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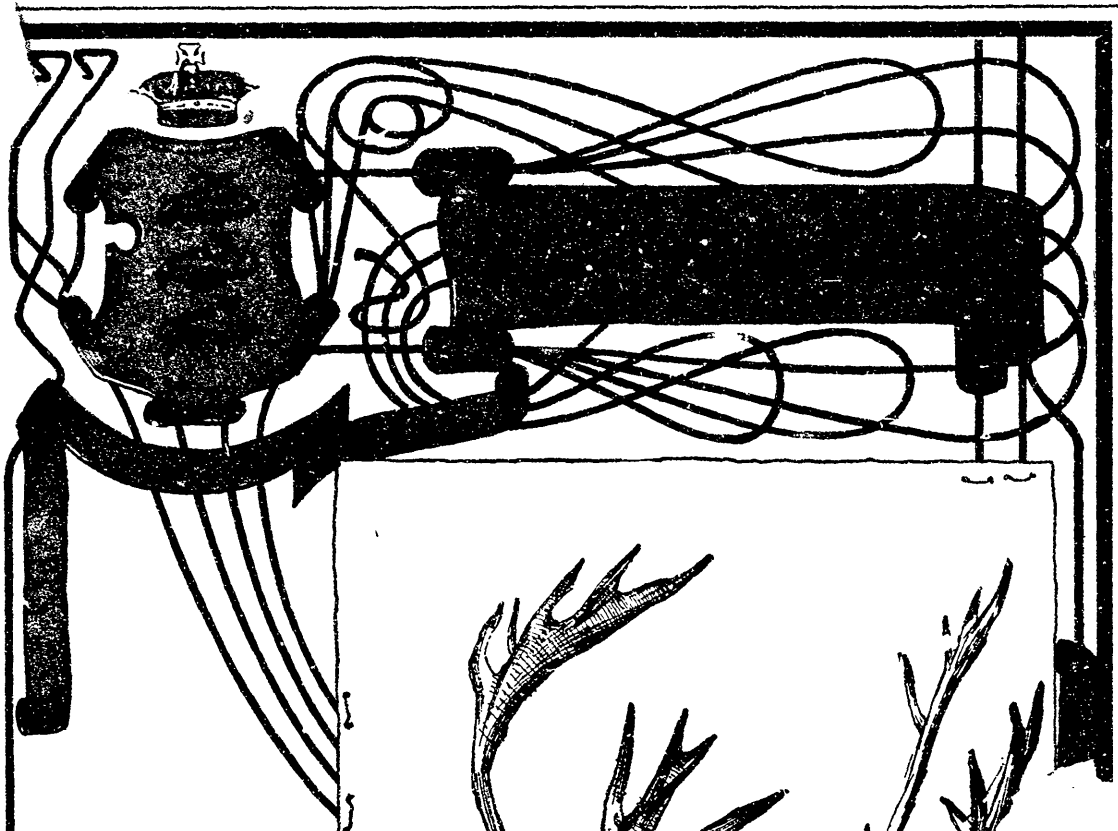
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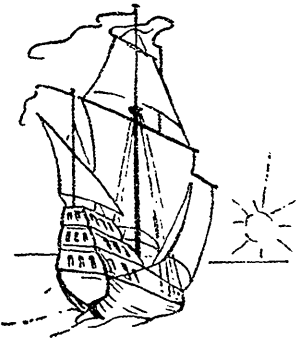
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SEPTEMBER.



HISTORY  
SCIENCE  
SPORT  
FICTION  
RECREATION  
REVIEW  
FASHION  
MUSIC





# THE NEWFOUNDLAND MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

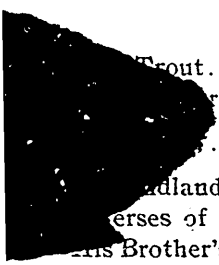
SEPTEMBER, 1900.

No. 3.

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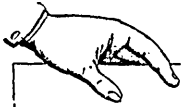
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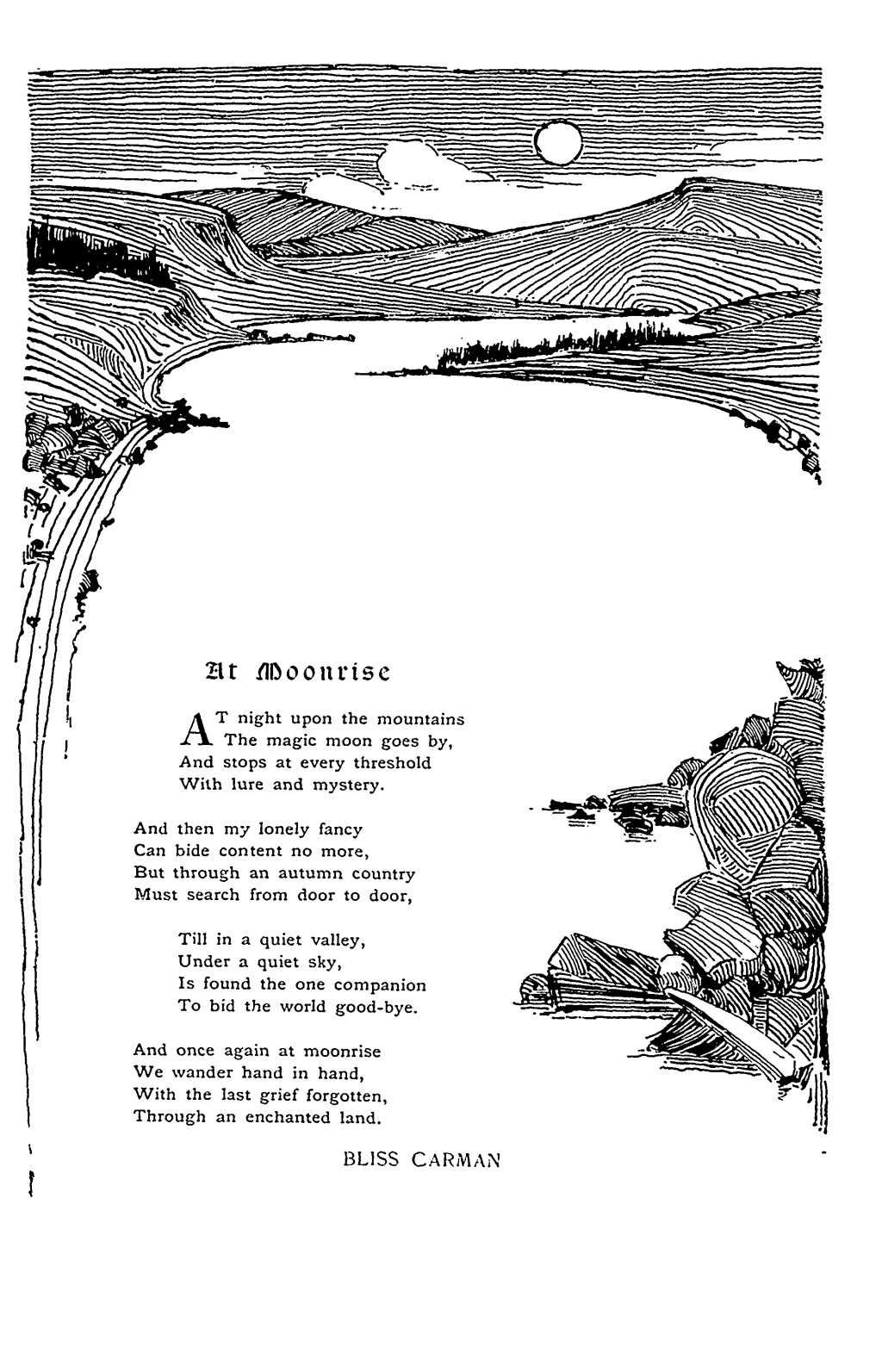
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At Moonrise

At night upon the mountains  
The magic moon goes by,  
And stops at every threshold  
With lure and mystery.

And then my lonely fancy  
Can bide content no more,  
But through an autumn country  
Must search from door to door,

Till in a quiet valley,  
Under a quiet sky,  
Is found the one companion  
To bid the world good-bye.

And once again at moonrise  
We wander hand in hand,  
With the last grief forgotten,  
Through an enchanted land.

BLISS CARMAN

# THE NEWFOUNDLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. I.

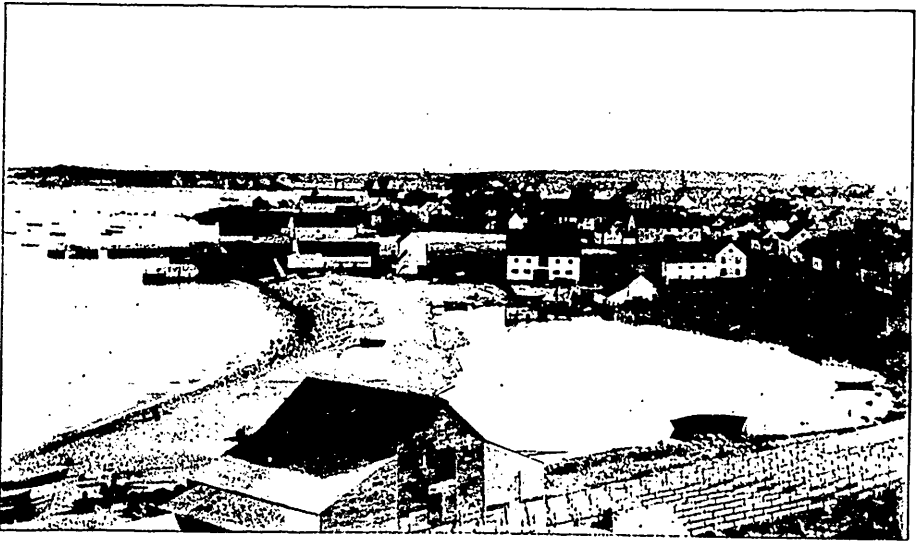
SEPTEMBER, 1900

No. 3

## ST. PIERRE.

OF the once vast empire ruled by France on this continent the Miquelon isles alone remain. They consist of Miquelon, Langlade, and St. Pierre, the latter being the seat of government, and practically serving to identify the entire group. The archipelago has a total area of 81 square miles, and a population of 6,400, nine-tenths of whom live on St. Pierre islet. This is only seven miles long by two broad, its selection as the

capital being due to its having the only anchorage in the group, formed by the Isle-aux-Chiens, a smaller mass of rock to the east of St. Pierre, between which runs a narrow, shallow channel where the fishing-vessels can ride in shelter, larger craft having to anchor in the more open roadstead outside. The isles lie twelve miles off the Burin peninsula, on the south coast of Newfoundland, and constitute a most tempting objective for the tourist.



ST. PIERRE — FROM THE HARBOR.

It is a bit of old France which the visitor is confronted with, set down in the midst of the sea, with a horizon of Anglo-Saxonism surrounding it.

The coves in the rock-ribbed face of Miquelon shelter a hundred or two of hardy fishermen, and as many farmers till the sterile soil of Langlade. The centre of interest is St. Pierre. The town fronts on the roadstead, extending gradually backward to the ridge of hill which forms the backbone of the islet. The houses are

harvest to Americans, Canadians, Newfoundlanders, and Frenchmen alike. It is the headquarters of the Gallic fisherfolk, and for nigh upon four centuries has occupied a position in French history analogous to that which St. John's<sup>1</sup> has held in English eyes in regard to this important industry. When the Westcountrymen selected St. John's for their fishing-base the Bretons chose St. Pierre. It was formally annexed to France in 1660, and fortified in 1700. Two years later the



FISHING VESSELS AT ST. PIERRE.

of the type we know as French, with hinged windows from floor to ceiling, opening on little flower plots contrived with infinite labor and incessant attention. The houses are all of wood, those in the main street being faced with brick or stucco, while the poorer ones are clap-boarded. This wood has all to be imported, as the isles are untimbered, even the firewood being brought across in schooner loads from the neighboring Newfoundland shore and sold at a handsome price. The barrenness of the place is its greatest drawback, though this is not as noticeable to the visitor because the overshadowing presence of codfish and the industries associated therewith completely absorbs attention.

St. Pierre lives and thrives upon the great cod-fisheries of the Newfoundland Banks, which yield a generous annual

British overran it, and by the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, France yielded it to her successful rival, receiving in return fishing concessions on the west coast of Newfoundland. Fifty years later France sought and obtained its restoration as a shelter port for her fishermen, the existing English population being deported. In 1778, during the American war of independence, England recaptured it and retaliated by shipping to France all those then living on it. Five years later the Treaty of Versailles restored it to France, but in 1793 England again asserted her mastery. She held it until 1815, when it again passed into French possession by the Treaty of Paris, and has since remained in her undisputed control.

<sup>1</sup> See "St. John's, Newfoundland's Chief Town," in July number of "Newfoundland Magazine."





CANNON POINT.

Its history since that time has been uneventful. It gradually grew in population and importance as the fishery was more extensively prosecuted, and despite the setbacks occasioned by destructive fires in 1865, 1867, and 1879, in which the wooden structures largely contributed to its demolition, it continued to hold its place as the most thriving of French colonies until twelve years ago. Then the enactment of the Newfoundland Bait Act struck a severe blow at its trade supremacy, which the cheapening of the processes for the manufacture of American canned foods, and the consequent flooding of the European markets with these products, tended to make more effective. St. Pierre has never recovered from the dislocation of trade created then, and it is not likely ever to recover. Its prosperity has been on the wane, and the smuggling traffic, of which it had long been the centre, and from which it reaped a rich profit, has been very largely stamped out by the vigorous crusade maintained by the Canadian and Newfoundland governments.

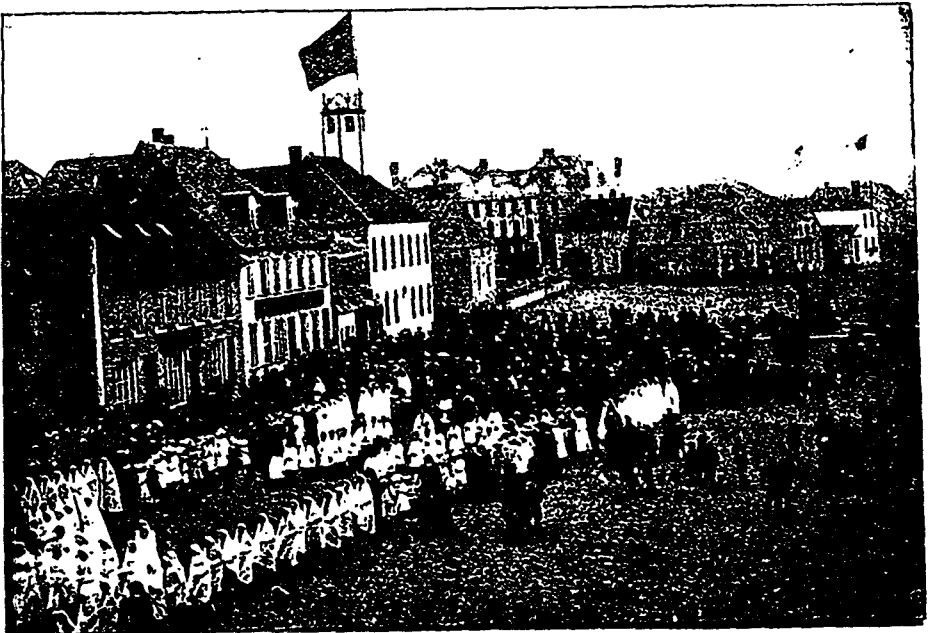
Still, during the summer months, while the fishery is in progress, St. Pierre is a busy, bustling place, its population swollen by the 8,000 fishermen who come across from the mother-land to prosecute this in-

dustry, and its business augmented by the needs of this host of sun-tanned *voyageurs*. St. Pierre is the base whence the lobster and cod catchers proceed, who ply these pursuits on the famous "French shore" of Newfoundland. Every Pierrois who is fit for the work goes off to the Banks in a fishing schooner in quest of cod. The Pierrois *armateurs* (outfitting or supplying merchants) maintain such large fleets for this purpose that the able-bodied population of the isles is totally inadequate to crew them, and three or four thousand men are brought across from Brittany to undertake this duty. These fishermen are carried across in large sailing-ships or steamers, several hundred men in each, and a scene of indescribable activity is witnessed as they are landed, with their great bags and chests of clothing and personal effects, while the ships' holds disgorge immense stores of fishing impedimenta and supplies. Besides these there are also the ships fitted out from "metropolitan" ports, — St. Malo, Dieppe, Grenville, and other fishing centres, — which sail out to the Banks direct, and as their catch of cod accumulates run into St. Pierre with it for disposal to the local dealers, or to have it cured and exported. This fleet consists of about 120 square-rigged vessels, carry-

ing some 4,000 men, and the Pierrois fleet is made up of about 350 schooners of different sizes, crewed by some 5,500 fishers. All these, except the actual residents of the group, return to France each autumn when the fishing is over, their vessels being moored together in the inner harbor, heavily anchored and bound in a mass with chains and tackle so that no damage may come to them during the fierce winter storms which vent their fury on the unprotected archipelago and frequently work havoc among this forest of shipping in spite of all the precautions taken to guard against the cyclonic force of the snow-laden gales.

This inner harbor is protected by a breakwater or *barachois* of stone, with substantial stone wharves. The government pier fronts on the public square, the sides of which are formed by the official buildings, — court-house, barracks, ministry of marine, custom-house, and the governor's mansion. The people are to all appearances healthy, comfortable, and contented. The streets are clean, the houses show evidences of paint and lime-

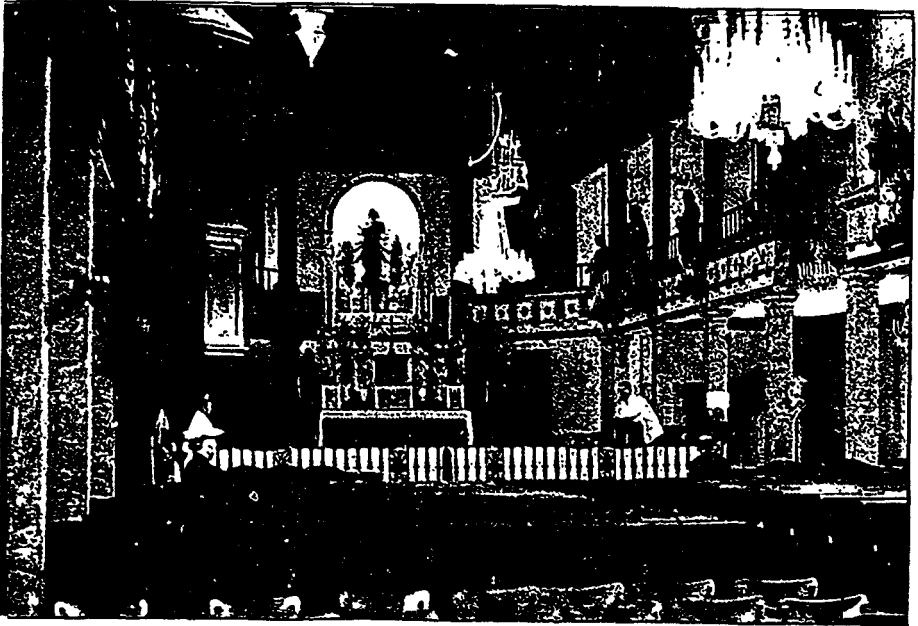
wash, and the curing of fish is not permitted within the municipal limits, the unsavory operations incident thereto being carried out on the beaches which encircle the islet. The street scenes are extremely picturesque. The tricolor floats everywhere; the men wear gaudy shirts and loose blue trousers, the women are gay in spotless Breton caps, bright blouses, and short dark skirts, the children are clad in bright colors, and evidence their nationality in every movement, while wooden sabots or canvas shoes with rope soles are the footwear of all except the "aristocracy." Heavy wagons lumber through the streets in the wake of mild-eyed oxen, and little "go-carts" drawn by dogs are the vehicles of the poorer classes. Horses there are not over twenty of; the islet being not three miles across, there is but little need for them, and they symbolize affluence rather than industrial activity. The town is policed by a company of fifty *gendarmes*, armed with swords, and fierce-looking in their bristling mustaches, and a few ancient cannon placed on a point overlooking the harbor enable



CHURCH PROCESSION AT ST. PIERRE.

salutes to be fired on the fête day of the republic or when a French or British warship enters port. The town is sent to sleep nightly by a drummer who makes his rounds at ten o'clock, when the twenty-three cafés which it boasts must close, and all stragglers betake themselves to their homes. Every morning a crier makes his way to the square, with flourishes upon his bugle, and announces such

"bluenose" and the Fortune Bay bait smuggler will return the courtesy by joining in the refrain of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Then all will sally forth to beat the *gendarme* who makes his solitary round in the silent street. Sometimes they meet a warm reception and have to flee to escape arrest, the law there being very strict as to assaults upon the police. Some Newfoundlanders were



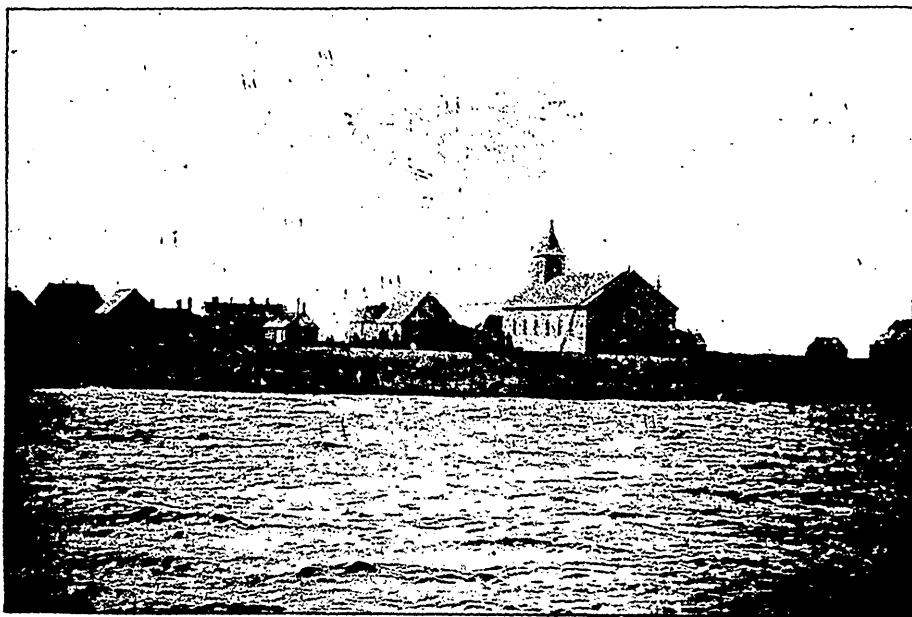
INTERIOR OF CATHEDRAL, ST. PIERRE.

news, including auctions and shipping items, as may be of interest to his hearers.

All through the summer the port is more or less frequented by rival fishing-vessels from the Banks, which put in to refit or to procure bait from the Newfoundlanders, who smuggle it across in their smacks, under cover of the night or the fog. These men, strangely enough, regard the Pierrois with the contempt which a Briton proverbially has for a Frenchman. United by the tie of common speech, the "down-East Yankee" will make the wine-shop rafter's ring with the chorus of "God Save the Queen," while the Nova Scotian

in this plight a few years ago and made for the pier. Their boat-keeper, sitting on some old anchors, was aroused by the oaths of a *gendarme* who stood over him with a gleaming sword in his hand. With the flat of this he struck the fisherman a smart blow across the back, and the fellow leaped overboard, shouting that he was cut in two, and appealing to his comrades not to drag him into the boat too roughly, else they might separate the two portions.

The social life of the town is rather brisk. The governor is a Parisian appointment, and the heads of departments of the colonial administration also come



THE "BEACHES" AT ST. PIERRE.

from France. The Municipal Council are elected by the Pierrois, and with the fish merchants and large shopkeepers form the aristocracy of the place, many of the sons and daughters having a Parisian education. Balls are frequent, and Sunday night is the favorite time for them, the traditional customs of the "continental Sunday" being also maintained in the fact that the elections are held on that day. On board the fishing-vessels, indeed, the Sabbath is disregarded almost entirely when they are on the Banks, but the boats which fish around the isles observe it as a day of partial rest, and their crews enjoy themselves accordingly.

The isle is encircled with beaches of round stones, worn smooth by the action of the waves for countless ages. On these the fish are spread to be cured, and a strange picture is made — acre on acre of stones with this remarkable covering. As the cod are brought in from the Banks they are landed at points adjacent to these beaches, and taken in hand by the curers. The fish are thrown into crates submerged in the land wash, and are stirred about by men with long poles until they are thoroughly cleansed, when they are spread on the beaches, exposed to the full, strong sunlight, with a current of dry air circ-

ulating beneath. When rain or fog threatens, the fish have to be gathered up and stacked under tarpaulins until the weather clears again, for the best-cured cod are absolutely devoid of moisture, and hard as leather. Three-fourths of the codfish consumed in France comes from St. Pierre, and the industry is maintained by an elaborate system of bounties covering every phase of the business and every implement used in it. The fishery is held by the French to be a nursery for seamen for their navy, and even the "beach boys" — lads too young for the Banks, but able to handle the fish on the beaches with the women, by whom most of this branch of the work is done — are provided for in this scheme of government paternalism.

St. Pierre is the nerve centre of the "French Shore Question." Through these bounties alone are the Pierrois enabled to maintain a footing on the treaty coast of Newfoundland. Through the French ownership of the group alone is France crippling Newfoundland's fish trade in Europe. Remove the tricolor from the archipelago to-morrow, and the whole flimsy structure of maritime enterprise which has been bolstered up by liberal grants wrung from the French peasantry

for forty years would collapse like a house of cards. Even if that extreme is not gone to, the next few seasons will witness the extinction of French claims upon the soil of Newfoundland. Even with the bounties, the Pierrois cannot conduct the fishery there profitably, and each summer sees a lessening of their numbers and equipment. The next diplomatic bout between England and France will probably result in the Pierrois being forced to do all their fishing from their own seaboard.

St. Pierre has enjoyed for many years an unenviable reputation as a smuggling centre, whence a large contraband trade was carried on with the neighboring centres. American fishing-vessels smuggled opium, costly drugs, and high-grade brandies to Boston, New York, and Philadelphia; the Maine coast was flooded with cheaper spirits in contravention of the prohibition law in force there; the Province of Quebec, where reached from the St. Lawrence, absorbed immense quantities of corn-spirit and "tanglefoot" whiskey; and the south coast of Newfoundland was one vast depot of tobacco, liquors, and fishermen's requisites. St. Pierre being practically a free port, with

revenue laws so elastic that they were utterly disregarded, this became perhaps an even more profitable business than the fishery, and the per capita total of imports to the isle abundantly testified to the extent and organization of this illicit traffic. But it has now been largely stamped out, through vigorous concerted action on the part of the governments victimized; and the shrinkage in the imports to St. Pierre the last few years would be incomprehensible to the student of political economy unaware of the underlying circumstances.

St. Pierre has taken some notable progressive steps the past season or two. It has introduced the telephone, the electric light, and the modern sanitation system. It has provided a water supply, has laid down sidewalks on the principal street, and contemplates paving it. There is now regular weekly communication between it and Newfoundland (and thereby with the world at large) by the splendid Reid steamer "Glencoe," a connection which will bring it within reach of hosts of visitors who would never be able to obtain access to it by the infrequent and irregular channels hitherto available.

*P. T. McGrath.*



A BIT OF ST. PIERRE.



THE "SCOTTISH KING" AT SEAL COVE.

## THE WRECK OF THE "SCOTTISH KING."

THE S.S. "Scottish King," at 4 A.M. of the 30th of November, 1898, was steaming along the Newfoundland coast. There was no fog on the sea and a sharp lookout had been kept for the Ferryland light. Her course was W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  S. at the time — straight for the land. Ten minutes after four the air thickened and her course was changed to S.W. — along the coast. At twenty minutes to six the vessel struck with an easy jerk and slid up and cradled between two reefs. For two hours the fog hung thick over Seal Cove, and the grounded ship danced about in a smother

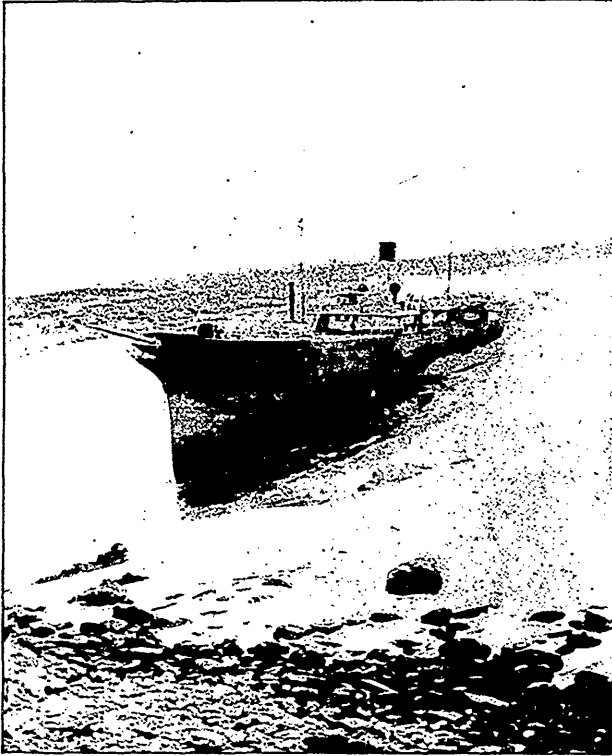
of spray and foam. At the time of striking she was still on her southwest course.

Seal Cove is a tiny place on the eastern coast of Newfoundland, about twelve miles north of Cape Race and seventeen south of Ferryland. Its population inhabits two houses — little gray cabins with gray drying-stages behind them; and north and south of Seal Cove for miles grim rocks lie bluff along the sea. The "Scottish King" had found the only piece of coast near by upon which to strike with impunity.

At last the fog swung up and melted

away, and the ship's company (thirty-eight persons, all told) were ready to make for the land. During the fog the boats had been provisioned and cleared. When the crews were all ready a gigantic wave lurched up and smashed the port life-boat to kindling and twisted the davits short off. A second — a member of the same

The salving of the cargo began immediately and was not finished until the 16th of December. About eighty per cent. of the whole cargo was rescued. The S.S. "Kite" (of sealing fame) and about five hundred natives from up and down the coast did this work under the "King's" own officers, and for payment took fifty



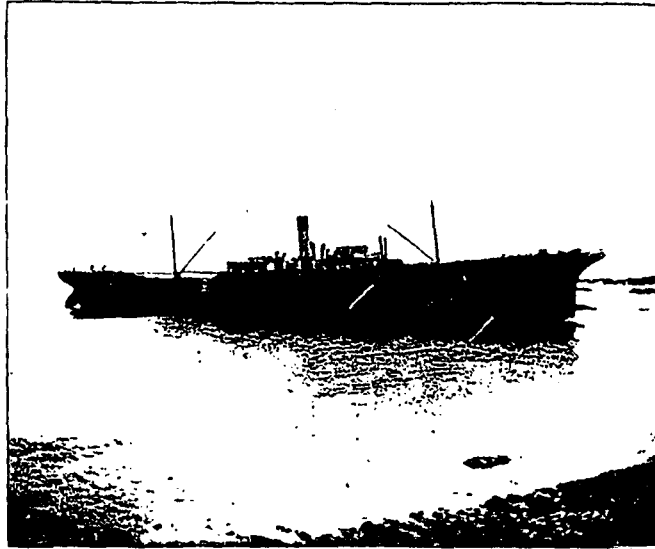
"BETWEEN THE REEFS."

family — threw the port long-boat on to the deck. Then a third raced merrily over the quivering ship. By this time the engine room was full of water and she lay quieter between the cradling reefs. The officers, the crew, and the one passenger went ashore in the remaining boats. The population of the place stood at the *land wash* to meet them, and as it opened its several mouths the second mate said, "Good heavens! have we run ashore on Ireland?" And it sounded as if they really had, *bedad!*

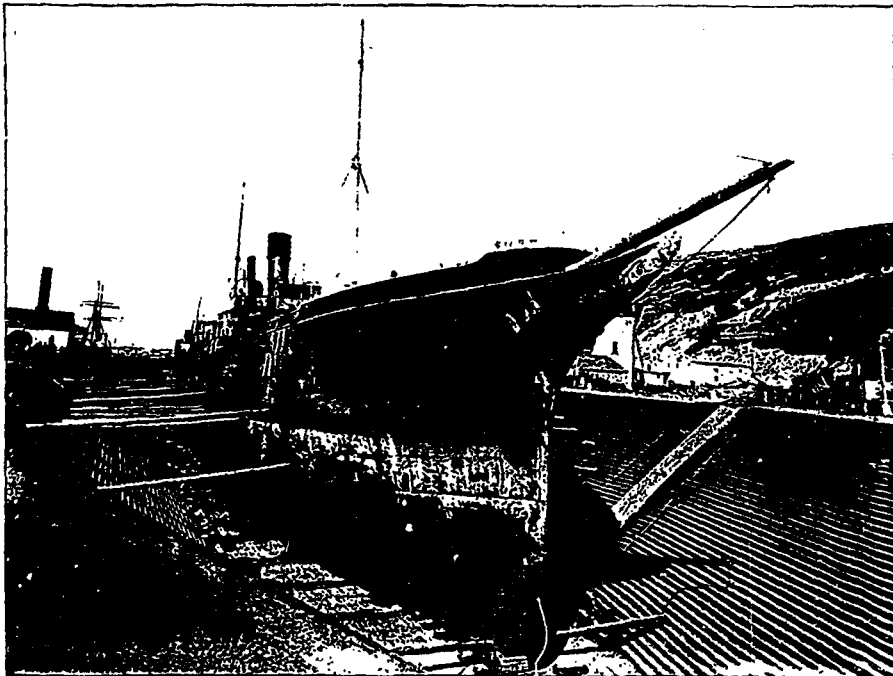
per cent. of the salvage, leaving a like share for the underwriters.

The "Scottish King" has made a record for herself among the "lame ducks" of these waters. She lay on the Newfoundland coast for eighteen months without having her copper and brass fittings, her engines, and her winches stolen from her.

This is due to the grit and care displayed by her second officer, who was left in charge by the underwriters. The "liviers" who knew of the wreck and who had worked on the salvage of the cargo



S.S. "SCOTTISH KING" ASHORE AT SEAL COVE.



S.S. "SCOTTISH KING" IN DRY DOCK, ST. JOHN'S.



did not give any trouble, but sea-toilers from the north had an uncomfortable habit of coming in formidable parties, armed with axes and ropes for the undoing of the ship. For centuries on this coast every wreck has been considered fair game for the first upon the scene of action. In this case they were good-naturedly disgusted at finding that the wreck was being attended to by the underwriters, and not left, as of yore, to the care of Providence. The officer in charge spent a good deal of his time on board, armed with a rifle.

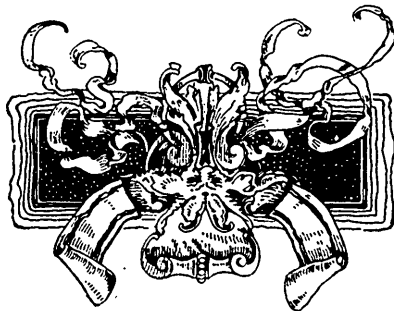
For eighteen months the "Scottish King" lay open to seas and winds from the noreast right round to the south, and the only thing that saved her from utter destruction was the number of reefs surrounding her. These reefs broke the heavy water before it could reach her, keeping her always enveloped in a drench of flying spray. During the first winter of her captivity her sides were battered a great deal with ice, much of which was piled inboard. The hatch of No. 3 hold was broken in and within a few days the hold was a solid block of ice. Ice lay everywhere. The alley-ways and after deck were seven feet deep in it and the cabin would have served for a skating-

rink. On the 15th of July, 1899, the last fragment of ice was raked out of the ship.

On the 10th day of October, 1899, Mr. Leslie, of Kingston, Ontario, arrived with the wrecking-tug "Petrel" and thirteen pumps, and commenced the work of floating the weather-beaten "King." After many delays in waiting for new pumps from England and an air-compressor from Kingston, and after a great deal of ill luck the ship was floated on the 1st of June, 1900. The second mate had stayed with her from the day she struck.

The captain of the "Scottish King" had his certificate suspended for the term of three months, owing to the changing of the ship's course from W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  S. to S.W., showing a knowledge of position, and future events displaying a lack of precaution. In the captain's favor we must say that a heavy current (unusual at the time of year) carried the ship bodily into the land. By their last reckoning they were thirty miles to the east of the coast.

The captains of the steamers "Rhodora" and "Bay State" lost their ships within two miles of the "Scottish King," but struck on the W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  S. course and did not have to give up their certificates.





## WARRIORS ALL.

(SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD FORCE.)

“ Lord, grant us strength to die ! ”

*Rudyard Kipling.*

THERE'S a mist that pales from the earth beneath  
Swift as a flash can fly,  
And the grasses are stirred with a whistling breath  
Under the empty sky —  
Warriors all, in the face of death  
Had ye no fear to die ?

Far on many a hillside now,  
Whether in storm or sun,  
Warriors, pale to the lip and brow,  
Rest — for their work is done ;  
Hushed past heeding of prayer or vow  
They sleep, with their sleep well won.

Never again to them shall rise  
Dawn, nor the light of day ;  
Never again for the keen, young eyes  
Glamour of work or play,  
Never the luring of stranger skies  
Over the hills away.

Warriors all, when the stars hung low  
Or ever the dawn was nigh,  
(Lonely ye lay in the night, I trow,  
Under the lonely sky !)  
Warriors, dead in the face of the foe,  
Had ye no fear to die ?

Nay, for we know you and whence ye are,  
Warriors unafraid!  
Nay, for your brothers were making war,  
How should your hands be stayed?  
Blithely over the seas afar  
Ye have gone forth to aid!

Love, and Home, and the Lust of Life,  
Wealth, and the Pride of Birth —  
These ye left for the eager strife,  
Holding them little worth  
When the Men were out, and the Call was rife  
To the ends of the utmost earth.

Warriors all, it is well with you!  
This is our comfort high —  
Ye did the work that was yours to do,  
And when your death drew nigh  
Passed, as men pass to adventures new,  
Having no fear to die.

*A. B. DeMille.*

KING'S COLLEGE,  
WINDSOR, N.S.





## THE WIZARD OF THE WORLD.

(To R. K.)

**D**OES he not touch our heart-strings, tho',  
Gay and sad at his whim,  
Now with the jest of the rifle-pits,  
Now with a nation's hymn.

With his deep-sea song, and his banjo-song,  
Does he not rouse us, tho',  
Telling the world the things we feel  
And the little things we know.

We hark to the Wizard, as we would hark  
To our comrade mess-room sage:  
We do not know we are holding a book  
And turning over a page.

Camp-fires flicker before our eyes:  
The troop-ships come and go:  
We smell the salt and the sun again  
For he tells us the things we know.

He dips his pen, and clear I see  
The track that the steamer sailed;  
I remember the light that leads me sure  
And the little lights that failed.

When the revel has died, as revels will,  
And the wide dawn shimmers pale  
I follow the road to Mandalay  
And the white Canadian trail;

And Passion, and Love, and Mirth go by  
'Til the young dawn leaps to day,  
For he has written, with blood for ink,  
The things I have tried to say.

*Theodore Roberts.*

## A FALL FROM GRACE.

BY A. B. DE MILLE.

DOCTOR SPENCER was very young—as young as it is possible for a young doctor to be who has a big city practice. Also he had just dined, had drunk a good cup of coffee, smoked a good cigar and now stood before his library fire weighing the relative merits of Die Walkurie at the Metropolitan Opera House and another performance of a very different nature at a very different place. The Opera appealed to his love of music and to his sense of duty; while the other performance had a very potent attraction for the more youthful, if less æsthetic, side of his nature.

He was young, however, and youth told. He cast a somewhat guilty glance around the room. Then he stepped over to the big polished desk, settled himself deliberately in the arm-chair before it, swinging the telephone mouthpiece to his lips and asked for No. 4004 A.

Now this was the number of a highly respected District Judge. He also was a young man; that is, for a District Judge. He also had dined and smoked. His thoughts also were wavering between the æsthetic and the picturesque. The two men had been at College together and understood each other as only college intimates can do.

"Hallo, Jack," began the Doctor, "That you?"

"Yes," came the answer, "Tom, is it? How are you?"

Then ensued the following dialogue, carried on by two men in the prime of life, in good bodily condition, of wide repute in their respective professions, and presumably of sound principles:—

"Doing anything this evening, Jack?"

"No. Fact is, I'm feeling a little run down. I've been all day at that Evan's Will case. Are you busy?"

"No-o. I was thinking a little of taking a night off. I had a difficult operation this afternoon and I see nothing in my order book for this evening. Have you a ticket for the Opera?"

"Yes, but I don't understand German and I saw the whole thing last season."

"So did I. Say, Jack?"

"Well."

"Have you heard anything about that benefit down at the Garden to-night?"

"I did hear some mention of it. Who's it for, anyway?"

"O, I forget—one of those brutal prize-fighters; his name's Fitz-something, I think."

"Yes, yes. Of course these benefits are not as bad as the real thing. Often one sees some good boxing. I believe there are a number of events to-night."

"So I heard some one say. Dreadful, though, to think of the crowd that will turn out to see a thing like that."

"Most debasing. Terrible to think that *we* used sometimes to see them in the old Harvard days,"

"Yes. By the way, old John is to be on the floor to-night."

"So I've heard. Sporty old fellow. Say, Jack,"

"Well?"

"What do you think?"

"I think one ought to keep in touch with the shady side of life. The experience is—a—very useful."

"I'm with you. And this is a very exceptional case. If it wasn't

for old John I shouldn't think of anything of the sort."

"That's right. And a man's mind needs relaxation. Mine hasn't been relaxed for months."

"All right. I'll look for you in half an hour. Then for the relaxation."

Dr. Spencer glanced round his library with a peaceful smile.

"I prospect," he murmured "a pleasant time, Jack, and the Garden and the crowd, and the bad cigars, and the eye-scaring lights, and John in the ring. Yes, it will be like old days." His glance took in the tall book-cases, the rich curtains, the tiled fireplace and the etchings on the walls. Then he touched a bell.

"Fraser," he said to the stately individual who answered it, "I'm going out on business—important business—which may keep me late. I may spend the night away from home. But have my room ready in case I do return. I shall certainly be back by nine to-morrow morning."

"Very good, sir," said Fraser, who had the pretty manners of an English valet.

Half an hour later the Doctor was speeding down town to the Judge's mansion. He found that individual in a state of suppressed glee.

"Old man," he said, as they shook hands, "This is the best thing since we left Harvard!

"You're dead right!" replied the Doctor. "Makes me feel young."

"We're not yet in the sere and yellow, though," rejoined the Judge, as they stood for a moment in the wide hallway. "I suppose its the work and the wear and the rush that make one feel old." He glanced at the square shoulders of his friend with the complacency of one who knows that his own are quite as stalwart.

"Right, old man! But I trust that our brief view of the less elevated side of life will be a mental refresher.

"As to the other kind," said the

Judge, "Beer and pretzels would do to begin on. They are strictly moral."

"And there *is* a moral side to this affair which we must have due regard for."

"Such regard, old man, that we'll leave our morals right here at home where they cannot get contaminated by the rough and brutal crowd among which—"

"We must be there in fifteen minutes!" cried the Doctor, looking at his watch. And they passed out at once into the soft summer night.

"Tom," said the Judge, as they swung down street towards the huge lighted tower that marked their destination, "What put this brilliant idea into your head to-night?"

"Yesterday," was the answer, "I came across some old Harvard groups. There was the Hasty Pudding crowd of—h'm, too many years ago to be pleasant; there was the eleven that we both played in; and there was that group of the Boxing Club, with old John in the midst—made for private circulation only, you remember. This started me thinking over old times, when in came the papers with something about John being in the Ring at the Garden to-night. And as I had an evening off—manufactured for the occasion—I thought you might feel likewise."

"Good boy," said the Judge. "I have'n't seen the inside of anything except a jewelled opera-house for years. Its good to come down to the earth again."

"We shall inhale bad tobacco," continued the Doctor appreciatively, "and shout hoarsely and prespire and mix with the unshaven and the unclean. If we have any luck we may see drunks and scraps. We shall be hustled and sworn at. Yes, it will be good to get back to the old point of view."

They plunged, at last, into the huge space of light and heat that was called the Garden. For two

hours they enjoyed themselves. They shouted and did other things that do not concern this story any more than they concerned Doctor Spencer and his friend Judge Courtland in their official capacity. They were clad in unprofessional garb and they had left the chief conventionalities at their respective up-town residences.

It was nearly midnight when they sought a certain restaurant not many blocks from the scene of their relaxation. Here they enjoyed a period of rest in the company of some very special *spaghetti* with extra special sauce, and divers pretty, wicker-clad bottles.

"And now," said the Judge, who, be it remembered, was nothing of the sort at this particular moment—"Home, or—"

The Doctor, for the time being, was a Harvard student, and various memories were stirring in his brain. He took his friend's arm and they walked briskly down the street. His idea was to stroll by the side of the sea. He announced this to the Judge, who quite agreed with him, and even went so far as to stand in the middle of the road and shout for a cab.

It wasn't really the proper way to secure one and only resulted in the appearance of a policeman, to whom the Doctor explained that his friend was doing it on a bet. The policeman was surly, however, and followed them for some distance, until they actually came to a hansom, with the driver asleep inside.

Nothing could have been more opportune, for, as the Doctor said, it was most necessary that they should get to the water-side. The difficulty was to make the driver understand that he was not needed—the more so as he yelled to the policeman, who drew near rapidly. But the Doctor and the Judge were both quite young, as has been pointed out, and correspondingly vigorous, so that before many seconds had elapsed

they were tearing down the wide thoroughfare behind a frantic horse, with the policeman and the driver in pursuit.

A hansom sometimes upsets, but, given a clear, smooth road, this is not easily accomplished—even when one occupant is sitting on the roof and the other standing up inside to talk to him.

The street was a long one, and the night air was cool. Presently the Judge sat down. By and by the Doctor descended and joined him. The horse subsided to a fast trot. They drove on through the deserted city, until—

"Jack," said the Judge, suddenly, "we must lose this hansom."

"Tom," was the instant response, "That's the cold truth. You are a District Judge. I am an uptown Doctor. This is *not* our hansom."

"And there's a Cop and a driver complicated in this affair, Jack. Besides, aren't we near enough to the sea? Do you still want to stroll by it?"

Without answering, the Doctor swung his horse into a side street, where the buildings rose like cliffs on either hand above the glare of the electrics. Drawing to the sidewalk they cautiously emerged.

"We will now say farewell," said the Doctor. He threw the reins over the driver's seat and left the horse standing, glad enough of the chance to rest. "We might drive home," he continued, "but we would have to cross the path of that unreasonable pair who are chasing us."

"The evening has been interesting," said the Judge. "Let us go on."

So on they went. Soon a breath of sea air came up between the buildings. They stopped and sniffed. It was at the head of a cross street that ran east and west—a long narrow line of lights. And as they paused, a man stepped out from a black doorway and came

slowly towards them. He hesitated and stared, evidently taking in every detail of their appearance from the heavy boots up to the soft felt hats. Then he stepped up to them, saying:

"Say, you the men Jim sent fer?"

"Sure," was the instant reply.

"How 's Jim, anyway?"

"O, Jim's all right, an' he wants yer ter come right away and see about that soap."

"Soap!" said the Doctor. "Why certainly. We'll go and see about the soap. We'd like nothing better."

"Yes," rejoined the stranger. "It's the soap. I guess I needn't say anything furdur. Come right along. Jim'll be gittin' worried." He looked at them again. "Say," he continued, "It's all right, ain't it? You'se the men, ain't you? You ain't putting up a stunt on me?"

"Course its all right," replied the Judge. "Hurry up. It'll be morn'ing soon, and we don't want Jim to worry about his soap."

The man turned at once and walked quickly ahead of them towards the East Side of the City. Block after block they passed of silent shops and houses, the two friends deeply interested in the strange development of affairs. After a time they came upon an ordinary light express waggon, waiting near a corner.

"Get right in," said the occupant of the waggon. "There ain't no time to lose."

Not a word was spoken, as they rattled off at full speed, until the Judge tried to find out more about their supposed personality.

"Been waiting long?" he asked.

"Only 'bout two hours," was the elaborately sarcastic response. "Say, how long does youse fellers generally keep a man kicking his heels at a corner? S'pose we ain't got nawthin' ter do but loaf round here fer you?"

The Doctor had been a good actor

in his day. He tried the effect of the high hand.

"None o' that," he said sternly, "We're not here to oblige you. We'll drop the thing and leave Jim *and* the soap, if you say much."

It was a random shot, but it hit the mark. The man cringed.

"O, say, I didn't mean nawthin'. But Jim's pretty sick about gittin' that soap off his hands,"

"And he wants us to take it off for him?"

"O, I guess we know all about that," was the reply. "You git your money down and no questions asked when you've handed over the soap."

"Um," remarked the Doctor, aside. "This begins to look funny."

"Who *are* we, anyway?" breathed the Judge. "I'll try and find out." He raised his voice. "What did Jim want the two of us for?"

"Wal', its safer, I guess. An' there's a pile of soap to run. An' he knew you'd been on the job before and wasn't above taking cold cash and wouldn't make no trouble for him."

"Nice reputation we're up against," murmured the Doctor.

By this time they had reached the water-front of the East Side. The waggon stopped at the head of a dark passageway.

"Here you are," said their first acquaintance. The waggon rattled away, and the three men walked in silence down on to a wharf, where an utter blackness wrapped them in the shadow of looming warehouses. Beyond, an outline of masts was etched faintly on the sky. Farther away the lights bunched thick on the opposite shore. They passed out to the end of the wharf, and their guide whistled softly. A deeper shade stirred on the black water and a boat appeared dimly below them.

"Is that them men for the soap?" came a husky voice. Then a rope



ladder was thrown up and the three descended into the boat.

It was very dark on the water after the glare of the streets, but by and by they began to see about them. Well out in the middle of the harbour, they came to a big dim form that developed into a schooner, anchored, but with mainsail and foresail set and flapping softly in the gentle breeze.

A lantern was held over the bulwarks and a head appeared beside it.

"That them men?" said the head.

"Yes."

"Come aboard sharp, then."

The men in the boat obeyed, and found themselves on the deck of a small fishing schooner.

"You're late, gents!" cried the owner of the head which had just spoken to them. "We'll have ter hustle ter git that soap delivered before daylight."

"What's the hurry?" said the Judge. "The soap'll keep, I suppose."

The man looked at him sharply, for a moment. Then he remarked:

"This ain't no time fer joking. I guess you're in this as deep as I am, an' you stand ter make more by it. So let's have no more foolin'. Go down ter the cabin, an' I'll be with you in a second. We got ter unload at the wharf, you know." He pointed to the cabin, and ran forward, where some other men were talking in low voices.

"Gott in Himmel!" gasped the Judge. "What are we up against?"

"Whatever it is," murmured the Doctor, "we'll have to remain there until further notice."

This remark was enforced by the clank of the windlass. They were getting up the anchor. Then the headsails rattled up, flapped and filled, as the schooner paid off and gathered way. Captain Jim—the individual who had startled the Judge—took a red light and held it above the bulwarks. After a few

moments a faint red answering spark shone out from the shore whence they had come.

"*That's* all right," said Jim. "Now, gents, let's go down and jist run over them arrangements about the soap."

It was the ordinary cabin of a fishing-schooner, stuffy, dirty, and littered with odds and ends of seafaring, lawful and otherwise. Captain Jim waved his hand towards a couple of rough chairs. Then he took a bottle from a locker and filled three long glasses.

"Gents," he said, raising his own, "Here's the safe arrival of the soap."

They drank the toast with solemnity.

Then the Doctor and the Judge looked at one another.

"Wine—like that—out of tumblers!" cried the latter.

"And there's more where that come from," commented the captain with a wink. He refilled the glasses. "I had a good chance up at St. Pierre. But let's get down to business, gents, I ain't ever seen you before—"

("And certainly never will again,") thought the Judge.

"But you put these things through for me before, and done well. Now, I bring that thiar soap down from St. Pierre and hand it over to you in good condition. You run it across the city and land it at—the place where it is to be paid for. Then in the morning you meet me at Mr. Stillman's (he mentioned an eminently respectable stock-broker) an' he pays us for the soap. That's all right ain't it? Them's our arrangements, ain't they?"

"Yes," answered the Judge. He did not feel capable of any further reply. The situation was developing too rapidly. Moreover, the name of St. Pierre gave them both the clue. St. Pierre is a small island off the coast of Newfoundland, celebrated for its wines, and inhabit-

ed, apparently, by Frenchmen and smugglers.

"Wal," continued Captain Jim, who caught the latent uneasiness in the judge's voice and interpreted it according to his own view, "It ain't no use to git uneasy. We're in this thing too deep to turn back now. An' there's money in it, too."

"O, yes," put in the doctor, disconsolately, "we're in it, sure!" He pulled his hat down lower over his eyes. "I only hope we won't be in something else before daylight."

"No fear o' that, if *I* know anything about you gents. You've handled these little things too often, I guess." He favored them with an elaborate wink. "An' that was a great notion o' yours about the soap. Why, I've got the whole thing—wine *and* silk—put up in big boxes. About as neat a job as ever I done."

"Can we see that soap?" asked the Doctor.

"No, ye can't do that because the boxes is all nailed up. But you can see the outsides. We'll have ter get 'em out, anyhow. We'll be at the wharf soon." He drew aside a curtain at the forward end of the cabin, revealing a sliding door. Opening this, he took a lantern and motioned them to follow. They did so and found themselves in the hold of the schooner.

Six good-sized boxes stood revealed in the light of the smoky lantern. Three were labelled PEARS' SOAP, and three IVORY SOAP, in huge letters. Each was fitted with rope handles and addressed to the eminently respectable stock-broker mentioned before.

The Judge read the name and groaned inwardly. Upon the happier levels of life he knew the man well. And the Doctor also had been a guest at his board. Each had enjoyed the wines that came straight from his vineyard in Southern France, and the silks that were produced at his own farm near Lyons.

It was disconcerting to find both were imaginary. Still more was it to know that they must deliver the boxes at his house.

But their reflections were cut short by the captain summoning them to the deck. The red light on the wharf was very near.

"Now, boys!" said Captain Jim, as one or two men came aft, "Take off that thar hatch and let's git up the soap!"

The Doctor and the Judge watched the proceedings in a very mixed frame of mind. They were standing near the side alone.

"What's the penalty for smuggling, Jack?" said the Doctor.

"It's not so much the penalty that worries me, its the fine and flavored notoriety," replied the Judge. "But we've got to put through the business, so far as I can see. I don't find any way out of it. We can't explain to Captain Jim."

"And it's no use to say we won't handle his soap," rejoined the Doctor.

"Nor to run as soon as we touch the wharf," added the Judge.

"In fact," concluded the Doctor, "we'll have to trust to our cast-iron check to pull us through. Remember we've both been in the Hasty Pudding."

Meanwhile the soap boxes were all hoisted on deck. Then Captain Jim took the wheel and treated the two adventurers to a pretty piece of steering. They ran in silently towards the dead blackness where the light shone. Nothing was visible to less experienced eyes, but the captain held on with perfect assurance until the light was almost upon them. Then he spun the wheel, the little vessel swung round, glided forward with shaking canvas and finally bumped softly against the wharf.

"All right, now," said Jim, to some one above, and the light was extinguished. Then came a clack of wheels, and a heavy waggon was

backed down to the edge of the wharf. The thing was managed very quietly. The men spoke in whispers and scarce the creak of a block marked the transference of the soap.

"Wal, gents," remarked Captain Jim, when all was done, "I guess I've got things down pretty fine. Not much noise about that?"

"Wal, it's in your hands now, and I reckon you know what to do. Ye'll have to git along and I'll have ter hustle out of this an' work down towards the Hook. I ain't anxious to stay. The morning air ain't healthy jest now. An' I guess you feel that way too? Guess your health'll be better over t'other side of the city?"

"That's right," said the Doctor, with deep conviction, "this place is not salubrious."

"Wal, good bye, gents," rejoined the captain. "Yore a smart pair, an' I reckon that idee about the soap is about as good as they make 'em. Hold that thar inner jib to win'ard, Johnny, till she pays off."

The little schooner turned on her heel and the heavy blackness swallowed her, and the Doctor and the Judge were left on the wharf, with a team, a driver, and some thousand dollars worth of wine and silk unostentatiously packed in soap boxes.

"Come, gents," said the driver, "we can't wait. It ain't healthy here in the damp."

This seemed unanswerable. So they stepped in to the waggon—a heavy dray with two horses—and moved slowly up the wharf. As they emerged into the street, a big blue-clad form approached and held up its arm.

"What you doin' here this time 'o night?" it demanded.

"Driving this team," was the laconic reply.

"What ye got there?"

"Soap."

"What ye want ter drive soap round this time 'o night for?"

"Couldn't do it by day."

"Aw, say, no lip, now."

"Look here, officer," said the Doctor, "the fact is this soap's ordered for an Orphan Asylum over on the West side and we've got to get it there right away. It's a present from a millionaire. He gave particular orders that it was to go as quick as possible."

This statement reduced the policeman to a condition of deep thought, during which the driver whipped up his horses and the team lumbered off.

They drove on, the driver chuckling to himself. The town seemed deserted. Street after street they crossed—endless vistas of smooth pavements and lights. Presently, far ahead, they saw two familiar uniforms at a corner. The Judge groaned.

"I believe we've run against every cop in town to-night. Wonder what those fellows will want. They'll stop us, sure. They've nothing else to do."

"Lash those horses," suggested the Doctor.

But it was no use. The instinct of one of the guardians of the peace led him to rush out and wave his baton. The driver stopped.

"Here, you're driving too fast!" said the policeman gruffly.

"Is that all you wanted to say?" asked the Doctor, politely.

"Never mind. What have you got there?" inquired the policeman, tapping a box with his baton.

"Nitro-glycerine."

The policeman jumped back.

"It may go off at any moment," continued the Doctor.

"And the other boxes are filled with dynamite, if you really want to know," added the Judge.

Even the driver rose to the occasion.

"I hear it kind o' *sizzling*, now," he said, scratching his head, dubiously.

The policeman moved back and

beckoned to his companion, who had not heard the colloquy, and approached in a dignified manner.

"Captain," called the Judge, who saw that the man was a sergeant, "that officer's drunk!"

The sergeant came closer.

"What d'yer mean?" he said.

"He says we've got nitro-glycerine in this cart."

"And dynamite," added the Doctor.

"And blasting-powder," ventured the driver.

"Look for yourself, Captain," said the Judge, suavely. "You see what it is."

"Ivory Soap," read the sergeant, slowly.

"That shows," rejoined the Judge.

"He's as drunk as a lord. Loaded up to the muzzle. Get him home, Captain. He's a disgrace to the force. And now I guess we'll have to go. Good-night!"

And before either of the others was capable of speech the team rumbled away at full speed.

At last the big brown-stone house of the stock-broker loomed up. A light burned at a side window. The street was wide and costly, but not a soul was in sight. They pulled up in front of the house. Instantly a white-haired old gentleman appeared at a side door.

"Is that my soap?" he asked, softly.

"It is," replied the Judge.

"The big gates, driver," said the old gentleman.

They swung back and the team entered. Then the gates were closed and secured.

"You gentlemen are invaluable," chirruped the broker, in the voice that was so painfully familiar to the friends, "I don't know what my cellar would do without you. And in soap boxes, too! Captain Jim has been very careful about these little matters. He is a shrewed fellow." And so he chatted on while the Judge and the Doctor and the

driver carried the precious boxes into a very magnificent basement.

This occupied some time, but finally all was safely accomplished. "Now," said the broker, you two gentlemen must test that wine with me. No, I insist." And he left the unhappy pair starding in the pillared corridor, while he went to see the driver safely off the premises.

And then it was that the Judge and the Doctor heard a distant tramping of feet, and some words wafted to their ears.

"—An' they swore it was nitro-glycering and dynamite."

"They've followed us, old man!" whispered the Doctor. *Sauve qui pent!*"

"Their knowledge of the house proved their salvation. The knew of a certain long hall opening on a balcony over-looking the corner street. Very quickly they traversed the sumptuous, night-hushed passages which in their innocent days they had often trod with less eager feet. Breathlessly they tip-toed to the heavily curtained windows that opened on the balcony. Cautiously they paused among the palms and statuary outside, and looked up and down the wide street below.

Then, after a moment of strained endeavor, they stood on the sidewalk.

"Now," said the Doctor, "we must sprint."

"Not yet," replied the Judge, earnestly. "They'd hear us. Walk to the cross street."

Afterwards they remembered that the actual distance which they traversed on tiptoe was just one hundred yards. At the time it seemed as many miles.

It was early dawn when two very tired men arrived by devious by-ways, at the doors of their respective up-town houses.

But a few evenings later an eminent physician and an honored District Judge met at a comfortable dinner *a deux* at the latter's residence. The servants had withdrawn

and the wine and cigars were in evidence.

"The one point that puzzles me," said the Doctor, thoughtfully, "is, what Jim will think when he finds how his affairs are complicated."

"And the single difficulty left in my mind," rejoined the Judge, "is, how I am to handle that very interesting and scandalous smuggling case that is to come up in the Central Criminal Court!"

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## HOW I BECAME MEMBER FOR MUDDY HOLE.

(A POLITICAL ROMANCE.)

BY THE HON. PETER SMITH, Q.C., L.L.B., ETC.

THE District of Muddyhole and Musslecove—named after its chief towns—which I once had the honour to represent in the Parliament of an ancient British Colony, is a very extensive District, and my constituents were amongst the most intelligent and independent of the colonial freeholders. Need I say that I thought so when they elected me as their member? Perhaps my readers after the perusal of this sketch may not agree with me, but however that may be there can be no possible question about the extent of the District; I proudly claimed the honour of being the largest territorial representative in the Colonial Assembly. In the map of my constituency, drawn by my own hands and which my friends jocularly declared I had drawn out to no end of a length, the District appeared to be a line of coast extending nearly 100 miles in front, whilst in the rear it extended just as far as I liked to draw it, if I chose to draw upon imagination, as no white man had ever travelled beyond a few miles from the coast. The electors, at the time I refer to, were not numerous, but they had been less so; an old gentleman called Billy Barlow, a primitive inhabitant of the District, used to tell me of the time when his and Jim Stakes's family were, as he had termed it, "the only liviers on the

shore"—need I say that my constituents had no advanced views in political matters, there had never been a contest in the District, very few of the Muddyholers had ever seen a live member in the flesh, and still fewer knew where he came from, where he went to, or what his business was. The town of Muddyhole, where the elections were held, boasted of a church, a minister's, a merchant's establishment, the Returning Officer's house and one other house not belonging to the said mercantile establishment. On this latter point I am not quite clear. When the election day came round, the J. P. walked proudly out in front of his house at the appointed hour, and read the Proclamation; the head cooper and the master carpenter proposed and seconded the member, and each had a good glass of grog; at four o'clock the member was declared duly elected and then they had one or more glasses of grog in honour of the great constitutional work they had just performed; all hands in the town had glasses of grog, and three cheers were given for the new member. There used to be a story that when they elected a former member called Bryan Porson, the constituents did not catch the name very accurately and instead of giving three cheers for Bryan Porson they gave

three cheers for *Blind Porson*. In those blest days neither politics nor law disturbed the even tenor of my noble constituents' lives. They certainly had a Justice of the Peace, my worthy friend the Returning Officer, but as he never had tried a case in the long course of his official career, and his whole legal reputation was based upon the fact of his looking very wise, and being the owner of a very old edition of Burns' Justice, and his greatest exercise of magisterial authority once having locked up a drunken lumberman in his ice house; I am afraid the majesty of the law was not conspicuous in Muddyhole. Strange to say, however, my constituents got on very well notwithstanding these drawbacks, they fished, they shot, they paid their way, they married and were given in marriage, and had children to their heart's content. They were sound church and state men like their forefathers from the old country, and their love and respect for the Royal Family of King George and all his descendants were unbounded.

I represented these model representatives for many years, and I think that I was a model representative; I belonged to the same church, I was descended from the same old English stock, I had the same choice taste in liquors, I knew all the babies' good points, and could talk critically to their mothers about them, and I had painted all the churches and school houses in the District—what more could be expected of me? But lest any of my readers should think of standing for Muddyhole and indulge fond hopes of vaulting into legislative honours over the backs of my honest old voters, I must hasten on and tell how it became changed, and how under those changed circumstances I won my last election. When now I gaze from the lofty serenity of private life upon the Muddyhole of to-day with its Sti-

pendiary Magistrate armed with the last edition of Okes' Magisterial Guide, its paid constable, its excitable politicians, and its new-fangled ideas about the responsibilities and duties of members of Parliament, I begin to realise what a conservative of the old school must have felt when he saw the ruthless hand of Earl Grey and Lord John Russel destroying the time-honoured institutions of Gattan and old Sarum. The most forward step in the deterioration of Muddyhole arose from the visits of the Circuit Court, for though the court touched but on the very borders of the District, and remained but forty-eight hours, its pernicious effects soon became only too apparent; my fine old constituents actually became litigious; next some began to be discontented with their quiet political existence, and at last some very evil-disposed persons began to find fault with their member.

Wherever a throng of young hungry barristers knock about, legal excitement begins and political excitement will ensue, as surely as the carcase is, thither the vultures from their airy heights upon the mountains will gather together. The simile I am afraid is not quite original. However, to pursue my narrative, the court came, and His Lordship, the presiding Judge, opened Her Majesty's Court with all the honours and with all the dignity that any Court could assume, pent up in a little narrow school room with highly-coloured prints of Joseph and his brethren, and the prodigal son looking down upon him, and a few gaping and astonished rustics listening to him. I have no doubt they were greatly interested in His Lordship's lucid explanations of the very important changes which had recently been introduced into the laws relating to limited liability. However, to do His Lordship justice, he had nothing whatever to say, no Grand Jury to address, and not the infinitesimal

fraction of business to do, yet he made a most able and eloquent address, if my constituents could only have understood it; but eloquent and able as this Judge was, he never in my opinion came up to the high type of judicial eloquence I once heard from another most able Judge under nearly similar circumstances. It was in an address to a Grand Jury at a distant out-station in the same colony. First His Lordship disclaimed ably upon himself, then he referred in moving terms to the disinterested character of the barristers, who left their homes in the Metropolis to assist in the administration of justice in those distant settlements; and lastly, fixing his eye upon the constable of the village, a very old bow-legged individual, who had a magnificent salary of ten pounds a year, and part of whose ragged shirt showed through a pair of tattered breeks, as he held up his constable's staff, "gentlemen," said His Lordship, with an eloquent glance of his eye towards the jury, and a magnificent wave of his hand towards the constable, "gentlemen of the jury, you see before you that exalted functionary, the executive minister of Justice, holding forth his symbol of authority, clothed in all the dignity of office, rejoicing in the confidence of his sovereign, and holding his patent of precedence direct from the fountain of honour."

I do not remember whether I said before that I was a politician. Well, in a very small way, I was an embryo statesman. I had a very small political hatchet to grind; there were, however, so many larger politicians than myself grinding their axes, I never got near enough to the stone to give my little tomahawk even one turn. Politics in our important Colony ran high, but the questions that divided political parties were not always the most important as regards the interests of mankind in general; we had great constitutional battles over the contingencies of each branch

of the legislature; we gave and took a fair share of personal abuse to each other; perhaps we were not quite up to the standard of the Lords and Commons of Great Britain, but in proportion to our revenue and our population, we rose immeasurably superior to those time-honoured and antiquated assemblies. It might be true that our House of Commons was a little mixed in its composition, that some of the colonial members took a more lively interest in the contingencies, and picking up of odd government jobs, than was quite consistent with their dignity, but the halo that surrounded them as the chosen of the people, the reflected glory of the intelligent public opinion that they represented covered all defects of education or character in the individual man; latterly too, some critics might think that our colonial House of Lords were not quite as dignified and as noble a body as the British House of Peers, when they struck work until they got two dollars a day sessional pay; perhaps Lord Derby or some of the Dukes would not have done so, but on the whole, the Colonial Lords were all honourable men, a grand and imposing body. We had been jogging along on our quiet ways for many years, when suddenly a storm arose in our colonial political teapot such as had never agitated the country since the days when the fiat of the Colonial office created our miniature King, Lords and Commons, it was a great political question, far too great a one to be discussed by such a writer as I am, or within the limits of this short article, it caused a great change of parties, and necessitated a general election, and before our party was sent to the country, the great leader of the opposition, Mr. Bones, gave us one final philippic to annihilate us in the opinion of the great public to whose enlightened opinions we were about to appeal. He commenced by referring gracefully to

his own fall from power; he had been turned out of office by the governor: "The gallant ship of his (Mr. Bone's) party struck on the quick-sands of back stairs influence, she struck and he scuttled her, she went down amid the jeers and derision of his opponents, she lay at the bottom of the ocean, the wild fowl screamed over her; he, the captain, of that noble band of patriots now lay high and dry under the cold shade of opposition, an antiquated viper with his fangs extracted suffering from the recalcitrating influences of the gubernatorial toe; but who were the men that had hurled him from the heaven of office into the depths of opposition; he had taught them their political alphabet, they were mere tyros in statesmanship, he had warmed them into political life, and now like the frozen serpents that the shepherd in the fable nourished in his bosom, immediately vital warmth permeated through their reptile forms, they stung their benefactors; it was a mockery to call such men statesmen, they were only fit to be carved on tea-trays and snuff-boxes, in the grotesque attire of Chinese mandarins; instead of exhibiting the rapid and elegant paces of the well-bred courser, they were like the contemptible crab and lobster; he appealed to them, he conjured them in his last, final farewell, to fling away the conservative rag that scarcely covered their nakedness, and to clothe themselves in the ample folds of the robe of the constitution." This great speech, which will give my readers a fair idea of our colonial eloquence, is copied by permission from the columns of our leading provincial organ, the *Swampton Daily Viper*.

Well, our Colonial Parliament was dissolved and the Colony went through the throes and agonies of a general election. I had to go to Muddyhole again to "clothe myself in the ample folds of the robe of the

Constitution," in plain English to get myself re-elected. All sorts of rumours were current as are usual on such occasions, many embryo politicians were twirling their mustachios and strutting about in their paletot coats in the flutter of official expectations, all sorts of queer candidates were starting, and all were quite sure of being elected; one day I heard accidentally that my friend Tommy Jones was going to stand for Muddyhole, first I treated it as a joke, but finally not wishing to be made a fool of I asked Jones, "well Tommy," said I, "if you are going to stand for the District you are welcome to do so, and I will gracefully retire into private life." Tommy assured me on his honour as a gentleman, that he had not the most remote idea of contesting the place, that he would not interfere with me for the world; judge of my surprise then a few weeks afterwards, when on my arrival at Musselcreek, the principal settlement in the District, I found my friend Tommy. He was a small, bumptious little fellow, Tommy had been engaged for the previous fortnight canvassing and abusing me in every mood and tense of objurgation. My friends and supporters were all in despair, they told me in lugubrious tones that I had no chance with Tommy, he was great, as they said, with all the girls, he had won over one leader of society by admiring the china dogs on her mantle piece, which Tommy declared were as fine masterpieces of art as he had ever seen in Italy; he sang loud in the Meeting House, he put a sovereign in the Church plate; I don't know what he did not promise, and vow that he would do for them if they only elected him. I began to feel that I must work if I wished to beat my false and faithless friend, and to work I went immediately; first and foremost I convened a public meeting. Tommy had all his friends there, and for half an hour



they cried out lustily "bah an down, bah and down," however, I was not to be bah'd down I found out long after what caused this opposition. In colonial elections, each party tries to get off a good lie against its opponent. The fiction invented by Tommy and his friends that worked so strongly against me, was that I had reflected on the character of Jim Thacker's mother, a gay lady with a past. As this frail dame had been under the sod for forty years and as I had never heard of her existence, it was a pure unmitigated lie but it told Thacker was a leader and the falsehood roused all his faction to fury. I stood firm on the platform, the head of a pork barrel, and smiled my sweetest smile, at last they let me speak; first I told them all about Tommy's treachery; I drew a vivid picture of the weary days and sleepless nights I had spent watching over the interests of my beloved Muddyhole; I promised to do more for them than Tommy had ever dreamt of, and I finally wound up the most eloquent, humorous pathetic, able, logical, and effective speech that had ever been heard in Musselcreek, by giving all the Company present, including Tommy, a general pressing and polite invitation to come down right straight away and liquor up at the nearest Public House where I had unlimited credit; whatever may have been the effect of my great speech, this last eloquent appeal to take a drink, went home to the hearts of my audience; not a man stayed behind to listen to Tommy's reply; for my Constituents, be it known to you, one and all liked their liquor, and had cultivated tastes in drink; the Musselcreek rum was justly celebrated, none of your fiery St. Jago, rot-gut Bourbon or Old Rye satisfied their honest throats, their beverage was the choicest Old Jamaica, most mellow and seductive of spirits, good as an early dram, better still with a trifle

of spring water, but best of all, when compounded into that drink of all drinks, that nectar for the gods, good rum punch.

Having thus fairly embarked in the contest I plunged at once into that most delightful of all sublunary occupations, canvassing a district. No doubt Tommy was a very much abler politician than I myself, or at least he thought so, he did the high falutin, talked poetry, flirted with all the good-looking girls, he was a gay fellow Tommy, and made long elaborate speeches to the free and independent electors. I adopted a different line as better suited my humbler capacity; I wasted none of my sweetness on the desert air of pretty maidens who had no votes, but I bestowed all my attentions on the comely and virtuous matrons, whose husbands had the privilege of the franchise; and to any of my young friends who are aspiring to legislative honours, especially in a Colony, I would give this piece of wholesome advice; cultivate your knowledge of babies. Believe me the man who can handle a baby well, who can talk learnedly on dry nursing and wet nursing, who can nicely discriminate between the rival merits of Mrs. Johnson's and Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, is no mean antagonist at an election; babies are a potent power in every district, the way to win the favour of the ruling power in every well ordered household is through the baby, and if the wife is on your side, you can be quite easy about the husband, if he is a proper husband he dare not give his vote against her wishes. Well in this matter of babies Tommy had no chance whatever with me, "la Sir," the women would say, "any one id know you wus a fayther by the way you handles the baby." The poet says that "a well spring of joy in the house is a baby," and as this well spring was perpetually bubbling up in my house I had great

experience in babies, and many a vote I got over Tommy by my attention to and admiration of the multitudinous babies that abounded in Muddyhole. I was also great on the subject of dogs, and I believe next to their wives and children, the Muddyholers loved their dogs, and dogs were almost, if not quite as numerous as babies. From my earliest youth I had been a dog fancier, and knew all the canine ways. I took to the dogs always, though I did not go to them, and everywhere they took to me; in the way of dog stories, too, I believed until recently that I could beat any man in the Colony, and cap any given tale about dogs or other animals by a veracious narrative of my own. I say until recently for a short time ago I may fairly confess that I met my match. I was out shooting last fall with an old trapper named Tom McGrath, and in the course of our travels we came across an old beaver dam, this dam set Tom off talking "about the craytures," "no one wid belave," said he, "wot dey nose. Forty years ago I was trappin round this very place, and won day I found part of a baver's leg in my trap, well I did not mind it a bit, but went about my work as usual until about a month afther, I was working round about the same spot, and avery now and then I would come across the most wontherful tracs, three foot marks and a dot; this must be some quare crayture said I and I hunted, and hunted, until at last I come up with him; and unless you saw it you'd never belave it, there was my brave baver with the most butiful wooden leg on him, and he stamping along just like any other wooden gintleman you'd see in town." I confess I was fairly shut up and have never told a dog story since.—"May be now," said Tom, "you would not belave all the wontherful tales I could tell you about bavers." I think Tom said I, we had better be getting on, that

hill beyond looks fine ground for birds. But to proceed with my story. Jones and I kept on canvassing at Musselcreek, and in the vicinity, one trying to circumvent the other, gradually Tommy felt that I was gaining on him, so one fine morning the scheming little rascal quietly walked off to Muddyhole, and no doubt thought that he had stolen a march on me; I could not follow him until some days after, and when at length I arrived there I found my bold Tommy quietly ensconced in the chimney corner at my own particular friend's house; he made his worthy host believe that he was sincerely attached to me, and Mr. Brown my friend gave him his house, room and hospitality entirely on the strength of his being my friend; Tommy was such a dodger that he could not help playing little games wherever he went, so first he began by canvassing very quietly round Muddyhole, next he tried to get some promises of votes from the people about the mercantile establishment; here however he reckoned without his host, Brown smelt a rat, he saw it brewing in the storm Tommy was creating, (and to use a classic metaphor) "he nipped it in the bud." On my arrival you may be sure I soon had a full, true and particutar account of all Tommy's misdoings with various handsome offers, when my friends heard how things stood, all made in the most sincere and friendly manner, to pitch Tommy over the wharf, to land him on a barren rock outside the harbour, or to tar and feather him whichever best suited my particular fancy; I am afraid my worthy constituents had only confused notions about the liberty of the subject; however, they had very clear ideas about Tommy's behaviour to me, and they were determined, come what may, that he should not be member for Muddyhole.

I told them to leave all to me, I would manage Tommy. We met at

Mr. Brown's dinner-table that day and had an excellent dinner; over our wine I rallied Tommy on his attention to the pretty girls in Mus-selcreek, and of all the choice stories I would have to tell Mrs. Jones about him on my return home. Tommy prided himself on being a favour-ite with the sex, so he took it all in good part, whilst our worthy host-ess, who was propriety personified, thought Tommy must be a very Don Juan in wickedness to listen to such an account of himself without deny-ing it. I had not seen my old friend Brown for some time, so that even-ing we made "a night of it," and over our punch I gave Tommy what the ladies call "a bit of my mind" about his treachery towards me. Brown told him in still more em-phatic manner what he thought of him, and whether it was from the irresistible force of our arguments or the mellowing effects of the punch, I never could tell, Tommy began to cave in, he told me he never intended to act so, that the men, and especially the women of Musselcreek had taken such a liking to him and had so pressed him to stand, that he could not resist their solicitations; only give him until next morning to consider, and he would make up his mind. Well we sealed this compact with a hand-shaking all around; we voted Tom-my a jolly good tellow after all, and we got him to sing the Last Rose of Summer, which, as well as I can re-member, he chanted in the most lugubrious and melancholy tones. After that we had sundry and vari-ous tumblers, songs and sentiments, and Tommy retired to his chaste couch in a very moist condition. I let Muddyhole at dawn to visit some outlying parts of the District and secure votes. I heard no more about Tommy until my return. I had no faith in his promises, but I knew that I had left him in safe hands. For the next three days I canvassed and stumped, leaving pleasant re-

miniscences behind me of attentions paid to the numerous babies, prom-ising predictions concerning their intellectual developments and future advancement, together with a mild but subdued flavour of rum punch. When I returned to Muddyhole I found the whole male and female population in a state of the wildest excitement about Tommy. A catas-trophe had occurred in my absence, and after sifting the testimony of several witnesses, I was at last en-abled to elicit the following facts:— On the eventful night that I left him, Tommy was conducted to his chamber decidedly "influenced" and quite incapable of pronouncing in-telligibly the words "British Con-stitution," he slept heavily; but being "full of tossings to and fro," his legs at length projected consid-erably over the bottom of the bed. An ancient rooster that had been long in the habit of passing the night under the bed in which Tom-my slept, seeing his naked extremi-ties in such a position, was struck with the thought that here was a most comfortable perch provided for him, in a manner almost providen-tial. Accordingly the old cock planted himself on Tommy's project-ing legs and thought he never before enjoyed such a warm commodious roost. All went well until dawn, when according to custom, the roos-ter flapped his wings and crowed lustily. Tommy awoke. In the dim light of early morning, his brain still muddled, the sight that met his eyes almost froze his blood with terror, there on his shin-bone stood a huge bird of black plumage, far more awful than Poe's raven "perched upon a bust of Panas just above his chamber door." It seemed to be perfectly at home; "its fiery eyes now burned into his bosom's core." It filled the room, as Tommy thought, with wild diabolic shrieks. All his past sins flashed upon him. The foul fiend he concluded had come to take him into custody. The

truth is that poor Jones had been drinking hard and in consequence had a slight attack of delirium. In a moment he bounded from the bed—the rooster's screams redoubled when his perch was withdrawn—with a swiftness inspired by terror, Tommy rushed from the room—"anywhere, anywhere" from that haunted chamber—and dashed into the first door he saw on the landing. Alas! for poor Tommy!—This chanced to be the bed-room of the servant maids at the sight of the intruder in his *robe de chambre* they filled the house with their screams. Master and mistress were aroused by the disturbance, and Tommy was detected under the most suspicious circumstances. In vain did he protest and explain. The circumstantial evidence against him was too strong, and Tommy was not merely suspected; in the minds of all the Muddyholers who heard the story, he was absolutely convicted of entertaining the most nefarious designs. The story, as you may suppose, soon got abroad, the servant maids, oldest and ugliest of their sex, were connected with half the leading families in the District, and the result of Tommy's escapade with the rooster and the girls was that he had a narrow escape of coming to an untimely end in fifteen fathoms of cold water, and being what the elegant Mantilini called "a damp noisome body," or else of being imprisoned under a criminal charge in my worthy friend the Returning Officer and J. P.'s ice house. As soon as the Muddyholers heard the "head and front" of Tommy's offendings, the large and intelligent majority of my enlightened constituents decided that the best way to deal with him was to throw him over the wharf. If he sank he was guilty, if he escaped, he was to be judged innocent; now as Tommy could not swim a stroke, I am afraid his chance of escape was small; here the worthy magistrate, how-

ever, interfered, he told them that there was no precedent for such a proceeding in Burns' Justice; his opinion was that Tommy should first be imprisoned, and handcuffed to prevent his escape, then some sort of a deposition should be taken against him, after that they might punish him in any way they thought proper, but the law should be strictly complied with in the first instance. Poor Tommy, coming down very seedy to breakfast next morning, found nothing but black looks; he began to suspect that something must have gone wrong; he had heard wild stories about the way candidates had been treated in some remote settlements in the Colony, the mutterings of the storm of indignation outside doors which reached his ears frightened him, he did not dare to leave the house, and at last he told Brown that he had given up the idea of standing for the District, and he was only waiting for my return to go home, he thought the Muddyholers did not appreciate him and he did not care to represent so unenlightened a District. I arrived on Saturday, the nomination day was to take place on the following Monday. Brown and I knew all about Jones and his companion; the two traitors had each nomination papers, they were conspiring to betray me and also to cut each other's throats; both declared in presence of the master of the Packet and Brown that they had resigned and wished to return home. We did not trust to their pledged word so far only my nomination papers were in the hands of the Returning Officer. So we escorted my opponents aboard here safe from the maddening crowd, their spirits revived. Brown had a case of old and mellow Martel, over the renowned brand we swore eternal friendship. Tommy and his friend went to bed on that Sabbath morn, problematically pious but indubitably drunk. In the meantime I got the vessel to sea, it blew No-

vember gale from the north-west; when my opponents woke up they found themselves ninety miles to leeward of Muddyhole and no earthly power could get them back there in time for nomination. They raved and threatened. The Skipper told them they had begged for a passage. Then they turned on me. I corroborated the Skipper's statement—they came aboard of their own free will. They swore they would go ashore and rouse the people out somehow: their courage oozed out

and finally very crestfallen we all sailed together. Next Monday at the appointed hour I was duly nominated—proposed by the head cooper and seconded by the master carpenter—and there being no other candidate I was at once declared duly elected amidst cheers and more than the ordinary number of glasses of grog, and thus my gentle readers I once again resumed my proud position and became the Member for Muddyhole.

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### THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

NO more for him the dust along the street,  
 The cry of newsboys and the traffic's din,  
 The joy of balanced prose—the work well done,  
 Rap at his door—another cries "come in."

Another, who will write as well as he,  
 Another, who perchance knows not his name,  
 But fills the well-worn chair with boyish pride  
 And dreams the same old dreams of Work and Fame.

No more for him the grind—slow word on word,  
 His paper prints his name and then forgets.  
 "He showed rare promise and he laughed at fear—  
 "He sent his news—a truce to vain regrets."

No more for him the saddle and the spur,  
 The maddened ride, the hardship, and the fun.  
 He saw great deeds, he earned his little pay,  
 Death jerked his bridle when the march was done.

City and kopje! what to him is change?  
 Topper and helmet! what to him is dress?  
 The fever passed him but the rifle saw—  
 God rest him! and his paper goes to press.

*Theodore Roberts.*

## THE "MARIA" AND HER LIVES.

BY PERCIE W. HART.

**H**AS the unexpected really happened? Is it possible that the apparently impossible was only a myth? Several seasons have now come and gone without finding the "Maria" at her accustomed anchorage in the cliff-encircled cove. Can the little vessel have actually given up the ghost? Such are the perplexing questions asked and argued upon by the inhabitants of a certain outpost of Newfoundland. And, sad to say, as the years pass on without a sign of the craft, the scoffers at her infallibility gain adherents to their ranks, and those who hold steadfast to the belief that Rod McDonald and his wonderful vessel will return to tell of still more amazing adventures passed, are rapidly dwindling in numbers.

The "Maria" was—in spite of our own uncertainty we must speak of her in the past tense—a very ordinary looking little schooner; in fact, perhaps a trifle more unkempt and down-at-the-heels than any other specimen of the coastal fleet of England's oldest colony. The craft was ancient. Even Rod McDonald never denied this, and is said to have averred that her keel had been laid before he was born. Moreover, he argued it was a point in his vessels favor to have been built in times when men had not grown accustomed to putting poor wood and cheap work into ship-carpentry. The lines of the "Maria" were as modern as her looks. She was pointed at the stern as well as at the bow, and termed a 'perry-augur' (pirogue?) in the nomenclature of the shore fishermen. Her sails were torn and dirty, and, as a general rule, she bore about her some bruises of conflict, such as a

broken top-mast, a clumsily spliced jib-boom, or a gaping hole in her bulwarks. Of any extensive coat of fresh paint she was always innocent, Captain McDonald still clinging to the economical custom of careening his craft upon the beach and applying tar to her gaunt underbody with a blazing torch. And yet, time after time, when tall, well-found ships and great, steel ocean greyhounds sank or were driven ashore upon the inhospitable coast, the "Maria" had a habit of scudding safely through the gale and turning up in harbor as though nothing in particular had happened.

Captain Roderick McDonald, to give him his full and official title, was an old bachelor and his vessel was his only home. He regarded the land as a simple convenience for furnishing desirable harbors and for trading, but deemed it completely unsuitable for living upon, and took no pains to conceal his contempt for those who differed from him in these ideas. He was not a provident man. Every cent he could spare from his actual living expenses was lavished upon the "Maria". Now an old vessel can swallow pretty nearly as many pounds of copper nails and pieces of seasoned timber as one can rain into her. And such raining is expensive work. Captain Rod only made money in little batches, at infrequent intervals, and so his repairs were more in the nature of showers than downpours. However, it was currently reported and believed that his vessel had already cost him enough to have built the very finest merchantman that sailed the ocean.

The worthy skipper had various means of gaining his livelihood. He fished sometimes, of course, as

became a Newfoundland, but fishing was only a side-issue with him; a sort of thing to be done when nothing else happened to be in the wind. He had vast knowledge of the natural products of various localities along the shore. If a builder in St. John's wanted a certain kind of sand or clay, skipper Rod could usually be depended upon to supply it. Moreover, he had choice spots in which to gather a load of smooth round stones. These were bought for ballast by such of the Yankee or Nova Scotian skippers as were unlucky enough to have to return home light or partly loaded from the fisheries. Some of his deals were odd, to say the least, but it would be hard to classify them as dishonest. For instance, he was once engaged to take a load of salt, of the coarse Liverpool variety used for fish pickling, to an outport.

"It's a purty low rate," he growled, when bargaining with the would-be charterer. "Orter have a cent a bushel more."

"Nonsense," said the merchant; "I can get plenty to do it for the same money."

"Got to count on stormy weather this time o' year," went on Rod. "I wouldn't 'gree to push my vessel hard for what you offer. A broken stick or a torn sail would take away what little profit there is in it."

"Oh, you can have all the time you like," eagerly put in the other, who, by the bye, was making a very good bargain. "Let's see, you can do it in two or three days plain sailing. I'll allow you two weeks."

"Make it a month and I'll go, sir," said the skipper. "Your people don't need that salt before the summer packing and I might as well be on the safe side."

After some demur the merchant accepted, and the charter party was duly drawn up, allowing the "Maria" thirty days in which to make the short voyage.

It was a clear, cold morning in

early spring, with a fine fair wind for their destination, when Captain Rod brought his deeply laden 'perry-augur' out of St. John's harbor, passed through the Narrows, and left Signal Hill astern; but much to the surprise of the lad who composed the crew, the skipper commenced to tack away in an exactly opposite direction to that in which lay the outport for which they were bound. However, the young sailor, in the course of his voyaging with the doughty Rod, had learned enough to keep his wonderment to himself. Whether it was pure luck or weatherly forethought, or a combination of both, will never be really known, but, at any rate, in something less than a week the "Maria" came leisurely sailing into a bay in which the air was rapidly becoming sulphurous from the outbursts of a score or more of Yankee and other skippers. It is hard to satisfy everybody in this world. While the few farmers of the coast were joyful over a sudden change from extreme cold to moderately warm weather, the fishermen and the crews of the waiting vessels were mad as the proverbial hatters. It was the season of the frozen herring industry, and the platforms and shores of the bay were piled up with millions of the glistening fish, but the cold that should freeze them solidly, for packing away into the holds of the eager shipping, had suddenly taken its departure. It would undoubtedly return, perhaps in twenty-four hours. Meanwhile, the fish would have become too soft and all the netting work of the past few days be utterly wasted. No wonder that the hardy toilers and moilers of the wave were out of spirits. But Rod McDonald and his "Maria" came down upon them like a ministering angel. His shipload happened to be the only salt within twenty-five miles of them. Pickled herring would be better than no herring at all. Of course, Rod did not charge them

more than double market rates for the salt, and glad enough were the most of them to pay the price in Canadian and Yankee gold. They bought all he had except a single bushel. One indignant Gloucester captain tried to get Rod to name his price on that.

"No, siree," declared the skipper of the 'perryaugur; "you can't have this bushel, not even if you gave me your ship and threw yourself in to bind the bargain."

And, of course, that was a clincher.

The captain of the "Maria" spent another couple of days in picking up a nice cargo of stone ballast and returned with it to St. John's. As soon as possible after his arrival he put the remaining bushel of salt in a bag, and taking it over his shoulder went to call upon his charterer. The latter welcomed him effusively.

"Good morning, Capt. McDonald," he cried; "you've made better time than you thought you would! Well, it's all right. Got your freight from my agent, I suppose, didn't?"

"I want to buy a load of salt just exactly like this sample," put in Rod coldly, at the same time dumping his burden upon the warehouse floor.

"What do you want with so much salt?" quired the merchant, curiously.

"That's my business," said the captain of the "Maria," "an' I've got the money to pay for it." And he hauled out a handful of his Canadian and Yankee gold coin and exhibited it to the astounded business man.

"Glad you came to me," said the latter, hastily.

"I want bottom figgers for cash down," continued Rod.

"Surely, you may depend upon me treating you right," replied the other. "But, by the bye, you haven't answered my question yet. Did you land my salt all right?"

"No," made answer the sturdy navigator; "but I expect to"—

"Then you've sold my salt at a fancy price and want to substitute your new purchase," guessed the indignant merchant. "If you've done a trick like that I'll have the law on you."

"Look here," protested the skipper of the "Maria": "mind you, I don't admit anything and you'll have a hard job to prove the truth. All I'm after is a load of salt like this sample. I needn't be so particular, for there's half a dozen others besides yourself with a stock of just this grade. But I like to turn trade your way, sir. Now, you've given me a charter and I'm bringing you a good order. Of course I can buy the salt from somebody else, and I will, too, if your price is any higher. Then 'bout my delivering that load of salt for you; why, I intend to do it, as agreed, within the stipulated time, acts o' God, the Queen's enemies, restraints of rulers and princes, et cetera, according to the charter-party."

There was considerable more talk, but the upshot of the whole was that Captain Rod had his way, bought a new cargo for his charter at market prices, and delivered it in due season. The profits from this venture put a bran new mainsail and a lot of much needed planking on the "Maria," as well as filling the skipper's store-closet to overflowing with jugs of molasses and barrels of salt pork.

But it was in the numerous well nigh miraculous escapes and the oft-repeated 'bobbing up serenely' of the slatternly old 'perryaugur,' that she gained and held (even to the present, with many) a wide belief of something as near approaching immortality as a ship can have. In the few gales which she did not manage to ride out or run away from, she saved herself in other fashions. If run ashore, she seemed to choose the only 'soft ground'



within miles, by sheer instinct. When she sank, it was always in shallow water and somewhere convenient for cheap floating operations. The only time of record that she ever capsized was on an occasion when she happened to be light and so unsinkable. Captain Rod and his crew merely had to crawl upon her keel and wait until they could get a tow from one of the coastal steamers. And so it went.

"It's no use," old Skipper Thurston was accustomed to declare. "Marier is the name of a cat and a cat has nine lives, but I bet you Rod's 'Marier' has a good many more'n a hundred. It's my belief she'll sail the seas as long as Rod's alive to run her, and maybe longer, if she gets the right kind of a new skipper."

Of course it should be understood that this faith in the longevity of the vessel had only come after many incidents which it is impossible to give here in detail. As a single example there was her trip to the Azores. Rod McDonald would have cheerfully undertaken a voyage around the world in his small 'perryaugur' if anybody would have chartered him for such a voyage. Probably he had something more than even the considerable trip to the Azores in mind, when he started away with a load of fish of his own catching and curing.

"I may go further," he had said; "but I cal'ate to make the Azores first. This mess of fish and mack'rel an' split herrin' ought to fetch a big bill, and, mebbe, I can get a freight for some place or other from one of the Portogee traders."

And the "Maria" sailed away. And the days and months passed, but she failed to return. At the end of a full year there were actually a few cynics who whispered that she must be lost this time, for sure. But, lo and behold, one fine morning, her familiar stubby body was to be seen laboring heavily in the

coastal swell, her foremast gone by the board, but making good weather of it under main and jury foresail. However, little was to be learned as to where Captain Rod had spent his long absence. From this onward he became more taciturn than ever, and only dropped vague and mysterious hints of foreign climes and peoples visited. The young lad, his crew had deserted at the Azores, and the skipper brought back with him a nondescript sort of a foreigner, whose language and nationality appeared to be difficult to place. All this tended to further enhance the name and fame of the "Maria" and her redoubtable commander.

But perhaps the most momentous of all her disappearances and reappearances, and the one that seemed to set her infallibility beyond the shadow of a doubt, was the time she voyaged southward, carrying supplies to the southern harbours. Capt. Rod had, as passengers, a couple of men anxious to visit their homes, and his foreign assistant. When but two days out, first a rainstorm and then a hard squall, came upon them, and ice and wind carried them north. Individually these things are of little moment to the bold sailormen, but happening in close combination, in order as given, and in the cold spring season of these high latitudes, the combination is usually disastrous to a sailing ship. The rain wets the sails and rigging, which at once freeze stiff, rendering such a thing as lowering or reefing in a hurry, impossible. The squall either upsets or dismasts the vessel caught in such a predicament. The latter was the fortunate fate of the 'perryaugur.' Assisted by a few strokes from the keen axe of Captain Rod, both spars went by the board and swept away to leeward, carrying with them all the equipment of sails that the "Maria" possessed. Next morning found the small hulk frozen solidly in among the pack-ice, being borne along in a northerly direction

at a considerable rate of speed. Of course if the wind changed this would be remedied, but there is no reliance to be placed on such a thing as the erratic winds of the northern oceans. There was a consultation held in the small and stuffy cabin of the 'perryaugur.'

"I vote for abandoning ship and trying to make shore in the small boat," said one of the hardy passengers decisively.

"I'm wid y' thare, bedad," cried the other. "If we sthay aboard, loike as not, th' laytle skipjack will bring up in the Arctic Coircle for half uv a cintury."

The foreigner said nothing but his looks were eloquent of distress.

Captain Rod also remained silent for several moments and tapped the top of the stove thoughtfully, with the small bar of iron from a wrecked steamship, which served him for a poker.

"You're welcome to the small boat, boys," he at length announced; "and I don't know but what you're doing the wisest thing in making tracks for land. It can't be much more than forty miles and you can lay a course of pretty nearly three-quarters on the wind. And you had better take Zeppi (the foreigner) along with you. He's from a country where they don't have cold and ice and would probably scare himself to death if he stayed. For that's what I intend to do. The "Marier" and I have been in some purty tight scrapes together, and always got out of them, so far. I cal'ate we can do as much again. Anyway, I'm willing to chance it."

And so, finding him obdurate, the three men stored the boat, pushed it laboriously across the encircling field of ice, and rowed away for land and safety. After much suffering, one of them losing both legs from frost-bite, they succeeded. Meanwhile, Captain Rod and his provision and coal laden 'perryaugur' were not sighted or heard from. At

length one morning way late in the autumn, upon the rising of the sun, the "Maria" was to be seen lying peacefully at anchor in her accustomed cove. This was full six months from the time of her accident. She was now rigged in a sort of jury fashion. It was ascertained that this service had been rendered by a whaler that the craft had drifted upon, only a few weeks previous. The hold of the "Maria" was piled up with an assortment of seal and bear skins, walrus tusks, and whale bone; but not a single package of the provisions she had carried on her outward voyage was discoverable. However, the charterers made no special investigation for the underwriters had already settled their claim. The ivory, bone, and pelts served to pay for further repairs to the much battered but still safely floating 'perryaugur.'

We regret to say that although nearly everybody considered this remarkable performance as a convincing proof of the undying nature of the craft, many were dubious as to the complete trustworthiness of the few remarks made by the skipper concerning his adventures. Otherwise this report should be made with greater regard to detail and to Newfoundland accorded the honour of a discovery for which so many nations of the world have fruitlessly battled. In brief, Captain Rod McDonald declared that he had reached the North Pole in the course of the drifting of his helpless vessel.

"Yes, sir," he remarked to a crowd of his admiring confreres: "I done nothing all day long for a good three or four months, but just kept my fire agoing, eating, and taking winks of sleep. Occasionally, I would bundle up and get out on deck for a little exercise, but it was too tarnation cold for much of it. Along about the middle of July, by my reckoning, it was the coldest, and when I came on deck I see something that I wou't forget in a

hurry. It was the North Pole, sure enough, just a mile or so to leeward. It was a good pole, too. 'Bout a mile thick, I make it, and running right up in the air out o'sight. It was just as white as snow and glistened all over."

It is now three years since Captain Rod headed his "Maria" out of the cove, bound on a ballast seeking excursion up coast. The breeze was light when he started and the weather remained remarkably moderate for fully two weeks. Moreover, there was absolutely no fog

along the coast in this period, something unparalleled in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. And yet, from that day to this, nothing has been seen of the 'perryaugur' and her worthy captain. But there is still a handful of sturdy believers who feel as sure as they do of almost anything in this changing and changeable world, that the "Maria" will again be seen, battered and saltweary, perhaps, but, nevertheless, safely swinging at anchor in the cove.

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### MY GOOD ANGEL.

THE whole world's hand against mine ;  
 No light on my path to shine  
 Until I met thee—my good angel.

Made bitter and hard to all,  
 Never consenting to thrall  
 Until I met thee—my good angel.

Now all is changed and bright,  
 Faintly I see the light  
 Shewn me by thee—my good angel.

Oft have I thought and said,  
 "Never would I be led ;"  
 You've told me the path to tread—my good angel.

Fierce will the struggle be ;  
 But, darling, for love of thee  
 I'll conquer myself—my good angel.

## A RETROSPECT.

“**HAVE** you anything to urge in your defence before the Court passes sentence.”

The words fell on my ears in a dim kind of way, for I was thinking of her—her whom I loved—and with an effort I aroused myself from my reflections and answered: “Nothing, by the laws of my country I am found guilty and I must abide by the decision of the court martial.”

“But will you offer no defence whatever?” and the Colonel looked imploringly at me, for I had won my Victoria Cross through saving his brother's life at Tel-el-Kebir. After a pause he resumed, “Come, this is your last chance.”

I drew myself up with an impatient gesture and replied: “Of what avail will it be to attempt a defence? You are all more or less acquainted with the details of my crime; and I tell you that I would do the same thing again were my life to commence anew—I tell you I would kill him and exult in the deed.”

A momentary hush fell upon the Court, and then, in a harsh, constrained voice the Colonel said, “Sergeant Lansdowne, the sentence of this Court is that you be shot to-morrow morning at day-break for the wilful murder of your superior officer, Captain Rayton.”

I smiled, and bowing to the Colonel was led from the Court. In spite of the harsh voice he had used in passing sentence on me, I noticed his eyes were dim with unshed tears.

“Surely he did not think I would pale or tremble on hearing the sentence?” On the contrary I shall welcome that death which his Christian faith teaches him to dread so much, for shall I not meet the soul of her I love when I have passed through the Christian's dreaded

“Valley of Death”; shall I not meet her and tell her that I still love her—that I will forgive her—ay, as I forgave her in ages long since past and gone—ages that your Christian faith will not permit you to believe in, because you cannot understand, O wise Christians! and yet, what *do* you understand, even of your own faith?

Once more like a vast panorama, my life passes before me. Poor—I have always been poor in this incarnation—it is part of the fate meted out to me for sins committed long ago. Ye Gods! how long ago—yet it is scarcely a punishment. What have I ever cared for money? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Could I not afford to smile when I heard others boasting of their wealth? For I knew they would have given it all could they have exchanged it for the blood that runs in my veins—blood that ran through the Chieftains of old Carthage! With such blood as this, what wonder that I became a soldier, even though it were to serve in the ranks? Was I unhappy, dissatisfied? Both. But I bore my lot in patience, or tried to, for I believed the time was not far distant when I should meet her—my twin soul—that I had lost in the past distant ages. Great God! What a dreary interminable eternity seems to have passed since then.

Again, I see a bloody battle-field; men falling dead and dying all around me; the blood courses through my veins with lightning-like rapidity—my nerves tingle with the war lust that is mine inheritance, and I am happy!

Happy, did I say? What a poor word that is to express the intoxicating excitation—the mad joy I feel when my sabre is whirling around my head and my charger is covering

the ground like a race horse, at the sound of the "Charge".

Riding a little ahead of me is a young officer, my Colonel's brother. His bright, boyish face is all aflame with enthusiasm. Suddenly he staggers and reels in his saddle and I observe his face has gone pale, and is drawn by some acute agony, then he is surrounded by a host of screaming, fanatical Arabs. I spur my horse to his rescue, my sabre describing arcs of light in the smoke-laden air. I reach him somehow, and for the first time that day turn my back to the enemy, but it is to carry him to the rear. How my gallant horse strains under our united weight, for I have flung him on the saddle before me. I am conscious of a burning sensation in my right shoulder, as a bullet ploughs its way through; then a spear disables my left arm; but I contrive to hold the wounded officer and gallop with him to the medical tents. I have a blurred recollection of reaching them—after that a black mist comes over my eyes, and I seem to go blind. When my senses again return to me I find I am in bed, surrounded by officers resplendent in gold lace and finery. I hear them talking quietly amongst themselves. They are saying what a gallant deed was mine to run off a wounded officer from such a death-trap. "If the brave fellow lives I will see that he gets the Victoria Cross," this from the Colonel of my Regiment. In a sense I am glad to hear that I shall be decorated, but after all, what did I do it for? I smile when I hear of them talking of death and death traps. What is death to me with *my* faith? Nothing, I tell you. I am not a Christian.

Before now I have been spoken of as an atheist, because I would not believe in your Christian superstitions. Atheist! forsooth! But how could those that accused me of atheism know better? Some have even gone as far as to significantly tap

their foreheads, because I, on one occasion, ventured to uphold the re-incarnation theory. The regimental chaplain once remarked of me: "A thorough soldier, undoubtedly, but a most curious fellow; I cannot make him out at all. Nobody seems to know what his religion is, for he is particularly reticent on the subject. He attends the Roman Catholic Church simply because regimental law compels soldiers to attend church of some kind, but he is very evidently not a Christian. I myself have questioned him, but with no satisfactory results. At the same time I do not think he is an atheist for he never makes a mock or scoff of any form of religion."

Poor Chaplain! I can see him now, with his grave, earnest face, attempting to convert me to his beliefs. He is the only thoroughly good Christian that I have ever met with, and I honour, while I pity him, for his blind faith in the efficacy of Christianity.

Sometimes I have felt tempted to tell him something of the "Great Unknown," but I have put the thoughts from me. Why should I attempt to undermine his deep-rooted beliefs? It is better as it is—for him. He cannot understand, and scarcely would, even if explained. Although the epithet never hurt me, I thank him for not flinging "atheist" in my teeth as others have done.

About a month after I had brought the wounded officer in, I was invalided home, for my wounds had somewhat incapacitated me. The glorious fresh breezes of the Mediterranean breathed new life into my veins, and by the time I reached England I was as strong and healthy as ever.

Then comes before me a recollection of a grand review and I hear a little old lady saying that "England has reason to be proud of her soldiers," and the little old lady smiles approval at me, as she pins

on my breast that coveted honour—the Victoria Cross.

That same night I met her—her whom I had sought through many long ages—her whom I had loved and lost. Now I had found her again. What need to repeat all that passed? In the end we were married and Elysium was mine. God! even the fabled joys of the Mahomedan Paradise could not compare with my happiness until—

I found out she knew nothing of other ages—of other incarnations, and I did not tell her then. She loved me and that was enough. Would that I had told her all, had I done so I should not now be in a prison cell, waiting for the death that the sundawn will herald. Think not that I bewail my faith: it would be foolish, for this thing was to be. Besides I shall soon be with her, my sweet love, once again.

We had been married about eight months when he first came to the regiment. Curses on him! what a handsome face he had—the face of a Greek God. I did not observe anything wrong between my poor girl and him, although I heard the whispers that went round the barracks. How could I help it? Everyone was talking about my wife and Captain Rayton. I obstinately refused to listen to anything I heard, and honoured my love too much to ask her if it were true.

One day a terrible accident occurred. My wife was toying with a tiny revolver I had given her, and through some cursed inadvertence, it exploded, and fatally wounded her. The doctor said she had only a short time to live—not more than an hour—and ordering everyone from the room, I took her in my arms for I was determined she should die nowhere else. How I cursed the hard fate which was taking her from me. She saw the agonies of torture I was suffering, and running her hand through my hair, she said: “Will my death

make such a terrible desolation in your heart?” “Great God! can you doubt it?” I answered.

She was silent for a few moments, and then a frightened look came over her face and she whispered, “Merciful Heaven! What have I done, I never deserved such love.” Then she told me how the tempter had come to her and she had fallen.

I was like to one who had suddenly become paralyzed, when I heard this from her own lips. All power of speech left me, and I felt an almost uncontrollable desire to strangle her as she lay dying in my arms. Then the remembrance of other ages returned to me and I knew that this was the last test I should be put to. I pressed my lips to hers and forgave her. A bewildered look passed over her face, and then, as though a light had suddenly dawned on her, she said: “I understand all now; how blind I have been, my love. What a cruel destiny has ours been. But the worst is nearly over.” Then her head fell back, and smiling in my face, she died.

Simultaneously with the breath leaving my poor girl's body, returned the desire for vengeance—not on her, I loved and forgave her—but on him, the handsome scoundrel that had betrayed my honour.

I sought him in his quarters and taxed him with his iniquity. For answer, he laughed in my face and ordered me from his presence. Then I sprang at him, mad for vengeance, my fingers were around his white throat, and slowly—oh, so slowly—I watched his face turn, first grey, and then black. He made a fearful struggle for life, but he was like a child in my grasp. Had he been as strong as Samson I could have killed him easily. A look of unutterable horror came over his beautiful face, there was a hoarse rattle in his throat, and I knew that I held a lifeless body in my hands. Who will dare to say my vengeance was

not just? I relaxed my hold and he fell to the floor. The noise must have aroused his servant, for when I looked towards the door I saw that it was blocked by soldiers. I was caught red-handed, and now I pace my cell, waiting for the dawn to come, to expiate my crime.

It is already gray in the east, and the chaplain will be here before long, to bid me repent. Repent! by all the Gods! I tell you I would do it again. I shall be sorry to hurt the good chaplain's feelings, but what does he know? Death has no terrors for me. I am not a Christian to be frightened by such a *bete noir*. Then I shall be led out, and they

will tear the medals and cross from my breast—the cross I was so proud of because she had toyed with it. After that, they will bind my eyes, a volley, and all will be over. No I will not let them bandage my eyes. At least, I will die facing the men who have fought with me. They will surely not refuse me this, the first favour I have ever asked? \* \* \* They are already at my cell door.

My sweet love, I come! Five little minutes and I shall be with you, to love you, to feel your soft arms around me—to caress you for all time and eternity!

*Frederick MacDonald.*

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### IN HILARY'S HOUSE.

IN HILARY'S HOUSE the walls are green—  
Her house of tree and vine;  
Through all the garden world is seen  
It's roof of quaint design.

The floor of Hilary's house is strewn  
With shifting sun shade,  
The winds about her casement croon  
A fairy serenade.

Oh! Autumn, Autumn, come not thou  
To Hilary's house at all;  
Let Summer linger sweet as now,  
And leaves forget to fall!

—*Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.*

# DICK JAMES' GRATITUDE.

## A STORY OF THE MATABELE.

“WONDER whether my partner will have the luck to shoot anything worth eating this morning?” These words, spoken aloud, came from the lips of a man sitting outside a neat log hut, situated close to the banks of the Umzingwani River, Matabeleland. The speaker, known locally as Matabele Jim, was by profession a miner, prospector, gambler, etc.—an all-round tough customer to quarrel with. He had been prospecting for gold before the outbreak of the Matabele war in “ninety six,” during which he served as a volunteer in Grey’s Scouts. The war over, he had in company with his partner, “Doctor Frank,” gone out to again try his luck at prospecting. The partners had located and “pegged” what they considered a decent property, and after building for themselves a log hut to live in had started to sink a shaft on their claims. At the time they are introduced to the reader, their stock of food was running very low, and growing tired of the everlasting mealie porridge, *i.e.*, (ground Indian corn) and damper. Dr. Frank had gone out in the hopes of being able to shoot a buck, but that dread disease, rinderpest, had killed nearly all the game in Matabeleland, so that bucks were few and far between. Growing tired of waiting for his return, Matabele Jim slung a rifle over his shoulder, and whistling to his dog, set out to seek his partner. After tramping two or three miles through the thick bush, a rifle went off quite close to him, and a moment later Dr. Frank appeared. One look at his face sufficed to show Matabele Jim that his partner had missed his object—a fine big springhare, which, altho

too quick for Dr. Frank’s rifle, was not too quick for Matabele Jim’s dog, who gave chase, and very shortly brought it to the feet of his master. Patting the dog, the two struck out for the log hut, and a few minutes later the pleasant odour of stewed hare greeted their nostrils.

“Guess I’ll take a stroll up the mountain, Frank, while the hare is cooking.” (The mountain referred to was in reality only a small hill, but from the top of it a good view of the surrounding country was obtainable. Reaching the summit, Jim looked towards the wagon trail that runs into Bulawayo, and seeing half a dozen wagons making in that direction, he hurried back to the log hut and quickly saddling his horse, galloped across the veldt to intercept them in the hopes of being able to purchase some fresh provisions.

He reached the road long before the waggons arrived, and dismounting, turned his horse loose to feed, while he awaited their arrival. Jim was one of those men who, having travelled a great deal, and roughed it more than the average man, took things very easily whenever he possibly could, consequently, having, he judged, to wait perhaps an hour for the wagons to reach him, he selected a big clump of mimosa bush, and extending himself at full length in its friendly shade, drew out his pipe and lighting it fell into a reverie, from which he was aroused by the sound of a deep moan somewhere in his immediate vicinity. Starting quickly to his feet, his hand instinctively drawing a revolver, he stopped and listened for a repetition of the sound that had so unpleasantly disturbed him. None



came, so he commenced to walk stealthily round the bush, every sense on the alert for what might mean danger to him. Half way round the bush, he came across the prostrate body of a white man. Surprised at the presence of anyone so close to him (for white men were scarce in this part of Matabeleland). Jim stood looking at the stranger for some few seconds in silence, and then, seeing he had swooned, he remembered a flask of whiskey in his pocket, and forcing some of the potent fluid between the sick man's teeth, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing him open his eyes. Taking this for a good sign, Jim handed the flask to him, and after taking a long pull at it, the stranger attempted to get onto his feet, but being evidently very weak, he only succeeded in getting onto his knees, and then fell forward again in a dead faint.

"Think this is a job for my partner! Poor beggar! Looks as though he had been starved for a month." Deciding that Dr. Frank could do more for the sick man than he could, Jim caught and saddled his horse, and lifting the still insensible man in his arms, contrived to fix him in the saddle, and giving up all thoughts of fresh provisions, started back to the log hut, carefully picking the road so as not to upset or endanger the sick stranger. Reaching home after a few slight difficulties, a cheery voice greeted him:—"Come on old man; was just going to start dinner without you, but, hullo! who have you got there?"

Jim briefly explained, and after a rapid inspection, Dr. Frank observed sententiously, "Poor devil! nearly starved to death. Must have swooned from exhaustion, but we'll soon pull him round. Pass that soup over, Jim." Dr. Frank then raised his patient's head and putting one arm beneath to support him, he carefully administered a few spoonfuls of soup and before very long

the stranger was able to tell them that his name was Dick James, that he had joined a party of miners going by waggon from Johannesburg to Bulawayo, and that five days ago he had wandered into the bush for a shot at some guinea fowl, and losing himself, had not tasted a morsel of food until the present time. Having heard his story through, the two partners invited him to stay with them a few days, until his strength was restored. After that, they would show him the road to Bulawayo, which was distant only about fifteen miles. Dick James was profuse in his thanks, but the doctor cut him short by saying that as he was still very weak, talking was bad for him, and the best thing he could do was to lie down and sleep—advice which he promptly followed. Awakening in the morning, invigorated by his long sleep, Dick James volunteered to do the day's cooking, but Matabele Jim would not hear of it. "You are our guest; just keep quiet and rest yourself. I and my partner can get on with our work and still find time to cook our meals."

The end of a week saw Dick James (now almost recovered) still staying at the log hut.

Coming home alone one night from his work in the claims, Matabele Jim found Dick James preparing to start for Bulawayo. He was packing up a few eatables, and intended to go on the following day about sunrise.

On Jim's entrance, he stopped in the middle of his preparations to say that a Matabele Induna, *i.e.*, (captain), had visited the hut during the day.

"What did he want here?"

"Said he was hungry and wanted some mealie meal."

"Of course you gave him some?"

"What! Give a Kaffir food? not me! I'd see a hundred of the black dogs die before I would help one of them."

On hearing this, Matabele Jim, his face crimsoning with passion, burst out: "You vile hound! you worse than dog! you scoundrel,—I picked you up starving and fed you, and knowing full well what the pangs of hunger are, you deliberately refuse a hungry man a paltry handful of mealie meal. You may thank your lucky stars you are my guest, but you'll remain so no longer. As soon as the moon rises you will start for Bulawayo, and don't let me see your vile carcass around this hut again; for, if I do, by Satan! I shall be strongly tempted to shoot you. See! (pointing with his index finger) there comes the moon, and there is the trail to Bulawayo. Now get!"

Dick James, without another word, did "get," and fairly lively, not liking the ugly look in Jim's eye.

The next day saw Matabele Jim and Doctor Frank saddling up their horses for a trip to Bulawayo, for the purpose of buying fresh provisions.

Staying in town a couple of days, they again set out for their claims.

Having started on the return journey after sun-down, they did not expect to reach the log hut till about midnight. Each being busy with his own thoughts, they rode as far as the Umzingwani River without exchanging a word. Suddenly, peering forward, Jim broke the silence.

"What the devil has happened, Frank? Look yonder!"

Dr. Frank looked, and in place of the well wooded, smiling scene they had left but two days previously, his eyes encountered nothing but a

blank, burnt, and still smoking waste. The hut they had taken such a pride in, the baskets they had woven to put the wild flowers and ferns in; where were they? Ashes, all ashes. A stifled curse burst from his lips, and then glancing at Jim, he said:

"This is Matabele revenge for being refused food. Let us go and see the extent of the damages we have sustained."

A very brief inspection proved that Frank was right in surmise.

The log hut containing all their possessions, amongst other things being a fifty pound case of dynamite for use in mining purposes, was burnt to the ground. Close by, where the hut had stood, they came upon the blasted, blackened remains of four Matabele warriors, one of them still having on his head the gum ring worn by an Induna. In firing the hut, the Matabeles had too evidently not counted on the case of dynamite.

Although momentarily nonplussed by their loss, both men had too much of the philosopher in their composition to bewail the inevitable, but as he rolled into his blanket for the night, Matabele Jim growled between his teeth: "I hope the next son of a gun that gets lost in the bush does not run across my trail, for if he does—by the living Jingo, I'll leave him to his fate."

Dr. Frank's reply to this was short but to the point: "I guess not Jim," and in another minute both of them had drifted into the hands of the brain-soothing, merciful god of sleep.

*N<sup>o</sup> Yorse.*

## AN EASTERN "AT HOME."

**DURING** a recent holiday tour in Burma I stayed for some considerable time in the little town of Moulmein. During my sojourn I was introduced to many people, both Europeans and Natives. Amongst others I met a Mr. Leong Chye—a Chinese merchant-prince, who commanded a very large proportion of the local trade, and of several surrounding townships.

I found Mr. Leong Chye a very amusing personage, and I passed away many an hour listening to his ideas of Britain and the British. These ideas would probably astonish a great many Britishers, and the curious broken English in which they were delivered would make the fortune of any London Music Hall mimic. One of the results of my introduction to Leong Chye was an invitation to a Chinese "At Home." The following is an exact reproduction of the invitation I received; which was printed in gold letters on a vivid red ground:

*Mr. and Mrs. Leong Chye*

*AT HOME*

*On the occasion of the  
Marriage*

*of their Son on Tuesday,*

*10th inst.,*

*at the Exchange Hall.*

*From 5 p. m.  
to 8 p. m.*

*R. S. V. P.*

The Hall which was used for the occasion was upwards of a hundred feet long and forty feet wide, and it needed to be fully this, for there were present upwards of two hundred people, two-thirds of them be-

ing Europeans while the remainder were Chinese friends and relatives of the bridegroom. The Hall was decorated in Chinese and Burmese style, the latter probably owing to the fact that the bride was half Burmese, half Chinese. Dozens of colored paper lanterns were suspended from the ceiling; the shapes of them being for the most part hideous. Dragons, scorpions, snakes and many other curious creatures, probably only known to Chinese and Burmese naturalists, greeted the guests on entry. Amongst others, a lantern that particularly impressed me was a huge Chinese Dragon's head. It must have been fully seven feet high. For some reason or another it was not lighted. A little enquiry elicited the fact that it was some Chinese deity or other. If it is a fair sample of what some of the Chinese worship, they must be very fond of the horribly grotesque. The walls were profusely decorated with Chinese pictures (many of them being, if possible, even more horrible than the big lantern) and long rolls of Chinese caligraphy. These latter I found were presents to the bride wishing her long life and good luck. As the guests arrived they were received by Leong Chye and his son, both of them gravely shaking hands with the gentlemen and bowing, *a la Confucius?* to the ladies. During the evening the European Commissioner for the district, A. R. Burke Esq., made a short speech in which he congratulated the bridegroom and wished him lifelong happiness. On behalf of the Chinese, and at the request of Leong Chye, this speech was responded to by Khan Bahadur Mirza Abdul Hosain, a wealthy timber merchant residing

in Moulmein. Leong Chye evidently has great ideas concerning European appetites, for he had mountains of sandwiches and confetti to say nothing of champagne and whiskey for his guests. The dress of guests was very cosmopolitan. The ladies were for the most part clad in white gauze, which contrasted strangely with the gaudy-colored robes of a troupe of Burmese players whom Leong Chye had retained for the amusement of his guests. Here and there could be seen a gentleman in conventional evening dress (and looking warm and uncomfortable in it) engaged in conversation with a Chinese dignitary dressed in his native costume, pigtail and all complete.

During the early part of the evening, Leong Chye sent his servants round to every guest with a fan and a bouquet of very beautiful roses.

The fans were particularly acceptable, it being very warm.

Below the Hall, a local band "discoursed sweet strains," and during the intervals in which they rested, a Burmese girl amused the guests by contorting her body into every conceivable and inconceivable shape possible. While she was taking a well-earned rest another little Burmese girl of about ten years, sang Burmese songs to the accompaniment of a hideous Burmese band, composed chiefly of tom-toms, i. e., native drums and castenets. After singing Burmese songs she broke into a few snatches of popular English songs all curiously mixed up with each other. Lottie Collins would probably be very much diverted could she hear a Burmese version of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-a." The little girl concluded her performance by singing "God Save the Queen," on hearing which everybody stood up—a proceeding that seemed to highly amuse the little Burmese girl, but I do not doubt but what the rupees that were showered upon her pleased her much better. Strolling

on the balcony of the hall, I came across Leong Chye carrying a large bundle of letters. He informed me that they were acceptations of his invites—that he intended to keep them, and if it ever happened that he was invited to a European "At Home" he would only have to refer to a few of these for a suitable reply. I had up to this time seen nothing of the bride, and being somewhat curious, I asked Leong Chye when she would put in an appearance. Judge of my surprise on being told that Chinese custom forbade the bride to leave the bridal chamber until twenty-eight days had elapsed. What would English ladies think if they were locked up for a month after their marriage day? I was destined to receive even a greater surprise than this, for Leong Chye, evidently divining the fact that I was curious to see the bride, politely informed me that I could have an interview with the lady if I would condescend to visit her in the bridal chamber. I accepted the offer and was at once conducted to the home of the bride. Arrived there I found the lady surrounded by her maids, and she did not seem in the least disconcerted on the advent of a European. I was introduced to her, and she gracefully arose from a low ottoman and extended a tiny hand to me. She was a fragile looking little woman, with rather attractive oriental features. Her hair, which reached far below her waist, was jet black, and as delicate as silk. She was dressed in a kind of cloth of gold richly embroidered with silk and sewn all over with seed pearls. Diamonds glistened in her hair and on her hands. She must have carried a fortune in gems on her person. Her head-dress was not unlike a toque, and from it were suspended strings of beads that nearly covered her face, but did not prevent me from getting an occasional glimpse of a pair of laughing black eyes. She evidently did not regard my

visit as an intrusion, for she invited me, through an interpreter, to inspect everything in the room. I was very much attracted by the appearance of the bedstead, which was precisely the same shape as an English four poster, except that it was fancifully carved, and decorated with red and gold. A fine silk-gauze mosquito curtain covered it, but the bride doubtless determined to show me all that was to be seen, for with her own dainty hands she raised the curtain and drawing the coverlet from the bed invited me to inspect it. It was worked with gold wire and seed pearls on a thick silk ground and

the pillows were covered with the same material. I could not help thinking that while they might be very valuable they would be decidedly uncomfortable to lie upon. This interesting interview was brought to a close by the bride asking me to drink a glass of champagne. I drank success and happiness to her in English and she seemed to be quite delighted when what I had said was translated to her. As I bowed myself out of the apartment, it struck me that in all probability this was one of the most unique interviews any man had ever obtained.

*F. J. MacD.*

NOTE:—The above sketch was written by Mr. MacDonald when he was a regular contributor of fiction to a little newspaper in Lower Burma, India, called *The Moulmain Advertiser*. Mr. MacDonald was a resident of Moulmain for sometime.—*Ed.*

## HABITS IN COMPOSING.

IS there a writer who does not like to pace up and down the hall or prowl about the study while story, song, or sermon is taking shape? It is strange how helpful this peripetic exercise is to the tired brain. While we sit in our study-chair, a thought flutters illusively around us like a mocking will-o'-the-wisp. Then we rise up and pursue it, and perhaps—not always—it turns out to be a lovely fairy-candle, or a star which does *not* despise “the desire of the moth.”

I have read somewhere that Frances Hodgeson Burnett walks up and down tossing and catching a ball while making her stories—a proceeding which I would not recommend for general adoption. I am sure I should find my attention entirely concentrated in a breathless effort to catch the ball every time.

Mrs. Browning (of necessity), wrote much lying down. One of her friends speaks of calling on her in

Florence and finding her reclining on the sofa in the great drawing-room, writing busily on small sheets of paper, which she tucked under the sofa-cushion when visitors interrupted her. I have an author-friend who, when he was so ill that he could not sit up in bed, kept his note-books and pencils under the pillow, and grew so expert that he used to write even when the blind was down and he was supposed to be taking an afternoon nap.

It is well to be able to write under *many*, but not under *all*, circumstances. The person who can concentrate his mind sufficiently to become quite oblivious of his surroundings has a rather dangerous gift, for things urgently requiring his attention—the needs of those around him, the questions of little children—may be all unheeded in his too-great absorption of thought.

Most of us, I suppose, become deeply attached to certain of our

possessions, have our favorite pen and chair, and the special nook where the work of one's choice seems easiest and most pleasant. But when a man says that he cannot write without one particular pen or chair, it is irritating to the mind of the ordinary hearer. Though we admire flowers, and probably all admire, or at least take a great interest in, the beautiful and talented Queen of Roumania, "Carmen Sylva," yet we read with some impatience such a statement as the following :

"Carmen Sylva is so passionately fond of flowers that she is positively unable to rest happily in a room where there are no blossoms. As to writing without the neighborhood of flowers, that she has declared to be quite out of the question."

Surely it is not well to be too dependent upon one's inanimate belongings. When it comes to the animate ones—ah, that is another story !

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### SHADOW OF DEATH.

SHADOW of Death, go by !—  
 The whole wide world is dark  
 With the beating of his wings,  
 And the bitterness he brings  
 Makes cold the pleasant sky.

Shadow of Death, I fear !  
 God will give life eternal—  
 But again this life to live  
 Not God Himself can give,  
 With its love so warm and dear.

Shadow of Death, 't is thou  
 Loathest our pitiful life ;  
 Thy hand is aged and dim,  
 And older than Earth's old rim  
 That hatred of thy brow !

Shadow of Death, a space  
 Draw thou apart from me ;  
 Horrible, shapeless, dumb,  
 The Fear of the Night to come  
 Surges before my face. . . . .

*A. B. de Mille.*

*King's College,  
 Windsor, N. S.*



## ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

IT is strange how incomprehensible, to those not blessed with it by nature, is a genuine love of the woods. Almost anyone will avow a great admiration for the sea; very few do not declare a fondness for flowers; but from those not akin to the trees the mysterious charms of the woodlands is hidden. It seems of no use to try to communicate this feeling. If your friend does not love the woodlands, I do not know that you can ever teach her to; but if she does, then there are glorious hours for you of toiling through gold-green light and purple shadow, with talk which is truly from spirit to spirit, and silences which also speak.

Theodore Watts-Dunton, in his wonderful romance, says: "As some, for instance, are born with a passion for the sea, so some people are born with a passion for forests; some with a passion for mountains, and some with a passion for rolling plains;" and in another place he describes "that nature-ecstasy which the Romanies seem to feel in the woodlands."

Mr. Watts-Dunton, I am sure, does not mean to imply that this emotion is limited to the Romanies.

One has not to read many stanzas of "The House of Trees" to realize that Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald is one of the genuine forest lovers. Indeed, I confess to a fleeting fancy, when I first read "Rest," that I had really found one of those lovely and gentle dryads that peopled the forests for my childhood-dreams. I quote this perfect little poem to show how close a fellow-ship the writer

has with nature, and how strange a power of expressing the subtle dream-quality:

"From the depths of dreams I am drawn

To the inner heart of a pine,  
That near my window keeps the dawn—

A dawn that is wholly mine.  
Dream-rest and pine-rest,  
And a cool grey path between—  
A cool grey path from the night's breast

To the heart of the living green.  
To the depths of dreams I go

On the sounds of the falling rain,  
That in the night-time gently flow  
In a stream on my window-pane.

Stream-rest and dream-rest,  
And a cool dark path between—  
A cool dark path from the rain's breast

To the heart of the soft unseen."

But the dryad-fancy fades, and we know that the author is a very human-hearted mortal, when we turn to "Children in the City" and "Make Room," with their tender plea for city-prisoned little ones.

"Thousands of childish ears, rough-chidden,

Never a sweet bird note had heard,  
Deep in the leafy woodland hidden  
Dies, unlistened to, many a bird;  
For small soiled hands in the sordid city

Blossoms open and die unbreathed;  
For feet unwashed by the tears of pity

Streams around meadows of green  
are wreathed.

Warm, unrevell'd in, still they wander,

Summer breezes out in the fields;  
Scarcely noticed, the green months  
squander

All the wealth that the summer  
yields.

Ah, the pain of it! ah, the pity!

Opulent stretch the summer skies  
Over solitudes, while in the city

Starving for beauty are childish  
eyes."

In "The Wind of Memory," too, she strikes the chord of human-nature (which, we must not forget, includes the super-natural), with a strong and sympathetic hand. The love-poems in this volume are few, but full of sincerity and charm. "Unspoken" is a beautiful love-prelude, a song of the time before the words are said that "break the mortal screen;"—"Sometimes, I Fear," is a sonnet voicing the dawn of love, over-shadowed by a great dread—and "The Wind of Death," the last poem in the volume, forms a sad, but lovely *Nunc Dimittis*.

There is a magic in this book which takes one out-of-doors, not into a glare of noonday, nor the weary tumult of the street, but to dim avenues of leafy trees, green, sweet-smelling fields, and great translucent skiey spaces. It rests and refreshes you as a day in the woods will do.

I think Thoreau's "ancient and altogether admirable family," whom he describes as having settled in Spaulding's meadow, must have lived in a House of Trees. "Their house was not obvious to vision," he tells us; "their trees grew through it. Their coat-of-arms is simply a lichen; I saw it painted on the pines and oaks. There was no noise of labor. I did not perceive that they were spinning or weaving. Yet I did detect, when the wind lulled and hearing was done away, the finest imaginable sweet musical hum—as of a distant hive in May—which

perchance was the sound of the thinking."

On the wall of my little book-room hangs the only poster to which I ever gave a place there—the simple green-and-white one which announced "The House of Trees." Across it I have written: "Their house was not obvious to vision; their trees grew through it." When I am too busy to read, I take a hasty glance at the slender maiden among the trees, with her book lying on her knee, and some well-known stanza is recalled to my mind, bringing dream, and the song-spell, and whisper as of buds and leaves.

Everyone likes to know something of the life and personality of a writer for whose works they care. Miss Wetherald is of English-Quaker descent, and was born near Guelph, Ontario. She was educated at Unison Springs Boarding School, New York, and at Pickering College, near Toronto. She began to write when a child of twelve, and is a frequent contributor to leading American and Canadian periodicals. Under the pen-name of "Bel Thistlewaite," she has written a number of articles for the "Toronto Globe." For a short time she was assistant-editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal," of Philadelphia, and of "Wives and Daughters," of London, Ontario. For over a year she was one of the assistants in the compilation of Charles Dudley Warner's "Library of The World's Best Literature."

Miss Wetherald lives with her brother near Fenwick, Ontario, on a beautiful farm with thirty-five acres of orchard. Imagine the colour and fragrance in spring, the colour and richness in autumn! The house is grey, set among green boughs far back from the dusty road, and with vines at every window. Near by there is a lovely woodland. It was among these restful surroundings that "The House of the Trees" was written.

Miss Wetherald is fortunate in



having a name that is almost a poem in itself. Her first name was given her in honour of Ethelwyn Old-castle, in George MacDonald's "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood." Although not strong, she is an accomplished horse-woman, and spends much of her time in the open air. Indeed, she is so devoted to fresh air that she often takes a cot-bed out of doors and sleeps under some great Norway spruces—truly a fragrant and healthful "chamber of dream." Perhaps because of this out-door life, she is of a very sunny disposition, and holds decidedly optimistic views.

I shall close this sketch by quoting one more poem—"The Sky Path"—as showing that ethereal quality which forms so great a charm in her work :

I hear the far moon's silver call  
High in the upper wold ;

And shepherd-like it gathers all  
My thoughts into its fold.

Oh happy thoughts, that wheresoe'er  
They wander through the day,  
Come home at eve to upper air.  
Along a shining way.

Though some are weary, some are  
torn,  
And some are fain to grieve,  
And some the freshness of the morn  
Have kept until the eve.

And some perversely seek to roam  
E'en from their shepherd bright,  
Yet all are gathered safely home,  
And folded for the night.

Oh happy thoughts, that with the  
streams  
The trees and meadows share  
The sky path to the gate of dreams  
In their white shepherd's care.  
*Constance Aylwin.*

## LONDON BEAUTIES OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

### PART III.

**I**N the Hellenic days, physical beauty was all things to art, when art was almost a religion. The Greeks seemed to be born with an instinct to appreciate beauty and were, in a high degree, dowered with the gift themselves.

Their Gods and Goddesses, when believed to have power to dispense favourable gifts, were always represented as possessing the attributes of personal beauty. Previous to this their deities were kings, men of fame and celebrated women, consecrated by gratitude or flattery. The stories and wonders connected with them being fancies of the Greek poets or inventions of the priests—a doctrine or system of opinions which has been the means

of handing down to us the remains of ancient art.

Rome accepted the teaching of the Greeks and embraced the same love for beauty of form. It was not an unknown thing in the reign of Nero for wealthy parents to cast ill-favoured children out of their houses. These most unfortunate little ones were called *Alumni* and were thus discarded rather than that they should incur the expense and trouble of up-bringing to their relatives' supposed discredit, the effect of beauty, like that of music, at that period, unhappily playing but a discreditable part in history.

Adison's lines :

"T'is not of set feature, nor complexion the tincture of the skin

that I admire; beauty soon grows familiar to a lover, fades in the eye and palls upon the sense"—would have appealed to them in one respect, but they would not have applied the words with the meaning with which they were written.

At that era the ethics of Christianity taught the meaning of the word beauty, in its relation to life, in a higher sense and was used in connection with the teaching of forgiveness and "all that was fair." Since then, history has repeated itself, again and again—beauty of form and feature holding a high place in the thoughts of the culterted; until from one decade to another; to the Court of Charles and on to the eighteenth century—when to be beautiful was to be celebrated—we find that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," if looked for with the artistic appreciation, which undoubtedly lies latent in the great majority.

About the middle of the last period, among the many who shone as stars in the social world was Mrs. Mary Robinson, who reigned for a short time as a "Fair Celebrity." Before her marriage, when she was Miss Mary Darby, she held the same charm and fascination over the great artists of the day, as was held by Emma Lady Hamilton. Englehart, Cosway, Hoppner, Gainsborough and Reynolds, all painted her, either life size or miniature. She had many struggles in her youth, but being talented in literature, music, and in stage-crafts, she was at length successful.

Sir Joshua Reynolds painted a beautiful picture of her in her favourite character of "Perdita," in which she wears the "Devonshire" hat and soft muslin fichu and altogether represents a typical queenly figure. The portrait is in the possession of the Marquiss of Hertford.

Her story was a sad one. She was the daughter of Captain Darby and at fifteen was inveigled into a

marriage with a lawyer who was an adventurer. In consequence of his debts he was imprisoned and his wife shared his incarceration, very pluckily. She endeavoured to make a living by her pen. Then through Garrick's influence, she went on the stage and showed such decided ability in that bent, especially in the character of "Perdita," that her name at once became famous as an actress. But later, illness overtook her and deprived her of the use of her lower limbs, when she again turned her thoughts to literature. In time, she again succeeded, and her books becoming popular, she was called the "British Sappho." She died in December, 1800, at the age of forty-two. The last of her writing was her own epitaph:—

"Yet o'er this low and silent spot,  
Full many a bud of spring shall wave;  
While she, by all save one forgot,  
Shall snatch a wreath beyond the  
grave."

Those who still remember about Lady Cork, are divided in their opinion as to the absolute beauty of of this extraordinary woman, but they are unanimous in agreeing that at the age of ninety-four she was still charming and a power. At her house genius was always to be met. Even Dr. Johnson and she—to Boswell's astonishment—"used to talk together with all imaginable ease." She was the Hon. Miss Moncton, the youngest child of John, first Viscount Galway. Miss Burney gives a graphic description of her entertainments and depicts her as "notoriously eccentric, vivacious and generally popular." Every one has heard the characteristic story of her and Tom Moore, when she unbuttoned his waistcoat at a party at her own house, to put on a "pitch plaster." He flying from her in every direction and she after him with the plaster in her hand.

Her face was full of varied expression, which represents the main beauty in so many faces. A charm-

ing portrait of her, painted by Sir Joshua, came to the hammer at Christies not long ago.

Mrs. Grace Dalrymple Elliot was an extremely fascinating personage. She was the daughter of Hue Dalrymple, an Edinburgh advocate. Through incompatibility of temper, her mother left him before her child was born. Grace's childhood seems to be uneventful. She married Dr. John Elliot—a man many years older than herself. He was afterwards made a baronet and introduced his wife into society. After many flirtations this handsome woman eloped with Lord Valentia, who consoled the husband in the form of damages amounting to £12,000; out of which the ill-used husband allowed his divorcee £200 a year. After a time her brother took upon himself to place her in a French convent. But the life did not please the lady, for she soon returned to London with Lord Cholmondeley and introduced her daughter into society. The girl's god-parents were of royal blood and had elicited to call her Georgina Augusta Frederica Seymour. She "figured at Court," and eventually married Lord Charles Bentinck.

In 1786 Mrs. Elliott was in Paris, and upon the evidence of the terms of friendship which existed between her and Orleans, who was executed, she, too, was confined in prison and condemned to be guillotined. This, however, was averted by the overthrow of Robespierre. She remained in Paris during the revolution and survived the reign of terror. This extraordinary person with a still more extraordinary career, averred that Bonaparte offered her marriage. She wrote the "Journal of her life" which was full of romance and incident. She died in France in 1823.

Mrs. Michael Angelo Taylor, it is said, was one of the loveliest of bewitching syrens, and known by her admirers as "Miranda," by reason

of a beautiful picture having been painted of her by Hoppner in that character. The portrait, in the possession of the Marquese of Londonderry, is one of the finest works executed by the artist. If he had never done another stroke with his facile brush, his name would have lived by it. She was as well known at Carlton House Palace in town as at the Pavilion at Brighton, where the butterfly dames delighted in frivolous doings. Her husband was named after the great Michael Angelo, his parents vainly hoping that he, too, would be an apostle of art. But with the contrariety of human nature, he took up law as his profession, at length becoming Recorder of Poole and otherwise distinguishing himself. His beautiful wife was the sister of Sir Harry Vane Tempest. Prince Florizel who was a keen admirer of fair women, "appreciated her exceedingly," her fascination holding great attraction for him.

Mrs. Jordan, formerly Dorothy Bland, was, during the latter end of the eighteen century, as well known as Ellen Terry of to-day and was called the "Queen of Comedy." She was born in 1762 and made a success at her first appearance on the stage at Drury Lane Theatre, at the age of twenty-three.

Milton's well-known lines in *L'allegro* were applied to her.

"Haste nymph and bring with thee,  
jest and youthful jollity;  
Sport, that wrinkled care derides,  
And laughter holding both his sides."

It was through her talent alone that she gained the height of excellence which placed her at the very summit of her art.

As "Peggy," she was inimitable. Leslie writes of her: "Mrs. Jordan more than any English actress seems to have bewitched her audiences."

There was an "irresistible joyousness about her, which was quite spontaneous and seemed simply to overflow without any effort."

H. Soame addressed the following lines to her after a temporary absence from the stage in 1790.

"Nymph of the sportive smile and  
changeable mein,  
Welcome, thrice welcome, to th' accus-  
tomed scene!  
Again, by tender strokes of art,  
Or polish'd nature's graceful skill,  
To charm the sense, or touch the heart,  
And mould the passions to thy will.

Oh, thou, endowed with equal pow'rs  
Towing with mirth the laughing hours.  
Or, as thy melting accents softly float,  
And swell upon the bosom of the air!  
To breathe, at sorrow's call, the plain-  
tive note,  
And draw for pining love the pitying  
tear.

Daughter of nature! Genius unconfined!  
Whose speaking glance proclaims the  
feeling mind!  
Where more than beauty points the eye,  
And lights the expression of the face;  
Whose every tone is harmony  
And every varied action grace!"

Sir Joshua Reynolds "was quite enchanted with a being, who, like Jordon, ran upon the stage as a play ground, and laughed from sheer wildness of delight." He declared that "she vastly exceeded everything that he had ever seen, and really was what others only affected to be."

She was received in society in the light of the morganatic wife of the Duke of Clarence. Her sons received titles and had all the advantages to be gained by their father's position.

She had wonderful success for a time and was in many ways a powerful personage. But, eventually, she was enveigled away to France and abandoned even by her own children. In shabby lodgings, she very soon afterwards died. She, who had controlled the heart-beats of the public by her talent, died in

poverty and alone of a broken heart—forgotten and neglected by those on whom she had the strongest hold and with whom the closest ties. Gainsborough painted a fine portrait of her when at the height of her success.

Viscountess Stormont, afterwards created Countess of Mansfield in her own right, was a remarkably handsome woman.

Romney painted an exquisite picture of her in the loose drapery of the bedgown type of which he was so fond. The arms are folded and the feet raised in an absolutely natural and withal graceful attitude. The hair is turned back from the fair face as in the fashion of to-day, and is bound with a scarf of embroidery behind.

The most notable thing known about her, except her beauty, was that she was related to the much-married Lady Cathcart, who was also a very handsome woman and of whom a good story is told. When married to her fourth husband she made him so jealous and aggravated him to such a degree by wearing a ring on which was engraved

"If I survive  
I will have five."

that he consequently kept her at his estate in Ireland in almost solitary confinement. No guests were admitted and no gaiety of any description permitted.

However, upon her husband's death, we are told, that "she plucked up heart" and again came back to London and *danced*, but whether she carried out her intention of entering upon her fifth experiment in the lottery of marriage, or whether her late treatment led her to alter her opinion, is not recorded in her history.

*Sylvan.*

# IN THE OPEN.

*NOTE.—English, American and Canadian Sportsmen desiring information concerning the Game Laws of Newfoundland, and where to obtain reliable Guides, should write to the Newfoundland Magazine. Postage from the United States of America, 5cts; from Great Britain and Canada, 2cts.—Ed.*

## THE BIG TROUT.

A FRINGE of green spruce grew along the bank and behind lay miles of barrens, ponds, and dead-woods. At the foot of "Big Rattle" the brown water fell into a browner pool, with drifts of white foam about its edges. Overhead the sky was clear blue, for the sea-fogs never reach the interior of Newfoundland.

The Fisher stood at the edge of the pool fastening a small brown fly to his cast. Behind him you might see his tent among the trees, and the thin smoke of his fire. There was that in the air which proclaimed the time to be late afternoon. The Fisher wore a wide-brimmed hat, from the edge of which hung a fly-net to protect his face. His hands were covered with blood from the bites of the black fly. His language was wonderful; his brow clouded. At last the new fly hung to his fancy. He drew out a long line and with an artful swing of shortened arm and turn of wrist, cast into the middle of the pool.

The flies lit like thistle-down. Real flies desiring to be swallowed could not have done it better. They drew down in a little family group to the head of the shallow rapid that leads out of the pool. The Fisher blinked his eyes behind the netting and brought them lightly back. Again he cast to the centre of the pool. He had forgotten his smarting hands; he had forgotten that his pipe was out. Something

swirled lazily up beneath the drifting flies, and then sank. The Fisher hit. Next instant a flashing brown body leapt into the air and went down and the five flies went with it. The reel sang like mad. Behind the fly netting the Fisher's face was happy and intent. If a pre-historic mammoth had attacked him then he would only have said "can't you wait till I land this fish?" Now he pressed the butt of the rod to his left side, and his left hand felt for the reel. The tip and the upper joint bent like a whip. Again the trout leapt, falling with a silvery plash. Then the line slackened and the man reeled it in.

The Mic-mac guide came down to the edge of the river and looked at his master, who now stood up to his knees in the water. Then he bolted back to the tent and returned with the landing-bag. He, too, waded into the pool. Now the fish fought for liberty at the head of the shallow rapid. If he could only get into the snarl of white water—then he would win free!—then he would get away from the devil-fly clinging to his lip. He jumped madly, flinging himself out of the water and tumbling like a circus clown. But ever the little fly drew him back, away from the vantage of the swift water. He saw the almost invisible cast and sprang at it. With every muscle of his flashing body he battled for freedom.

“Big trout,” grunted the guide.

The Fisher nodded and reeled in.

Now the captive came sullenly through the brown water, a dead, hopeless weight on the straining rod. Inch by inch he was drawn in towards the waiting guide and the hungry landing-bag. But quiet as he seemed he was thinking—for he was as wise as he was large. He knew that something would have to be done before very long. He considered the little brown fly that clung painlessly to his upper lip. What feat for holding on that fly must have! He was very glad that he had not swallowed it.

Now the Fisher held the rod almost upright. It bent like a young poplar in a nor'easter. He reeled in the line turn by turn. The swarthy Mic-mac made a long arm with the bag.

The big trout saw it all. Now for the last great effort. Now for the

toss between Death and Life. All in that little time he thought of the cool waters of the river—of the quiet pools and the laughing “rattles” and the shouting rapids, and of his comrades lazily wagging their tails and fins in the amber shadows.

He sprang blindly, smote the edge of the landing-bag, and wrenched himself free. Free! Free again to lie in the pools, free again to leap in the rapids. But still the little brown fly clung harmlessly to the tough skin of his upper lip.

The Fisher and Mic-mac waded back to shore. There the Fisher turned and doffed his hat, fly-netting and all, to the quiet pool.

“You fought like a hero,” he said. “I am glad you got away—and you are welcome to the brown-hackle.”

But the guide only grunted. He did not believe in such talk. He wanted fresh trout for supper.

*Theodore Roberts.*

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## BY POND AND STREAM.

NEWFOUNDLAND is recognised as being one of the best places in the world, as an all-round sporting ground. Its lakes, ponds, and rivers literally team with beautiful fish, whose variety, though not extensive, includes some of the best species procurable anywhere. The real native trout is the same as the common brook trout of North America. The black-spotted mountain trout of Canada also abounds here in large numbers. The “Rainbow” which was imported here in large quantities some twenty years ago from Sacramento, California, by Mr. John Martin, the renowned sportsman of Windsor Lake has prospered and multiplied so largely that it is reckoned as *the* fish of the Island. The Rainbow is a beautifully shaped fish, and de-

rives its name from its vivid coloring. It can now be secured in almost any lake or river in the country. It is not an uncommon occurrence for a five-pounder of this species to be captured. I have a vivid recollection myself of catching one in Kent's Pond, on the Portugal Cove Road, weighing four pounds, one summer morning about five years ago. It measured more than two feet in length, and nearly one foot around the body.

Mr. Martin, above spoken of, landed another in Windsor Lake which tipped the beam at eight and a half pounds. Not further back than last summer he secured two beauties, one weighing five pounds and the other three. Five years ago Dr. Keegan hooked three together on one line, while fishing at

Windsor Lake. Their combined weight was thirteen pounds.

Lough Levin trout, a species imported here largely from Scotland, does not seem to get along in our waters.

The Rainbow trout *spawns* one month later in this country than in its native waters. Thus instead of spawning on the first of April, they leave it till the first of May.

They take the fly well, and, I am sorry to say, frequently condescend to the worm.

The German (brown) is doing fairly well in Newfoundland waters, and is to be found in almost every lake.

Some years ago a million White trout of Canada were placed in our waters, but they have proven too wily for the sportsman, and hence are seldom if ever captured. The same may be said of German (char).

The Black (smuck) was put into several ponds but refuses bait, and dies quite young.

The close season for freshwater fishing in Newfoundland is from the 10th day of September to the 15th day of the following January.

The present is the first season for eight years that the hatching of trout at Murray's Pond (the headquarters of the Newfoundland Game Fish Protection Society) has been a success. This hatchery will be a great boon to the country at large. Perhaps it is not generally known that there are places in Newfoundland where members of families maintain themselves mainly on freshwater fish during a certain part of the year.

As long as the sportsman keeps within a radius of thirty miles from the salt water he can be pretty sure of procuring a catch of good fish. But let him move further inland, and the fish found will be but small, and for eating purposes devoid of that flavour present in the saltwater trout.

The true pleasure of trouting is

experienced by those only who give their whole attention to it for the time being. I remember an ardent Waltonian telling me once that, "fishing is the only sure eradicator of the "blues." Another told me that trouting was the only sport he ever indulged in, because it was the only one which gives most pleasure for the least trouble. And yet another "water-whipper" said: "fishing with flies is pleasure, but with bait a d—nuisance. Rather than do the latter I should prefer never to dangle my lines over the waters." A fourth said: "fishing is a great pastime, if rightly performed, but it were better to remain at home and fish with a string having a pin attached as a hook, in a basin of water, than resort to the mean, low, tactics of some of my brother anglers."

A prominent all round sport of St. John's, on being approached on the subject of fresh-water fishing expressed his views in the following interesting, tho' lengthy manner:—

"I play cricket, tennis, golf and various other games; I take a spurt at rowing, shooting, and farming, but I would forego all these if need be for one good day's fishing. It is the greatest and most lasting sport imaginable. Let me tell you why! You may play cricket and foot-ball, but as soon as you yourself cease to be the centre of attraction, as soon as you fail to be the leading spirit in the game then it has lost its charm for you. Though you should again become the leading spirit, still you remember with continual regret that this pleasure is only temporary; but in fishing you are permanently happy because you are the "whole game" in yourself, the sole spirit; and there is a constant source of pleasure. This permanent and individual control makes a fellow feel superabundantly happy, and this in face of the fact that the number of trout caught may be small. And again a man may fish just as

well if not better when alone than with companions. My sentiments in this matter are endorsed by hundreds of my friends. I heartily pity the man who has never tried trouting as a pastime."

A fifth sportsman has this to say of fishing:

"When very young I often thought how monotonous must be a fisherman's life, but before I was well into my "teens" I learnt from experience that the life of the fisherman would indeed be monotonous if his work did not contain a certain and fairly large proportion of unexplainable pleasure. For example let a fisher be an hour jigging without avail and then let him catch a fine cod; watch his features; how pleasure will beam there. The hour of uncasiness is completely obliterated by this success. So with a Waltonian! There is a constant sensation of expectation, and pleasure of the possibility of success to come. It is the expectation more than from the success from which is derived most pleasure, because no man can catch trout faster than his imagination would have him; for the more one catches the more one expects to catch, and the more one's expectations expand. Hence it is quite clear that expectations form the principal part of fishing, and it follows that it supplies the larger portion of pleasure derived while so engaged."

A sixth enthusiast of the noble sport tells me that "the most pleasing part of fishing to him is the landing of the trout dead." This is perhaps an uncommon source of pleasure. But my friend assures me that "the drowning of the fish before landing it, requires in some cases a superior knowledge of the art, and in all cases a large amount of patience."

Another friend said: "Next to my regular daily bath, fishing is the sport I appreciate."

How he could have compared fishing and bathing puzzles me somewhat; but we can safely assume that our friend is pretty fond of fishing. It is a fact, however, that it would have been stranger had he selected to place trouting before bathing in his affections, yet it is not at all an uncommon mistake. For after all a large number of men go fishing much oftener than they go bathing. But this is neither here nor there.

Virginia Waters, on the Logy Bay Road, is reputed a great fishing place; some excellent trout are to be had there; and you can sit and fish for them all day. I have heard of some persons who did, but they never caught anything. According to reports there is no place in the world which can afford more sport, or where you can fish for a longer period. I have known young men to fish there every day for a week; and, in fact, I have heard of some who continued going there daily for a month, but it was all the same. I once fished there myself, and at first beyond getting a few sharp "bites," I was very unsuccessful. Towards dusk however, I felt something heavy "niggering" about my hook, and I spruced up, thinking I was going to be doubly rewarded for my patience. I think I was fully five minutes (though at the time I could swear it was half an hour) trying to land the monster that was attached to my line. But after all my trouble in landing the thing, I found it to be a big eel fully four feet long, of sufficient strength and agility to carry me into the pond had it a fair show. I was not a little displeased at this result of a hard day's work, as you may guess, and in my rage I cut my line a few feet from the hook and dashed the hideous brute into its abiding place once more. Perhaps it was a week ere I again visited Virginia Waters, and peculiarly enough the whole day passed away until dusk before anything seized



my fly. Then all of a sudden something weighty caught on. I said to myself, "this fellow is worth the waiting." I landed it successfully. But I'll be blowed if it was not the same eel that I had caught before, for my "silver doctor" and a yard of line were hanging from his upper gum. I treated him in the same manner I had done before, and thus lost another fly. But I preferred even losing the "silver doctor" to being lost myself. A whole month had passed away before I paid a third visit to the Waters, and, now, the cool autumnal zephyrs were beginning to whistle through the tall trees, and the little birds had discovered it was warmer farther down South. The farmers were digging the last of the late potatoes, and the dainty sheen of grass and leaf was changing to a pale and withered hue. The day had all but gone, and worse than ever before I had not even got a "rise." This, of course, made me feel blue, so I "reeled up" for home at seven o'clock. Then suddenly methinks I had better have another "throw in." And so, to make a long story short, I made another cast, and lo and behold, almost immediately I struck a heavy fish. Oh! how large and beautiful it looked in the dying sunlight. It was landed. Pshaw! it was that same d— eel with my three hooks hanging from its mouth. I was too mad to think, so I dashed out its brains and flung it into the lake.

Concerning the "silver doctor," I have learnt from experience that this famous fly is especially good on a dull or foggy day, and when the water has a smart ripple.

The following are the words of a sportsman friend of mine:

"Once while fishing in the interior of the country, I had gone over the Humber River and Red Indian Lake and come to Grand Pond. It was a glorious day, the sun's rays fell upon the lake and woodland

with its full summer heat. But the soft, wind blew freshly from the north-east, and so diluted the atmosphere as to make it pleasantly bearable. I had fished all morning, and had caught but five, despite the fact that I changed my fly every ten or fifteen minutes. At last, displeased and disheartened, I resolved to keep to the one fly—the 'Jenny Lind.' In one hour I secured four dozen fine fish, for they came as fast as I could haul them in. Unfortunately, however, a big fellow ran away with my 'Jenny Lind,' the only one of its kind I had with me. I did not capture another fish for the day, though it was not for want of trying. Next day the wind was blowing from the south, with a little fog, and I gave every fly a fair trial again. I met with no success till I struck the 'blue doctor.' I was landing the seventh in the second dozen when in clearing the hook from the trout's mouth I broke it off just at the point where it meets the gut. And this also proved to be the only 'blue doctor' I had with me. After this I did not catch another fish that day. The third day the lake was ruffled with by a strong westerly wind, and having tried all my flies as usual I discovered that the only one which proved of use was the 'Sir Richard.'"

Some members of the Piscatorial Society of London tried to prove a short while ago that fish are gifted with memory. I think that a most fitting close to this article will be the reproduction of the parody of the "Fishing Gazette" on Kipling's celebrated poem—"The Absent Minded Beggar." The Lychnobites Angling Society in support of the "Tobacco fund for wounded soldiers in the Transvaal," contributed the following version at a big entertainment in London. The poem resulted in a collection of £1, 8s. 6d.

*Caleb Wolfe.*

When you've told your tales of fishing—what you've done and where you've been,  
 When you've finished catching "records" (with your mouth),  
 If you've got a mouldy copper—doesn't matter if it's green,  
 It'll do for Kipling's kid that's ordered south.  
 There's heaps of generosity in various forms and fakes,  
 But the latest in the Fishermen's *Gazette*  
 Has grown to big dimensions, and it evidently "takes";  
 Anglers! now 'tis your turn you can bet.

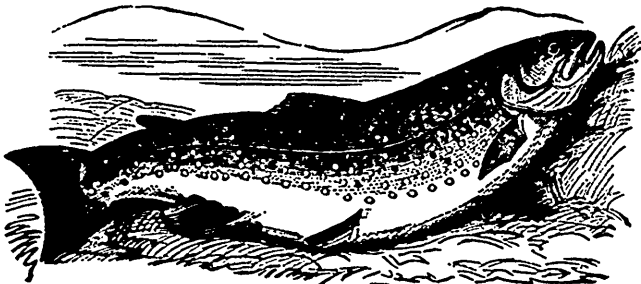
Duke's son—cook's son—son of a belted earl,  
 Ninety thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay;  
 But some of the crowd are coming back short of a leg or an arm,  
 What are you going to do for 'em?—Why, pay! pay! pay!

You can't say, "Have a drink, mate!" to a bloke that's nearly dead,  
 And his work would not be paid for with a "bob!"  
 And you've got to mind your manners when he's fastened down in bed,  
 For he's rather rough—with a lump clipped off his nob.  
 But watch him when you offer him a first-rate good cigar!  
 We're going to buy him some and then we'll say,  
 "Take 'em chum, and welcome," and "Bless yer—there yer are!"  
 If you want to reach his heart, boys, that's the way,

Duke's son—cook's son—son of a belted earl,  
 Tucked away in bed, boys, and there he's got to stay;  
 To lie for Lord knows how long, to think of his wife or girl—  
 What price a pipe of tobacco?—Who'll pay! pay! pay!

There'll be some of 'em at Netley soon—no doubt there'll be a lot,  
 With nought to do but lie in bed and blink;  
 And when you're sore and lonely, and yer seem to be forgot,  
 Well, a pipe o' bacca—somechow helps yer *think*.  
 And it makes yer thoughts grow kinder, and the pain ain't half so great,  
 When pals are sympathising with your troubles;  
 You can lay and watch the curling wreaths and feel well, "up to date",  
 As happy as a little Pears' Soap "Bubbles."

Duke's son—cook's son—sons of anglers too,  
 Lying upon their backs in bed from day to weary day;  
 They've fought for you and me, boys, so what are you going to do?  
 What price a pipe of tobacco—Come pay! pay! pay!





## HURRAH FOR THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

FIFTY YEARS IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

BY VICE-ADMIRAL SIR WM. KENNEDY, K.C.B.

THIS very attractive volume by one of the most popular men in the Royal Navy has met with a great success. I notice from the title page of the copy sent me by the genial author that it has already reached a second edition. Just at the present time it should be specially interesting, as the most exciting adventures in its pages are young Midshipman Kennedy's fights with Chinese junks in the Canton River, the hardships undergone, the hair breadth escapes of the young sailor are all admirably told. No dime novel contains anything so thrilling. The book is an entrancing one for old and young. Its pages are an object lesson in political geography. It takes in the whole world—from China to Peru—everywhere the gallant admiral has cruised to protect the vast interests of the Empire. Many interesting stories are told of the varied work of the Royal Navy, redressing wrongs, stopping the abominable slave traffic, protecting

men and women from the savage Revolutionists amongst the South American Republics. He writes of all sorts of places and records sport royal from British Columbia to the Falkland Islands. Everywhere he has made friends and must have a most extensive acquaintance and most varied correspondence from all parts of the Empire. Newfoundlanders will feel specially grateful to the genial author, for he has always been a firm friend of the colony and a strong supporter of her rights. The "Times," in a long and favourable review of the work, complains that the title is rather boyish. Probably the criticism is just in one way, but it is characteristic of the man and he always will remain a boy—a boy moreover who tells his yarns well and is always modest about his own exploits.

We hope soon to see this most attractive book in a cheaper edition and brought within reach of all.

*D. W. P.*

## BOY.

MARIE CORELLI'S LATEST PRODUCTION.

MARIE CORELLI has again presented the world with another of her fascinating, powerful stories of real life, drawn in a way peculiarly her own. From first to last, "Boy," the central figure, claims

the reader's pity and sympathy. Even when he forges and alters the cheque presented to him by his benefactress, one cannot help feeling more than half sorry for him, and the greatest contempt for those

that brought him into the world; and then, instead of trying to mould him into an honoured member of society—one who would be a credit to his nation and the old county family from which he sprang—let him drift along the road that spells ruin; ay, and helped him along that self-same road. His earliest recollections are of a besotted, drunken father, and a slovenly, scandal-loving, degenerate mother. With these examples ever present in his life, what wonder that all the good in his nature was relegated to oblivion—what wonder that he became addicted to drink, and ultimately, under the strongest temptation, became a forger and a thief? Let us hope there are not many mothers such as “Boy’s.” To review a few other of the principal figures in this story, can we help the kindest feelings towards such a pure and gentle character such as “Kiss-Letty” is? Her absolute faith in her dead lover, her devotion to his memory, and the sublime belief that sooner or later she would be united to him in the Great Beyond—all these are things that those of a cynical, materialistic turn of mind may laugh at, but deep down in their hearts something stirs them and seems to whisper that such things are possible, even in this matter-of-fact nineteenth century. All of us like to believe, though few will admit it, that there are still many women left in the world as good as, and capable of loving, even as much as “Kiss-

Letty.” Then the gallant old “Major”—who can help being struck with the fine old man who would not shatter the cherished dreams of a woman’s life, even when by doing so he would have probably obtained the wish of his life—because he loved her, and preferred to carry his secret to the grave rather than disclose it? No matter how much our finer feelings may have become blunted by rough, hard contact with the world, we all, in our better moments, like to believe that such men do exist. All honour to the “Major!” There are some few who may find fault with the conclusion of the story, but on a little reflection, they will probably say with the Major: “Better so!”

A few words in favour of Marie Corelli:—“Even those who have been most adverse in their criticisms of her work, remembering that they have mothers and sisters—perhaps both—cannot but admire the dogged determination with which this little woman has stuck to her guns and forced her way to the very forefront of the leading authors of today. Some have said that her books are unfit for youths of either sex to read—that she is an atheist, a free-thinker, etc.—these theories are long since exploded, and it is becoming a generally acknowledged fact, that Marie Corelli and her books have done more to advance the cause of Christianity than the combined efforts of any other ten women of the last two decades.

*F. J. M.*

## A NEWFOUNDLANDER IN GERMANY.

AN AMERICAN smoking car joke which has stuck to me is a chaffing description of how a drummer discovered his friend early one Sunday morning among the hundreds of silent forms in the long-curtained alleys of the New York sleeper. The Bostonian described his colleague's New York twang, his squint, his ugly ears, all to no purpose. Scores of passengers rejoiced in these marks of distinction. Baffled, he remembered one other peculiarity of his chum. "Where is the man with the big boots?" he said, and without a moment's hesitation was conducted to his friend. Much in the same way my young German acquaintance spotted me as I arrived late one evening at the rambling Templerbend station at Aix-la-Chapelle. "Have you seen a thin man," he asked the porter, and instantly he was conducted to where I was struggling with the German language and my pile of personal effects. I was in the land of beer and breadth and was a marked man. Crossing the Square to an old fashioned commercial house, it was not long before I was introduced to that cool delectable beverage and certain men of weight. We sat in that vine-screened veranda late into the morning, my friend as interpreter, and it was still later in the morning when I awoke from a dream-clouded sleep in which the past and future were curiously mixed, and drew back my blind to look out on the new world I had entered. I was in a city of contrasts—a city of Holy Roman Emperors and Flemish weavers, of churches and towers hoary with antiquity, and stucco barracks filled with the newest type of German warriors.

It took little trouble or time to discover suitable rooms and to have

my luggage carted over for a less sum than you give a car-conductor to allow you to step off the train. I now fondly imagined I was free to make myself at home, but I was mistaken. I had to fill up a lengthy form notifying the police of my arrival, my parents' names and occupation, my birthplace and many other little items which I had never before considered of any interest to the world at large. You may live in London or New York half a century and remain unknown to the police unless you commit a felony or are sued for breach of promise. My innocent description of my age and worthy parents was scanned with suspicion. I was in a frontier town, permanently in a state of half-siege, and must produce a passport. I had none and could not secure one. The nearest English Consul agreed to give me a certificate if I could name anyone in Germany who would vouch for me. Fortunately I remembered some very dear friends, fellow Newfoundlanders, who would guarantee the German Empire against injury and was allowed to settle down. A young American friend, as innocent as I was of plotting against the Fatherland, was kept in suspense for some months. To ensure my right of re-entry into the country at any future time, it was necessary before I left Aix-la-Chapelle to go to the police station and announce my departure and destination.

The Belgian and Dutch frontiers were only a mile or two from my rooms and some of my English friends were very much afraid during the Jameson raid and after the Emperor's letter to Kruger that my tongue would betray me some day and I should be quietly bundled over the line. But

fortune favoured and I left without a mark against my name. To islanders like ourselves and citizens of Britain's wave-beat shores, the intangibility of a land frontier seems almost uncanny. It was possible to walk in the country lanes near Aachen, the German name for Aix-la-Chappelle, and only know that you were in Belgium, Holland, or Germany by the inscription on the Post Office Box. You might, in fact, be in none of these countries, but in a little neutral land, owing allegiance to neither Kaiser, King nor Queen.

I had allowed myself four months to acquire a working acquaintance with the German language, necessary to attend the course of lectures which had brought me to the Continent. My daily lessons were a frank failure, my private study dead sea apples. I bullied my teacher and tried my own system. I learned the names of every imaginable article, from a teaspoon to a penwiper my eye lit upon, never to need them again. I read little romances about school-girls, backfish—brook trout they are quaintly named, and political articles on the Butter Act, only to find myself, at the end of two months, hopelessly bogged. My friends could understand me but I failed to understand them.

A desperate remedy was evidently needed. I finally decided to bury myself in the Black Forest, in a little village where I was assured no Englishman had ever ventured. Vis-a-vis the first evening at Koenigsfeld sat a fellow countryman—an old school-master of my brother's—the advance guard of a party of ten. In some unaccountable way I was lucky enough to mortally offend these sons and daughters of Albion and was ostracised. I returned to Aachen with an ear tuned to those sounding gutturals so welcome to dear old Mark Twain. After discussing every plan of learning German with every possible expert, I am firmly of

opinion all the systems are wrong, the correct method should adapt itself to the particular idiosyncrasies of us all.

My budding acquaintance with German was soon put to the test in other ways besides the acquisition of useful knowledge. Elaborately printed cards were issued by the "Tessitura"—the Students' Social Club—inviting us all to a *Kneipe*. This general invitation had a commercial aspect. The curtains screening the secret joys of this most exclusive institution were drawn back for our gratification; we were expected to seek admission and so swell the somewhat diminished war-chest of the Society. We met at night in a small private room at a neighbouring hotel. We are at once given to understand that like the guests at a Yorkshire funeral we were "free and welcome"—we were free to all the beer we could drink before midnight. Wonderful tales are current about the amount of beer German students can consume—some are but slightly exaggerated, but the large majority of the young fellows I met on this occasion, and at the few opening and closing *Kneipes* I attended, behaved with much discretion.

We were somewhat awed at first. At the head of a horse-shoe table sat the President in velvet cap, evening suit and sword; at the feet were his Vice-presidents similarly attired. The proceedings were opened by the President rising, hitting his sword heavily on the table and calling out "Silentium." The Vice-presidents repeated his words and actions—they do this on every occasion. The effect soon becomes comical, especially when you come to know these dignified individuals more intimately.

The evening was spent in toasting to Kaiser, the Professors present, and some always grace the proceedings with not perhaps due dignity and invited student guests

from some neighbouring University. Each toast ends with a "salamander." The President with his satellites rise and cry "One, two, three, off!" and glasses are raised; then he says "One, two, three!" again and our glasses must all be empty, upturned and rattled on the tables. It does not take long to learn that this rule is more kept in the breach than the observance—a sip is sufficient to satisfy the occasion generally—a little tact teaches one when the full ceremonial must be observed.

The toasts themselves were full of interest to an outsider, especially the seriousness with which all the speeches were inspired. It is as impossible to convey any adequate idea of a German speech with all its sounding words and flowery periods as it is to reproduce the Homeric thunder in English verse. Between the toasts the beautiful student songs, known to some of us, were sung by all. They give the tone to these assemblies. Most of them are both sweet and sonorous, some have come down from a long-forgotten age. These *kneipes* and *commerces*, as the more public functions are called, are survivals from the Middle Ages and the ceremonies which now excite our mirth are probably the relics of some old guild liturgy.

These gatherings are of more than passing interest or mere food for laughter. They help to disclose the German character, to enable us to solve the many riddles it propounds.

This is my excuse for dwelling fully upon what will appear to many nothing more than a students' revel. I have no wish to write an apotheosis of Beer and Song. Beer, like King Charles' head in the memorial, cannot howsoever be excluded from any view of German life. We must not, we cannot judge it by our standards. These Teutons are a highly sentimental people, governed by ideas and

emotions. Germans are still far too hide-bound by forms and fashions. Imitation of English and American ways however is fast becoming the dominant note in German life. Each year the proportion of the population engaged in commerce and living in the great centres grows at the expense of agriculture. The old, narrow crooked *gasses* are threaded by electric tramways which lead out into new and gaudy streets, wide and straight. The town walls become a promenade. As you pass along the new *Allees* and *Plaetze* visions of childhood rise to the mind. Here at last are the houses of one's youth, the models of the brick-box dreamed about but never seen, pillared and corniced. There they are row upon row in gaudy red and yellow stucco with brass-bound front doors and much becurtained and ornamented lower windows.

To realize the eternal economy of a Teutonic home we must carry the imagination back fifty years at least—to the time of our grandmothers, to the days when linen was a family heir-loom and jam and pickles were made at home. Soup and salad are invariable items at every mid-day meal. The soup is always good, but it is at the expense of the meat it is made from which is served as the first course with pickles and sauce. A cutlet of veal or pork or mutton *gekocktes* with salad follows. Oh the joy of that sweet London steak after months of *gekocktes rhindfleisch*, only equaled by the cut of Welsh mutton after months of American "lamb." To the initiated sour kraut and sausage are as good in their place as Boston baked beans and fish balls. German houses seem stiff and bare to our fancy and carry the odour of the preserving pan from one year to another. The superior delicacy of beer drunk from the cask over bottled ale and the love of companionship, take the whole family much out into res-

taurants and gardens. In spite of the publicity of their life family ties are close and strong.

Aix-le-Chapelle was a Spa, and so we were well favoured with music and entertainment. The guide books say the band played every morning from seven to eight, but I never knew anyone who had heard it. At noon we all assembled in the Elizengarten—Russians and Belgian and German ladies in silk and satin, English girls in blouse and sailor hats, Austrians in frock coats and straws, Englishmen in flannels and Homburg hats, officers, and last, but not least in either form or fashion, German students with many coloured sashes, students' caps, thick sticks and those upturned toes so cleverly caught in the caricatures of the "Fliegende Blätter"—the German Punch. With all their bombast these "Gigerls" are no prigs. How they combine so much "bummelng"—going on the spree with so much real solid study, is a mystery I never solved. Many of these fellows carried the sword mark on their cheeks—the German hall mark of erudition. Some of my colleagues attempted a duel. Seconds skilled in the art and etiquette, were imported from Bonn. The police got wind of it and treated the duellists like naughty children. Public opinion is too strong for even the German Government to put down this cruel horseplay at the great Universities; but they will not allow it to be imported into the new technical institutions.

The central group in the gardens was always the knot of officers tight-laced, dapper and haughty. They chatted with their wives and

friends unconscious of the promenading crowd. It always made my blood boil to watch some young volunteer wait patiently at the officers' reserved table in a restaurant till they deigned to notice him and then see him bow himself backwards out of their sight. The amount of bowing one should have done was prodigious. Everyone you ever had spoken to bowed everytime they ever met you. I made my stick do duty much to the disgust, I am afraid, of many of my young friends.

Once a week, at least, we had a really good classical concert and at frequent intervals fireworks and open air performances. The novelty soon wore off and still one found a quiet satisfaction in going day after day to see the same people and do the same things. Our English colony was little in evidence. We were said to consist of sixteen cranks with sixteen quarrels. In spite of our infirmities we clung very closely to one another—strangers in a strange land.

A serious study of the wonderful advance made by Germany since 1870 would be out of place in these light, wandering fancies of a dilettante economist, written *currente calamo*. No one can doubt that this great Empire, this mighty force, wisely guided, must be one of the most potent influences in the regeneration of the waste places of the earth and the civilization of its dense masses of ignorance and degradation. Many Anglo-Saxon and Teuton ever work in harmony. The idealism German race is one of Europe's most precious heritages.

*Altes Haus.*



## SOME VERSES OF THE SEA.

COLERIDGE wrote wonderfully of the sea in the "Ancient Mariner." Every verse-writer has turned to it at one time or another, but too many of them have failed to catch anything new or true. R. L. Stevenson wrote of the sea and the coast in many of his stories—in "The Merry Men," "The Pavilion on the Links," "Treasure Island," etc., but, as he wrote them not in short lines and rhyming words I may not call them sea-poetry.

To-day, verse-writers, young and old, small and great, are translating for us the real, changeful heart of the sea, and the lives of those who go down to it in ships. The Anglo-Saxon and the people of Anglo-Saxon blood, still sail the sea in their old, masterly way, and still write of it. Kipling shouts—:

We have fed our sea for a thousand years  
And she calls us, still unfed,  
Though there's never a wave of all her waves

But marks our English dead:  
We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest

To the shark and the sheering gull.  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
Lord God, we ha' paid in full!"

"We must feed our sea for a thousand years,

For that is our doom and pride,  
As it was when they sailed with the *Golden Hind*,

Or the wreck that struck last tide—  
Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef

Where the ghastly blue-lights flare.  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
Lord God, we ha' paid it fair." •

Perhaps Kipling's finest sea-verses are those of the North. In "The Merchantmen" we read—

"And north, amid the hummocks,  
A biscuit-toss below,  
We met the silent shallop  
That frightened whalers know;

For, down a cruel ice-lane,  
That opened as he sped,  
We saw dead Henry Hudson  
Steer, North by West, his dead."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Let go, let go the anchors;  
Now shamed at heart are we  
To bring so poor a cargo home  
That had for gift the sea!  
Let go the great bow anchors—  
Ah, fools were we and blind—  
The worst we stored with utter toil,  
The best we left behind,"

To my mind one of the most stirring poems in "The Seven Seas" is "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers." The story of the fight of the sealing vessels is told "Away by the lands of the Japancee where the paper lanterns glow." and in bold words and strong the tale runs, and we read the Law of the Muscovite, which is "When ye come by his isles in the Smoky Sea ye must not take the seal." But this law, like many another, is disregarded, and the *Baltic*, *Stralsund* and *Northern Light*, all law breakers, fight over some stolen pelts.

"Answered the snap of a closing lock and  
the jar of a gun-butt slid,

"And the tender fog shut fold on fold to  
hide the wrong they did.

"The weeping fog rolled fold on fold the  
wrath of man to cloak,

"And the flame-spurt's pale ran down the  
rail as the sealing-rifles spoke."

Then Reuben Paine, shot unto  
death, waived :—

"The tides they'll go through Fundy  
race but I'll go never more

"And see the hogs from ebb-tide mark  
turn scampering back to shore.

"No more I'll see the trawlers drift be-  
low the Bass Rock ground,

"Or watch the tall Fall steamer lights  
tear blazing up the Sound."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Have I followed the sea for thirty years  
to die in the dark at last?

"Curse on her work that has nipped me  
 here with a shifty trick unkind  
 "I have gotten my death where I got my  
 bread but I dare not face it blind.  
 "Curse on the fog! Is there never a wind  
 of all the winds I knew  
 "To clear the smother from off my chest  
 and let me look at the blue?"  
 "The good fog heard—like a splitten sail,  
 to left and right she tore,  
 "And they saw the sun-dogs in the haze  
 and the seal upon the shore.  
 "Silver and grey ran spit and bay to  
 meet the steel-backed tide,  
 "And pinched and white in the clearing  
 light the crews stared overside."

Bliss Carman, the Canadian singer, has filled his lines with the rhythm of the sea since the days of his earliest productions. Until recently his seas have all been northern ones—grey and lifeless, yet fascinating, and rimmed about by grim rocks, black spruces, and fettered ice. The north-lights flashed and faded above them. Huskies cried in the dark and wolves slinked within sound of the surf. Weirds and goblins danced on the snow and "Yanna of the sea-grey eyes," awaited her lover by the northern hearth.

It was great poetry, and the white and silver and red of it clings to me. But to-day he writes:

"I know where there's a city, whose  
 streets are white and clean,  
 And sea-blue morning loiters by walls  
 where roses lean,  
 And quiet dwells; that's Nassan, beside  
 her creaming key,  
 The queen of the Lucayas in the blue  
 Bahaman sea.  
 "She's ringed with surf and coral, she's  
 crowned with sun and palm;  
 "She has the old-world leisure, the regal  
 tropic calm;  
 "The trade winds fan her forehead; in  
 everlasting June  
 "She reigns from deep verandas above  
 her blue lagoon.  
 "She has had many suitors—Spaniards  
 and Buccaneer—  
 "Who roistered for her beauty and spilt  
 their blood for her;  
 "But none has dared molest her, since  
 the loyalist Deveaux  
 "Went down from Carolina a hundred  
 years ago.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Through streets as smooth as asphalt  
 and white as bleaching shell,  
 "Where the slip-shod heel is happy and  
 the naked foot goes well,  
 "In their gaudy cotton kerchiefs, with  
 swaying hips and free,  
 "Go her black folk in the morning to the  
 market of the sea.  
 "Into her bright sea-gardens the flushing  
 tide-gates lean.  
 "Where fins of chrome and scarlet loll in  
 the lifting weed;  
 "With the long sea-draft behind them,  
 through luring coral groves  
 "The shining water-people go by in paint-  
 ed droves."

Newfoundland—sea-girt, rock-bound, drunk with the music of surf, full of the romance of fog, and sun, and tide and ice-floe, has touched the alien with its inspiration, but has nurtured no poet of its own. There are a few hair-brained people who scribble a great deal of very bad verse—almost too bad to find an adjective for—far too childish to consider seriously. There are a few Newfoundlanders, it is true, who have written delightfully of their own seas, both in verse and prose, but these are inclined to be too modest, fearing, I suppose, the clutches of the "Christmas Numbers." In prose, Newfoundland is more fortunate, having a dozen or more graceful and easy writers. There are hundreds of well-educated and well-read Newfoundlanders. There are hundreds possessing the required taste and the "seeing eye." Why won't a few of these direct their attention seriously toward the production of good verse. Canada has her own school of poets, the members of which are honoured in the outside world. And so has Australia.

An "Outsider," in a number of the New York *Independent* of last year, printed a poem called "The City of Winds," from which I quote the following:—

Fifty sail in the harbour  
 Where the white-caps swagger free—  
 A fishing-smack in the "Narrows"  
 And a hundred more at sea.

And the spoil of the East and South  
Where scented blossoms spill,  
Passing the grinding icebergs  
To our town on the w. ndy hill.

\* \* \* \* \*

The walls of the City of Winds  
Are battered, and grim and rent,  
Worried by winds and fires  
And fogs that are never spent.

The heart of our City of Winds  
Is light 'neath the scars and grime—  
Unhurt by the hurrying flame,  
Or the leisurely hands of time.

\* \* \* \* \*

The brown hills lean and ponder  
O'er harbor, and street and square,

With never a question or answer  
For the trafficking people there.

Fifty sail in the harbor,  
Straining to stagger free—  
A mail-boat in the "Narrows,"  
And a blowing of horns at sea.

A chiming of bells in the towers—  
The boom of the midday gun,  
And the fog-bank thins and rises  
Beneath the joy of the sun.

My only excuse for quoting the above verses in the same article with Kipling and Carmen, is that they are descriptive of St. John's, and readable to the outside world.

*Bertram North.*

## FOR HIS BROTHER'S SAKE.

THE golden glory of a sunset lingered caressingly over the broad lands and stately mansion of Lady Eva Riverdale. In an upper room of Riverdale Hall, two youths were sobbing; for a telegram telling them that their mother was dying, had come to their college only the day before, and they had at once obtained leave to go home. They had only just arrived, and were waiting for the nurse's permission to go to their mother's room. The elder of the two, Sir John Riverdale, was doing his best to comfort the younger one, but his efforts seemed to be of no avail.

Sir John arose from the chair on which he had been sitting, and crossing the room, flung his arms around his brother's neck.

"Don't cry Jim, old man. Perhaps —," and then he, too, broke down and nothing could be heard but suppressed sobs.

The door opened, and a nurse appeared and beckoned to them.

Still with their arms about each other's necks, with noiseless footsteps, they went down the great

staircase and entered their mother's room.

On the bed lay a woman who had once been very beautiful, but suffering and sickness had worn her to a shadow of her old self. As her sons entered the room, she greeted them with a wan smile and bade them draw near.

"My sons; I feel that my hours are numbered, and before I die, I want you to promise me that you will endeavor to be noble and brave as your father was; remember, he said, 'A true man should never lie, —never do anything mean or dishonorable—and above all—should honor and respect all women.'"

She paused for breath, and then resumed:

"Do not mourn for me. I go to join your father in Heaven."

Here, the younger brother broke into a fit of convulsive sobbing and had to be led from the room.

Turning to her eldest son, Lady Eva continued:

"I have a request to make of you, Jack. Promise me you will look after your brother, Jim. I know

you are only sixteen, but if you promise to care for—to protect him, I shall die easier.”

She took a small silver crucifix from her neck and handed it to him.

“Swear on this that you will do as I ask.”

And then, sixteen year old Sir John swore to protect and care for the brother that was only twelve months his junior.

With an effort, Lady Eva clasped the crucifix around his neck, and then fell back on the pillow exhausted.

A long shaft of light penetrated the room. It seemed as though the setting sun had concentrated all its power into that one glorious ray. Lady Eva stretched out her arms towards it. It came as a message from Heaven to her; for, with a smile, she half arose and said:

“My darling husband! I come!”

She fell gently back, and when Sir John looked, she was dead.

The sun set and the ray of light faded from the room. And one more soul was cleaving its way through space to that mysterious bourne whence all must go.

The doctor said she died of consumption, but there were others who said that she had never lifted her head up from the day her husband had been carried from the hunting field, crushed and mangled through his horse falling on him. But scientists say that “broken hearts are impossible,” and the great materialistic world believes them,—because *it is pleased to do so.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Six years later. How had Sir John fulfilled his promise?

NOBLY.

It was Sir John who helped Jim with all his difficult problems at college—who insisted in fighting Jim’s battles; and now that they had both left college, it was Sir John who brought all his steadying influence to bear on Jim, for Jim’s

was one of those natures easily controlled for good or evil.

And what did Jim think of all this? Let the following anecdote show:

Jim was at his club one day, listening to the stories Lord Tempest was telling about life in Paris. He detailed his many amours and conquests in a way that disgusted more than one of his hearers. Jim’s face must have expressed all the disgust he felt, for as he turned to leave the would-be Lothario said sneeringly, “By Jove! didn’t notice you were here, Riverdale, or I shouldn’t have told such stories; knowing that your *model* of a brother dislikes you to hear such stuff.”

Jim’s face clouded with passion, and clenching his strong hand, he struck the peer a blow that sent him reeling to the floor.

“You scoundrel! how dare you insult my brother?”

Unfortunately for Lord Tempest, a stout malacca cane caught Jim’s eye at that moment, and snatching it up, he proceeded to belabor the prostrate peer until he writhed and howled for mercy.

“If I did not think that you had drunk a little more champagne than is good for you, I would thrash you within an inch of your life; as it is, I insist that you apologise for the sneering way you spoke of my brother.”

And Lord Tempest was compelled to apologise and repeat after Jim that Sir John Riverdale was one of the best fellows in the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

They were introduced to her at a ball, and both of them fell in love with her.

May Vavasour was one of those dainty, ethereal, little women, who set the hearts of strong men beating uncomfortably—one of the kind that can figuratively twist men around their fingers—one of the kind that can influence men to

do deeds that the angels might well be proud of—one of the kind that men would damn their souls for. And as Sir John waltzed with her, he felt that this fragile, delicate, bright-eyed woman was his first, and it seemed to him, only love. And Jim, as he cloaked and handed her into her carriage, thought she was an angel, and wished that her horses would bolt, so that he might have a chance to show that he would readily give his life for her.

Before retiring to his room for the night, Jim went to have his customary smoke and chat with Sir John, and never realising that his every word was tearing his brother's heart to pieces, he told him how much he loved May Vavasour, although he had only known her a few hours.

"I know, dear old Jack, you will not laugh at me and talk about love at first sight being foolish, but—what's the matter old chap?" for a convulsive shudder had run through Sir John, when he heard Jim talking so glibly about his love for May Vavasour. He recovered his self-possession with an effort and replied:

"Nothing, Jim; must have caught a chill somehow."

And Jim wanted to send for a doctor, but his brother only laughed and said he would be all right in the morning. As they shook hands before parting for the night, Sir John said in a voice husky with emotion, "Good night, Jim; dream brightly. May Heaven aid and prosper you in your love."

And Jim, as he went to his room, thought that Jack looked awfully ill and resolved to wire for a doctor if he were no better in the morning. It never struck him that Jack could be in love with May—his May, as he already called her to himself. And he slept that night and dreamed bright dreams, in which he saw a fair, sweet face, dark hair and bright eyes. And he dreamed that

the dark hair brushed his face, and the bright eyes beamed on him, and he was happy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Left alone in his room, Sir John was fighting a terrible battle with himself. What evil genius was it that seemed to shriek in his ears: "Fool! You have both title and money. Win the girl for yourself. Why sacrifice everything for your brother's sake?" And then he began to pace the room, great drops of sweat standing out on his brow. In his awful heart-agony he struck himself on the chest. His hand struck against something hard. It was the silver crucifix his dying mother had placed round his neck. He unfastened, and laid it on the table before him, and the memory of his mother's death-bed and his promise came vividly to his mind. His evil genius commenced to lose ground. He gazed long and steadfastly at the Crucified Form, clenching and unclenching his hands. He did not notice or feel that he was driving his nails deep into the flesh—deep enough to draw blood. For an hour he stood before the tiny crucifix, fighting hard against himself, and then—he dropped on his knees, and prayed the Great Creator to give him strength to keep from May Vavasour the knowledge of how madly he loved her. The fight was over and his good genius had triumphed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Six weeks later, Jim bounded into his brother's room, to tell him that May reciprocated his love, and had promised to be his wife. Every word that he uttered was a knife in Sir John's heart, but he smiled bravely and congratulated him. With a lover's selfishness, Jim never noticed the agony his brother was undergoing. In an injured tone he said:—"I have got to wait twelve

months before I can marry May, because she is going with her invalid father to the Riviera. The doctors say it will take fully that time before her father can recover from the ill health into which he had fallen through overwork, and May says I must wait until he is quite well. She says it will be a test of my love and a lot of queer things to the same effect." Then, brightening up a bit: "Of course you will be best man, old fellow? But what a long time it seems to wait; I've a good mind to go to South Africa and pot lions; the time will pass more rapidly that way. What do you think of the idea, Jack? Suppose we both go."

Sir John was in the mood for something of this sort and readily assented to Jim's proposal. Acting on the impulse they at once secured berths on the S. S. *Doune Castle* which was sailing for the Cape the following week. Then came the selection of twelve bores, express and sporting rifles, 3-a buck-shot, cartridges and all the paraphernalia of the hunter. At last the day for sailing arrived and curiously, May and her father were starting for the Riviera on the same date. Then there were farewells to say and poor Jim nearly decided not to go to Matabeleland after all. As he waved May a last good-bye, she called him back and told him to send Sir John to her. Jim wondered what she could want with his brother, for he had made his farewells to May and her father the previous night, but he delivered the message, post haste. Almost guessing what it was she wanted, Sir John put on a brave face and hurried to the home of his brother's *fiancee*. May was waiting for him, and as he entered she motioned him to a seat, for her heart was almost too full for speech; and then, between her sobs, she implored Sir John to take care of his brother. "You know, Jack, he is so reckless;

and I shall feel content if you promise to look after him." And Sir John promised May Vavasour, even as he had promised his mother, so long ago, to care for and protect Jim. Then he bade her good-bye and forced himself away.

May Vavasour never realized what that interview cost Sir John Riverdale.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sir John Riverdale and his brother were thinking of returning to Europe. They had been lucky enough to bag four lions besides numerous other small game. They were riding hard one night, hoping to reach Bulawayo before the hotels were closed. Within a mile of the town, Jim, who was riding a little ahead, received a rude shock. An armed man stepped from behind a tree, and shouted: "Halt! Who comes there?" Jim reined up his horse at once, and as his brother rode up, inquired what was the matter. To their astonishment, they were told that the Matabele were in a state of revolt and were murdering the storekeepers and prospectors all along the road to Bulawayo. They could consider themselves fortunate they had not met any of the insurrectionists. They were permitted to pass the sentry, and making their way to headquarters at once, both volunteered their services which were gladly accepted, for it seemed as though the Matabele were going to give a lot of trouble, and there were not too many white men to cope with the difficulty.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two hundred men were camped at Umluguli; for the most part, a hardy, cheerful, sun-tanned lot of young fellows. To hear them singing and telling stories, no one would have dreamed how close to death some of them were. Jim Riverdale never rightly knew how it all came

about. He had a confused recollection of hearing somebody scream out, "Look out boys, the niggers are on us;" and then, shrieking, yelling and howling like fiends incarnate, a host of Matabele warriors came pouring into the little camp of white men. Taken completely by surprise, many of them fell under the murderous spears that rained down on them thick as hail, but headed by Sir John Riverdale, the remnant made a fierce and determined stand, and after about half an hour's fearful carnage, a Maxim gun—that had unfortunately jammed in the beginning of the fight, but was now cleared—was brought to bear on the natives. Brave and courageous they undoubtedly were, but under this continuous hail of lead, they commenced to break and run. The victorious whites gave a hoarse cheer and started in pursuit. Then Jim managed to get isolated somehow, and he found himself surrounded by six murderous-looking natives. He had lost his carbine, but drawing a revolver from his belt, with a silent prayer to God for himself, and another for May, he set his teeth hard and resolved to die as a true Britisher should. Some of the niggers should die with him; he was fully determined on that point. He levelled his revolver at the nearest native and pressed the trigger. Then—"God of Heaven!" it was jammed. By this time his foes were almost on top of him, and as they advanced, he hurled the useless revolver amongst them, striking one full in the face, who dropped like a log. Then he thought his last day had arrived, for a gigantic warrior was poisoning a spear only a few yards away from him. He

closed his eyes to meet the death that seemed so near, when the sharp crack of a carbine rang out and the warrior fell to the ground tearing up the veldt in his death agony. Jim opened his eyes and saw his brother fighting like a fury, with a clubbed carbine; and picking up a knobkerrie that lay at his feet he rushed to his assistance. Then more help arrived and the four remaining Matabele turned to fly, but not before one of them had hurled his assegai with all too accurate aim at Sir John. Jim saw his brother fall, and with a cry like an enraged tiger, made a dash at his murderer. He caught him by the neck, and with a mighty effort, swung him high in the air, and then brought him to the ground, breaking his neck as though it were matchwood. Then he hurried back to Sir John's side. The assegai had passed through his lungs, but he managed to smile when he saw Jim approaching. "Brace up, Jim, old boy," for Jim had dropped on his knees and was crying as he had not cried since childhood. It was very evident that Sir John had only a few minutes to live. He battled hard for breath, and motioned Jim to stoop lower. Jim obeyed, and then in a faint whisper, Sir John said: "God bless you, Jim, old fellow; tell May I kept my promise, and tell her I died fighting to the last"—this with a proud smile. "Go home and marry her after this cursed war is over, for I feel certain you will live through it." And then the blood poured in a vivid torrent from his nostrils and mouth, and when Jim looked again, Sir John was smiling at him, but—dead.

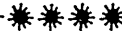
*Evelyn Ormond.*



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# GAME LAWS

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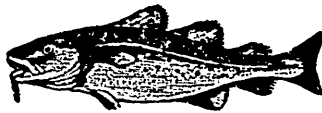
FROM THE ACT "RESPECTING THE PRESERVATION OF DEER."

4.—No person shall hunt, kill, or pursue with intent to kill, any caribou, from the first day of February to the fifteenth day of July in any year both days inclusive, or from the first day of October to the twentieth day of October in any year, both days inclusive.

7.—No person not actually domiciled in this colony shall hunt, kill or pursue with intent to kill in any season, any caribou, without having first procured a license for the season.

8.—A license to hunt and kill caribou may be issued by a Stipendiary Magistrate, a Justice of the Peace, a Warden appointed under this Act, or the Minister or Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

10.—Licenses shall be of three kinds: a license entitling the holder thereof to kill and take two stag and one doe caribou shall be issued upon the payment of a fee of Forty Dollars; a license to kill three stag and one doe caribou shall be issued upon the payment of a fee of Fifty Dollars, and a license to kill five stag and two doe caribou shall be issued upon the payment of a fee of Eighty Dollars. A license of the first class shall hold good for four weeks from the date thereof; a license of the second class for six weeks from the date thereof, and a license of the third class for two months from the date thereof.



FROM "RULES AND REGULATIONS RESPECTING TROUT AND SALMON."

75.—No person shall catch, kill or take salmon or trout in any river, brook, stream, pond or lake in Newfoundland, between the tenth day of September and the fifteenth day of January next following in any year.

"No net or other such contrivance for the purpose of catching salmon or trout, or likely to bar any passage for such fish, shall be set in Harry's Brook, in the District of Bay St. George, or within fifty fathoms of its mouth."

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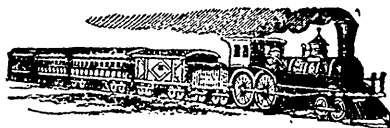
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