

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

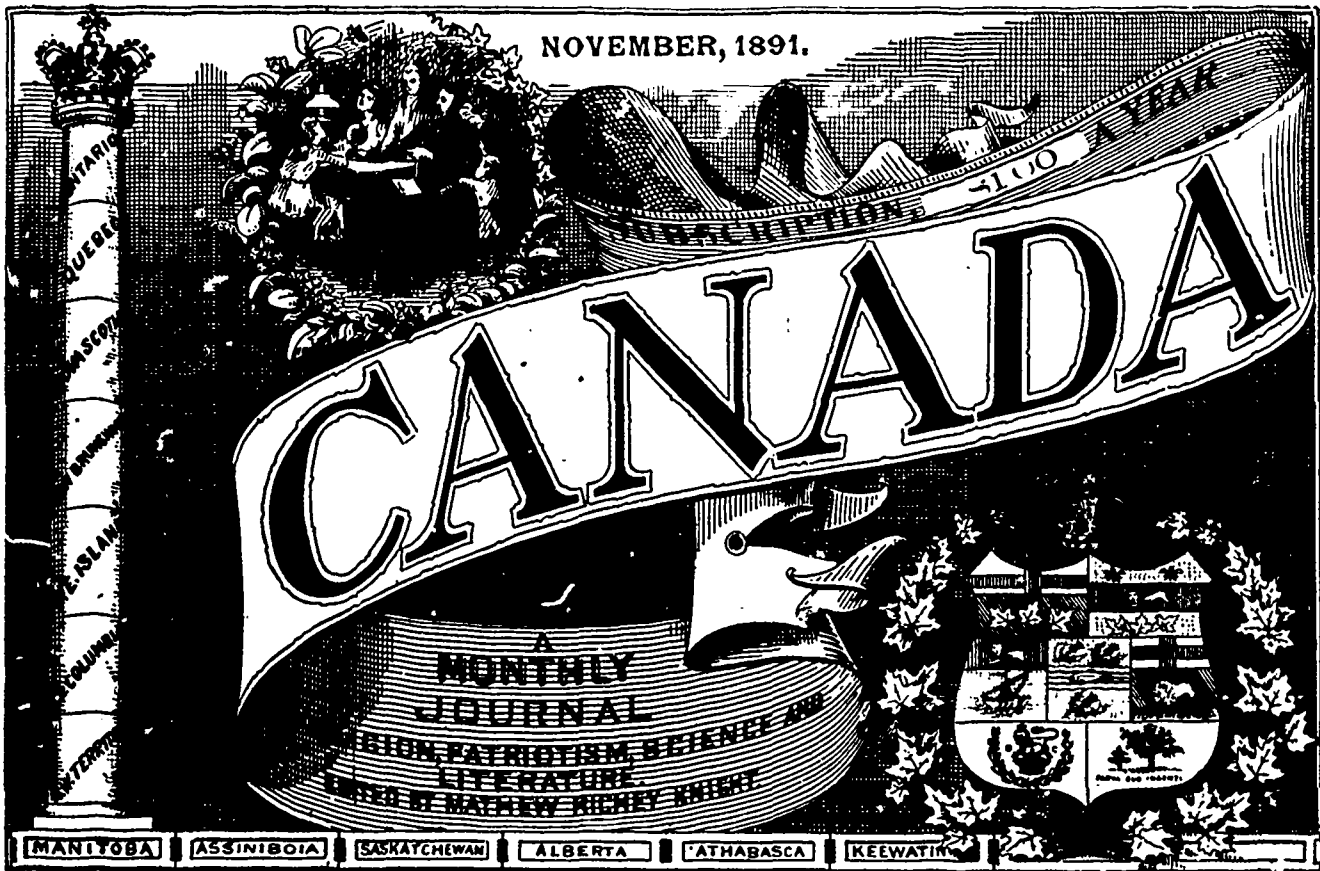
This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

|                          |                          |                          |                          |                          |                          |                          |                          |                          |                                     |                          |                          |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 10X                      | 12X                      | 14X                      | 16X                      | 18X                      | 20X                      | 22X                      | 24X                      | 26X                      | 28X                                 | 30X                      | 32X                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

FROM NOW UNTIL DECEMBER, 1892, FOR ONE DOLLAR.

PRICE - - TEN CENTS.

NOVEMBER, 1891.



# JOHN LYONS,

BLACKSMITH,

STATES THAT

## SCOTT'S CURE

FOR

### RHEUMATISM

is the best remedy ever discovered for the immediate relief of pain. He suffered so he could not move without groaning, and obtained immediate relief from one bottle.

Carleton, June 20, '91.

SCOTT'S CURE is prepared in Canada only by

**W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,**

Chemist and Druggist,

KING STREET (West), ST. JOHN, N. B.

For sale by all retail druggists.

Price 50 cents a Bottle; Six Bottles for \$2.50.

Wholesale by Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons and S. McDiarmid, St. John, N. B.; Messrs. Brown & Webb, Simson Bros. & Co., Forsyth, Sutcliffe & Co., Halifax, N. S.; Messrs. Korry, Watson & Co., Montreal, P. Q.; T. Milburn & Co., Lyman Bros. & Co., Toronto; London Drug Co., London, Ont.

Why not try an Advertisement in this Magazine?

RATES ON APPLICATION.

THE GREATEST MODERN HOUSEHOLD REMEDY

## DR. KENDRICK'S

### WHITE

## LINIMENT

For all forms of pain this Liniment is unequalled, as well as for all

Swellings, Lameness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Mumps, Headache, Stiff Joints, &c.

FOR MAN AND BEAST.

EMOLLIENT AND COUNTER IRRITANT AT ALL DEALERS PRICE 25 CENTS

H. PAXTON BAIRD, PROPRIETOR, WOODSTOCK, N.B.

### \$1000.00 REWARD.

One thousand dollars will be given to any person who will show by analysis that SMITH'S CHAMOMILE PILLS contain any calomel or poisonous mineral. They are purely vegetable, and cannot harm the most delicate child. They are the most effectual remedy known for Headache, Backache, Stomachache, and all other kinds of aches or pains that arise from a disordered condition of the stomach. Smith's Chamomile Pills will cure all bad taste in the mouth. Smith's Chamomile Pills are the best thing known for a heavy cold. Smith's Chamomile Pills will cure dyspepsia if used according to directions.

### SMITH'S CHAMOMILE PILLS

Are only prepared by

FRANK SMITH, Druggist, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Price 25 cents, 5 boxes for \$1.00. If not kept by local dealers a box will be sent by mail on receipt of price.

### PLANTS

—AND—

## CUT FLOWERS,

Suitable for all Occasions,

— AT —

## NOVA SCOTIA NURSERY,

(Late JOHN MACDONALD'S.)

Lockman St., Halifax.

NOVA SCOTIA PRINTING COMPANY, HALIFAX.

THE TORONTO NEWS CO., Wholesale Agents for Ontario, Quebec, and the North West. KNIGHT & CO., Halifax, Wholesale Agents for the Maritime Provinces.

VERY PROFITABLE

† Real Estate Investments. †

SAFE AND RAPIDLY INCREASING  
IN VALUE.

Any sum from \$100 up can  
be invested.

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO

G. A. HUESTIS,  
22 Prince St., - HALIFAX, N. S.

REFERENCES:-

D. ALLISON, Esq., LL. D.,  
President Mt. Allison College, - SACKVILLE, N. B.  
REV. S. F. HUESTIS,  
Methodist Book Room, - HALIFAX.

The :: Kingston :: Weber,

THE MOST ELEGANT  
PIANO MANUFACTURED IN CANADA.

BRILLIANT IN TONE.  
MODERATE IN PRICE.

Address orders to  
Edward J. B. PENSE,  
Proprietor Weber Factory,  
Kingston, Ont.

The Land We Live In.

AN illustrated 24-page Monthly Magazine,  
devoted to original Hunting, Fishing and Des-  
criptive articles. Its contributors number some  
of the leading writers of this continent, and it  
has a general circulation throughout Canada and  
the United States. Subscription \$1.00 per year.  
Advertisements in our columns reach a class of  
readers from whom substantial returns may be  
confidently anticipated. Send for sample copy  
and see our liberal inducements to new sub-  
scribers.

D. THOMAS & CO.,

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Clubbed with "CANADA" for \$1.00,  
to new subscribers only.

CHALLEN'S  
RECORD  
OF  
CONTRACT  
AND OF  
INQUIRY  
AND  
ORDERS.

SAVES TIME, MONEY  
AND LABOR, and system-  
atize business.

Requires little writing, and  
by alphabet and vowel index  
can be referred to instantly.

Price, 50 pages, flexible,  
\$1; 100 pages, 1/2 Roan, \$2.  
Each additional 100 pages,  
\$1.

Any kind of Labor Saving Record made to order at  
Low Prices.

CHALLEN, PUBLISHER,  
10 Spruce St., New York.

CHILDREN LIKE IT.

LIKE WHAT?

ESTEY'S  
EMULSION  
OF  
Cod Liver Oil

Old and young take it for  
Coughs,  
Colds, Consumption,  
and all Lung diseases.

PALATABLE AS MILK. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST.

THE TOILET GEM  
Philoderma  
FOR  
CHAPPED HANDS,  
COLD SORES, SORE LIPS ETC.  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. 25 CTS.



THOUSANDS

Of bottles of DYSPEPTICURE have been sold  
during the past few years without any adver-  
tising whatever. It easily overcomes Indiges-  
tion, and POSITIVELY CURES the worst cases  
of Chronic Dyspepsia; this quality of curing  
the disease explains its large and spreading  
sale without having been brought prominently  
before the public.

THE PAMPHLET

(Copyrighted)  
ON DYSPEPTICURE gives the results of many years  
study on Diet and the Diseases of Digestion. All  
interested in these subjects, Chronic Dyspepsia  
especially, should read this little book; it is  
wrapped about each bottle of the remedy, or  
will be promptly mailed free to any address.

DYSPEPTICURE

Is sold by all Druggists—Sample Size 35 cts.;  
Large Bottles \$1.00. Those who cannot get  
it easily will receive a large bottle by mail, all  
expenses prepaid, on sending \$1.00 by register-  
ed letter or P. O. Order to the maker, Charles  
K. Short, Pharmacist, St. John, N. B.

P. S.—DYSPEPTICURE is being daily sent with  
safety to the remotest parts of Canada and the  
United States in a special mailing package.

# THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C., Editor.

CANADA'S

Illustrated Monthly.

102 pp. per month, of live, original and  
selected reading.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES, NOTES OF TRAVEL,  
POPULAR SCIENCE.

Reviews of High Class Literature.

Serial Stories by Popular Authors, &c., &c.  
Send for illustrated Prospectus for 1891.

ADDRESS—

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

PUBLISHER,

29-31 Richmond St. West, Toronto.

TEN YEARS OF UPPER  
CANADA

IN PEACE AND WAR,

(1805-1815.)

Being the Ridout Letters, with Annotations

By MATILDA EDGAR,

Demy 8vo, 396 pp. Price, postpaid, \$2.00.

"This book will be read with the greatest pleasure  
by all Canadians, and by a great many people who are  
not Canadians. From the papers of the Ridout family,  
Mrs. Edgar has obtained the material for one of the  
most interesting works of Canadian history which it has  
been our good fortune to read. It treats directly of a  
few eventful years only, but indirectly it covers by its  
references and explanations that elastic period of time  
which lays two generations of men. Necessarily there  
is much original matter in the volume, but it is all  
essential to a proper understanding of the time, and is  
remarkably well done. Mrs. Edgar has so arranged her  
story and the methods of telling it, that the difficulty is  
to lay the book down. In the chapters which precede  
the outbreak of the war are found pictures of the  
times, painted with all the ease and fidelity which  
familiar correspondence permits, and are little less  
interesting than the narrative of more exciting national  
occurrences. Were Thackeray alive and in search of a  
subject for a companion novel to his Virginians, he  
could hardly find equal material for subject and matter  
than he would discover in Mrs. Edgar's volume. The  
letters of Mr. T. G. Ridout are literary accomplishments  
in themselves, and Mrs. Edgar's compilation of these  
and other documents, with her own contributions,  
have resulted in a most valuable addition to the library  
of Canada. The book will be read a first time for its  
romance, and be constantly referred to for its accurate  
and valuable information."—Montreal Herald, Dec.  
30th, 1890.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Wesley Buildings, Toronto, Ont.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL, QUE.

S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX, N. S.

# CANADA:

A Monthly Journal of Religion, Patriotism, Science & Literature.

*"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."*

Vol. I.—No. 11.

NOVEMBER, 1891.

One Dollar a Year.

**D**URING the last three months of the year we ought to double our subscription list. This is the harvest time; will our readers help us to gather it in.

CANADA for next year will be better than ever. Its original contributions will be from our ablest and most interesting writers, and we will make a specialty of reprinting the best Canadian verse and prose from current periodicals.

Let each subscriber send us three new names with three dollars, and we will send him his own copy for one year free, and in addition we will send CANADA to each of the three new subscribers for fifteen months, that is, from October, 1891, to December, 1892.

If you cannot get three new names, send us two new names with two dollars, and each of the two new subscribers will receive CANADA for fifteen months, and you will be credited with eight months' paid subscription on your own copy.

If you cannot get even two new names, send us one new name with one dollar, and the new subscriber will receive CANADA for fifteen months, and you will be credited with four months' paid subscription on your copy.

## Contents of November Number.

| OUR SHORT STORY:  | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Sohn McGann's Toboggan Ride. By Gilbert Parker (Concluded)..... | 145  |
| OUR CONTRIBUTORS:   |      |
| The Dead Poet. By M. R. Knight.....                             | 148  |
| The Era of Elizabeth. By W. A. Bennett.....                     | 148  |
| A November Sunset. By A. J. Lockhart.....                       | 150  |
| William Ewart Gladstone. By G. E. Frye.....                     | 151  |
| Montcalm and French Canada—From the French.....                 | 151  |
| OUR YOUNG FOLK'S SERIAL:  |      |
| The White Cottage. By Mrs. S. A. Curzon.....                    | 152  |
| FROM CURRENT PERIODICALS:                                       |      |
| The Dyke. By J. F. Herbin.....                                  | 155  |
| Sarah Anne Curzon.....  | 155  |
| The Clearing. By C. G. D. Roberts.....                          | 155  |
| New Brunswick Authorship. By W. G. Macfarlane.....              | 156  |
| Sunset on the Lower St. Lawrence. By A. Langman.....            | 158  |
| An Adventure among a Lost Tribe. By E. Collins.....             | 158  |
| THE EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO:   |      |
| Editorial Notes.....  | 162  |
| The Magazines.....  | 162  |
| Literary and Personal Notes.....                                | 163  |
| Olla Podrida.....   | 164  |

Original contributions are solicited from Canadian writers and on Canadian themes. While the Journal remains of its present size, contributions should not exceed one thousand words in length. Those not required will be returned, if stamps for postage be sent.

All communications should be addressed: "CANADA", Benton, New Brunswick.

## Our Short Story.

### SHON MCGANN'S TOBOGGAN RIDE.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

#### II.

**W**HATEVER claims Shen had upon the companionship of Sir Duke Lawless, he knew there were other claims that were more pressing. After the toast was finished, with an emphasised assumption of weariness, and a hint of a long yarn on the morrow, he picked up his blanket and started for the room where all were to sleep. The real reason of this early departure was clear to Pretty Pierre at once; and in due time it dawned upon Jo Gordineer.

The two Englishmen, left alone, sat for a few moments silent and smoking hard. Then The Honourable rose, got his knapsack and took out a small bundle of papers, which he handed to Sir Duke, saying: "By slow postal service to Sir Duke Lawless. Residence, somewhere on five continents."

An envelope bearing a woman's writing was the first thing that met Sir Duke's eye. He stared, took it out, turned it over, looked curiously at The Honourable for a moment, and then began to break the seal.

"Wait, Duke. Do not read that. We have something to say to each other first."

Sir Duke laid the letter down. "You have some explanation to make," he said.

"It was not so long ago; mightn't it be better to go over the story again?"

"Perhaps."

"Then it is best you should tell it. I am on my defence, you know."

Sir Duke leaned back, and a frown gathered on his forehead. Strikingly out of place on his fresh brown face it seemed. Looking quickly from the fire to the face of The Honourable and back again earnestly, as if the full force of what was required came to him, he said: "We'll get the perspective better if we put the tale in the third person. Duke Lawless was the heir to the title and estates of Trafford Court. Next in succession to him was Just Trafford his cousin. Lawless had an income sufficient for a man of moderate tastes. Trafford had not quite that; but he had his profession of the law. At college they had been fast friends, but afterward had drifted apart, through no cause save difference of pursuits and circumstances. Friends they still were and likely to be so always. One summer when on a visit to his uncle, Admiral Sir Clavel Lawless, at Trafford Court, where a party of people had been invited for a month,

Duke Lawless fell in love with Emily Dorset. She did him the honour to prefer him to any other man; at least he thought so. Her income, however, was limited like his own. The engagement was not announced; for Lawless had determined to embark in some enterprise, the profits from which would make marriage possible, according to his ideas. He inclined to ranching in Canada or a planter's life in Queensland. The eight or ten thousand pounds necessary was not, however, easy to get together, and Lawless hadn't the least notion of discounting the future, or his uncle's affections either, by seeking it from the source naturally suggested by the circumstances. Besides, he knew his uncle did not wish him to marry except he married a fortune. While things were in this uncertain state, Just Trafford arrived on a visit to Trafford Court. The meeting of the old friends was cordial. Immediately on Trafford's arrival, however, the current of events changed. Things occurred which brought disaster. It was noticeable that Miss Emily Dorset began to see a deal more of Admiral Lawless and Just Trafford, and a deal less of the youngest Lawless. One day Duke Lawless came back to the house unexpectedly, his horse having knocked-up on the road. On entering the library he saw what turned the course of his life."

Sir Duke here paused, sighed, shook the ashes out of his pipe with a grave and expressive anxiety which did not properly belong to the action, and remained for a moment, both arms on his knees, silent and looking awhile at the fire.

"Just Trafford sat beside Emily Dorset in an attitude of—say, affectionate consideration. She had been weeping, and her whole manner suggested very touching confidences. They both rose on the entrance of Lawless; but neither sought to say a word. What could they say? Lawless apologised, took a book from the table which he had not come for, and left." Again Sir Duke paused.

"The book was an illustrated 'Much Ado About Nothing,'" said The Honourable.

"A few hours after, Lawless had an interview with Emily Dorset. He demanded, with a good deal of feeling perhaps—for he was romantic enough to love the girl—an explanation. He would have asked it of Trafford first if he had seen him. She said Lawless should trust her; that she had no explanation at that moment to give. If he waited—but Lawless asked her if she cared for him at all, if she wished or intended to marry him. She replied lightly: 'Perhaps, when you become Sir Duke Lawless.' Then Lawless accused her of heartlessness and of encouraging both his uncle and Just Trafford. She amusingly said: 'Perhaps she had, but it really didn't matter, did it?' For reply Lawless said her interest in the whole family seemed active and impartial. He bade her not vex herself at all about him, and not to wait until he became Sir Duke Lawless, but to give preference to seniority and begin with the title at once, which he has reason since to believe that she did. What he said to her, he has been sorry for, not because he thinks it was undeserved, but because he has never been able since to rouse himself to anger on the subject, nor to hate the girl and Just Trafford as he ought. Of the dead he is silent altogether. He never sought an explanation from Just Trafford, for he left that night for London and in two days was on his way to Australia. The day he left, however, he received a note from his banker saying that eight thousand pounds had been placed to his credit by Admiral Lawless. Feeling the indignity of what he believed was the cause of the gift, Lawless neither acknowledged it nor used it, nor any penny of it. Four years have gone since then, and Lawless has wandered over two continents a self-

created exile. He has learned much that he didn't learn at Oxford; and not the least of all that the world is not so bad as is claimed for it, that it isn't worth while hating and cherishing hate, that evil is half accidental, half neutral, and that hard work in the face of Nature is the thing to pull a man together and to strengthen him for his place in the universe. Having burned his ships behind him, that is the way Lawless feels. And the story is told."

Just Trafford sat looking musingly but imperturbably at Sir Duke for a minute; then he said: "That is your interpretation of the story, but not *the* story. Let us turn the medal over now. And, first, let Trafford say that he has the permission of Emily Dorset"—

Sir Duke interrupted: "Of her that was Emily Dorset."

"Of Miss Emily Dorset to tell what she did not tell that day four years ago. After this reading of the tale has been rendered, her letter and those documents are there for fuller testimony. Just Trafford's part in the drama begins, of course, with the library scene. Now Duke Lawless had never known Trafford's half-brother, Hall Vincent. Hall was born in India, and had lived there most of his life. He was in the Indian Police, and had married a clever, beautiful, but impossible kind of girl against the wishes of her parents. The marriage was not a very happy one. This was partly owing to the quick Lawless and Trafford blood, partly to the wife's wilfulness. Hall thought that things might go better if he came to England to live. On their way from Madras to Colombo he had some words with his wife one day about the way she arranged her hair, but nothing serious. This was shortly after tiffin. That evening they entered the harbor at Colombo; and Hall, going to his cabin to seek his wife, could not find her; but in her stead was her hair, arranged carefully in flowing waves on the pillow, where through the voyage her head had lain. That she had cut it off and laid it there was plain; but she could not be found, nor was she ever found. The large porthole was open; this was the only clew. But we need not go further into that. Hall Vincent came home to England. He told his brother the story as it has been told to you, and then left for South America, a broken-spirited man. The wife's family came to England also. They did not meet Hall Vincent; but one day Just Trafford met at a country seat in Devon, for the first time, the wife's sister. She had not known of the relationship between Hall Vincent and the Traffords; and on a memorable afternoon he told her the full story of the married life and the final disaster, as Hall had told it to him.

Sir Duke sprang to his feet.

"You mean, Just, that"—

"I mean that Emily Dorset is the sister of Hall Vincent's wife."

Sir Duke's brown fingers clasped and unclasped nervously. He was about to speak, but The Honourable said: "That is only half the story, wait!"

"Emily Dorset would have told Lawless all in due time, but women don't like to be bullied ever so little, and that and the unhappiness of the thing kept her silent in her short interview with Lawless. She could not have guessed that Lawless would go as he did. Now the secret of her caressing the uncle—yes, that's the best word to use—was Duke Lawless's advancement. She knew how he had set his heart on the ranching or planting life. She would have married him without a penny, but she felt his pride in that particular and respected it. So, like a clever girl, she determined to make the old chap give Lawless a check on his possible future. Perhaps as things progressed the same old chap got an absurd notion in his head about marrying

her to Just Trafford, but that was meanwhile all the better for Lawless. The very day that Emily Dorset and Just Trafford succeeded in melting Admiral Lawless's heart to the tune of eight thousand, was the day that Duke Lawless doubted his friend and challenged the loyalty of the girl he loved."

Sir Duke's eyes filled "Great Heaven, Just!" he said.

"Be quiet for a little. You see she had taken Trafford into her scheme, against his will, for he was never good at mysteries and theatricals, and he saw the danger. But the cause was a good one, and he joined the sweet conspiracy with what result these four years bear witness. Admiral Lawless has been dead a year and a half, his wife a year. For he married out of anger with Duke Lawless; but he did not marry Emily Dorset, nor did he beget a child."

"In Australia I saw a paragraph speaking of a visit he and Lady Emily Lawless made to a hospital, and I thought"—

"You thought he had married Emily Dorset. It was another Emily; and—well you had better read that letter now."

Sir Duke's face was flushing with remorse and pain. He drew his hand quickly across his eyes. "And you've given up London, your profession, everything, Just, to hunt for me; to tell me this; you who would have profited by my eternal absence! What a beast and ass I've been!"

"Not at all; only a bit poetical and hasty, which was not unnatural in the Lawless blood. I'd have been wild myself, maybe, if I had been in your position. Only I shouldn't have left England, and I'd have taken the papers regularly and have asked the other fellow to explain. The other fellow didn't like the little conspiracy. By the way, I wish when you go back you'd send me out my hunting traps I've made up my mind to—oh, quite so. Read the letter—I forgot."

Sir Duke opened the letter and read it, putting it away from him now and then as if it hurt him; and taking it up a moment after to continue the reading. The Honourable watched him.

At last Sir Duke rose.

"Just"—

"Yes. Go on."

"Do you think she would have me now?"

"Don't know. Your outfit is not so swagger as it used to be."

"Don't chaff me."

"Don't be so funereal, then."

Under The Honourable's matter-of-fact air, Sir Duke's face began to clear. "Tell me if you think she still cares for me?"

"Well, I don't know. She's rich now; got the grandmother's stocking. Then, there's Pedley of the Scot's Guards. He's been doing loyal service for a couple of years. What does the letter say?"

"It only tells the truth as you have told it to me, but from her standpoint; not a word that says anything but beautiful reproach and general kindness. That is all."

"Quite so. You see it was all four years ago, and Pedley"—

But The Honourable paused. He had punished his friend enough. He stepped forward and laid his hand on Sir Duke's arm. "Duke, you want to pick up the threads where they were dropped. You dropped them. Ask me nothing about the ends that Emily Dorset held. I conspire no more. But go you and learn your fate. If one remembers, why should the other forget?"

Sir Duke's light heart and eager faith came back with a rush. "I'll start for England at once. I'll know the worst or the best of it before three months are out."

The Honourable's slow placidity returned.

"Three months. Yes, you may do it in that time. Better go from Victoria to San Francisco and then overland. You'll not forget about my hunting traps, and—oh, certainly, Gordineer. Come in."

"Say," said Jo Gordineer. "I don't want to disturb the meeting, but Shon's in Chancery somehow; breathing like a white pine, and thrashing about. He's red-hot with fever."

Before he had time to say more, Sir Duke seized the candle and entered the room. Shon was moving uneasily and suppressing the groans that shook him.

"Shon, old friend, what is it?"

"It's the pain here, Lawless," laying his hand on his chest.

After a moment Sir Duke said: "Pneumonia."

From that instant thoughts of himself were sunk in the care and thought of the man who in the heart of Queensland had been mate and friend, and brother to him. He did not start for England the next day, nor for many a day.

Pretty Pierre and Jo Gordineer and his party carried Sir Duke's letters over into the Pi Pi valley from where they could be sent on to the Coast. Pretty Pierre came back in a few days to see how Shon was, and expressed his determination of staying to help Sir Duke if need be.

Shon hovered between life and death. It was not alone the pneumonia that shook his system so; there was also the shock he had received in his flight down the glacier. In his delirium, he seemed to be always with Lawless.

"'For it's down the long side of Farcalladen Riso'— It's share and share even, Lawless, and ye'll ate the rest of it or I'll have ye— Did ye say ye'd found water—Lawless—water!— Sure you're drinkin' none yourself— I'll sing it again for you then— 'And its back with the ring of the chain and the spur'— Burn all your ships behind you— 'But I'll never go back to Farcalladen more'— God bless you, Lawless!"

Sir Duke's fingers had a trick of kindness, a suggestion of comfort, a sense of healing, that made his simple remedies do more than natural duty. He was doctor, nurse—sleepless nurse—and careful apothecary. And when at last the danger was passed and he could relax watching, he would not go, and he did not go, till they could all adjourn to the Pi-Pi valley.

In the blue shadows of the firs they stand as we take our leave of one of them. The Honourable and Sir Duke have had their last words, and Sir Duke has said he will remember about the hunting traps. They understand each other. There is sunshine in the face of all; a kind of Indian summer sunshine, that is soft with the sadness of a coming winter; and theirs is the winter of parting. Yet it is all done easily, undemonstratively.

"We'll meet again, Shon," said Sir Duke; "and you'll remember your promise to write to me."

"I'll keep my promise; and I hope the news that'll please you best is what you'll send us first, from ould England. And if you *should* go to ould Donegal!—I've no words for me thoughts at all!"

"I know them. Don't try to say them. We've not had the luck together, all kinds and all weathers, for nothing."

Sir Duke's eyes smiled a good-by into the smiling eyes of Shon. They were alike, these two, whose stations were so far apart. Yet somewhere, in generations gone, their

ancestors may have toiled, feasted or governed in the same social hemisphere; and here, in the mountains, life was levelled to one degree again.

Sir Duke looked round. The pines were crowding up elate and warm toward the peaks of the white silence. The river was brawling over a broken pathway of boulders at their feet; round the edge of a mighty mountain crept a mule train; a far-off glacier glistened harshly in the lucid morning—yet not harshly either, but with the rugged form of a vast antiquity, from which these scarred and grimly austere hills had grown. Here Nature was filled with a sense of triumphant mastery—the mastery of ageless experience.

And down the massy piles there blew a wind of stirring life, of the composure of great strength, and touched the Four, and the man that mounted now was turned to go.

A quick good-by from him to all; a "Safe voyage to you," from The Honourable, a wave of the hand between the rider and Shon; and Sir Duke Lawless was gone.

"You had better cook the last of that bear, this morning, Pretty Pierre," said The Honourable. And their life went on.

### III.

It was eight months after, that, sitting in their hut after a day's success fulminating, The Honourable handed Shon a paper to read. A paragraph was marked. It concerned the marriage of Miss Emily Dorset and Sir Duke Lawless.

And, while Shon read, The Honourable called within the tent, "Have you any lemons: Pretty Pierre?"

A satisfactory reply being returned, The Honourable proceeded: "We'll have the bottle of Pommery which I've been saving months for this."

And the royal flush toast of the evening belonged to Shon: "God bless him! To the day when we see him again!" And all of them saw that day.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

—*The Independent.*

## Our Contributors.

### THE DEAD POET.

BY MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

THE poet has thrown life over,  
Life with its care and fret;  
And he lies at his ease in the clover  
(Hearts break, and eyes are wet).  
With sorrow, his own or others',  
No more will he have to do:  
(Grief strangles, poverty smothers)  
He watches the infinite blue.  
Let who will life's burdens carry!  
Let who will with sorrow wed!  
No thought of it now can harry  
His soul, for the poet is dead.  
For death is not breath's cessation;  
It is to flee from the strife,  
To scorn the soul's salvation,  
The power and franchise of life.  
The rainbow unsung is the rainbow,  
Stars shine, if his song be mute;  
And, meanwhile, our hearts are waiting  
For the comfort of his lute.

Sweet are the fields and flowers,  
But sweeter the smile of love;  
And the service-freighted hours  
Than all God's stars above.

Dead while he lives is the poet  
Who ranges with curious eye  
The faraway fields of ether,  
And passes God's children by.

Dead as a stone is the poet,  
And cold as the grave his art,  
Though he touch the stars with his forehead,  
When he loses his human heart.

BOSTON, N. B.

## THE ERA OF ELIZABETH.

THE grandest triumphal arch of English History spans the centuries between Agincourt and Waterloo. At its zenith shines the splendid Era of Elizabeth, bathed in the radiant beauty of a brilliant summer sunrise. Only an occasional cloud tinged with the glory below veils its brightness with a fleeting shadow. Beneath, the Tree of Liberty, watered by the tears of patriotic ages, stretching out its giant limbs to the mountains and the sea, lifts its boughs, twisted and toughened by the tempests of a thousand years, till they overshadow the Throne; while, secure under its shelter, Peace, Plenty and Progress sing their cheerful carols. And above, the eagle of Imperial Sovereignty, soaring in the sun, still guards its island acerie. The glories of this age glow even brighter in contrast with the gloom of the earlier and later times which they relieve. Behind, lies the blood-red reign of Bigotry, where the sullen sky wrathfully reflects the flaring fires of religious persecution and the winds wander with a dismal wail over the shuddering earth. Before, reaches the era of civil strife with the black tornado of Revolution rumbling through the land. Fields waving in golden billows ready for the reapers are wasted and strewn with the ghastly harvest of Death. Flowers that unfold to bathe in the dew at dawn are drenched in blood ere their petals close with the dying day.

The Age of Elizabeth witnessed among many marvels the flowering of the world's Imagination. The graceful form of the Virgin Queen, mantled in the softest shades of Romance and wreathed with garlands of flowery verse, stands in the foreground of its history. And, while she loses in the light of modern criticism much of the grace lent her by the poet's fancy and the sentiment of the novelist, she gains more in the grandeur it has revealed. There was nothing commonplace in her character, which was a strange combination of striking contrasts; or ordinary in her conduct, that either soared to sublime heights of heroism or sank to shameful depths of weakness. Her biography must alternate between lofty eulogy and humble apology. Among the courtly favourites that fluttered with glittering gallantries in the blaze of her presence chamber she was fickle as Fortune herself. But to the sage statesman who shared her confidence around the council board she was faithful unto death. She shed more bitter tears over the bier of Burleigh than the block of Essex. Her genuine Tudor thirst for despotic power was tempered by true devotion to the public good and restrained by almost unerring political sagacity. Her chief advisers were chosen straight from the source of England's strength, the mighty middle classes, which in her reign first reached the steps of the Throne. Bacon, Burleigh, and

## CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

We want to put this wonderful picture in the home of each of our present subscribers, and all we ask is that each shall send us with his own renewal subscription one new subscription. This engraving is cheap at two dollars, and we hope that none will miss this chance to secure it for nothing. Any subscriber, new or old, may obtain it by remitting 25 cents additional, but it is especially intended as a premium to our readers for obtaining new subscribers.

## CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

The signal of this picture is one of the grandest paintings that have been given to the world in modern times. It covers about 20 by 30 feet of canvas, the figures all being life size. The scene is early morning in the praetorium or official residence of the Roman Governor at Jerusalem. In the centre of the picture is the Saviour with His hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate. Around and behind Him crowds the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others apparently bent merely on killing time. Pontius Pilate sits as the representative of Caesar on the judgment throne. He is meditating and is greatly perplexed. On the right of Pilate stands Calaphas, the chief accuser of Christ. The figure pressing forward in the crowd with uplifted arms is a ruffian of the lowest type. He is shouting, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" On the left of Pilate sit two elders watching the proceedings with great interest. Between Christ and Calaphas, sitting on the bench, is a rich banker looking on with contemptuous curiosity. Perched on a high stool by the side of the judgment seat, and resting his head against the wall, is a scribe who views the scene with an air of weary indifference. Conspicuously raised above the heads of the crowd, is seen a young mother with a beautiful face, holding a child in her arms and looking at Jesus with tenderness and compassion. Through the whole picture are groups of figures and faces reflecting the different emotions that animate each individual.

This picture has been on exhibition in the principal cities of Europe and America. It has been viewed by millions of people, and has created more sensation throughout the entire civilized world than any other painting ever produced. It was sold to John Wanamaker of Philadelphia for \$120,000.

Every subscriber to CANADA who sends one new subscription with his own renewal, will receive this matchless engraving of "Christ before Pilate" free.

Or, CANADA for one year and this famous picture will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States for One Dollar and Twenty-five cents.

Address—

"CANADA,"

BENTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Money Order Office, WOODSTOCK.

WHOLESALE STAPLE & FANCY

## Dry Goods and Millinery.

We offer one of the largest and best assorted stocks to be found in the Dominion.

• Prices Low and Terms Liberal. •

N. B.—Special attention devoted to orders by mail.

## SMITH BROS.

150 Granville Street, - HALIFAX, N. S.

THE BEST FASHION AND HOME MAGAZINE published in Canada for 60 cents a year. Just think of it—a 34 page book coming regularly to the home every month for only this small outlay. Subscribe now to the **LADIES' BAZAR** and try it. It illustrates the Latest Styles and tells how to make them up. It has articles on the Latest Millinery and Fancy Work and part of a Continued Story every month. It is just the paper every lady wants.

We give to every subscriber a 25 cent Pattern of the subscriber's own selection, free, as a premium. Send 5 cents for a sample copy.

The **LADIES' BAZAR PUBLISHING CO.**, 4 Adelaide St. E., TORONTO.

☛ SUBSCRIPTIONS to the **LADIES' BAZAR** are received at the office of CANADA. Price 60 cents per year.

**SPECIAL CLUBBING OFFER**—The **LADIES' BAZAR** and **CANADA** both for \$1.30 a year, including the 25 cent Pattern free as a premium.

**PUTNERS**  
 IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER  
**EMULSION**

**Oxford**  
**COUGH SYRUP**  
 FOR  
**COUGHS, COLDS,**  
**HOARSENESS,**  
**LUNG AFFECTIONS:**  
 FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.  
**BUCKLEY BROS.**  
 HALIFAX, N. S.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison,

— WHOLESALE —

**DRY GOODS and MILLINERY,**  
 ST. JOHN, N. B.

— DEPARTMENT: —

Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Ribbons, Laces, Parasols, Shawls, Mantles, Muslins, Millinery, Dress Goods, SMALLWARES, Dress and Mantle Trimmings, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Cloths, Tailors' Trimmings, Dress-makers' Trimmings, Gentlemen's Furnishings, Prints, Cottons, Shirts, Linens, Hessians, Bags, Flannels, Blankets, Lumbermen's Outfits, Carpets, Oil-cloths, Linoleum.

HOUSE FURNISHINGS, YARNS, WARPS, &c., &c.

## Halifax Nursery,

Cor. ROBIE and NORTH STS.

EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN.

THE BEST VARIETIES OF

Seeds, Plants, Shrubs, Trees.

HUNDREDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

## HERBERT HARRIS.

252—TELEPHONE—252.

## T. C. ALLEN & CO.,

124 Granville Street, - HALIFAX, N. S.

CARRY THE LARGEST STOCK OF

**STATIONERY** for Society and Commercial purposes, Papers, Envelopes, Inks, Pens, Pencils, Blank Books, &c., &c.

**BOOKS** in every department of Literature, Books in Sets, Elegantly Bound Books, Poetical Books, Children's Books.

**BIBLES**, Church Services, Hymn and Prayer Books, **LEATHER GOODS** in Purses, Ladies' Hand Bags, Portfolios, Card Cases, &c., &c.

**NOVELTIES** in Games, Gold Pencils, Fancy Goods and Fancy Stationery.

**10,000 SELECT CHEAP BOOKS**, by the very best Authors. 15, 20 and 30 cents each.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS** for Magazines and Newspapers, &c., received, and promptly and carefully attended to.

☛ Send for Catalogues.

T. C. ALLEN & CO.,  
 Printers, Bookbinders, &c., &c.  
 Halifax, N. S.

☛ In answering Advertisements, please mention "CANADA".



Walsingham, the first generation of professional English statesmen, were new men fresh from the heart of the nation. Through them she felt with one hand the popular pulse while with the other she grasped the helm of state. The whole nation, thrilled with the tender sympathy of that touch, responded in a loyal devotion unequalled in our annals. She fortified her throne neither with the fear of the nobles, nor the favor of the church, but the loyal love of her subjects. This defence never failed her in the hour of need.

The surge-swept shores of England had been so long unstained by the footprints of a foreign foe that fear of invasion lingered only as the fading recollection of a distressing dream. But his blissful sense of security was rudely shaken on the 20th of July, 1858. On that bright mid-summer morning, through the rustling harvest fields along the southern downs, ran the startling whisper: "The Armada is coming." Sickles were dropped and the fields forsaken. Grave groups gathered on cape and cliff gazed with anxious eyes on an immense crescent of 136 hostile ships that towered above the waves like floating castles, sweeping slowly up the channel. Such a sight might well strike terror to English hearts. No fortresses then frowned defiance from those shores. No regular standing army could be called to oppose the landing of the thousands of strange troops that crowded the Spanish ships and the opposite Flemish shores. The navy numbered only thirty-four ships of war. The whole population was under five millions, less than that of London alone to-day. Yet there was not the faintest flutter of fear in the land.

The Saxon has a chronic hunger for soil. He lets other races gratify their greed of gain at his expense by snatching the spoils of the mine, the forest and the sea while he is securing possession of the virgin soil as his peculiar heritage. He is an ideal colonist. Isolation, privation, toil he undergoes with uncomplaining patience while he plants his hearthstone in the wilderness. But attempt to overturn that and you awaken at once the Hero slumbering beneath his quiet look and homely garb. Then like Job's warhorse he is clothed with thunder. When he beats his plowshare into a sword to defend his altar and hearth let men and nations beware! His blows batter like the hammer of Thor, his ancestral Thunder God. In the invincible strength of this spirit England rose to repel the Armada. All classes and creeds combined for the defence of Queen and Country. The beacon fires that flamed from headland to hill-top, shedding a warning radiance over all the land, kindled a burning patriotism that fired every breast. From the remotest corners of the kingdom the life-blood of England poured to fill the camp that lined the coast. Instead of an army and navy there was at once a nation of soldiers and sailors. All ranks rushed, not to offer, but to urge their services. A single instance will serve to illustrate the universal spirit. The Queen asked London to furnish fifteen ships and five thousand men. Two days after, the city requested Her Majesty graciously to accept the free services of thirty ships and ten thousand men. Met in such spirit, the Invincible Armada, in all its "pomp, pride and circumstance of glorious war," was but a cobweb in the path of a cyclone!

The glow of that patriotic flame has never faded from the English sky. It is still reflected in the splendid Literature of that wondrous age. It melted the last seal of silence from the lips of the long dumb Saxon race. Then it was that Shakespeare became its Historian. His first Part of Henry VI. appeared two years after the Defeat of the Armada. And then for six years he devoted himself almost exclusively to the portrayal of his grand gallery of English Heroes.

From the Stage, the Forum, the Desk and the printed page their burning words and glorious deeds have through all succeeding ages fed in English hearts the fire that gave them birth.—From "Shakespeare as an Historian," by  
Horton Landing, N. S. W. A. BENNETT.

### A NOVEMBER SUNSET.

BY ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

NOT the attire of kings, when crowns are set,  
Mid coronation splendours, have such sheen  
As now in the November sky is seen,—  
Where late the Day in his fire chariot  
Rode down the western hills, that lighten yet.  
Twilight her tent of purple and of gold  
Pitches on yon dark crag, and multifold  
Dapples the river, where its waters fret.

Past the low bank in leafless quietude:  
The new moon haloes soft her crystal sphere;  
Glassed 'mid the shadowed trees she beauteous lies:  
Such glory comes to gild, such peace to brood,  
And change to gold and pearl the darkening year,—  
The month of wailing winds and shadowed skies.

### TWO NESTS.

WE are told by ornithologists that birds, such as the Baltimore oriole, which build loosely-woven nests in the south, construct them with greater closeness in the north. We are apt to discredit these stories a little, when they tell us that one and the same bird will thus adapt itself to its surroundings, knowing that the warm southern wind will not injure its delicate young, and protecting them with such marvellous forethought from the chill blasts of the wintry Canadian sky. Sometimes the sceptic has such an obvious proof of things, which he has doubted, that on the instant his doubts vanish. Such was the effect of two nests upon a party of unbelievers, who maintained, in spite of Wilson, Linnaeus and Burroughs, that birds built from mere instinct, and that there was no reason shewn in their work.

These nests were in a favourite haunt of birds, a pine and oak-crowned cliff on the bank of the St. Lawrence. They knew well where to choose their homes, for in the midst of the fragrant wood a nestling Swiss Chalet looked forth over the broad, blue, island-dotted river; and, as in Shelley's "Sensitive Plant," it could truly be said,—

"There was a power in this sweet place,  
An Eve in this Eden; a ruling Grace,  
Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,  
Was as God is to the starry scheme."

Phoebe-birds built over the doors and windows of her cottage, cat-birds called from the shrubbery near by, the early thrush poured forth his glad song from the tree-tops on all sides, while robins and crows waited about the garden for the first ripe strawberries and peas. None were allowed to molest them; all were thought to have as good a right to the sweets of God's earth as the human possessors of the soil.

Early in May the animated notes of the Yellow Warbler (*Dendroica aestiva*) began to fill the whole of the nook. Their nests were soon to be found in almost every bush. Two of their nests attracted our attention on account of their difference in structure, and with the doubted information that birds of the same kind build differently in different climates we were all soon agreed on the cause of this difference.

One couple had chosen a sunny spot for their young, a honeysuckle in an unshaded spot in the garden, that caught the first ray of the morning sun as it rose out of the island maze, and that never lost it, till it sunk into the giant oaks of the western forest. The little mother bird needed no very warm nest for her five grayish-white, delicately-spotted eggs, but was content with a rather loose structure lined with horse-hair and plant-down. Here she calmly waited the time when the shells would burst, and her little ones would gladden her heart with their clamorous cries for food, only darting off once in a while to snatch a caterpillar from a neighboring lilac.

A day or two after this couple had finished their abode, another pair of warblers came darting about the cottage, looking for a suitable resting place. None seemed available. Several gooseberry bushes resounded with the harsh "mew" of the cat-bird, and in lilac and honeysuckle others of their own kind had been before them. Only one place was left. A dark corner by the kitchen, where the early or late sun cast no gladdening beam, still had one vacant retreat. They hesitated at its gloom, but their desire to be near the cottage, and free from ordinary dangers, overcame their scruples. They eagerly went to work, industriously searching out bark-fibre and plant-down and gathering here and there moss and horse-hair for the nest. Soon all was completed. No, not yet! One thing more was needed. The sun's warmth was lacking; warmth must be secured in some way to supply its place. Compactly as they had felted their nest, it did not satisfy the thoughtful little birds. It must be lined. A little wool was gathered, but not sufficient. They had but one resource left, their own breasts, and from them they plucked the soft delicate feathers to make a cosy cradle for their eggs. And in this nest five as happy birds as the whole woods knew, grew till the nest could no longer contain them; and after a joyful summer they sought their airy way through the forest, to gladden the cliff in the following spring with their sprightly song.

T. G. MARQUIS.

Kingston, Ont.

#### WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

**O** MIGHTY statesman, large of heart and brain,  
 Who fifty years of public life hast stood  
 A champion of the rights of brotherhood,  
 Firm to the test of Truth through loss or gain;  
 With record clear, and name without a stain.  
 Thy voice and pen employed in earnest mood,  
 To thee belongs a nation's gratitude,  
 An added lustre to Victoria's reign!  
 No empty title thine, but simple worth  
 To stamp each act in which thou takest part;  
 Thus wearing on thy brow as heroes should  
 A crown more precious than the kings of earth;  
 For writ enduring on the people's heart  
 These words: "Tis only noble to be good."

GEORGE EDGAR FRYE.

#### MONTCALM AND FRENCH CANADA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES DE BONNECHOSE  
 BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued.)

IV.

**I**N the winter is come, in the character it wears in this ungentle climate—the streams all frozen, everywhere the hardened snow, a world of crystal and of white marble shining in the sun! For six months no tidings possible from France or elsewhere. What is to be done in this great prison but to seek amusement? Dancing is the order of the day at Quebec, at Montreal, everywhere.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 In this happy winter of 1756 on the frozen banks of the St. Lawrence, we behold a curious reflection of France of the 18th century, frivolous and gay, of France in the fashion, powdered, "witty and chivalrous at Quebec, merry at Montreal," and everywhere reckless of the morrow. From below, from the Alleghany mountains, rises a great black cloud: it is nothing, say the violins; it is only the mist from the lakes to temper the spring sunshine.

In the midst of these pleasures, some fortunate expeditions are carried out. "In the West," writes Montcalm, "our parties of Savages are continually lifting scalps from the English, who, from their side, have sent the Catawbas, savages settled in Carolina." In the East, there were brilliant surprises by the Canadians on lake St. Sacrament. Then preparations were making for the spring, in pursuance of a studied plan of campaign; and, in the meantime, there was the reception at Montreal of a grand Iroquois embassy with women and children, "in connection with which there have been some *great councils*, that is to say a sort of conference at which the nations friendly to France were represented by their deputies. This assembly is the most memorable that has ever been held in Canada, not only for the number of its members and the nature of the subjects under discussion but for the good feeling which the five Iroquois nations have seemed to entertain. Not only have their ambassadors promised to maintain the neutrality, but they even trampled under foot the medals of the English."

Spring has returned; the whole Canadian flotilla of boats, barges, brigantines, is set afloat upon the rivers still swollen by the melting of the snow. Gliding upon the water-courses, the only available routes formerly in this country, the army of Montcalm was on its way to strategic positions. "We are going to move in a few days, for the opening of the campaign," writes Montcalm to his mother the 25th of April, 1757. "A body of Canadians leaves for the Belle-Rivière (the Ohio), about three hundred leagues from here: some land forces which have passed the winter one hundred and twenty leagues distant will be able to follow them. M. de Bourlamaque set out also with some troops for Fort Carillon which I have made secure against insult and have provisioned. The rest will advance to the frontier." While

the incapable English generalissimo, the Earl of Loudon, under pretence of attempting the conquest of Louisburg, in the island of Cape Breton, tarried two months with an army of 10,000 men at Chebucto (now Halifax), the chiefs of the French colony struck the great blow which they had been preparing for in their winter quarters.

At the foot of the mountains which separate the basins of the Hudson and the St. Lawrence, a small lake, like a lancehead, pours into Champlain its waters clear as crystal: the Indians call it Horican, the French St. Sacrament, and the English George. At the southern end of the lake, these last had built Fort George or William Henry, supported by an intrenched camp and commanding the route from the Hudson. From this strong position they could, with their fleet which they harboured there, penetrate by Lake Champlain and its outlets to the very gates of Montreal.

During the winter a bold coup-de-main of the French sort had failed to make us masters of William Henry: when the cold was from 15 to 20 degrees below freezing, a detachment of 1,500 French, Canadians and savages, under the command of M. de Rigaud de Vaudreuil, younger brother of the Governor of New France, had crossed Lakes Champlain and St. Sacrament upon the ice, "travelling sixty leagues on snowshoes, with their provisions upon sledges that were easily drawn by dogs over the smooth road, sleeping in the snow on a bearskin with nothing but a sail for a covering, and had arrived unheralded within a short league of William Henry." When the Canadian expedition returned upon its tracks, the Fort alone was left standing in the midst of smoking ruins: 250 boats, four brigantines and all that belonged to them were burned.

It failed, however, to destroy the place itself, to break down the northern gate of the English colony and open the road to Albany and New York. Messages were sent to all the friendly tribes, and, the 22nd of July, 1757, two hundred war barges manned by 2,000 savages rallied the army of the siege under the ramparts of Carillon: the half of these volunteers came from three hundred leagues away, from the upper country. "We wish to try upon the English the tomahawk of our fathers, to see if it will cut well," said the orator of the allied nations in saluting Montcalm. They had to pass first from Lake Champlain to Lake St. Sacrament, which commands it, and they had neither oxen nor horses to make the portage of the river which unites the two sheets of water. While with great labour "the brigades, the colonel at the head," carried, for six days, the siege material and five hundred boats, the Indians reached the shore of the upper lake in advance of the army; their light bark canoes attacked the English boats which defended it, and, so productive was the chase after scalps, that the campaign was very near miscarrying. The victors, in fact, were going to disperse; for a Redskin has never been found who questions that, after a successful stroke, to brave new peril is tempting "the Master of Life," and, adds Bougainville, the curious

historian of the expedition, "their superstitious and excessively unquiet spirit juggled, dreamed and imagined that every delay would prove fatal to them.

To combat this phantom, to arrest this panic of success, what was to be done? Would the word of the General of Onmonthio be sufficient to hold these savages, our indispensable auxiliaries in the midst of these wildernesses: Montcalm, to make trial of it, convoked a general conference.

*(To be Continued.)*

## Our Young Folk's Serial.

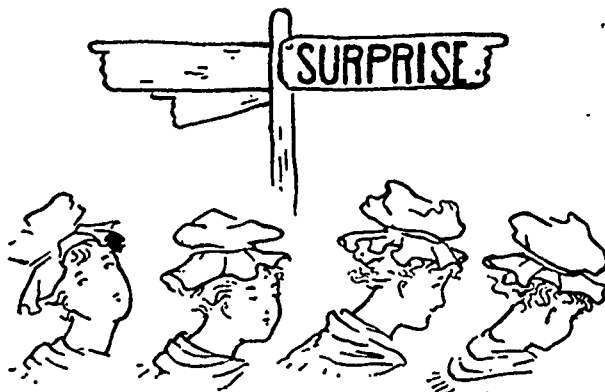
### THE WHITE COTTAGE:

#### Or the Fortunes of a Boy-Emigrant in Canada.

BY MRS. S. A. CURZON.

*(Continued.)*

**B**UT I have wandered far from my journey on the train. We had not proceeded many miles when night began to come on, and we found we should not reach our journey's end till two or three o'clock next morning. This was unwelcome news to those who had children, for the poor things were tired out by their long confinement, and some were quite ill and peevish; however, the passengers who knew the ways of the country, helped to get drinks of tea and other refreshment, when we stopped for a few minutes at the stations, and, as the little ones grew sleepy, they were laid on the nice soft seats, with shawls and other things for pillows, their caps and hoods being placed in racks on the sides of the cars. The cars were well lighted up, but as there was a full moon I looked through the windows at the country. I saw many nice farms and pretty houses in some parts, and again we travelled for miles in sight of nothing but woods; everything looked strange; there seemed to be no hedges between the fields, and very few haystacks near the farm-houses; there were many sheds, and all were built of wood; sometimes there was snow and ice, and in other places mud and water; the night seemed pretty sharp, and many of us complained of feeling cold though the fire in the stove was burning, but outside the country looked so quiet in the moonlight, and the stars were so large and bright in the deep blue sky, that I did not mind my cold feet. Two things appeared strangely new to me; at the railway stations great piles of wood laid in order lined the track, but I had no idea that this was the fuel for our engine, as I know it was now; coal was all the material for fires that I knew of, except faggots of sticks for the brick oven on baking days; again, we seemed to run across the village street in some places, and then a bell would be violently rung as if for warning, and such was the case I found. In many places the track crosses village streets and high roads, and occasionally dreadful accidents occur, as there are no gates to be shut while the train passes. I began to feel very sleepy, and left



**THIS WAY**  
for saving  
white ❖ ❖  
linens & cottons  
without that  
hard wearing  
out toil of wash  
day. **"THE  
SURPRISE  
WAY"** of using  
**SURPRISE  
SOAP**, does

the wash without boiling or scalding and does it thoroughly, making them clean and sweet. Once started in the **SURPRISE WAY** you will never stop, it is so easy. You save half the hard work. You save your hands, your clothes, your money.

**Your Grocer Keeps it. READ the Directions on the Wrapper.**

## OUR PREMIUM PICTURES.

One of the magnificent engravings described below will be given to each subscriber to CANADA for 1892. We make no distinction between present subscribers and new ones; all are treated alike. The sheets are 24 x 28 inches. Each subscriber is allowed his choice of the pictures, and may have both on payment of 25 cents extra. These engravings are worth One Dollar each, and cannot be purchased at that price in the Dominion.

### CHRIST AND THE FISHERMEN.

This Engraving is from a painting by Ernst Zimmerman, one of the most famous representatives of the Modern Munich School. Zimmerman is widely known and appreciated as a delineator of religious subjects, and he has devoted his brush to those in particular that are found in the New Testament. He is a master of expression. His subjects are not mere inanimate colourings; they speak from the canvas. The incident the artist has depicted in this picture at once suggests itself to the mind of the Bible reader. Our Saviour, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw Simon Peter and his brother Andrew casting their nets into the sea. "Follow me," He said, "and I will make you fishers of men." Later, He found James and John mending their nets. To them He made known the mission He had for them in like words. All followed Him. And here we find Him explaining to His Apostles the work He has designed them to do. The most striking feature of the picture is naturally the face of the Saviour. These characteristics are at once noticeable in it: sadness, He being "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief"; meekness, or gentleness; and deep earnestness. The countenance is not the ideal of the old masters, who aimed at beauty rising to divinity; it is rather the human and humane face, which declares that Christ was also man, with human instincts and devotedly concerned for human sorrows and cares. The Saviour is talking to His converts, and it would appear that He is telling them of the hope and joy He has brought into the world, for their faces express at once wonder and pleasure. Peter is a fine representation of the bravely, muscular fisherman. John, "the disciple whom Jesus loved," is a young man with the world before him. Both listened earnestly, while Andrew and James, not less attentive, are in the background.

### THE LOVE STORY.

The second Premium Picture is a fine engraving of C. Laurenti's charming work, "The Love Story." It represents six pretty village maidens seated in a row, listening intently to the recital by a strapping young fellow of a tale of love in which he himself is apparently so deeply interested as they. One of the main charms of the picture is the skilful way in which the artist has depicted the various moods of the listeners. Two of them, with roguish eyes, have beaming faces which shew plainly that their chief delight is in the humorous side of the story. Two others are listening more seriously, while a fifth, with elbow on knee and chin on hand, is deeply intent upon every word that falls from the narrator's lips. The sixth, clad in sombre garments, sits with downcast eyes, and a sad, wistful expression which indicates that the recital brings to her mind painful memories, perhaps of a lover who has been taken away from her. The picture grows upon one, the whole scene being most life-like, and each of the different faces telling a story of its own.

Each subscriber to CANADA for 1892 can have his choice of these beautiful works of art, and may have both on payment of 25 cents extra.

Or, if you will send us one new subscription with your own renewal, we will send you both pictures.

Money Order Office,  
Woodstock. }

Address—CANADA, Benton, New Brunswick.

In answering Advertisements, please mention "CANADA".

## Grand Premium Offer.

--- THE ---

WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS,

In Twelve Large Volumes.

We have made arrangements by which we are enabled to offer to our subscribers, both old and new, a Set of the Works of Charles Dickens, the prince of novelists, in Twelve Large and Handsome Volumes, for an additional dollar. That is, for Two Dollars you get CANADA for one year and the twelve volumes of Charles Dickens' Works.

This great offer to subscribers eclipses any made by other publications. Charles Dickens was the most popular novelist who ever lived. No author before or since his time has so completely won the attention of the public, and his works are even more popular to-day than during his life-time. They abound in wit, humor, pathos, masterly delineation of character, vivid descriptions of places and incidents, thrilling and skilfully wrought plots. Each book is intensely interesting. No home should be without a set of these great and remarkable works. Not to have read them is to be far behind the age in which we live.

The twelve volumes contain the following works, each one of which is published complete, unchanged and absolutely unabridged:

David Copperfield.  
Martin Chuzzlewit.  
Nicholas Nickleby.  
Dombey & Son.  
Bleak House and Little Dorrit.  
Our Mutual Friend.  
Pickwick Papers.  
Barnaby Rudge and Christmas Stories.  
Oliver Twist and Great Expectations.  
The Old Curiosity Shop and the Uncommercial Traveller.  
A Tale of Two Cities, Hard Times and The Mystery of Edwin Drood.

The majority of subscriptions on our books expire with the number for December. When renewing your subscription, send an extra dollar, and you will receive CANADA for 1892 and the twelve handsome volumes of Charles Dickens' works.

If you will send us two new subscribers with your own renewal, three dollars in all, we will send you the full set of twelve volumes free!

Do not forget that the small sum of Two Dollars will provide you with a first-class magazine twelve times in the year, and twelve charming volumes for winter reading.

Register your letters, and address

"CANADA",

Benton, New Brunswick.

Money Order Office, Woodstock.

off rubbing my breath from the window as fast as it froze, and at last I forgot where I was until I received a tremendous knock on the head, which wakened me up pretty quick. In my sleep my cap had fallen off, and I had gone on nodding very politely through the window, until I went too far and struck my head against a brass window-fastening. I got a pretty good 'nut' on my forehead just where my cap ought to have been, but I was very glad to find that I had not broken a window, as I should have done if my head had been an inch further forward. I was very much ashamed, and looked around to see if anyone had seen me, but nearly everybody was asleep with their heads comfortably on the back or arm of the seats. Once more I rubbed the frost off the window and tried to amuse myself by looking out, but what was my surprise to see nothing but water. I thought we must be at the sea again, and wondered if I had made a mistake and travelled the wrong way; if I had I was indeed in a hobble, and I felt very uncomfortable. I did not like to ask the gentleman who sat next to me, though he was not asleep, so I resolved to wait until we stopped, for it was impossible to leave the train now, at any rate. The water had not the green tinge of the sea, but looked as bright as a fish pond, and the little waves danced and sparkled in the moonlight most beautifully. We were running quite close to the edge, for I could not see the shore, and there was no land to be seen in any direction. A long way off I could see a little ship with its dark sails, and further on we passed two more. At last we stopped at what seemed a large station, the conductor came through, one or two passengers got off, and several more got on the train. Everybody was roused up by the stir except the children, and thought we were at our journey's end, but the brakeman who, as well as the conductor, passed through the cars a good deal, said we had an hour or more yet to travel.

"An, av ye plase, sur, is it Whithy were comin' to sune?" asked a poor woman, who had been sitting quietly in a corner all the way from Montreal.

"Yes," said the brakeman abruptly.

"Will ye plaze let me aff there thin?"

"I've nothing to do with letting you off, you must look out for the station." And the man went off in a hurry.

A lady who sat near then said, "I'll tell you when we reach Whithy, the brakemen only mind their brakes, and the conductor might forget. Are you travelling with the children alone?"

"Yes, ma'am, thank yez kindly. I buried their father a matter o' three months ago, an' I've no one else."

"And where do you come from, poor woman," inquired the lady.

"From Derry sure, ma'am."

"What, in Ireland?" Are you an immigrant?

"That's what they does be callin' thim as come to 'Meriky, ma'am."

"And have you friends at Whithy?"

"I dunno, ma'am, but I be come out to me brother Dinny; he has been livin' wid a nice man forninst the little church a little ways out o' the town."

"And he will meet you at the depot?"

"Does ye be meanin' the station?"

"Yes."

"Sorra bit will he thin; he doesn't know I be comin'."

"You should have sent him word, and he could have been ready for you."

"I will plaze him the more to have us come unknownt to him."

"Is he married or has he hired out, good woman?" asked a man, who, with some of the rest of us, had been listening to what we could not help but hear.

"Hes a single hyc, and was hired to a farmer, sur," replied the woman.

"An-I what was the farmer's name?"

"I do disremember, sir, but he lived at the Corners."

"Every village is the 'Corners' in Canada," said the man laughing; "whose Corners was it?"

"I do disremember that oo," answered the poor woman, "since me trouble me head doesn't be so good as it should."

"Then you'll have a pretty hard time to find him. I hope you have plenty of money in your pocket, for travelling about and living at hotels costs a good deal."

The woman said nothing, but she looked down and sighed, and one of the emigrant women leaned over to the lady and said something in a whisper.

Turning to the woman, the lady said again, "My poor woman, are you really without money in a strange country? Don't be offended at me for asking, but you cannot find your brother to-night, and the children must have something to eat, you know."

At this the poor woman burst into tears, and said she had spent her last copper to buy the children a few biscuits in Montreal, and that if she couldn't find her brother she had nowhere to go. The poor simple-minded creature had lived in a little village all her life, and thought every one else in the world knew each person in the place where they resided for twenty miles round, as she did. Left quite alone by her husband's death, she had sold her few possessions among her neighbours for enough to pay the passage to Canada, where she had an only brother who she felt sure would befriend her, "for" said she, "wasn't he my pet when he was a gossoon, and didn't I used to carry him on my back over the rough stones and the ford there and again to the schule, and didn't it nearly break my heart when he wud go to 'Meriky?" The idea that she might not find her brother at once never occurring to her, much less that he might not welcome her with open arms, poor as she was, for she had not a bit of luggage except one little bundle tied up in a handkerchief. My own misfortune at the London station, when the porter so kindly befriended me, came into my mind, and I wished the poor woman might meet as kind a friend as I had. I was not disappointed, for in a few minutes the man who had spoken to her had money passed to him from all parts of the car, a little of mine with it, and he gave it to the lady; then, going out of the car for a time, during which he had been representing the case to the other passengers, I suppose, he returned with more money, and on counting it all up they found she had nearly thirty dollars; a great deal of it was English money, given by the poor woman's companions on the voyage who had not been aware of her poverty, as she had behaved so quietly and seemed so contented, though the woman who had spoken to the lady had observed something on the passage that had aroused her suspicions as to the poor woman's want. We were close at Whithy station by this time, and as she left the car our poor friend curtseyed right and left to show her thanks, and the man who had spoken to her said that the conductor had promised to put her in the care of some one who would take her to a safe boarding-house, where it was to be hoped she would meet with somebody who could give her news of her brother.

After this we rushed along at a great rate, but no one seemed disposed to go to sleep again. Others noticed the water within sight of which we were travelling, and I understood from their conversation that it was one of the great lakes of Canada, in fact the lowest of a great chain of immense inland seas, as some gentleman said, and was called Ontario; he said it was an Indian name, and meant the "meeting of the waters," or the "receptacle of the waters," which was very suitable seeing that it receives all the waters from the other lakes, and runs out to sea by the River St. Lawrence, up which we had come in the ship.

I remembered old Josiah's talk of Lake Ontario, and the sack of York, but I did not know until long after that the name of York was changed to Toronto, the city to which I was going, nor should I have recognised it if I had, for on reaching it as we did in a very short time, I found it to be a very large city, and not 'little' York as old Josiah called it.

(End of Chapter IV.)

## From Current Periodicals.

### THE DYKE.

FROM dyke to hillside sways the level sweep  
Of all the ripened hay in mid-July,  
A tideless sea of rustling melody,  
Beside the river channels of the deep.

Astray and straggling or in broken heap  
Where birdlings flutter, dark the fences lie,  
Far off the tortuous rush-grown creek is dry,  
Where looms the leaning barn like ancient keep.

A Neptune cuts across the sea of green  
With chariot music trembling to the hills;  
And, as the horses swim, the grass divides,  
Shewing to heaven where his way has been.  
The sounding wheel that bares what Nature hides  
Drowns the low nestling-cry, and, ruthless, kills.

—J. F. Herbin in *Dominion Illustrated*.

### SARAH ANNE CURZON.

SARAH ANNE CURZON was born in England, in 1833 and early engaged in literary work, her articles, both verse and prose, being accepted by various periodicals of standing. Coming to Canada in 1863, she has done noble work for her adopted country, having clothed in graceful verse many forgotten incidents of our past, thus awaking an interest in Canadian history in the minds of many heretofore indifferent, and rescuing from oblivion much that is valuable to the lover of our country. Indeed, many of us have cause to blush at the indifference we have hitherto shown when we see her appreciation of our northern land, for Mrs. Curzon's poetry is permeated with intense love of Canada. Indeed, she has done more than this; she has given to us her heart. Her life has been a busy one, full of household cares; the happy mother of a family, she has found time to identify herself with various organisations for raising humanity. She was one of the first members of the Toronto Woman's Literary Club, which did excellent work in obtaining the opening of Toronto University to women. Mrs. Curzon devoted her pen for some years almost entirely to this and kindred subjects, being full of the love of humanity, and in

accord with all philanthropic aims. She is secretary of the Woman's Enfranchisement Association of Canada and an officer of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Add to all this a distinctly religious character, and her purely literary work, and we see, indeed, a busy life. In 1887 Mrs. Curzon published a volume of poems on the war of 1812, accompanied by copious notes, showing careful historical research, the chief of which commemorates in stirring verse the brave deeds of Laura Secord. This poem is in the form of a drama, and the same theme appears as a ballad. In her poems we almost see the poet's life shining through with all its varied interests. A very clever little comedy, "The Sweet Girl Graduate," was written while the agitation for the admission of women to the University was at its height, and Mrs. Curzon's younger daughter was one of the earliest to receive the degree of B.A. "Fort Rouillé" and "Queenstown Heights" show her patriotic feeling. "The Absent Ones" and "Away" give us glimpses of the home circle. Others, as "Backwoods Preacher" and "Thy Word," show deep religious feeling. The "Ballads of Spring" and "Ballad of the Beautiful" reveal powers of humour and sarcasm not often found in the poetry of women. In the "Songs of the Great Dominion," lately published in England, a serious injustice has been done to Mrs. Curzon, as, by an unfortunate blunder, out of the poems chosen to represent Mrs. Curzon only a scant twelve lines appear, while others have many pages allotted to them. There is a strength, purity, and nobility of expression, and an intense appreciation of the various moods of nature which we find in none but the true poet. The *Canadian Monthly*, *Grip*, *The Dominion Illustrated*, *The Week*, have all been enriched with the products of Mrs. Curzon's graceful pen. She is also an appreciative reviewer. For two years she was sub-editor of the *Canada Citizen*, advocating civic sanitation, social purity, woman suffrage, public playgrounds, and kindred topics relating to public health and morals. Mrs. Curzon possesses that excellent thing in woman, a sweet, low voice, and her fair presence conveys the idea of modesty and dignity—a true lady shewing again, as has been shewn before, that the possession of literary gifts and the taking part in the struggle to lift women, and thereby man, and the world in general, does not destroy true womanliness. It is to be hoped that Canada may not be slow to acknowledge her indebtedness to one who has done her such noble service.—*The Dominion Illustrated*.

### THE CLEARING.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

STUMPS, and harsh rocks, and prostrate trunks all charred,  
And gnarled roots naked to the sun and rain,—  
They seem in their grim stillness to complain,  
And by their plaint the evening peace is jarred.  
These ragged acres fire and the axe have scarred,  
And many summers not assuaged their pain.  
In vain the pink and saffron light, in vain  
The pale dew on the hillocks stripped and warred.

But here and there the waste is touched with cheer  
Where spreads the fire-weed like a crimson flood,  
And ventures plumes of golden-rod appear;  
And round the blackened fence the great boughs lean  
With comfort; and across the solitude  
The hermit's holy transport peals serene.

Windsor, N. S.

—Independent.

## NEW BRUNSWICK AUTHORSHIP.\*

BY W. G. MCFARLANE.

THE study of books is second only to the study of man. A reader meets with the very best aristocracy in his books, an aristocracy, not of birth, nor of wealth, but of mind. No wonder, then, that there are so many lovers of books, men who cherish a book as they do a human being! Commend to me the book crank above all others of that species, he who can tell of all the rare editions of famous works, whose shelves are filled with publishers catalogues, whose mind is filled with prices, prints and particulars of curious and valuable books, and who is often to be found in the secondhand bookstore poring over piles of old parchment.

Book-hunting is an agreeable pursuit. The chase is exciting and expectation is as pleasant as realisation. In New Brunswick there is abundant scope for the bibliophile's researches. Local book lore tells of many rare, curious and valuable books. Pamphlets were issued as far back as a century since, bound books early in the eighteen hundreds; but they have fallen prey to the various maladies that afflict the children of the press, and copies of them are scarce. This of course renders the chase more exciting but realisation less frequent. Yet the book-hunter never complains.

New Brunswick literature includes the names of many whose fame has extended beyond the confines of their own firesides and gone into other lands. Though the page tells of many who would be called simply local writers, there are many who are known as Canadian and even as American writers. We have not yet reached that point of vantage when we can claim a world's writer. One distinction is that we have so many who have won a Canadian or even an American reputation.

The Loyalists supply the reason for this fact. More than a hundred years ago they settled our province. They were a cultured literary people and they brought with them their love of books and learning. This love they fostered in their children and grand-children, and as their fathers were so were they. A country is usually settled altogether differently, by people who have neither time nor inclination to devote themselves to literary pursuits. Printed volumes seldom find a place in the home of the pioneer, and his mind seldom rises beyond the clearing of his land and obtaining from it his daily bread. In this case, too, the offspring are as their fathers, and there is little chance for literary growth. Thankful then should we be that the Loyalists were our ancestors.

Again, New Brunswick offers food to nourish literary life such as is offered in few lands. Her natural scenery is grand, her traditions, folk lore and legends beautiful and inspiring, her history is full of noble incident. The "Rhine of America," the magnificent Miamee mythology, the romantic story of Madame La Tour are part of her heritage.

Our leading artists won fame while located in other climes. The love of literature was fostered at home and they went abroad to give expression to that love. This was meritorious. A broader field meant broader fame, and that fame was bound to reflect credit upon the place of their nativity.

History is valuable only when it is exact and impartial. No matter how excellent its style, it loses its worth if it does not possess these requisites; it becomes literature, not

history. The leading New Brunswick historians are models in this respect. John Foster Kirk, a native of Fredericton, was a co-laborer with Prescott, and wrote a "History of Charles the Bold" that does not suffer by comparison with the greater writer's works. The late Charles Wentworth Upham, of New Brunswick birth, wrote a great many biographies, and his "Salem Witchcraft" is an authority on that interesting subject. He took rank as one of the first historians in New England. James Hannay's "History of Acadia" has placed him in the van among Canadian historians, while Dr. Stewart's "Frontenac and His Times," and "Canada under the Administration of Lord Dufferin," are voluminous and comprehensive works. William Cobbett, who resided several years in St. John, was one of England's leading pamphleteers and political writers, and his "Grammar" and "Register" may be numbered among her most enduring works. George E. Fenety, a well known journalist and Queen's printer, has written a political work that will be of value as the years advance, since it treats of the period when New Brunswick was torn by the struggle for responsible government. Moses H. Perley was an extensive writer on the early history and industries of New Brunswick, and probably knew more about Canadian fisheries than any man living before or since. Walter Bates, an early Loyalist, wrote a small volume that was published in, and had an extended circulation in Canada, United States and England. The book describes the highly exciting (and the more interesting since they are facts) adventures of "Henry More Smith," an ingenious rogue, whose many remarkable escapes are related. J. W. Lawrence, of St. John, is a careful compiler of Loyalist history. He has in manuscript a very valuable work on "The Early Judges of New Brunswick." The late Dr. Bill's history of the Baptists in the Maritime Provinces, and Lieut.-Col. Baird's descriptions of early life in New Brunswick, are works of much value. George R. Parkin, the great Imperial federationist, is Thring's biographer.

James DeMille and May Agnes Fleming, both of whom were born and bred in St. John, are the pioneer novelists of Canada, and are numbered among the few who acquired a reputation abroad. They were on good terms with the leading publishing houses of the United States, a fact that is suggestive of popularity and worth in itself. The two or three dozen novels which each produced have been widely read and have brought them fame in their respective departments. DeMille's novels are powerful and original tales of love and adventure. The others are very racy society stories. Prof. Roberts and Charles Lugrin have contributed stories and sketches a great deal to the leading magazines and journals of the United States. James McGregor Allan's sketches of life in Canada were received with much favor in England. Mrs. Julia Hart, Agatha Armour, and Mrs. Ald. Estey, of Fredericton, and Kate Gannett Wells, of Campobello, are numbered among the lady novelists. Rev. Dr. Wilson has written several stories of New Brunswick life.

Charles Frederick Hartt, had he lived, would have risen to the eminence as a scientist to which Sir William Dawson has attained. But, as it is, his "Geology of Brazil," the result of his labours in that country, where he gave up his life to the cause he loved, has brought him fame. George M. Theal, a quondam St. John man, but now a resident in South Africa, has written several works on the history, geography and folk lore of Africa, which have been adopted for use in the public schools. Abraham Gesner, J. F. W. Johnson, and Alexander Muir have been leading scientists in New Brunswick in the past; Prof. Ganong, Prof. Bailey,

\* The introduction to the series of papers on New Brunswick authors.

**THE OXFORD HANDY HELPS.**

The brightest books published in America. Every number offers ideas and hints which are entirely new. Price 25 cents each.

- What Successful Men Say of Success.
- How to Apply for a Situation and Get It.
- 25 Lessons in Correct Grammar.
- How to Read, Recite, or Make a Speech.
- How to Make Advertising Pay.
- Every-day Law for Every-day People.
- The Proper Thing in Dress and Manners.
- How to Succeed on the Road as a Drummer.
- 50 Games and Puzzles from Germany and Japan.
- How to Read Character from Hand Writing.

We offer any one of the above useful little books free to every new subscriber to CANADA as long as the supply, which is limited, holds out. Send one dollar to pay your subscription, and say which of the books you want.

Present subscribers may have any one of the books by sending us 10 cents in addition to their renewal subscription.

You may have the ten books free by sending us ten new subscriptions, or one book, your choice, for each new subscription which you send us.

Register your letters, and address:  
CANADA,  
BENTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.  
Money Order Office, Woodstock.

**C. L. S. C.**  
**Course of Reading**  
**FOR 1891-92.**

- Canadian History and Literature - W. H. Withrow and G. Mercer Adam ..... \$1 00
- \*The Leading Facts of American History - D. H. Montgomery ..... 1 00
- Social Institutions of the United States - Jas. Bryce, M. P. for Aberdeen ..... 1 00
- The Story of the Constitution - Prof. F. N. Thorpe, University of Pennsylvania .. 0 60
- Initial Studies in American Literature - Prof. H. A. Beers, Yale ..... 1 00
- Classic German Course in English - Dr. W. C. Wilkinson ..... 1 00
- Two Old Faiths - Murray Mitchell, LL.D., Sir William Muir, LL.D. .... 0 40
- The Chataouquan (12 months) ..... 2 00

Post-paid at Prices attached.  
\*Not absolutely required of Canadian members, although it is strongly recommended.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
**S. F. HUESTIS,**  
The Methodist Book Room,  
HALIFAX, N. S.

TAKE  
**PICKFORD & BLACK'S**  
**STEAMERS,**

FOR THE  
**West India Islands.**  
**CLIMATE UNSURPASSED.**

REGULAR SAILINGS TO  
**Bermuda, Jamaica,**  
**Cuba, St. Thomas,**  
**St. Kitts, Antigua,**  
**Dominica, Guadeloupe,**  
**Martinique, St. Lucia,**  
**Barbadoes, Trinidad,**  
**Demerara.**

HAVE YOU READ IT?  
**The Anecdotal Life of**  
**Sir John Macdonald.**

BY E. B. BIGGAR.

THE *Montreal Star*, in the course of a column and a half article says the book abounds in "interesting and amusing pen pictures of Canada's greatest statesman".

The *Toronto Mail* says "it will occupy a distinctive place in the literature relating to the late Premier", that it contains "an extraordinarily large collection of anecdotes", that the parts dealing with his early life "are particularly interesting and valuable", and that "most interesting of all is a fine portrait of his mother now re produced for the first time".

The *Toronto Globe* (the great Reform journal) says that "whatever biographies of Sir John may appear it is not likely that any of them will quite fill the place of this", that the result of the author's work is "a bright and readable book", and that "the tone of the work is fair and candid".

The *Toronto Telegram* says that "from start to finish there is not a slow moment in the book".

Such are a few opinions of leading journals

Paper edition 50 cents; handsome cloth, beveled boards, fine toned paper, \$1.25.

Ask your local bookseller, or write to  
**JOHN LOVELL & SON, Publishers,**  
MONTREAL.

**WANTED FOR CASH.**

USED Postage Stamps of U. S., Canada, and Provinces. Highest cash prices paid. I will pay—

| EACH.           |        | EACH.               |       |
|-----------------|--------|---------------------|-------|
| Canada 3d ..... | \$ .25 | Nova Scotia, 3d. \$ | .25   |
| " 6d .....      | 1.00   | " 1sh.              | 16.00 |
| " 7d .....      | 3.00   | " 8c.               | .45   |
| " 10d .....     | 1.40   | Newfoundland,       |       |
| " 12d .....     | 45.00  | 2d vermilion..      | 1.50  |
| New Brunswick,  |        | 4d "                | 3.00  |
| " 3d..          | 45     | 6d "                | 3.00  |
| " 5d..          | 1.60   | 6d "                | 5.60  |
| " 1sh..         | 16.00  | 1sh "               | 20.00 |
| Nova Scotia,    |        | 5c. brown ..        | .75   |
| " 1 & 6d.       | 1.10   |                     |       |

10 per cent. more if on the original letter or envelope. All kinds of stamps used during 1840-60 wanted, in any quantity, except U. S. 3c. I pay at least 10 per cent more than any other dealer will. Send your Stamps with prices; all that I cannot use will be returned post free and cash by return mail. 1,000,000 Canada 1, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6c., etc., wanted. 50,000 Canada 2 and 5c. registered letter stamps wanted. Good prices paid.

**HENRY GREMMEL,**  
50 NASSAU STREET, New York.  
Reference: Germania Bank, 215 Bowery, N. Y.

**REPAP MOOR.**

Although you find our heading backwards, you will not find us backward in keeping FIRST-CLASS GOODS and selling them at BOTTOM PRICES.

We have just received a fine stock of ROOM PAPER, which we are selling from 4 cents up.

Some fine WALTHAM and ELGIN WATCHES will be sold low. Also some solid gold ENGAGEMENT and WEDDING RINGS.

Please call and examine our stock, which includes a variety too numerous to mention.

Produce taken in exchange for goods.

**E. MOORE,**  
Canterbury, - YORK COUNTY, N. B.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN ..... \$1.00  
CANADA ..... 1.00

ONE DOLLAR  
Sent to us direct before January 1st, will pay for both magazines for one year.

**POEMS OF TEN YEARS.**

BY MATTHEW RIGHEY KNIGHT.

"POEMS that have more of hopeful suggestion in them than any Canadian verse we have seen for some time. His thought is very pure and subtle, his inspiration often really exalted, his diction vigorous, his passion noble and true."—*The Week (Toronto)*.

PRICE, - 40 CENTS.

For sale at the office of "CANADA, Benton, New Brunswick, and by KNIGHT & Co., Halifax, Nova Scotia.



Prof. Brittain, G. U. Hay, Edward Jack, C. E., and Mr. Matthews are leading scientists of the present time. Sir Howard Douglas, one of our governors, wrote several works on military science.

Dr. Hyde, for a time professor at the University of New Brunswick, has been spoken of by a leading scientist as the most trustworthy of all students of Irish folk lore, and he is well known both as a prose and verse writer.

Among those in this province who have written on theological topics may be mentioned Revs. Wm. Ferril, John De Soyres, Dr. Pope, Wm. Aloes, Bishop Medley and Bishop Kingdon.

Everywhere, where Canadian verse appears, our New Brunswick bards are well represented. New Brunswick is the Nursery of Canadian song and the Celestial City is the nursery of New Brunswick song. James Hogg wrote early in this century, and his verse was highly complimented by his namesake, the Ettrick Sheppard. Peter John Allan wrote exquisite verse from classic models. Roberts, Carmen and Stratton, three sons of three sisters, are a trio of nature's poets, and the two first are among the few Canadian poets who have won distinction in the United States and England. Roberts is quite generally known as the laureate of Canada. H. L. Spencer, of St. John, is a master of that medium of the heart's expression, the sonnet; and his verse has received the encomiums of Bryant, Goldwin Smith, Edgar L. Wakeman, and other eminent critics. Some of Mr. M. Sabiston's poems were highly praised by Longfellow, and were incorporated into his *Poems of Places*. William Murdock's productions have all the ring and fervour of his loved Robbie Burns. Nelson and Hamay are a duo of true patriotic poets, and the first bears the proud distinction of being author of Canada's national anthem. Oliver Goldsmith, a collateral descendant of the great Oliver, wrote a very good imitation of *The Deserted Village*, entitled *The Rising Village*. Rev. W. W. Campbell, late of St. Stephen, is the Canadian Swinburne. E. B. Chandler, of Moncton, has embalmed in graceful verse some charming Indian legends. William Martin Leggett wrote and W. P. Dole writes with much feeling and polish. Rev. A. J. Lockhart is very fanciful and truly Canadian. George Arthur Hammond, the printer poet, writes with classical grace of things spiritual. Casey Tap is possessor of a very pretty dialect style. Matthew Richey Knight has a genius for epigrammatic poetry. De Mille has penned some charming lines both serious and comic. Jonathan Odell, the first provincial secretary of New Brunswick, wrote some revolutionary poems during the war, to which much interest attaches on account of their subject. Among other poets and versifiers of the province may be mentioned Alex. Heron, Frank Risteen, Martin Butler (the Peddler Poet), Margaret Gill Currie, Geo. Dixon, Thomas Hill, W. D. Kearney, Beatrice McGowan, David Palmer, James Redfern, Letitia F. Simpson, Dr. F. K. Crosby, Agnes McGowan, Jean E. U. Nealis, Clare Everest and W. F. Watson. Lastly we will bring up a strong rear guard, consisting of the Roberts family, three brothers of Professor Roberts, ranging in age from twelve to twenty-one, and a sister, all of whom have contributed to the leading journals of Canada and the United States. —*The Dominion Illustrated*.

THE Laurentian Council of the Royal Arcanum at Montreal gave a public entertainment not long ago, the programme of which was entirely devoted to Canadian literature. This is an example worthy of imitation. Societies can do much in this way to foster our own literature.

## A SUNSET ON THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

**B**ROAD shadows fall. On all the mountain side  
The scythe-swept fields are silent. Slowly home  
By the long beach the high piled hay carts come,  
Splashing the pale salt shallows. Over wide  
Fawn-coloured wastes of mud the slipping tide,  
Round the dun rocks and wattled fisheries,  
Creeps murmuring in. And now, by twos and threes,  
O'er the slow spreading pools, with clamorous chide,  
Belated crows from strip to strip take flight.  
Soon will the first star shine; yet ere the night  
Reach onward to the pale green distances,  
The sun's last shaft beyond the gray sea floor  
Still dreams upon the Kamouraska shore,  
And the long line of golden villages.

OTTAWA, CANADA.

## AN ADVENTURE AMONG A LOST TRIBE.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

**N**EARLY a century and a half ago a numerous tribe of Indians, of light complexion, fine physique and very stately in their bearing, hunted caribou, otter, beaver and other wild animals all through the Island of Newfoundland. Shortly after Cabot discovered the Island and was instrumental in placing a colony there it was discovered that the interior was peopled by a race of Indians which have since come to be named Beothics.

The most extravagant stories were told about this tribe, one of them being that if a white man was captured he was taken to the lodge of the Indians and cooked in a large pot; and it was the general belief in the colony that a Beothic shot on sight with his flint lock or arrow every white man that he saw. It is very well known how far these false and foolish stories went toward prejudicing the Islanders against one of the finest tribes of aborigines that inhabited North America. It was considered a greater benefit to the community to kill a Beothic than a bear or a wolf, and some of the bravest of the settlers made it a point to form in large bodies and go to the regions inhabited by the Indians and lie in wait for them as they passed along in their birch canoes, shooting them down like beasts. They gave no warning to the poor Beothics as they came along, but fired buckshot into their heads killing every man in the whole squadron of canoes. The last object of interest that I saw in a museum before leaving St. John's, Newfoundland, was the head of a Beothic said to have been the last killed by the white murderers. The skull was well formed, the forehead being high and broad and the chin finely arched.

I make this statement about the Beothics because there befell to an officer in the British Navy in whose history I have felt much interest, an experience among these people which I wish to relate. The British man-of-war which had been delegated to protect British fishermen around the coast was ordered to remain during the winter in the harbor of St. John's, but as her spars had suffered much in the late autumn storms the commander selected forty blue jackets to go to the northern part of the coast and cut a dozen sticks. The company was put under the charge of a petit officer who took his company across the peninsula of Avalon and upward

to the pine belt which spans the island from the East coast to St. George's Bay.

Here the island caribou, or, more properly, reindeer, gather in midwinter when the lichens, mosses and browse further north are covered with snow; and, for this reason, the Beothics every winter moved down from their camping places on the bleak uplands, and pitched their tents not far away from the pine belt. The blue jackets heard about the Indians; but as they all carried muskets and a good supply of powder, shot and ball, they held the savages in good-natured contempt. Orders had been issued by the King that the aborigines of the island must not be molested except in self-defence; but there was not a man in the party who was not anxious to get a shot at an Indian, because of the blood-curdling stories that had been related about those poor people.

So they traveled on over the brittle snow crust for days and days with round snowshoes, exactly like those used by the Montagnais now in Labrador, till they came in sight of the stretch of pine. A camping place was selected in the densest part of the forest, and exploring parties at once set out to look for sound sticks to be used for spars; the remainder chopped down trees and built a huge shanty, in the middle of which was a large wooden chimney.

After they had been at work about a week the commander selected his lieutenant, whose first name was Edmund, to proceed to the woods and superintend the operations of the men. This officer was selected because his father was commander-in-chief of the Colonial forces; and he had in earlier years traveled over a considerable portion of the island, and was acquainted with the region where the King's men were at work. He took with him two orderlies to carry his traps.

So far the King's men had seen no trace of the Indians, altho it was said that this region swarmed with them. An old chronicler, who described this part of the pine belt, stated that the Beothics gathered in it every winter fully 10,000 strong. Edmund's sleeping apartment was at one end of the long shanty, and the orderlies had bunks near him.

The young officer examined the sticks that had been cut, finding only a half dozen of them sound, so it was necessary after his arrival for the men to cut a great many other trees. Every one of the King's men who went out from the tilt in the morning carried his musket and ax upon his shoulder; the gun was stood against a tree where the chopper was at work, and sentinels walked up and down through the forest around where the marines chopped and hauled, looking out for Indians.

On the third night after Edmund's arrival, the men were all seated at supper, eating from a whole roasted caribou, when the boatswain who had charge of the King's company said: "Curse these Indians, I saw their footings about here this morning in the fresh snow." These were sorry words for one and all, as I shall later show. So the King's men took greater precautions than before; if a blue jay chattered or an owl hooted the men dropped their axes and cocked their muskets, and this care was preserved for several days till the day before Christmas, or "Christmas Eve," as the *entire* day preceding the festival of the Nativity was called in these times. Work on that day was suspended at noon, and the men returned to prepare a feast of rock ptarmigan, willow grouse and otter steak.

When the company left the ship they took with them half a dozen kegs of rum, two glasses a day being served out to each man. But the rations for the Christmas festival were unlimited, a new keg having been broached for the

occasion. Every night since the arrival of the party in the woods the doors had been barricaded with stout timbers, and two or three men with muskets at the shoulder were kept on guard.

But nothing had been seen of the Indians except their "footings" or moccasin tracks, and the King's men gave little heed to them on this festive night. They drank bumper after bumper of the Jamaica rum, offering toasts to wives, families and sweethearts at home. The boatswain relaxed his offish bearing and sitting at the head of the table, dipped the steaming punch out of the huge birch bark bowl. Edmund drank one glass in his own compartment of the tilt, made some entries in his official diary, and then went to bed. He no more than any one else thought of danger.

So that my readers may be more easily able to understand what followed I may say that this officer, as was the custom among gentlemen in those days, had long hair resting on his shoulders; it was fine as silk, curly, and of that greenish yellow which resembles the stalks of corn when the sunlight is shot through it. As Edmund went to sleep in his blankets the toasts, songs and sounds of revelry outside went singing through his ears. The King's men with the boatswain all through the evening leading the festivities, kept up their wassail till close on to three o'clock in the morning, but this was still over three hours from dawn. By this time many of them had fallen from their seats and were asleep on the tilt floor, and those who were awake could hardly put their comrades to bed. The boatswain ordered the more sober ones to barricade the door and saw himself that the thing was properly done. But his head was foggy from Jamaica punch, and he neglected to tell off a guard as usual. Then every man went to his bunk and was soon fast asleep, one seal-oil lamp burning in the middle of the shanty.

After the last of the King's men had fallen asleep, had any one been listening in the tilt he would have heard some curious sounds. Near by it was like the crying of the saw-whet when the night is dark and a storm of snow or rain is threatened; further away he could hear a yelping like the wolf, and nearer the hooting of an owl answered by the barking of a dog. But these sounds were not made by the beasts and birds, they were the signal cries of the Beothics who had been watching the festal party all night through the chinks between the logs. They had made no sound till they knew that every man of the King's company was asleep.

The feasters never knew how long they had slept on that fatal night, or how the thing happened; but every man of them was awakened before dawn, some by piercing yells, and others by the rude pricking of spears into their sides. And what a sight met their eyes! The hut was crowded with Indians, their faces painted with red ochre, some having flint-locks, others spears, and many of them knives. All were dressed in skins, and had crowns made of feathers upon their heads. They yelled and whooped, jumping from the ground and brandishing their weapons above them. They sometimes ceased their yelling to laugh scornfully at the camp of the King's men and to mock them, by poking their fingers at them and punching them in the bodies with their spearheads and the muzzles of their guns. The King's men offered no resistance, for every one of them was bound by the ankles and wrists in his bed. The Indians had come into the tilt through the chimney, for it was impossible to enter by the door without cutting or burning it away.

Edmund, who had drunk but very little, heard the first yell that was given in the shanty; then a group of large, handsome savages put hands upon him and bound him with thongs like the rest. After this they lighted several birch-

bark torches and peered through every part of the tilt, jumping and yelling exultantly. The officer knew instinctively what was to follow, but, like the men outside, he did not speak, but lay calmly awaiting his fate. He noticed among the savages one taller and handsomer than shy of the rest; he was evidently the leader, for he ruled the other Indians by a word or the raising of his hand.

A tall, straight woman with regular features conferred much with this leader of the savages, and the young officer concluded that she was his wife. After all the King's men had been bound, she went through the tilt examining everything with a woman's curiosity. At last she came to where Edmund lay bound, and when the light of her flambeau fell upon him, the fierce expression faded out of her face, and stooping, she tenderly patted his yellow curls, saying, "The poor papoose." She returned again and again, each time patting his head and repeating the words. Meantime the Indians had proceeded to their work of vengeance. Each man in turn was taken out of his birth, and as he was laid on the floor in the centre of a circle of Beothics, the chief hissed in his ear: "Me hear ye curse poor Injuns." Then his scalp was cut around the head with a hunting knife; another Beothic blew under the edge of the scalp, and a third one seizing it pulled it off the head. After this the victim was done to death in a manner too revolting to describe. The officer prayed that his time might come soon; but the inflamed savages passed him, and the chief's wife continued to pat his hair and say: "The poor papoose." When every man in the camp had been butchered the woman said a word to her husband, and immediately a brawny savage came and cut Edmund's thongs. He could not bear to look about him, but on going outside perceived that the Indians were ready to depart. But many of them had been drinking deeply from the kegs, and lay asleep in the snow. The chief beat the drunken braves with saplings till they rose and staggered about in the snow; then burning faggots were thrown in the shanty and the building was soon in flames.

The Indians put all the provisions, tools, ammunition and other valuables upon sleds or catamarans of the King's men, and the chief, raising his arm when everything was ready, said to Edmund: "Come."

He had no choice but to go, and travelled all day over the brittle snow crust, halting once to eat. But he could not eat the raw venison as the Indians did, and the chief's wife gave him bread taken from the luckless camp.

About nightfall the Indian village was reached. There were nearly five hundred tents; he saw scores of men and women there, and hundreds of lean, ugly dogs. He was taken to the chief's tent, and the woman said, as he entered: "You live here; like it byndy." Thereafter he was treated as a member of the tribe, but for more than a year a careful watch was kept on all his movements lest he should try to escape. The chief's wife said to him one day: "Must marry my daughter and live with Injuns;" but the girl herself, although very beautiful, avoided the white stranger as much as possible, blushing and appearing very timid when her mother brought her near him. She evidently felt the proposal of marriage ought properly to come from the captive.

Through the summer Edmund accompanied the tribe on its fishing and hunting excursions, and soon earned the repute of being the dearest shot among them all. During his second year's captivity he was permitted to wander about at will, the chief's wife believing that he had become reconciled to his new life and would soon marry her daughter. One autumn afternoon, as he sat on the side of

a gorge making a sketch of it for he had considerable skill as an artist he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and, turning, saw the chief's daughter. "Big ship down on coast," she said in low tones; "Indians go down there to-morrow to trade. Be careful, and you can get away, but not to-morrow; start next night. Good-by;" and then she disappeared swiftly and noiselessly.

The next morning the whole tribe set out for the coast which was about twenty miles distant, taking with them all their furs. The ship with which they went to trade was a whaler, and when the Indians went aboard in their canoes, the captain said he would remain on the coast a week. The commander noticed the white man among the Beothics, and, surmising the true state of affairs, inquired in a low voice, as the young officer passed him: "Are you a captive?" On receiving a nod of assent, he whispered: "Be here to-morrow morning or the morning after at sunrise, and I will take you aboard." That night Edmund was held under a close watch, but as he showed no inclination to get away the suspicions of the tribe were lulled. The band went down the next day to the coast and bartered as they did the day before, and the officer returned with them, showing no sign of regret at leaving the white folk. The Indians had bought a small keg of rum from the captain of the whaler, and after supper they gathered in three or four of the largest tents and drank deeply. The revel was kept up till midnight, and then the Beothics began to tumble over and snore. Edmund waited, merely tasting the grog, until he knew that every man in the village was asleep; then, binding his snowshoes on his feet, and taking his musket from his tent, set out for the coast, which he reached in less than four hours. There was a boat waiting for him, and he was taken aboard the ship, put into an oil puncheon and headed up.

About an hour later, the whole tribe came yelling and gesticulating to the water-side, then launched their canoes and swarmed aboard. They ransacked the ship, the chief's wife leading them from stem to stern; but the captain assured them that the man they were looking for was not on board. After four or five hours they returned ashore with sullen faces and set out for their settlement. During the night the captain conveyed Edmund in one of his own boats to an island lying about three miles distant, where he remained till the ship had finished her trading with the Indians. The next day the Beothics, in full force, came again to the water's edge, launched their bark canoes and boarded the vessel. They carried spears this time, which they thrust through every cask and puncheon in the hold, not omitting the very one in which the fugitive had been concealed the day before. This time they were satisfied; and four or five days later the young officer was taken from the little island and afterward landed at Newcastle-on-Tyne, from which place he proceeded by stagecoach to his friends in Sussex, who had long thought him dead.

*New York City.*

OUR TIME COMING.—The great tide of European emigration, it is true, has continued to flow into the United States, and it is not to be expected that it can be diverted in a day into that great western country of Canada, which offers such superior facilities for the cultivation of wheat and other cereals, and for the raising of all classes of stock. In the nature of things, as the wheat lands of the United States become exhausted—and that time is probably not very far off, the territories of Canada must attract the surplus population of Europe, and even large numbers of people from the States themselves, where a reckless system of agriculture has been gradually impoverishing the land.—*J. G. Bourinot, in Papers of the American Historical Association.*



WANTED FOR CASH!

# STAMPS

Used before Confederation.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID.  
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

H. L. HART,

Boots and Shoes.

71 GOTTINGEN ST., HALIFAX.

### SPECIAL TO ADVERTISERS.

ADVERTISERS contracting for not less than one quarter column space in CANADA, and for not less than 12 insertions or one year, contract beginning with the number for January, 1892, will be allowed a special discount of 25 per cent. from schedule rates. No choice of position; all positions are almost equally good. Choice of available position will be charged full schedule rates. Card of Rates on application. The above special offer will apply as well to contracts for two years.

MATTHEW R. KNIGHT,  
BRAYTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

### THE SCOTTISH MINSTREL—10c

CONTAINING THE FOLLOWING SONGS,  
WITH WORDS AND MUSIC:

Callie Horrin—Auld Robin Gray—Bonnie Prince Charlie—Flora MacDonald's Lament—Nae Luck About the Hoose—Scottish Blue Bells—Tak' Yer Auld Cloak About Ye—The Braes o' Yarrow—Bonnie Dundee—Dear Land Avont the Sea—My Nan, O—Tullochgorum—The Sweetest Word on Earth is Hamo—Pibroch of Donuil Dhu—The Flowers o' the Forest—Dinna Fash Yer Hood!—The Land o' the Leal—Away, ye gay Landscapes—Scotch Dainties: Brose, Parrich, Kail, Haggis, an' Bannocks—Wae me for Prince Charlie—Oh! Saw Ye My Wee Thin'—Sons of Scotland—When the Kye Comes Hamo—Return, My Darling—My Heart is Scotland's Yet—O! Aro Ye Sloopin', Maggie—Scots Wha Hae!—Willie's Gane to Melville Castle—Whistle O'er the Lave O'—My Dear Hielan' Laddie, O—The Scottish Emigrants Farewell—Fear a' Bhata; or, The Boatman—Blue Bonnets over the Border.

POST FREE TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF TEN CENTS.

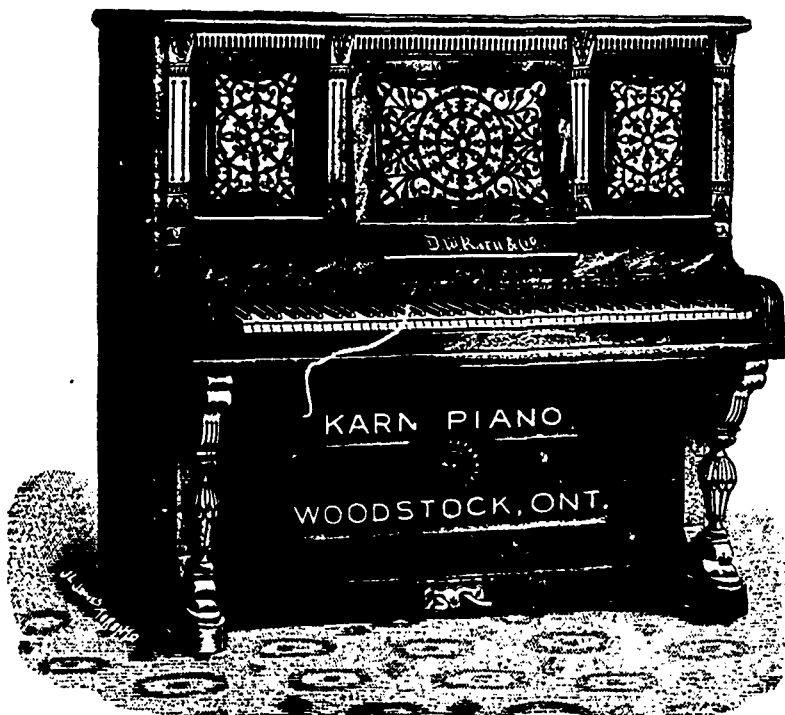
IMRIE & GRAHAM, Music Printers,  
26 & 28 Colborne St., Toronto, Can.

ESTABLISHED 1868.

## MILLER BROS.

Manufacturers' Agents for the Best

PIANOS, ORGANS.



AND SEWING MACHINES.

Pianos and Organs warranted seven years. Pianos and Organs tuned and repaired. Sewing Machines repaired. TELEPHONE 738

116 & 118 GRANVILLE STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.

In answering Advertisements, please mention

### THE LONDON RUBBER STAMP CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

### Rubber & Metal Hand Stamps,

SOCIETY AND NOTARY SEALS.

Stencils of all kinds Cut to Order.

Office : 217 HOLLIS STREET,

(Opposite Kelley & Glassey.)

HALIFAX, N. S.

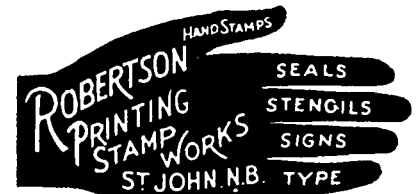
### SPECIAL OFFER TO SECURE AGENTS.

This Self-Inking Stamp with your name and address or business, engraved on it and supply of ink sent post paid for only 25c bottle Carter's indelible ink 10 cts. extra.



Marks linen, cards, papers, etc. Agents big terms and how to secure a \$2.50 outfit free sent with order or on application. A few good men wanted on salary or big commission. Address,

SOUTHERN RUBBER CO.,  
Rubber Stamp Dept, Box 491, RICHMOND, VA.



### STORIES OF NEW FRANCE.

— BY —

Agnes Maule Machar and Thomas G. Marquis.

PRICE \$1.50.

"When Parkman, valuable and attractive as are his pages, will be passed by, these pages will be eagerly scanned, and those who have neither time nor inclination to dig history for themselves, have here a means of escaping from the reproach of ignorance of their country's roll of achievement".

—Canadian Advance.

TWO DOLLARS will pay for "CANADA" for one year, and the above excellent work.



CARDS Send 10c. for a dozen of the finest and latest style Concealed Name Cards, with name. Lovely Silk Book FREE Mark with every package

STAR CARD WORKS, Woodstock, Ont.

"CANADA".

## The Editor's Portfolio.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is Thanksgiving month. Some of the leading periodicals strive to adapt themselves to the season and appear in Thanksgiving dress. This is right. We are so apt to forget our mercies, and remember only our losses and disappointments, that anything which will help to remind us of the many blessings we enjoy is to be commended and welcomed. CANADA does not put on Thanksgiving garb, but is none the less grateful for the gracious dower of varied good bestowed upon the Canadian nation this year. Exceptionally bountiful harvests, literary and religious advancement, steady growth of the national idea and sentiment, and the conscience of the people aroused and enlightened by iniquity revealed in positions of trust and authority—surely a people never had better cause to unite in a hearty *Te Deum Laudamus* than we have in this young and prosperous Dominion. We are not thankful that our public men have betrayed their trust and robbed their sovereign—the people of Canada; but we are thankful that they have been unmasked, and that thoughtful Canadians are saying everywhere: “We shall throw away our revenues no more in enriching Liberal or Tory hoodlums. We care not what name may decorate the party flag. They all mean the same, and that same is Self. We are determined to have honest men first of all, and then able men when we can get them; but if they be dishonest, the less ability they have the better.” This is the beginning of the end; the glorious end will be when every Canadian fears God and loves his country more than he loves himself.

We hope our subscribers are beginning already to canvass for 1892. We want every reader to send us a list, if only a very small one. None perhaps feels more deeply than the editor that CANADA might have been better in many respects during the past year than it has been. The editor, however, has striven to do his best with the means at his command. As the circulation increases the magazine will improve, our readers may be sure of that. We have several new features in contemplation that we are sure will add to the interest and value of the publication, among which is the addition of four pages, making 24 pages and cover. You all have friends who will subscribe, if you bring the matter before them. Show them the clubbing list and the various premium offers we make, and they will be sure to find something they want. Help us to at least double our list for 1892, and we promise you that CANADA in its enlarged and improved form will more than fulfil your expectations.

The *Daily Star* is doing its best to prepare the country for a Coalition Government. If such a thing were proved possible in Canada by its becoming an accomplished fact, it would elevate the politicians immensely in the opinion of the electorate. The opposition of parties has almost degenerated into a scramble for offices, or a contention for men know not what. Both parties profess to be in favour of a certain amount of reciprocity in trade relations with the United States. If sincere in these professions, why might they not form a Coalition Government on the platform of reciprocity within certain limits? Such a coalition ought to have an advantage over a single party in negotiating a fiscal treaty.

If the minority of the electorate must be represented in Parliament in the interest of good government, would not good government be still more subserved by minority representation in the Cabinet itself? Is there such a wide and irreconcilable difference between the two parties, one of principle that cannot be

compromised, that a Cabinet made up from both would be incapable of working in harmony? Perhaps the Tuckerman plan for securing minority of representation, described by Prof. Commons in the November *Review of Reviews*, might be applied with good results to the formation of the Cabinet in Canada. The ministers would be elected by Parliament by ballot, fifteen names on a ballot, the name first on a ballot counting fifteen, the next 14, the next 13, and so on down to the fifteenth, which would count only 1, and the fifteen names having the largest aggregate of votes would compose the Cabinet. Under such a system the minority would have five or six representatives in the Cabinet, and the necessity would be obviated for an appeal to their constituencies on the part of the ministers.

The American editor of the *Review of Reviews* says that “the reciprocity policy (of the McKinley bill) is upon the most rigid lines of protection.” This means, we suppose, that no reciprocity treaty negotiated in the spirit of McKinleyism will contemplate the free importation of any articles of consumption that are or can be raised in the United States. Canadians may gather from this how small is the chance of any satisfactory trade relations between this country and our neighbours, as long as the McKinley theory is dominant with them. The products for which we seek a larger market are the very ones which they can produce as well as we. The manufactures for which the American market is chiefly valuable to Great Britain, are the manufactures which the United States would foster at home by a high protective duty. Such a policy is the most childish expression of blind and impotent national greed. Only what it is impossible to produce within its borders is to be admitted free into the Republic. It is only with nations that are small and weak, and have neither diplomatic capacity nor self-respect, that a treaty can be arranged on such a basis.

When Mr. W. H. Hurlbert, in the *North American Review*, affirms that “no less than 40 per cent. of the amount of duties collected by Canada in 1889 was collected on goods from Great Britain, against only 32 per cent. on goods from the United States”—when he makes this statement, we say, to prove that Great Britain is as much a foreign country to us as the United States are, he proves more; he proves that the virtual annihilation of our import trade with Great Britain, which would be the natural outcome of our fiscal union with the United States, would leave us with practically no revenue, and compel us to resort to direct taxation.

### THE MAGAZINES.

*Le Glaneur* is a very creditable evidence of French Canadian literary activity. The October number contains quite a variety of articles in prose and verse. Among them is a song, “*Le Voltigeur*,” by Louis Fréchette. The editor tells the story of the hermit of St. Barnabas. Worthy of notice also is a Funeral Oration, pronounced by L. A. Paquet on the Abbé Olivier. Published at Lévis, Que. \$1.00 a year.

The character sketch in the November *Review of Reviews* deals with William II., Emperor of Germany. It is very full and appreciative, and is illustrated with four full-page portraits. The portraits of leading men of the day are a prominent and strong feature of this excellent magazine. Among the other articles, of which there are quite a number this month, are short papers on the “Three Fallen Leaders”—Parnell, Boulenger and Balmaceda.

The October *Preacher's Magazine* opens with a sermon to young men by Dr. T. Bowman Stephenson, “The Story of Naboth's Vineyard.” Rev. Mark Guy Pearse contributes “A Word for Quiet People.” Prof. G. G. Findlay's valuable series of papers on “The Epistles of the Apostle Paul” is contributed. A Country Parson answers with a qualified negative the question, “Is the Sunday School Accomplishing its Mission?” The outlines and illustrations are well chosen, and ought to be helpful to the large class for which they are intended.

The *Dominion Illustrated* brings pleasure every week to eye and mind. Its artistic excellence should be a matter of pride to the people of Canada. Its literary contents also, especially of late, are for the most part Canadian in subject and authorship, and commend the publication to those who would foster a distinctively Canadian literature. The racy and chatty lucubrations of Pastor Felix are an attractive feature. Of special interest to New

Brunswick is the series of papers on New Brunswick authors from the pen of Mr. W. G. MacFarlane.

THE Thanksgiving number of the *Ladies' Home Journal* appears in garb suitable to the season. It opens with a good story by Mary Bradley, entitled "Miss French, of the State Department." A new series of sketches, "Clever Daughters of Clever Men," is begun in this number, the subject of the first being Rachel Ewing Sherman. The departments are full and interesting as usual. Mrs. Burton Harrison is to contribute two articles on "Social Life in New York" to the *Journal*, the first of which will appear in the December number. A new novel by Mr. Howells has been bought by the *Journal* and will be published short y.

Current literature for October did not reach us; we suppose it was lost in transit. The November number does not fall below the high standard hitherto maintained by this popular eclectic monthly. The readings are three: "The Murder at the Quarry," from "The Blacksmith of Voe," by Paul Cushing; "Setting forth to the Wars," from "The White Company," by A. Conan Doyle; and "Fighting the Waldensians," from "Monk and Knight," by Frank W. Gunsantus. The department called "Brief and Critical Comment" is always full and interesting, and also the "Gossip of Authors and Writers." In the latter is a notice, taken from the *Book Buyer*, of Sara Jeannette Dumon (now Mrs. Cotes).

THE *Eclectic Magazine* for November contains some timely and notable articles. Of special interest are "The New Emperor and His New Chancellor," from the *National Review*; "Henrik Ibsen," from *Temple Bar*; "The Spanish Story of the Armada," by J. A. Froude, from *Longman's Magazine*; "Russia Under Alexander III.," from the *New Review*; "The Wild Women as Social Insurgents," from the *Nineteenth Century*; "Ernest Renan," from the *Westminster Review*; and "On the Ancient Beliefs in a State," by W. E. Gladstone, from the *Nineteenth Century*. There are two stories, one of which, "The Abbé's Repentance," is by Grant Allen. Those who can only afford to take one of the higher priced magazines will find the *Eclectic* eminently satisfactory.

THE *Methodist Magazine* for November presents an attractive table of contents. As the only illustrated family magazine published in Canada this publication deserves a hearty support. While denominational of course, it contains a great deal that is of interest to all churches and all classes. The illustrated articles this month are "The Mount Pilatus Railway" and "Christopher Columbus." There are two stories, one "Rex Macarthy," by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr; the other, "Farmer Holroyd's Harvest Supper," by J. Jackson Wray. Among other articles we note "Scotland's Influence on Civilization," "Alleged Progress in Theology," "Religious Doubt and Modern Poetry," and "Mission Work in London." The announcements for 1892 are tempting indeed, and two dollars cannot be better expended than in a year's subscription to this magazine.

THE November *Cosmopolitan* contains nine illustrated articles, and beautifully illustrated they are. The "Massacres of the Roman Amphitheatre," are described by C. Osborne Ward. A. S. Crownshield writes of "Batalha and Alcobaça," in Portugal, with their cathedral and monastery. "An Outing with the Queen of Hearts," by Albion W. Tourgee, is of special interest to sportsmen. Gen. Sherman's letters to his daughter will be appreciated and enjoyed. There is a richly illustrated paper on Chicago, "The City of the World's Fair." Among the poems is a sonnet by our own poet, Archibald Lampman, entitled "A Midnight Landscape." One of the most attractive features is Mrs. Moulton's contribution concerning "Five Friends," which friends were Dr. Westland Marston, the dramatist, his son Philip Bourke, his son-in-law, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and her sister.

CURRENT topics are always wisely and freshly discussed in *The Week*. Art Notes, Music and the Drama, and Literary and Personal Gossip are carefully and well compiled, and keep the readers of this journal well informed as to what is passing in the literary and artistic world. "The Rambler" has something bright and interesting to say almost every week. In the issue of the 16th ult., Nicholas Flood Davin writes on "The Reorganisation of the Cabinet"; P. S. Hamilton contributes another of his Old New-World stories, "The Saint Castines,"—and Basil Tempest has a short article on Adam Lindsay Gordon, the Australian poet. Mrs. S. A. Curzon contributes to the issue of the 23rd ult. "A Rescued Record," being an article on the battle of Queenston Heights, in a somewhat mutilated condition, taken from the *Niagara Chronicle and Advertiser* of August 22nd, 1838, by which it was copied from the *Niagara Bee* of October 24th, 1812. *The Week* should have a steadily growing circulation among the cultured families of Canada.

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

J. MACDONALD OXLEY has a serial running in the *Young People's Union*.

THE September *Andover Review* has an editorial on "Recent Speculations in Canada."

SERANUS and A. Lampman will both have poems in the first number of the *Colonial Magazine*, which is to appear in April, 1892.

"ON the Plains of Assiniboia," is the title of a paper in the *September Outing*.

DR. GEORGE STEWART has a scholarly paper on James Russell Lowell in the *October Arena*.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish this fall "Lady Dufferin's Journal of her Life in Canada," illustrated.

MISS E. PAULINE JOHNSON writes in *Outing* for October on "Ripples and Paddle Flashes."

THE Rideout Letters, edited by Matilda Edgar, have been published in London, England, by Fisher Unwin.

REV. J. A. J. MCKENNA writes in the *October Catholic World* on "The Indian Laws of Canada."

THE *October Westminster Review* has an article from Principal Grant on "The New Empire."

THE earlier chapters of Sir Edwin Arnold's forthcoming book, "Seas and Lands," are devoted to Canada and the United States.

THE *New England Magazine* for September contains an article by Prosper Bender on "The French-Canadian Peasantry."

THE *Dominion Philatelist* is a neat monthly, full of information for stamp collectors, published at Peterboro, Ont.

C. H. LUGGINS, formerly of Fredericton, is now on the editorial staff of the *Seattle Telegraph*.

THE *Chicago Graphic* claims Grant Allen as an American. So are all our notable men, in a Pickwickian sense.

THE *New England Magazine* for December is to have an article from Walter Blackburn Haile on "The Journals and Journalists of Canada."

MISS GRACE D. MACLEOD, author of "Stories of the Land of Evangeline," was married lately to Henry W. Rogers, of Amherst.

THE most interesting article to Canadian readers of the *New England Magazine* is "The Siege of Louisburg," by Mrs. Harrison.

MR. LAMPMAN's poem, "The Voices of Earth," in *Scribner's* for October, is quoted by the *Review of Reviews* as one of the best of the month.

THE November *Outing* contains an article on sport in Ontario by E. W. Sandys, entitled "How I Lost My Thanksgiving Turkey."

WE learn from *The Week* that Mr. Horace T. Martin, of Montreal, is about to publish a work on the beaver, dealing with all phases of beaver life and habits.

WE have received a copy of *The American Sabbath*, published quarterly. The October number contains a full report of the Convention held at Chicago in September.

THE *Woman's Journal* is the official organ of the W. C. T. U. in Canada. It is well conducted and calculated to do much good. Published by Miss Mary Scott, Ottawa.

THE November *Scribner's* has a poem by Duncan Campbell Scott. "In November," and the November *Century* one by Archibald Lampman, "Music."

JAMES R. ISCH, LL. D., has won golden opinions from United States newspapers by his address on "The Moral Aspects of Combinations of Capital" at the Ecumenical Council at Washington.

MISS GRACE KING is at work upon a biography of Lemoine, the founder of New Orleans. She will spend a year in Paris, devoting herself especially to a search for historical documents referring to Louisiana.

SWAN, SCHONENSCHEIN & Co., of London, England, are to publish a volume from the pen of Hunter Duvar, the bard of Hernewood, on the stone, bronze and iron relics of early man. The book will have nearly 200 illustrations.

Olla Podrida.

HICKS—"What is political faith."  
Wicks—"Merely a choice between the lies promulgated by the different parties."

HE FINISHES HIS WORK. "Doctor," says Mrs. Worritt, "is it really true that many people are buried alive?"  
"None of my patients ever are," replied Dr. Graves. --Puck.

OUT OF SIGHT. There was a fight down the street a little while ago, but they couldn't find a detective."  
"What use did they have for a detective?"  
"They wanted him to find a policeman."  
--Puck.

AT the mountains. Patei familias: "Come, girls, we must start for home right away. Jack Frost arrived last night."  
Girls. "Why, pa, how can you think of such a thing? After waiting all summer, why should we run away at the first male arrival?"

PROFESSOR WHACKEM. "Who helped you to do these sums?"  
John Fizzletop. "Nobody, sir."  
"What! nobody? Now don't lie. Didn't your brother help you?"  
"No, he didn't help me; he did them all by himself."--Texas Siftings.

**NASAL BALM**  
SOOTHING, CLEANSING, NEVER FAILS, HEALING.  
Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.  
Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, loss of sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. Sold by all druggists, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and \$1) by addressing FULFORD & CO. Brockville, Ont.  
**CATARRH**  
CURES COLD IN HEAD AND

For Over Fifty Years  
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Canada + Clubbing + List.

ANY person wishing to subscribe for one of the periodicals in this list, can do so by sending us the club price, given in second column, together with one dollar, the regular subscription price of CANADA. The full subscription price is given in first column.

Societies or individuals may order two or more of these periodicals through us, but must add ten cents to the club price for each periodical after the first.

Every person taking advantage of our clubbing list between now and December 31st, will receive CANADA until the end of 1892.

CANADIAN.

|   |       |        |
|---|-------|--------|
| Canada Presbyterian                     | 22 00 | \$1 50 |
| Canadian Agriculturist                  | 2 00  | 1 50   |
| Canadian Horticulturist                 | 1 00  | 75     |
| Colonist (Winnipeg), new subscribers    | 1 00  | 50     |
| Colonist (Winnipeg), renewals           |       | 75     |
| Critic (Halifax), new subscribers       | 1 50  | 1 00   |
| Critic (Halifax), renewals              |       | 1 25   |
| Dominion Illustrated                    | 4 00  | 3 50   |
| Empire, Daily                           | 5 00  | 4 00   |
| Empire, Weekly                          | 1 00  | 65     |
| Family Herald and Weekly Star           | 1 00  | 60     |
| Farm and Fireside                       | 75    | 50     |
| Fireside Weekly                         | 2 00  | 1 25   |
| Globe, Weekly (Toronto)                 | 1 00  | 70     |
| Grip                                    | 2 00  | 1 60   |
| Ladies' Bazar                           | 60    | 30     |
| Land We Live In,--new subscribers       | 1 00  | 50     |
| Mail, Daily, (Toronto)                  | 5 00  | 4 00   |
| Mail, Weekly, (Toronto)                 | 1 00  | 75     |
| Methodist Magazine                      | 2 00  | 1 60   |
| Northern Messenger                      | 30    | 25     |
| Progress (St. John)                     | 2 00  | 1 50   |
| Scottish Canadian,--new subscribers     | 1 50  | 75     |
| Sun, Weekly (St. John,--new subscribers | 1 00  | 75     |
| Week                                    | 3 00  | 2 50   |
| Witness, Daily (Montreal)               | 3 00  | 2 25   |
| Witness, Weekly                         | 1 00  | 70     |

AMERICAN.

|                                     |      |      |
|-------------------------------------|------|------|
| American Agriculturist              | 1 50 | 1 00 |
| Andover Review                      | 4 00 | 3 20 |
| Atlantic Monthly                    | 4 00 | 3 20 |
| Author                              | 1 00 | 80   |
| Babyland                            | 50   | 40   |
| Best Things                         | 30   | 20   |
| Brain                               | 3 50 | 2 90 |
| Cassell's Magazine of Art           | 3 50 | 2 80 |
| Cassell's Family Magazine           | 1 50 | 1 20 |
| Century Magazine                    | 4 00 | 3 50 |
| Christian at Work,--new subscribers | 3 00 | 2 00 |
| Christian at Work, renewals         |      | 2 70 |
| Christian Thought                   | 2 00 | 1 50 |
| Christian Union                     | 3 00 | 2 50 |
| Congregationalist,--new subscribers | 3 00 | 2 50 |
| Cosmopolitan,--new subscribers      | 2 40 | 1 40 |
| Current Literature                  | 3 00 | 2 40 |
| Detroit Free Press                  | 1 00 | 75   |
| Eclectic Magazine                   | 5 00 | 4 00 |
| English Illus. Magazine             | 1 75 | 1 35 |

|                                     |       |        |
|-------------------------------------|-------|--------|
| Farm and Home                       | \$ 50 | 35     |
| Forest and Stream                   | 4 00  | 3 50   |
| Forum                               | 5 00  | \$4 00 |
| Frank Leslie's Budget of Wit        | 2 25  | 1 80   |
| Frank Leslie's Pleas. Hours         | 1 75  | 1 40   |
| Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly      | 3 00  | 2 40   |
| Godey's Lady's Books                | 2 00  | 1 50   |
| Golden Days                         | 3 00  | 2 25   |
| Harper's Bazaar                     | 4 00  | 3 20   |
| Harper's Magazine                   | 4 00  | 3 00   |
| Harper's Weekly                     | 4 00  | 3 20   |
| Harper's Young People               | 2 00  | 1 50   |
| Homiletic Review,--new subscribers  | 3 00  | 2 00   |
| Homiletic Review,--renewals         |       | 2 40   |
| Independent                         | 3 00  | 2 50   |
| Journal of American Folk-Lore       | 3 00  | 2 40   |
| Lippincott's Magazine               | 3 00  | 2 00   |
| Literary Digest,--new subscribers   | 3 00  | 2 40   |
| Littell's Living Age                | 8 00  | 7 00   |
| Macmillan's Magazine                | 3 00  | 2 50   |
| Magazine of American History        | 5 00  | 4 00   |
| Missionary Review                   | 2 00  | 1 50   |
| Nature                              | 6 00  | 5 15   |
| New England Magazine                | 3 00  | 2 40   |
| New York Ledger,--new subscribers   | 2 00  | 1 50   |
| North American Review               | 5 00  | 4 00   |
| Our Little Men and Women            | 1 00  | 80     |
| Our Little Ones and the Nursery     | 1 50  | 1 20   |
| Outing                              | 3 00  | 2 50   |
| Pansy                               | 1 00  | 80     |
| Poet-Lore                           | 2 50  | 1 90   |
| Popular Science Monthly             | 5 00  | 4 00   |
| Practitioner                        | 3 50  | 2 90   |
| Preacher's Magazine                 | 1 50  | 1 35   |
| Quiver                              | 1 50  | 1 20   |
| Review of Reviews                   | 2 00  | 1 75   |
| St. Nicholas                        | 3 00  | 2 50   |
| Saturday Night                      | 3 00  | 2 25   |
| Scribner's Magazine                 | 3 00  | 2 40   |
| Short Stories                       | 3 00  | 2 00   |
| Story-Teller                        | 1 50  | 1 20   |
| Sunday School Times                 | 1 50  | 1 00   |
| Voice (New York),--new subscribers  | 1 00  | 80     |
| Wide Awake                          | 2 40  | 1 92   |
| Writer                              | 1 00  | 80     |
| Youth's Companion,--new subscribers | 1 75  | 1 25   |

CANADA

Is a monthly Journal, cheap, pure, interesting, instructive, and thoroughly Canadian, and is published by Matthew R. Knight, at Benton, New Brunswick.  
Subscription Price.--In Canada and the United States, \$1.00 per year, or \$1.50 when not paid in advance; in Great Britain and Ireland, Newfoundland and Countries of the Postal Union, \$1.25 per year, strictly in advance. Three copies will be sent to one address in Canada or the United States for \$2.00 per year.  
Discontinuances.--Subscribers wishing to have CANADA discontinued at expiration of subscription must notify us to that effect, otherwise we shall continue sending it.  
Remittances.--Remittances should be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. Money Order Office, Woodstock. Fractions of one dollar may be sent in Canadian one and three cent and American two cent stamps.

**POMEROY'S INKS.**  
**POMEROY'S MUCILAGE.**



These goods are used in the Government offices at Washington, being the best American Inks made.

The **MODERN** for writing.  
 The **Correspondence** for copying.  
 The **Combined**, for both.

In Quarts, Pints, and Half-Pints. Also small CONES, 3 doz. in box.

Send for quotations to

**KNIGHT & CO.,**  
 Wholesale Stationers,  
 HALIFAX, N. S.  
 Sole Agents for Nova Scotia.

**REMINGTON**

SEND FOR



CATALOGUE.

**STANDARD TYPEWRITER.**

**JAMES JACK,**  
 ST. JOHN N. B.,

Sole Dealer for the Maritime Provinces.

**HUTCHINGS & Co.**

**Bedding Manufacturers,**

WAREROOMS-101 to 107 GERMAIN ST.,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL.



**McLEAN'S**  
**VEGETABLE**  
**WORM**  
**SYRUP**

**Safe Pleasant Effectual!**



# CANADA PREMIUM LIST.

We wish to greatly extend our subscription list before the New Year, and we offer the following PREMIUMS to our subscribers and others as an inducement to help us in our canvass for new names:

For one new name and one dollar we will send, postpaid, Poems of Ten Years, price 40 cents.

For two new names and two dollars we will send, postpaid, Anecdotal Life of Sir John Macdonald, price 50 cents.

For three new names and three dollars we will send CANADA for one year to get up of club.

For four new names and four dollars we will send, postpaid, Stories of New France, price \$1.50.

For four new names and four dollars we will send any one dollar periodical in clubbing list for one year.

For seven new names and seven dollars we will send any two dollar periodical in clubbing list for one year.

For ten new names and ten dollars we will send any three dollar periodical in clubbing list for one year.

For ten new names and ten dollars we will send (this offer is for the boys) a collection of 500 different Foreign Postage Stamps with nice Album.

For twelve new names and twelve dollars we will send any four dollar periodical in clubbing list for one year.

For fifteen new names and fifteen dollars we will send any five dollar periodical in clubbing list for one year.

For twenty new names and twenty dollars we will send Littell's Living Age for one year.

The last three months of the year are the time to canvass for CANADA. Help us to push the canvass!

HO! FOR THE WEST.

# The Colonist

DESCRIPTS IT ACCURATELY.

A Monthly Magazine filled with interesting particulars about Manitoba, the Territories, and British Columbia.

Invaluable to intending settlers.  
 Subscription price: \$1.00 a year.

Address:—

PUBLISHERS THE COLONIST,  
 Winnipeg, Manitoba,  
 Canada.

## SPECIAL TO ADVERTISERS.

ADVERTISERS contracting for not less than one quarter column space in CANADA, and for not less than 12 insertions or one year, contract beginning with the number for January, 1892, will be allowed a special discount of 25 per cent. from schedule rates. No choice of position; all positions are almost equally good. Choice of available position will be charged full schedule rates. Card of rates on application. The above special offer will apply as well to contracts for two years.

**MATTHEW R. KNIGHT,**  
 BENTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

## Nova Scotia Printing Co.

COR. SACKVILLE & GRANVILLE STS.,  
 HALIFAX, - NOVA SCOTIA.

Visiting Cards,

WEDDING CARDS,

Business Cards, Show Cards,

PAPERS, REPORTS, PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS,  
 NOTICES, DRAFTS, RECEIPTS,

POSTERS, TICKETS.

PRINTING of every description done at shortest notice and at low rates.

ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY FURNISHED.

Piao's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

# CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

UNIVERSITY

— or —

## MT. ALLISON COLLEGE

DAVID ALLISON, LL.D., - PRESIDENT.

MOUNT ALLISON LADIES' COLLEGE.

REV. B. C. BORDEN, M.A., Principal.

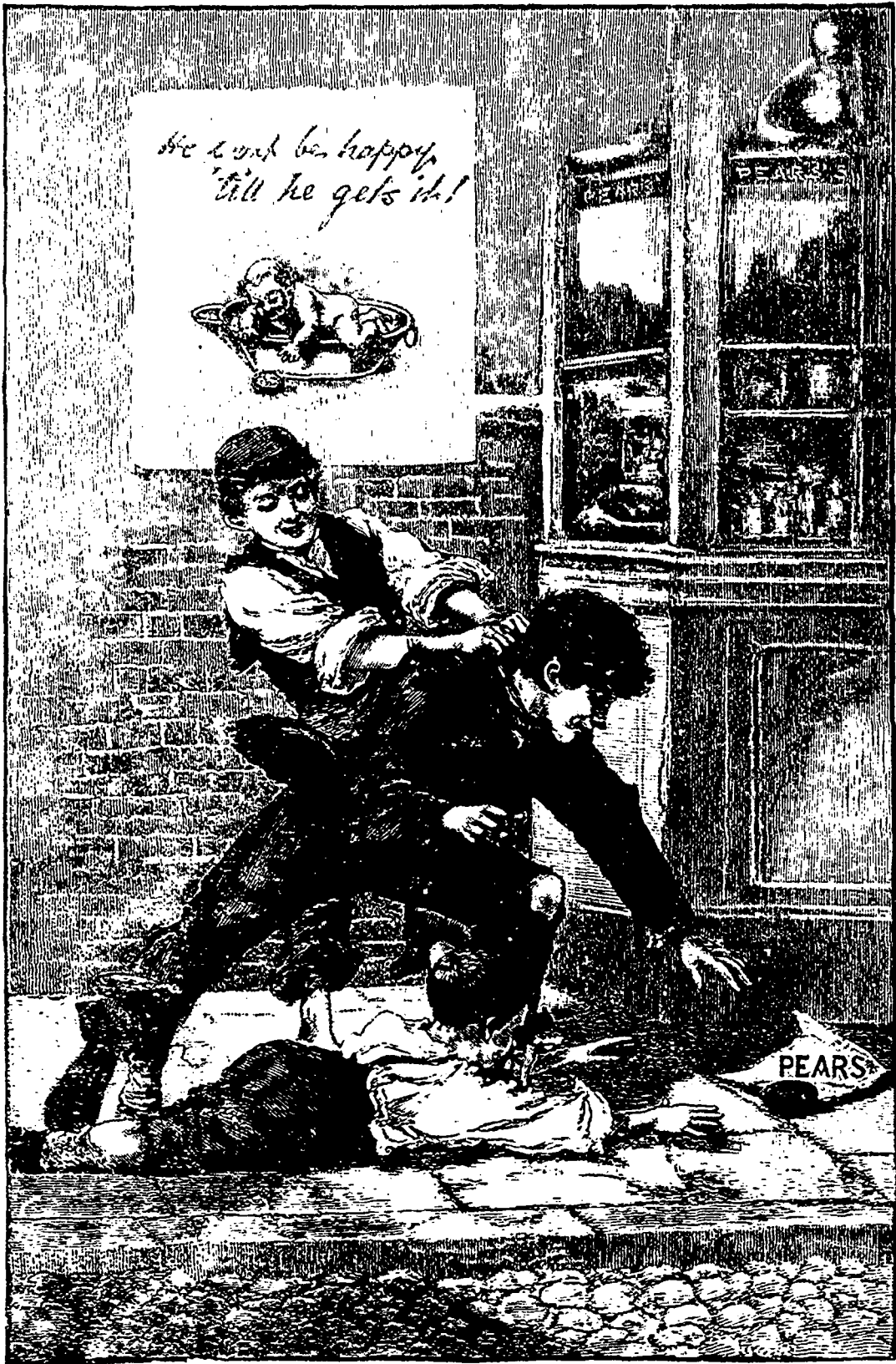
MOUNT ALLISON ACADEMY.

C. W. HARRISON, M.A., Principal.

THE Mount Allison Institutions constitute the most complete and successful Educational Establishment in the Maritime Provinces. Courses of Study adapted to the requirements of all classes of students are provided. Special attention is given at the Ladies' College to MUSIC and the FINE ARTS. Domestic arrangements are home-like and Expenses Moderate.

For particulars send for a Calendar. 1 yr





"TREASURE TROVE."

"My analytical and practical experience of **PEARS' SOAP**  
 "now extends over a very lengthened period—nearly fifty years—  
 "during which time I have never come across another Toilet Soap  
 "which so closely comes up to my ideal of perfection: its purity  
 "is such that it may be used with perfect confidence upon the  
 "tenderest and most sensitive skin—even that of a new born babe".

*W. R. Wood, M.D., F.R.C., F.C.S.*

In answering advertisements, please mention "CANADA".