the wind, retired to St. John's Hall and there did honor to the occasion in speech-making and health-drinking as was the custom of the time." Having reached Kingston, the first fortified place between Montreal and Niagara, "it was here," continues Mr. Read's lively narration, "that the Governor first organized his Government by selecting his Executive and Legislative Council. The organization and the ceremonies on the occasion partook of a religious character." This was in full accordance with the custom enjoined by the usage of a professedly Christian people like the British, and Simcoe was always most punctilious in observing all religious usages as showing the due respect of a Christian to the Divine Power.

"The event was one of solemnity; the place, the old wooden church opposite the market place, Kingston. Here in this church were read and published His Majesty's Commissions. The Governor was attended by the Honourable William Osgoode, Chief Justice, the Honourable James Baby, the Honourable Peter Russell, together with the Justices of the Peace and principal inhabitants, when the commission appointing His Excellency Lord Dorchester, Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief, etc., of Upper Canada, and Lower Canada, and John Graves Simcoe, Governor of the Province of Upper Canada was solemnly read and published. The oaths of office were then administered to His Excellency," (by the Chief Justice.)

"According to the Royal instructions to General Simcoe, he was to have five individuals to form his first Executive Council. The five named were : William Osgoode, William Robertson, James Baby, Alexander Grant and Peter Russell, Esquires.



The first Church erected in Cornwall.  
Built in 1787.

These appointments were made on the 8th July. On the following Monday, Messrs. Osgoode, Russell and Baby were sworn into office; Robertson was not then in the Province, and Grant was sworn in a few days afterwards."

"The Legislative Councillors were not selected till the 17th July, 1792, when a meeting of the Executive Council was held at Kingston, and the following gentlemen appointed: Robert Hamilton, Richard Cartwright and John Munro." . . . . . The Governor left Kingston for his new Capital of Newark on the 21st July, 1792."

As Governor by Military rule as before explained, Simcoe had the naming of his own officials, and this power he exercised with much wisdom. His Military Secretary was Major Littlehales, an officer of high merit and ability; one of his Aides-de-camp was Thomas Talbot, so well known as Col. Talbot of the Talbot settlement in the Western District. Robert Dey Gray, a man of excellent judgment and much weight in the community was made Solicitor-General. His Clerk of Executive Council was John Small, the head of the family so well known in York, whose present representative sat in the Local House for some years.

For Civil Secretary, Simcoe chose William Jarvis who had been an officer in the Rangers, and whose sons distinguished themselves by their patriotism and loyalty as well as their ability in their profession. Peter Russell was appointed Receiver-General and though his "I, Peter Russell give to you, Peter Russell," has become somewhat notorious, yet he was a man of parts and administered the affairs of the Province with judgement when he became Governor. D. W. Smith was named Surveyor-General; and Thomas Ridout, the writer of the interesting Ridout Letters describing his captivity among the Shawanese Indians which form the *piece de resistance* in Mrs. Edgar's highly interesting work, "*Ten Years of*

*Upper Canada*," was, together with William Chewett, made Assistant Receiver-General.

All of Simcoe's appointees, it will be seen, were men of acknowledged ability and worth, fit to be entrusted with the affairs of Government, and all of whom gave a good account of themselves in the long run. Some of the names are "familiar in our mouths as household words" to-day, respectable and worthy men of respectable and worthy sires.

Nor must it be overlooked that the people Simcoe was called upon govern were not like those who flocked to David's standard at the Cave of Adullam, but with the exception of a few old soldiers—who had, however, done good service for the King—who were settled round the Forts and King's Posts, the population of Upper Canada was composed of men and their families who had lost all for loyalty's sake, who had left behind them not only comfort and the advantages of civilized communities, but wealth and the higher education: men, some of them, who had founded families, and schools of learning, and had drunk at the Pierian fount themselves. Such men as these would brook no arbitrary exercise of power, would endure no coercion; nay, more, they knew the qualities of constitutional government and would intelligently criticise every act in the drama of the organization of the new Province.

Nevertheless Simcoe found that the choice of these men in their representatives lay in the direction of actual settlers, rather than of the half-pay officers who took up land as part of their remuneration for service. The Governor himself naturally preferred the officers, on whom he could depend for that punctilious performance of duty, that promptness, readiness, rarely to be found among those who are habituated to the uncertainties of country life, and whose methods are seldom exact and decisive, for the very good reason that the inflexible conditions of nature more often controlled them than they the conditions.

The new Governor was studiously careful to please his people as far as possible, and took into consideration their wishes in this particular, while at the same time he kept a steady eye on the men his own judgment preferred for certain duties, and his judgment was certainly justified by the event.

On the 8th of March, 1792, the Warrant for the Great Seal of Upper Canada was



The Great Seal of Upper Canada.

issued at St James', a description of which was contained in said Warrant as follows :

[Copy of Warrant for the Great Seal of Upper Canada.]

GEORGE R.

To our trusty and well-beloved GUY, LORD DORCHESTER, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Bath, our Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of our Province of Upper Canada in America, or to our Lieutenant-Governor, or Commander-in-Chief of our Province for the time being

GREETING :

With this you will receive a seal prepared by our order for the use of our said

Province of Upper Canada, the same being engraved on the outside with a representation of our Anchor and Sword upon a Calumet of Peace encircled with a Crown of Olives, two Cornucopiæ, surmounted by an Imperial Crown and the Union of Great Britain with the motto, "IMPERI PORRECTA MAJESTAS CUSTODA RERUM CÆSARE"—and this inscription round the circumference:—"SIGILL. PROV. NOV. CAN. SUP.;" and on the reverse our Arms in a Shield, with the supporters, Garters and Imperial Crown with the Motto, and round the circumference our titles.

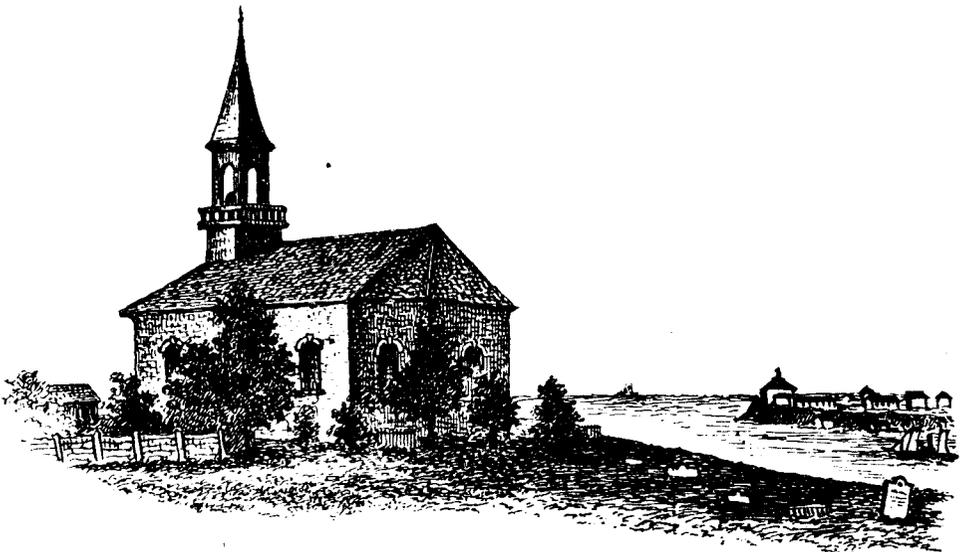
Our will and pleasure is, and we do hereby authorize and direct, that the said seal be used in sealing all public Instruments which shall be made and passed in our name, and for our service in our said Province of Upper Canada.

Given at our Court of St. James, the twenty-eighth day of March, 1792, in the thirty-second year of our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command,

HENRY DUNDAS.

Without this seal attached, no instrument of the Government of Upper Canada was valid, and the writer is much indebted to Mr. Boyle, curator of the Provincial Collection of Minerals, etc. of Ontario, and to Mr. Murphy, of the Crown Lands' Department of Upper Canada, for a sight of the original seal as attached to an old land patent cancelled by Sir Peregrine Maitland and bearing his signature, and for the means of obtaining a single woodcut



St. Mark's Church, Newark. Founded in 1792

thereof, taken from the smaller work of Montgomery Martin on Canada, in which may also be found the Great Seal of Lower Canada. Our artist has drawn the seal in almost full size, and has greatly improved the copy by making it in relief as of course the seal must be. The impressions were made in white wax covered by paper, and were attached to the instruments by means of a short length of

broad white tape which probably went through the whole disk of wax. Some of these impressions weighed nearly a pound; and examples of them are very scarce.

By the suggestion of the Rev. Dr. Scadding, the Seal of Upper Canada has been adopted as the escutcheon of Upper Canada College; a most appropriate application.

S. A. CURZON.

*(To be continued.)*



The old Baby Mansion, Sandwich.

# THE GWYDYR GIRL

**G**WENDOLINE Gwydyr had always been "out of it."

She was an undoubtedly fine-looking girl with more intellect than most of her fellows, and the capability of making the best of herself, which is a cleverness in itself.

Her birth, too, was beyond dispute. It showed itself in the delicate, spirited face, the soft outlines of the graceful form, the distinguished air; but for all these matters Gwendoline had always, and, to all present appearances, would always be *out of it*: for she was lacking in the filthy lucre necessary for worldly enjoyment, and so her endowments of birth and beauty were more against than for her.

Prudent mammas of less pleasing damsels saw no necessity for cultivating the acquaintance of a girl who would eclipse their own, and could give nothing in return. True, Gwendoline got asked to numerous *at homes*, at which tea and talk rivalled each other in mildness, but beyond this she was completely shut out from gayety by the strong, impassable wall of poverty. Gwendoline by reason of her striking figure and dauntless air was often noticed by passers by, and on several occasions a man had wondered who she was, and gone so far as to seek the information from feminine friends only to meet with the short reply: She was not in "our set," said in a manner calculated to convey the idea that there ended all interest: but men are not so easily ruled by these invisible lines as women are, and Gwendoline had, if she had only known it, enough masculine admirers to out-number the feminine representatives of the smart families she met at the various *at homes*.

But one day, a fortnight before Christmas, Gwendoline got a surprise. She had started out for a walk stirred by the beauty of the day to the joy of mere existence. It was one of those clear crisp days that come in December, when there isn't a cloud to be seen in the sky look long as you will, and the sun pours down its radiance, out of the blue, on tower and

town, turning the frost-bound branches to fairy twigs bending beneath their sparkling weight to touch the snow!

As Gwendoline went walking on her quick, vigorous way, with the winter wind caressing her cheeks to crimson, and her heart awake to the wondrous hopes that seize us for so small a cause when we are young, she was filled with the pleasurable sense of something joyful in store for her,—the very air declared it! And when she got home there it was! In the shape of a letter, the post-man had just thrust in to the letter box inside their door. It proved to be a card of invitation to a masked fancy dress ball, to be given by the Kay-Shuttleworths, in Peel Street, on New Years Eve. Its perusal sent Gwendoline skipping up the narrow stairs in a delirium of delight to seek her mother.

"Oh! Mossie," she cried, "See! An invitation to the Kay-Shuttleworths fancy dress ball, but," then a shadow came across her face, "What can I wear?"

"We will manage that," said Mrs. Gwydyr, and her eyes looked wonderfully like her daughter's in their excitement. "How more than kind of Mrs. Kay-Shuttleworth." But if everything had been known, Mrs. Gwydyr might not have been so prone to praise her.

The truth was that while sending out invitations, at the same time, for the ball on New Years eve, and a tea the week before, Mrs. Kay-Shuttleworth, who prided herself upon her capability of doing two things at the same time, inadvertently wrote *Miss Gwydyr* on the back of the ball card, instead of the tea, and put it into the envelope already addressed to St. Urbain street.

Now Gwendoline had heard this ball discussed and had never dreamt, for even a wild moment of being there, but now she blithely uttered one of her favourite quotations:

"Nothing but the unexpected ever happens."

She sat with her mother over the grate fire puzzling, as many a girl at the same

time was puzzling over what she would wear; but with the others it was:

What would be pretty?

What would be unhackneyed?

What would be becoming?

While with Gwendoline the all important question was:

What would be cheap?

"I have it" at last she cried. "Mother, I'll go in my black velvet frock or not at all. I'll fill in the throat with white satin and net and put in big puffed sleeves of the same, and with my hair pompadour. I'll look quite historical. I'll say I am one of Henry the VIII wives: blest Monarch to have made my choice so wide!"

Gwendoline laughed gayly, and had her frock out for inspection the next moment, and declared it would look smart enough for a Queen when it was *fixed*.

"I will buy you some roses dear," said Mrs. Gwydyr, who was nearly as pleased as her daughter at the pleasure in prospect.

But Gwendoline refused the offer with a kiss.

"They cost so much to begin with, and besides I think flowers should never be

worn. They are lovely growing, but they fade so fast when they are cut and give the wearer an equally spiritless look. So Mossie dear, though it was very sweet of you to think of such a thing, it won't do."

Then Gwendoline went off, singing, to her own room and answered the invitation.

Surely fate was conspiring in this girl's favour, for there is no doubt if her reply had come to Peel street, Mrs. Kay-Shuttleworth, who possessed the nerve that money gives, would at once have explained the mistake.

Gwendoline dropped the note into the box at the corner; the postman it was who lost it. While emptying the box at six o'clock, which was crammed full of letters, this one fell out. The man was somewhat short-sighted, and it lay writing downward in the unbroken snow, so, though he glanced about, fancying something had fallen, he saw nothing, and went on his way.

So New Year's eve came round, and all had gone well, and Gwendoline was ready for her first ball.

Now it transpired that amongst all the gay assemblage no costume was more effective than Gwendoline's black frock, set off by the white net sleeves through which the satin shone in striking contrast, and from the soft ruching at the neck Gwendoline's graceful throat rose, free from any barbaric ornamentation of silver or gold.

One man, got up very brilliantly as the Beast of childish lore, singled her out for marked attention from the first, and as they were both of more than usually striking appearance, it was palpable to all and caused divers comments. Before the evening was half over Gwendoline was stigmatized as *Beauty* by more than a hundred people.

"I wonder who she is, Mama," the eldest Miss Kay-Shuttleworth found occasion to whisper in the maternal ear, passing a jewelled hand over her own Elizabethan ruffles.

Now the eldest Miss Kay-Shuttleworth, who had been christianized under the biblical name of Naomi, held herself in high favour, and stood in no mean estimation among the many who mistake noise for mirth. She was, indeed,



"The postman it was who lost it."



"I wonder who she is, Mamma."—See page 156.

very animated, but this animation was more of muscle than of mind.

"I think," she went on, and there was much of the Virago in her emphatic tone and constant movement now that the mask concealed her countenance.—"I think that *she* came with the Camoys, they said they were expecting some girl from England, and that she owned half a million in bank stock; but they never said what a lovely figure she had."

"A lovely figure," echoed Mrs. Kay-Shuttleworth with her gold-rimmed pince-nez fixed upon *Beauty*, just then passing in the Beast's embrace, to the tune of an entrancing waltz.

"A lovely figure," she reiterated, but she was thinking not of *Beauty's* form, but *Beauty's* cash-book!

"Quite Gwendoline Gwydyr's style," said the little Kay-Shuttleworth, joining them at the moment. Hugh seems mightily taken with her whoever she is."

For Hugh it was, Mrs. Kay-Shuttleworth's firstborn and favourite, who had disguised himself as the Beast for the evening's amusement.

"Wont it be fun when supper comes, and the unmasking," said the little Kay-Shuttleworth, going off to join the

dancers. And when supper came it *was* fun. If being bewilderingly, amazingly, maddeningly surprised, can be called *fun*. And this is what Mrs. Kay-Shuttleworth was. She rushed in search of her eldest daughter, who was engaged in an embryo flirtation with a timid-looking young man, in a quiet corner of the conservatory, conducive to such affairs. Miss Kay-Shuttleworth looking up and seeing the dismay in the maternal countenance moved to meet her.

"What *is* the matter mamma?"

"That girl," gasped Mrs. Kay-Shuttleworth, wrath and speed had made her breathless.

"What girl?"

"The Gwydyr girl."

"What of her. Is she dead?"

"Worse—She is here!"

"What consummate cheek," the eldest Miss Kay-Shuttleworth occasionally condescended to slang.

"Unparalleled impudence"—gasped Mrs. Kay-Shuttleworth—"to impose upon us."

But Naomi who was a young woman of wit had arrived at the right conclusion.

"She didn't come to the tea, mamma; you must have sent her the wrong card."

Mrs. Kay-Shuttleworth literally groaned, throwing herself upon a seat beneath a glowing oleander in glorious bloom. She belonged to that complacent class of mediocrity who never make a mistake! and here was her self-pride wounded as well as her prejudice.

"Oh, such fun," broke in the little Kay-Shuttleworth, "Beauty has turned out to be Gwendoline Gwydyr, though how she got here Heaven alone knows."

"Hush, child: Heaven is not concerned in *such* affairs."

If the truth must be told, Mrs. Kay-Shuttleworth had her suspicions that the workings came from a widely different source!

"It is dreadful," said Naomi with consternation in her tone. "What are we to do?"

"Nothing!" said Mrs. Kay-Shuttleworth. "Nothing! we can't turn her out now she is here; but if ever she finds herself under my roof again she will be lucky."

In the meantime Gwendoline was enjoying herself as only a happy-hearted, high spirited girl can do, when all things conspire for her enjoyment. For Hugh Kay-Shuttleworth, instead of lessening his attentions after the unmasking, redoubled them.

Hugh, when he had laid aside the Beasts' trappings, was as good a specimen of young manhood as you could meet with anywhere. He stood a good five foot eleven, and was strongly made, and though his features were not without fault, still they went to make up a countenance which was vastly more pleasing as it was than as it might have been. There was a breadth about the chin, and a braveness about the mouth that struck you at first seeing, and his eyes were dark and blue, and deeply set, looking out from under the well-defined eyebrows with fearlessness and joy. Added to this, his hair was a glory, golden in colour, with a crispness about its waves, which plainly showed the way it would have curled but for the barber's vigilance, and beneath the eyes was a stroke of glowing red, put on by nature's paint brush with pleasing skill.

In that gay place there had been something more than light badinage between these two, for Hugh had drawn from her the simple story of her simple life. He knew where they lived; how she and her mother were all alone in the world, and all in all to each other, and how this was

her first appearance at anything more pretentious than a feminine afternoon affair.

"How are you going home to-night," he asked anxiously.

"Sarah is coming for me. I can assure you she is sufficient protection for any one. One look alone at her countenance would carry dismay to any assailant's soul."

"All the same," said Hugh, "if you don't mind—or Sarah, I am coming too."

And so when Gwendoline stepped again into the night Hugh was with her.

She had no objection what-so-ever to so gallant an escort. Glancing up at him through shy and happy eyes she likened him in her mind to the knights of King Arthur's Court, and much to their detriment.

When Hugh returned to Peel street he found his mother still up. She had told her daughters she could not think of sleep until she had spoken to Hugh. She only hoped he hadn't gone so far as to see the Gwydyr girl home. But when Hugh came in out of the frosty night, carrying a new light in his eyes, she knew.

"Hugh," she cried, "how could you behave so?"

"What do you mean, mother?"

"Why, hanging about that Gwydyr girl all evening. She is nobody—nobody! They live in a flat, and are as poor as— as paupers! and *no one* asks them *anywhere*."

Here it may be said that Hugh laughed; and he laughed the more when his mother had explained how it was Gwendoline had got there.

"It was a lucky mistake," he said, and kissed her good night, and went on, up the broad stair, still with that new light in his eyes, which showed where the luck lay.

\* \* \* \*

Before three months were over they were married, much to the Kay-Shuttleworths chagrin in general, and Mrs. Kay-Shuttleworths in particular. And when, after the honeymoon abroad, they set up housekeeping in a smart house in Sherbrooke street, visitors and invitations poured in on every side.

Society decided it had always admired the Gwydyr girl, but did not go on to explain at what a distance!

Gwendoline took the goods the Gods provided in the spirit they came, and enjoyed herself to her heart's content, and was called the pretty Kay-Shuttleworth

by half the town. But the Kay-Shuttleworths did not melt, and strangely enough this did not effect Gwendoline's happiness, but she didn't go so often as she would otherwise have done, to the big house in Peel street.

"How could they care for me when I stole the best thing they had," she would

say with a smile. Still one thing puzzled her.

"I wonder why they ever asked me to the ball, Hugh?" she said one day.

But Hugh, who was all a devoted husband should be, had *one* secret from his wife!

MAY AUSTIN.

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## CHILD FANCIES.

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Two wide blue eyes evaded sleep to-night,  
 Two lids that will not fall, disclose the light  
 Of merry thoughts. A busy little brain  
 Is troubled, and there comes a rain  
 Of eager questions.

The light's turned off—I raise the blind. The sky  
 Is rich with million diamond lights, and high  
 The harvest moon is hung. The fields are bare,  
 We laugh and say "Dame Earth has cut her hair,"  
 Wee maid and I.

But clouds are scolding off the moon to bed  
 In surly haste. There droops a drowsy head  
 As all the glad sky-glories disappear;  
 "It's dark," the wee maid cries in sudden fear,  
 "Has God turned off the stars?"

ETHEL COPELAND CHRISTIE.



Port Hope School and Upper Canada College Elevens, 25 June, 1892.

# CRICKET IN CANADA.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

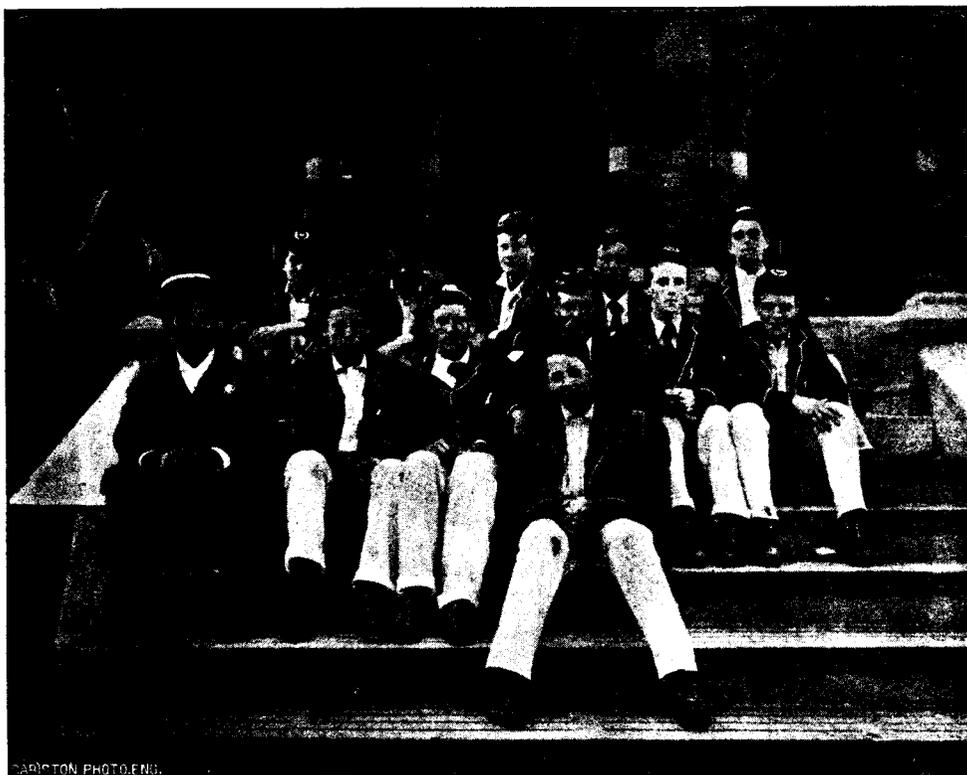
THE early popularity of cricket in Ontario is for the most part attributable, as we have pointed out, to the presence here of the military and to their fondness for the game as a pastime; the regard in which the game has been held since Confederation is largely due to the influence exerted in its favor by and through the two great public schools, Upper Canada College and Trinity College school, Port Hope. To Upper Canada College may be awarded the distinction of having consistently fostered the cricketing spirit since it opened its doors to pupils in January, 1830. As early as 1834 F. W. Barron was appointed one of the classical masters, at which time George Anthony Barber was College collector and John Kent master of the boarding house.

These three gentlemen were enthusiastic cricketers, wielded the willow with great skill and at once made their favorite game the pastime of the pupils. The *Courier* of 1836 reports a match played that year in which the College defeated the Toronto Club. The winners were White, L. Robinson, A. Phillpotts, J. Kent, A. Keefer, G. A. Barber, J. B. Robinson, F. W. Barron, Dyett, Hale and F. Keefer; the losers, Draper, Murray, Lane, Nash, Loring, Boulton, Head, (probably Sir Francis Bond Head) Rowsell, Maddox, Humphreys and Wakefield.

For ten years the work of education went steadily on. By the year 1847 so formidable had the cricketing strength of the College become that on the first day of September of that year

eleven gentlemen of the College, past and present, defeated eleven gentlemen of the Province of Upper Canada. The *Herald* in reporting the match says, "we think it may justly be asserted that such another two-and-twenty could scarcely be brought together in Canada." The College was without Heward and Helliwell, both crack players. For the Province Holmes and Cubitt, of Darlington; John Wilson, of Guelph; Hamilton C. Hale, of Hamilton; Corrigan, of Coburg; Girdleston, of Thornhill; Orris, of Holland

the tables turned and the Province won by 47 runs, due principally to the fine bowling of Napier. That gentleman, W. P. Pickering and Kivas Tully made the runs. Up to this time there had been little change in the College team, except by the introduction of J. O. Heward and Helliwell who were consistently large scorers, and of G. Draper, C. Rykert and A. Hudspeth, from time to time valuable additions to the college strength. In 1850 the scoring was a little heavier than usual. Parsons made 7 and 35, Heward



Upper Canada College XI 1892.

Landing; Maddock, K. Tulley, and Lord Madden, R.B., of Toronto, took the field; the College eleven were H. J. Ruttan, of Cobourg; C. Sadlier and D. Crooks, of Hamilton; Connolly, of Montreal; F. W. Barron, A. Phillpots, G. A. Barber, B. Parsons, Muttelbury; J. B. Robinson and A. Patrick, of Toronto. The College scored 88 and 69, to which Phillpots contributed 19 and 5, Barron 6 and 22. Connolly 25 and 4, Barber 0 and 30, and for it the successful bowlers were Barron and Parsons. For six successive years the College defeated the Province, but in 1853

22 and 14, J. B. Robinson 21 and 33, Barron 11 and 10, Cosens 5 and 36. The college totals were 82 and 164 for six wickets, those of the Province 172, to which Wilson, of Guelph, contributed 60 and 69. Ben Parsons was the great College bowler, though Phillpots always helped him ably. This annual event was brought about by challenge and acceptance published in the press. In 1851 a clipping from one of the papers of the day announces that

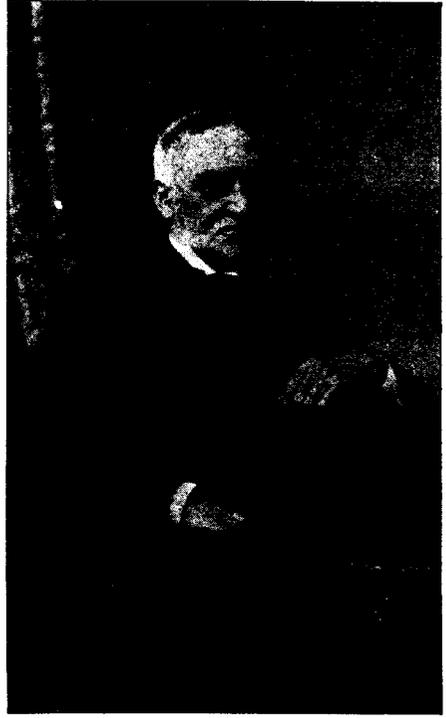
"Eleven gentlemen of Upper Canada College will be happy to play the annual friendly game of

cricket against eleven gentlemen of Upper Canada—to come off on the Toronto Club ground Thursday, July 24, 1851.” On behalf of the College,  
J. BEVERLEY ROBINSON.

Toronto, June 28, 1851.

In 1854 the Province again won; next year there was no game; in 1856 the College won by one run, and it is noticeable that in all these nine events there is not much change in the *personnel* of the College team. T. D. Phillips was a new and valuable addition to the later year elevens. In 1859 the College won with the same old eleven by an innings and 35 runs. One of the papers of the day calls attention to the fact that “the college eleven, it should be understood, are not the present students of that College, but grown men who have been students of that institution and now comprising some of the best players in Canada.” This view of the relations of the representative eleven to the College seems to have set people thinking, for in 1860 a complete change was made in the mode of choosing the College eleven, the players from this time, except G. A. Barber, being all young men, present or just graduated pupils; yet they won the annual match against the Province in 1860 by 9 wickets. J. and G. Brunel did the bowling, the former as well making top score, 25. E. W. Spragge got 17. Bogart 12 and 16. Next year the College again won, this time by 37 runs on the first innings, but it was the boys unfinished second innings that is remarkable, they having amassed 158 runs for 2 wickets; of which memorable total E. W. Spragge got 22, G. Brunel 74, not out, Reginald Kennedy 24, and T. D. Phillips 19, not out. In 1861 G. R. R. Cockburn became Principal of the College and at the same time a friend and ally of the game, and continued as such till he resigned ten years ago.

In 1862, just thirty years ago, fortunately for the College, John Martland, an Oxford man, became classical master, and was given charge of the Residence. Fresh from college he brought with him the traditions of England's manly game and a love of it which time only served to increase. Elected president of the club in 1863 he continued in office until last year, when amidst universal regrets he severed his connection with the old school. It is not probable that anyone has held a presidency so long as Mr. Martland. He at once took hold of the idea, then gaining ground, that the true secret of success lay in bringing the present pupils to the



John Martland M.A.  
For 20 Years President U. C. College Club.

front, though not forgetting the claims of those who had left college to a share in her laurels. The policy initiated then has since prevailed. The matches of the College proper were played by the pupils of the day; the ex and present pupils meeting in friendly contest once a year. This annual event brought together those who had left the academic halls for more serious pursuits, and was the occasion of their renewing old friendships and meeting in the happiest way their successors on the eleven. During the afternoon of the match the garden party given by the Residence was ever in progress. Indeed there must always be an inseparable connection in the players' minds between cricket and the social concomitants which were by no means the least enjoyable part of the day's proceedings or least responsible for the ever increasing popularity of the game. Is there an old boy who has ever played cricket at Upper Canada College who does not, when pondering over the matches on the college green, instantly associate with the pleasant memories of the match the hospitalities lavished in the rooms to the right of the residence entrance, where the president, Mr. Martland, lived?

The Residence, the home of those boys whose parents lived out of Toronto, contributed more men on an average by one-half to the college eleven than the day boys. When then the graduating year said good-bye to college corridors and returned to their respective homes, the majority of them went forth into different quarters of the Province schooled in the game, trained to command, learned in the art of handling an eleven, and these are the men who, carrying away enthusiasm with them, founded the numerous clubs of Ontario, rekindled the smouldering embers of the game at home or strengthened their local club. During the ten years between '60 and '70, thanks to the kindness of the officers of the garrison, the soldiers were allowed to come to the school and coach the boys. The officers themselves, among them Capt. Wallace, a former captain at Harrow, and Capt. Northey, an old captain at Eton, were generous in their assistance, and, being well trained cricketers, by their contact in matches with the boys at the College, materially bettered the form of the youngsters. Two Americans, Ellard and Kemper, who had been trained by Wright, at that time living in Cincinnati, but afterwards in New York, were a tower of strength to the eleven. A perusal of the old scores between 1860 and 1870 will convince the reader that College cricket at that time was relatively much stronger than at any time since. In 1867 the College eleven won all its matches, defeating Toronto twice, Hamilton, the Royal Artillery and Hussars, the resident eleven of Trinity College and Trinity College and Trinity College School. The scores were large and the bowling effective. The names of those who distinguished themselves during those years are George Brunel, E. W. Spragge, T. D. Phillips, R. Æ. Kennedy, F. C. Perkins, Allan Anderson, a destructive bowler; R. K. Hope, a particularly fine and reliable bat; F. W. Hall, Robert Killaly, J. B. Laing, the best run getting bat as a boy the college ever turned out—he made 92 against Trinity College School in 1867—J. Brunel, a good bowler; W. J. Laing, G. Drummond, A. Laing, a fine bowler and scoring bat; F. Draper, J. Ellard, both a bat and destructive bowler; A. Hope, S. S. Kemper, A. M. Baines, good with bat and ball; J. R. Van Allen, W. Anderson and Curran Morrison, a destructive bowler.

The next decade produced some excellent men, individuals, many of whom have been unexcelled, but whose achievements as a whole, contrasted with those of their predecessors, do not rank so high; possibly because they often had their predecessors for opponents. They were A. W. Spragge, E. C. Sills, W. B. Northrup, E. B. Brown, T. Montgomery, D. Armour, E. R. C. Procter, R. R. Boulton, C. R. Atkinson, a destructive bowler and rapid scorer, J. Montgomery, J. C. Grace, D. Browning, F. L. Fellows, G. G. S. Lindsey, A. Gillespie, who never did much while at college, but who has since become Canada's best all round man—"the Canadian Bonner"—E. E. Kittson, W. L. Connolly, W. W. Vickers and A. G. Brown. The brightest star, however, in all this constellation was E. R. Ogden, one of the best, if not the best bat, and one of the ablest bowlers and all-round men the college has ever produced. Later we find A. G. Smith, F. and C. Pardee, W. J. Fleury and R. Montgomery doing good work. The Senklers, Harry and Eddie, Hal McGiverin and Fritz Martin are all fine cricketers, who will achieve greater things in the future and bring laurels to the old school. In 1889 Hugh Fleming, of Ottawa, and Fred Langmuir put a very successful eleven in the field. Laing, now of Trinity University, and who played in the last international match, is the best of the latest men. At present L. and N. Cosby, Counsell, T. MacMaster, Mockridge and others are maintaining the prestige of the old College.

A feeble effort has been made within the last two years to revive the old College and Province match, not however with very much success, still out of the effort has grown a desire on the part of many old members of college teams to play under the auspices of the old U. C. C. Association, a match between the old boys and an eleven of native Canadians, which shall take place on Prize day, each July, on the new College grounds at Deer Park. Such a match ought to be the most interesting home game of the year.

For some years back professionals have had charge of the College eleven and their work is beginning to bear fruit. At present cricket is strongly backed by Principal Dickson, and has a good friend in W. S. Jackson, while F. W. Terry is sure to make his influence felt. We give a complete list of the matches between the College and Trin. Coll. school.

DATE.	PLACE.	SCORE.	RESULT.
June 25, 1867	Toronto . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 14 and 10 U.C.C. 200 }	U.C.C. by an innings and 176 runs.
" 25, 1868	Weston . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 19 and 16 U.C.C. 33 and 103 }	U.C.C. by 101 runs.
" 15, 1872	Port Hope . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 29 and 68 U.C.C. 50 and 107 }	U.C.C. by 60 runs.
Sep. 28, 1872	Toronto . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 48 and 66 U.C.C. 98 }	Drawn.
June 14, 1873	Port Hope . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 44 and 34* U.C.C. 33 and 43 }	T.C.S. by 7 wickets (3* wickets down.)
" 26, 1873	Toronto . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 37 and *29 U.C.C. 35 and 27 }	T.C.S. by 4 wickets (*6 wickets down.)
" 13, 1874	Port Hope . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 46 and 86 U.C.C. 72 and *18 }	Drawn(*4 wickets down)
" 27, 1875	Toronto . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 37 and 29 U.C.C. 35 and 27 }	T.C.S. by 4 runs.
" 26, 1876	Toronto . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 55 and 81 U.C.C. 66 and 44 }	T.C.S. by 26 runs.
Sep. 30, 1876	Port Hope . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 82 and 57 U.C.C. 41 and 100 }	U.C.C. by 2 runs.
June 11, 1877	Toronto . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 93 and 129 U.C.C. 96 and *32 }	Drawn(*3 wickets down)
" 25, 1878	Port Hope . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 35 and 32 U.C.C. 23 and 33 }	T.C.S. by 11 runs.
" 25, 1879	Toronto . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 47 and 33 U.C.C. 98 and 50 }	U.C.C. by 68 runs.
" 26, 1880	Port Hope . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 29 and 22 U.C.C. 56 }	U.C.C. by an innings and 5 runs.
" 11, 1881	Toronto . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 45 and 50 U.C.C. 46 and 55 }	U.C.C. by 6 runs.
" 17, 1882	Port Hope . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 62 and *26 U.C.C. 51 and 36 }	T.C.S. by 8 wickets (*2 wickets down.)
" 23, 1883	Toronto . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 28 and 68 U.C.C. 47 and 93 }	U.C.C. by 44 runs.
" 14, 1884	Port Hope . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 101 U.C.C. 19 and 57 }	T.C.S. by an innings and 25 runs.
" 15, 1885	Toronto . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 45 and *56 U.C.C. 56 and 44 }	T.C.S. by 2 wickets (*8 wickets down.)
" 12, 1886	Port Hope . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 138 and 63 U.C.C. 88 and 80 }	T.C.S. by 33 runs.
" 25, 1887	Toronto . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 85 and 60 U.C.C. 74 and 64 }	T.C.S. by 7 runs.
" 25, 1888	Port Hope . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 76 and 81 U.C.C. 65 and 45 }	T.C.S. by 47 runs.
" 22, 1889	Toronto . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 26 and 64 U.C.C. 69 and *23 }	U.C.C. by 5 wickets (*5 wickets down.)
" 28, 1890	Port Hope . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 97 U.C.C. 31 and 44 }	T.C.S. by an innings and 22 runs.
" 27, 1891	Toronto . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 59 and 81 U.C.C. 104 and *39 }	U.C.C. by 8 wickets (*2 wickets down.)
" 25, 1892	Port Hope . . . . .	{ T.C.S. 54 and *43 U.C.C. 42 and 53 }	T.C.S. by 6 wickets (*4 wickets down.)



Principal Dickson, Upper Canada College

What has been written generally about the educating influence of Upper Canada College applies equally though later to the sister college. Trinity College School has done much for cricket, and will do much more. It was organized at Weston in 1867 and soon after moved to Port Hope. The Reverend C. J. S. Bethune, the Head Master, is a staunch friend of the game and has always encouraged it and to him is due much of the credit for the prominent place the school has taken in college cricket as well as for the number of first class men that have come from Trinity. Peter Perry was the active enthusiast for ten years and put the

Rev. C. J. S. Bethune,  
Headmaster T. C. School, Port Hope.

school club on a satisfactory basis. He was instrumental in securing the services of the first professional, Norley, a place ever since filled by good teachers and in this and many other ways has earned the gratitude of scores of cricketers who have since won distinction for themselves and their school. C. J. Logan for many years a master was a dozen years ago one of Canada's best slow bowlers and taught many a boy the coveted art. C. J. Campbell for many years helped to better the form of the boys. The great event of the year is always the inter-collegiate match with Upper Canada College.

C. J. Campbell,  
Compiler Cricketers Guide 1875.

A glance at the schedule of these games shows that it leaves the Trinity three games ahead, having won thirteen out of twenty-six matches, three of which were drawn. The match has of late years been played at Toronto on neutral ground. The captains of the school eleven have been, 1867, W. Carter, 1868-69, Rev. F. A. Bethune, 1870-71, F. G. Smith, 1872-73, R. B. Rogers, 1874, P. Æ. Irving, 1875-76-77, J. S. Howard, 1878, D. W. Saunders, 1879, D. O. R. Jones, 1880, W. L. Roberts, 1881, J. E. Fidler, 1882-83, A. C. Allan, 1884-85, W. H. Cooper, 1886, E. M. Morris, 1887, F.



A. C. Allan.

G. B. Allan, 1888, F. E. Marcon, 1889, E. B. Daykin, 1890, M. S. McCarthy, 1891, W. R. Ferguson, 1892, D. McG. Rogers.

It is not unfair to say that A. C. Allan is the best cricketer the School ever turned out. A pupil of Norley's he devoted himself early and assiduously to the game and scored the only century ever made in a school match in Canada. He made 149 not out against Orillia. Later on he became Captain of Trinity University where as a bowler and also with the bat he with his comrades brought the eleven to a foremost place in Canadian Cricket. For Lindsey's Canadian Eleven he made 622 runs with an average of 21.45 besides having the second best bowling analysis. Against the United Services he made 24 and 86 and at Lord's against the gentlemen of the M. C. C. 78 and 35 not out. He is now an Underwriter at Lloyd's, and unfortunately lost to Canadian Cricket.

Some years ago, the Presidents of the Northern and Midland Railways, Messrs. Cumberland and Hugel, gave a Cup, to be played for at Couchiching by the Port Hope and Toronto Clubs. Each Club won a match, but a dispute arising about the conquering one, the Cup was not given. The gentlemen named, after consultation with the Rev. Mr. Bethune, presented the Cup—a solid silver one on an ebony base—to the School Cricket

Club, in order that the names of the Captains might be engraved on it.

A meeting was held in Toronto in 1887, by the Old Boys of English Public Schools. At this meeting it was decided to present a Cup to the T. C. S. and U. C. C. Clubs, the conditions being that the Cup was to be won three years in succession before becoming the absolute property of either of the Clubs, but that the team winning any one match, should hold it for the year in which the match was played. Last year the School won the match, and consequently has possession of the Cup.

We can scarcely pass over the subject of college cricket without a word about the successful tour in 1889 of the St. Paul's school eleven from Concord, N.H. This bright team won all its Canadian matches against our best clubs; and a more promising lot of young material we have yet to meet.

Cricket at our great universities suffers from the break made in the season by vacation, during which long terms the undergraduates are scattered. The relative prominence of cricket at our universities is dependant on the relative duration of the holiday. The University of Toronto breaks up in May, and beyond a match with Trinity University and an annual tour in the week between the end of the examinations and commencement nothing is done there. Since the year 1874 this much or less has been done at Toronto, but at Trinity, where terms does not close till the end of June, much more is accomplished. Since the early fifties cricket has been played at Trinity and has continuously gained ground; the first important event of the Toronto season has for years been the annual match between the Toronto Cricket Club and Trinity. One genial soul always to be seen at this game is Prof. Jones, the Dean, the president for many years of the club. A keen cricketer, he has done more, much more than anyone else to encourage cricket at Trinity and it must be a great satisfaction to witness, as he often does, the victory of the eleven in first class games. The crease is a good one, lying under the shadow of the ivy covered walls of the college, and on it have been made some excellent scores. As a rule the pupils of Upper Canada College go to the University at Toronto, and those of Port Hope School to Trinity College, so that a history of University Cricket, so far as the players are con-



# SHOOTING THE RAPIDS ON A RAFT.

THERE are not many persons living within a few hundred miles of the St. Lawrence, who have not run the rapids of that great river. But if the scene is a grand one when witnessed from the deck of a steamboat, how much grander and more impressive must it be if seen from the level of a raft.

To this sensation were we treated, during one of last summer's lovely months.

Our party, numbering five, had taken the 5 p. m. train from Montreal for St. Zotique, a few miles above Coteau. We had heard so little of St. Zotique, as almost to regard it as a myth. But having reached the spot, we alighted, and our train shot on, leaving us stranded. After collecting our traps, and our senses, we made a bee line for the only house visible, which was inhabited by French Canadians, who were destitute of a word of English, and almost destitute of ideas.

The whole family came out to gaze at us, and after some time received the impression that we were in need of a *voiture* to convey us to the village proper, which was fully two miles distant from the station. A most extraordinary looking vehicle was brought out, consisting of a large flat log fastened to four wheels. But as we had not had any former experience of riding on a rail, we declined the honour. With a grunt of disgust at our fastidiousness our charioteer rolled it away, and presently returned with a small buggy, into which we contrived to stow ourselves, and in a short time reached our destination.

We stopped at the house of M. Lalonde, a fine specimen of the better class of French Canadians, intelligent, and well informed.

After dinner we were let loose in a lovely, old-fashioned garden, and bidden pluck all the roses we could carry. We felt rather like victims being dressed for a sacrifice, as we had just heard that our raft was on its way down, and was expected at St. Zotique about eleven p.m. But as the hours crept on, and the raft failed to appear, we entreated our host to retire, and leave us to watch. But no! French politeness forbade any such free and easy proceeding as that, so resigning

ourselves to the inevitable, made the night lively with music.

However, "all things come to him who waits," and about two o'clock in the morning the signal was heard, and taking leave our kind friends, we made our way in the dim starlight, down the long pier, which is nearly half a mile in length. By the uncertain light of one lantern, we stepped on board of a queer-looking craft, filled with men who were to row us out to the raft.

The dead hour of the night, the darkness, the mysterious figures moving around, the rattle of the chains and creaking of the oars in the rowlocks, and above all, the silence, gave us a strange feeling, as if we were about some unholy business. One of our party remarked that he never had felt so much like a pirate in his life. A few strokes brought us to the raft, we embarked, and then began our strange experience.

One raft is, strictly speaking, a number of smaller ones, or what are called drams, bound together with ropes and chains.

Passing through the lakes and rivers, attached to a tug, these drams are fastened together, forming one large raft; but when nearing the rapids, they are separated, and each one goes through alone.

These drams are made of immense logs, laid side by side, and bound with cross pieces which are laid upon the logs about three feet apart.

These are fastened to the logs by withes of some strong wood, such as ironwood, made pliable by machinery, so they are easily twisted and tied around the logs.

Each single dram is generally about fifty feet wide, by two or three hundred feet long.

Rowlocks are made, raised about three feet above the surface of the dram, eight at the bow, and eight at the stern.

The oars are about thirty-five feet in length, and are fastened with ropes to the logs, as they are easily lost in the rush of the rapids. The drams are built to about the depth of five logs, which all lie under the water, except the top layer. It takes fifteen men about four weeks to build one raft. I am indebted for some of these details, concerning the building

of a raft, to an article published some years ago in a Canadian magazine, and for the rest, to my own observation.

Our raft consisted of nine drams, with about twenty men on each; sixteen rowers, besides the pilot, and two or three odd men.

On our particular dram was a shanty, fitted up expressly for us, as the pilot said he never before had had the pleasure of taking ladies down the rapids. Our shanty, which we dignified by the name of Windsor Hotel, was divided by a partition into two apartments, with a doorway, but no door.

In the doorway we hung up a blanket, as a *portiere*, which was quite sufficient to shut off the other room, but hardly enough where our ears were concerned, when the sleeping-aloud business began in the gentlemen's apartments.

Just as we were falling into a pleasant sleep, lulled by the soft wash of the waves, our dreams were rudely dispelled by quite another kind of lullaby.

The cook, having in mind an early breakfast, proceeded to chop wood, for that meal, on the other side of the partition, and within two yards of our berths; at the same time treating us to a *chanson*, accompanied by an *obligato* of groans, as the obdurate wood refused to yield to the blandishments of the axe. The result was as follows:

"O ma cousine—*hah!*—O ma—*hah!*—*cousine Angèle—hah!*"

Being in the humor to see the ludicrous side of everything, we lay and laughed till we could laugh no more. About 4:30 in the morning our melodious cook sailed into our room, and, after gazing at us, very unceremoniously began setting the table, as our room had to do duty as a dining-room in the day-time. We gazed at him in return, wide-eyed, watching for his disappearance, as our chance to arise.

Before leaving our cabin we had been unconscious of any movement of the raft, but upon emerging found that we were being tugged by the "*John A. MacDonald.*" We explored the raft from stem to stern, and found that two of our drams were oak and seven pine. For ourselves we had a stove, but the hands had a huge kettle, hung gypsy-fashion, from cross-sticks over a fire. At one end of the raft was a large grindstone, and we found it to be an imperative duty to turn that grindstone at stated intervals during the day.

But now, in the distance, we could hear

the roar of the rapids. The men flew to draw up the long ropes that held the chains together, and in another moment each one was entirely separated from the other. The "*John A.*" drew in her cable and forged ahead, but keeping near enough to render assistance in case of need. But John A. evidently did not care to let us have all the fun ourselves, and consequently ran aground the foremost dram, and lay with the left paddle-wheel sticking up in the air, in a most helpless manner.

Nearly half an hour was spent before Johnny could be induced to disembark, but at last the too embarrassing attentions were withdrawn, and once more our stately procession moved on.

Now we could see ahead, the long line of curling white foam; the roar grew louder; faster and faster we went. The rowers still labored away at the oars, keeping their eyes fixed on the boiling waters ahead, and their ears pricked up for the voice of the pilot, which could be heard above the din of the waters, one moment shouting "*en haut!*"—meaning to row at the bow;—then "*à derriere!*"—at stern. Now we approach within a few yards, and at a shout from the pilot, the rowers drop their oars, and spring back, drenched with spray, not a moment too soon.

Into the seething mass we rush, the giant waves dashing up on all sides, like strange monsters crouching and springing to devour us. Our shanty leaps in the air. Writhing,—straining,—wrenching,—creaking,—the whole raft shudders in agony; the logs tremble and shriek in affright.

Up spurts the water from the crevices, as though each log were a mighty porpoise. On every hand jut bare deadly rocks, ready to grind us to powder, should the waters fail to destroy us.

Our pilot is nearly wild. A few feet too much to one side or the other, will cost us our lives. Once we run aground a flat rock, where we spin around like a top. But in some way we slide to one side, and are off again, but our position is reversed, the stern of our dram is foremost;—rushing, leaping, sweeping along, till the last rock is past, and we glide into calm water, and with a sigh of relief, relax our grasp upon whatever noun happens to be near us, and drop back into the *dolce far niente* that characterized the beginning of our trip.

Now a fresh breeze springs up, and we

rest in the shadow of the shanty, watching the hoisting of the sails. Up they go, not an ungraceful line anywhere, curving themselves out proudly, like some large beautiful white birds, that are being swept before a rude wind, but refusing to acknowledge that they are being driven against their will.

But our luxurious idleness is not destined to last long, as our ears are greeted by a sound like distant thunder.

Away ahead of us we can see myriads of diamonds flashing and sparkling in the sunlight. We are approaching the Cascades, or Split Rock Rapids, which are longer and rather more dangerous than the Coteau, through which we had just passed. Here only a narrow channel is opened to us.

The immense rock from which the rapids take their name, lifts its bare head, and stares us in the face. In a breathless hurry we sweep past, only failing by some inches to grind against its edges, —and are through!

Here we drop anchor to wait for the boatload of Indians who are to take us through the Lachine Rapids, which, though only nine miles in length, are the most dangerous of all, and can only be run by an Indian pilot. Twenty men are required to lift the immense anchor, and get it in position, but unfortunately it is dropped too soon, and a long time is spent in re-shipping it. A long line of men arrange themselves on the dram, one boat load goes out, and together they begin to draw up the long cable that holds the anchor, swaying this way, then that way, their voices ringing out musically in the songs of their native land, one of which I here transcribe, and which seemed to be the favorite :—

EN ROULANT MA BOULE.

En roulant ma boule-le roulant,  
En roulant ma bou-le.

Derrière, chez nous, ya-t'un étang.  
En roulant ma bou-le.

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignat,  
Rouli roulant, ma boule roulant.

Having nothing else to do, we sit and criticise each other's appearance, knowing that, if all goes well, less than an hour will see us landed in Montreal. But it is the case of the pot calling the kettle black, as the moment the subject of sun-burn is touched, the rest of us change the subject with suspicious celerity.

But all things come to an end, and the sound of a deep bass voice saying something about "Lachine," awakes us to the fact that our anchor is shipped, our rowers in place, the Indian pilot standing like a bronze statue, and we are advancing with treacherous smoothness, but at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. A moment before the rowers had been laughing and talking carelessly; now each one has dropped to his knees, and is imploring *le bon Dieu* to guard us well. It is a curious sight to see all these rough men, caring nothing for the presence of our party, baring their heads and lifting their eyes, believing that their simple act of devotion will bring them safely through all the dangers of "rock and tempest." But a moment more and every back is bending to the oar, every eye keen and watchful.

As before, at the first dash of spray in our faces, the rowers spring back, and with a terrific crash we strike the mass of foamy water that flings itself out to meet us.

Again the shanty shudders and springs in the air. Again the logs twist and grind horribly. Wondrous dancing walls of green, transparent water shut us in. Airy water-sprites glide before us, beckoning with glittering fingers. Millions of cruel, foamy, white hands grasp at us, and sweep our foothold from beneath us. Time—space—all is lost in that wild rush. Our whole being is concentrated into one intense sense of vision. Still on! Drenched with spray, breathless, but triumphant, we clear the last rock, speed safely into calm water, and passing beneath the Victoria Bridge, glide onward to "the haven where we would be."

AUGUST BEERS.

## RESUSCITATION OF THE APPARENTLY DROWNED.



THE oldest system of Resuscitation, that of Dr. Sylvester, is still in use in the largest Societies in England, by the Royal National Life Boat Institution, whose men, numbering several hundred, daily patrol the coast of England, Scotland and Ireland. These, with the crews of their 303 life boats, comprise 3,000 to 4,000 men, who are, and have been, constantly drilled in this system since the Institution was founded in 1824. It is also used by the Royal Humane Society, instituted 1774, the second oldest society in the world for the especial purpose of treating with the restoration of the apparently drowned, its senior in years being that of the Life Saving Society of Amsterdam, Holland, who still continue to use Dr. Sylvester's system. This latter Society's physician reported on my visit last October 126 cases restored from unconsciousness during the past year. Antwerp enjoys a branch of this old Society of Amsterdam, so much needed, owing to the net-work of canals on all the main thoroughfares.

The Life Boat Station under control of the Chief Inspector of Pilotage, Ostend, Belgium, are well-trained men of Dr. Sylvester's system.

The Société des Hospitaliers Sauveteurs de France, the largest in France, with a large staff engaged along the bank of the River Seine in Paris, have been very successful in that city with Dr. Sylvester's method. Paris is the headquarters of that Society, having several branches along the French coast and large inland cities. M. Albert Rolet, Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, is the most courteous and efficient Secretary of this Society in Paris, and personally instructs his men on the River Seine Stations. From him I have lately heard of an immersion of over twenty minutes, the body being operated upon under Sylvester's system for over two hours; the case was one of suicide, driven to desperation by hunger.

M. S. Cohen, Vice-President de la Société Royale de Sauvetage d'Anvers "Union and Constance," and délégué general de la Société National de Sauvetage de France, the highest authority in Belgium, reported that Sylvester's

method was recommended by the Royal Humane Society of London, England, and they had not sought for a better.

These and many other well-known societies in the old countries use Sylvester's system, not from preference to that system over that of Dr. Marshall Hall of England, and Dr. Howard of the United States Service, but simply because these methods have not been introduced to the societies. The officials and the employees who had operated upon the apparently drowned, were asked how long might a person be submerged to be successfully resuscitated? The answers were given in very many ways, owing to peculiar circumstances, but the conclusion arrived at varied from 10, 15, and 20 minutes, during which time suspended animation has been sufficient, by employing artificial means of respiration, to restore life. But, however, some of these cases made no signs of respiration even after an hour's fatiguing manipulation by the operator. However, should a case be obstinate it may prove successful within three hours, and it is recommended by the Societies in London, England, to persist in the operation recommended by them of Drs. Marshall, Hall, and Sylvester, for fully that time if no signs of life appeared. The Royal National Life Boat Institution use the two systems combined, as Dr. Marshall Hall's method is not so severe an operation for slight cases of short submersion.

The approved methods of rendering assistance in cases of boat, bathing, and skating accidents, (so constantly read of in our daily newspapers in Canada), should be known to every one who can and cannot swim;—should, in fact, form part of every one's education, as many rescues are made from boat or shore by persons unable to swim, whose friend or friends (after great efforts at rescue) may be insensible at their feet, apparently dead, yet "Peradventure a little spark may yet be hid." They are left with suspended animation as dead, not a hand placed upon them for lack of simple knowledge a child could almost master, and the spark has gone. The information and rules of the systems should not only be read, but practised on living individuals, and they in turn practice on you, and by the ejaculation of air from the lungs

one may readily correct errors in each others operations. To speak or sing will more perfectly aid the operator as to his success. If done properly he will readily here emphasis upon the words, or note, as pressure is made on the chest.

Every office-bearer in our boating clubs and kindred associations should arrange for annual competitions to form part of the club's ordinary work, and provision should be made for bathing at the boat houses with water from two to four feet deep, so that every member may be a swimmer; and it should be compulsory that no boat should go out without at least half the crew are swimmers. Swimming teachers should do all in their power to assist in the spread of this useful knowledge by instituting classes of instruction among those clubs who desire it, that they may afterwards become self-supporting among their own members. Such athletic exercise in the boat-house interests and gathers the men by way of a novelty and forms an additional attraction; such classes prove very interesting to those who join, while the practice of rescue methods improves the swimming and diving powers to an extent that surprises pupil and teacher alike, and imparts a confidence and power in the water not attainable by any other means.

The printed instructions used by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution and the Royal Humane Society of London have been the means of preserving thousands of lives, yet on the other hand the returns from the Board of Trade are appalling in their evidence of the loss of life at sea, for they show that in twenty one years out of 86,659 seamen who died in English ships abroad 53,673 were drowned. This does not include those who were drowned in the United Kingdom. In the inland waters alone of England and Wales, not including the coast, between 2,000 to 3,000 lives are annually lost by drowning, where societies in the majority of cases could not afford to exist, but organized clubs practised in the drill of life-saving and resuscitation only can do this work of saving many lives. If only the discipline and practice of such men with the proper treatment were observed on the recovery of the bodies, much misery and the lives of those, a city can ill afford to lose might be spared. It is too often the case, however, that while an indistinct idea of what should be done when one is lifted out of the water in an insen-

sible condition prevails, when this has to be put into practice there is much doubt, confusion and difference of opinion among those present as to the definite action that should so promptly be taken. That such knowledge is necessary is being constantly and too sadly demonstrated, and it has been conceded that in many drowning cases lives are lost that should be preserved to society, all from failure to adopt the proper remedies when a person has been lifted out of the water. Nor is this because those who may be present are unwilling to render assistance, but from sheer ignorance in most instances and excitement in others. All this points to the urgency and necessity of instruction, how to proceed in the saving of life from drowning by the swimmer in the first instance and the acquirement of the means of how to restore suspended animation in the next. Some of the leading public schools in Montreal during this past winter proved very encouraging in the appreciation of Illustrated Lectures, followed by demonstrations of theories advanced in my lectures upon rescuing and giving aid to the drowning. The Turkish Bath Institutè who has built a magnificent bath of marble 30 ft. by 50 ft. long, and whose enterprise should be encouraged, is the first swimming bath built in Montreal, its depth is 3 ft. 6 in. to 6 ft. 6 in., having a gradual slope from the shallow to the deep end. This Institution deserves the thanks of the public in opening their doors free after numerous public lectures and those given the High School, Tucker's School, St. Mary's College and Mount St. Louis College of this city, whereby the audiences were enabled to adjourn to the bath to witness in the water the theories of diving for the rescue of the drowning and the most valuable practical points that non-swimmers should be possessed of to render aid in an emergency. It is to be sincerely hoped that others will follow their good business-like example to introduce to our youths, both boys and girls, in the summer and winter the most enjoyable, healthful, and the most really useful of all the many pastimes in which old and young have free play to their limbs and like to indulge. Since there are no life-saving societies in this country to encourage the mechanical swimmer, it must be carried on by lectures and demonstrations until its importance is thoroughly introduced to the public. That the public see the value of building public

swimming baths and giving free annual entertainments on life-saving and resuscitation, and awarding prizes for competition, admitting members of swimming and boating clubs at reduced rates. Classes should be formed in every gymnasium, or any kind of athletic club.

#### TREATMENT OF THE APPARENTLY DROWNED.

Directions for restoring the apparently drowned, as used by the Royal National Life-Boat Institution of Great Britain. The leading principles of the following directions for the restoration of the apparently dead from drowning are founded on those of the late Dr. Marshall Hall, combined with those of Dr. H. R. Sylvester, and are the result of extensive inquiries which were made by the Institution in 1863-4, amongst medical men, medical bodies, and coroners throughout the United Kingdom. These directions have been extensively circulated by the Institution throughout the United Kingdom of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and in the Colonies. They are also in use in Her Majesty's Provincial Police Forces, the Metropolitan School Board Schools, and the St. Johns Ambulance Association.

#### I.

Send immediately for medical assistance and dry clothing, but proceed to treat the patient *instantly* on the spot, in the open air, with the face downward, whether on shore or afloat; exposing the face, neck and chest to the wind, except in severe weather, and removing all tight clothing from the neck and chest, especially the braces.

The points to be aimed at are:—First and *immediately*, the RESTORATION OF BREATHING; and secondly, after breathing is restored, the *promotion* of *warmth* and *circulation*.

The efforts to restore breathing must be commenced immediately and energetically, and persevered in for one or two hours, or until a medical man has pronounced that life is extinct. Efforts to promote warmth and circulation, beyond removing the wet clothes and drying the skin, must not be made until the first appearance of natural breathing; for if circulation of the blood be induced before breathing has commenced, the restoration of life will be endangered.

#### II.

##### TO RESTORE BREATHING.

*To Clear the Throat.*—Place the patient

on the floor or ground with the face downwards, and one of the arms under the forehead in which position all fluids will more readily escape by the mouth, and the tongue itself will fall forward, leaving the entrance into the windpipe free. Assist this operation by wiping and cleansing the mouth.

If satisfactory breathing commences, use the treatment described below to promote warmth. If there be only slight breathing—or no breathing—or if the breathing fail, then—

To excite breathing—Turn the patient, well and instantly on the side, supporting the head, and

#### 1.—INSPIRATION.

Excite the nostrils with snuff, harts-horn and smelling salts, or tickle the throat with a feather, etc., if they are at hand. Rub the chest and face warm, and dash cold water, or cold and hot water alternately on them. If there be no success, lose not a moment, but instantly—

(To imitate breathing) — Replace the patient on the face, raising and supporting the chest well on a folded coat or other article of dress.

Turn the body very gently on the side and a little beyond, and then briskly on the face, back again, repeating these measures cautiously, efficiently and perseveringly, about fifteen times in the minute, or once every four or five seconds, occasionally varying the side.

By placing the patient on the chest the weight of the body forces the air out. When turned on the side this pressure is removed and air enters the chest.

#### 2.—EXPIRATION.

The following two illustrations show the position of the body during the employment of Dr. Marshall Hall's method of inducing respiration.

On each occasion that the body is placed on the face, make uniform but efficient pressure with brisk movements, on the back between and below the shoulder blades, or bones on each side, removing the pressure immediately before turning the body on the side.

During the whole of the operations let one person attend solely to the movements of the head, and of the arm placed under it.

(The first measure increases the expiration—the second commences inspiration.)

\* \* \* The result is *Respiration or Natural Breathing*; and, if not too late, Life.



No. 1.—Dr. Hall's System of Artificial Inspiration.



No. 2.—Dr. Hall's System of Artificial Expiration.

Whilst the above operations are being proceeded with, dry the hands and feet, and as soon as dry clothing or blankets can be procured, strip the body, and cover, or gradually reclothe it, but taking care not to interfere with the efforts to restore breathing.

### III.

Should these efforts not prove successful in the course of from two to five minutes, proceed to imitate breathing by Dr. Silvester's method as follows:—

Place the patient on the back on a flat surface, inclined a little upwards from the feet; raise and support the head and shoulders on a small firm cushion or folded article of dress placed under the shoulder-blades.

Draw forward the patient's tongue, and keep it projecting beyond the lips; an elastic band over the tongue and under the chin will answer the purpose, or a piece of string or tape may be tied round them; or by raising the lower jaw, the teeth may be made to retain the tongue in that position. Remove all tight clothing from about the neck and chest, especially the braces.

To imitate the movements of breathing.—Standing at the patient's head, grasp the arms just above the elbows, and draw the arms gently and steadily upwards above the head, and keep

### I.—INSPIRATION.

them stretched upwards for two seconds. (By this means air is drawn into the lungs.) Then turn down the patient's arms and press them gently and firmly for two seconds against the sides of the chest. (By this means air is pressed out of the lungs.)

Repeat these measures alternately, deliberately, and perseveringly, about fifteen times in a minute, until a spontaneous effort to respire is perceived, immediately upon which cease to imitate the movements of breathing, and proceed to induce circulation and warmth.

### 2.—EXPIRATION.

The foregoing two illustrations show the position of the body during the employment of Dr. Hall's method of inducing respiration.

### IV.—TREATMENT AFTER NATURAL BREATHING HAS BEEN RESTORED.

To promote warmth and circulation.—Commence rubbing the limbs upwards, with firm grasping pressure and energy, using handkerchiefs, flannels, etc. (By this measure the blood is propelled along the veins towards the heart.)

The friction must be continued under the blanket or over the dry clothing.

Promote the warmth of the body by



No. 1.—Dr. Howards System of Artificial Inspiration.



No. 2.—Dr. Howards System of Artificial Expiration.

the application of hot flannels, bottles, or bladders of hot water, heated bricks, etc., to the pit of the stomach, the arm-pits, between the thighs and to the soles of the feet.

If the patient has been carried to a house after respiration has been restored, be careful to let the air play freely about the room.

On the restoration of life, a tea-spoonful of warm water should be given; and then, if the power of swallowing have returned, small quantities of wine, warm brandy-and-water, or coffee should be administered. The patient should be kept in bed, and a disposition to sleep encouraged.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The above treatment should be persevered in for some hours, as it is an erroneous opinion that persons cannot recover because life does not soon make its appearance, persons having been restored after persevering for many hours.

#### APPEARANCES WHICH GENERALLY ACCOMPANY DEATH.

Breathing and the heart's action cease entirely; the eyelids are generally half closed; the pupils dilated; the tongue approaches to the under edges of the lips, and these, as well as the nostrils, are covered with a frothy mucus. Coldness and pallor of surface increases.

#### CAUTIONS.

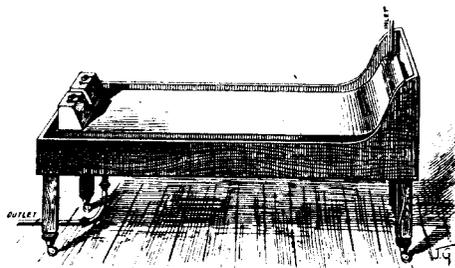
Prevent unnecessary crowding of persons round the body, especially if in an

apartment.

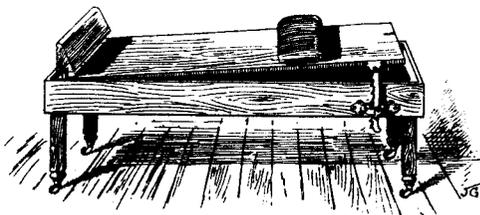
Avoid rough usage, and do not allow the body to remain on the back, unless the tongue is secured.

Under no circumstance hold the body up by the feet.

On no account place the body in a warm bath unless under medical direction, and even then it should only be employed as a momentary excitement.



Hot-water bed



Operating table



Hot-water tin.



Hot-water bed-par.

FREDERICK H. KILLICK.



HAVE heard the tale of the enterprising oysterman who appended the dignified letters F. R. S. to his name over his shop door. Passers by, curious to learn how a scientist of distinction had been reduced to selling oysters, would turn into the saloon and, while paying for their orders, would respectfully tender their sympathy to the proprietor—only to be abruptly disillusioned. “Them there letters,” he would explain, “don’t stand for no blamed Royal Society. They means nothin’ but ‘Fried, Roast, and Stewed.’” There is another usurpation of the same learned letters, less grotesque and glaring, it is true, but more likely to mislead. One or two Fellows of the Royal Society of Canada affix to their names “F. R. S. (Canada),” or “F. R. S. (C.),” and as they have done so in publications, they have justified public comment. Now, unless the Royal Society of Canada is a branch of the Royal Society (and I am not aware that it is) its natural abbreviation is R. S. C., and that of a fellow of the society is F. R. S. C., without any parenthesis. From the high character of the gentlemen referred to, I am persuaded that their ambiguous way of designating their learned society is adopted thoughtlessly, and with no idea of appropriating honors which have not yet been conferred upon them. But their practice is to be deprecated all the same.

\* \* \*

Like other virtues, honesty is liable to be warped by the tone of one’s environment. There are persons who enjoy “beating the customs” and who would not shrink from defrauding the public at large in other lines, who, nevertheless, would never think of stealing from an individual. There are men who will help themselves to a cigar, or even to a cane

or photograph, of an acquaintance, and would not touch his money or his boots. Some people will pay their gambling debts promptly, and no other debts until they are compelled. Other people will pay all creditors before their unhappy tailor, comforting their consciences with the notion that tailors who give credit charge enough to ensure them against a large percentage of losses. Some rhymster, presumably a tailor, has attempted to satirize this perverted morality:—

“Worth makes the man!” “Not much, my dear old fel!”

Cried in surprise the fashionable fakir,  
“Poole makes the man, Worth only makes a belle,—

And it is quite the cheese to cheat your maker.”

\* \* \*

This special dishonesty to tailors was never particularly prevalent in Canada and is, I fancy, rather dying out everywhere. But the disposition to plunder governments and cheat corporations seems to be quite as common as ever, and to evoke remarkably little indignation, when it happens to be exposed. Insurance companies often have difficulty in obtaining verdicts in cases of fraudulent insurance, even when the evidence against the accused is strong. A clergyman of St. John, recently connected with such a case, whose mis-conduct seemed so clearly proved that a district council of his clerical brethren declared him unfit to continue in charge of a church, was in spite of this condemnation retained by the majority vote of his congregation. And the reverend gentleman, having afterwards concluded to resign his pastorate, was presented by an enthusiastic meeting of his flock with a well-filled purse and an eulogistic “letter of demission”—recalled some time afterwards, by another meeting, it is true. It is quite plain that some Christians con-

strue the text "Charity shall cover the multitude of sins" as an exhortation to unlimited whitewashing.

\* \* \*

There are two kinds of popularity in songs, the one bearing to the other the same relation that a chronic disease bears to an acute one. The popularity of such songs as "Annie Laurie" and "The Last Rose of Summer" is perennial; the popularity of "McGinty" and "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" burns with the intensity and disappears with the suddenness of a fever. While they are in vogue, however, nothing circulates so widely as these epidemic songs. As a rule, their airs are rather lively or melodious. But, as there is little wit or talent in the words of any one of them that I have ever read or listened to, their astounding success seems to prove the paradox that literary merit is a bar to the greatest popularity. To capture the crowd thoroughly and promptly, *all* the crowd must be able to follow the sentiments and to catch the points of a ditty. The sentiments and points of an epidemic song must, therefore, be generally common-place. And I fear that in other literary lines also lively mediocrity is the quality most likely to win sudden and extreme popularity. One must stoop to conquer, if one's ambition is to carry the masses by storm—especially in this New World, where the masses, with the pride of their smatterings of knowledge, are the less inclined to follow the lead of the initiated.

\* \* \*

Lord Wolseley has expressed his hope that his countrymen may never let the shillelah fall into disuse, because the combativeness engendered by it makes them both willing and desirable recruits. But Irish combativeness, I fear, did not need his lordship's encouragement. It went a little too far in the last general election, and now it threatens to plunge the country into civil war, if the Home Rule bill becomes law. The "Progressive North" of Ireland has always been quite as fond of fighting as the other provinces. I remember a band of Orangemen in Tyrone that in my boyhood bore the appalling name of "the Killyman rackers," and managed to raise a neat shindy every week or two. A comic character in Haliburton's "Season Ticket" traces a connection between the national combativeness and the number of Irish names beginning with "Kill." "Killing comes

natural. Half the places in Ireland begins with Kill; there is Killboy (for all Irishmen are called boys), and what is more onmanly, there is Killbride; Killbaron, after the landlords; Killbarrack, after the English soldiers; Kilcrew, for the navy; Killbritain; for the English proprietors; Killcool, for deliberate murder; and Killmore, if that ain't enough."

\* \* \*

A highly cultivated and refined woman, forced to marry a dull, coarse, and unloved husband, is indeed a most pathetic object of thought. Yet, reading Locksley Hall once more, I was struck more forcibly than ever at the intensity of the poet's satire on his fallen idol:—

"Yet it shall be; thou shalt lower to his level day by day;  
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.

\* \* \*

"He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force;  
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

"What is this? his eyes are heavy,—think not they are glazed with wine.  
Go to him; it is thy duty,—kiss him; take his hand in thine.

"It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought,—  
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

"He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand—  
Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew thee with my hand."

\* \* \*

It is not likely that any mis-mated husband can feel the torturing repulsion that such a wife, with her acute feminine sensitiveness, must feel, at first, for a clownish consort. Yet the converse of "As the husband is, the wife is," is often sadly true also. It is not the coarse or vulgar wife that is likely to bring a more gifted husband down to her level. He may admire her charms, but he can hardly have expected that she would understand or sympathize with his tastes or aspirations. But a lady-like, refined and shallow wife may sadly lower the standard and limit the achievements of a man of high mental promise. It must be hard to nurse a "noble rage" in an insidious environment of nice acquaintances and prettily-pronounced small-talk, rising occasionally to Eastlake or the last amateur theatricals. Possibly even men entrusted with messages to mankind may never have given utterance to them, for lack of an ap-

preciative Mary to sit at their feet and importune them with her wistful eyes. And many an intellectual Samson may have had his strength unconsciously stolen from him by associating with a charming Philistine, whose pretty ears were deaf to the songs of Sion.

\* \* \*

That crimes are often induced by literary suggestions is well-known. Witness the number of youthful outlaws who, by their own confessions, have emulated the heroes of "penny dreadfuls" and dime novels. Even writers animated by high purposes may unwittingly suggest wrong actions. There is a story about some man's killing himself immediately after reading Hume's essay in palliation of suicide; an essay which, by the way, was published posthumously, as the philosopher, feeling that it might be misinterpreted, did it not wish it to be included in his Works. For several decades past the murders of sweethearts by rejected suitors have been appallingly frequent.

Whether their ratio to other murders has been really increasing or not, I wish some criminal statistician would decide; but if it *has* increased, this is possibly due to the passage in "Locksley Hall:"

"Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew thee with my hand.  
Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,  
Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace."

Of course no man with the feelings of Amy's discarded swain could stoop to a cowardly murder. No one who could even understand such a lover's aspirations and regrets, could slay the woman he loved, unless he were insane, or they had both decided to die together. Yet Tennyson's widely-read lines may have acted as a salve to the morbid conscience of more than one despairing, jealous, and vindictive lover. And one crime of this sensational kind is too apt to suggest another.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.





#### I. THE FIRST MOVE.

FOR many months the Big Gun had been left to hibernate in the square enclosed by the buildings of Fort Macleod.

Even when spring came, when the last snow-wreath had vanished before the breath of the Chinook wind, and the stir of the year's new life was felt in the land, his sleepy calm was uninterrupted.

But one day as the men were drawn up for stable-parade, the Captain came out and read them a despatch which made their hearts beat fast,—it was a fragmentary account of the Duck Lake fight, and thereafter there was little day-musing for the Gun. He was forever being thumped about after six eager, sinewy horses; or being unlimbered,—not that he was very limber in the common meaning of the word; then his throat would be swabbed out by raw gunners, who gave him nothing to cough up; or they would explode caps with a mere irritating snap when he felt he ought to be allowed to roar.

There was continual going to and fro in the square those days. The shout of the gun-sergeant made echoes like hammer-strokes rattle among the buildings; and out beyond the line enclosed by these there was actual hammering, and the bite of the adze was heard, and the creaking and coughing of saws; for at each corner bastions were a-building, with loop-holes pierced through their heavy timbers, whence one could watch the wide prairie. A blanketed Indian scrutinized one of them for an hour. "What is it?" said the carpenter. The Indian half-closed his eyes, and in grieved tones declared that it was "Bad Medicine."

If this brave had not been spying about the Fort, he would have been glad to stay at the Reservation, where excitement made buzzing such as one hears in a hive on a summer evening. The old war-spirit was rampant. The gray-haired sub-chiefs had stories to tell of their ancient prowess, stories reserved for a complete edition of Munchausen's book. The young bucks burned to do something on which they could base bigger stories. Meanwhile the councillors of the tribe withdrew nightly to secret meetings. Occasional messengers rode in on tired ponies, bringing tobacco from Riel, or boasting that the days of the white man were numbered.

For two years there had been bravado talk among the Indians of a great confederacy; by uniting together the tribes were to regain their hunting-grounds, and when the settlers were driven away, the buffalo, they thought, would return. So South Peigan and North, Blackfoot and Blood, Kootenai and Sioux, Nez Percé, and Flat Head, Gros Vent and Stoney, Fox and Snake and Crow, were to gather from mountain and prairie, and drive from the land the white invaders. This was the yearly talk in the Spring; it began whenever the ponies which had been "skin-poor" all the winter, began to eat of the young grass, and it reached its loudest when they "waxed fat, and kicked," like Jeshurun.

It is needless to tell with what envious eyes the young warriors looked upon the roaming herds that had taken the pasture lands once covered by their buffalo. Reports came to the Fort that they had been reviving memories of the hunt by killing cattle,—not in hidden coulee either,

but on the open prairie. For the Indians the prospect was fascinating; the fifty thousand head of cattle in the district seemed to them innumerable, and from among the ten thousand horses each one thought how well he could replenish his own pony-herd. For the ranchers the outlook was not joyful, for their wealth was represented by these herds of cattle; for them the Chinook winds seemed to blow just as kindly as for the buffalo, coming with warm breath from the Pacific to clear away the snow from the foot-hills and the plains. But what if the increase was in the end to be ministrant only to Indian feasting? Moreover, the ranches were far apart, too far to allow the men to give help in emergency to one another. So the cowboys, and the settlers on their little scattered farms were expectant, not to say afraid, as the boasts and threats of the Indians were reported to them.

On the Reserves, however, there were old men who counselled patience, and restrained the warlike ardor of the would-be warriors by telling them that Riel was not yet in power, and by reminding them of the Government ration still coming to them, beef and flour, week by week, without any prerequisite of toil on their part. They observed also that in the Fort the preparation of "bad medicine" was going on.

The Fort was a busy place. In the square men hurried back and forth. The Sergeant would look at the Gun when he passed, and say, "I hope there is to be work for you, my pet." In the stables a score of horses stood with saddles girthed. Provisions were ready, so that with pack-horses a four-days' trip could be begun at any moment by a squad of two score, more than half the men in the troop. To anticipate their absence men in the neighbourhood were to be organized as mounted rangers; and an infantry garrison was to be enrolled for the Fort, that the Police might be the more free to patrol the district.

There are few finer forces in the world than that from which the men were drawn who eventually travelled with the Big Gun. They were in proportion as one man to a hundred of the Indian population. They had to watch the wily braves, and prevent them from killing cattle, or stealing horses. They had to see that no one evaded customs dues, and, most unpleasant duty of all, to capture whiskey smugglers and dealers; this in a town into which was flowing a perpetual tide

of cowboys, freighters, bull-punchers, ranchers, mule-skinners, and sometimes miners and prospectors, all of whom were willing to pay high prices for spirituous exhilaration. They were brave fellows, these men of the Mounted Police; they used to laugh and make arrests while the lustreless eyes of loaded Winchester were turned upon them by irascible friends of the horse-thieves.

The daily troubles of the Big Gun began on the day when a despatch told of the Duck Lake fight. That was the opening of the Half-Breed Rebellion of 1885. The Indians camped on the Mokoanis River, just fourteen miles from Fort Macleod, had the news by their runners two days before it came to the Police by telegraph and courier. Soon every Indian tribe, even to the South Peigans and the Crows, knew that war had begun, and had received Riel's final invitation to have part in it. They were deliberate about smoking the tobacco he sent; they all wanted to be on the winning side.

The question, What was all this commotion about? is quite likely to interrupt the story here. First of all, then, let it be known that the Half-Breeds in the North had many grievances: the methods of surveying their district perplexed them; they believed that there was favoritism in the placing of Government contracts; they could not get titles to their lands. Then let it be understood that they had made appeals by letter and petition to the Government; and when these failed had sent a deputation which brought back promises, for "light are words, and lightly spoken." In the end when they found themselves unnoticed, and the promises unfulfilled, they thought of Louis Riel and called him to their aid. Their desire was to have such an agitation that the swell of its waves might beat upon the threshold of the big houses for talking at Ottawa. The agitation was to be constitutional; but they were like children in their quick indignation against what they considered the injustice of their treatment by the Government.

The Half-Breeds tell of the war's beginning thus: One day an official of the Hudson's Bay Company passed through a settlement, coming from the east, and the men queried eagerly, "Are we to hear from the Government?" It may be said parenthetically, that this was not a politic question, for one of their grievances was that the Hudson's Bay Company took Government contracts, for a price, then

gave the people who filled them half a price, paying the same not with money but with double-priced goods. Moreover it was a current joke that this man had drowned several inquiries in Hudson Bay rum; there are those who say that it is very potent liquor in which to drown care and weariness, and the inquiring spirit. Was it likely if these things were so, that this official should greatly rejoice in the agitation which was likely to bring investigators thirsty only for facts? Maybe his wish fathered the thought, for he said, "Yes, you will hear from the Government; you will get an answer in bullets." That sentence was like the striking of the match; it set the flame of rebellion leaping.

The men were silent and dismayed. It was found in Riel's state papers that an order at once went forth to seize the stores at Duck Lake belonging to those who were loyal to the Government. About the same time teams sent thither from Fort Carlton to bring in supplies, were confronted by armed men. At this news Major Crozier advanced from Carlton with fifty-five men of the Police force, and forty-three volunteers who had come from Prince Albert. Two hours march and the advance guard was fired upon; whereupon the teamsters fell to the rear and the fighting men advanced. Forth came some rebels, one having a white blanket, and Crozier went forward to parley. It was a planned ambush, and during the delay the rebels partially surrounded the force. While the men were talking an Indian tried to take away the interpreter's rifle, but he prevented the theft by shooting the man with his revolver. Almost immediately firing began on both sides. The volunteers on the right were exposed to a deadly cross-fire, and eleven killed. On the left three Policemen were killed and many wounded. So hopeless was the case that the sleighs were brought forward to carry away the wounded, whom the retiring force then protected with a steady fire. Retreat prevented a massacre, for the Half-Breeds admit that this was the only fight at which their whole force was present. After this the Police evacuated useless Fort Carlton, and went to the straggling town of Prince Albert where were women and children needing defence.

Of these movements little was definitely known in the South; but imagination pictured the gathering of wofully black

clouds. Then, like the thunder-crash, came the news of the Frog Lake massacre. That day the sergeant shouted at gun drill as if he would threaten with his voice the brutal Indians far away in the North.

When seventeen days of April were gone at last the men could say, "To-morrow we march." What packing of kits there was, and in the process what debating between desire to carry as little as possible and fear of leaving anything needful behind. What a night of talk; leave-taking that was solemn enough, and boasting that intended to be merry.

When the cavalcade set forth next day the dust rose as imposingly as if for a royal procession. The horses champed their bits, and the curb-rings jingled; their hoofs made music for eager hearts as they clinked on the stones. The rattle and clank of the gun-wheels as the six mighty horses hauled it along, sounded assurance for the doubtful. Behind came the four-horse waggons, loaded with tents and kit-bags, and what might be vaguely termed "something to eat."

Out from the Fort marched the force, along the level bench-land, then down through the "Slough," wherein the river in high water has its extra channel; how the gun rumbled over the round boulders! There was a street next, broad enough for a bull-train to turn in, lined by squat houses, built of cotton-wood logs, and roofed with earth. This was the "Old Town," once rich and populous and greatly important. But there was a new town near the Fort, and few were so poor as to be compelled to do the old town reverence.

Down the broad street swept the cavalcade, a mixed multitude, for many were coming as far as the river to see their fellows off. Some of the "old timers" of the force looked up to the slight eminence where the old fort stood. Lowly enough the deserted buildings were, but what good times they had had there. The very logs in the walls were dear to them; they had helped to haul them from the river bottom. The romance of the past clung to the place; would they see it again? Or,—what a queer feeling the suggestion of death brings!

Splashing and stumbling the foremost riders crossed the ford. The gun-horses cautiously planted their great hoofs among the rolling pebbles and big boulders that they could not see for the rushing water. The gun rocked from side to side, and

swirling eddies curled among the wheel-spokes. At last the dripping horses climbed the farther bank, and the men that were to stay raised the cheer of farewell. "Good-bye boys; bring us back some scalps."

## II. AN ARMED CAMP.

A hundred and six miles in three days of actual marching, yet the horses were restive and eager when they entered the town, and they whirled the gun about as if it were a toy. Mightily impressed were the militiamen, and some of them saluted the whole line of horsemen as if such cavaliers must be all officers.

Calgary plain had never seen such bustle and confusion, not even when the hordes of railway builders were there. Ordinarily there might be beyond the houses a few clusters of Indian tepees, dingy with dirt beneath, and brown with smoke towards the top; for these lodges were shaped like a cone, the apex of which is all chimney. But now there were villages of tents, clean and new-looking; and the Indians who had been visitors in the neighbourhood had shown their wisdom by silently stealing away. That is they ordered their squaws to break camp; and quickly enough this was done, for many obediences had made them expert. The tent-poles were tied to a pony's back by their slender ends, and thus trailed along. The apex of the "A"-shaped *travois* was lashed to a pony's saddle, and into the pocket between the cross-bars were tumbled tent-cloth and puppies, clothing and the baby; to the saddle were fastened the frying-pans also, then the mother bestrode the pony, and vigorously "quirked" him into motion. The man, who had been a spectator of the preparations, took his place at the head of the procession, carrying only a rifle in the hollow of his arm, having of course the gayest outfit, and riding the best horse. Thus the women were assured of protection from imaginary dangers. So much did they, as a class, believe in the divinity of the male, that, for lack of a larger warrior, they would plant a stark naked six year old boy on a young pony, and set him in the forefront of their procession.

Thus safely guided and guarded the Indian families had migrated to the Reserve, and over the ashes of their camp-fires the militiamen had swung their kettles. There were streets and avenues lined by the new white tents, that were to

be soiled enough ere long; and parading up and down went the new, clean soldiers who were to return bronzed and rugged from the North country.

They had many things to learn, and merrily they set themselves at the new tasks. The mounted men who had come with the Big Gun regarded them with the superior air of regulars. They revelled in the stories told about the sentinels,—how one man approaching a camp late at night was startled by a voice out of the darkness crying to him, "Halt! Say Montreal or you can't come farther"; how another who did not know the password entered into conversation with the sentry who had halted him, and then abruptly saying, "But what is the password anyway?" was answered innocently enough, "Calgary." It was said that even the officers took advantage of the guileless sentry; as for example, one who had been away when the word was given, and coming home late did not wish the sergeant of the guard to be called out to identify him and pass him through the lines. When halted he deliberately gave the wrong countersign. "Sure, that's not the word I got," said the sentry "It isn't, eh?" he replied. "No," persisted the sentry, "it was Madrid."

The militiamen did better work during the daytime, however. Daily drill made them grow soldier-like, and at rifle-practice they learned to make the neighborhood of the target, far and near, dangerous ground. They were also learning the mysteries of camp-cooking, what was of more importance; someone has said, you know, that "an army marches on its stomach."

The cause of their remaining in the city of tents operated also to keep the Big Gun in the courtyard of the Fort where it had been drawn when the cortege arrived. The Gun may have maintained a silence that was just a little sullen, but that was not noticed amid the clack and bustle which was going on. Teams with jingling trace-chains drew up loaded wagons to the storehouse door, and there boxes of canned beef and barrels of hard-tack biscuits that had rumbled along by rail from Winnipeg, were unloaded. In a safe enclosure there was a growing pyramid of oat-sacks, and men began to recall the time not long past, when a sack of oats and a ten-dollar bill were interchangeable. Horsemen with jingling spurs rode hither and thither; the red coats of the Mounted Police flashed in all quarters. Infantry

men in black, strangers in "store clothes," and citizens of the town, well-dressed or in nondescript attire, jostled one another.

No one could help observing in the Fort yard, a black pony whose four legs seemed endowed with perpetual motion. He managed almost to be in two places at once,—his tail was generally sailing where he had been a moment before. The rider of this pony was the organizer of the transport. And as the hours went by the string of wagons ready for service became longer, and the corrals that were full before became crammed with restless horses. Curious outfits came in, ready to render service at the rate of "eight dollars a day and grub." New wagons drawn by sleek, handsome horses imported from the East, with harness of oak tanned leather; ancient wagons, fit for service though, with sorry-looking ponies, caged in harness of rope and shaganappi. These ponies were like the proverbial singed cat; they rebuked those who judged by appearances. They knew nothing of storehouse and barn; they were accustomed to accept Nature's free lunch, and so at halts on the march they would have their heads down and their mouths busy, while their more aristocratic neighbors were waiting (too often vainly) to be fed. Red River carts came in too, some of them dragged by oxen. These carts are made of wood only; when they break, a piece of green hide makes the mend, and when dry it binds more firmly than iron. These vehicles do not delight in travel; on their large wooden axles the wheels turn with shrieking remonstrance, and it never occurs to the owner to quiet the indescribable squawking with any lubricator.

In Edmonton at the North there were alarms, and rumours of war,—so report said. The Indians began to threaten;—and in the Hudson Bay Company's fort many bullet marks told how they had done so in old days when all the inhabitants could be protected by its walls. But now there was a town; and if the Half-Breeds were to follow Riel's advice and the Indians were to be their partners, there might be the horrors of massacre. It was of little use appealing to the police at Fort Sas-

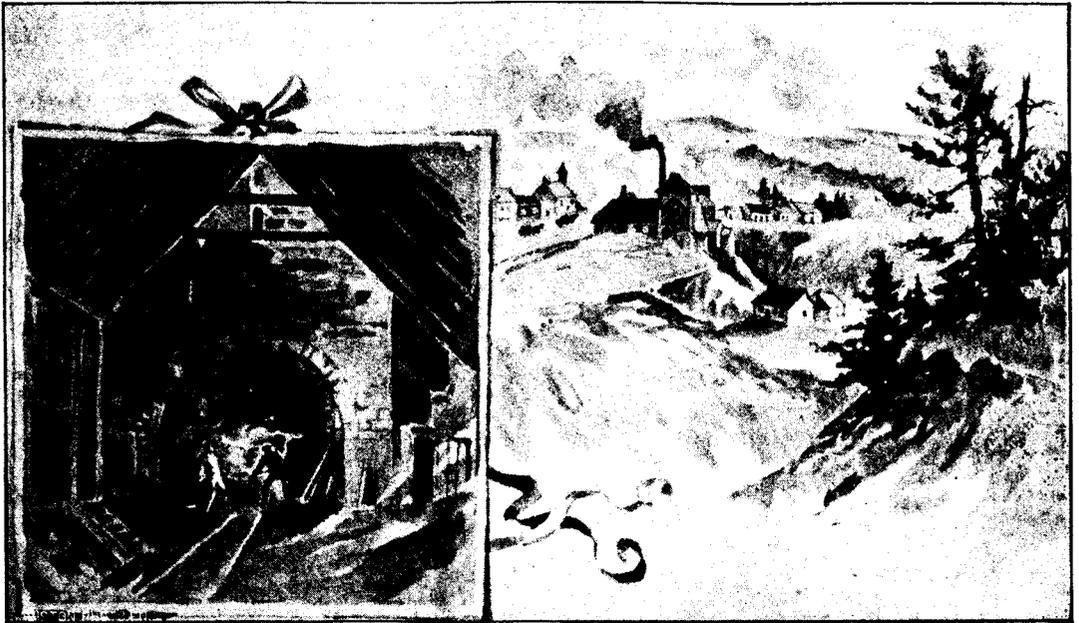
katchewan for they were few, and if able to defend their post in case of attack they would do well. These things were reported at Calgary; then the regular mail service failed, and men had to guess what was going on.

There came a day, April twenty-fourth it was, when the gun-horses were hitched to, and the loaded wagons defiled after it from the Fort yard. The first column had gone its way northward four days before, and as there was a third force to leave in a week, this force with the gun was known as the "centre column." This estimate of its size was written down in the pocket diary of a bystander, as the column marched past him: Left wing of the Sixty-fifth, 148 men; 24 mounted policemen; 100 vehicles with 60 teamsters, and one nine-pounder gun.

One might ask how there was need of a wagon for each couple of soldiers. The truth was this column was in a sense a provision train. Calgary was the base of supplies, and the objective point was two hundred miles distant,—with a likelihood of having to march twice as far beyond. The column was at one time five hundred miles from the base, in a country where there was nothing in the way of forage,—except grass. So there was wisdom in providing for such emergency. It was thought also that there might be some destitution among the people near Edmonton, to which these Government supplies would have to minister.

Along through the prairie-street of Calgary moved the column, and beside the men went a crowd of friends and on-lookers. The mounted men in advance deployed at the ford of the Bow River. The footmen were crossed in the wagons. The Gun rumbled mightily as the horses leaped forward, eager for the freedom of the prairie after their delay in crowded stalls. A cheer went up as the last horseman crossed—the rear guard. Beyond the river Major Perry, of the Police, once of the Royal Engineers, was commander of the column, and director of the destinies of the Gun. And the story is yet to be told how he risked his life one day, and all for the sake of the Big Gun.

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.



Views of the old Forges.

## THE ST. MAURICE FORGES.

OF the few manufacturing establishments in America which from their age link the present with past centuries, it is doubtful if any exist which combine the great age and romantic incident which pertains to the iron works near Three Rivers, known to students of history as the St. Maurice Forges. Mention of them is of frequent occurrence in the state papers of both French and English regimes ; and their close connection with the Government and with Government officials, occasioned a continuous degree of personal visit and superintendence, which brought with it much of the gaiety and extravagance of the vice-regal courts. To-day the works still exist, incorporated in the great industry of the district, and one of the greatest in the Province—the Radnor Forges, owned and operated by the Canada Iron Furnace Company of Montreal.

The Forges and other properties in connection with them, are all in the vicinity of the river St. Maurice, a large and picturesque stream, which falls into the St. Lawrence near the quaint old city of Three

Rivers, Province of Québec. They comprise an area of over 100,000 acres of ore-bearing land, on which are located the iron-works, or Forges proper, and the numerous accessory industries, including railway line and sidings, bridges, a limestone quarry, a village of sixty workmen's cottages, and other valuable properties.

At Grandes Piles, a few miles north of the Radnor works, the Company own a large area with excellent water-power ; here is fitly situated the main battery of charcoal kilns ; for probably no site in America—within a few hours reach of the main arteries of business traffic—equals this for the facility with which an almost inexhaustible supply of hard wood can be obtained. This point forms the terminus of rail connection with Three Rivers, and will, in all probability, ever remain such, owing to the great Laurentian hills blocking all transit to the north ; but where rail facilities cease, those of navigation begin, and a long reach of water-travel into the heart of the northern wilds, and amid the most picturesque surroundings, can

there be commenced. The Grandes Piles Falls, controlled by the company, have a drop of forty feet,—a volume of water which represents no less than 35,000 horse-power.

The vast territory to the north, watered by the St. Maurice and its tributaries, and estimated as 200,000 square miles, contains an immense quantity of pine and



Geo. E. Drummond,  
Managing Director Canada Iron Furnace Co., Ltd.

spruce, and at the present time its limits are attracting the attention of American capitalists, as evidenced by the fact that the American Laurentides Pulp Co. have already expended hundreds of thousands of dollars in the erection of a pulp mill, and in perfecting the water power at Grande Mere, a few miles below Grandes Piles. Aside from the manufacture of pulp, the lumber produced from the spruce of the St. Maurice is of a class coming more into use every day, as taking the place of the more expensive pine. Hard woods, such as maple and birch, are to be found in an almost inexhaustible growth all along the banks of the St. Maurice, and are specially suitable for the manufacture of charcoal for the smelting of iron. It is from this section the Company will draw its supplies for some years to come, and with great benefit, not alone to itself, but also to the settlers on the river, who find that in clearing their lands they are able to chop and dispose of their standing wood to the charcoal works at good paying figures, thus finding a cash market for what would otherwise be to them practically worthless material.

In addition to the valuable ore deposits and wood limits controlled by the Company, they possess rich deposits of ochre, suitable for metallic paint, and also (on

the property of Radnor Forges) valuable clay deposits, suitable for making the finest quality of re-pressed brick.

The early history of the Forges is full of interest. Their age—exceeding one and a half centuries—is, in this comparatively new America, in itself a feature which calls for special note, and enlists the archæologist and the antiquarian, to whom more modern and less romantic establishments offer little attraction.

The discovery of iron ore in this vicinity dates back to 1667, by whom it does not appear. Nine years later a grant of the mines and adjoining lands—forming the seigniorship of St. Maurice—was made to the widow of Maurice Poulin, Sieur de la Fontaine, King's Attorney for Three Rivers; and in it she is conceded the right to work the mines for her own profit. Some ore was taken out, but, on the whole, little appears to have been done.

There are some interesting communications on record as to the early opinion of the value of this industry. Frontenac, in writing to the Home Government in 1672, says:—

“The iron mine of which I have already spoken, is of great consequence. I have visited it myself in order that I may be enabled to give a more accurate account of its nature. I am gratified to learn that another mine has been discovered in Champlain, which is much richer than the Cap de la Madelaine mine, and the ore is in greater abundance. I apprehend that it will be next to impossible to exhaust this mine, as there is an extent of country of four leagues in length from Cap de la Madelaine to Champlain, which is covered with iron ore; all the streams indicate its existence. I had the curiosity to taste the water, and I found it all strongly impregnated



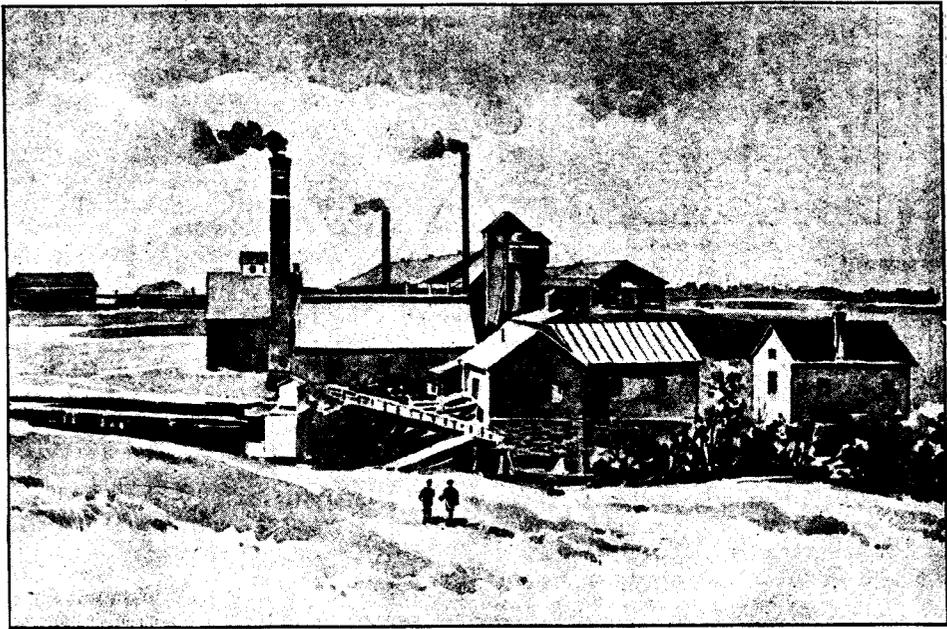
Robert Schott, of Sheffield, Eng  
Director Canada Iron Furnace Co., Ltd.

hend that it will be next to impossible to exhaust this mine, as there is an extent of country of four leagues in length from Cap de la Madelaine to Champlain, which is covered with iron ore; all the streams indicate its existence. I had the curiosity to taste the water, and I found it all strongly impregnated

with rust and iron, but the miners whom I sent there render the affair certain, they are now working there and if you have any intention of establishing forges and a foundry, you may be certain that the material will not be wanting. There are six piles of ore now lying at Cap de la Madelaine which, according to the annexed report of the miner, would last for two castings a day for four months. The important question is the placing of the forges. According to my opinion I should prefer building them on Ruisseau Pepin, which is in Champlain, rather than at the Cape, where the Jesuit Fathers have a mill already in operation. By thus placing the forges they would be between the two mines, and the material could be more easily conveyed from both to the central establishment. When you have decided upon establishing the said forges, as the workmen you will send out will be competent men, they, perhaps, can decide whether there is enough water in the streams I have above mentioned to work the wheel of the pro-

than the colony requires. The great desideratum is the discovery of a stream or water power, which can be used in winter, and it is in this respect that we require an able experienced man, who could see what could be done for the establishment. Last year I sent a sample of this iron to France, and the iron-workers, who found it of good quality and percentage, wish to have fifteen or twenty barriques, to give it a thorough trial as to quality; it would be well to satisfy them on this point next year. If our Northern Company should succeed there would be no difficulty in accomplishing this desirable object."

But in spite of the acknowledged value of the material, the state of the struggling colony precluded all possibility of successful working for many years, and it was not until about the year 1733 that the first forges were put up. These were due to



Radnor Forges, successor to the St. Maurice Works.

jected forges, also to judge whether it would be practicable to bring in other streams in the neighborhood, such as Ruisseau d'Hertel, to increase the quantity of the water. The chief miner, who is now here, assures me that this can be easily and successfully done. It is certain that if the forges are once established many advantages will result to the colony, excellent iron will be manufactured there, and the consumption of fuel will help materially in the clearing of the forest land. Moreover, many men will be employed at the work, and a market will thus be afforded for the surplus provisions which we have at our disposal."

Denonville, Governor in 1686, bears his testimony on the subject in the following terms :

"I have this year again had the iron mine near Three Rivers thoroughly examined. I am convinced that there is a much larger quantity of that metal

private enterprise, a company having been formed by Mm. Francheville, Poulin, Gamelin and Cugnet; but their efforts met with little success, and on the 16th October, 1735, they surrendered the Forges and mining rights to the Crown. Twelve months later a new partnership was formed to prosecute the work, the personnel of its members being Mm. Cugnet, Gamelin, Taschereau, de Vezain, and Simonet; they first purchased the fief and seigniory of St. Maurice, and obtained from the King—by Order-in-Council dated 22nd April, 1737—authority to work the Forges free of rent or royalty; and so anxious at that time were the authorities



Thos. J. Drummond,  
Secretary Canada Iron Co., Ltd.

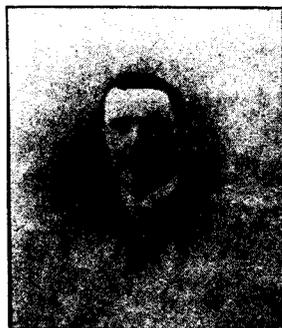
to develop the native industries of New France, that a cash advance of 100,000 livres was made them from the King's exchequer. The fief of St. Etienne was also conceded to the new Company, known as "La Compagnie des Forges." They also imported from France a skilled iron-worker, to take practical charge of the whole industry. But their efforts met with little success; the capital of the company became exhausted in the erection of the various buildings and plant deemed necessary, and in 1740 they were forced to surrender their charter to the local government of that day. Three years later the King made the works a Crown industry, and carried it on for some years with a fair measure of success.

We have two accounts of the state of the Forges during this period, one from the well-known Swedish traveller Kalm, who visited Canada in 1749; the other appears in a manuscript from the pen of Franquet, who came from France in 1752, to inspect the fortifications of the colony. Kalm says:

"Whilst my company was resting, I went on horseback to view the iron-work. The country which I passed through was pretty high, sandy and generally flat. I saw neither stones nor mountains here. The iron work, which is the only one in this country, lies three miles to the west of Trois Rivieres. Here are two great forges, besides two lesser ones to each of the great ones and under the same roof with them. The bellows were made of wood, and everything else, as it is in Swedish forges. The melting ovens stand close to the forges, and are the same as ours. The ore is got two French miles-and-a-half from the iron works, and is carried thither on sledges. It is a kind of moor-ore, which lies in veins within six inches or a foot from the surface of the ground. Each vein is from six to eighteen inches deep, and below is a white sand. The veins are surrounded with this sand on both sides, and covered on the top with a thin mould. The ore is pretty rich, and lies in loose lumps in the veins, of the size

of two fists, though there are a few which are near eighteen inches thick. These lumps are full of holes which are full of ochre. The ore is so soft that it may be crushed betwixt the fingers. They make use of a gray limestone which is broken in the neighborhood, for promoting the fusibility of the ore, to this purpose they likewise employ a clay marl, which is found near this place. Charcoals are to be had in great abundance here, because all the country round this place is covered with woods, which have never been stirred. The charcoal from evergreen trees, that is from the fir kind, are best for the forge, but those of deciduous trees are best for the smelting oven. The iron which is here made is described to me as soft, pliable and tough, and is said to have the quality of not being attacked by rust so easily as other iron, and in this point there appears a great difference between the Spanish iron and this in ship-building. This iron work was first founded in 1737 by private persons, who afterwards ceded it to the King, they cast cannons and mortars here of different sizes, iron stoves which are in use all over Canada, kettles, etc., not to mention the bars which are made here. They have likewise tried to make steel, but cannot bring it to any great perfection, because they are unacquainted with the best manner of preparing it. Here are many officers and overseers, who have very good houses built on purpose for them. It is agreed on all hands that the revenues of the iron work do not pay the expenses, which the King must every year be at in maintaining it. They lay the fault on the bad state of population, and say that the few inhabitants in the country have enough to do with agriculture, and that it therefore costs great trouble and large sums to get a sufficient number of workmen. But, however plausible this may appear, yet it is surprising that the King should be a loser in the carrying on of this work, for the ore is easily broken, very near the iron work and very fusible. The iron is good and can be very conveniently dispersed over the country. This is, moreover, the only iron works in the country, from which everybody must supply himself with iron tools, and what other iron he wants. But the officers and servants belonging to the iron works appear to be in very affluent circumstances. A river runs down from the iron work into the river St. Lawrence by which all the iron can be sent in boats through the country at a low rate. In the evening I returned again to Trois Rivieres."

M. Franquet's remarks on the subject are given by Mr. F. C. Wurtele of Quebec, in his very interesting monograph on the St. Maurice Forges, read before the Royal Society of Canada in 1886, and to which, by the way, I am indebted for much



James T. McCall,  
Director Canada Iron Furnace Co. Ltd.

information on the subject. Franquet remarks :—

“ M. Bigot, Intendant of New France, who resides at Quebec, had recommended me to visit the St. Maurice forges, as the establishment was extensive, and as he had no doubt that I would be pleased to be in a position to give an account of it. By stopping at Three Rivers, I could reach the forges in two hours, so having settled upon that course, I requested M. Rigaud, who was then in charge of that post, to accompany me. We left Three Rivers at 5 o'clock a.m., with M. Tenancour and other friends, whom M. Rouville, director of the forges, had invited to accompany us. In leaving the town, we ascended a hill covered with sand, crossed a plain, and passed through a wood of stunted trees, on emerging from which we stood on a hill overlooking a valley, in which the said forges of the King are situated; we crossed a wooden bridge built over a small stream, and disembarked from our conveyance at the door of the director's dwelling. After the first ceremony of reception by the Director, his wife, and the other employes, we proceeded to visit the works. The stream which drives the machinery is dammed up in three places, the first dam drives the wheel for the furnace, the second and third each a trip hammer. Each dam has a water-pass to prevent overflow in high-water, it is supposed that the stream or water-power is sufficiently strong to drive two other hammers. The buildings of the post are irregularly situated on the banks of the stream, and little or no taste seems to have been displayed in placing them. The principal building is the Director's residence, a very large establishment, but scarcely large enough for the number of employes who have to be accommodated.

Canada changed masters, as we all know, in September, 1760, and the importance of the Forges was considered so great by the British authorities, that on the first day of October instructions were sent by General Amherst to M. Courval, the Superintendent of the Forges, with reference to the continuance of operations there. The details of these instructions are especially interesting, as showing the prompt attention paid by the British commander-in-chief and his assistants to the general industries of the country.

It may also be mentioned that in No. 44 of the “Articles of Capitulation” it is

stated that all the Intendant's papers, including those of the Forges of St. Maurice, shall remain in M. Bigot's possession, and be taken to France by him without examination.

We are not without evidence as to the comparative excellence of the works at this period, as the following letter from Colonel R. Burton, in 1762, has been recently published by Dr. Brymner, in one of the invaluable “Archives Reports” It is in reply to an enquiry from the Lords of the Board of Trade and Plantations, asking information on the resources of the newly-acquired colony. The reply reads as follows :

“ The only forges in this government are those of St. Maurice, seven or eight miles behind the Town of Trois Rivieres, up the river of that name. That establishment consists of one furnace and two forges, built upon a rivulet, whose water never freezes; it discharges itself into the River St. Maurice, from whence the iron may be easily conveyed in batteaux to magazines at Trois Rivieres, and from thence in vessels to Montreal, Quebec or Europe. There are besides a large stone house for the manager, and wooden houses for the people employed at the forges or other necessary works. The mine that has hitherto supplied the forges lies very near the surface of the earth, in a low, marshy ground, seven or eight miles from them. There has hitherto been no road made to it, as they used to fetch the ore in winter upon sledges, but a good one may be easily made. The iron made from this ore is so excellent in quality, that in a late trial made by order of His Excellency General Amherst, it was found greatly superior to any made in America, and even exceeds that imported from Sweden. The mine was opened in 1732, and granted in 1736 to a company. They having no bottom and wanting economy, were obliged to abandon it in 1741. The King, who had advanced them a sum of money, and could not be paid, took the grant back, and ever since 1742 the forges have been worked for the benefit of the King, under the direction of the intendants. The mine has produced ore in such plenty, that in the year 1746 the single furnace returned 1,011,000 lbs. of cast iron, which produced 500,000 lbs. net weight of iron bars, besides a great quantity of stoves, pots, etc. Notwithstanding which, the great number of useless people kept there, such as a director, a comptroller, a treasurer, a contractor for the forges and provisions, several overseers, a chaplain and others, at large salaries; the little attention paid to the lands to procure oats and hay for the establishment, instead of buying it at a great distance and at a considerable price, with the connived fraud of those that passed the accounts, rendered that establishment rather burthensome than profitable to the Crown, and the King was always proved debtor. From the beginning of the year 1761 to the latter end of the year 1762, not to engage in too large repairs, the forges, by order of His Excellency, Sir Jeffrey Amherst, have been worked on a small scale, and have cost £11,325, for which they produced iron bars of different sizes, to the weight of 285,400 lbs., besides 180 iron stoves. The ore, which has been run and worked, was already brought to the foot of the furnace. All the machinery, tools and buildings, that had been for some years past condemned by the French, as unfit for use or service, are now in a most ruinous condition, and cannot ab-



John J. Drummond,  
General Superintendent Canada Iron Furnace Co., Ltd



The St. Maurice Forges and Village.  
From a sketch taken about 1820 by Capt. Pigot.

olutely go on much longer without a thorough repair. But, however, the natural advantages still remain, viz., the mine itself, to which may be added another yet untouched, behind Cape Madeline, lying about three miles from the forges on the other side of the River St. Maurice, the woods above the establishment, some clear lands to grow oats, lowlands that may easily be turned into meadows for hay, not granted yet, a quarry of limestone, absolutely necessary for the melting of ore, rebuilding or repairing the furnace, etc., eight miles up the River St. Maurice, navigable with a small batteaux, and lastly the rivulet upon which two more forges and a furnace may be built without any incumbrance to each other. All these, if thought proper, may certainly be greatly improved to the advantage of the Crown, by supplying His Majesty's Navy with proper iron for ship-building.

"At Trois Rivieres, in Canada, the 31st day of May, 1763."

(Signed,)

R. BURTON.

The works appear to have been in operation until 1764, when the transfer of the government of Canada from the military to the civil authorities, seems to have resulted in the stoppage of work at the Forges. The care and attention devoted to them from 1760 to 1764, attests highly to the care and attention of the military officers in charge of the colony to matters purely commercial.

In 1767 work at the Forges was resumed, this time under charge of a private

company, organized by M. Christophe Pellessier, a merchant of Quebec; with him were associated Messrs. Dumas, Dunn, Price, Drummond, St. Martin, Allsop, Johnston and Watson. By petition to the Crown, they obtained a sixteen-year lease of the land and works at the very moderate annual rental of £25. They appear to have done fairly well, spent a considerable amount in new buildings, &c., and their stoves and other manufactures were in considerable demand in all parts of Canada. The Quebec agent of the company—a young Frenchman named Laterriere—was in 1775 appointed Inspector of the works, and has left on record the following information about them at that period :

"On the banks of the Riviere Noir or St. Maurice, nine miles from Trois Rivieres, one arrives at the Forges, very pleasantly situated in a seigniory of twelve square miles, called the Fief St. Maurice. The country is flat, of a yellow sandy soil, containing many swamps and brules, where the iron ore is found. The only fuel used is charcoal; that for the furnaces is made from hardwood, and for the refinery from soft wood. There are from 400 to 800 persons employed in the woods, mines, quarries, workshops and offices of the Company, including the managing-director, inspector, book-keeper, foreman, six furnace-men, two stokers, one caster, eight moulders,

with as many assistants. At each forge there worked, besides six men, two stokers, four smiths, four carpenters, and sixteen labourers. The works employed eight boatmen, four prospectors of mines, forty carters, and others such as wood-cutters, charcoal burners, miners, road-makers, firemen, and eight men busied in the saw mills. For the convenience of the employees and their families, the company kept a store for the sale of provisions and other merchandise, and also did a considerable trade with the Tete de Boule Indians, who came down the River St. Maurice. Around the forges and big house where the manager and his staff resided, quite a village of workmen's houses had sprung up, some 130 in number, neat and clean, with pretty gardens and parterres. The gross proceeds of the forges were from £10,000 to £15,000 in the working season or *compagne*, as it was called, of seven months, being about £50 per day each from the furnaces and foundry, and £50 per week from each forge. The working expenses consumed about two-thirds, leaving one-third to be annually divided among those interested. The works were carried on with energy and success, and yielded a good profit."

But King George's kindness to Pellesier was mis-placed. The latter seems to have been a man totally devoid of principle, and during the unwarranted invasion of Canada by the American rebels in 1776, turned traitor, and secretly aided the enemy to a considerable extent, furnishing them with some £2,000 worth of stores and provisions. He went so far as to have shot and shell cast at the Forges, for the use of the rebel army in bombarding Quebec. Unfortunately the rascal escaped the night before the British re-occupation of Three Rivers, through the connivance of a local priest named St. Onge. He took with him all the available funds of the works, and vouchers for the advances he had made to the Americans, for which he was duly paid by Congress; he then decamped to France. In connection with this period, Mr. Wurtele mentions an incident not generally known :

The Inspector narrates that when the English fleet, with Carleton's army on board, arrived at Trois Rivieres, the Americans or "Bostonnais," as they were called, retreated to Sorel; but a force of some 4,000 of them returned to attack Trois Rivieres, conducted by a habitant from Machiche, named Larose, as far as Pointe du Lac. The English general was informed of their designs, and took up a position at La Croix Mignon, on the heights

commanding the town and its environs, where he waited their attack and completely routed them, killing a great many. The next day His Excellency ordered the inspector of the forges to send out all his hands to beat the woods, which they did, taking some 130 prisoners in a starving condition, fed them, and turned them over to the English at Trois Rivieres.



The Honorable Matthew Bell.

Laterriere appears to have been the right man in the right place, as the works—now practically under his sole charge—were operated with great success. The lease, however, to this Company expired on 9th June, 1783, and the works then fell into new hands, the Hon. B. Conrad A. Gugy leasing them for sixteen years; but he died, in 1786, and the unexpired portion of the lease of the Forges was sold by sheriff's sale in March, 1787, to Messrs. Alexander Davison and John Lees, for the

sum of £2,300 currency. Lees soon retired from the partnership, and Davison continued as sole proprietor until 6th June, 1793, when he sold his rights to a company composed of George Davison, David Munro and Matthew Bell, for £1500. The lease expired in 1799, but was renewed for two years to the same parties.

From the pen of an American who visited Canada in 1798-9 we have an interesting bit of gossip about the mines. After mentioning the town of Three Rivers, he says:—

"About nine miles in its rear is a large settlement formed by a furnace, which is the chief factory for cast iron. From hence the whole northern country is furnished with that unrivalled supply of stoves so universally used in those provinces. European artists, distinguished for their ingenuity, are employed as superintendants and conductors of this extensive business. In every part, ability and enterprise are discovered, and a better regulated factory need not be sought for in North America. The mechanism of the extensive works—the mode in which the water is conveyed to the various parts where it is wanted, causes great despatch in business."

John Lambert, who visited Canada in 1806-8, and whose published record of his visit is an authority on the state of the colony at that period, gives a most interesting account of the Forges, too

long for reproduction here. He mentions that the then proprietors of the works at the commencement of their lease made a good business "hit" by importing a large stock of very inferior British iron, which they sold to the *habitants* at a lower price than the St. Maurice product; but the imported iron was so poor that the people would have nothing more to do with it, and thereafter confined their purchases solely to the native article.

During the first half of this century the Forges were almost continuously at work. They were under lease to Messrs. Munro and Bell from 1801 to 1846; on the 4th of August of the latter year they were sold at auction to Mr. Henry Stuart for £5,575, he subsequently purchasing the adjoining fiefs of St. Etienne and St. Maurice for £5,900.

During the regime of Messrs. Munro and Bell the place was the scene of much gaiety. Unbounded hospitality reigned at the chateau, where dwelt the Honorable Mr. Bell, who was also Seigneur of St. Maurice. The Governors, military officers, and others of high social standing were frequently entertained. Mr. Bell kept a stud of horses and a pack of hounds, and fox-hunting was for many years regularly carried on. This lavish expenditure was too great a drain on the slender profits of the works, and Mr. Bell was unable to purchase them in 1846, when offered at auction by the Crown.

Commissary-General M. Bell Irvine, C.M.G., the Hon. George Irvine, and Lieut.-Col. J. B. Forsyth, are grandsons of the Hon. Mr. Bell; the portrait here given of that gentleman and the old view of the Forges are from photographs taken by Mr. F. C. Wurtele of prints now in the possession of Commissary-General Irvine.

Mr. Stuart, on acquiring the Forges, at once set about improving them and expended large sums in the purchase of plant and the erection of buildings. The revenue, however, did not show a commensurate increase, so after a year's trial the new proprietor leased the works to the Honorable James Ferrier of Montreal; this gentleman worked them from 1847 to 1851, and, by dint of careful management, realised a fair return. Mr. Stuart then sold out his interest to Messrs. Andrew Stuart and John Porter of Quebec; but they did not find the venture a profitable one, and abandoned the work in 1859.

A balance of the original purchase money still remaining unpaid, the Crown now intervened, seized the property, and sold the Forges and an adjacent farm by auction, to Mr. Heroux of St. Barnabé, for \$7,000, he re-selling the Forges and their accessories to Mr. John McDougall, of Montreal, for \$6,800. Work was then steadily maintained until 1883, when, owing to the apparent absence of ore and wood, all operations ceased.

As Radnor Forges—first built in 1860, and in 1889 acquired by the Canada Iron and Furnace Co.,—is now the chief seat of the industry, the story of the St. Maurice Forges closes at this date.

Operated almost without a break for 150 years, they were, when in operation, the oldest continuous industry in North America, and are, on this score alone, entitled to special note. They present a picture in which are combined in strange and yet not incongruous tints, unremitting toil, lavish hospitality, picturesque sport, and the presence and attention of the viceroys of France and Britain during many years and many reigns.

J. P. EDWARDS.



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TRANSACTIONS OF THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF QUEBEC.

The twenty-first issue of this valuable series has reached us; although not as voluminous as we would like, it is of considerable interest. It contains a very full account of the proceedings of the last annual meeting of the Society, with reports, statements, etc.; this is supplemented by an article of much historical value entitled "The War of 1812 in connection with the Army Bill Act," by Mr. James Stevenson, Manager of the Quebec Bank, and author of two papers on subjects somewhat similar to this ("Card Money of Canada during the French domination" and "The currency of Canada after the capitulation") both of which have appeared in the published Transactions of this Society. The author goes very fully into the subject, the paper occupying 79 pages; it is illustrated with two excellent facsimiles of the very rare currency to which the article refers. This is a feature of the war which has been almost totally passed over by previous writers; and Mr. Stevenson deserves the thanks of our history lovers for care and detail he has given to the subject. Its importance was very great; the author states as his opinion:

"The expenses connected with the war were so great that it is difficult to conceive how it could have been carried on without the operation of the Army Bill Act. We are, I believe, as much indebted to the authors of that measure for the preservation of our connection with the British Empire, as we are to the valour of our soldiers and sailors in repelling a cruel and unwarrantable invasion."

All interested in the war of 1812 should not fail to secure a copy.

Transactions of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. No. 21. Sessions of 1891 to 1892. Quebec: Printed at the *Morning Chronicle* Office, 1892.

## THE VETERANS OF '37.

Major McLennan, M.P., of Alexandria, has done good service in again calling public attention to the duty of rewarding the men who took up arms in defence of British connection and good government during the unwarranted rebellion of 1837 and 1838. This time he speaks by a pamphlet which concisely embodies the whole history of the movement and what has been said about it on the floor of Parliament. The memorials and chief speeches are given in full, and several extracts from historical works dealing with the period of the trouble are added; these latter all bear witness to the valour displayed by the militiamen who turned out so willingly to crush treason, and to

the trials and often harrassing circumstances which attended their abandonment of peaceful pursuits at the call to arms. We heartily endorse this appeal for simple justice to patriotic men, and feel confident that the publication will do much good in showing up the strange apathy (and in many cases unconcealed opposition) shown to the movement by many members of the House, and the necessity for strong action in the matter by loyal men in all parts of the Province.

To the Surviving Veterans of 1837-8-9. By Major R. R. McLennan, M. P. Alexandria: Office of *The Glengarian*: 1892.

## HISTORIC REVIEW OF ST. GEORGE'S PARISH CHURCH, ST. CATHARINES.

The interest in historical research, so rapidly growing all over the Dominion, has of late shown special development in the published recitals of the history of our oldest places of worship. In Montreal there has appeared within a comparatively short time complete records of the St. Gabriel Street Presbyterian, St. James Street Methodist, and Trinity Anglican churches; in Quebec, the English Cathedral; in St. John, Trinity. We have now a most valuable addition to the list in the volume before us. St. George's Church, St. Catharines, is one of the oldest in Canada, its history being clearly traceable back to the last century. The author gives verbatim copies of documents on the subject, beginning with one dated in 1798, and then in due sequence brings the record down to the present day. Everything that would be of interest to a member of the Parish, or to the historian, is fully narrated. A feature of special interest is the detailed copy of the parish register of St. Mark's, Niagara, as well as that of the church to which the volume is especially devoted. A complete account is also given of the services held in connection with St. George's jubilee, celebrated in December, 1891, and St. Mark's centennial, which was duly honored last July.

The volume is an unusually handsome one, richly printed in two colours, and well illustrated. Both from a mechanical and literary point of view it reflects great credit on Rev. Mr. Kerr and on the publisher, and will undoubtedly be eagerly sought for by those interested in the history of our country.

St. George's Parish Church, St. Catharines. Jubilee Celebration and Historic and Centenary Review. Edited by Rev. Robert Kerr, Rector.

St. Catharines; printed at the *Star* office, 1892.

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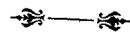
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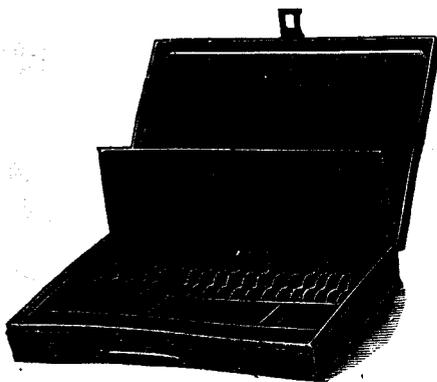
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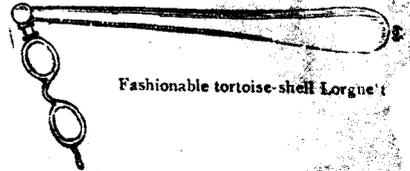
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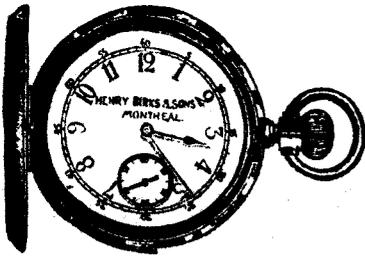
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