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FRONTISPIECE, MASSEY'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER, 1896.

DRAWN BY A. H. HIDER.

LT.-COL. JOHN I. DAVIDSON—48TH HIGHLANDERS.

[*Canadian Militia Series.*—See p. 109.]

MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1896.

No. 3.

OUR YACHTSMEN ABROAD.

BY WILLIAM Q. PHILLIPS.

THIS is Canada's year in international yachting matters. The best efforts of our yachtsmen are being expended in American waters in competition with those who fly the Stars and Stripes. Already one decided victory has been scored by the

fifteen-footer *Glencairn*, and, whatever the month of August may have in store for our fleet on Lake Erie, it is gratifying to know that we are well prepared, both as regards yachts and the men to man them. This state of affairs has not come about by chance or mere good luck.

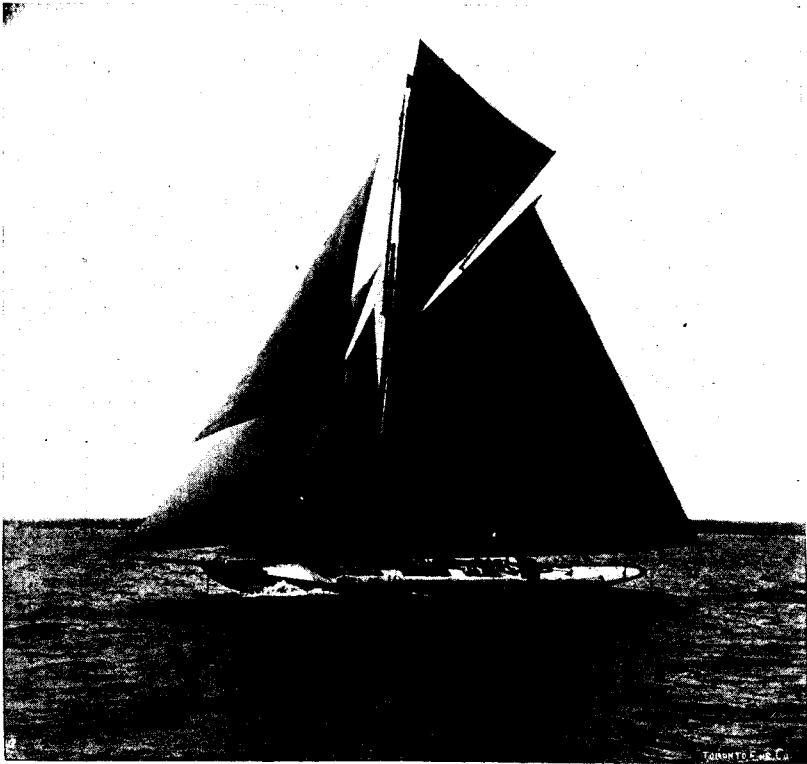


PHOTO BY J. BRUCE, TORONTO.

For years past our yachtsmen have been building and racing among themselves for the most part, but with that quiet persistency and system that are eminently British, and, although laboring under heavy disadvantages, the tendency has been to bring the design and equipment of our craft up to the world's best standards. Our seamanship is already acknowledged wherever known. The very fact that many of our most enthusiastic yachtsmen have little money to spend has precluded the possibility of leaving the sailing of their yachts to paid hands, and so developed a sturdy and thorough Corinthianism.

Some two years ago the Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup was offered for competition, open to any representative of a recognized foreign yacht club. Its advent was the outcome of much careful observation on the part of American yachtsmen, keen for international sport, but disappointed that the America's Cup provoked so little of it. Rightly attributing this to the cumbersome conditions that compelled the challenger to build a large and costly vessel, they determined upon establishing a trophy that should not lack prestige, but develop the science and art of yacht building upon the smallest, rather than the largest scale. The Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, of New York, took the matter in hand, and the cup bears its name. No better introduction could have been suggested. The club is one of the most active and progressive in the United States, as an evidence of which it may be noted that the original length and sail area rule of yacht measurement, for many years in force on Lake Ontario, was first introduced by this club, and has since been known as the Seawanhaka rule. A challenge soon came from the half-rater or fifteen-footer *Spruce IV.*, owned by J. Arthur Brand, representing the Minima Yacht Club, of England. And the cup was successfully defended by the fifteen-footer *Ethelwynn*, winning three races out of five, the other two going to *Spruce*. So it was a close contest. No sooner was the racing over than another challenge came from George Herrick Duggan, of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, of

Montreal. He reserved the right to name his craft at a later date, the intention being to build a number of fifteen-footers and, after thorough trial, to select the best of the lot. This was only fair, as a similar advantage accrued to the defenders.

Herrick Duggan is no novice in boat-sailing. Years ago he was one of the leading members of the old Toronto Yacht Club, and since his removal to Montreal has been equally active, doing considerable designing as well as sailing. His experience has been mostly in small craft, and alternately at the tiller and the designing table, he gained a particular and comprehensive experience, which stood him in good stead when called upon to produce a champion fifteen-footer. Immediately upon placing the challenge last fall, various members of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club instructed him to design fifteen-footers, each one to show different characteristics, although all were to be of the same general type. This gave Mr. Duggan ample opportunity to work out his ideas without crowding too many aboard any one craft, while all his associates secured fast and capable little boats. Other designers were also represented, and an excellent fleet secured for trial racing. This occupied the early summer, and the best boat was found to be *Glencairn*, Mr. Duggan's latest design, built for Com. James Ross, and, in fact, the flagship of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, the Commodore being in Europe this summer, and not at present owning a larger craft; but a floating palace could have done his club no more credit.

The problem confronting Mr. Duggan as a designer was that of producing a boat not exceeding fifteen feet corrected length, this being obtained by the formula well known to yachtsmen—half the sum of the load water-line and the square root of the sail area. This gave a choice of a long water-line and small sail area, or *vice versa*. Having several boats to design, Mr. Duggan began by using a long water-line, reducing it in successive experiments, the final and most successful boat, *Glencairn*, having the shortest water-line of any, and, con-

sequently, the largest sail area. Her dimensions are as follows:

Load water-line	- - - -	12 ft. 9 in.
Beam at deck	- - - -	6 ft. 3 in.
Sail area	- - - -	292 square feet.

There are the customary long overhangs at each end, the lines of the bow being carried out with an appearance of fullness and then rounded in quickly. The floor is wide, perfectly flat, with a strong bilge and quite a flare to the sides. While involving what is usually referred to as the scow principle to a marked extent, all relationship to the square box is carefully concealed, and her deck and sides are as round as in any ordinary yacht of her class. The mainsail is of the sliding gunter pattern. The jib has a club on the foot, and the bowsprit is two feet outboard, supported with a bob-stay spread by a dolphin-striker. The sails are of heavy muslin, made by Thomas Sonne, of Montreal. And the entire boat was built not only on Canadian soil, but by Canadian workmen and of Canadian materials. The work was done by Mr. Herbert Hall, the well-known foreman of Harry Hodson's shops in Toronto. He had already built several of the trial fleet from Mr. Duggan's designs in Toronto, but for this job he went down to Montreal, and the work was done on the premises of the Dominion Bridge Co. at Lachine. As most Toronto yachtsmen know, Herrick Duggan is an old friend and customer of Hodson's, their relations extending back to the early days of the Toronto Yacht Club. In fact, bluff but good-natured Harry Hodson has even claimed that the celebrated old club was originated in his shop by Herrick Duggan and a few others of a like mind. At all events, he held Mr. Duggan in high esteem, and when first the challenge was issued, wrote and offered to furnish the hull of the challenger gratis. His share in the work was carried out in a thoroughly sportsmanlike spirit, ably seconded by the good workmanship of Mr. Hall. The planking of *Glencairn* is of Canadian white pine and cedar, ship lapped, thoroughly true and well put together. The deck is of British Columbia cedar. Every nail is of Canadian make, and her fittings were all made in Montreal under

the superintendence of Mr. Duggan. While well built and lacking in no essential particular, the total cost was said to be only a little over \$200.00, a very creditable feature, especially when it is remembered that some of the fancy fifteen-footers built to defend the Cup cost upwards of \$1,000.

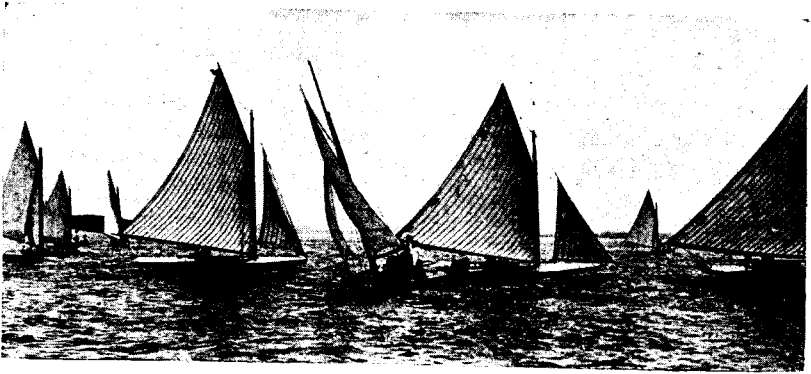
Not only was the defence fleet more costly but much more numerous and included every known type that could be pressed into service. Upwards of thirty boats came to the line in the trial races, and there were many more, that, for various reasons, did not get so far. Many prominent American designers, including Herreshoff and Stephens (the designer of *Ethelwynn*) were represented, and even the resources of canoeing were drawn on, Mr. Paul Butler sailing a craft with some canoe features in the rig and designed by his nephew, Mr. Butler Ames. The trial races were of the greatest interest, and there were several good seconds to *El Heirie*, the defender finally selected, among them being *Riverside*, which was held in readiness during the Cup races, in case of mishap to *El Heirie*.

El Heirie, owned by Mr. C. H. Crane of the Seawanhaka Club, was designed by his brother, D. H. Crane, the general idea being taken from *Question*, a scow, built craft that caused some astonishment by her fast reaching and general all round work in the trial racing last year. While working on the general ideas embraced in *Question's* design, Mr. Crane elaborated and improved them to a marked degree, the result being more properly classed with *Ethelwynn*, the successful defender against *Spruce*.

The dimensions of *El Heirie* are as follows:—

Length over all	- - - -	23 ft., 3 in.
Length water line	- - - -	14 ft., 4 in.
Beam extreme	- - - -	5 ft., 6 in.
Beam at water line	- - - -	5 ft.,
Draft of hull	- - - -	5 in.
Draft with board down	- - - -	5 ft.

Mr. Herrick Duggan, accompanied by his crew and fellow representative of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, Mr. F. P. Shearwood, arrived in New York July 5th, bringing *Glencairn* with them by rail. The craft was soon transferred to Oyster Bay and rigged up, a week

*Paprika.**Vesper.**El Heirie.**In It.*

TRIAL RACE OF HALF-RATERS.

being spent knocking about the waters of the course, and getting such local knowledge of tides and currents as was necessary. In this work Mr. Duggan was generously assisted by members of the Seawanhaka Club, who lost no opportunity of coaching him, nor had they any cause to be ashamed of their pupil.

The first race was sailed on July 13th, the course being three miles to leeward and return, two rounds making twelve

miles in all. At the start there was but a light breeze, and with spinnaker set *Glencairn* soon pulled out a lead, adding to it very materially on the beat back and completing the first round nearly seven minutes ahead of *El Heirie*. Down the wind again *Glencairn* gained another couple of minutes, but all meaning was taken out of the final beat home by a thunder squall, which obliged both to reef, *Glencairn* making the most of the

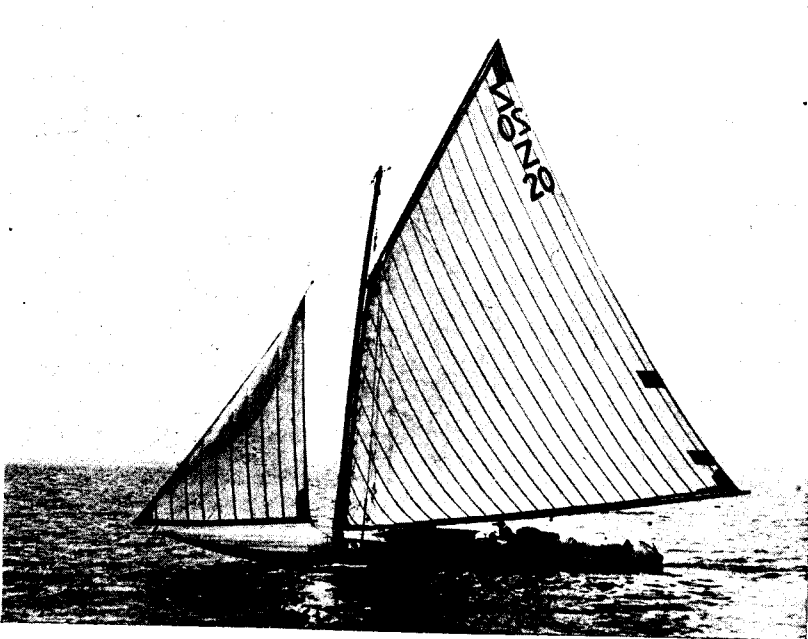


PHOTO BY J. S. JOHNSON, NEW YORK.

EL HEIRIE.—THE AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE.

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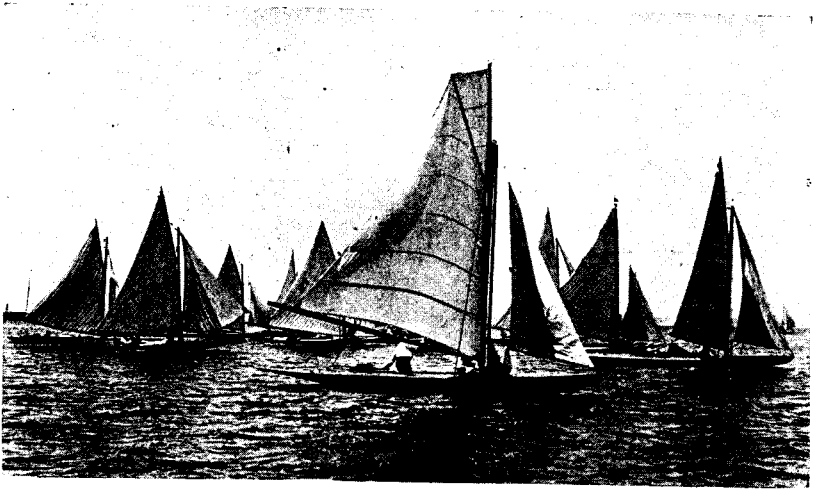


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START OF THE HALF-RATERS.

strong wind while it lasted, and getting to the finish just before it fell almost a flat calm, *El Heirie* having to struggle

against a foul tide and not finishing until three quarters of an hour later. The elapsed times for the entire race were:—

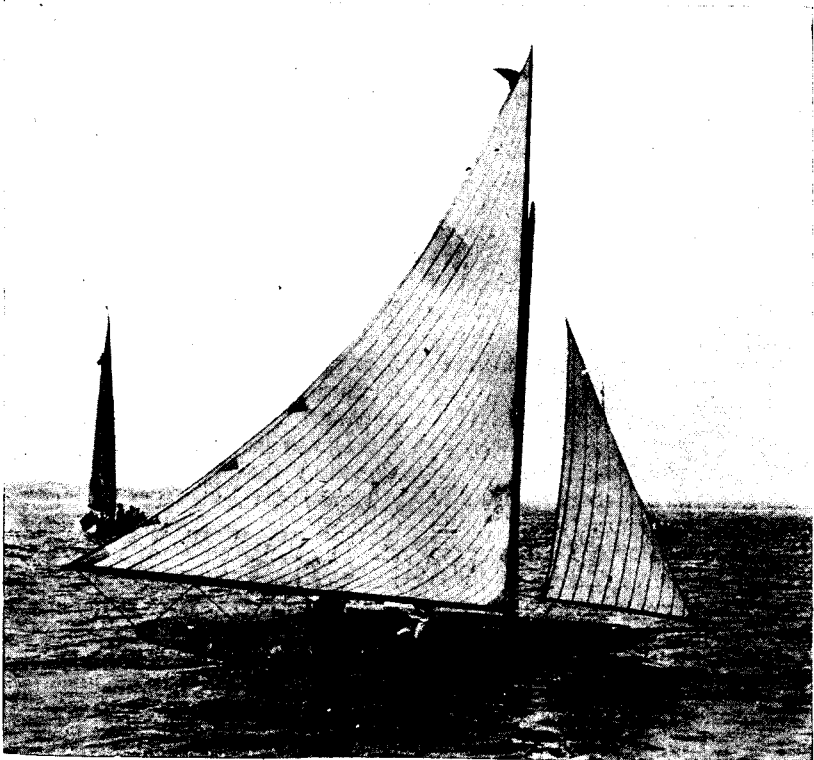
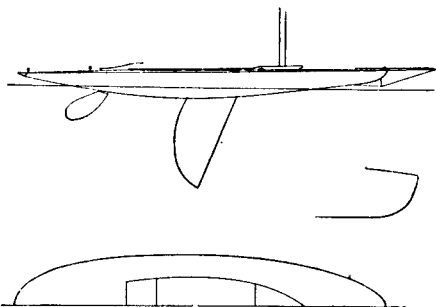


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GLENCAIRN.—THE CANADIAN BOAT, WINNER OF THE CUP.



GLENCAIRN: S EER PLAN, MIDSHIP SECTION, AND DECK PLAN.

Glencairn 3" 49' 29, *El Heirie* 4" 36' 40. There was no time allowance.

The second race was sailed next day over a triangular course, two miles to a side, two rounds making up the twelve miles. The wind was light on the whole, breezing up at times, but blow as it would *Glencairn* took the lead and kept it, finishing over six minutes ahead of *El Heirie*. The elapsed times were:—*Glencairn* 3" 18' 16, *El Heirie* 3" 24' 13. This gave the *Glencairn* the race by a very comfortable margin and the supporters of *El Heirie* began to look serious and express their desire for a strong breeze in which they hoped to see her do better. The third day, July 15th, brought what they wanted, the course being laid to leeward and return as on the first day, and the boats starting under reefed canvas. Down the wind *El Heirie* pulled out a lead of a few seconds, but *Glencairn* soon disposed of this on the beat back, completing the first round over six minutes ahead, with the race well in hand. The second round was sailed under full canvas and the elapsed times at the finish were:—*Glencairn* 3" 01' 51, *El Heirie* 3" 07' 41.

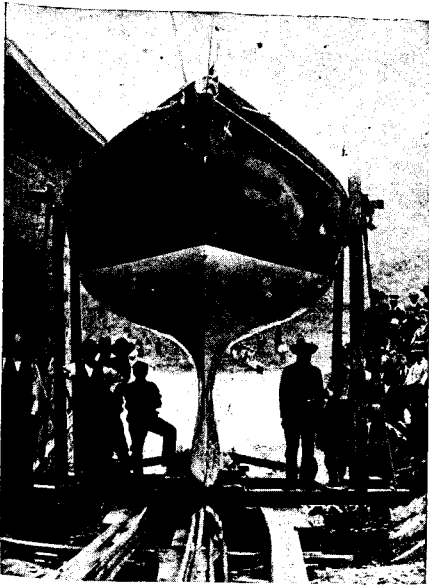
Just as *Glencairn* crossed the line to the usual noisy accompaniment, the Secretary of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, Mr. J. C. Almon, who was a guest aboard the committee boat, was served with a challenge for the Cup by the Seavanhaka Club, the races to be sailed in 1897. Unlike the old America Cup, this trophy does not wait long for challengers.

So much for what has already been accomplished by Canadian yachts and yachtsmen. The month of August will

see the Lake Ontario fleet hard at work in Lake Erie, the open events of the Cleveland Yacht Club especially offering excellent international sport, and the final event will be the match races at Toledo between the Chicago Yacht, *Vencedor*, and the Canadian champion that may be selected. These races are the outcome of a friendly challenge sent last fall by the Lincoln Park Yacht Club of Chicago to the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto. The Messrs. Berriman, owners of the yacht *Vencedor* then building, were anxious for a match with some R. C. Y. C. yacht of not more than forty-five feet corrected length, *Zelma* being the craft particularly in view at the time. However, *Zelma* is a five year old boat and the sailing committee of the R. C. Y. C. did not care to commit their club to an important international contest without an opportunity of availing themselves of a newer yacht, especially in view of the fact that *Vencedor* is supposed to be right up to date. The arrangements were finally concluded at a friendly conference at Detroit between E. P. Warner and Dwight Lawrence representing the Chicago Club, and C. A. B. Brown and Æmilius Jarvis representing the R. C. Y. C. The full text of the conditions governing the racing would fill a newspaper column, but the principal points are as follows:

The *Vencedor* is to represent the L. P. Y. C., and the representative of the R. C. Y. C. is to be named a week before the first race, and to be either *Zelma* or another craft (under construction and unnamed at the time of entering into this agreement and now known as the *Canada*.)

Three races are to be sailed on August 24th, 25th, and 26th, the match to be decided by the winning of two. The first race to be over a triangular course four knots to a side, two rounds making twenty-four knots. The second race to be five knots to windward or leeward and return, two rounds making twenty knots. The third race, if a third is necessary, shall be either of these courses as determined by the toss of a coin. The time limit in every race is to be five and a half hours.



THE CANADA, BOW ON, LOOKING AFT.

The selection of the locality for the racing was simply a question of deciding which of several good offers should be accepted. Toronto, Cleveland, Port Dover, Put-in-Bay, and Toledo all made strong bids for the event, and Toledo

joint contributions from the R. C. Y. C. and L. P. Y. C. These inducements are exceedingly good and form an agreeable change from the large rewards in glory and small rewards in cash that have been the rule for many years on Lake Ontario.

With these matters settled the attention of our yachtsmen has been largely directed to the building and trial racing of the new yacht *Canada*, upon which, with all due respect to *Zelma*, the main reliance has been placed. The syndicate of owners includes Æmilius Jarvis, George Gooderham, G. H. Gooderham and James H. Plummer of Toronto and James Ross of Montreal, owner of *Glencairn*. With the business arrangements in such good hands no time has been lost, and although the Chicago craft was begun before the challenge was issued, *Canada* was the first afloat. The order for the design and frames was placed with Fife of Fairlie, a designer who has hitherto been very successful on Lake Ontario, as *Yama*, *Zelma*, *Vedette*, and *Nox* bear record. The plan of construction adopted in these craft was followed out with *Canada*, the frames being constructed at Fairlie under the

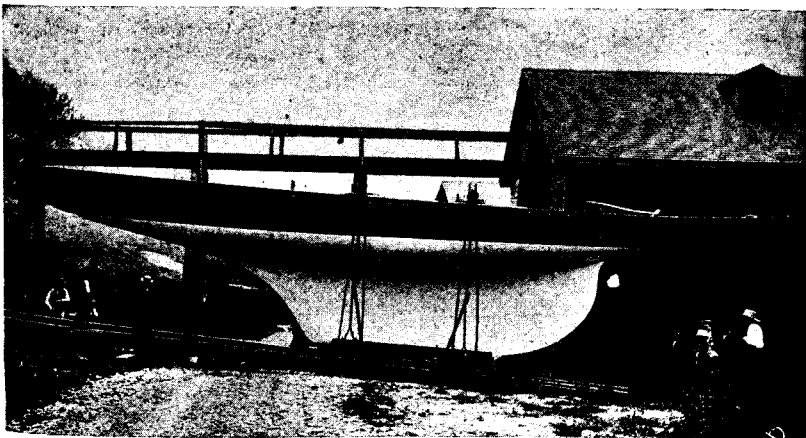


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THE CANADA.—ON THE WAYS, SIDE VIEW.

finally captured it, with an offer of \$1500 cash prize to the winning yacht and all expenses of both contestants paid. In addition a \$200 cup will be purchased for the winner by

designer's supervision, then packed up and shipped to Oakville, where they were set up and completed by Andrews, the builder of *Aggie*, well known as a careful and thorough workman. The

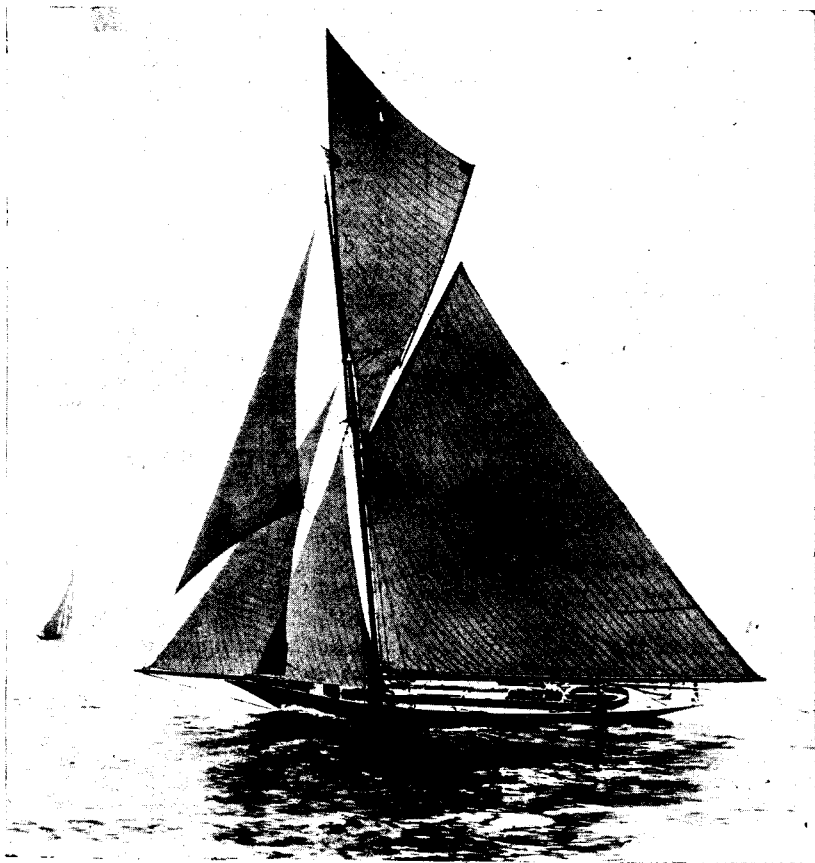


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ZELMA CLOSE-HAULED.

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rigging and fittings have all been imported and the sails come from the well-known firm of Laphorn and Ratsey, so that, in spite of local disadvantages, *Canada* is as well built and well found as though turned out from a first class yard in England. And with skipper Jarvis at the stick, together with our smartest Corinthians on deck, nothing will be lost in the handling.

In the course of several trial races with *Zelma*, honors have been about even, and it would appear that either craft is well prepared to represent the R. C. Y. C. Those who have all along pinned their faith to *Canada* are inclined to be disappointed at this result, but the fact is that *Zelma* is and always has been a remarkably good boat. This year with a new suit of canvas, and

skipped either by Monck or Ambrose she is fit to race with anything her size. Analyzing the races already sailed it appears that *Zelma* excels in light weather and *Canada* in moderate to fresh breezes. Now with the short time-limit of five and a half hours the races with *Vencedor* must be sailed in a good working breeze, so that any deficiency in light weather qualities will not seriously hamper *Canada*. On one test, with the wind to her liking she beat *Zelma* a minute a mile on a six mile beat to windward.

Next to nothing is known about *Vencedor*, as she has done very little trial racing. Designer Poekel, who is responsible for her lines and construction, is an unknown man in that this is his first racing yacht, although for years he

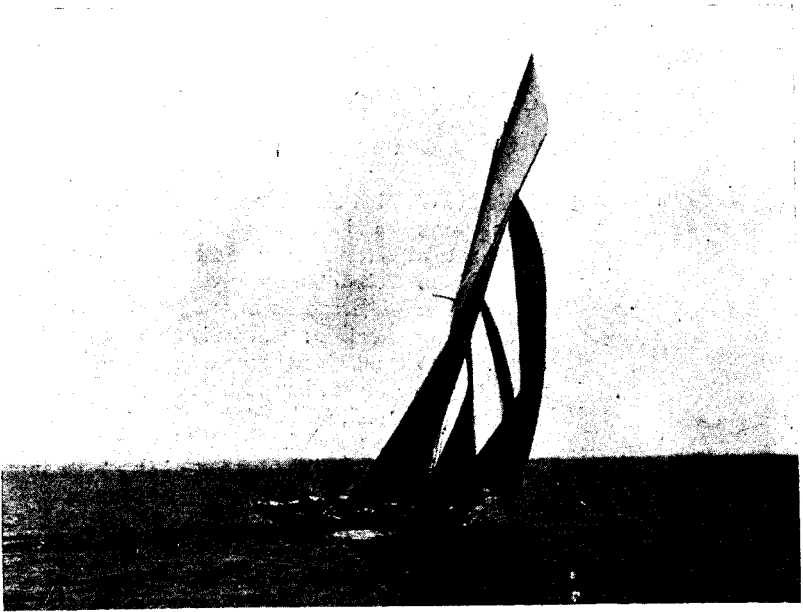


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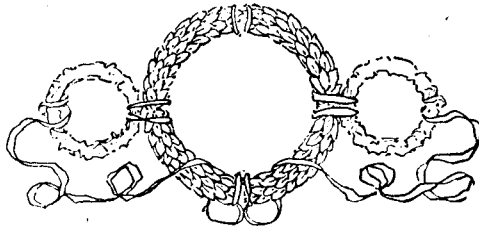
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CANADA ON THE PORT TACK.

occupied a position of responsibility with the Herreshoffs, and was intimately concerned with the building of *Defender* and *Vigilant*. He could hardly turn out a slow yacht or a failure, but racing is a question of seconds rather than minutes now-a-days, and it is useless attempting to prophesy or speculate regarding *Vencedor's* speed. According to the Chicago papers she is a phenomenal craft, there is scarcely a doubt of her success and so forth, but these opinions do not come from the owners or from experienced yachtsmen. The fact

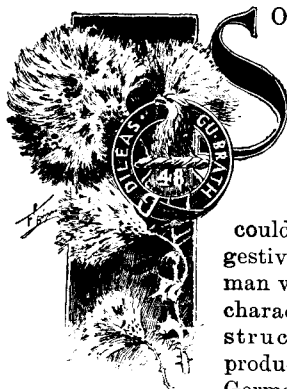
is, that those best qualified to express opinions on the coming races simply decline to commit themselves. It is to be hoped that the issue will not be decided on the abstract qualities of the yachts themselves, but rather that there will be two or three grand sailing matches with seamanship at a premium and where every manœuvre will count. Whatever happens the Canadian representatives may be relied on to acquit themselves creditably and to win or lose fairly and squarely, but with equal honor.

William Q. Phillips.



THE 48TH HIGHLANDERS.

BY ALEXANDER FRASER, M.A.



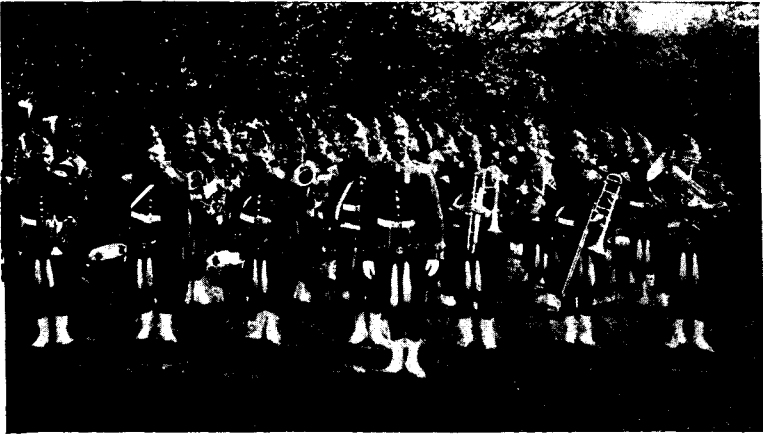
SOMETIMES it happens that a man's motto is a true index to his character. What for example, could be more suggestive of the strong man whose force of character and constructive genius produced a united Germany, than Bismarck's *In trinitate robur*; or of the cautious tenacity of the Cecils than Salisbury's *Sero, sed serio*, "Late, but seriously." In like manner *Dieu et mon Droit* contains the idea of justice ever associated with "British fair play," while the legend enscrolled on the Scott-

ish shield is expressive of the sturdiness and stinging perfervidum of the ardent Northerner. And one can readily appreciate the zest with which a Carlyle or a Marcus Dods would pen such a sentiment as this: "There is no royal road, and he that is not prepared to live for his work, and to be at it from week's end to week's end, will certainly fail."

So with the Highland regiments. The *Cuidich an Rìgh* of the 78th indicates the profound loyalty to crown and country, so true of the typical Highlander; "Ready, aye ready," fittingly adorns the crest of the Black Watch, the gallant "Forty-Twa," the model corps in the British Army; while *Dileas gu Brath*—"Faithful to the end"—is well worn by Toronto's own 48th Highlanders, who represent a race that holds invulnerably together in truth, right, duty and friendship to the last ditch. No better senti-



OFFICERS OF THE 48TH HIGHLANDERS



THE REGIMENTAL BAND.

ment could they possess and no better character maintain than those suggested by *Dileas gu Brath*. Faithful to duty and faithful to the honor of the corps the members of the 48th have been, with the natural result of having attained to a distinguished position among the very best regiments in the Province of Ontario. Formed only a few years ago, they have already reached a high state of efficiency

in every branch of duty, because they have worked resolutely to master the difficult and onerous routine of the citizen-soldier's duties, and much of the inspiration which has encouraged them to persevere has been derived from the associations of the past, from the prestige and name of the Highland regiments of the line, whose records shed lustre on the national glory. The ideal before the



AT THE FORMATION OF THE REGIMENT.

sustained his part creditably, and not a misdeed nor a breach of discipline was observed. They have not been called upon to face the foe, but in playing at war they keep pace with the best drilled, best disciplined of their comrade corps, and a higher compliment than this could scarcely be conveyed.

Would an infantry battalion in the ordinary Canadian uniform have done thus well in as short a time? It is extremely improbable that it would. A great deal of the *motif* would be wanting. The aim of every soldier should be to be a good soldier, no matter what uniform he may wear; but the ideal soldier, like the ideal sailor, is given very much to sentiment, and does not take kindly to the extreme systematizing



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN, FROM PHOTO.

HEAVY MARCHING ORDER.

48th is the very highest. The military annals of any nation may be challenged in vain for examples of glorious deeds on the field, or of high moral conduct in the camp or barracks, that will at all surpass, or, in many cases, equal, those afforded by the kilted regiments of the British army. This is no empty nor small boast. Under the burning sun of India, in the sandy deserts of Egypt, and on the frost-locked plains of Quebec the Highland regiments have won tributes of admiration from military commanders unversed in the language of empty compliment, for bravery, *morale*, and devotion to duty. How the 48th seeks to follow such illustrious examples, and succeeds in doing so, has been proved by outings such as those to Woodstock, Windsor and Hamilton, where every man



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN, FROM PHOTO.

REVIEW ORDER.



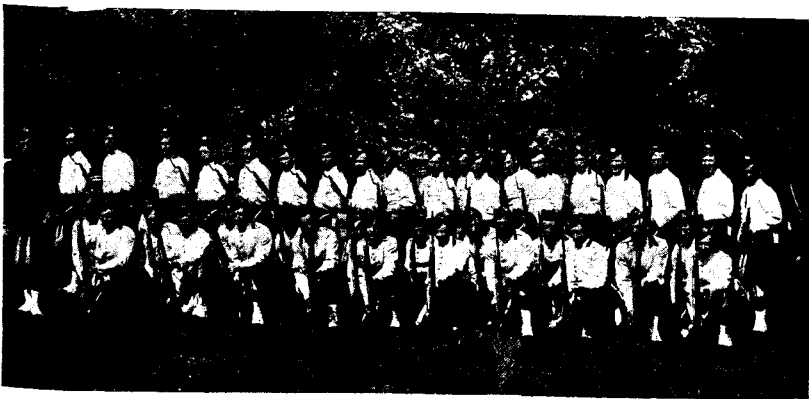
DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN, FROM PHOTO.

DRILL ORDER.

that would lower him to the level of a mere machine. Therefore, the introduction of a Highland regiment, garbed in

the Highland or Gaelic costume, to the Canadian militia has been accompanied by many material advantages. Like the introduction of new capital into a business concern, it acts as a new force to strengthen, inspire and to infuse energy into the ranks of the volunteers. The uniform, the name and traditions of kindred corps, give a pronounced individuality to the Highlanders, drawing them forth from the shelter of the mass into the open field of keen rivalry and public criticism; and it is not too much to say that one result of the formation of the 48th has been a general quickening of interest in military affairs, by which the force as a whole, within the district of which Toronto is the headquarters, has been greatly benefited.

The story of the 48th can be briefly told: In the spring of 1891, a number of Scotsmen in Toronto met and decided that steps be taken having in view the formation of a new regiment for their city, to be modelled on a Highland regiment of the British service, with Highland military costume as uniform. In June of the same year an influential committee was formed to promote this object, and before the end of August the Government's consent had been obtained. The statement submitted to the Government on July 9th, 1891, when the application that the regiment be formed was first officially presented, shows the spirit in which the project had been taken up, and the high expectations then entertained of the proposed regiment.



A SQUAD, IN DRILL ORDER, WITH SHELL JACKETS.



THE BUGLE BAND.

The secretary of the committee stated to the Government that two hundred and seventy-five men had enrolled as the nucleus of a battalion, and wished to be formed into a regiment of six companies, wearing the kilt or Highland uniform. The project was strongly supported by the community, and should the Government find it impossible to grant their request, much disappointment would be caused. Those who had enrolled were as fine a body of men as could be desired, and they would, in a short time, develop into as fine a militia regiment as any in Canada, if, indeed, they would be equalled. The difference between the cost of a kilted regiment and a regiment

wearing the ordinary Canadian uniform would be met by the regiment and its supporters, so that the Government would not be called upon for extra expense. He called attention to the enthusiasm, a thing so desirable in military affairs, which the project had aroused in Toronto and in the province. It was a matter on which they had set their hearts, and for which they would persistently and respectfully work until the regiment was officially sanctioned.

Sir Adolphe Caron, then Minister of Militia, received the proposal from the outset with much favor. Replying to the statement above quoted, he said that although a French Canadian, there was



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS' MESS.

no race in Canada from which he wished to increase the militia sooner than from the Scotch. He appreciated their good qualities as soldiers and as citizens, and he would be proud to see many regiments formed from among them if the force were to be increased, but the purse strings were held by the House of Commons, and he must not suppress his firm belief

already stated, in the August of 1891. Among the citizens who gave valuable help in furthering the movement, some of them being heavy contributors to the necessary funds, were: Sir David MacPherson, the late John Kay, Frederick Wyld, for long time Chairman of the Executive, Hon. G. W. Allan, Dr. Daniel Clark, Robert Swan, A. M. Cosby, Wm.



THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

that in the then temper of Parliament it would be difficult to add a new regiment to the list.

Sir Adolphe, however, and Mr. Foster, the then Minister of Finance (all-important in matters where expenditures are involved), were friends at court, and the necessary pressure being forthcoming, the official sanction was obtained, as

Adamson, D. R. Wilkie, Robert Simpson, D. M. Robertson, Wilbur Henderson, William Simpson, Paul Campbell, late Hon. Senator Macdonald, J. L. Morrison and Dr. Thorburn.

The command of the regiment was offered to Mr. John I. Davidson, then retired with captain's rank, from the Royal Grenadiers. Its acceptance by



DRAWN BY A. H. HIDER.

THE THANKSGIVING-DAY REVIEW.

Mr. Davidson ensured the success of the regiment from the very beginning. He surrounded himself with an exceptionally strong staff and company officers, and, without loss of time, regular drill was begun. The details of the establishment involved an enormous amount of energy and activity, the uniform having to be decided upon, and specifications upon which contracts could be made having to be prepared. This was completed before the gazetting of the regiment, and was arranged by the Citizens' Committee acting in accord with the Commandant-designate—Mr. Davidson.

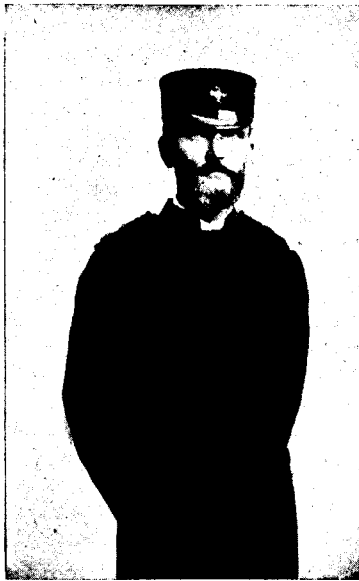
The regiment of the line adopted as a pattern for the style of uniform was the Gordon Highlanders, or 92nd Regiment. Each Highland regiment has details of uniform peculiar to itself, but the 48th being free to choose from them all, or from a combination, found many points of excellence and convenience in the outfit of the Gordons, and the style of that regiment was accordingly adopted in general. The tartan selected was the Old Davidson, out of compliment to the commanding officer, whose acceptance of command was accom-

panied not only by the highest possible national honor, but also by arduous services sufficient to test the patriotism of men in a lesser degree burdened with the responsibilities of an extensive and complicated business. For the same reason the committee chose the Old Davidson crest, the falcon erased; and the motto, *Dileas gu Brath*, is an original phrase, adopted as embodying a most fit idea for a corps of Gaels. It may be mentioned that the Davidson clan and its tartan are enshrined in a hoary antiquity. Indeed, the clan claims to be one of the oldest clans in Scotland, and

a sturdy tradition assigns it to a place among the earlier members of the great Clan Chattan Confederacy. In modern times two leading branches are found: the Davidsons of Tulloch, of whom the late famous Duncan Davidson was a member, and the Davidsons of Banff and Aberdeenshire; it is from a branch of the latter that the Colonel of the 48th is descended. The tartan is of a well-defined clan pattern, differing from that of the Tulloch Davidsons, in that Tulloch shows white bars crossing each other on the older pattern. The illustrations of the 48th Highlander, which are here given,

will be found of great interest to all who make a study of uniforms. The views show different orders of dress, and how well the costume lends itself to a soldierly bearing. The pictures are of Staff-Sergeant Instructor Hallinger, who from the time of the formation of the regiment, has rendered it invaluable service, and who, as an old 91st soldier, has been reared to tartan and bagpipes.

To a Highlander, or a Highland soldier, there is, of course, no dress equal to the kilt, and its utility will be maintained



THE LATE CHAPLAIN.—REV. D. J. MACDONELL.

against all comers. That it is a serviceable, simple and comfortable, as well as a picturesque, costume has been proved over and over again in the army. An instance of this in Canada is worth preserving. The part taken by Fraser's Highlanders at Quebec is a matter of history, but it is not so generally known that an effort was made (in all kindness, no doubt) to deprive them of their kilts, and compel them to wear trews, on account of the severe winter weather of Canada. Strenuous opposition to the proposal was waged, and finally national sentiment prevailed. The triumph of

the kilt was thus described by one of the soldiers of the regiment: "Thanks to our generous chief (Colonel, afterwards General, Simon Fraser of Lovat), we were allowed to wear the garb of our fathers, and in the course of six winters, showed the doctors that they did not understand our constitution, for in the coldest winters our men were more healthy than those of the regiments that wore breeches and warm clothing." The picture of a Highlander doing duty at Quebec under these conditions would be an appropriate souvenir on the walls of the Officers' Mess of the gallant 48th. The Nuns of the Ursuline Convent at Quebec, moved by sympathy for the kilted warriors, proposed to supply sufficient raiment for Fraser's Highlanders, but the feeling on the subject, indicated above, was too much for Governor Murray, and the hardy Highlander was allowed to wear the garb of his ancestors in Canada, even when denied that right, by the strong arm of the law, on his native mountains.

Early in 1892 the uniforms reached Toronto from Inverness, Scotland, and, fully equipped, the regiment, consisting of eight companies, band of pipers, of buglers, and brass band, put in a full course of spring drill. The staff then comprised Lt.-Col. Commanding, John I. Davidson; Senior Major, commanding the right, A. Morgan Cosby; Junior Major, commanding the left, W. C. Macdonald; Captain-Adjutant, Walter Macdonald; Quartermaster, Jas. Adams; Surgeon, Dr. W. T. Stuart; Assistant Surgeon, A. A. Dame; Chaplain, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B.D. The officers commanding companies, in order of seniority, were: Captains Donald Murdoch Robertson, Dugald MacGillivray, W. Henderson, W. Hendrie, R. S. Cassels, J. A. Currie, Chas. A. Hunter and J. F. Michie; and the Lieutenants were: Messrs. D. H. MacLean, Duncan Donald (now Acting Adjutant), W. H. Orchard, J. F. Ramsay, D. A. Campbell, J. H. Thompson. The Non-Commission Staff at that time were: Sergeant Major Alfred Robertson, Quartermaster Sergeant Matheson, Musketry Instructor Wm. Harp, Drill Instructor Hallinger, Pipe Major Robert Ireland and Bugle Major

Robertson. Bugle Major Griffin was appointed later on.

The progress made in establishing the regiment up to this point, and the good appearance it made on parade at the very commencement of its career, were phenomenal; and the services of Captain MacDougall, of the Permanent Force, will ever be associated with the efficiency then attained to. Captain MacDougall, an enthusiastic Highlander and a born soldier, entered whole-heartedly into the work of laying the foundations of the regiment firm and sure. By permission of Major-General Herbert, he acted in the capacity of provisional adjutant to the regiment, and to his ability and unflagging interest was due a great measure of the success which so rapidly crowned the efforts of the officers.

The first ceremony of great public interest was the presentation of the Queen's and regimental colors by the ladies of Toronto. The event took place on the 24th of May, 1892, on the cricket grounds behind McMaster University. The colors were handed over by His Excellency Lord Stanley, Governor-General, who was accompanied by Major St. Aubyn, Lord Kilcourse and Captain Walsh. In honor of the occasion, the 13th Battalion came down from Hamilton and was brigaded with the 48th, under command of Lieut.-Col. Otter. Highlanders came from Guelph, Lindsay, Peterborough and Hamilton to witness the interesting and imposing ceremony. The color party consisted of Lieuts. D. H. MacLean and Duncan Donald; Color Sergeant A. Rose, and Color Sergeant Simpson; Majors Cosby and Macdonald. Rev. D. J. Macdonnell offered an impressive prayer, after which Major Cosby placed the Queen's colors in the Governor-General's hands. Major Macdonald handed the regimental colors to Mrs. Merritt (who represented the lady donors) and she gave them to His Excellency, who placed the Queen's in the custody of Lieut. MacLean, and the regimental color in that of Lieut. Donald.

Addressing Lieut.-Col. Davidson, Lord Stanley paid a high compliment to the 48th, ending his remarks in the following unusually flattering terms: "The commencement of your regiment has

shown a spirit of zeal and a power of organization which does you the highest credit, and I am sure, sir, that I am only paying you your due in saying that it is greatly owing to your own care, as well as that of your officers, that this fine regiment appears to-day on parade although its formation has been consummated only something like six months ago. You form a body of men, who, I am able to say, would bear comparison with many fine regiments in Her Majesty's service." With these ceremonies Captain Macdougall's official connection with the regiment ceased, and the spurs and sabretache were assumed by Captain Walter Macdonald. In the afternoon Captain Macdougall's services were acknowledged by a handsome present by the officers on behalf of the regiment; and with a fine gold watch, engraved with the crest of the regiment and a suitable inscription, the gift of Col. Davidson.

Fairly launched, the Highlanders rapidly increased in numerical strength and in soldierly efficiency. In the various branches of duty, such as drill and rifle shooting, their progress elicited surprise and high encomium. Their strength is in excess of the number allowed a complete establishment by the government, and for the additional men the regiment bears the expense. The knowledge they have acquired of their duties would do credit to veterans. This year one of the companies, "B," obtained the highest marks for efficiency in Toronto. And with all this, and equally characteristic of a Highland corps, are the high morals of the regiment. The moral fibre is of the best quality. In 1893 the regiment went to Hamilton to spend the Queen's Birthday, and to return the visit of the 13th Battalion on the occasion of the presentation of the colors as described above. There was no breach of discipline recorded. In 1894 Woodstock was visited. The people of Oxford county crowded into town by the hundreds, and the Highland lads were petted, but could not be spoiled. There was no offence of any kind committed. For three days in 1895 they encamped at Windsor, the guests of the town. From Chicago, Toledo, Bay City

and Detroit, enthusiastic Scotchmen flocked to see the Highland regiment, but in spite of temptation, the strictest oversight could detect no fault of conduct or discipline. This proud record was maintained this year at Hamilton, where the bearing and conduct of the men elicited genuine praise. Early in the century, a plan not unfrequently adopted by officers of the Highland regiments in order to secure good behavior, was to threaten to post up the names of offenders on the door of the parish church at home, which would publish the misdemeanor among the relatives of the delinquent. The Colonel of the 48th Highlanders needs no such instrument of terror. He puts the men on their honor and he has never yet been disappointed.

The Bagpipe Band, the great feature of the musical side of the regiment, was formed by Pipe Major Ireland, one of the most noted pipers on the continent. He was succeeded last year by Pipe Major MacSwayed, who has proved a successful leader and a useful soldier. The Bugle Band and the Brass Band are in every respect excellent, the latter, especially, winning for itself a high reputation under the leadership of Bandmaster Slatter.

The Officers' Mess and the Sergeants' Mess are well-appointed and popular institutions in the regiment, greatly appreciated by the members.

All military men know how much depends on the commanding officer, the adjutant and the non-commissioned officers for the good condition of a regiment. The Highlanders have been favored in these respects. Col. Davidson is an ideal commander. Courteous, considerate, patient, firm, soldierly and capable, he commands the esteem and confidence of his officers and men. The Adjutants, Captains Macdougall, Macdonald, MacGillivray and Donald, have been men specially fitted for their arduous duties, and the non-commissioned are of an exceptionally high type of the citizen-soldier. The Highlanders have fallen on happy lines, and the position to which they have by hard, honest work attained, no one envies them.

Alexander Fraser.

THE MYSTERY OF TWO CHEQUES.*

[Conclusion.]

BY CLIFFORD SMITH.

Author of "A LOVER IN HOMESPUN."

CHAPTER V.

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.

It was the night before we reached London. I was lying in my berth, trying to read, while Jodoin was examining, through a microscope, M. Tourville's name on the cheques, and in the letter brought us by the treacherous informer, Guyot, and supposed to have been signed by Lisotte the escaped forger.

Suddenly Jodoin hurried to my side, and said eagerly, as he handed me the microscope: "Look at the difference there is now in the color of the ink of the signatures."

To my surprise I saw that while the signature on the uncashed cheque still retained its ordinary, common, black shade, the signature on the cashed cheque, and in the letter had turned a peculiar, reddish hue. To the naked eye the reddish hue was not discernable, but, seen through a microscope, it was quite distinct. The writing in the body of both the letters given us by Guyot had also turned this peculiar shade. I saw the value of the discovery at once; there was now a strong presumption that the person who had signed the merchant's name to the cheque which drew the money, was the same who had penned the letters supposed to have been written by the escaped forger. It was hardly likely the merchant was the guilty party; he would hardly have thought of using a different kind of ink on the forged cheque, when, only after the lapse of weeks, and then but with the aid of a microscope, any difference could be found—in brief, he could not have had any object in doing so. The cheque he had presented, and of which the teller refused payment, alone had not changed color.

"This is a strong argument in favor of M. Tourville's innocence, and somewhat narrows down the case," I said.

"I agree with you so far as the merchant is concerned," Jodoin said, "but the discovery greatly increases our chances of eventually unraveling the mystery. If this unusual shade of ink is used by any of the men we suspect, it will be a powerful clue. It should not be hard to learn if Villiers and Rivard, the witnesses of the cashing of the cheque, use the tell-tale ink, nor should it be hard to ascertain if the teller or the merchant use it. We know that all these men are mixed up in the affair, and in my heart I believe that one or more of them, in some strange way, is guilty of the crime, and, learning we were on the right scent, got Guyot to lead us off on this wild-goose chase."

We sat up for hours discussing plans that were to bring us to the goal we so longed to reach.

Although our reception by the prefect was kind, we knew that he felt deeply chagrined over the adroitness of Guyot; naturally we were now more determined than ever to succeed.

Two days after our return I got important information regarding the colors of the inks. A prominent chemist to whom I had given the cheques and the letters reported that the reddish tinge on the cheque which had been cashed, and in the letters, had been caused by adding to the ink—which originally had been an ordinary ink made from logwood and *potassium bichromate*—a few drops of *ferrocyanide of potassium and hydrochloric acid*. Dropped into any ink, this compound would cause it to flow more freely, and prevent it from thickening so readily. But, at the same time, it would, after the lapse of a few weeks,

* Begun in July Number.

give the ink a reddish tinge, noticeable only through a microscope. The shade was a most peculiar one, and he was under the impression that the compound had been used in this instance, simply to make the ink flow easier, and not with the intent to make any alteration in its color. On examining the ink on the cheque which had not been cashed and which, as stated, had not changed color, he had found that it was an ordinary, black ink, made out of iron and gall, and had not had any foreign compound added to it.

While I was making these inquiries Jodoin was playing an important part. In accordance with the plans we had mapped out, he had introduced himself to the banker as a stranger from the south of France with considerable means, a member of an old respectable family, and exceedingly anxious to get an insight into banking and general business methods. His two shrewdly concocted letters, bearing out his assertions of heavy respectability, made his mission successful, and he was not only allowed access to the bank, but asked by M. de Tonancourt, the banker, to visit him at his house. The banker also introduced him to the teller, and the two witnesses of the cashing of the cheque, Rivard and Villers. He also made the acquaintance of the merchant—who had now retired—and visited him at his home.

As I have said, he had not come into contact with any of the men prior to our return, and thus it was comparatively easy for him to carry out his rôle; nevertheless, he took the precaution to disguise himself, and did it perfectly. It will be interesting to explain that in no other city in the world, were detectives so systematically drilled in the art of disguises, as in Paris. There were officers who were given only cases where frequent disguises were necessary.

For three weeks Jodoin worked hard without getting any clue as to whether any of the suspected men used the reddish ink referred to; but his patience was finally rewarded.

Late one afternoon I met him in our rooms, and he handed me an ordinary account book, and said: "Look at the figures and writing in that through the microscope."

I could have shouted for joy; for there before me was the peculiar reddish shade of ink we had longed so to find.

"I also found this," he continued, handing me a small phial; "it was on the desk of the man who did the writing in the book." The phial was labeled: *Ferrocyanide of potassium, hydrochloric acid.*

"And the owner of the book is—?" I asked eagerly.

"Turn to the fly leaf and you will find his name."

I did so, and when I saw who it was I sprang to my feet with a cry of genuine astonishment. "Impossible! Above all men surely he is not the forger?" I asked aghast.

"I was as surprised as you are," he answered with a note of excitement in his voice, "but I have not the slightest doubt now, but that he is. He has been in the habit of using that acid for years, to keep the ink from getting thick. We shall find, I believe too, that he not only wrote the cheque which drew the money, but that it was actually he who presented it, and that it was he too who penned those letters supposed to have been written by the escaped convict, Lisotte. I believe also, that he was assisted in the scheme by the teller, who is still living very expensively, besides being a constant visitor at the houses of those whom we suspect. Over one of the men—and it is strange that it should be the very man on whose desk I found these tell-tale things—the teller appears to have some peculiar influence.

"We shall yet, I think, see that the teller's marked fear on being told that he had cashed the wrong cheque, was not genuine."

While Jodoin talked he walked quickly to and fro, and it gradually dawned upon me that there was something strangely restless about him; a restlessness not caused by his discoveries.

"I have cultivated the teller's acquaintance until we are now almost inseparable," he continued; "and I have found that despite his shrewdness he has a cowardly disposition, and to save his skin he would sacrifice his own mother. I intend to take the fullest advantage of this trait in his character,

and try to terrify him into a confession. My belief is, that if he were arrested and made to believe the forger had been taken before him, and that by confessing he might save himself, he would take the bait without any trouble, especially if he was somewhat under the influence of wine.

"In a day or two I hope we shall be able to rehearse a little drama for him, which I feel sure will not fail to put the winning card of this case into our hands."

He minutely described his scheme, and I was pleased with its ingenuity. Not once did he look me in the face while talking—a most unusual thing with him—and when he had concluded he left me abruptly.

The days slipped by and began to get into weeks, and still Jodoin was not ready to put his plan into operation—although more than one opportunity to do so had presented itself. I could not resist a feeling of apprehension; for the strange restlessness which I have referred to, became more marked in him every day.

Finally, by chance, I learned the secret of it. I found him sitting one night with his elbows resting on the table, and his face pillowed in his hands. He did not hear me enter the room, and thinking he was asleep, I stole quietly over to him. On reaching his side I found he was not asleep, but was looking at a photograph, which was lying in front of him on the table, of one of the most beautiful young women my eyes ever had rested upon. When he heard my laugh he turned the photograph, face downwards, but he utterly failed to drive out of his eyes the lovelight, or prevent the conscious flush from mounting to his brow.

"Who is she, Jodoin?" I asked, playfully.

The simple question caused his face to grow suddenly pale, and the strange restlessness to return.

With a queer laugh, he replied: "She is a wealthy young lady of good position, with whom I have become acquainted while working on this case."

"You have fallen in love with her, Jodoin?"

"God help me! yes, I have," he answered, burying his face in his hands.

"May I ask whose daughter she is?"

He was silent for some time. Finally he said in a repressed voice: "She is the daughter of one of the men who is mixed up in this case."

He did not say which of the men she was the daughter of, and I would not ask him again, but I realized the sinister position he had placed himself in, and pointed out how such a complication might ruin the whole case, and how, even if it should not, it could bring nothing but misery to him, as it was not likely, when she learned that he was Detective Jodoin, that she would want to bestow her affections upon him, seeing how he had worked to bring sorrow to her friends. I also appealed strongly to his professional instincts, and brought back to his memory Guyot, and the Mexican episode that we had yet to wipe out.

This home-thrust brought him to his feet, and he said bitterly: "It is only right that you should know that my love for this girl is indeed a terrible menace to the success of the case."

He must have noted the anxiety that this reply caused me, for he stretched out his hand impulsively, and said: "You and I, Painchaud, have worked hard on this case, and I give you my word of honor that I will go on with it whatever the cost to myself. This love has made a terrible coward of me during the past month, but I am done with it now, and to-morrow night we will put the plan we discussed into operation."

He spoke with such feverish haste that I could not help feeling that should this beautiful girl throw the witchery of her beauty and affection against his word of honor and ambition, they would be put to rout.

Fearing to create an impression that I doubted him, and thus weaken his resolutions, I shook the outstretched hand cordially. We then completed the details of the plan we were to put into operation on the morrow.

CHAPTER VI.

THE UNDOING OF PAYING TELLER LARBARGE.

The *Café de la Paix* is one of the most gorgeous in Paris. One would think from the way it is thronged both day

and night, that privacy would be utterly unknown in it; yet such is not the case. The two rooms we had hired, on the third story, were as quiet and secluded as if this great city had only been a provincial town. I mention this because, had they not been so secluded, they would never have done for the entertainment mapped out for the paying teller of *La Banque de Lyon et de L'Espagne*.

We feared to choose a less ostentatious place lest he should find his surroundings less congenial, and, in consequence, be less liable to partake freely of the sparkling white wine, and thus be better able to undergo the trying ordeal in store for him.

Adjoining the large room, where lunch had been spread for two, was an anteroom; both rooms were connected by a door, and Jodoin was to see that it was not quite closed.

It was shortly after seven, and the lights had just been lit, when I saw from a shady corner of the *café*, Jodoin enter with Labarge, who was already apparently in a joyful mood. I signalled to another shadowy form in an opposite corner, and, together at a distance, we followed them up the broad stairway. As they sat down at the table we entered the anteroom. Presently the clinking of glasses and laughter floated to us, and then I turned to the man at my side, who bore no slight resemblance to one of the men who was present in the bank manager's office when I was summoned to investigate the case.

It had been difficult to get a man who resembled him, but I had succeeded at last. It was true that in features he was not strikingly like him, but after I had turned the light low, and as he sat in the middle of the room, with his face buried dejectedly in his hands, anyone at a distance would have taken him to have been the man we wanted him to appear to be, and it was only from a distance that we intended the teller to see him.

Nearly an hour had slipped by, and the festive sounds had become more marked when Jodoin suddenly bent forward, and said to Labarge: "You have heard I suppose that Monsieur — has been arrested for forging that

two hundred thousand *franc* cheque?"

Had he pressed a poniard to the half-drunken man's breast, the laughter could not have died from his lips more suddenly, nor the terror in his eyes have been greater.

Jodoin gave him no time to recover, but went on pitilessly: "And he had accomplices too." He stooped quickly, and drew from under the table the disguises which the treacherous informer Guyot had pretended the escaped convict Lisotte had worn, and laid them on the table.

As the unhappy man's eyes fell on the gray wig, moustache, imperial and clothing, his hands tightened convulsively on the arms of his chair, and he made a feeble effort to rise; but sank back again as Jodoin again began to speak, this time in a significant tone: "You knew he wore these things when he passed the cheque, and I arrest you for complicity in the case. I am Detective Jodoin." He laid his hand authoritatively on the teller's shoulder.

Labarge now sprang to his feet, his face livid with fear. The wine he had taken robbed him of even the least semblance of control. The critical moment had now arrived, and I swung the anteroom door open, and walking over to the culprit, said: "I am sorry, but you, too, must come with me."

He paid no attention to me whatever, but gazed in mute fear and despair at the wretched-looking man in the shadowy anteroom.

"He has confessed," I said coolly, "and the case against you both is clear."

He never doubted for a moment but that the man was the forger.

The exposing of the secret he had guarded so jealously had been so sudden, and the startling events had followed each other so quickly that he was completely prostrated. "*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" he gasped, and then broke into a fit of tears.

Even with the wine he had taken, I could not have believed he would have been so utterly devoid of courage, and I realized that Jodoin's opinion of the man had not been astray, and that he was a thorough coward. His collapse was almost pitiful; he fairly grovelled be-

fore us, and, like a frightened boy, begged for mercy.

"There is one way whereby you may escape punishment, or at least be let off with a nominal sentence," said Jodoin, as though struck by a sudden inspiration.

"How?" he asked, with a gleam of hope.

"By signing a written confession. As you see, the forger is already arrested and has confessed; and although, we could do without your confession, it would tell strongly in your favor."

"Give me pen and paper," he said, tremblingly.

Twenty minutes later, there was in our hands the precious document, which to us meant triumph and honor, and to others such terrible misery and dishonor. We had triumphed, it is true, by cunning; but detectives have not to plan to run to earth honorable men.

Apparently, the case was now all but completed, there remaining but the arrest of the forger on the confession of his accomplice. Simple as the case looked, there were to arise complications which, could I have foreseen, I would have torn into a thousand fragments the coveted confession.

Jodoin suddenly took out his watch. "Ah! it is half-past eight," he said, in an eager tone.

"The hour we were to have left for the ball at the banker's!" said Labarge, wretchedly.

"I am sorry for you," said Jodoin.

"When the guests arrive and are told of our arrests, the sensation will be terrible," he went on weakly.

Jodoin knew the subject of the ball was not a safe one, and signalled me to get rid of our confederate in the ante-room, which I did, and the three of us then sauntered out to the *café*, as though nothing unusual had happened. On reaching the street, however, we hurried Labarge into a carriage, and took him direct to our private rooms, where we had decided to keep him till the final arrest was made.

Being an invited guest at the house, where he had to make the arrest, Jodoin's task was now a trying one. He decided to try to get the forger out of

the banker's house, if possible, without any of the other guests being the wiser. Twelve o'clock, when the ball was at its height, was the time for the arrest. In order that I might know that help was not necessary, Jodoin was to let a handkerchief, as though by accident, flutter from one of the ball-room windows. If, however, he needed help, he was to wave the handkerchief.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ARREST AND MY RECKONING WITH JODOIN.

It was a little before midnight when I arrived with two officers at the stately house of Henri de Tonancourt, manager of the bank, which was in the most fashionable part of Paris, the Faubourg St. Germain. Soft strains were stealing out of the windows. One of the ball-room windows fronted on the side of the house, near which grew a large tree, and it was from this window that I was to receive the signal.

It was tiresome standing and looking up, so, stationing the men at the back of the house, I climbed the tree; I then, through the open window, could command a view of the ball-room, and also a small reception room.

The first couple I saw glide past the window was Jodoin and, on his arm, the regal girl I had seen in the photograph.

Further down the room I saw four men standing together, and recognized them as Henri de Tonancourt, M. Tourville, the merchant, Pascal Villers and *Telephore Rivard*, the two witnesses. *One of the quartette was the forger.* I could not help a feeling of pity, as I thought of how dizzy his fall was to be; but the kindly feelings were soon to be swept away.

My attention was drawn from the men by seeing Jodoin enter the reception-room with the lady. From the position I was in, I could see and hear them quite plainly. For a few moments they stood in the centre of the room admiring a magnificent vase of roses. Then, I saw her stoop and bury her face in the fragrant things, and, as she did so, I saw Jodoin look at her with such a love in his eyes as I had never thought him

capable of. I never saw him look handsomer than he did that night.

As she raised her head, he stooped and impulsively pressed his lips to the flowers. Their eyes met; and she turned her head quickly, as though to hide her emotion. He stepped towards her, and I believe would have gathered her in his arms had not a clock in the vicinity attracted his attention; he started visibly and listened. It struck twelve—the hour he was to have made the arrest. I could see he was sorely agitated as he offered her his arm and took her back to the ball-room.

I found myself now holding my breath with suspense for what I knew was going to happen. After finding her a seat, he sauntered over to Henri de Tonancourt, manager of *La Banque de Lyon et de L'Espagne*, and spoke to him.

He bowed, and they both walked carelessly up the room. As they entered the reception-room, De Tonancourt said: "I hope the communication that Monsieur has for me is a pleasant one."

Jodoin's lips were pale, but firmly set. "I regret," he said, "that it is not, and that I have to arrest you for forging M. Tourville's name to the cheque for two hundred thousand francs, which was cashed on May 10th and also for impersonating him. I have deceived you as to my personality; I am Detective Jodoin. I have here the written confession of Jean Labarge, the teller, your accomplice, as well as the forged cheque and the two letters you wrote and credited Lisotte, the convict, with. Were it not that Guyot, the informer, another of your accomplices, was in Mexico, where you sent him, he too would have been arrested." As Jodoin stepped to the window to give me the signal, De Tonancourt staggered to the wall, and gave a low, agonizing cry for help. Before he could repeat the cry, Jodoin was by his side and had pressed his hand across his mouth.

At the moment the cry was uttered, I was conscious of a lady in the ball-room, sauntering past the reception-room door.

The cry reached her and she ran into the room—it was the lady of the photograph. For a moment she stood in mute astonishment and gazed at the scene be-

fore her, and then, with a muffled scream, ran up to M. de Tonancourt, and throwing her arms around him said: "Father, what can this mean?"

It was the forger's daughter that Jodoin loved.

I was so startled by the discovery that I almost lost my hold upon the tree. The noise I made must have attracted Jodoin's attention, for, releasing the ghastly-looking man, he drew down the window.

What followed now was in dumb show, but perfectly clear to understand. I saw her father point to Jodoin and to the papers in his hand, and say something, and then she staggered back from him, as though in horror; but the next moment she recovered herself and was at Jodoin's feet, her face buried in her hands and weeping as though her heart was breaking.

Her father's eyes were fixed on her in a dazed sort of way. As Jodoin looked down upon the beautiful head, his face began to work strangely, and great beads of perspiration started to his brow; he was fighting a desperate battle.

At last he laid his hand on her head, as if to soothe her. The touch of her beautiful hair must have gone straight to his heart, for the next moment he was kneeling by her side, and had imprisoned her hands in his. When they rose, she hid her face on his breast, and, as he clasped her passionately to his heart, the papers, so precious to us, and so damning to Henri de Tonancourt, and Labarge, the teller, attracted his attention, and his face suddenly changed. He made a feeble movement as though to go over to her father and do his duty; but with a woman's quick intuition she divined that her father's liberty and honor were bound up in the papers, and for the first time raising her face to his she looked pleadingly into his eyes, and stretched out her hand towards them.

He drew back from her weakly. Then I saw her shyly draw his face down to hers and press her lips to his; then his fingers relaxed, and the papers were hers.

As she raised them towards the gas above her head, he turned his face away. For a brief space the window was illu-

minated, and then there was a charred mass in her white hands. She then, caressingly, slipped her arm through his and drew him towards her father, who with flushed and hopeful face was standing near, and drew their hands together.

From the determined look which Jodoin's face now wore, I could see he was fully prepared to carry through the infamous part he was now so hopelessly committed to. After talking to them rapidly, as though giving instructions, he turned hastily and left the room.

I had been so fascinated by what I had seen that even after Jodoin had left I continued to sit on and look in the window. I saw the banker and his daughter compose themselves and then, smilingly, arm-in-arm, enter the ball-room once more.

Then the rage and bitterness surged over me, and, swinging myself madly to the ground, I signalled the two waiting officers to follow me. I had now lost all control of myself, and, running up the mansion steps, tugged violently at the bell. Instead of one of the servants, the banker answered it. He was pale, but perfectly cool: "Well, what do you want?" he said angrily, eyeing me and the two men with marked disfavor.

"I have come to arrest you for forgery!" The words were scarcely out of my mouth before I realized how insanely rash they now were.

"Arrest me for forgery!" he repeated, in well feigned astonishment; "what is the meaning of this farce? What are your proofs for such a scandalous accusation?"

I had nothing to say; instead of him being at my mercy, I now was entirely at his—thanks to his daughter and to Jodoin who had destroyed all proofs. He pointed contemptuously to the door: "I will report this to the prefect to-morrow," he said, threateningly.

When I reached the street I had but one desire—to find the man whom I had once loved more than any other man, and towards whom my heart now burned with intense hatred.

I knew he had hurried away from her presence to complete his dastardly work by going to our rooms, where the teller

was imprisoned, in order to tell him that his confession, the forged cheque, and the letters existed now no longer, and that in consequence both he and the banker were free men.

As I sped wildly through the streets, leaving the two officers behind me, my mind went over that written confession. It had been so complete, tying together all the loose threads of the case and making success for us certain. It had commenced with the banker and told the whole story. He had lost large sums of the bank's money in private speculation, and, at last, fearing his losses would be discovered, decided to play a desperate game in order to restore the money. He boldly sounded Teller Labarge—of whose character he had a pretty shrewd idea—and asked him to assist him in passing a cheque for two hundred thousand *francs* upon the bank. He explained that he was an expert penman, and had practised M. Tourville, the merchant's name, till he could make it perfectly. He had no doubt but that the signature would pass the ledger keeper. In figure he was like the merchant, and he was sure that with the aid of a gray wig, moustache, imperial, and a suit like the merchant wore, he could easily deceive an ordinary acquaintance, should he happen to meet one when he was cashing the forged cheque. As he felt sure, however, that his voice would betray him to his teller, he had to come to him for his aid. For the risk he might run in giving the aid, Labarge was to be given a considerable sum, and to be introduced into good society.

The banker had not mistaken his man—the teller consented.

Before being a bank clerk, the teller's career had been a chequered one, and, he had come into contact with Guyot, the informer, and knew of his hatred of the detectives and of his wish to leave Paris.

Before the cheque could be cashed, it was found that a confederate would be necessary to watch at the door of the bank, and so the teller had gone to Guyot and asked him to do that job. He did not tell him, however, who the forger was. Liberal compensation and a passage to Mexico was offered, and the informer accepted. As is known, the

scheme worked perfectly. The only danger which the banker encountered was when he was accosted in the bank by the two men who witnessed the cashing of the cheque, Pascal Villers and Telesphore Rivard, who really took the banker to be none other than the merchant, M. Tourville. These three men, consequently, were perfectly innocent of the crime. As they were all friends of the banker, and as they never dreamt for one moment that he had anything to do with the forgery, they continued to visit at his house as usual. It was thus that we had been led to suspect that they were all mixed up in the affair.

So soon as he had cashed the cheque the banker entered his private office by the side door on an adjoining street, slipped off his disguise, and was quietly sitting at his desk when the merchant entered to complain about the forgery.

It happened that on the day of the forgery the informer Guyot saw an item in an evening paper about the escape from the Conciergerie of Lisotte, the once famous forger, and it was his subtle brain that concocted the scheme of throwing suspicion upon him. He remembered that from Lisotte's general appearance, and with disguises, he could set the detectives off upon this wrong scent. He went at once to the teller and unfolded his whole plan, which was that he (Guyot) should leave that very night for London, where he would book his passage to New York by the first steamer. Instead, however, of traveling by it, he would return immediately to Paris. Before leaving London he would address to himself in Paris two letters, apparently penned by the escaped convict. (These letters were, in fact, to be penned by the man who had forged the cheque, and were to be got by the teller from him.) One was to tell how he (the escaped convict) had committed the forgery the morning after he had been given shelter by Guyot, and where the disguises, which he wanted destroyed, could be found. The second letter was to be dated a day later, and was to show how he intended taking passage that day for New York *en route* for Mexico. To make success sure, the first letter was to contain the merchant's forged

signature, just as it was forged on the cheque that drew the money.

The banker when seen by the teller about this shrewd scheme, heartily approved of it, wrote the two letters and again forged the merchant's name in one of them. The reader knows how successfully the letters misled Jodoïn and myself. The banker also sent to the informer, Guyot, through the teller, the disguises he had worn when he had cashed the cheque. After we had followed in pursuit of the escaped convict, and supposed forger, Guyot was to follow us to Mexico, where he would be safe and where he was to try and make us believe he had committed the crime—the sequel of the trip the reader knows. The thought of that Mexican trip was fuel to my mad thirst for revenge, and I hurried on quicker. As I ran up the stairs leading to our rooms, my hand, unconsciously, sought the pocket where I kept my revolver.

As I entered the room, I found Jodoïn sitting alone, while the door of the strong-room, where we often kept prisoners for a night, was standing open. The teller, as I had expected, had been liberated.

"You despicable traitor!" As I uttered the words, the blood rushed to his handsome face, but he made no reply. As I spoke, I brought my hand down heavily upon the table, which gave forth a peculiar metallic sound. Glancing down, I saw that my tense fingers had brought with them the revolver.

His silence only angered me the more, and bending over the table I went on madly: "I will let the prefect know the whole of this story, and, although you have destroyed all written proofs, and they are free, he will believe me; for I will produce the man who helped us in the *Café de la Paix*, and the part he played will bear out my statements. When the story is known among the other officers, they will despise you for a coward, and a traitor, and the owner of the beautiful face which led you to this infamy shall also be known, and—"

The grasp upon my throat was so sudden that I was taken entirely by surprise. In the struggle which ensued, the table was overturned, and very soon one of his knees was pressing heavily on my chest.

"Call me what you will, Painchaud," he said huskily, "but for the love of heaven do not revile her; I am desperate enough now without that, and already have done you more injury than I can repair."

I had now lost all control of myself, and as his fingers relaxed I called out: "She is an infamous woman, or she would not—"

His cry was more like that of a wild beast than a human being, and his vice-like fingers closed again upon my throat. The suffocating sensation only lasted for a few seconds—a pistol shot rang through the room, and with a groan he rolled from my body to the floor. As I stood over him, with the smoking revolver in my hand, I could barely refrain from firing at him again.

Suddenly I remembered that it was not safe for me to be there, and I fled.

* * * *

When he recovered, three months later, the scar on his face was so dreadful that he would be pitiful to look upon as long as life lasted. It was not known who shot him, as he said he did not recognize the man who stole into his room and fired at him.

Had he had me arrested for attempted murder, I could have sworn out a warrant against him for compounding felony;

but I knew it was not the fear of that which kept him silent, but the love of her. When she looked upon his face after he had recovered, she shuddered and drew away. Her repugnance completely broke down his already shattered health, and when she suddenly left Paris for a trip on the continent he took to his bed never to leave it again. Her father after she had gone, refused to recognize him—he was no longer in his power. The banker, too, kept his promise to me and reported what he termed "my outrageous conduct" to the prefect, and as I dared not explain, I was discharged in deep disgrace.

It was on May 18th, 1871, that Jodoin died. It was a strange coincidence that death should have come to him on the anniversary of the forgery. Before he died, he sent for me; but one year had not effaced the bitterness of my ruined character, and I refused.

But after a quarter of a century our thoughts are not the same. I have grown weary of the struggle with my conscience, and so, in the hope of finding peace, have written this confession, and the world now knows the truth about this strange forgery case as well as the mystery of the shooting of Vital Jodoin, and may deal with me as it deems best.

Clifford Smith.

[THE END.]



TWO SOULS.

"Animæ omnes sunt Mibi."

THE Lake, methinks, is as the forest's soul,
For in its stilly water lies,
With awe held up before the face of God,
A mirror of its mysteries.

The human, like the wilding forest's soul,
Fulfilled with strange desire and whim
And every ecstasy of dream, reflects
The perfect vision but to Him.

C. W. Vernon.



THE PRIVATE TUTOR.

BY EDWARD STREAM.

MR THOMAS MOLE was one of those exceedingly clever men who cannot make both ends meet—a dark, spectacled gentleman apparently living in an ocean of bile, and who, as a private tutor, forced the old Greeks and Romans down the throats of youth much more eager for dinner than the classics. Everything about him was dingy and melancholy, from his ninety year old father, slowly dying in the attic, down to the grimy general servant struggling for existence in the kitchen. The only oasis in the Sahara of the Moles was Lucretia, the eldest of their six daughters. To this eminently practical girl, her father appeared to be a dreamer on a slow but very sure journey to the poor-house, while his wife looked upon him as a man possessing *real* ability and an *imaginary* income. His children, in general, regarded him as a man of mystery woefully deficient in small change. The world in which the Master of Arts lived was surrounded by creditors who merely knew him as a debtor having to be perpetually carried forward in their books.

Lucretia was one day talking to her father. She said: "I have been thinking about our position, and it seems to me that unless something is done at once we shall starve. There are six of us girls, and not one earning a cent. I have had an offer of marriage from the baker. Yes, papa, our baker. Of course, he's not a literary man, but he has a good business. If I marry, you

will lose a daughter and a creditor, and I think it would be a good thing if my five sisters could marry grocers or butchers, or mechanics of some kind, not out on strike of course. You see, papa, if your family is connected with trade, you and mamma will be proof against starvation. No ordinary butcher will sue his father-in-law. We have never been over fed, but we may have been over educated, and I, for one, won't marry anyone connected with either education or literature. If I marry Mr. Harris, I can, if I choose, read Plato by a good warm stove, but if I married some one like you, pa, I should perhaps see my husband either shovelling snow or trying to sell tea to a credulous public. What do you say, papa?"

"There is some truth in what you advance, Lucretia. Socrates—"

"Bother him and all his tribe! You know that those old Greeks would be arrested in these days as vagrants. Fancy poor old Socrates stopping people on the street and asking their opinions on the tariff and bi-metallism! Mamma is quite agreeable for me to marry the baker, for it means unlimited breakfast rolls and shortcake. Look at poor, old grandpa! He may die any day, and how are we to bury him?"

"That has bothered me a good deal," said her father. "It would not be a bad idea if Lucilla were to become engaged to an undertaker, and we could perhaps bury the poor, old man on credit. We want some coals badly, too"

"That will be all right" replied Lucretia. "Jennie has been introduced to young Hart, the new coal merchant on South Street."

* * * * *

Lucretia was married to the baker, and a great deal of the family gloom was dispersed. Three of her sisters also married within a short time,—one gave her hand to the undertaker, and the other two both married butchers. The old grandfather died, and the private tutor's household included his wife, and two unmarried daughters, one of whom soon afterwards married a wholesale grocer. Mr. Mole, M. A., seemed to get brighter, and in discussing the change for the better which had taken place, remarked to his wife:

"You see, dear, this is all owing to Lucretia's practical mind. My father would have been wiser had he made me a shoemaker or a blacksmith. Look at the years I have spent in trying to lead the youth of this town around the moss-covered Parthenon, getting small fees and sometimes only a few cents on the dollar. The honest bricklayer, when not on strike or short of tobacco, has little to worry him. We are now connected with the baking, meat, grocery and undertaking industries, and although I am no politician, I appreciate a free breakfast table. One unmarried daughter remains, and as she will shortly wed a coal merchant, our kindling and anthracite are sure. You see, my dear," he continued, "with what headlong strides we were hastening to the poor-house when pulled up by Lucretia. This is a practical age, Alice. The ancients seemed to have satisfied their hunger with dialogues, but such airy nutriment as that is not suited to this part of the globe. We cannot live as did Diogenes, in a tub, for the simple reason that it would be much too inflammable, and the taxes would exceed its value. I was speaking to an ex-literary man who subsists by

selling clothes pins, and while he can talk about the Roman fathers as though they were his relatives, he has not the remotest knowledge of a modern who could give him a job. He will probably end his days in the House of Industry, instead of dying as a painter or leather cutter in affluence. That poor fellow selling coal oil, I find, was a 'double first' at Oxford, and yet he has to pay cash for his oil, and if his horse should run away both owner and horse would be ruined. Then remember, dear, the old philosophers all lived in warm climates, where clothing was superfluous, and the jail system incomplete. They could talk by the hour in their shirt sleeves, and help themselves to their neighbor's fruit without comment. But Pythagoras and Aristotle would cut sorry figures in this country, shovelling snow with odd and party-colored mitts, and no amount of eloquence on the part of Demosthenes would move one of our coal dealers. Our daughters have done well in connecting themselves with commerce. If I had six more daughters, they should all marry tradesmen or mechanics."

"Certainly!" answered the wife of the Master of Arts, "I could have cried yesterday, when I bought some combs from a Cambridge University man. Of course I could tell from his ragged appearance that he was a scholar; he told me there was little money in combs, and, as he was not tall enough for a policeman, had no influence in the fire department, was too old for the army, and much too bilious to enter the navy, unless he could sell the combs he had by four o'clock, he should kill himself. I bought twenty-six combs of him, and he was here again this morning with more."

"Sad, my dear; very sad," said her husband. "Listen to this little poem of mine, beginning—

'All I have, I owe to trade.'

Edward Stream.

A STORY OF NIAGARA.

Founded on fact.

BY J. H. LONG.

THIS was the tale he told—my soldier friend—
Of those old days, a hundred years ago,
When war was raging in these Western lands,
And erstwhile friends were foes, and met in fight
For Congress or for King.
'Twas on a summer day. The sky was bright,
And naught disturbed the stillness of the woods,
Save the dull, roaring sound that came from where
The cataract sent its spray up to the sun,
And headlong dashed adown the rocky gorge.
A settler's lonely cabin here and there,
Or Indian wigwam—these were all that told
That foot of man had trod these wilds ; for where
To-day are smiling fields and cities fair,
Was then a wilderness of silent woods.
Among the tress there wound the Indian trail,
Distant at times, at times so near the bank
That one might cast a stone into the flood.
A bugle note! And, up the path there come,
With clank of steel and snatch of merry song,
King George's men in scarlet and in gold.
Just where the narrow road first gives a glimpse
Of gorge and fall, the Colonel halts his men,
To rest them from the march and view the scene.
So each, as fancy leads him, roams at will,
And e'en the roughest soldier feels the awe
That broods mysterious o'er Niagara's flood.
At bugle call they all fall in, save one,
A young lieutenant. Once again it sounds,
But still he comes not. Men are sent
To search the woods. They follow winding paths,
They clamber down the rocky banks. All day
They search ; and, as the sun sinks toward the west,
Leaving a guard behind, they form their march,
And enter, late at night, with saddened hearts,
The old French fort that guards the river's mouth.
Again, day after day, the quest is made,
But still in vain ; and he, the pride of all,
Is mourned as dead by those beyond the sea.
And these his soldier comrades in the war.

* * * *

A hundred years have passed. The names and tales
Of long ago have faded from men's minds.
All else is changed save but the mighty flood
That lifts its voice and incense up to God.
Three travellers, homeward bound from round the world,

Wander along the bank, and clamber down
 By narrow path to where the Rapids lift
 Their angry heads. One, bolder than the rest,
 Swings himself lightly on a bending limb;
 And, as he does so, a great stone is moved,
 Falling far down upon the wave-dashed shore.
 And lo! Where it has lain, a rocky cleft
 Is seen, piercing the bank. They enter in;
 And there before them, lie the whitened bones,
 With frays of braid and tattered red, of one
 Who, 'neath King George's flag, fought long ago.
 With reverent hands they lift him up, and read,
 On dim, discolored page, the tale he wrote:
 How, while his comrades rested, he had made
 His way along the path o'er-arched by trees;
 Had seen the open cave, had passed within;
 But, as he entered, how his foot dislodged
 A great square stone that fell and shut him in;
 And how, with superhuman strength, he tried
 To move the stone, and shouted to his friends,
 And how, at last, he knew that he must die
 A lonely, lingering death within that tomb.
 'Twas thus he wrote the story of his fate,
 And begged that, if his body e'er were found,
 His love be sent to her whom he had met,
 The daughter of his foes, when in the South
 His regiment fought with Tarleton and with Howe.
 The words grew fainter on the page. "Good Bye,
 Dear Love! God! Mother!" So he died.

* * * *

My friend, who told the story as he sat
 Beside his hearthstone in his English home,
 Now paused; and, pointing to a lady's face
 Upon the wall, said, "That is she who won
 The soldier's love." A girlish face it was,
 With happy smile. "Tell me the rest," I said.
 "There is but little more," my friend replied.
 "Poor thing! She died of broken heart. I found
 The family in the South, and told the tale,
 And gave the locket from the dead man's neck.
 And truth! So long it took the tale to tell,
 That, ere 'twas finished, I had lost my heart;
 And now—But here she comes, my loving wife."

J. H. Long.



PLACER-MINING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY B. R. ATKINS.

PROPERLY speaking, the placer-miner is the pioneer of the prospector or ledge-seeker, though the latter is generally regarded as the first in all new mining countries. and occasioned placer-mining, it was through the discovery of these fragments by placer-miners that ledges—the first source—were brought to light. It was the finding of nuggets of silver, lead and



THE CRUCIAL MOMENT—PANNING OUT.

Although primarily it was the disintegration of ledges by moisture, heat and cold, and the subsequent washing of the fragments, by the rains of ages, into mountain streams, which distributed the precious bits of metal along their banks,

other metals in the sluices of placer-miners that led the more thoughtful of them to believe that these isolated fragments were but detached pieces from a similar, but larger, body, which must be near. The calculation was soon acted

upon, ledge after ledge was discovered, and the prospector evolved from his prototype the placer-miner.

It must be understood, however, that the placer-miner is also a prospector, or searcher; but to mark him from the quartz prospector, or ledge-seeker, now so well known, he is given a distinguishing title; the word "placer" being an old Spanish or Mexican term, meaning a gravel bar in a river.

The character of the placer-miner is, in a word, that of the prospector. They are chips from the one block; they are cast in the same heroic mould. Both are wild, daring adventurers, preparing places for the abode of men, making straight the way for happy homes and enormous enterprises.

They are the precursors of civilization. They are more; they are the Genii of the modern West, at whose command rushing rivers and mighty mountains lay bare their hidden treasures to the eyes of an admiring world.

Yet, are they to be pitied. Poor fellows! Driven by a wild, insatiable longing for wealth—possessed only to be thrown away broadcast like chaff in an autumn wind—they search with untiring eye and unwearied arm the river bed and mountain side. Ever finding, never keeping, and the goal as far off as ever. They are hidden heroes, new to literature and eulogy, whose merits deserve reward from a people who reap all what they have sown.

The placer-miner's outfit is—except for a few articles peculiar to his calling, namely, a gold pan, half an ounce of quicksilver, a buckskin wallet and a shovel—much the same as that of the prospector, and his preparations for a journey almost identical. Fully provisioned and equipped, to the extent of at least sixty pounds *Avoirdupois*, all of which must be carried on the back, he sets out on what looks like an almost Quixotic mission, for some far-off place which has been said—no one knows by whom—to contain a plentiful supply of yellow nuggets. By dint of a keen perception, and the aid of a pocket compass, he arrives at the talked-of *El Dorado*, having picked and peered into every stream *en route*; for, unlike the prospec-

tor, he travels only in the valleys and along the waterways, over broken ground and boulders, through heavy timber and brush.

Here, at his journey's end, often, indeed, it has no end, but he follows where fancy leads, he is, if possible, even more alert than usual, and keenly scrutinizes the geological formation of the rocks, their color and direction, for favorable indications of the presence of precious mineral. A practical placer-miner, or prospector either, for that matter, in his practical knowledge of this part of his calling, is, perhaps, more to be relied upon than his scientific *confrère*, the geologist, and can give a very fair idea by a look at the surrounding formation whether gold may be expected in the creeks, or not.

Should the geological conditions be favorable—placer diggings are usually found in slate, granite or porphyry—the placer-miner next looks for a peculiarly yellow, or dark brown colored gravel which should be there. And now both sides of the main stream upon which he is, the mouth of every tributary, and the low hill-slopes on every side, are all carefully and diligently searched for the best looking gravel, and a place where it looks most promising selected. A panful of this gravel and earth is next taken to the stream's side, water is poured in, and with a sifting, circular motion the placer-miner keeps washing the gravel down, excluding the coarser gravel bit by bit over the edge of the pan, till it is at last reduced to about a teaspoonful of coarse, black sand, which generally accompanies gold. The sand is then spread over the bottom of the pan, when the "colors" (gold particles), if any be there, are detected. Possibly there will be twenty "colors," perhaps but one; but rich or poor, another and still another pan is tried to confirm the finding of the first.

Great care is exercised upon the panning-out process, as it depends largely upon the "colors" obtained whether the placer-miner will risk the working of the ground or not, whether he will pitch his tent in that spot for better or for worse, whether, perhaps, a fortune awaits him there or a wasted season. It is a trying moment, full of high hopes and

fearful forebodings. It is a crucial situation, alive with possibilities and charged with disappointment and uncertainty. Yet, this very uncertainty it is which gives the life, that inexplicable charm, to its fond, but foolish, followers, and that leads them yearly, no matter how many the reverses, to adventure again the hazards of the life.

If the "colors" found determine the placer-miner to work the spot, he encamps at the place and proceeds methodically to inspect the course and banks of the stream, to discover the position of the

Chief among these signs are "bars," or deposits of rock, earth and gravel which have accumulated sufficiently to turn the river into another or different channel, or divide it into two. The gold, borne along with the rushing waters, is received by these bars, and by its weight and percolation of the water, sinks to the stratified "bed rock," and is covered up year after year by masses of rock and gravel until in the condition that the placer-miner finds it. Another sign to be followed in the search for the "pay streak" is the presence of the dark brown



FILLING THE PAN.

"pay streak" or ground where the gold has been retained in the greatest quantities. Such a search to a tyro would bear no fruit, except of the Dead Sea order, unless, indeed, the blind goddess—who seems to have a *penchant* for greenhorns in every calling, but especially prospecting—should smile upon him, and the "pay streak" be discovered accidentally. With the professional placer-miner it is different, for to him well-known signs point closely to where the prize should most likely be, although even "professionals" are not by any means infallible.

gravel, before alluded to, and which can only be detected by a trained and experienced eye.

The "pay streak" found, the placer-miner measures off the ground allowed by law, placing posts at each corner, giving on their surface the name of the "claim," size, direction, and date of location.

This being done, the property is safe, and a journey to the nearest town having a Government Office of Records, follows, the "claim" is recorded, a fee paid, and the ground is now his as long as he



A CLOSE EXAMINATION.—TESTING
"COLORS" WITH A GLASS.

is willing to work it.* The most fanciful names are given to claims when recorded, and are frequently an index to the proprietor's character. For instance, men who call their "claims" *Excelsiors*, *Advances* and *Eurekas*, are clearly not of a pessimistic turn of mind, while *Will o' the Wisps* and *Last Chances* tell without doubt their owners to be men who look twice before they leap. The first class, however, predominate in every mining camp, occurring again and again with almost painful repetition, yet speaking strongly without words of the sanguine spirits of their holders.

The next thing to be done is to purchase a sufficient supply of nails, saws, picks, shovels and "grub" to enable the newly-made proprietor to develop his property. Supplied with these, he returns to his "claim," making, of course, much

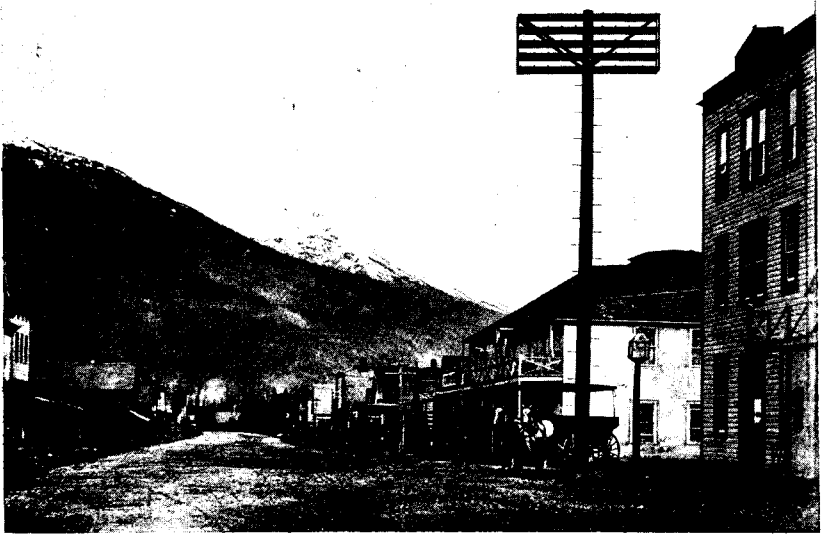
* NOTE.—This is the law of British Columbia and many of the Western mining States of America. Whenever the locator ceases work for more than a specified number of days, except by special permission, his right or title to the "claim" reverts to the Crown, or State, as the case may be.

better time than at first, and immediately commences active operations.

The first step is to dam the creek or river, in order to allow the full limit of the "claim" to be worked, for he has placed his "claim" on the bend of a "bar," with about one-half in the water and the other half out. Accordingly, trees are felled, and a dam, consisting of two tiers of logs, filled with earth between and lined with cedar boards (laggin), is built in the centre of the stream. A similar one, the head dam, is built at right angles to this, at the upper or waterflow end, and the stream runs now with considerably more depth and force in one-half of its original channel. As yet, however, the ground to be reclaimed is covered by water, so a foot-dam at the lower end of the centre one, and similar to both, is also put in, and the "claim" completely walled about, at least, that portion of it under water. On the top logs of the foot dam bearings are placed for the support of a wheel shaft which, anchored at the shore end, carries an undershot wheel at the other. On the shaft is placed a drum connected to a pump rod, which is placed directly inside the foot dam, with its wooden case sunk deep around it. Merrily moves the wheel, and suck goes the pump, discharging the water over the foot dam and ridding the ground of its liquid covering. It is, indeed, with a sigh of relief that the weary worker sees all his rude machinery finished, for, primitive as it is, it involves a tremendous amount



HIS MORNING MEAL.



REVELSTOKE, B.C.—THE GATEWAY TO THE RICH PLACER FIELDS OF BIG BEND.

of labor which may, alas! be, after all, wasted and for naught.

But, he has not quite finished yet; for while the "claim" is pumping out, he fells more timber, and saws out of it by hand, about one thousand feet of boards for "sluice boxes." These he nails together in box form, about twelve feet long by one foot deep, and one foot wide, placing on the bottom inside a number of small poles (riffles) running parallel to the sides of the box. When they run across the box they are termed "Hungarian riffles." And now he is, at last, ready. He sets his "sluice boxes" to the fall of the ground—when there is iron or gray sand in the "pay dirt" the sluices require a fall of, at least, sixteen inches in twelve feet, but in ordinary circumstances six inches fall is quite sufficient—and loads his "riffles" with quicksilver on a copper plate to attract the finer gold. The ground being free from water, he commences at the lower end of the "claim" to sink to "bed rock," that *Ultima Thule* of every placer-miner, for here, if at all, he reaps a golden harvest. Hence, to get to "bed rock," is so full of finality to the placer-miner, that it has become a phrase "out West" indicative of a desire to arrive at the conclusion, root or end of any matter or fact.

Steadily, swiftly now, the water runs in the placer-miner's boxes, and day after day he shovels in the "dirt," which the water washes, leaving the gold, if any, stuck in the "riffles," while the gravel and sand and other matter is swirled away out over the end of the foot dam. A week having gone by, the water is turned off, and a "clean up" or stock-taking of all the gold in the boxes had. So on, week after week, the placer-miner digs and washes, and puts away his yellow prize, ever getting nearer and nearer "bed rock." Reached, at last, he tries with feverish eyes and hands the boxes, on the very day he strikes it, and, sure enough, perhaps, the gold is there in goodly quantities. Or, it may be the other way, and often is, and the poor miner is the picture of despair as he contemplates the empty "riffles" and the worthless dirt. Then he is tempted to try the other side of the stream, which could easily be done by shifting over the head and foot dams, wheel and sluices, but better judgment prevails, as the "paystreak" is hardly ever split up, and he has already had signs in plenty to warn him of his being on the right bank. At it again he goes, and day after day adds steadily to his "pile," until at last the whole "claim" is stripped

and the season over, that is, between June, when freshets come, and November, when the water freezes.

So far, the placer-mining described has been of the simplest nature, that of shallow diggings. Nothing need be said, however, of all the methods employed in deep diggings, tunnelling, and various other modes of extracting the precious mineral from mother earth. Neither need the ingenuity nor persistence that is displayed in overcoming the difficulties of water and quicksand (slum), and other natural obstacles, be detailed; they are all seen in, perhaps, a somewhat lesser degree by the shallow-digging placer-miner who has just stripped his "claim." He is a fair sample of his fellows, and deserves a little further notice as he ties up his "pack" and carefully puts away his buckskin wallet ready for the return journey to town next morning. As everything has gone fairly well with him, he has for his season's work about £500, so he sleeps, you may imagine, with one eye open.

Considerably more than this amount has, of course, been "cleaned up" in entirely unexpected places by many placer-miners, but, considering the numbers that have been, and are, engaged in the pursuit, it is, indeed, but seldom. The fact is that, in spite of the utmost privation, considerably more of them do not earn this amount at all, or anything like it. Then, the many dangers to life

and limb which are encountered must be considered, such as forest fires, early floods and snow-slides. When all these are weighed up, it would be thought that "the game was not worth the candle," and that men would throw it up for some more regular and remunerative, if uncongenial, calling. Not so, however, for the life has, as all lotteries have, its allurements and its votaries; for is there not the ever possible, if highly improbable, chance of some day falling on a prize, yea, a fortune?

Is it any wonder, then, that men of unencumbered freedom—the freedom of the West—and impatient of restraint, should refuse to tarry at home to struggle in the rusty routine of ordinary life, while such a prize was, by searching, somewhere to be found? And is it strange that the placer-miner should chafe in his "shack" (small wooden house) at the silent snows and thundering tide which keep him from once again hunting the hills and searching the streams for the hidden hoard?

But, with proverbial inconsistency, should the prize be discovered, it is wasted, squandered, spent in the most reckless fashion, and a few months again sees the placer-miner searching eagerly, hopefully for another "find," which he vainly promises himself shall be the last cherished venture of this kind he will indulge in.

B. R. Atkins.

AMBITION.

THE tiny brook,
That courses through some narrow sylvan nook,
May add its waters to the open sea.

The faintest star
That glows afar,
Is part of Heaven's spangled canopy.

E'en so, the humblest searcher after Truth,
In regions rare,
May carry high his torch, nor fear the glare
Of Intellect's strong lights; and e'en may dare
To add his fragment to the stately pile
Of treasured lore,
Shap'd by the master-minds in days of yore.

J. Miller Barr.

CANADIAN SUCCESSES ON THE STAGE.

BY W. J. THOROLD.

(First Paper.)

CANADIANS seem to possess a marked aptitude for success in all the various fields of art. Filled with ambition and energy, the capacity for noble effort and high attainment. Novelists or musicians some have elected to become, others to conquer with painter's brush or sculptor's chisel, a



FRANKLYN McLEAY AS "THE TETRARCH" IN *CLAUDIAN*.

sons and daughters of this northern country have ventured and won. They have now fully demonstrated their number to excel as poets and evangelists or actors. And they have done it. The Dominion has ambassadors in all the



FRANKLYN McLEAY AND MISS WARNER AS
"NERO" AND "POPPÆA."

various spheres of intellectual endeavor, and in all the leading centres of the world.

In the theatrical world few men in our generation have leaped so suddenly into popularity and renown in the greatest Metropolis as has Mr. Franklyn McLeay. On the night of January 5th, 1896, this young Canadian played "Nero" at the Lyric Theatre in Wilson Barrett's masterpiece, *The Sign of the Cross*. Next morning the newspapers were his trumpets and the people of cultured London were his admirers.

It was at rather a happy time when

the special correspondent of MASSEY'S MAGAZINE called upon him in his comfortable den—a room that looks as if it might belong to any genial Bohemian with a strong belief in the inspiration of disorder. The chimes in Westminster had rung three times since Big Ben pealed out eleven. Mr. McLeay had been so busy during the day, that the interview took place, by appointment, after the evening performance. A number of dainty articles with cards attached, lying on the actor's desk and mantel, were meeting with unavoidable observation, when a pretty little clock tinkled out twelve, and my host modestly remarked that this was his birthday.

"You would not care to say which one?" I added, as he opened another parcel.

He handed me the present: an exquisite silver paper knife. The card contained the words: "On his 19th birthday."

"Now tell me something about yourself," coming soon to business, "and your career."

"Well," he answered, "the first thing I shall tell you is a fact that I am very proud of."

"That is——?"

"I was born a Canadian. My home is in Watford, Ontario."

"As you are noted for your scholarship, as well as your histrionic gifts, it would be of interest to know where your education was obtained."

"I am glad to mention that my Collegiate training was received at the Baptist College at Woodstock. From there I matriculated in 1884 into the University of Toronto."

McLeay's achievements are well remembered at 'Varsity. Making rapid progress in learning and athletics, he won scholarships in English, French and German, was elected President of the Modern Language Club, became a noted baseball and football player, carrying off

many prizes as a runner. In his fourth year at college he was offered, and accepted, the Modern Language mastership at Woodstock Collegiate Institute, a position he filled efficiently for two years.

to his philological and critical exegeses in the class-room, I felt very often the presence of souls acting and re-acting one upon another. After the technical foundation has been laid, the poet of



FRANKLYN McLEAY AS "NERO."

"What led you to adopt the dramatic profession?" I next inquired.

"The lectures of Prof. David R. Keys in Shakespeare at the University of Toronto filled me with a great enthusiasm for the dramatist. While listening

Stratford-on-Avon is a study in humanity more than in letters.

"While summering at Grimsby one vacation, I met the veteran tragedian, James E. Murdoch, and went with him to a lucrative post in his School of Ora-

tory. I then thought that in a well-developed voice lay the means of mirroring forth those lights and shades of fancy which flit across Shakespeare's pages like the changing lights on a hillside. While lecturing in blue Boston, the attention of Mr. Wilson Barrett was drawn to me. He made me an offer to join his company."

"Which you accepted?"

"No—declined. But upon its being renewed six months after, I thought differently, and became a member of his forces in Liverpool."

"Where you made your *début*?"

"Yes, in a small part in *Claudian*."

"I believe every actor has parts that he takes exceptional pleasure in playing. Might I ask yours?"

"The 'Bat' in *Pharaoh*."

"In which you made your first great hit?"

"So they say," smiling.

This is one of those characters that, having once been seen, cannot be put from the memory—so replete with weird power and pathos is the mis-shapen imp by McLeay's magnetic representation. It lives. The London press pronounced the 'Bat' an impersonation that no other actor on the English-speaking stage could approach, on account of the peculiar physical and psychological requirements.

"You have other favorite parts?"

"The 'Tetrarch' in *Claudian*, the 'Deemster,' and the 'Bishop' in *Ben-My-Chree*, the 'Ghost' in *Hamlet*, 'Iago' in *Othello*."

"I have read that some of the critics refer to that as the truest Shakesperian performance of this quarter of the century."

"It is not wise to dispute the verdict of the critics," he replied, "when it is in your favor. But I have no hope of compassing the subtleties and profundities of 'Iago' for some years to come, if ever. That character is the most difficult of interpretation in literature."

"Now then, for 'Nero.'"

"It thrills me to represent that Emperor."

"As it does the audience," I interrupted, taking up a scrap-book lying on the sofa, "to see and listen to the terrible

monster. He sends in some large orders, you know."

The scrap-book contained criticisms on the young Canadian's impersonation of "Nero," many of them superbly illustrated, from over two hundred newspapers and magazines in London. They were chiefly for the originality of his conception and its startling truth. *St. Paul's* ranked him with Sir Henry Irving, and *The Sketch* placed him as the superior of Garnier. To be considered by the metropolitan journals to be equal to the leaders of the English and French stages is surely high praise. Possessing the greatest respect for all who have attained eminence in the various fields of art, he believes in neither discounting nor following any one else. Accurate study of the great Roman monarch, immortal for his infamy, is the basis of McLeay's portraiture. Living next to the British Museum, he searched carefully the pages of Suetonius and Tacitus for historical data, and made a special study of general paralytics in Bethlehem Royal Asylum for the Insane. His copy of "Insanity and Allied Neuroses," by Geo. H. Savage, M.D., F.R.C.P., is well thumbed and marked. No wonder his impersonation is so convincing. It is masterly because scholarly. Every detail is based on either history or science. In a short time he has won the approval of London as leading man to England's foremost author-actor. Who can say what laurels are in store for this son of Canada when he appears at the head of his own company? The stars in the dramatic firmament are rapidly falling. Those astrologers who look for greater and more brilliant luminaries to take their place are turning their telescopes in the direction of Franklyn McLeay.

* * * * *

Another Canadian who has won success in London is MARY KEEGAN, one of the most modest women to whom success has come as a deserved reward. Chatting and drinking tea with her one afternoon, I asked what prompted her to go on the stage.

"I always had the fever," she replied, naïvely.

"So, of course, took part in lots of amateur performances?"

"No, strange to say, never. But as a child I attempted to write plays."

"And your *début*?"

"Was made in London at the Royalty Theatre in a duologue called *Make Beliefs*, from the Danish of Otto Benzon. My next appearance was at the Globe Theatre as 'Elizabeth Throgmorton' in a piece called *Shakespeare*."

pendent Theatre, an ill-fated literary venture."

"Then?"

"The title rôle, 'Blanche Tremayne,' in Dr. Todhunter's play, *The Black Cat*—one of my favorite parts."

"When that closed?"

"I went on tour as 'Lady Merchant,' the lead in *A Bunch of Violets*, from the



MARY KEEGAN AS "JUDITH SHAKESPEARE."

"Then you went to the Adelphi, did you not?"

"Yes, with Charles Warner, famous for his 'Conpeau' in *Drink*. I played 'Polly Fletcher,' the *Inzenue* in *The Lost Paradise*. Afterwards I was made the leading lady, and did 'Margaret Knowlton.' Next I impersonated 'Fina' in *A Question of Memory*, at the Inde-

Haymarket Theatre. Then came a trying effort. I created the part of 'Judith Shakespeare,' in a drama adapted from William Black's novel of the same name—the occasion being the memorial week at Stratford-on-Avon. Again I returned to London to take the lead at the Independent Theatre in *A Man's Love*. Then came an engagement that was indeed

acceptable: 'Olive Allingham,' the heavy lead in *The Benefit of the Doubt*, by A. W. Pinero."

In Edinburgh and Glasgow, Miss Keegan, was enthusiastically received in this drama.

"You like Pinero's pieces?"

"Very much."

"You have played in others?"

"I was offered 'Paula' in *The Second Mrs. Torqueray*, but the negotiations fell through."

"What heroines are you most ambitious to represent?"

"Shakespeare's. None can equal his."

Miss Mary Keegan was born in Hamilton, Ontario, where her father was a barrister. Her education was obtained at the Sacred Heart Convent, Montreal, at which school she was usually the

pupil selected to read the addresses to visiting bishops. She has also travelled considerably, having visited Italy, France, Switzerland, Greece, Turkey, Egypt and Palestine. In addition to her regular work, Miss Keegan finds time for writing songs, the music being composed by Hillier, a Belgian violinist. She is now engaged upon the libretto of an opera. Clement Scott has likened her voice to that of Ellen Terry.

Disliking conventionality and insincerity, Miss Keegan is a woman of rare personal charms and mental gifts. With her strong individuality, her exceptional natural endowments, both physical and intellectual, all ennobled by high aspirations, she should feel free to paint the future in the brightest colors.

W. J. Thorold.



THE SHIP OF THE WEST.

WHEN bells of the eventide
 Are calling to Labor's rest--
 Behold the treasure, laden for Heaven,
 Away at the port of the West.

Day long, lo, the stately ship
 Slow coasteth where clouds may climb
 To pile upon deck all works of Love,
 Wind-borne from the realms of Time.

For the moth and the rust prevail,
 And the children of earth grow wise;
 So the West is aglow with a precious freight
 When the ship sails into the skies.

Charlotte Grant Macintyre.

CUBA IN WAR TIME.

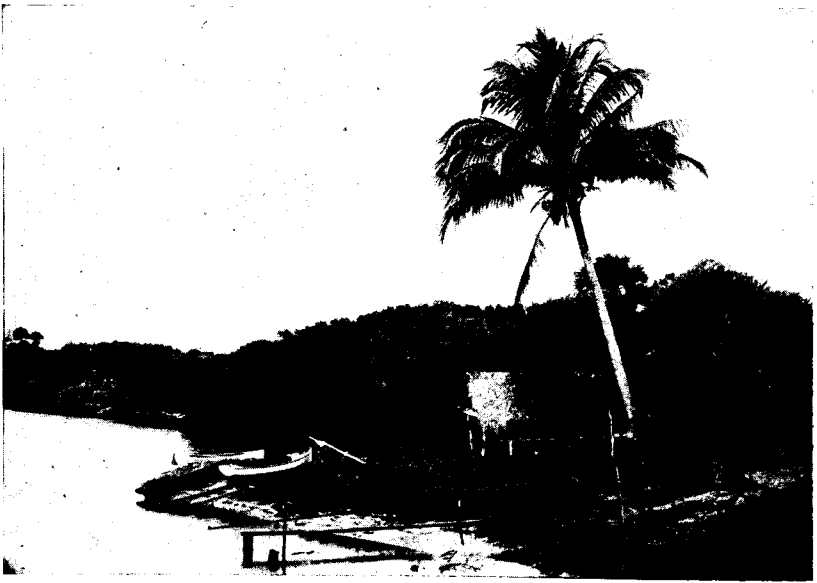
BY FRANK L. POLLOCK.

(*Second Paper.*)

THE lot of the correspondent in Cuba just now is not a particularly happy one. Newspaper publicity is the last thing desired by the Spanish generals in conduct of the war. Those favored ones who are allowed to accompany the troops are compelled to submit their reports to strict censorship, and the free-lance "war men" are in continual danger of arrest, imprisonment or deportation. It

beyond a pen-knife; all my baggage I left at the hotel. In fact, I took nothing whatever but a notebook, stub pencil, passport and a few dollars in gold. A certificate of being a correspondent of MASSEY'S MAGAZINE I had hidden in the lining of my coat.

Owing to the peculiar disposition of Havana, it does not take long to get into the outskirts of the city. There the streets are somewhat wider and the



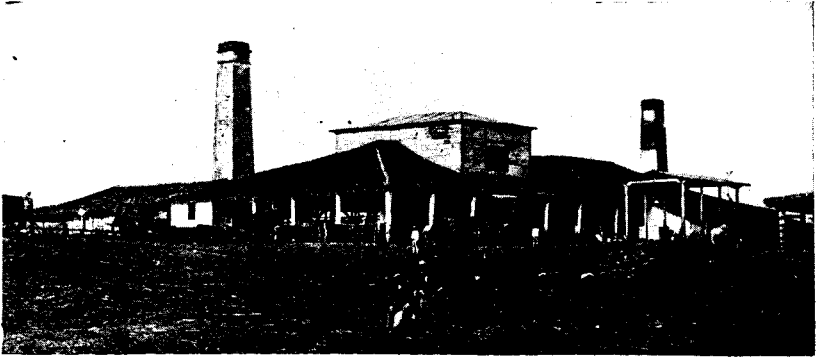
TROPICAL SCENERY ON THE SAN JUAN.

is only a few weeks since the three largest papers in New York had their correspondents returned to them. In fact, if the journalistic representative happens to be caught in an unfrequented place he is in no little danger of his life.

It was with this encouragement that I prepared for my own expedition into the lands where such events were going on. Yet, in truth, I had no preparations to make. I decided to take no weapons,

houses are of less substantial make, for this part of the town is of much more recent construction. Broad, cool-looking verandas front the houses, which are of all sorts of odd colors—red, white, green or yellow. Here and there were vacant lots filled with broad-leaved tropical trees and shrubs, and an air of rurality began to pervade the scene.

I knew that I was now drawing near the point where my passage might be



CRUSHING MILL ON A SUGAR PLANTATION.

disputed. Therefore, I was not surprised, after walking for a few minutes more, to be challenged by a blue-coated soldier who stepped out of an open doorway to intercept me. There were several others within the building, as a glance showed me, and most of these appeared to be asleep, sprawled on benches or on the floor.

"Where are you going?" enquired my soldier.

"Only out here a little way," I told him, with splendid mendacity. "My uncle lives a few miles up this road, and I want to go to see him."

"Where is your passport?"

I produced it.

"Have you permission to travel in the country?"

"No, but—"

"Then you can't pass."

Here was an obstacle. I stared hard at the young soldier, who seemed politely regretful, but firm. I glanced into the guardhouse; none of his comrades seemed to be looking. I knew that most of the Spanish troops had been wretchedly paid since the war began, and I jingled money in my trouser's pocket, and winked. A wink is universally in-



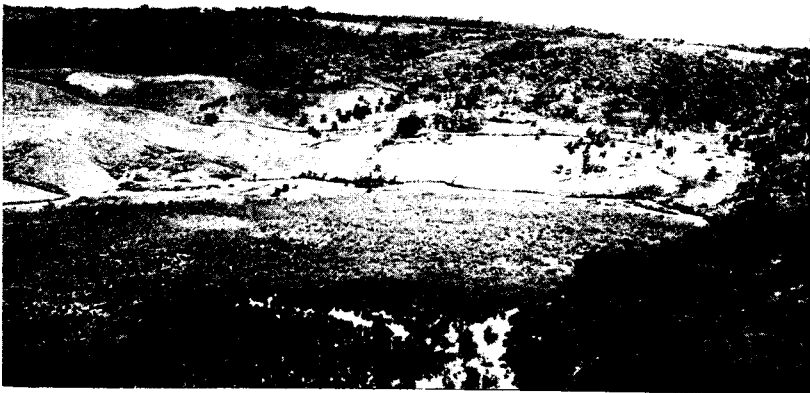
A CUBAN PLOUGHMAN.

telligible. The man looked interested, and, I thought, a trifle less inflexible. I produced a gold twenty-five *peseta* piece, and slipped it into his hand. He accepted it with alacrity, but still looked doubtful. I held another before his eyes, and pointed up the road. He nodded, and in another minute the money was in his pocket, and I was several yards further upon my way. I hope this too obliging soldier did not suffer for his remissness.

I was not long in leaving the boundaries of the city behind me, and chuckled to find myself actually, as it seemed, upon the seat of war. The road led uphill for a considerable distance, and

in the sunshine, with the blue sea beyond; before, the road ran down into the succeeding valley, a vast green basin, broken by clumps of cocoa palms and other tall tropical trees, and varied by green squares of cane-fields and a few low, rambling houses, half concealed by the spreading vegetation. Away to the south-east a pillar of smoke was rising, where incendiaries may have been at work. There were no soldiers of any description in sight.

I congratulated myself upon this latter fact as I walked briskly down the valley road. The bushy palms beside the way afforded an agreeable shade, and it is a peculiarity of the Cuban at-



PANORAMA OF THE YUMURI VALLEY, CUBA.

was even worse than a back county Ontario highway. Sugar-cane and corn appeared to be cultivated freely, and the latter crop was just being harvested by negro laborers who loaded it upon square, two-wheeled carts, drawn by the same tiny, brown oxen seen in the city. These little animals are often unyoked when their services are not required for an hour or so, and they immediately lie down to sleep in the sun, curled up and cuddled together like a litter of puppies, forming a most ludicrous sight.

It was not a very long walk to the summit of the hill range about the city. From this point of elevation, there was a wide view in every direction. Behind lay the city of Havana, gleaming white

mosphere that, however warm it may be in the sun, in the shade it is invariably cool. After traveling for a few miles, I began to discover that the distant appearances of prosperity were deceitful. In fact, the country seemed almost deserted. Once a tall, half-naked negro sprang up from a clump of bushes near the road. He was armed with a *machete*, and I began to feel a little nervous, but, after staring for a few moments, he turned and ran like a deer, till he disappeared in a patch of thick brush. Visitors here were evidently neither frequent nor welcome.

Other signs of destruction were not wanting. Now it was a few square yards of gray ashes where a house had

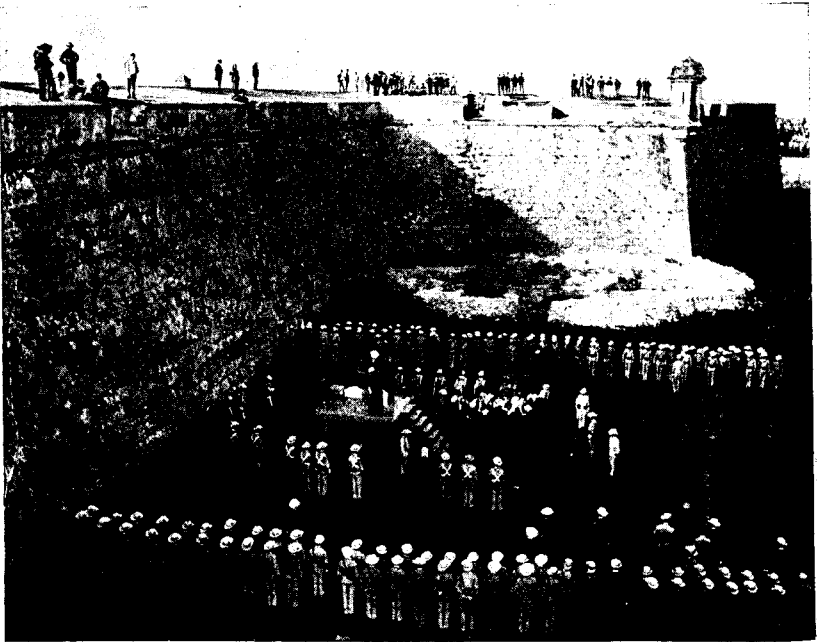


A PINE APPLE PLANTATION.

once stood, now it was the blackened acres of a burned cane-field. Now and then a dead horse lay beside the way, torn by dogs and breeding pestilential vapors, and once I chanced upon a scanty mound of earth where beasts had

been digging. A few fragments of bones protruded from the hole.

I had stopped and was examining this gruesome spectacle, when I detected a faint, dull sound coming up from the valley. It was suspiciously like the



EXECUTION OF INSURGENTS BY GARROTE IN MORRO CASTLE.

tread of marching troops, and I thought it best to conceal myself in a convenient thicket, till the origin of the sound should become apparent. My precautions were justified. In a few minutes, along came the soldiers, some two hundred of them, marching with the peculiar stride of the Spanish infantryman. Doubtless they were on their way to some of the outer lines of fortification.

They had passed in a couple of minutes, and, after allowing them plenty of time to get out of sight, I resumed the road. I now began to feel tremendously hungry, and looked around for some garden or orchard where I might forage. Fortune was again favorable, for I presently chanced upon a small patch of bristling pine-apple plants. Most of the fruit had been plucked green for export, but there were still several dozens of the "apples" which had ripened upon the plants, and had consequently been left. Upon three or four of these, and a few inches of Spanish bread, purchased at a bakery, I made a most satisfying meal. And oh! the mellow, luscious slices of those fragrant "pines!" It was worth making a voyage to Cuba, and running the Spanish lines to boot, to taste them. They were as much like the woody, cellar-ripened fruit we see in the North as a juicy Astrakan is like the evaporated apples which are exported from Canada.

I think that I walked about ten miles that afternoon, and the farther I went the more desolate and war-stricken did the country appear. The luxuriant tropical growths lent a false semblance of prosperity and culture, but most of the crops were destroyed, the houses and out-buildings were burned and not a human figure was to be seen in the fields. This region has not been actually fought over since last winter, but it is incessantly scoured by bands of Spanish guerillas, and these usually show little mercy to the inhabitants they happen to catch. Now and again, too, the insurgents make a daring raid through this debatable ground, and, before the building of the *trocha*, are said to have actually stopped and plundered the grocers' carts in the suburbs of Havana.

Evening presently drew on apace, and I at last halted, hungry and tired enough. No more pine-apple groves presented themselves, and I supped on a few bananas plucked from a roadside tree, and the rest of my bread. In time of peace, Cuba must be a paradise for tramps. Delicious dinners and suppers hang invitingly from the trees, almost all the year round, with no more trouble in preparing than that occasioned by putting forth the hand and gathering. Clothes are a superfluity, and so are lodgings, unless it chances to rain, and then the umbrella-leaved palm offers its shelter. Certainly, when the war is over, I shall revisit the island, and live the life of the Lotus-Eaters, "eating the sweet fruit of the lotus, and taking no thought of any return."

On the present occasion, I took up my quarters for the night in the first deserted cabin I could find, for custom prejudices us in favor of sleeping under cover. The building consisted of two rooms, and was quite empty, with the exception of a couple of rough, wooden benches. Everything else had been removed. There were a number of window-holes, through which the mosquitoes entered with great alacrity, and I spent the time in fighting them till I fell asleep.

The sun was shining in when I awoke, and the morning air smelt cool and fresh. It was a moment before I realized my situation, and then, as memory came back, I sprang up and took a cautious peep from the window. No one was in sight. It was six o'clock—evidently breakfast time. My store of bread was exhausted, so I was compelled to breakfast upon bananas alone, which are nutritious but not stimulating. Then I set off for further exploration.

The cabin in which I had spent the night stood perhaps a hundred yards from the road. The intervening space was thickly overgrown with all sorts of fleshy, broad-leaved plants, three and four feet high, of which I did not know the names, and a kind of rough hedge bordered the road for a little distance. Tufts of larger trees grew here and there, obstructing the view, and I walked carelessly out, without taking the

precaution to reconnoitre the highway. I leaped the hedge, and then—stopped in consternation. A good-sized troop of Spanish cavalry were coming up the road at a trot. There seemed at least a hundred of them, and they were not a hundred and fifty yards distant.

The discovery was mutual. An officer riding ahead of his troop waved and shouted at me. Perhaps he suspected me of being a Cuban spy; more likely he wished to learn if I had authority to travel in the interior. No doubt I should have surrendered myself at once, but the sudden appearance of the soldiers left me only the impulse to get out of the way, and I turned and ran. I vaulted over the hedge, and endeavored to wriggle away close to the ground, in as reptilian a fashion as possible.

Of course it was a great mistake. As I vanished, I heard the officer command his men to "fire." The troopers evidently carried carbines, for a straggling volley rattled out, and the bullets "zipped" along the shrubbery, but none came dangerously near. It was my first experience of being "under fire," but I did not have time to examine my sensations, for the horses thundered up to the hedge and stopped.

Presently I heard from my covert a great crashing and trampling of bushes. The men were beating up the jungle. A whole troop of King Alphonso's cavalry interrupted to pursue an unoffending and humble Canadian! No doubt it was a sort of honor, yet one which I could cheerfully have dispensed with. So I crept on and on, and presently came to the end of the shrubbery. It did not cover more than eight or ten acres, and the troops were bearing down in a long line from the other end. Before me lay an open field, where they would have a fair shot at me if I attempted to run.

I could hear the men coming closer and closer, and I suddenly stood up, and holding my hands above my head, western fashion, called out: "Don't shoot! I surrender."

The troopers were not a little surprised at my unexpected apparition, and I half expected a bullet to whiz past my ear, but they seized on me with little courtesy and hustled me before their

officer. He looked at me severely, as if about to order out a firing party at once.

"Who are you?" he asked sharply.

I informed him of my name and nationality.

"What are you doing here?"

"I am traveling through the country."

"Have you permission? What is your business?"

I hesitated what to say, and finally, thinking truth to be the best policy, replied: "I am a correspondent."

"A correspondent! Of what?"

"Of MASSEY'S MAGAZINE."

"Where are your papers?" he next demanded.

I gave him my passport and certificate.

"Why did you try to escape when you saw us?"

"Because I was afraid that you would send me back to Havana," I answered with great candor.

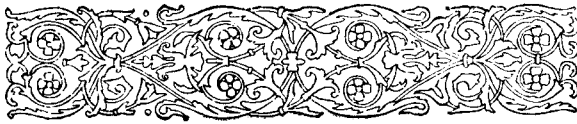
This seemed to amuse him, and he said: "Well, you shall not be disappointed." That ended our conversation; a trooper brought up a spare horse, and I was ordered to mount. I obeyed; the bridle was held by a soldier, and we rode briskly back up the road which I had traversed so laboriously.

My remaining adventures, though sufficiently unpleasant, were of no great interest. We rode to the great "Morro" itself, where I was interrogated for upwards of half an hour, my answers being recorded in a big book, was searched from head to foot without anything treasonable being found, and was finally locked up in a fairly decent cell. I demanded to see the British Consul, and was told that I would be allowed to do so, but the time seemed long in coming; in fact, it has not yet arrived. After being confined here for four days, I was taken down town to a military office, where I was again examined and cross-questioned, and then returned to the "Castle." I had begun to despair of ever being released, and was beginning to calculate what indemnity could be collected from Spain upon my death, when I was again brought before the warden of the Castle.

After asking me many of the former questions over again, and comparing my answers with those previously recorded, he informed me that I would be set at liberty, but that I must leave the Island within ten days. Otherwise I would be re-arrested.

So I got free, and when a New York steamer left at the end of seven days, I went with it. As I said, the Cuba war correspondent is evidently more favored as an export than as an importation. Yet I do not believe that the Spanish conduct is *quite* so bad as it is painted.

Frank L. Pollock.



THE MALDERIE.

I.

A raking craft was she,
With masts aslant, and deck-room
scant
And a madness for the sea.

A black hull innocent,
But with a way of dashing the spray
That looked malcontent.

Thus lay the *Malderie*,
In Malo Bay, at break-of-day,
Wild for the sea.

II.

Grey mists on the North Sea;
And lifts of song, burly and strong,
Where the winds flee.

Two ships sailing out—
Alone on the black sea, where the waves
tramp cheerily
And the winds shout.

God save the *Malderie*—
The devil's own craft is sailing abaft;
So black on the black sea.

Rigged schooner 'fore and aft,
Manned well by the sons of hell,
With the devil himself abaft.

The captain, with mocking grace,
Looked at the other craft, put down the
wheel and laughed—
Laughed in the stranger's face.

"Hail, friends, and come aboard,
And taste my wine, and bless the vine,
And thank the Lord!"

Then the devil from the nest,
With laughter grim, answered him—
"Wine of hell is the best."

III.


That night, the Norsemen say,
Wild screams were heard,
By small craft in the bay.

That night the *Malderie*
Shrieked and went down
Into the mad sea.

That night, in wave-wrapped Har,
Men saw a foreign sail
Over the bar.

G. E. Theodore Roberts.

THE LILY AND THE CORN A SONG



Oh the ranks of corn were straight and tall
In the amber light of noon;
And the soft winds sang to the tasseled reeds
Their old, mysterious tune;

Oh the lily's cup was wrought of light
In the shade of the plumed line,
And the angels bent from the circling blue
To drink of its fragrant wine.

And under the reeds of the corn I dwelt
In the noonday's amber light,
For I loved with love that no words can tell
The soul of the lily white;

And I sang a song of her beauty rare
(Oh sweetly on high it rang)
And the angels bent from the blue to drink
The wine of the words I sang.

And I know not if in the heavens above
Where the holy angels dwell
There may be some breath of the lily's lips
Or notes of my song to swell;
But I know erewhile when the tasseled reeds
Shall wave in the wind at morn,
That the lily's heart and the heart of me
Will blend in the ripening corn.

Gertrude Bartlett.

THE NEST OF IMPOSTURE.*

[Conclusion.]

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

Author of "IN THE VILLAGE OF VIGER."

WHEN Oliver Prest actually comprehended that he was gazing on the body of the man who had, a few hours before, accosted him and induced him to the affair which had already developed into such a misadventure, he reeled, and would have fallen if he had not suddenly recoiled from the danger, collected himself, and grasped the solid support which the buffet, behind which he was hidden, afforded him. In a moment he had so far recovered his equanimity that he could gaze again from his hiding-place.

There had been no change in the scene before him, except that Irene, after placing the last candle, had disappeared and left the two men and their victim. They were immovable, but Hugh showed some sign of life in a twitching mouth and an eye which rose from the floor and dwelt awhile at the level of the table and sank again. Eric did not voluntarily move, but there was an apoplectic shiver in his hand and arm, which were extended along the arm of the chair. Oliver began to wonder whether he could slip unobserved into his room again, when Eric appeared suddenly to have realized something of the horror of the scene before him, for he pulled himself to his feet and, remaining unsteadily for a moment, plunged forward on the table. He swept half the candlesticks to the floor, and in the confusion which followed Oliver easily reversed the movement which had placed him in his position of vantage.

When he again found himself in his room, he sat upon his bed and endeavored to collect his thoughts and decide what he must do. He could hardly realize that what he had just seen was not some ugly vision, and by effort after effort he endeavored to recall his senses, and re-

sume once more the captaincy of his spirit. But this effort only brought the deeper conviction that he had seen something real, and that he must act and not dream. Quickly he went to the window. It was evidently nearly morning. The moon had disappeared, and threw a wan light upon the tops of the trees. A fresh wind sprang from the river and rustled abroad in the woods. In a moment, hardly without making a resolve, he sprang lightly to the ground. He found himself in what had once been the garden, and a few steps gave him shelter behind an arbor thickly overgrown with vines.

As he stole from the concealment which the close foliage afforded, he glanced back at the house. There were hurried lights flitting behind the windows, and from the one he had just left a figure was leaning—a figure indistinct and wraith-like in the obscured light of the moon. From the old garden he made his way to the road, and was soon walking in the direction of Lacolle as energetically as if he had not, a few hours before, been babbling incoherently upon his bed.

His intention was to walk at once to the village and give the alarm, but just as he was nearing the scene of his accident, and the point where he had expected to meet St. Pierre Miquelon, his foot struck something in the road. There was sufficient light in the sky to disclose that it was Miquelon's cap. This circumstance led him to reason that it might be wiser for him to delay until the sun had risen, in order to collect any evidence of the murder which the wood or road might hold, before the Savonas had the opportunity to remove them. Acting upon this idea, he went into the woods. Here the faint moonlight had no power and the trees were massed in

* Begun in August Number.

shadow. Gradually, as from the descent of some subtle liquid, he could begin to distinguish the nearest trees, until, from the topmost twigs to the roots, they were bathed in this illuminating fluid.

As soon as the light grew strong enough, he made a thorough search of the wood, and discovered the spot where the struggle had occurred, for there were the traces of feet deeply set in the soft mould, broken twigs, crushed ferns, and, in the centre of the space, the blade of a small sword, broken off at the hilt, half concealed like a bright snake amongst the *débris*. Oliver was a lad of great spirit, and his blood ran wild in his veins at the thought of the encounter in the dark; of the two ruffians set against the old man, in whom he could not recollect one trait of violence, and he resolved to avenge him and bring his murderers to their deserved end. At the same time, the feeling of unreality which had all along oppressed him arose anew, and he questioned himself sharply in the endeavor to reconcile his seeming vision with the potency of his present emotions. While so engaged he came out from the trees, and found himself at the very place upon the side of the road where he had fallen from his horse. This brought all the late occurrences back into his mind with such a rush of conviction that he sprang into the middle of the road and began the ascent of the hill. All his uncertainty had vanished.

The morning was now clear in the sky, and the east, above the cap of the hill, was bright with a long cloud glowing with cinnabar. His one thought was to reach Lacolle as speedily as possible; he did not consider that there could be any danger to avoid. During all his waiting in the wood there had been no sound of pursuit; his escape from the Manor had not been discovered. If the evanescent shape which had appeared at his window was a thing of human parts, either she had not noticed his flight or had not given the alarm. He felt perfectly secure. He proceeded without the least caution, bearing the cap and broken sword-blade in his hand.

Just as he reached the top of the hill, he saw a figure seated by the roadside upon a heap of stones. He stopped,

aghast. It was St. Pierre Miquelon! He was perfectly quiet, gazing intently upon the ground. His head was bare. The early sunlight, falling clearly upon him, gave a freshness to his worn garments. Oliver, when he could realize what he saw, rushed forward with a cry. "Miquelon! Miquelon!" The figure raised its head. The features were those of St. Pierre Miquelon, but all the color had vanished from his face. Instead of the bronze laid on bronze, instead of the skin almost caloused by wind and hard weather, instead of a twinkling eye set in a socket puckered to temper the sun, Oliver saw a pallid mask, a moist, transparent countenance, and received an irresolute, evasive glance.

The old man spoke and smiled. "You thought they had killed me? Well, you were wrong, as you see. It would take more than a couple of boys to kill me. I see you have found my hat."

Oliver handed it to him, and he placed it on his head. He was so overcome he could hardly speak.

"You are changed," he ventured, "terribly changed."

"Yes, but then I have had cause to be since you saw me last. I was on the way to Lacolle; in half an hour I would have given the alarm."

"Well, there is no need now, we will go on together."

The old man rose and they walked side by side in the road.

They had not gone ten steps when the conviction overcame Oliver that this was not St. Pierre Miquelon. His altered countenance and expression were possible of explanation, but the absence of that strange charm of sea-faring, the air of the rover, the clinging gait of one who had paced a deck from Blomidon to Uclulet, could not be explained.

"We set out in this adventure together," he said, abruptly; "I plied you with no questions, but now I ask you to explain."

"There will be plenty of time for that, young man," he answered.

"Well, the present is as good a time as any."

"But it does not fit my mood."

"Then I go no further."

This evidently nonplussed his com-

panion. "My dear young fellow," he said, in a wheedling tone, "you need not be so unaccommodating; when you hear what I have to say you will be perfectly satisfied, and, in the meantime, I ask you to forbear and come with me."

"On one condition," said Oliver. "I last saw you on your back with a dirk in your ribs; now you are clothed as I saw you then; throw back your coat—over the heart—there."

They were standing face to face. The old man shrank back, but Oliver, with a dart of his arm, threw the coat back upon his shoulder, and, before he could clap his hand over his heart, he saw the fissure which the dirk had made, its edges ridged with the ooze of blood from the heart stricken below.

Before Oliver had time to move, the old man had whipped a dog-whistle from his pocket and had blown it sharply. In a moment Eric and Hugh rushed from their concealment in the woods, and, after a short, violent scuffle, overpowered him. They bound his hands behind his back, tied a handkerchief across his mouth, and, while Eric guarded him, Hugh went into the forest and soon reappeared leading a horse which Oliver at once recognized as the one ridden by Miquelon. They lifted him into the saddle and formed a procession; Eric leading the horse, Hugh walking by his side, and the old man bringing up the rear.

When they reached the Manor, Oliver was thrust into a room which opened from the large hall. It was built like a cell, the only aperture, besides a hole for a stove-pipe in the ceiling, being a small window high in the wall, heavily crossed with iron; there was no furniture except a small oak table, ornamented with some rude scroll work at the ends, and a bench against the wall. Here Oliver sat down. His feet were not pinioned, but the handkerchief was still bound upon his mouth, and his hands were fastened firmly behind his back.

There could be no doubt in his mind for what fate he was reserved; it was only, he thought, a question of the time and the manner of his taking off. In this extremity he did not think further of the mysteries by which he was sur-

rounded, or endeavor to find a clue to them; his one thought was how he could make some show of fight for his life. He carefully examined his cell. The light from the window fell upward upon the stove-pipe hole, and downward toward the door, but he could expect succor from neither of these quarters. At a first survey, he thought the walls were perfectly smooth, but after a more careful scrutiny he discovered a nail or spike about six feet from the floor. Standing upon the bench he found that this spike was just even with his face, and slipping its head under the upper edge of the handkerchief which covered his mouth, he gradually worked the bandage downward until it passed his chin and left his mouth free.

This was an incalculable relief, and it seemed to him that he could actually think to more purpose when he could expand his lungs to their fullest capacity. But after this first glow had passed he could take no comfort from his cogitations. A prolonged straining at his wrists proved that the knots would hold against any effort of his own. He passed the greater part of an hour chafing the cords against the iron bound corner of the bench. If he had been a Bastile prisoner, with a lifetime to spend in such an occupation, he might have continued with the hope of success after a decade, but he saw that in his present need the task was hopeless. Suddenly he felt faint and sank upon the bench so completely exhausted that a sort of stupor crept upon him. He was aroused from this by a slight tap upon the shoulder. Starting up he looked around.

There swinging to and fro like a pendulum was a good brave dirk. It was suspended by a string through the hole in the ceiling. He could distinguish no one there, but the action was friendly, for when he turned so that the dagger struck his back, it was lowered to a level with his hands. With some difficulty he grasped it, and after a moment's consideration, he worked it carefully into one of the holes in the scroll work of the table. This allowed sufficient resistance, and after several wounds to his wrists and hands, he succeeded in

severing one of his bonds. A moment later he was free. Not until then was the cord released leaving the weapon under his control. He now felt in a measure prepared for whatever might befall, and braced by the excitement of his freedom he became conscious of a nervous power sufficient to match his prowess. It had not come too soon.

Eric and Hugh had not delayed from any uncertainty as to their design, but their valor had come after many years to partake of the Dutch quality, and, partially sobered by the morning air and sunshine, they required an interval to renew their spirits. Oliver had scarcely found himself free when he heard an advance of footsteps. Throwing off his coat he wound it firmly about his left forearm. He took the dirk between his teeth, and lifting the bench, rested it upon the table.

Eric, always the foremost, threw the door open. Hugh was behind him. They were armed with short swords. They had expected to make one wild rush upon a bound victim, and pierce him like a sack of wool. When they saw Oliver alert and ready to receive them, they were checked. Seizing the opportunity he caught up the bench and using it as a ram struck Eric over the heart with such force that he went down through the doorway with a crash into the hall. Following up his advantage he sprang forward on Hugh, who gave way before him, and he found himself in the hall. Casting down the bench which had served him in such good stead, he caught Hugh's first lunge on his protected arm, and springing forward he tried to reach him with the dirk; but his blow fell short and he was not quick enough to avoid a stroke which slashed his face. The wipe of the cold steel summoned all his spirit, and he felt that the work must be short if he was to carry his life out of the house. Eric lay as still as death where he had fallen. Hugh fronted him, glaring like a wolf, thrusting and slashing. Already the sword edge had found the bone through the folds of his coat. He waited his opportunity to spring within the guard and strike. In a flash he advanced, driving his enemy back toward

the table. The rally came. He caught the sword on his arm, threw it off, was over his adversary, and the dirk poised one gleaming second and fell.

At that moment, as Oliver reeled, he thought he heard the sound of voices and the opening of the door and the advance of succor, but the impression went out in darkness. It was Ellard's men who had rushed into the hall. The horse which Oliver had ridden had come into the stable the day before with the saddle twisted and a general air of disaster. They had waited for hours for some explanation and had then set out to find the missing animal. They found him before the door of the Manor, quietly ranging about, eating the grass. He had been hobbled by Miquelon and limped about feeding on the scant herbage in the woods until Eric and Hugh had found him. Irene had summoned them almost in time to see Oliver deal Hugh the fatal stroke. Eric had never moved from where he fell. Oliver's blow had thrust him over the verge of the apoplexy upon which he had so long hovered.

It was some days before Oliver heard in full the explanation of the mysteries into which he had fallen. Although it was the topic of conversation at the moment, the world soon forgets, and the story may be given here in Irene Savona's own words.

* * * * *

My grandfather was a London merchant in the India silk trade. From what I have heard, he seems for many years to have been unsuccessful; then there was a turn in the tide of his fortunes, and he became quickly, almost suddenly, rich. This good luck seems to have had a peculiar effect upon him; he was naturally superstitious and the acquisition of this great wealth he ascribed to the intervention of a guardian spirit. This spirit he held to be incorporated in an old Brahmin servant, and when this servant died he was inconsolable, thinking that he would at once lose everything that he had gained. But he was reassured when his servant began to appear to him in dreams, and his wealth, instead of diminishing, began to increase. He had married early in

life, but his wife had not survived to enjoy his good fortune. She bore him twin sons and before they had reached their sixth year she died. The boys grew up side by side, watched over by their father, who gave them everything they wished for. When their education was finished he took them into his business, and designed to give them a thorough insight into all his affairs.

But here something intervened. My father had told me that it was the old Indian servant who wished, for some purpose of his own, to sow discord. However that may have been, his affection became unsettled, and although he had told his sons frequently that he had made his will, giving them equal shares of his great estate, when that document was read after his death, they discovered that instead of straight dealing, it contained most curious provisions, the first will evidently having been destroyed.

The last will devised that the sons should each receive a small annuity until one of them died. After that event, the whole estate, without any reservation, was to fall to the heirs of the deceased. Not so much as a shilling was to go to the survivor, and, moreover, even his paltry annuity was to cease. In the event of the deceased having no family, the annuity was to be continued to the surviving son, but the bulk of the fortune was to go toward the establishment and maintenance of a home for the widows and orphans of officers who had died in the Indian service.

At first this curious, whimsical will formed the subject of many a jest between the lads. But when the subject of marriage arose, there came a cloud between them. My father married first. My uncle was not long in following his example; but he was unlucky in everything and in nothing so greatly unfortunate as in his marriage, for his wife died on his wedding day. This calamity so put him out of conceit of living that he turned against his brother violently; there were repeated quarrels and at last he left England.

My father's family was increasing, and when he found the four of us at his table, the provisions of that will, which

seemed specially framed to foster jealousy and every evil, began to work their spell. I cannot say whether, before he left England, he had formed the plan which he afterwards deliberately carried out. All I know is that he came here, settled down, and began to farm on a large scale. Shortly after we arrived my mother died. After we had been here for about ten years, my father received a letter from England which informed him that his brother had married in Ceylon and had three children. This hastened the carrying out of the plot which he had already laid. We were all informed of its details and schooled in our parts.

It was in January that he received the letter; Easter was in April that year, and he went to Montreal with cattle for the market, and no one of the outside world ever saw him again until Mr. Prest met him that morning at the top of the hill. We concealed him in the house and by watchfulness we were able to elude all observation and keep our secret. Hortense was specially detailed to keep him constant company, but the poor child's mind gave way under the monotony of her existence. My father became morose and sullen, and between them and my brothers, who took to drink, my life has been an affliction. This money proved a terrible curse and misfortune. We heard after years that my uncle had not married, that he was wandering over the earth. Sometimes he would communicate with our London solicitors, who gave him information about the life we were living here. But we never had a message from him until Mr. Prest was carried in unconscious, his head bound with the curious handkerchief. My father, as soon as it was shown to him, knew that it had belonged to his father, and that his brother must be somewhere in the vicinity. Eric and Hugh were so ruthless and high-handed that they waylaid and murdered him and concealed the body. It was at first planned to deceive Mr. Prest, and my father, who was the image of his twin brother, donned his clothes. If this deception could have been carried out, the world might never have heard this curious

story, but my father was irresolute and in some way suspicion was aroused. Then Mr. Prest was brought back to the Manor, and had to fight for his life, aided by the only assistance I could give him, until I called in the men from Lacolle, who had come in search of the horses.

* * * * *

Not a soul who was interested in this tragedy at the time ever knew the sequel to the story. The provisions of the will were carried out to the letter. As the Savona, whom Oliver Prest had known as St. Pierre Miquelon, had died first of

the brothers and without issue the whole of the immense fortune is devoted to the home for the widows of officers who die in the service in India. The small annuity remains to the surviving Savonas.

Not many years ago the inhabitants of Montreal were familiar with the figure of an old man, led by a girl, in whose face there was something wild and uncanny. Their favorite walk was Sherbrooke Street and the Cote de Neige Road. But the old man is dead. The girls have disappeared. Not even Oliver Prest knows where they sojourn.

Duncan Campbell Scott.

[THE END.]



“MAXIME LABELLE.”

A Canadian Voyageur's Account of the Nile Expedition.

BY WILLIAM H. DRUMMOND, M.D.

Victoriaw: she have beeg war, E-gyp's de nam' de place—
An' neeger peep dat's leev 'im dere, got very black de face,
An' so she's write Joseph Mercier, he's stop on *Trois Rivieres*—
“Please come right off, an' bring wit' you t'ree honder *voyageurs*.”

“I got de plaintee sojer, me, beeg feller six foot tall—
Dat's H'Englishman, an' Scotch also, don't wear no pant at all;
Of course, de H'Irishman's de bes', raise all de row he can,
But nobodée can pull *batteau* lak good Canadian man.

“I geev you steady job for sure, an' w'en you get 'im t'roo
I bring you back on Canadaw, don't cos' de man *un sou*,
Dat's firse-class steamboat all de way, Kebeck an' Lceverpool,
An' if you don't be satisfy, you mus' be beeg, beeg fool.”

We meet upon *Hotel Dufresne*, an' talk 'im till daylight,
An' Joe he's treat so many tam, we very near get tight,
Den affer w'ile, we mak' our min' dat's not bad chance, an' so
Joseph Mercier he's telegraph, “Correc', *Madame*, we go.”

So Joe arrange de whole biznesse, wit' Queen *Victoriaw*;
Two dollar day—work all de tam'—dat's purty good *l'argent*!
An' w'en we start on *Trois Rivieres*, for pass on boar' de ship,
Our fren' dey all say, “*Bon voyage*,” an' den, Hooraw! E-gyp!



"WE MEET UPON HOTEL DUFRESNE, AN' TALK 'IM TILL DAYLIGHT."

Dat beeg steamboat was *plonge* so moche, I'm 'fraid she never stop—
De *Capitaine's* no use at all, can't kip her on de top—
An' so we all come very sick, jus' lak' one leetle pup,
An' ev'ry tam' de ship's go down, de h'inside she's go up.

I'm sorry spoke lak' dis, ma fren', if you don't t'ink it's so,
Please h'ax Joseph Mercier heseff, or Aleck De Coteau,
Dat stay on bed mos' all de tam', so sick dey nearly die,
But lak' some great, beeg Yankee man, was never tole de lie.

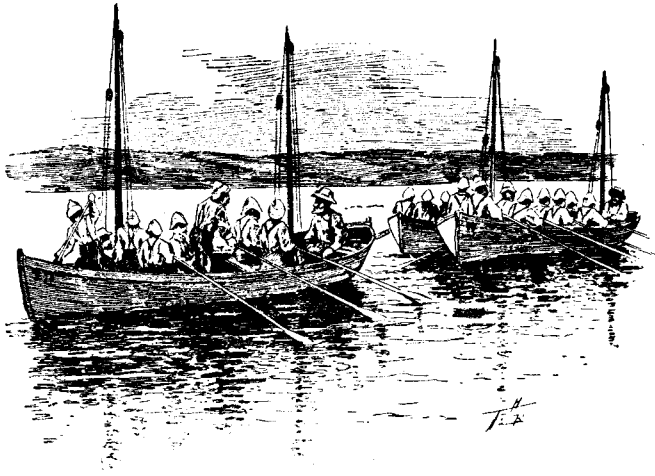
De gang she's travel, travel, t'roo many strange contree,
An' ev'ry place is got new nam', I don't remember, me,
We see some fonny t'ing, for sure, more fonny I can tell,
But w'en we reach de *Neel Riviere*, dat's feel more *naturel*.

So many fine, beeg sojer man, I never see before,
All dress 'im on grand uniform, is wait upon de shore,
Some black, some green, an' red also, cos' honder dollar sure,
An' holler out, "She's all right now, here come de *voyageurs!*"

We see Boss *Generale* also, he's ride on beeg *chameau*,
Dat's w'at you call *Ca-melle*, I t'ink, I laugh de way she go!
Jomp up, jomp down, jomp ev'ry place, but still de *Generale*
Seem satisfy for stay on top, dat fonny an-i-mal.

He's holler out on Joe Mercier, "*Comment ça va Joseph*
You lak' for come right off w'it me, tak' leetle ride youseff?"
Joseph, he mak' de *grand salut*, an' tak' it off he's hat,
"*Merci Mon Generale,*" he say, "I got no use for dat."

Den affer we was drink somet'ing, an' sing "*Le Brigadier,*"
De sojer feller's get prepare, for mak' de *embarquer*,
An' everybody's shout 'im out, w'en we tak' hole de boat
"*Hooraw pour Queen Victoriaw!*" an' also "*pour nous autres.*"



"SOME TAM OF COURSE, DE BOAT'S ALL RIGHT."

Bigosh ; I do hard work meseff, upon de H'Ottawa
De *Gatineau* an' *St. Maurice*, also de *Mattawa*,
But I don't never work at all, I 'sure you dat's a fack
Until we strike de *Neel Riviere*, an' *sapré Catarack* !

"Dis way, dat way, can't kip her straight," "look out, Bateese, look out!"
"Now let her go"—"*arrete un peu*," dat's way de pilot shout,
"Don't wash de neeger girl on shore," an' "*prenez garde* behin"
"Wat's matter w'it dat rudder man? I t'ink he's goin' blin'!"

Some tam of course, de boat's all right, an' carry us along
An' den again, we mak' *portage*, w'en current she's too strong
On place lak' dat, we run good chance, for sunstruck on de neck,
An' plaintee tam we wish ourseff, was back on ole Kebeck.

De *seconde Catarack* we pass, more beeger dan de Soo,
She's nearly t'orty mile for sure, it would astonish you,
Dat's place t'ree H'Irishman get drown, wan day we have beeg storm,
I s'pose de Queen is feel lak cry, los' dat nice uniform !

De night she's very, very cole, an' hot upon de day,
An' all de tam, you feel jus' lak you're goin' melt away,
But never min' an' don't get scare, you mak' it up all right,
An' twenty poun' you los' dat day, she's comin' back sam' night.

We got small bugle boy also, he's mebbe stan' four foot,
An' firse t'ing ev'ry morning, sure, he mak' it toot! toot! toot!
She's nice enough upon de day, for hear de bugle call,
But w'en she play before daylight, I don't lak dat at all.

We mus' get up *immédiatement*, dat leetle feller blow,
An' so we start 'im off again, for pull de beeg *batteau*,
De sojer man he's nice, nice boy, an' help us all he can,
An' geev 'im chance, he's mos' as good lak some Canadian man.

Wall all de tam, she go lak dat, was busy every day,
Don't get moche chance for foolish-ness, don't get no chance for play,
Dere's plaintee danger all aroun' an' w'en we're comin' back
We got look out for run 'im safe, dem *sapré Catarack*,

But w're's de war? I can't mak' out, don't see no fight at all!
 She's not'ing but *une Grande Piquique*, dat's las' in all de fall!
 Mebbe de neeger King he's scare, an' skip anoder place,
 An' *pour la Reine Victoriaw!* I never see de face.

But dat's not ma biz-nesse, ma fren', I'm ready pull *batteau*
 So long she pay two dollar day, wit' pork an' bean also;
 An' if she geev me steady job, for mak' some more *l'argent*,
 I say, "Hooraw! for all de tam', on Queen *Victoriaw!*"

William H. Drummond.



UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH.

BY RAYMUND H. PHILLIMORE, M.D.

CHAPTER I.

HAD always known that my father, at one period of his life, had undergone some very dreadful experience. As long as I can remember, his hair was as white as the snow that caps the pine-tree top; but he would never tell us—his children—what that experience was; my mother also was equally reticent. When, however, he died, I found, in a secret drawer in his cabinet, a well-worn document, upon the front of which was pinned an English five-pound note. There was a short introduction to the manuscript, which was written on a separate sheet.

It was on Christmas eve, 1884, some months after my father's death, that we opened the document. There was the usual family gathering present at our home in Nymphsfield, Gloucestershire,

and we were all assembled together around the blazing fire, telling Christmas stories, and awaiting with eager expectation the appointed hour when I—the eldest son of the family—should make known my father's strange revelation.

A dead silence fell upon the group, as I slowly proceeded to unfold the pages, and, amid a breathless interest, commenced to read the following:—

"For my children's perusal after my death."

"My dear children," began my father, "you have doubtless suspected, on many occasions, that at one time or another of my life, I had suffered some terrible trouble. The evidence which you possess has been my prematurely white hair; my strict injunctions to you never to speak of any murder, which you may have read of in the papers, in my presence; and also the manner in which I

have evaded certain of your questions respecting the loss of one of my fingers on the left hand.

"The following narration will sufficiently explain my reasons for avoiding the subject. The details to-day are so vividly impressed on my mind that I would gladly give ten years of my life, if the memory of them could fade away for ever."

Here the introduction ceased, and, turning the page over, I found the following history to which my father referred. So, without further hesitation, I proceeded with the perusal of the manuscript.

I was not quite twenty-three years of age when I sailed from this country to Canada. For you must remember that your grandfather had departed this life before I had completed my education, and had left me all at once thrown upon my own resources. I had imagined that my father was well-to-do; but it seems that, having engaged in unfortunate speculations a few months before his death, he lost practically every penny that he possessed, and left me with a heavy heart and an empty purse to fight the rough battle of life. What a revelation it was, to be sure! My mother had been dead some years; I had no brothers or sisters, and here I found myself altogether penniless with no prospects in view, and, still worse, with no knowledge whatever of a cold and heartless world. I cannot conceive a more unhappy situation than that in which I was placed. "Go to Canada," suggested a friend; "it is a new country, and money is made easily." So, having nothing else in view, I determined to try my luck, and after an uneventful voyage, I landed at Quebec.

Quebec! grand old city! but how my heart sank within me when I first stepped ashore. Which way was I to turn? where could I look to a friend for counsel or advice? It is true that on my journey across the Atlantic, I had picked up a casual acquaintance, but I little knew at that time what a prominent part he was to play in controlling my future destinies. Who or what he was I cared little—anyone was welcome who could find any pleasure in my society.

In appearance my new friend was thirty or perhaps thirty-five years of age, with an olive or swarthy complexion; his body was as lithe and active as a panther's, and his whole bearing proud, dignified, and haughty. Occasionally, as he walked to and fro aboard the vessel, I could see that the thoughts which occupied his mind were by no means pleasant, for he would grate his teeth, and an expression of intense malignity, so highly suggestive of the hot blood of Eastern races, would flash from his coal black eyes. Nevertheless, he was a man of high, mental attainments; and, as he frequently informed me, had spent many years of his life in India—the land of the palm, and of wisdom, and of burning skies,' as he described it. Incidentally I may remark that he had lost the middle finger of his left hand, which he explained was due to an accident received while tiger-hunting in the Jungles.

Now, there is nothing like adversity to make men friendly and well-disposed one towards another: and I soon learned that my new acquaintance was just as poorly circumstanced as I was; but when I mentioned the state of our finances, he invariably turned abruptly away, with that same dark look of hatred flashing across his tawny, sun-burnt features.

Between us, we landed with a conjoint capital of about ten pounds. However, when Caleb Yorston, as he said his name was, discovered how grievously down-hearted I was, he made an effort to cheer me up—

"Come!" he exclaimed, "union is strength—let us combine our forces, and maybe in this new land we shall quickly replenish our purses, though, truth to tell, the sun of Canada might equally well be a painted ball of ice set up in the heavens for all the warmth he gives. Here we are alone in the world, and, as self-preservation is nature's first law, I propose that we take a room together, and search for some kind of employment. Then, when we grow rich, and the yellow gold clinks merrily in our fingers, we will return—each man to his own country; you shall go to the land of rain, and of mist, and of snow, where

the sun smiles only through a cloud of tears ; while I will betake myself to a region whose golden sands are washed by the ripples of wealth ; and there will I bury myself in the lap of indolence, and of luxury, and of ease."

These were truly cheering words to me, feeling as I did, very gloomy and depressed ; consequently, I was very glad to accept the offer, and forthwith we took a room situated in by no means the most fashionable quarter of the old city. For the first few days, the time passed miserably enough. I noticed, however, that Caleb Yorston—especially in the evening—became morose and reserved. He would sit in the only arm-chair which our modest apartment possessed, lost in gloomy reflection for an hour at a time. If I spoke, he replied very briefly to my questions. Occasionally he would relate some of the experiences of his travels. He was thoroughly conversant with the important events of modern times, and was intimately acquainted with the ancient history of the East. But when I mentioned India, his whole countenance would suddenly light up with astonishing animation, and he never tired telling me of his life and adventures in that wonderful land."

"India," he would exclaim, "is the land of riches, of luxury, and of secrecy. The skies are ever blue, and the morning sun clothes the everlasting hills with a garment that is woven with gold. Jewellery is the only wealth which we possess, and no man can boast of a fortune whose eyes do not reflect the glitter of his own gems. India ! my beloved India ! when again shall I recline under the shades of thy stately palm ?"

One evening, about six o'clock, we sat talking together, and both were more solemn than usual. Our funds were getting very low indeed ; we counted our cash, and discovered that three pounds and a few shillings were all we possessed.

"What are we to do ?" I exclaimed in despair. "I have done all in my power to procure some sort of occupation, without success. In a day or two we shall both be penniless."

Yorston did not reply for a few moments ; then he rose from his chair, and

walked across the room to his trunk ; this he opened, and took out some article which I could not see as his back was turned towards me. Whatever it was he put it in his pocket.

"Keep up your courage," he said as he rose from his knees ; "I have not wandered over this city to no purpose ; for, like the gold-digger, I only go forth in search of fortune"—then, taking out his watch, he added : "I have an engagement at eight o'clock this evening—go to bed, my friend, dispel your gloomy thoughts, and await my return ; you are restless and sleepless. Here, take a bit of this *hasheesh* ; it will do you good ; I often indulge in it when my nerves are unstrung"—and he handed me a small piece of a brown, resinous-looking substance.

Almost unconsciously I took it in my hand and swallowed it. Then I bid him good night, and went off to bed.

It was late in the morning when I woke up. My companion was quietly sleeping in bed.

"I wonder what success he met with last night," I queried to myself dreamily, for I felt unusually drowsy. "It is strange that I did not hear him return—it was probably due to the drug I took, for never man dreamt such dreams as I did last night." So, I lay in my bed, and dozed for another hour. Finally, I rose, dressed myself, and, observing that my companion was still slumbering, slipped out from the house, and took a stroll along the Plains of Abraham.

How beautiful, how calm, and how serene was the bosom of the great St. Lawrence ! The morning sun danced and glittered upon its broad, expansive surface. The crisp, sharp, air invigorated me, and I began to feel the want of a good substantial breakfast. I therefore adjourned to an eating-house close at hand, where Yorston and myself were in the habit of taking our meals, and I can assure you that I did full justice to the good fare provided ; still I must say I sighed heavily when I thought of the financial outlay which such a luxury necessitated.

Just as I had finished my meal, I happened to catch sight of a newspaper lying on the table. I took it up listlessly, and opened it. I glanced at

the marine intelligence, and casually looked through the list of passengers outward bound. How I wished my name could have appeared amongst those who were sailing to the Old Country. Then I turned the sheet over. My eye immediately fell upon a paragraph that attracted my attention. It ran as follows:

"SHOCKING DOUBLE MURDER IN QUEBEC.

"Last night about twelve o'clock, a horrible tragedy was enacted on St.— Street, Quebec. It appears that at the hour mentioned, a constable observed a light shining through one of the windows of Messrs. Logan & Co.'s large jewelery and money exchange establishment, which, as our readers are aware, is situated on that street. Thinking this very unusual, he proceeded to investigate the premises. Upon reaching the main entrance of the building, he stumbled across the body of a man lying on the pavement. It was lifeless, and a quantity of blood which had flowed from a wound in the chest, stained the pavement. The officer at once raised an alarm, and when assistance arrived, the door, which the murderer had evidently slammed to upon his escape, was forced open. The officers were then horrified to find another dead body lying just within the building. The unfortunate victims were Messrs. Logan & Co.'s cashier and clerk. Both men had been stabbed. We are unable at this late hour to give many details of the crime, but plunder was certainly the motive, as a large sum of money, in notes and gold, and about £2000 worth of jewelery, are missing. The authorities are on the alert, and it is to be hoped that the assassin may be quickly arrested, and brought to justice. Both victims were men of irreproachable character, and much sympathy is expressed for the bereaved families. Further details of this atrocious crime will appear in our next issue."

I laid down the paper, and took out my pipe. "Umph," I said to myself, "what a sensation such a murder would create in England!"

Then I slowly wended my way homeward. Upon my arrival I found that Yorston had just risen.

"Well," I exclaimed; "what luck?"

"None at all," he replied; "I think we had better move on to Montreal; we shall have more chance of earning a living there. Quebec is too old a place for ambitious young men to thrive in;

besides, bah!" he continued, shrugging his shoulders, "it is so damp and cold. So let us pack up, and try our fortunes in a more modern city. Have you breakfasted?"

"Yes," I answered; "and from the newspaper I see that an awful murder was committed in Quebec last night."

"Ah," he rejoined carelessly, "I should have imagined that Quebec was too slow for such occurrences."

Then he walked over to the looking-glass, brushed his raven-black hair, and sauntered forth. "Wait till I come back," he added, pausing in the doorway, "I am going to breakfast, and when I return we will talk over our future plans."

I then noticed that Yorston was not wearing his usual suit of clothes.

It is almost unnecessary for me to say that the Quebec tragedy caused no small excitement. At the coroner's inquest a very important piece of evidence was elicited. It seemed that both the victims of the murder had been stabbed; and that, in the case of the cashier, the blade that had pierced the heart had remained in the wound, having evidently snapped off in the murderer's hasty withdrawal of the weapon. Examination of the blade showed it to be of exquisite Indian workmanship, consequently many theories were advanced as to the author of the crime. The general opinion was, that it had been committed by a foreigner, who was thoroughly acquainted with the City of Quebec. Plunder was undoubtedly the object, since, as has already been stated, several thousand pounds worth of property was missing.

However, the whole matter interested me but little. I had my own affairs to attend to; and, being a stranger in the country with an almost empty pocket, I cared very little for what went on around me.

My companion seemed to take even less notice of the occurrence than I did. Still, I observed that he was more restless than usual, and appeared to be particularly anxious to leave Quebec as soon as possible.

Consequently, that same evening we started on our journey to Montreal.

CHAPTER II.

— was no more fortunate in Montreal than I had been in Quebec. At the close of each day I would count my slender resources, and wonder what on earth I would do when my last penny was spent. Yorston's purse, on the contrary, resembled the never-failing cruse of oil, and I often marveled where he procured the money with which he was always supplied.

One evening, about a fortnight after my arrival in Montreal, I was sitting in our room, reading the paper, when my eye fell upon the following paragraph:—

we can find no thumb-mark on the reverse side of the note; if then, another note can be discovered having the blood-stained mark of a man's thumb on its reverse side, it is reasonable to assume that the note brought to light by Mr. Kittson lay at the top of a packet of bills—a valuable piece of evidence, inasmuch as all the notes lying on Messrs. Logan and Co.'s counter on the fatal night were tied up in this form. Moreover, Mr. Kittson declares that the customer who presented the paper money to him purchased some *alum*; and it is popularly believed that this agent *will remove blood stains*—another link in the chain of evidence. In addition to this, Mr. Kittson states that he received the money in question only the day before yesterday. If then,



DRAWING OF THE BILL SHOWING THE FINGER MARKS.

“THE QUEBEC TRAGEDY. IS THIS A CLUE?”

“Mr. Kittson, chemist and druggist, received from a customer, a few days ago, a five-pound Bank of England note, for which he gave change. The customer in question purchased a small quantity of alum. Unfortunately, Mr. Kittson is unable to recall the appearance of the purchaser. The note carries three distinct impressions—two being at the left-hand top corner, and the third at the lower edge about half-way across the bill.” These marks are on the face of the note. Careful chemical examination shows them to be *blood stains*—probably human. The impressions have evidently been made by the left hand; but what has become of the impression which we should naturally expect to find from the middle-finger? It is absent; we may, therefore, logically conclude that the person who handled the note had lost this member. Now, upon further examination,

this note is one of those belonging to Messrs. Logan and Co., the cold-blooded murderer of their cashier and clerk is, in all likelihood, in Montreal at the present moment.”

I read this paragraph half-a-dozen times over before I actually realized the purport of its contents. “What,” I cried, “the Quebec murderer is a man who has lost the middle finger of his left hand, and the weapon he used was one of Indian workmanship! Great Heavens!” and the paper containing this startling intelligence fluttered from my trembling hand and fell to the floor.

I did not move from my chair for more than half-an-hour: I felt stupefied and stunned at the astonishing revelation which I had just perused. I knew a man—he was a friend of mine—who

had lost the middle finger of his left hand; a man who had lived for some years in India, and had in his possession a number of Indian curios, yet I could not, I dare not, believe what the ordinary dictates of my reason prompted.

Two hours passed by, and then I heard the outer door open, and the familiar step of Yorston sounded on the stairs. I shuddered, and an indefinable dread stole over me. In another minute he was standing in the room. I cast a hurried glance at my companion—his swarthy complexion was, I fancied, a shade paler than usual, and I thought, too, that his eyes sparkled with a strange and unnatural brightness.

"Have you read the paper to-night?" he asked in a strained voice.

"I have," I replied.

"And you believe"—he continued, slowly approaching me and peering down into my face, "you believe—?"

"What?" I asked, shaking from head to foot, looking into his face, and now not daring to withdraw my eyes from his piercing gaze—

"*That I did it,*" he answered, sinking his voice almost to a whisper—

"No—no!" came my trembling response, "I *cannot* believe it—"

"Do you believe it *now*?" he went on, drawing from his pocket the ivory handle of a dagger, from which the blade had been snapped off—"See, it is of Indian workmanship."

I covered my face with my hands—

"I do," I said.

My father then continues his narrative thus:

I must now make a slight digression. You must not suppose, my children, that what follows is a wild and fantastic fiction on my part. As a matter of fact, Yorston told me positively that the priests and devotees of Buddha were able to perform the most astounding feats—so inexplicable, indeed, are they to us that we should certainly regard them as nothing short of miracles if we could witness them. Travelers and scientists, will tell you that in order to offer any reasonable explanation of their marvelous performances, we can only suppose that they first mesmerize their audiences,

or in some way bring their minds under influence, and thus they *compel* them to believe that they are spectators of scenes that really do not occur at all—otherwise we must conclude that these religious fanatics verily do perform miracles, which is contrary to my faith and at variance with common-sense and intelligence.

And now to proceed—

"Did you ever see me robed in the garb of a native Indian?" enquired Yorston, gazing at me intently, and muttering some mystic words.

"No," I answered, vaguely wondering what was going to follow.

He lowered the lamp, and opened his trunk.

"Turn your head for a few minutes," he went on.

The minutes that passed seemed to be hours—I heard the rustling of garments, then the room seemed to be illuminated with a soft, reddish glow, and at his bidding, I once more looked around.

What a transformation had taken place! There stood Yorston, dressed in some strange Eastern costume. His hands were raised, and he was apparently giving utterance to some incantation in a language unknown to me. Next, he bent down to the floor, and I saw what seemed to be a very small worm. And, as Yorston raised himself slowly up, the worm grew in size, and took upon itself the form and color of a serpent. Slowly it developed, increasing gradually in dimensions, until there stood before me, with forked tongue, hissing and horrible to witness, a *cobra* from the jungles of the East.

My children, I saw it with my own eyes.

My tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth with horror. I leaned forward in my chair, petrified with a nameless dread. I dared not move a muscle—that horrid serpent, with its glittering eyes, and poisonous fangs, rooted me to the floor. Then slowly my fearful companion, still muttering his incantations, bent downwards until the reptile became smaller, and smaller, and gradually dissolved away as mysteriously as it had appeared. Next, he threw off a portion of his attire, baring his chest and limbs,

and I saw that his body became phosphorescent or luminous, whichever you like.*

"Have you seen enough?" he asked, his face strangely distorted.

I bowed my head, now thoroughly believing that I was in the presence of the Demon of Darkness.

"Good!" he exclaimed, squatting down on the floor before me, and once more riveting his piercing, black eyes upon mine. "Listen, I am going to tell you something that will surprise you. Do you remember," he went on, making certain movements with his hands before my face, "that night when two men were stabbed to death in Quebec?"

A strange tremor thrilled through my frame—a feeling that I had never before experienced.

I silently assented.

"Do you remember," he continued, "a man walking along the street, well-nigh penniless, and desiring, above all things, money to take him back whence he came—money enough to make him independent and happy for the remainder of his days—sufficient at least to keep famine from his threshold, and to carry him away from this cold and dismal wilderness? Cannot you recall that man—led by some irresistible agency—passing down a side street, and observing a light in a certain office, the windows of which were protected by heavy iron bars? How he wondered what was going on in that room when all the rest of the buildings were clothed in darkness, and the muddy streets were shrouded in gloom. Can you follow his cat-like tread as he approached the entrance to the building—which was guarded by an iron gate firmly padlocked? Suddenly the murmur of voices fell upon his ear, and the padlock of the iron gate was unlocked.

"Well, good-night," said a voice—

"Good-night," came the reply.

"That was the last 'good-night' that either voice uttered.

"Do you remember how the man, standing outside in the cover of the darkness, swiftly drew a dagger, decorated after the Indian fashion, and, with

the spring of a tiger on the deer's back, leaped upon the man who was emerging through the gate—one blow, and the poor wretch sank to the ground without even a groan. A second later, and the assassin was in the building."

Beads of cold perspiration gathered on my brow, as Yorston spoke with all the vividness of reality.

"You will remember," he went on, "how the tragedy was all accomplished—in an instant—in the twinkling of an eye—with the rapidity of the lightning flash. And how the blood flowed! The second victim had only time to give a short cry of alarm, and then the keen-edged dagger was buried in his breast, and he fell forward on his face; and, as he fell, what happened?"

"The blade of the dagger broke off at the handle," I answered, with a shudder.

"Exactly! and then the murderer rushed into the room where the lamp was burning, and what greeted his eyes? Piles of notes! money! money! money! Heaps of English gold—sapphires, rubies, and other precious stones! It did not occupy the time of a heart's beat for the man to sweep away some of the packages of notes, to fill a satchel with English gold, and to fatten his pockets with the gems that glittered around!

"And now," continued my companion, rising to his feet, and breathing into my face, while his eyes shone like burning coals—"Look yonder!"—and he pointed to one corner of the room.

I turned my head in the direction which he indicated. At first I could only perceive what appeared to be a misty vapor rising from the floor. But gradually this vapor took the shape of dim figures—I could just distinguish the form of a man leaning over the body of another man lying prostrate on the ground, or rather on a pavement in a public street, and then slowly there loomed up a building; plainer and more distinct became the figures—the one standing up held a dagger aloft, which was dripping with crimson blood, the other remained immovable; and, as I gazed at the scene, my very limbs rigid with fear, the man holding the dagger glanced in my direction—Great God! could it be true? or was I stark, staring, mad? for, in the

*Such feats are not uncommonly performed by native jugglers in India.

and turned the lamp very low indeed—pale face that looked into mine, I recognized *my own countenance!*

And all this time Yorston was mumbling his weird incantations, while my mind was becoming slowly imbued with the idea that *I* was the Quebec murderer—it floated into my mind like a dream, the memory of which I could not efface. Then, in an instant, the vision melted away, and the follower of Buddha demanded in a low, wailing tone:

“Who *now* was the plunderer and assassin?”

And my reply came in a trembling, hollow whisper, like the voice of one speaking from the depths of the tomb:

“*I was the man!*”

And then the room seemed to darken—misty shadows passed to and fro, assuming strange and fantastic shapes. I saw

my companion standing before me waving his arms until his form grew fainter and fainter—then a mist spread before my eyes—mind, memory, senses, all became a blank—and I remembered no more.

I must once more impress upon you, my children, that I could not resist giving Yorston the answer that I did. I actually believed that I had committed the Quebec tragedy. Some day, perhaps, the peculiar, psychical condition into which I had been thrown may be explained—at present I can only vouch for the accuracy of my statement. I was certainly under some mysterious influence, and was not responsible (as you will see, before you complete the perusal of this document) either for my conversation or my actions.

Raymond H. Phillimore.

(To be Concluded.)



THE LITERARY KINGDOM.

BY M. M. KILPATRICK.

EVERY autumn some of those who love Emerson make a September pilgrimage to his last resting-place on the pine-clad crest of Sleepy Hollow cemetery at Concord. It is a most picturesque spot—a fitting place for a poet. On this high hill the pines are so tall that they fairly seem to pierce the sky. The two largest and tallest of these—giants of the forest—stand at the head of his grave which is marked by a great boulder of rose quartz. A bronze tablet bears the inscription:

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
BORN IN BOSTON, MAY 25TH, 1807.
DIED IN CONCORD, APRIL 27TH, 1882.

The passive Mother lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned.

By his side lies his wife, and the grave
of the little son Waldo, in whose memory

he wrote the “Threnody,” is by next his own. On this stone is the inscription:

WALDO EMERSON.
DIED JANUARY, 1844,

AGED FIVE YEARS AND THREE MONTHS.

The Hycathine boy for whom
Morn well might break and April bloom,
The gracious boy who did adorn
The world whereinto he was born.

Hawthorne, Thoreau and the Alcotts are near by. Three generations of the Emersons are buried here and the varied inscriptions recall curious bits of local history and tradition.

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MATTHEW ARNOLD published between twenty and thirty volumes, and, as writing did not come easily to him, was one of the busiest men of his time. His correspondence, therefore, was confined

almost wholly to his own family and is naturally filled with such personal matters as they would be most concerned to know: his children, his pets, his health, his garden, the places he visited, the dinners he ate and the people in whose company he ate them.

The bulk of these letters were written to his mother, and news of his children naturally plays a large part in them. "They go everywhere with me that I will take them, and their talk is delightful. We passed a yard the other day where there were cows, and N. says, 'What a nice smell from those dear cows, Papa! Isn't it kind of the dear cows to give us smells?'" One can imagine with what pleasure the grandmother would read such essentially familiar and domestic records. There is a saying: "Never tell your troubles; you only take up the time of the man who is waiting to tell you his." In this hard and busy world the saying, perhaps, holds good of other things than troubles.

* * * * *

AMONG the curiosities of literature, none, perhaps, is more interesting than the ægis of the author behind which he wages his war of words—the *nom de guerre*, with its caprices, its varieties, and, frequently, the reason for its choice. An author usually exercises himself as much to find a suitable name under which to write as a suitable title for that which he has written. In ten cases out of twelve a woman who is sending her thoughts, clothed in print, out among the public, prefers to do so under the guise of a masculine name. The reason is probably to be found in her praiseworthy desire to take herself seriously, to disclaim all privileges of sex, and so have her work judged with stern impartiality of the most masculine of critical canons.

It was as the work of George Sand, not of Mme. Dudevant, that the author of "Consuelo," "Mauprat" and "La

Mare au Diable," wished to have her bursts of descriptive eloquence and philosophy tested, and it was as the limning of George Eliot, not of Marian Evans, that the woman who gave us the portraits of Daniel Deronda, Silas Marner and Romola, wished the merits of the portraits to be judged. With both women the work done was as *virile* as the names assumed.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, the poet, probably the only man that ever did so, once reversed the ladies' plan of procedure, and wrote his erratic rhymes disguised in the petticoats and flounces of Mrs. Horace Manners. But then, Swinburne's signature, even when applied to such prosaic affairs as cheques on his bank, was, in his younger days, as erratic as his queer genius. Sometimes he would sign himself A. C. S., and again as A. S., an omission of a middle letter which, on one occasion, at least, led to the poet's discomfiture, for it inspired Thackeray, who saw the signature scrawled in an autograph album, to write underneath: "Only two-thirds of the truth." For Thackeray, it may be mentioned, had no love for the little, red-headed rhymester.

* * * * *

FRENCH art and literature are replete with *noms de plume* both interesting and amusing. One of the wittiest examples is the "Cham" of the great caricaturist of Parisian life, whose real name was down in the *Almanak de Gotha* as the Vicomte de Noe. We are gravely told that Cham, or Shem, as the name appears in the English Bible, by his unfilial conduct toward his father Noah, obtained the unenviable distinction of being the first disinherited son on record. So when the old Vicomte de Noe, enraged that a white-handed aristocrat of France should stoop so low as to draw comic pictures for a living, disinherited his son, that talented and witty young gentleman took a truly Gaelic revenge by winning fame as a nineteenth century "Cham" disinherited by a nineteenth century Noe. All of which is very funny, indeed, as we all know that Ham was the disinherited son and that Shem was particularly commended of his father. Perhaps the brilliant French.

man doesn't know his Bible, or perhaps this latter-day Shem is covering his father Noah with a garment of ridicule.

. *.* *.*

Every one knows of Pierre Loti nowadays, and while many wonder at the Oriental strangeness of the name, few know that its bearer is in reality M. Lucien Viaud, who got his second, and what proved to be his literary christening, while midshipman in a French cruiser stationed off the coast of Japan. The wicked youngsters in the gun-room, with an eye to his personal appearance and manners, gave him the girlish and pretty name of "Loti," the Japanese equivalent for violet. He himself, when he gave up the gold lace and blue serge of the navy for the brown velvet lounging jacket of the French *litterateur* and artist, added Pierre, because, as he naively said, "he liked it," and now the combination "Pierre Loti," a name somehow suggestive of a man whom his critics accuse of picking his words like bonbons, is famous even among people who cannot read a line of French.

. *.* *.*

THOUSANDS of folks, young and old and middle-aged, who have accompanied Alice through Wonderland and through the Looking Glass, have rendered thanks

to a certain Lewis Carrol for discovering the potentialities of a rabbit hole and a mirror. It might give them a certain shock to know that the jovial creator of those queer "beasties," the jabberwock and the Cheshire cat, is the Rev. Charles Dodgson, a clergyman and, what is more surprising still, a lecturer on Mathematics at Christ Church, Oxon. And it is quite possible that he takes greater pride in his treatises on the different calculus and interplaner motion than he does in that song ending with the immortal line: "'I doubt it,' said the carpenter, and shed a bitter tear."

"Thomas Ingoldsby" hid the fact that the author of the most rollicking ballads, Richard Harris Barham, was not a professional humorist but, strange incongruity, a minor canon of St. Paul's, a rector and a royal chaplain. Even a cursory glance at literary pseudonyms must include that of the Rev. Francis Mahoney, that "Irish potato seasoned with Attic salt," ex-Jesuit, *bon vivant*, scholar, classicist, poet, polyglot and newspaper man who above the signature of "Father Prout" wrote verses in every language under the sun, besides those two diverse treasures of poetry, "The Shandon Bells" and "The Night Before Larry Was Stretched."

CURRENT COMMENT.

EDITORIAL.

LORD
RUSSELL'S
VISIT.

THE cause of international arbitration as a means of settling differences between nations has received a decided stimulus among Anglo-Saxon peoples from the recent visit of England's Lord Chief Justice to the Convention of the American Bar Association.

To those, however, who are advocates of peaceful means of settling international difficulties, the lack of faith by Lord Russell in a permanent tribunal to arbitrate upon each and every question that may arise, may seem a little dis-

appointing. But it must be remembered, however, as his Lordship said, "that there may be even greater calamities than war—the dishonor of a nation, the triumph of an unrighteous cause, the perpetuation of hopeless and debasing tyranny." . . . "Men do not arbitrate where characters are at stake, nor will any self-respecting nation readily arbitrate touching its national independence or affecting its honor." It would be just as logical to talk of arbitrating with a thief who had broken into your residence, and who may be a smooth talker, and,

if given the opportunity, would endeavor to convince you that he was perfectly justified in doing so, and you were quite wrong in restraining him.

In a paper which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* (July) by Hon. E. J. Phelps, a similar view of the matter was taken, and the thought brought out that many cases are often too important to compromise. From this it would seem that the usefulness of standing armies and immense battleships has not yet entirely disappeared, although the fact is, indeed, a reproach to this age of civilization and enlightenment.

The visit of England's Lord Chief Justice, of whose ability Canadians know so much through his connection with the famous Parnell Commission and the Behring Sea case, is calculated, nevertheless, to inspire confidence in one another's friendship between the two great branches of the English-speaking people, and the cause of international arbitration has certainly been placed in a clearer light than heretofore, so that we may shortly look for a peaceful movement in America—bearing in mind the dangers that lie exposed—which will lead to lasting results.

GERMANY AND
THE PARIS
EXPOSITION.

THE German Ambassador in Paris has notified the French Government of the official acceptance by Germany of the invitation from the French Republic to participate in the Industrial Exhibition of 1900. This is regarded as the most conspicuous move of pacific policy made between the two nations since the Franco-Prussian war.

In 1878, Germany ignored altogether the Exhibition held in Paris in that year, while in 1889 the work of her artists alone was represented. France, on the other hand, has steadfastly repudiated all efforts at friendly competitions between her rival and herself, whether they be on the athletic field or among industrial enterprises.

It would seem, therefore, that these two great nations are once more on "visiting terms;" though it must not be supposed that either has, as yet, a very deep love for the other. German manufacturers may send exhibits of their wares to Paris be-

cause it would hardly pay them to refuse to avail themselves of the opportunity of thus coming in contact with consumers from all over the world, and the artisan may exhibit his labor for the purpose of displaying his skill and workmanship, but it is hardly likely that either is prompted to any great degree by a desire to make the French Exposition a success. And the Frenchman when he contemplates the loss of Alsace and Lorraine will scarcely be inclined to welcome German competition in the same friendly spirit that he shows to that of other countries—in fact, he would hardly care to consider them at all were it not that selfish motives tell him that the success of the Exposition would be more complete with than without the German exhibit. It is altogether likely that the two nations are moved more by a consideration of self-interest than by any love of one for the other. The wolf and the lamb may for a time lie down together for the purpose of displaying their respective merits, but the old feud between them will, notwithstanding, be as keen as ever.

DR. JAMESON'S SENTENCE.

THE result of the recent trial of Dr. Jameson and his followers, charged with leading a hostile expedition into a friendly state, must inspire the admiration of all for the even-handed justice of the English courts. Notwithstanding the sympathy and sentiment of the great mass of the people of England who have been inclined all along to look upon the adventurers more as heroes deserving of praise than offenders meriting punishment, a jury selected from among these very people to pass upon the cold, hard facts have declared the prisoners guilty, and the court has decreed that they shall be confined for terms ranging from five to fifteen months. It may be said that this is a very light sentence indeed, for men who have been responsible for the loss of several lives and thousands of dollars of damage, but the chances are that a sentence of this kind will be more salutary than a more lengthy one would have been, for the reason that had a heavier punishment been inflicted the masses would have regarded the prisoners as

even greater martyrs than they do now ; as it is, the lightness of the sentences will have the tendency to make any expressions of sympathy seem ridiculous. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the leaders of the expedition are men with whom imprisonment of any kind, however short, will likely be considered a very heavy punishment, indeed. The sentences, therefore, will act as deterrents to others who in future may be placed in similar positions of responsibility. Thus, not only has the law been vindicated and a salutary lesson taught, but those who were inclined to sympathize with the raiders find that they have little ground of complaint left.

Had a similar case been impending in any other country than England, we are inclined to think that an effort would have been made to whitewash the prisoners, which would doubtlessly have proved successful. Their previous characters and past services to the Empire

would have been brought up, and their many exploits for country arrayed against their one misdemeanor; their honor, bravery and reputation would have been heralded by judge and jury alike; their crime would have been translated into a national achievement, and the courts would probably have concluded that they were persecuted heroes, whose acts should be applauded, rather than culprits guilty of serious transgressions. The scales of justice would have been re-adjusted to momentary national feeling, and the honor of the State outraged by the acquittal of prisoners with such complete evidence against them. But the outcome of the case in England shows that rampant public opinion, the mutability of which is so certain, must bow to the law of the land; that the courts of justice are supreme and even-handed, and that political offenders have no more hope of clemency than any others.

BOOK NOTICES.

Comedies of Courtship. By Anthony Hope. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This always fruitful theme for realist and romanticist receives distinctively original treatment at the hands of Mr. Hope. The young people are not imported from unknown worlds, and are instinct with the traditions and refinements of one's everyday acquaintance, but the situations into which he precipitates them would not be described as of usual occurrence. As a comedy, however, is seldom taken seriously, the most that can be expected of us will be to join hands with Mr. Hope and swing into the circle of his mirth-provoking measures. The scenes of these courtships are largely laid in England, and Mr. Hope avails himself of the adventitious aids to be derived from the habits of the soil—tennis and tea and dog-carts and haunted houses and, in an instance of extreme necessity, he employs the liter-

ally up-setting agency of a Canadian canoe.

* * * * *

Joan of Arc. By Francis C. Lowell. Boston, New York and Chicago: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Careful reading of this book affords a clearer conception of the life, work and personality of Joan of Arc than we have yet received from any other source. The strongly picturesque features which attended this heroine of modern history, her sex, youth, beauty and the simplicity of the peasant caste from which she sprang, occasioned a growth of legends through which students were unable to penetrate in order to discover the real woman behind the myth. Mr. Lowell has made an exhaustive study of his subject, and presents the result clothed with every literary and historic excellence. The narrative is lucid and convincing, and its continuity is preserved

by a careful exclusion of intrusive criticism and conflicting statements. Having been freed from legendary absurdities, Joan stands before us a charming enthusiast, frank, fearless and without guile. There is no pretentious claim to generalship or a knowledge of military tactics in which the French officers were fully skilled. The success of her followers in battle lay wholly in the contagion of moral power emanating from her courageous personality which, as Mr. Lowell reminds us, was worth thousands of fighting men. The book is delightful, and its strength and simplicity stimulate the mind wearied with accumulating volumes which talk but do not speak.

Canadian and American Citizenship.

By J. Frith Jeffers, M.A., and J. L. Nichols, M.A., Toronto: J. L. Nichols & Co.

The authors have presented in the above volume a most useful and instructive book. The work touches upon the duties of citizenship under republic and monarchical institutions, the rights of citizens, educational and property qualifications, the way bills are passed and laws made, Government control of railroads, Bimetallism and free coinage, and many other subjects in which every citizen of the country cannot fail to be interested. The work is profusely illustrated and neatly bound, and ought to be in great demand.

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201—Ladies Solid Gold Ring, pearls and turquois, value \$5.

302 to 225—24 Solid Silver Thimbles.

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22 to 31—10 Silver Plated Berry Spoons.

32 to 41—10 half dozen, Silver Plated Desert Forks.

42—Solid Gold Watch, value \$40.

43 to 49—7 Ladies Gold Fob Chains.

50—Diamond Ring, set in solid gold, value \$25.

51 to 60—10 Gentlemen's Gold Rolled plate Chains.

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100—Ladies Solid Gold Watch.

200—Silver Cake Basket, value \$10.

300—Silver Berry Dish, decorated, value \$12.

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500—Ladies Ring, 3 opals, set in Solid Gold, value \$20.

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