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AN OLD TIME BUFFALO HUNT
 ROBERT CAMPBELL
 THE LADY AND THE FLAGON

Illustrated
 Illustrated
 Illustrated

The Great West Magazine

October
 Vol. XIII.
 New Series No. 2. 1898

Illustrated
 Monthly

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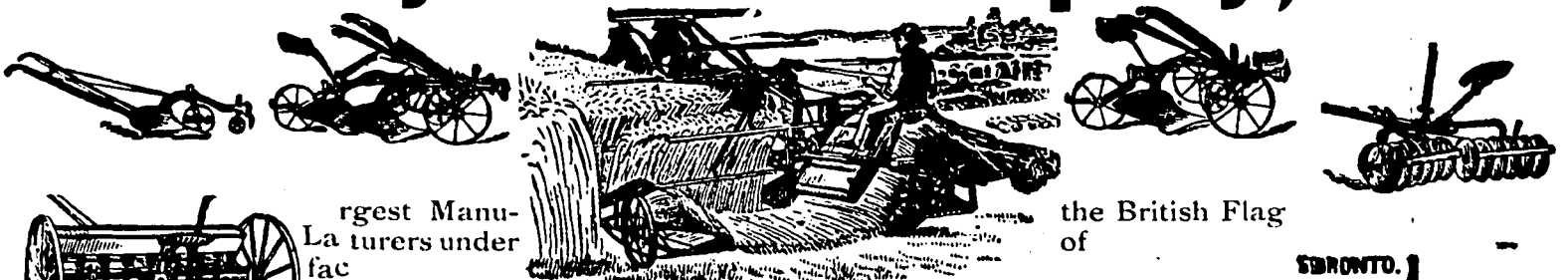
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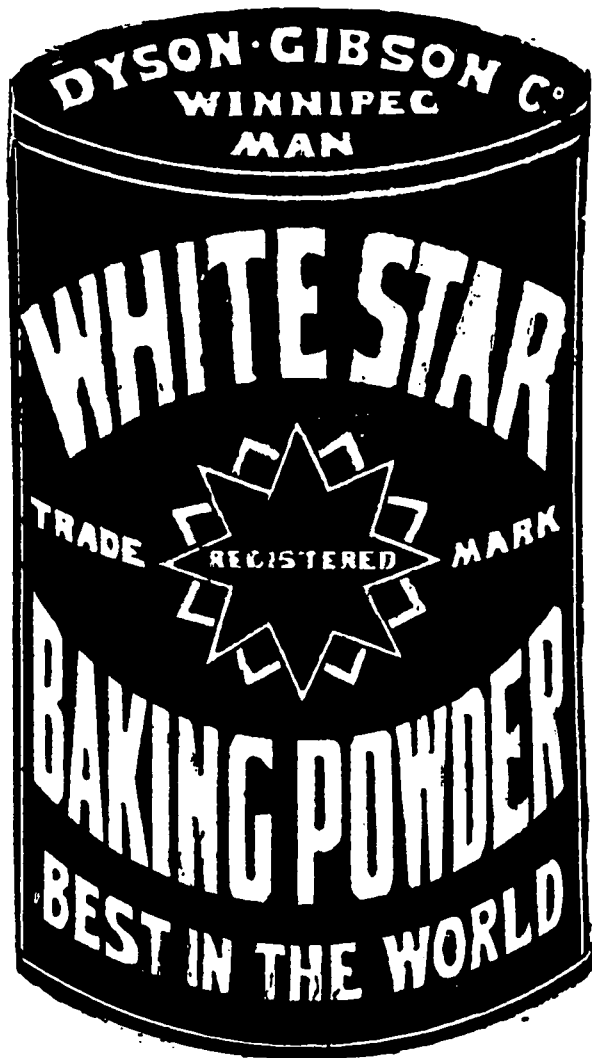
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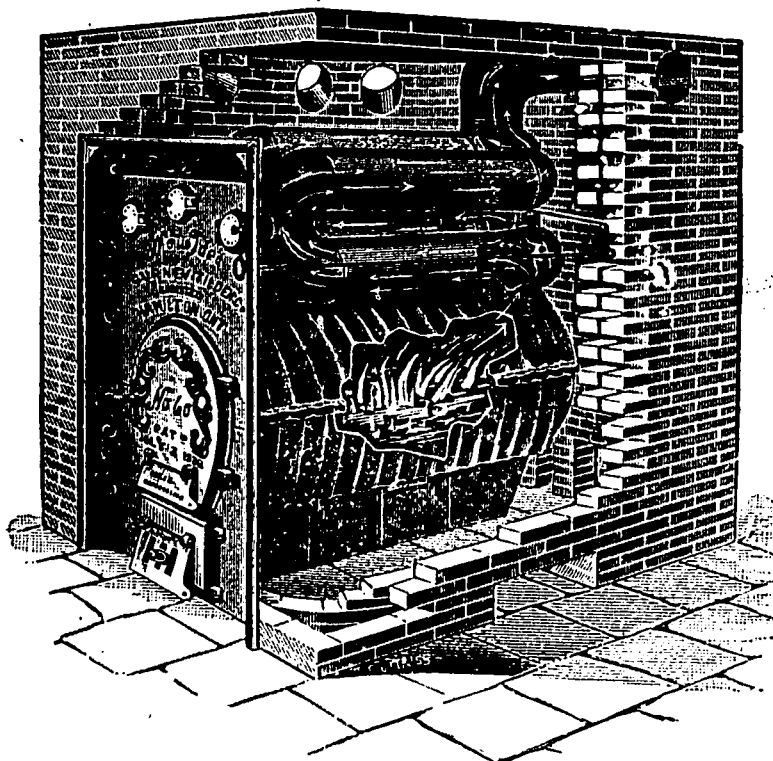
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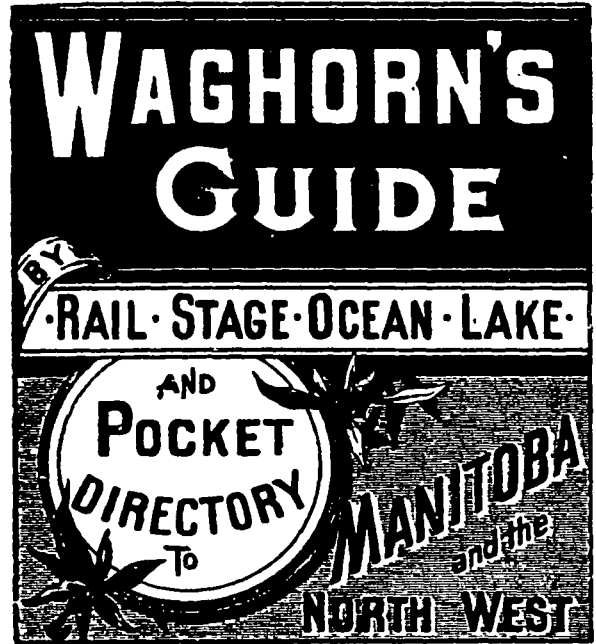
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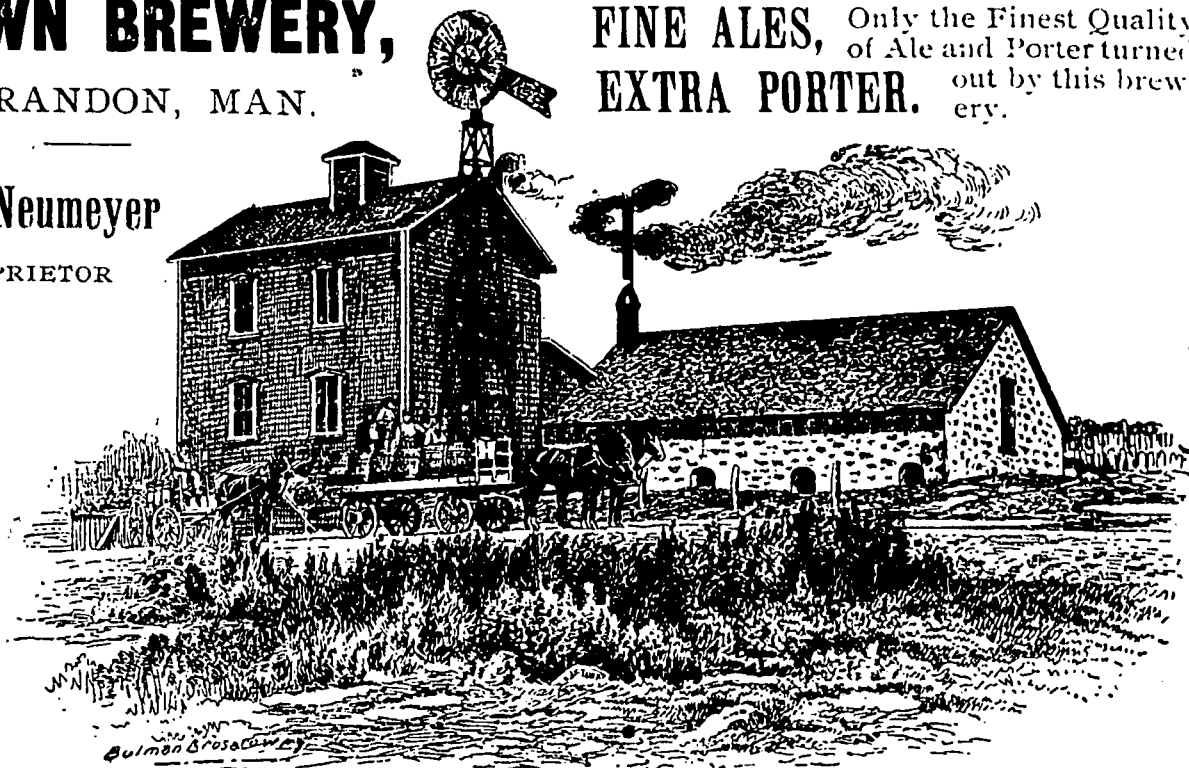
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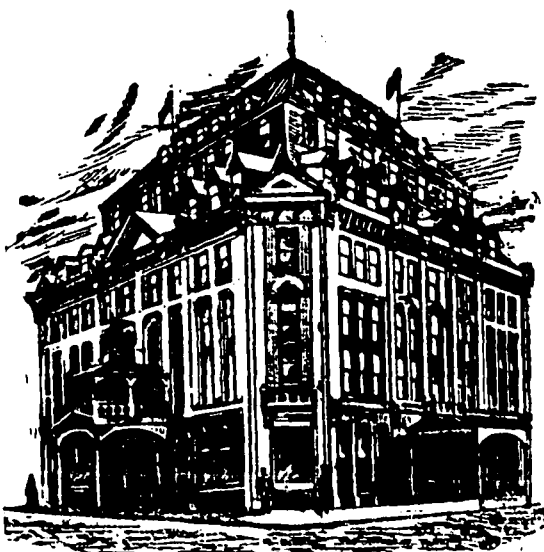
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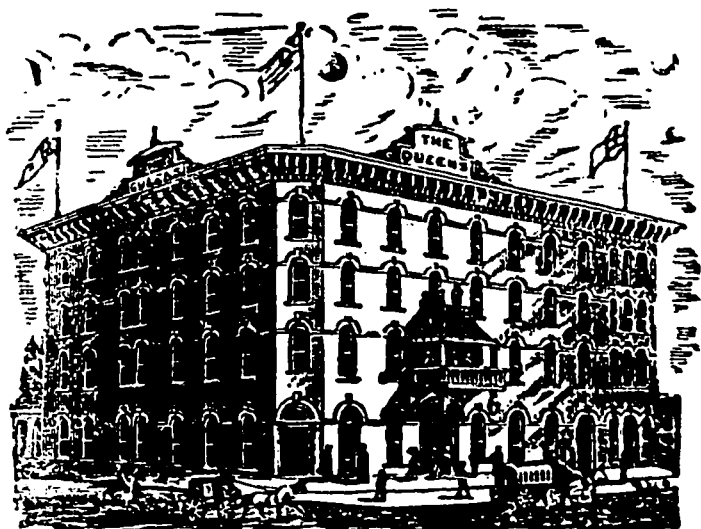
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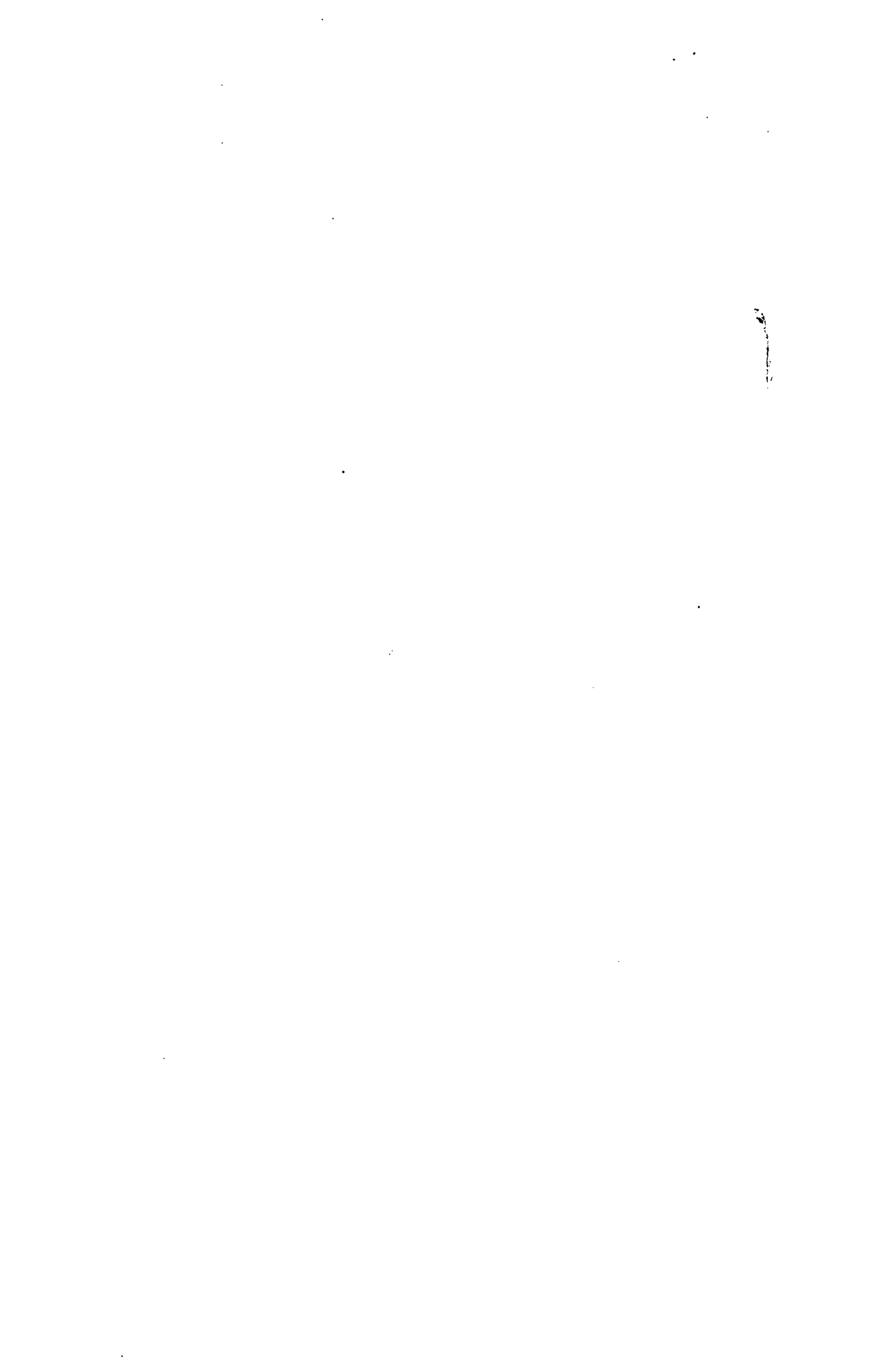


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VOL. XIII.
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OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 2.

AN OLD TIME BUFFALO HUNT.

BY THE CAMPAIGNER.

WHILE yet the flag of the Hudson's Bay Co. floated over the bastions of Fort Garry, and when Manitoba as a Province was unknown; two aspiring Nimrods left the Capital City of Upper Canada, fired with the Anglo-Saxon desire to kill something, the bigger the better. At that time the "Dawson route" and its traditionally "magnificent water stretches," and anything but magnificent accommodation for the traveling public, was the only route by which the Great Lone Land could be reached through Canadian territory; and the first stage of their journey was accomplished by rail and steamer from Toronto to Fort William. Thence the travellers had to make their way, in fact, "paddle their own canoe," or carry it, over lake, river and portage to Fort Garry. Thanks to the kindness and hospitality of Mr. McL. the genial officer of the H. B. Co. at Fort William, they were speedily equipped for the journey. A good birch bark canoe and two trusty *voyageurs*, whose dusky skins covered white hearts, was the first step in preparation, and the next and still greater essential, was to discard more than half the suppositiously indispensable outfit they had brought from Toronto. Reducing their baggage to the lowest fraction, they



were then ready for the five hundred mile trip that was only preliminary to their objective. This was truly a country of magnificent distances.

It would be superfluous to describe their daily journey—forgive the tautology,—or the picturesque scenery through which they passed,—the monotonous beauty of wood fringed crystalline lakes, and of numberless lichen-tinted rocky islets,—some barren of verdure, and others wooded to the waters' edge,—duplicated on the mirror-like surface of the water, until the bewildered eye was puzzled to discern where reality ended and counterfeit began. Nor will it profit to tell of the blessings bestowed upon their veteran adviser, as portage after portage demonstrated the painfully apparent fact that their impedimenta was still too large by half, and that their burdens seemed to increase in weight every time they were handled. Struggling under a composite load of bedding, food, clothing, ammunition, fire arms and cooking utensils, while swarms of the hungriest description of mosquitoes sought undefended portions of cuticle, clouds of black flies persistently burrowed into tenderest spots, and noiseless but vicious "bull dogs" (gad flies) hovered patiently over

selected situations until chance gave the opportunity of an exasperating bite; though personally interesting at the time, is now neither pleasant to remember nor to read about. So we will skip the seventeen days of hardships, more or less impatiently endured, and present our travellers to the reader as duly arrived at the Red River of the North, in the enjoyment of the hospitalities of the old Selkirk Colony,—and clean clothes. Like the first meal to the convalescent, is the luxury of a complete change of clothing after such a trip,—the sense of cleanliness and comfort almost repays one for the disagreeable experiences he has undergone.

But no time was to be lost. The fall hunt had three days since departed, and must be caught up with; so, after two days rest, the travellers again profited by the advice of a friendly H. B. Co's. official, and placed themselves under the guidance of Mr. Jas. McK. at whose hospitable mansion on the river Assiniboine they were welcomed as guests. Equipped with a buckboard and two driving ponies, a cart to carry their baggage, two fleet ponies for buffalo runners, and a guide, who was to act as cook and camp keeper; they set their faces southwestward, over the Missouri trail, to overtake the native hunting party assembled for the great fall hunt of the buffalo in the land of the Dakota. It must be remembered that the International boundary line between the United States and Canada, was not, in those days, such an obvious fact as in the present time, when all such forgetfulness is rendered impossible by officious Custom House myrmidons. The great plains were then apparently "no mans land"—and the hunters followed the buffalo wherever he was to be found. There

was no nationality on the plains, and no one to say you nay, save a few bands of wandering Sioux, who were more friendly to the "Shagodasheh" than to the "Esatonga," such being their method of describing British and Yankees.

Ten days more of monotonous travel over the sun browned grassy prairie brought our travellers to the rendezvous of the hunters on the banks of the Souris river, at what was then known as the "first crossing." The elevated plain near the river was covered with a motley collection of tilted carts, grimy canvas tents, smoke browned leathern teepees, and wickiups of twisted branches of box-alder or willow. As far as the eye could see beyond the encampment, the prairie was alive with ponies picketed, ponies hobbled, and ponies loose; and mingled with this neighing, whinnying, kicking cavalcade, were hundreds of patient oxen busily employed in stuffing their hides with the short and sundried, but nourishing herbage. Through this kaleidoscopic scene of animal life occasionally galloped, with important haste, half nude boys mounted, barebacked, and in most cases bare breeched, on ponies as wild looking as themselves; perhaps in search of some particular pony or ox, but more likely careering capriciously at their own sweet will. Then there was the usual accompaniment of dogs—and then more dogs—and when you thought that was all, there were more dogs still!

It was evening when they "struck" the camp, the sole occupation of which seemed to be the pursuit of pleasure. From every side came the sounds of jest and laughter; and when night fell each camp fire was a centre of mirth, song and general jollity. Eating, drinking, smoking, gambling and sleeping were

the main features of the night's entertainment, but the proportion of the latter to the former was small indeed. Nobody seemed to want rest so long as the fiddle and the gambling drum was to be heard, and those who did not desire sleep, effectually drove it out of the question for those who did. The gambling was of two descriptions—with playing cards, and with short pieces of stick, or cherry stones—like "drawing straws" or "odd and even," as played by school boys of

police; their duty being to secure enforcement of the laws, and to guard the camp. The code regulating the hunt was that which had been in use in such camps for years; and being promulgated, and the assemblage promising strict obedience and adherence to the code, each family group proceeded to pack up their scanty belongings, and otherwise prepare for the expected move on the morrow. The laws were few and explicit. First, there was to be no hunting on



ON THE SOURIS PLAINS.

all nations. Large bets were often wagered on the result of these games, and many a hunters' outfit was gambled away and he was compelled to leave the camp before the hunt got down to business.

Before departure, next day, an election was held to provide officers for the coming hunt, a chief and ten councillors being selected from among the elder and most experienced hunters in the camp. They nominated two captains and a number of "soldiers" to act as camp

Sunday. Second, no member of the hunt was to leave the main body, or to diverge from it, unless by direct permission from the chief. Third, no person was to run buffalo before the general order was given. Fourth, obedience was to be given to all orders given by the chief or councillors. Theft was to be punished by flogging; or in case of petty larceny, the culprit was to be taken by a captain to the middle of the camp and his or her name called thrice, the epithet "thief"

being added. Other offences were punished by fine, or by cutting up the bridle, saddle, or coat of the offender.

Early next morning a stentorian voice shouting '*lever, lever,*' (French was *par excellence* the language of the camp) roused the weary travelers after a broken night's rest,—breakfast was eaten in the grey dawn, and permission having been sought from, and given by the chief, our sportsmen accompanied a scouting party of experienced

member of a drag hunt club (where the fences are low) is not equal to encounter the ground and lofty performances of a bucking broncho. Fortunately for them, there were numberless ponies to choose from, and many of their owners anxious to trade—for a "consideration,"—and their fiery and untameable steeds were speedily exchanged for others more suitable to the seats and circumstances of the horsemen, if less pleasing to the eye. They were advised to leave behind them



BUFFALO LODGE LAKE.

hunters sent forth to look for the advancing herds of buffalo, which had been reported as coming southward from the Qu'Appelle into the Souris plains east of the Coteau du Missouri. Mounted for the first time upon the spirited and wiry little animals they had brought from the banks of the Assiniboine, the Nimrods realized that there is riding, and riding,—and that a seat which was admirable for titupping along a fashionable rideway, or suited for a not undistinguished

their dearly loved (and bought) express rifles, and to trust solely to the large bore revolvers they had fortunately brought; as being less likely to endanger themselves (and others); to substitute close fitting caps for their broad brimmed sombreros, and to discard coat and waistcoats, donning instead the buckskin hunting shirts they had bought more as curiosities than for use. Then, taking off their spurs (Oh! degraded knights) and arming them with double lashed whips

(or cuerts) to propel their quadrupeds; they were pronounced fit for the enterprise upon which they were embarked, but were in appearance anything but that which they had imagined themselves on leaving home—in fact they neither bore nor wore much of the elaborate outfit upon which they had expended no little money and thought when preparing for their expedition. "Experientia docet" (or does it) and most sportsmen may assure themselves, that as to all "indispens-

tioned to conceal themselves behind the alder scrub fringing the creek, while Joe rode on to reconnoitre. Returning from one of these trips, he laconically ejaculated "Tre Buffler!" which so excited our Nimrods that they drew their pistols in order to be in immediate readiness for their prey. But Joe, with a wooden grin at their excitement, beckoned them to follow him cautiously to an adjacent knoll whence he had espied the quarry. Sure enough, on their arrival, they saw three black dots



"TRE BUFFLER."

ables" for a hunting trip, the country they are to hunt in will in most cases be able to supply that which is best and most suitable, and the rest may be done without. By the advice of experienced friends at Fort William and Fort Garry they had left much behind, and yet had still a burden of useless luggage.

Following the course of Cut Bank Creek our sportsmen and their guide, a saturnine laconic half-breed named Joe L., rode northward for some miles, they being frequently cau-

on the prairie some miles away, which Joe said were "buffler," but to their uninstructed senses might as well have been boulders. Leaving them to watch, Joe rode back to the chief for permission to "make a run," which was given, as no herds were likely to be disturbed thereby, and the camp was in need of meat. About a dozen well mounted men were detached to "round up" the buffalo, so as to bring them as near as possible, and to avoid all chance of their escape

from the inexperienced hunters. Meanwhile, our impatient sportsmen kept vigilant watch, and were at length rewarded by seeing the animals start in their direction, having apparently caught sight or wind of the encircling hunters. Being joined by Joe they watched the animals approach at a lumbering gallop, and when they came within a few hundred yards, the trio of hunters started to head them off. Presently, the buffalo appeared to scent the new danger in their front, and turning directly northward passed between the converging lines of hunters at about three hundred yards distance. Our party of three singled out a bull that preceded his companions, and gave chase at full speed. Away went the bison, tail in the air, at a gait that few could believe the clumsy animal capable of, and which taxed the speed of the ponies to the utmost to gain upon. But after half an hour's run, the bull's exertions told upon him, his heaving flanks, and foam flecked nostrils showing his distress. "Gardez-vous" shouted Joe, as the bull turned off at a tangent, and rushed at the nearest horsemen, whose pony wheeled so rapidly, that but for the rider's convulsive grip on the horn of the Mexican saddle, he and his mount would have parted company. As it was, our sportsman dropped his revolver while endeavoring to preserve his balance. For a moment the bull appeared to intend pursuit, but eventually resumed his northward course, while the discomfited horseman rode back to recover his pistol, and having dismounted in order to do so, tried vainly to regain his saddle while his pony was careering wildly round him in a circle at rein's length. Meanwhile the luckier Nimrod, on one side of the bull, and Joe on the other, had

finally ridden him to a standstill, and, pistol in hand, our hero had an opportunity to gaze upon the noble beast he had so longed to see under such circumstances. With his coal black beard sweeping the ground and his head lowered for the charge, the savage looking animal confronted them, wheeling on his hind legs as they rode round him at fifty paces distance, his flashing eyes glowing like coals of fire through the shaggy boss that covered his forehead, almost concealing his short black polished horns. Having sufficiently admired his expected prey, and Joe having inveigled the buffalo into presenting his broadside to our Nimrod, he levelled his pistol, and, feeling certain of his aim, pulled trigger, fully expecting to see the huge beast fall over at the report. To his surprise however, although he heard the thud of the bullet as it struck, and saw the bull flinch, the animal once more galloped off, apparently as fresh as ever. Following, neck and neck, our Nimrod poured into the doomed beast's side the remaining contents of his revolver, which brought his quarry to his knees, but again recovering his feet, he started as fast as before. But the poor beast was nearly exhausted, his pace decreasing gradually from a gallop to an amble. Re-loading his pistol the hunter gave the coup-de-grace by two well placed bullets over the foreshoulder, and with a convulsive shudder and a hoarse hollow groan, the slaughtered animal sank down to his knees and rolled over on his side, just as the other discomfited sportsman dashed up. Joining in a whoop of triumph, the three hunters dismounted from their panting steeds, and examined their fallen foe. Oh! for a picture of such a triumph, to show to their admiring friends!

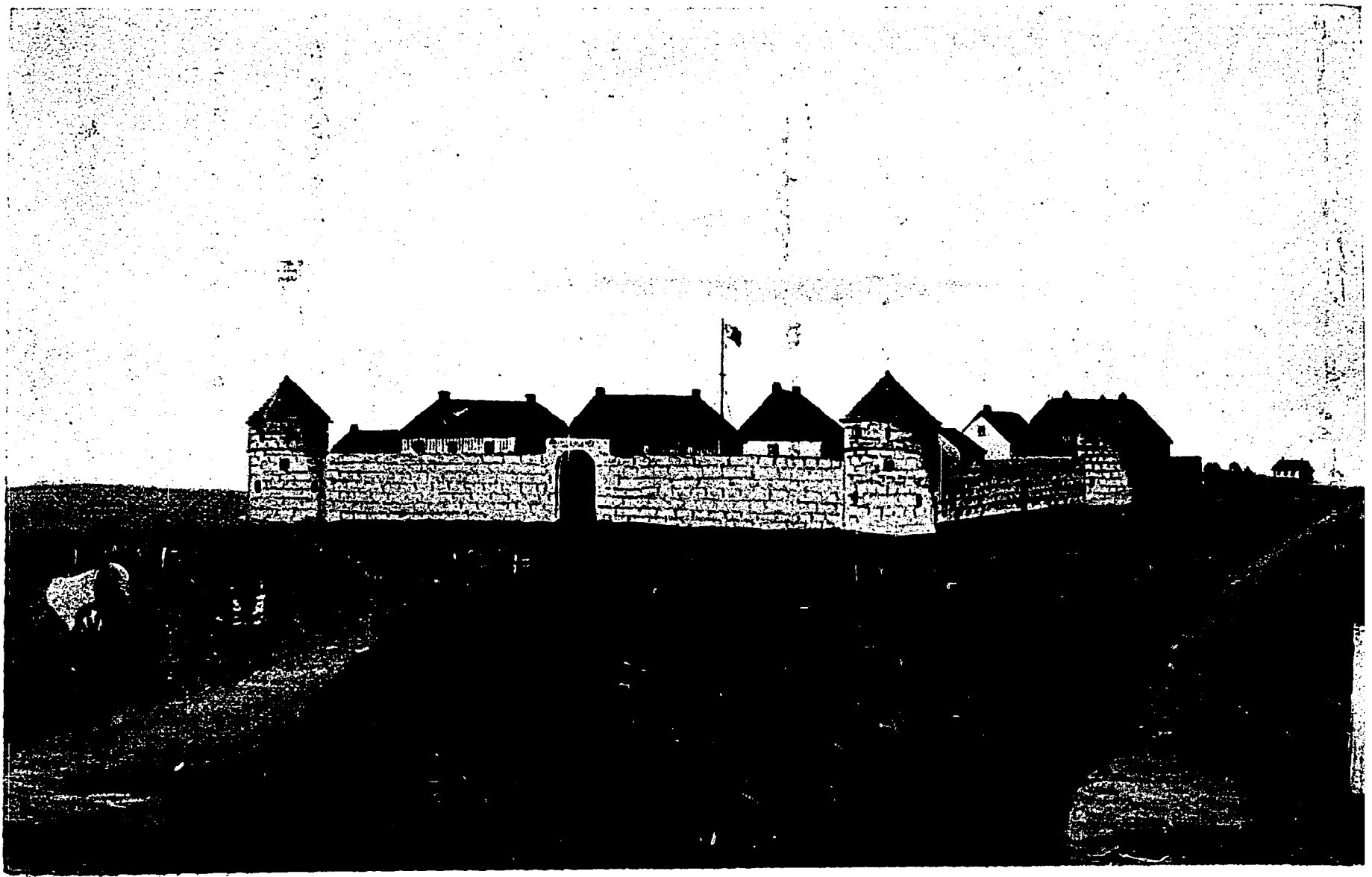
But these were days before the Kodak, and they could only photograph the scene in their memories. Then Joe initiated them in the art of "butchering." They helped him to turn the carcass upon the belly, stretching out the legs to support it on each side, and watched the experienced half breed make a transverse cut across the nape of the neck, and a longitudinal incision from the neck to the tail, following the course of the backbone. The skin was then freed from the sides and spread open upon the ground to receive the "fleeces" or masses of flesh from the hump and back, the tongue, and other dainties. Shortly after this operation was concluded, a cart from the main body came to carry the meat, and presently half a dozen squaws arrived on horseback, and were soon screaming and squabbling for possession of the "boudins," as the intestines are called, and which then were considered to be a delicacy by those who could eat them.

Riding slowly back, southwesterly, across the prairie, our hunters found the camp formed at Buffalo Lodge Lake, and taking warning from past experience, they pitched their tents fully half a mile from those of the main body. There was, as usual, merry-making in the camp, but our friends preferred a digestive quiet. The way they indulged their appetites on hump-rib would have made a dyspeptic burst with envy. When their hunger was apparently satisfied, the saturnine Joe, with a greasy chuckle, raked from beneath the ashes of the fire, a tongue so admirably baked, so soft, so sweet, and of such exquisite flavor, that our Nimrods were seized with fresh appetite, and as they ate, wondered how, after consuming a quantity of meat that would have served their

respective families for a Sunday's dinner, they felt as easy and as little incommoded as though they had supped on strawberries and cream. Such is the virtue of buffalo beef and hunter's appetites!

Sweet was the digestive pipe after such a feast, and soft the sleep and deep which sealed the eyes of the contented Nimrods that night. Dreams of successful runs; of marvelous feats in killing and eating; and of the stories they could (and would) tell when they got home, to the everlasting envy of less enterprising sportsmen, doubtless occupied their sleeping moments, and morning came all too soon for their wishes, after nine hours of solid sleep.

With morning also came the news of an advancing herd, and the camp was early alive with preparations, not only of the hunting party, but of the squaws and old men who were busily erecting drying stages for the expected meat. An hour's ride with the chief brought the hunters within sight of the herd, which, with a van-guard of old bulls, was leisurely proceeding southward, feeding as it went. As far as the eye could see to the north, the plain was occupied, first sparsely, then in little groups, anon in larger squads, and lastly in dense crowds,—the buffalo had come,—and apparently in countless thousands. Letting the old bulls pass by in safety, the chief hunter divided his followers into several parties, assigning to each its particular duty. Some were to make a wide circuit to the south to head the herd, and if possible prevent its crossing the Souris at the usual ford,—some were to gallop northward so as to confine the herd within a narrow compass,—and the rest, amongst whom were our Nimrods, were to await the signal to charge from



OLD FORT GARRY.

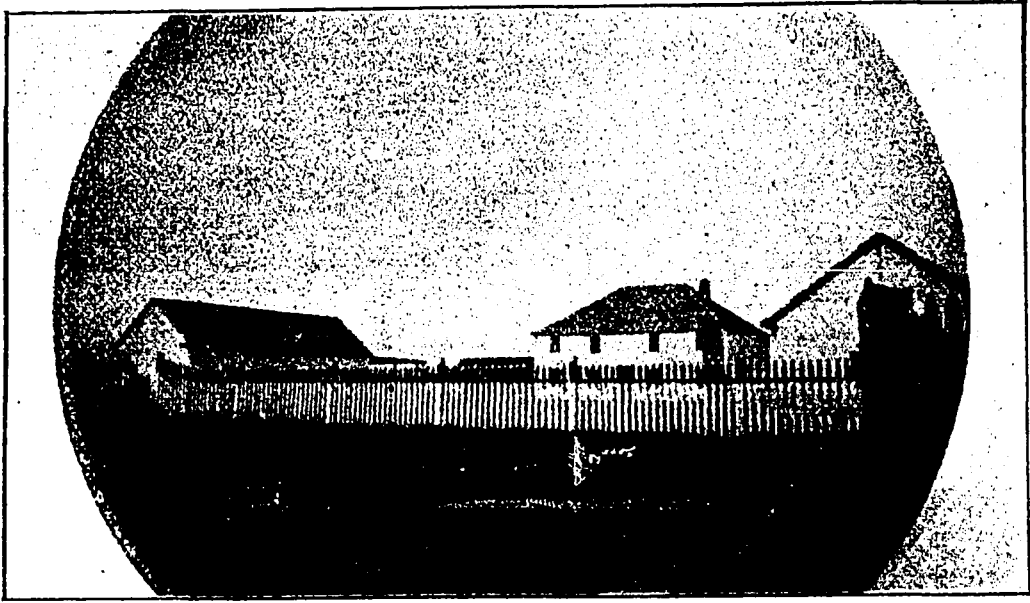
their present position. Tightening their belts and saddle girths, and loosening their ammunition, with caps well drawn down over their eyes, they waited until the dense portion of the herd,—fat cows and young bulls,—had arrived abreast of their situation; and then “*allez*” shouted the chief, and with a mad rush and wild hurrah the hunters were into the thick of it. It is impossible to describe such a scene of excitement. It was every one for himself; and each, selecting a target, the firing sounded like a continuous *feu de joie*. It was marvelous that the shot did not take effect upon some of the hunters, as the melee was indiscriminate. But presently the herd seemed to break and to separate, and the hunters, instead of firing into the mass of animals, chased individual stragglers, the plain on all sides becoming dotted with fleeing animals and pursuing hunters. Among the latter were our Nimrods, who each selected an animal, and got it! By this time, the herd had swept on, and instead of following it our sportsmen rode round de-

spatching the wounded animals that, incapable of flight, were left behind in the mad rush. To tell the truth they had had enough of it—it was too much like massacre; and their disgust was increased by the sufferings of the unhappy animals that were floundering helplessly over the plain. So they contented themselves with putting the poor creatures out of pain; and rode back to camp as soon as the carts arrived, leaving the old men, squaws and boys revelling in the “*butchering*.” Their own cart had arrived with the rest, and selecting such heads as they desired for trophies, they left the bloody scene for one less trying to their nerves and olfactories.

But they had seen the Buffalo,—they had hunted,—and they had killed! It was not a history of great personal prowess, but was nevertheless a unique experience to them and one that repaid them for their travail. And though they cannot tell such a story as Horatius, they can, and do, tell pretty tall stories of their experience in an old time buffalo hunt.

TWILIGHT.

*I sat beneath the evening sky, and watched the twilight blending,
The moon's pale beams, and the ruddy gleams of summer's daylight ending,
White fleecy clouds of roseate hue sailed through the western sky,
And stars shone through the dusky blue of th' ethereal vault on high;
And as I sat and mused, that peace that filled the air,
Stole o'er my soul and lulled to rest the troubled waters there;
And my mind was filled with quiet, as the passing evening breeze,
With gentle murmur stirred the tops of the shivering aspen trees;
And the splash of broken water o'er the stones in the babbling stream,
Hurrying on and onward forever, weaving melody into my dream;
Of the life, that hurrying onward, away from its parent source,
On the stream of Life's swift current, borne down with resistless force;
Away from the scenes of childhood, away from the haunts of yore,
Past visions of hope, and fancy's dreams—returning nevermore;
Leaving naught remaining but memories—like leaves on the rippling brook,
That float on the surface a moment, or curl in some quiet nook;
Till caught by the restless current, they are wrecked on the nearest shore,
Or sink to oblivion's bosom and are buried till time is no more.
Yet onward the water rushes, still gathering as it goes,
And forsaking as it gathers, its volume ebbs and flows,
Till lost in the bosom of Lethe, its purposes are fulfilled,
And in the depths of Eternity, the current of Life is stilled.*



FORT GOOD HOPE, MACKENZIE RIVER.

ROBERT CAMPBELL. *

Chief Factor of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company, Discoverer of the Upper Yukon.

BY GEORGE BRYCE, LL.D.

THE Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba met in the City Hall, Winnipeg, on the evening of April 14th, 1898. A large audience had assembled to hear the papers of the evening, Chief Factor William Clark, President of the Society, occupied the chair. The first paper of the evening was read by Rev. Dr. Bryce, a life member of the Society, on the "Life and Discoveries of the late Chief Factor Robert Campbell." A large map was used in following the interesting account of the explorations of the distinguished discoverer on Liard River, Dease Lake, the Upper Stikine, and the Upper Yukon rivers. Dr. Bryce said as follows:

More than twenty-six years ago, the writer remembers as one of the first men he met in Red River, Chief Factor Robert Campbell, the discoverer of the Upper Yukon River, which is the goal of so many gold seekers to-day. Robert Campbell was a natural leader of men. His tall, commanding figure, sedate bearing, and yet shrewd and adaptable manner, singled him out as one of the remarkable class of men who in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company governed an empire by their personal magnetism, and held many thousands of Indians in check by their honesty, tact and firmness.

Robert Campbell, like so many

* A paper read before the Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba, April 14th, 1898.

of the Hudson's Bay Company's officers and men, was of Scottish origin, and was born, the son of a considerable sheep farmer, in Glenlyon, Perthshire, Scotland, on the 1st of February, 1808. Having received a fair education in his native glen, which was further carried on in the City of Perth, he was led by Sir George Simpson, the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, to come to the Red River in 1832 to superintend the sheep farm being started by the Company at St. James Parish, on the Assini-

threw himself with great vigor into projects for developing the country. We can do little more than mention them. Indeed, they need little more than mention, for they ended in failure.

(1) The Buffalo Wool Company, a wild scheme to manufacture cloth from buffalo's wool and to tan the hides for leather. An absolute loss of upwards of £6,000 sterling gave the promoters serious cause for reflection.

(2) Sir George promised to take all the Company's supplies from the colony; but he was disappointed by the carelessness and discontent of the people.

(3) An experimental farm was begun on the Assiniboine near the farm since known as Lane's farm. After six years of effort the farm failed, having cost the Company £3,500.

(4) A farm for growing flax and hemp. The flax grew and the hemp grew, but they rotted in the fields; while a costly mill to manufacture the product fell into decay.

(5) Sheep from Kentucky—Governor Simpson determined to introduce the care of sheep as an industry suitable to the country. A joint stock company was formed. £1,200 was raised, and the enterprise was begun with high hopes. It was in connection with this scheme that Robert Campbell came to the country. In charge of the enterprise was a gentleman of the Hudson's Bay Company, by name, H. Glen Rae.

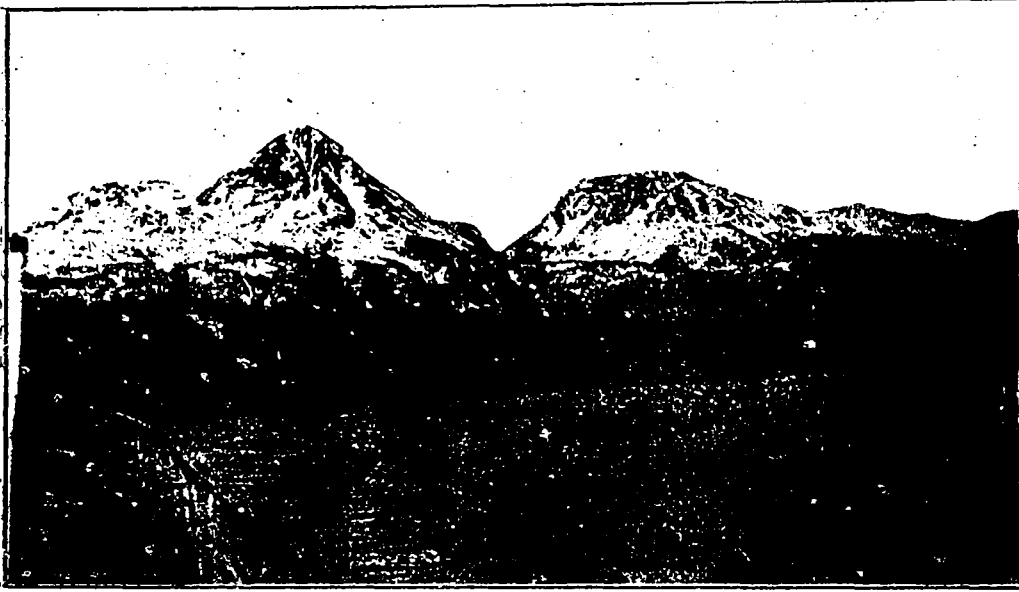


FORT SIMPSON, MACKENZIE RIVER.

boine River, a few miles west of the City of Winnipeg of to-day.

The Hudson's Bay Company at this time seems to have been in earnest in endeavoring to promote the development of the Red River as a farming country. That they succeeded so poorly is probably the reason that they afterwards settled down to the erroneous belief, expressed so decidedly by Sir George Simpson in the investigation by the Imperial Parliament in 1857, that agriculture could not be successfully carried on in the country.

The period beginning with 1830 of 1831 was one of great activity at Red River. Sir George Simpson



VIEW ON THE UPPER STICKINE.

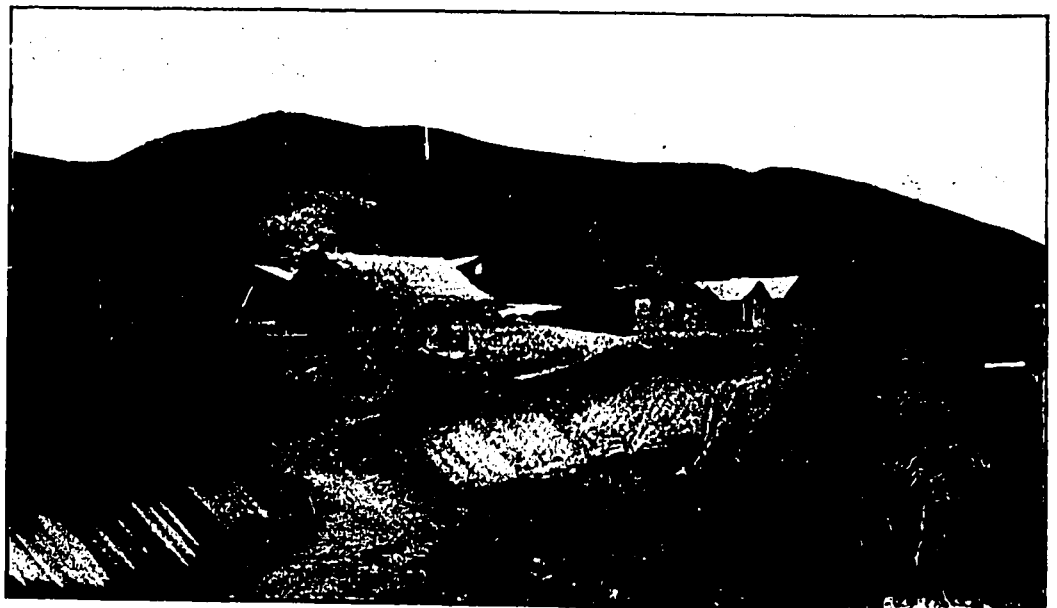
With him was associated John P. Bourke, one of the Irish immigrants who had come with Lord Selkirk's first party. Bourke was a man of education, had served the Company well, and was well fitted for the task assigned him. In 1883, Rae, Bourke and four others one of whom was Robert Campbell, crossed the plains to Missouri to purchase sheep for the new company. Dissatisfied with the excessive charges of the Missourians, Rae insisted on going on to Kentucky, 500 miles further. The sheep were bought at a price of \$1.00 to \$2.00 a head, and a party started with them for the Red River. The journey was most disastrous. Foot sore, and wearied, many of the sheep died by the way. Pierced by the spear grass (*spita sparteu*) many perished; the leaders of the party quarrelled; the

flock became steadily less; and of 1475 sheep bought in Kentucky, only 251 reached Red River.

(6) Other unsuccessful schemes, such as the tallow company, followed this, but Campbell was sent away to the far west,

and exchanged the peaceful role of shepherd for that of a trader.

Robert Campbell had from the first the confidence of Sir George Simpson, and now the Governor despatched him to what seems to have been the favorite hunting grounds of the early traders, the Mackenzie River basin. In 1834 he was at Fort Simpson, and at once took his place as a daring and hardy explorer of the new ground. In 1834 he volunteered to establish a post at the head waters of a tributary of the Mackenzie and his offer was accepted. Leaving Fort Simpson, which is on an island in the



DEASE'S LAKE POST.

Mackenzie River, and near the junction of that river with the Liard, he ascended the latter river, which was also known as Mountain River, reached Fort Liard, nearly two hundred miles from the junction, and passed on as much further to Fort Halkett, which is built among the mountains. In the winter of 1837, the ardent explorer went on three or four hundred miles, enduring great hardships, and in the spring of 1838 succeeded in doing what his predecessors had tried in vain to accomplish, viz., established a Hudson's Bay Company's post on Dease's Lake at the source of the wild mountain stream. In the summer of that year the intrepid adventurer crossed to the Pacific slope and reached the head waters of the Stikine River. Indeed he spent this and the following year in journeys of the most daring kind, in ascending and descending the fierce mountain streams of the Rocky Mountain divide.

The winter of 1838-9 was to the explorer one of the greatest trials. The writer has heard the great explorer descant on the adventures of that eventful year. A new post had been erected by Campbell to advance the fur trade, and the energy of the trader awakened the hatred of the Secatqueonays, a tribe who, with their allies, numbered about six thousand souls. These Indians lived at the mouth of the Stikine River, and they were in the habit of going inland for one hundred and fifty miles to trade at a great village mart, which was only sixty miles from Campbell's new fort on Dease's Lake. At this time the trader and his men nearly reached starvation. They were so reduced in supplies that they subsisted for some time on the skin thongs of their moccasins and

snowshoes, and on the parchment windows of their huts boiled up to supply the one meal a day which kept them alive. Early in the year 1840 the explorer crossed to the western side of the mountains, and descending from the head waters of the Stikine, explored this river for a distance. The Indians, hostile to him on account of the energy which he displayed, took him and his party prisoners. The daring party, however, escaped, it has been reported, after having almost met death, and having to chop down a bridge, to prevent the pursuing Indians from overtaking them. Campbell's life was only saved by the bravery and devotion of a female chief who ruled the Nilharnies, the owners of the trading village which was the rendezvous. Campbell, in his journal, speaks in the most glowing terms of the fine character of the Amazon of the mountains, whose humanity proved his shield in trying times. In the year following his escape, Trader Campbell was compelled to move his station on Dease's Lake, and his fort was burnt by the irreconcilable Indians. The explorer, however, was greatly satisfied when some time after he received from Sir George Simpson, in answer to his report, word to the effect that the Governor and Council had expressed their entire satisfaction with his energetic action and shrewd management. In Sir George Simpson's Book, "A Journey Round the World" (1847) full credit is given to Campbell for his courage and faithfulness.

The favorable message from the Governor but urged on the youthful explorer to new fields of discovery. In going to Dease's Lake Campbell had taken the more southerly of the mountain affluents making up the Upper Liard River. Under a

new order he started in 1840 to explore the northern branch of the Liard. For this purpose he left Fort Halkett, his mountain rendezvous, in May, and journeyed northward, thinking that perhaps, though starting below 60° N. he might come upon the river discovered by Dease and Simpson two years before, running into the Arctic ocean about 70° N. and called by them the Colville. Ascending the mountain gorge through which the swift

the hardest of his seven trusty companions, who were some of them whites and others Indians, now made an inland journey of more than a day's march, and saw the high cliffs of the splendid river, which were named the Pelly Banks in honor of the Governor in London, Sir Henry Pelly. The Hudson's Bay Company would have called it Campbell River, but the unassuming explorer refused the honor. On reaching the stream



INDIANS AT LA MONTAIGNE'S POST, LIARD RIVER.

Liard flows Campbell came to a beautiful lake, to which, in honor of Lady Simpson, he gave the name Lake Frances. The lake was divided by a promontory called by him "Simpson's Tower," and leaving the lake he ascended one of its tributaries, clambering along its rocky banks, which in turn came from a small mountain-reservoir called by him Finlayson's Lake, as its affluent was also named. This lake at high water gives one part of its waters to the Pacific and the other to the Arctic ocean. Campbell, with

the party made a raft and drifted a few miles down, far enough to see the magnitude of the river. On their return to Lake Frances they found that their companions had erected a house at Simpson's Tower, and the explorer called this, in honor of his birthplace, "Glenlyon House." Returning with his full party, Campbell reached Fort Halkett, having been absent four months.

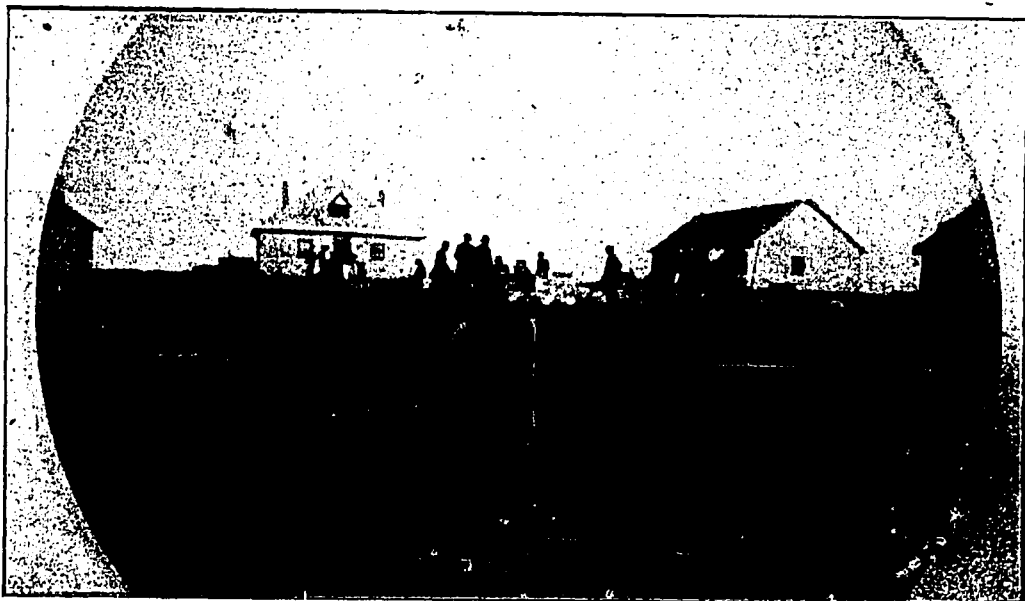
The result of Campbell's successful discovery was an order from Sir George Simpson to establish a trading post at the source of the Liard.

This was accomplished, and a post erected at Frances Lake in 1841. In the following year birch bark was brought up the river from Fort Liard, and sent during the winter by dog sleighs to Pelly Banks.

Here in 1843 an establishment was

erected and arrangements made for descending the river by means of the canoe built at Pelly Banks. We give the story of the commencement of his great voyage on the river in the words of the veteran explorer.

“ Early in June, 1843, I left Frances Lake with some of the men. We walked over the mountains to the Pelly Banks, and shortly after started down stream in the canoe with the interpreter Hoole, two French Canadians and three Indians. As we advanced the river increased



PEEL'S RIVER POST, FORT M PHERSON.

in size and the scenery formed a succession of picturesque landscapes. About twenty-five miles from Pelly Banks we encountered a bad rapid—Hoole's—where we were forced to disembark everything. Elsewhere we had a nice flowing current. Ranges of mountains flanked us on both sides; on the right the mountains were generally covered with wood; the left range was more open, with patches of green poplar running up its valleys and burn-sides, reminding one of the green brae-face of the Highland glens.”

The beauty of the scenery and the joy of the explorers as they floated down the enlarging Pelly cannot be described. But their day-dream was rudely interrupted. They had reached the juncture of the Pelly with the Lewes



ABANDONED POST, TOAD RIVER, LIARD.

as they called the new found stream, and this was 400 or 500 miles from Pelly Banks. Here, at the spot where afterwards Fort Selkirk was erected, was encamped a band of "Wood Indians." This being the first band of explorers down the Pelly, the Indians had never seen white men before. The savages spoke loud, seemed wild and distant, and although they smoked the pipe of peace yet were not to be depended upon. It was the intention of Campbell to proceed further down the stream, but his hosts would not hear of it. They depicted the dangers of the route, spoke of the Indians of the lower river as being very treacherous, said they were "numerous as the sand," and "would not only kill but eat the white man." Campbell's men, alarmed by these tales, which were only too true, would go no further: and so throwing a sealed can into the river with word of his voyage, he turned his prow up stream again. No sooner had Campbell started back, than the Indians, showing greater hostility, stealthily followed the party, and were very nearly falling upon the small band of voyageurs. Two years afterwards the Indians informed Campbell that they had intended to murder him and his crew. They depicted very vividly how on one night when it was as clear as day, he had himself, while on guard, kept in his hand something white. This had been a book, a religious work, of which he was fond—"Hervey's Meditations,"—some say it was the Bible. This little book they had regarded as a charm, and it saved his life. They told him that he had occasionally gone to the river brink to drink, but that he drank from a horn cup. Had he knelt down to drink they would certainly have killed him and thrown him into the river. Camp-

bell was in his religious spirit in the habit of attributing his safety on this occasion to the special care of his Heavenly Father.

The misadventure of the first voyage did not deter the daring fur traders from seeking out the river again. The winter was spent in trading between Frances Lake and Pelly Banks, but in the summer, parties descended the river on hunting expeditions, and brought back many a quarry of moose, deer and bear, and supplies of the big-horns or mountain sheep, noted for the delicacy of their flesh. The distant visits made to Pelly Banks led to much speculation as to what the outlet of the Pelly River was. Was it the Colville? Or was it, as Campbell with true prescience conjectured, the upper part of the Yukon? It was at length determined to place a fort at the junction of the Pelly and Lewes, the point reached on a former journey a few years before,

Having spent the winter before in building boats at Pelly Banks, they sent their returns in early spring down to Fort Simpson, and in July 1848, started off with great expectation to take possession of new territory. Reaching the junction of the Pelly and Lewes they erected a fort, calling it Fort Selkirk. In this there was a remarkable example of the modesty of the explorer. It was said that the head officer of the Company in writing to him called the fort Campbell's Fort but the sturdy trader maintained that he knew no such fort, and insisted upon calling his post Fort Selkirk. For many years the fort, which now lies in ruins, was known in the region as "Campbell's Fort."

While the ardent explorers, along the west of the mountains, had been thus doing their work, another movement was taking place

down the Mackenzie river. That fine navigable river was descended from Fort Simpson, and its mouth reached on the Arctic ocean. One of the rivers flowing into the delta is the Peel. Going up this a short distance, the traders had come to a point where, by a portage of ninety miles, they were able to reach the Porcupine river, and descending this they came upon the grand river of Alaska, the Yukon. Thus reaching the junction of the Porcupine and Yukon in 1847, the Hudson's Bay Company's trader, A. H. Murray, erected Fort Yukon and entered upon the fur trade of the Company. This advance movement of the Company had been encouraged by the leasing some years before of the strip from 54° 40' on the coast up to Mount St. Elias by the Russians to the Hudson's Bay Company.

In 1850 Campbell obtained permission from Sir George Simpson to descend the river from Fort Selkirk confident that he would find it to be the Yukon. Accomplishing a journey from the height of land of about 1,200 miles, Campbell proved his surmise correct. From Fort Yukon he ascended the Porcupine in company with Murray, crossed on foot to the Peel River and thence ascending the Mackenzie reached Fort Simpson. He refers with great glee to the surprise of his friends seeing him return to the fort up the Mackenzie instead of down the Liard as he had wont to come. The difficulty of the Liard route may be seen from the fact that the regular Hudson's Bay Company's route for transporting the Pelly river furs was by way of the Yukon, Porcupine and up the Mackenzie river.

Campbell, on reaching the junction of the Pelly and Lewes, built his fort, and for a short time

it promised to be an important centre, but in 1852 a thieving band of coast Indians, called the Chilkats, made a raid on Fort Selkirk, plundered and shortly afterwards destroyed it, so that to this day ruins may be seen at the junction of the rivers mentioned. After this destruction, Campbell made one of the most marvellous journeys on record, walking the whole distance from Fort Simpson to Fort Garry on snowshoes, which is not less than 2,000 miles. He then pushed on foot to Red Wing, Minnesota.

In 1853, Campbell visited England, and there, under his direction, maps were prepared by Arrowsmith of the region explored by him. To few men has been vouchsafed the privilege of naming the important points in so large a region as Campbell thus described. The rivers and more notable points were named by him after his own acquaintances in the Company, or from the places in his native valley in Perthshire. Such names as McMillan, Lewes, White and Stewart, given to large tributaries of the Yukon, are illustrations of this. Much indignation was aroused a few years ago by a worthless subaltern in the United States Army, Lieut. Schwatka, attempting, after going over Campbell's ground, to rename the places fixed in Arrowsmith's map years before by our explorer.

After returning from Scotland, Campbell was sent back to the Athabasca district, where he remained till 1863. During the latter part of this time his lonely abode was made joyful by the arrival of a brave Scottish lady, Miss Eleonora Sterling, who came in company with her sister, but otherwise unattended, all the way from Scotland to be his bride. The late Consul Taylor used to describe

with great animation this heroic journey of the Scottish lassies whom he had seen as they made their overland journey from St. Paul to Fort Garry of upwards of 400 miles, and then courageously pushed on to go 400 miles further north to Norway House to be met by Campbell from his far off post in Athabasca. Robert Campbell was most devoted to his wife, and she gave him two sons and a daughter. The writer well remembers him in 1871, when he had received a few weeks before the news of the death of his wife, who had gone home to Edinburgh. The old fur trader seemed as if he were in a dream, dwelling on the terrible loss he had sustained.

After remaining his full term in Athabasca, Campbell removed east on his appointment to the charge of the Swan River district. Here he was in charge till 1871, when he retired from the service with the rank of Chief Factor. His children were educated in Edinburgh, and he spent the time in coming and going from the land of his birth to the western land where he had seen so many adventures. In 1880, he took up land in Riding Mountain, Manitoba, erected buildings upon it, and to this home gave the name Merchiston Ranch. It was his delight to come down once or twice a year to Winnipeg, attend to necessary business and spend a few weeks meeting old friends and recalling old times. This was his life till May 9th, 1894, when he passed away after a short illness at the ripe age of 86 years and a few months. He was buried at Kildonan, a large company of old friends following him to his tomb.

As we examine his life and recall his character, we are impelled to give an estimate of our old friend, Robert Campbell:

(1) He was a man cast in an heroic mould. His bravery, decision of character, honesty of purpose and devotion to duty stand out prominently during the period of nearly 40 years in which he served the Hudson's Bay Company.

(2) His deeply religious nature maintained its fervor and devotion during the long period of service among the heathen savages in the far west, and among scenes of competitive trade and at times debauchery and even bloodshed. It was his delight in early days to pay visits to Kildonan, and in his later years to the Church of his fathers in Winnipeg. He was a friend of all good men, and was a man of singular modesty.

(3) Though marrying somewhat late, he was exceedingly domestic in his habits and was intensely devoted to his wife and children. His success as a fur trader was recognized by his company; he was always a favorite of Sir George Simpson; and he was always singularly free of the arts by which subordinates seek to ingratiate themselves with their superiors.

(4) His work as an explorer gave him his highest distinction. To this his ardent Highland nature gave him a bias; the love of adventure was strong in him; he laughed at dangers which would have deterred other men. He had a great faculty of managing Indians; and was highly regarded by them. The glory of being the discoverer of the Upper Yukon, the river of golden sands, will ever be his.

(5) He was an ornament to the Hudson's Bay Company's service, which retained a high standard among its officers. It affords the writer pleasure to testify, having had a large acquaintance with the officers and men of the Company, that few, if any, bodies have ever

retained a higher standard of honor, honesty and respectability, among their men than the old Company of 250 years standing, which preserved peace among the wandering tribes of Indians, kept the British flag flying from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean, and worthily earned the title of the Honorable the Hudson's Bay Company.

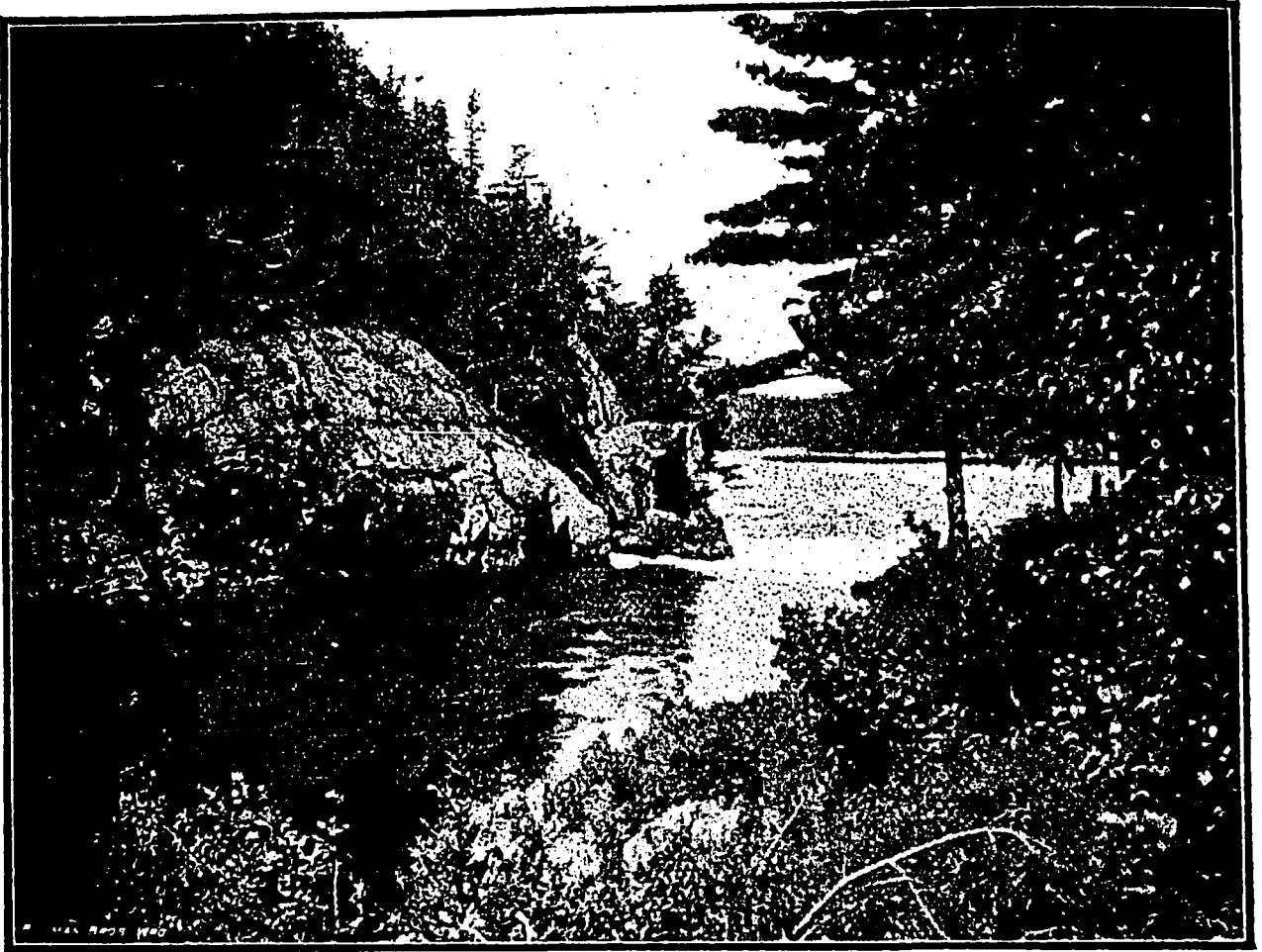
Mr. K. N. L. McDonald, who had been in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company and had traded in the Liard and Stikine river districts, and also on the Yukon, Porcupine and Mackenzie Rivers, moved a vote of thanks to Dr. Bryce for his ably prepared and interesting paper on the life and work of the late Robert Campbell of the H. B. Co.'s service. This was seconded by the Rev. Canon Coombes, and unanimously carried. Mr. McDonald spoke of the feelings of loyalty he experienced on his passing the site of old Dease Post on Dease's Lake in 1887, a post established by Mr. Campbell in 1838 and abandoned so soon by him. His admiration for one of the most intrepid explorers of the Northwest of this country, led him to empty his Winchester repeating rifle of her 15 charges as a tribute of honor and respect. He further alluded to his having discovered some old papers which Mr. Campbell had given to some Indians in the winter of 1838 and 1839. These Indians had evidently considered these papers of some value, for they very carefully put them in the inside of birch bark, neatly tied up with sinew, and left them in charge of a Mr. Callbreath at Telegraph Creek. He was fortunate enough to secure these papers. The first two were simply receipts of some dried meat

and fish, but the third one was unique in its way and suggestive. It read in this manner: "This old scoundrel wishes me to give him a certificate of character. He has been trying to starve and murder me all winter.—Robert Campbell." These papers were sent to Mr. Campbell, and it was amusing to find some time afterwards that, at a banquet given to him in Montreal, it was reported that these papers were found by Mr. Chief Factor McFarlane on the Skeena River.

Lieutenant Schwatka, commissioned by the U. S. Government, went over what is now known as the Dyea Pass, descended the Lewes River to its junction with the Pelly at Fort Selkirk, and thence on to the coast. He ignored the names of places given by Mr. Campbell years before, and in his book coolly alluded to Mr. Campbell in these words: "A man named Campbell is said to have passed here some years ago."

Mr. Campbell in his travels and explorations had not a better instrument than a pocket compass to enable him to take observations, and as an evidence of his accuracy, it may be stated that the map produced from his notes and delineations by Mr. Arrowsmith, London, England, varies but little from the best maps we have to-day by the Canadian and U.S. Governments.

Mr. Campbell was not only an intrepid explorer and indefatigable traveller, but he was as well a man of deep, strong religious convictions, and to show his sympathy for the Indians of the Yukon Valley he in his will gave \$1,000 to the mission work out there, of which my brother, Archdeacon McDonald had charge for many years.



KA-KA-BE-KITCHE-WAN, RAT PORTAGE.

Photo. by J. A. Echlin.

AN AMATEUR AND HIS WORK.

BY PATHFINDER.

At a recent public demonstration in this city my direction was drawn to the number of kodaks and cameras that were in evidence, for the ostensible purpose of taking snap shots. I might say that no word in connection with the whole range of photography, is so distasteful to me, and which conveys so little actual meaning as the phrase "snap shot," in its general application. To one not immediately connected with the work, and indeed by many professed photographers, amateur and otherwise, the very presence of a "kodak fiend" and his camera suggests snap shots. To the uninitiated the phrase really means making an exposure, whereas in reality it means, or should mean according to recognized, reliable authorities, the taking of a picture,

without the aid of a tripod, of a moving object; but kodak and snap shots have become so closely allied to those who are not practicing the art that every exposure, be it time or otherwise, to them is a snap shot. But this is a digression. With reference to the amateur and his work. How many of our own city amateurs have the energy and perseverance after the exposure has been made, to do their own developing, printing and toning? Only a very small percentage, I am very sorry to say. Time after time I have been shown some very acceptable pictures which have been taken (so they tell you), by themselves. In fact, they have pressed the button and the professional has done the rest. I write this not with a view to injuring the profession

by the withdrawal of the amateur patronage, but with an idea of trying to persuade the would be photographer to extend his knowledge and widen his experience by the addition of the processes I mention, and he or she will have an additional pride in showing the re-

art in making the exposure, you merely get the picture in focus, adjust your shutter, press the bulb, and it is done. That may be true in normal conditions, but how often does it happen that on a dull day or on an extra bright day the plates are "under" or "over" exposed to the detriment of the finished picture? If they would only devote a little more attention to the surroundings, to the stopping down, to the length of the exposure and the possibilities of their lense, they would be rewarded by having at the end of the season perhaps a smaller collection of negatives, but possibly a more pleasing set, and capable of producing pictures which they could look upon with pride, and exhibit to their brother amateurs as specimens of the way that some of the many difficulties have been overcome by their ingenuity and perseverance. If an amateur wants further proof of what I say, let him but attempt portrait work in an ordinary room, and develop his own



PONTOON BRIDGE, RED RIVER.

Photo. by Fred. W. Gill.

sults, to friends and relations. I claim, too, that if the photographic amateurs would only undertake the development of their own exposures they would get many important lessons in correctness of exposure that they cannot get by another finishing what they have begun. The average amateur will perhaps say that there is not much

work, and he will at once see how important a fraction of a second, or in some cases, a few seconds more or less, are to the perfection of the good result to which we all hope some day to attain. Few, indeed, of our enterprising amateurs can tell you the properties of the solutions that they use, even those few who are doing their own work, from

start to finish, and I think that some impetus might be given to this branch, which is one of the most important, if not *the* most important of our art, if some of our professional friends could be induced to give a lecture on the Chemistry of Photography, and an opportunity of knowing why so much pyro or hydrochinon, or other ingredient, is included and what the effect would be were the quantity to be increased or diminished. I cannot speak too strongly, or impress upon our amateurs the absolute need of knowing more about the finishing stages of taking a photograph, and if I have persuaded but one to try development, toning, etc., for himself, and thereby added another charm to his study, this article, with all its imperfections will not have been written in vain. I hope next month, with the editor's permission, to give some personal experiences, with examples, of the possibilities of the camera.

CLUB GOSSIP.

The Button competitions in connection with the Winnipeg Camera Club are continuing to create a good deal of interest in amateur photography, not only by members of the Club but the public generally. The pictures submitted for these contests, after being judged by some expert in photography, are placed on exhibition in Robinson's window and it has become a usual occurrence to see, from time to time, a numerous throng sizing up the various pictures submitted.

Although from a technical standpoint the work for these competitions has been highly satisfactory and creditable to the club, we should very much like to see a larger number participate in them, for competition is the life of every undertak-

ing, and many, if not all, those who are competing bi-weekly are producing picture infinitely superior to their first contribution. There are several fairly good amateurs in the club who think they are not sufficiently advanced in this pastime to compete. To those we would say, - give it a trial, as it is only by perseverance and care that the novice can become proficient. It is a rather curious fact, but nevertheless true, that the old hands have frequently to take a back seat. The writer has made photography his hobby, on and off, for some years, but is never surprised to find some "freshman" turning out a picture equal to his own and in many cases superior.

In closing I would repeat what I have already pointed out, *persevere*, make use of members of the club by comparing notes with them, and by constant care in every detail you will be more than surprised at the results attained.

The regular monthly meeting of the directors of the Camera Club was held on Tuesday, September 13th, the following gentlemen being present: Messrs. R. J. Campbell, H. Fry, F. I. C. Cox, Chas. Driver and F. W. Gill. After the disposal of the usual routine business the directors proceeded to appoint a Committee on meetings. The work of this committee, in accordance with the constitution of the club, to arrange for lectures, scientific papers, field-days, exhibits of pictures, etc. The committee appointed is composed of the following gentlemen: Messrs. Scroggie, F. W. Drewry, and H. Fry. We should take credit to ourselves in having this important branch of the club in such capable hands.

A Lantern Slide Committee was also appointed, the following gentle-

men being chosen for this important branch of the club : Messrs F. W. Brady, Chas. Driver and R. Walsh. The Lantern Slide Committee will have charge of the lantern, slides, etc., owned by, loaned to, or rented by the Club, and shall have charge of all lantern slide exhibitions which may be given from time to time. The Committee appointed for this task is experienced in this line of work and we anticipate many pleasant entertainments from this source during the coming winter months.

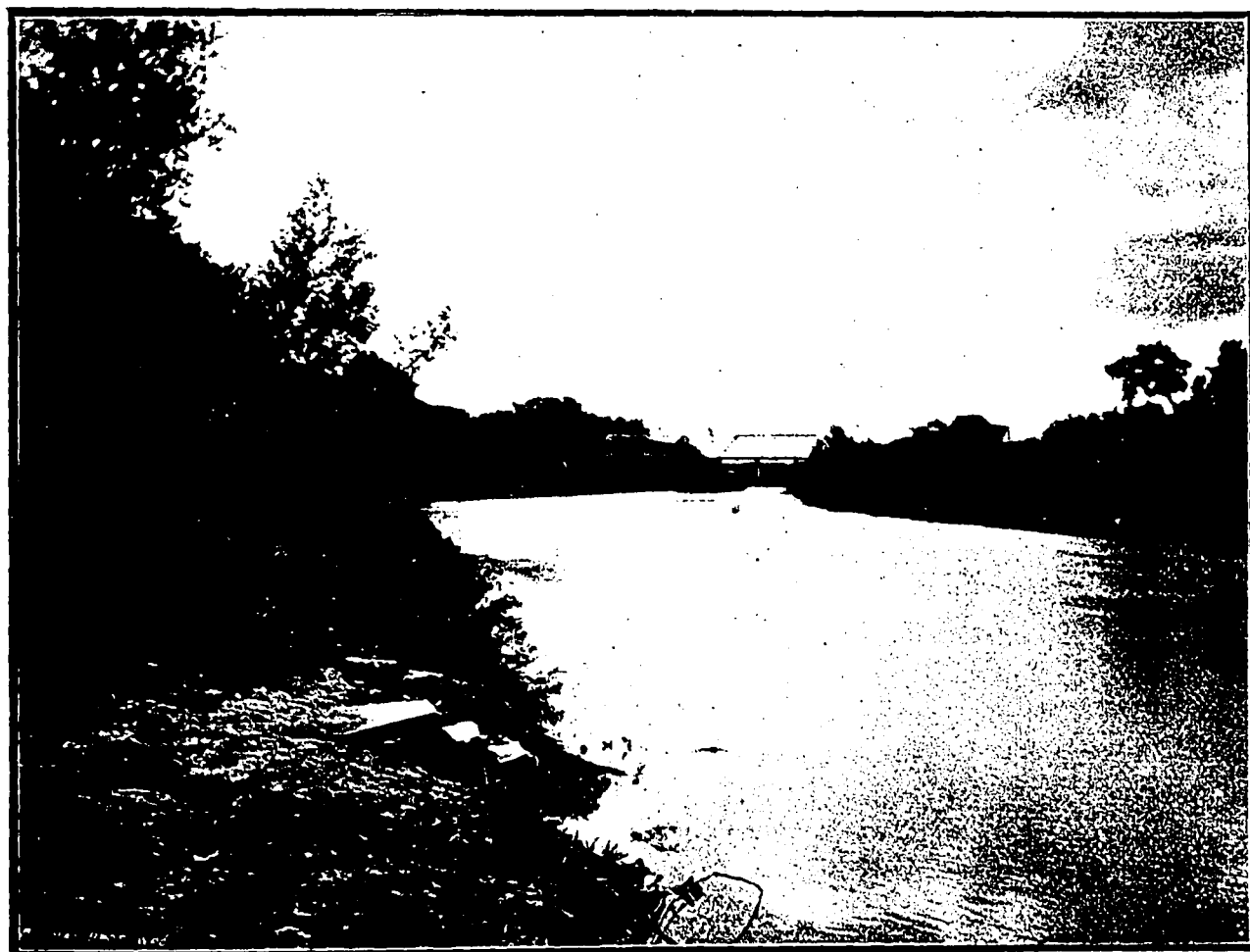
The Directors have decided that for the balance of the club year, until April, 1899, the subscription to the Club will be one half of the usual fees. This liberal concession should be quite an inducement to

those who have not already availed themselves of the conveniences of club and dark rooms.

T.O.T.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

Owing to delays in publishing the September GREAT WEST, we find it impossible to carry out our intention regarding the photographic contest. The Magazine did not reach distant subscribers in time to enable them to compete, and we have letters from several intending competitors complaining on that score. A few pictures have been sent in, but not enough to warrant our declaring the competition closed. Again many amateurs object to competing for a cash prize and suggest that we offer something else instead. To meet the expressed wishes of both classes we have, decided to extend the time for receiving pictures to December 1st, and instead of confining the award to cash prizes of \$10 and \$5, we offer the alternatives of a gold and silver medal, suitably engraved.



ASSINIBOINE RIVER.

Photo. by Chas. Driver.

THE GOLD FIELDS OF CANADA.*

BY JOHN M. HARDMAN, M.E.

III.—ONTARIO.

History.—The occurrence of gold in Ontario was first publicly made known through the publications of the Geological Survey (c). The first actual discovery seems to have been made by Mr. M. H. Powell, in Madoc township, in the county of Hastings, in August, 1866, at the spot which has since been known as the "Richardson Mine." This discovery occasioned an influx of from three to four thousand prospectors into this section in the spring of 1867, and for a year or so considerable excitement prevailed, and some capital (chiefly American) came into the district. As soon as the zone of decomposition was passed, and the workings got into unaltered veinstone, the ore was not amenable to the amalgamation process, and failed to yield profitable returns, occasioning the excitement to rapidly fade away and since 1868 this gold field of Ontario has received only intermittent attention.

This is doubtless due to two causes, the first of which is the fact that the gold in these deposits is associated with mispickel, or arsenical pyrites, making its treatment both difficult and expensive; and secondly, to the irregular character of the deposits, most of them having the form of gash veins, and upon exploitation proving to be segregations in the form of flattened lenses whose horizontal and vertical dimensions are but too quickly determined.

Several companies have operated in this field, the chief of which is the old Deloro Gold Mining and Milling Co., which was largely financed in England and was under the management of Mr. R. P. Rothwell, of New York. This company attempted the concentration of the mispickel as a primary process, subsequently roasting the concentrated and chlorinating the oxidized products it was contemplated to save the arsenic and to make the by-product of arsenious acid profitable. Unfortunately much of the gold in the mispickel was too coarse to be quickly attacked by the chlorine and the enterprise financially was not successful, although to this effort may be traced many of the modern improvements in the process of gold chlorination which is now so successfully used in the United States and abroad.

Recently (1896) this property was acquired by an English corporation known as "The Canadian Gold Fields; Limited," which has secured large additional tracts of land, and has installed a plant for the treatment of the ore by a process known as the "Sulman-Teed," which appears to be a modification or adaptation of the bromo-cyanide treatment.

Other companies (the Crescent, Belmont, &c.) have operated in this county with partial success on surface ores, but none of them have made a financial success.

Gold was next discovered in On-

* Reproduced from the Canadian Mining Manual, 1898.
[(c) Report of Progress, 1867-68.

tario, in the township of Moss, in the district of Thunder Bay, in 1871. The location has since been known as the "Huronian Mine," and for a time (1882-85) it was vigorously worked having been equipped with a 10 stamp mill and other machinery, but since 1885 nothing has been done and no other discoveries of importance have been made in this section.

Other reported discoveries, in other sections, in 1872 and 1875 attracted little or no attention, until the finding of rich specimens on Hay Island in the Lake of the Woods in the summer of 1878.

Considerable prospecting around the shores of the islands and bays of this large lake resulted in the finding of several bodies of auriferous rock (such as the Sultana, Ophir, Pine Portage and others) within a year or two, and from 1882 to 1885 a very considerable amount of work was done upon these and other properties.

The management then, as subsequently, was chiefly in the hands of men totally inexperienced and woefully ignorant of the arts of mining and milling, who produced results so disappointing and discouraging that the district was practically abandoned for several years.

A difficulty which largely operated to prevent development in this district was the dispute between the Ontario and Dominion Governments regarding the boundaries of Ontario, which dispute affected the titles to the lands upon which mineral had been discovered and locations made. In 1892 this dispute was finally settled in favor of the Province of Ontario, and the following year actual development in the Lake of the Woods district may be said to have begun.

The first, and still the chief, mine to be extensively worked was the "Sultana," which after many vicissitudes and struggles became a profitable enterprise to its present owner, Mr. John F. Caldwell.

In 1887 and 1888 discoveries of gold were reported in the township of Dennison (at the "Vermillion" mine) and on the shores of Lake Wahnapiatæ respectively; the former has been worked out, and the latter has slowly developed into an industry, which, as yet has not been remunerative.

Although the discovery of gold bearing quartz veins in the schists surrounding Vermillion Lake in Minnesota, U. S. A., had been noted in that State's official reports as early as 1866, the find was not followed up until the discovery of the "Little American" vein on an island in Rainy Lake in 1893.

Following this discovery a large number of Americans came into the Rainy River District, and since 1893 this section has been the busiest one in the gold fields of Ontario.

Production.—It is impossible to give an accurate estimate of the total amount of gold won in Ontario from 1866 to date, for the reason that no official records have been kept prior to the year 1892.

The Bureau of Mines came into existence on the 5th of March, 1891, but there was no reported production of gold for that year.

In the six years from 1892-97, inclusive, the total value of gold produced was \$465,509. The production for the twenty years from 1869 to 1888, inclusive, is estimated at \$9,943.00 (a), so that it may be safe to estimate the total production of the Province to December 31st, 1897, as not exceeding \$500,000.00.

For the year 1897 the production

(a) Mineral Resources of Ontario. Report of Royal Commission 1890, page 211.

was \$190,244, from 27,589 tons; an average yield of \$6.89 per ton. The value of the bullion produced was \$16.67 per ounce,

Area.—The gold bearing lands of Ontario may be classed into three different fields, if the Lake of the Woods and the Rainy River sections be taken as one.

The most easterly of these fields is the Marmora District in the county of Hastings, lying just north of Lake Ontario.

The area of this field is between 600 and 700 square miles, having a greatest length of about 36 miles and a greatest width of about 20 miles.

The second field includes the Wahnapiæ district extending from beyond Lake Koo-ka-gaming on the north-east, into the townships of Dennison and Creighton in Algoma to the south-west. Its area is indetermined but approximates a length of about 50 miles by a width of 12 and 13. So far this field has been the least important in the Province.

The third field, (is as before said) inclusive of the Rainy River section, is by far the largest as it is the most important one.

It embraces an indefinite territory extending from the western shores of the Lake of the Woods to Lac des Mille Lacs on the east, a distance of over 200 miles, and from the International boundary on the south, northerly for nearly 100 miles; roughly speaking it includes nearly 20,000 square miles many of which, of course are under lake and river waters.

Geology.—Broadly speaking the whole of Ontario's gold fields may be said to lie in rocks of Huronian formation. There are no alluvial deposits known in the province of

any magnitude or of any economic value, although gold bearing gravels occurring along the valley of the Mississaga, north of Thessalon, have been reported, and have received considerable attention. The gold of Ontario, therefore, is in the solid veinstone.

In the Marmora district rocks known as the "Hasting series," consisting of crystalline dolomites, mica schists and micaceous quartzites, are associated with and penetrated by granites and diorites. In the vicinity of these eruptives, and sometimes occupying the zone of contact, are found deposits of quartz carrying as minerals, mispickel, pyrites, pyrrhotite, with occasional small quantities of chalcopyrite, and more rarely specks of galena.

According to Dr. Adams' report (a) it is as yet uncertain whether these rocks are to be regarded as upper Laurentian or as greatly modified Huronian.

The form of these quartz deposits is that of gash veins, or local segregations of (comparatively) small dimensions, with, of course, notable exceptions *e. g.* the old "Gatling" mine. The general experience in this district has been that the continuity of the deposits could not be relied upon.

The average value in gold of the best of the auriferous veins seems to be about \$12 per ton. The future of this field will depend upon the discovery of some process which will economically extract the gold from its arsenical associations, and also upon the opening of sufficient quantities of auriferous rock to assure a large tonnage of payable ore.

In the Wanapitæ district the prevailing rocks are crystalline schists with massive fine-grained beds resembling volcanic ash rocks

(a) Annual Report Geo. Survey of Canada, 1892-93.

and patches of dioritic eruptives in the southern portion, to the north and east clay slates are mingled with the above. All this series is reported as Huronian by Dr. Robt. Bell. (*)

The quartz vein traversing these rocks are small, and resemble those of the Hastings district in the fact that their horizontal and vertical bounds are of small dimensions. Many veins seen can be clearly traced from beginning to end, commencing with a thickness of a fraction of an inch they expand to a greater width of eight to thirty-six inches and then thin out to a final end. The course of many of these veins is very irregular and serpentine, and to describe them as other than local gash veins would, we think, be an error.

Although small, many of them are very rich, and further development may find bodies of a more permanent character.

The third field, though underlain by rocks of Huronian age, presents some different geognostical features in the Lake of the Woods section than are exhibited in the Rainy River section.

The auriferous quartz of the northern shores of the Lake of the Woods appears to occur along, or in the vicinity of, the line of contact between the gray gneisses of Laurentian age and the hard green schists of the Huronian.

This quartz occurs both as segregations of lenticular shape enclosed within the schists (as at the "Sultana" mine) and as fissure veins, (as at the Gold Hill mine). Usually the veins are schistose, or conformable in strike and dip to the enclosing schists.

In the Rainy River country (a)

the veins likewise are frequently schistose or "bedded," but are always in the Huronian rocks or in the eruptives which have penetrated them, and are not dependent for their auriferous contents upon the immediate vicinity of Laurentian areas.

The Huronian rocks of this section show many various characters, varying from soft, greenish chloritic schists, through hard, massive greestones to yellow and brown felsites, acid eruptives and conglomerates.

Through these rocks granites and other eruptives have been forced in many places and at different periods, and in one area of granite between Bad Vermillion Lake and Shoal Lake many of the most promising discoveries have been made; there occur the "Foley," "Ferguson" and "Lucky Coon" mines. These mines lie in a small area (of six or eight square miles) of modified granite in which the mica has been changed to chlorite or sericite and the feldspar has nearly disappeared, forming a "protogine granite." In this granite the auriferous quartz occur as true veins, having clean walls accompanied by a slaty gouge or selvage and frequently showing slicken sides.

Besides the segregated or "bedded" quartz veins (which are the most numerous) and the fissure veins, these Huronian schists are noteworthy for the occurrence of low grade auriferous fahlbands. Beds of pyritous, black or greenish schists, usually highly silicified, or with thin seams of segregated quartz, are not uncommon, the one upon which the most work has been done being known as the "Scramble" mine, which lies a short distance

(*) Annual Report Geol. Survey of Canada, 1890-91.

(a) Fifth Report Bureau of Mines, Ontario, 1895.

north of the railway line near Rat Portage. Here the width of the fahlbands varies from 25 to 35 feet, and from the latest information will average from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per ton. Some portions of the band, however, seem richer than others, and it is not unlikely that a rough sorting will give a gold tenor that will show a safe margin of profit.

Other fahlbands occur in the Manitou country (*e. g.* the Hammond reef) and in the region of Little Turtle Lake.

It must be borne in mind that developments in this field have occurred only since 1893, and chiefly during the years 1896 and 1897, and considering the really small amount of development done and the vast area over which the gold occurs, it is yet too early to predict its future.

From the published returns the average values seem low, but from advantages which the district possesses in the way of abundance of water and timber, and cheap water transportation in the summer time, it should be feasible to work low grade ores here at such a cost as to leave a satisfactory margin of profit.

Laws.—The laws of Ontario permit of acquiring deposits of minerals by direct purchase at prices ranging from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per acre, according to location within certain districts, and distances from railways. The purchaser, however is required, within seven years from the date of the grant, to expend in *bona fide* operations upon the property, \$4.00 per acre if the grant exceeds 160 acres, or \$5.00 per acre if the grant is 160 acres or less. In default of this expenditure the grant may be forfeited and the property then reverts to the Crown.

In lieu of a grant, a lease for ten years, with right of renewal for another 10 years, may be acquired

by paying one dollar per acre as rental for the the first year, and 25 cents for each year thereafter in advance. Such leases are subject to the same expenditure per acre as in the case of granted lands, in default of which the lease is forfeited; forfeiture also follows default of rental payment.

Pine timber standing on such grants or leases is reserved by the Crown. The law made in 1892 also provides for the imposition of a royalty, not to exceed 3 per cent., at the expiration of a period of seven years from the date of the patent or lease.

There is also a provision for the pre-emption of mining land by "staking claims;" this provision is modelled somewhat after the British Columbia law, and has not, as yet, been availed of to any extent. Such claims may be staked by anyone having a "miner's license," the fee for which is \$10 per annum; the demensions of claim shall not exceed 20 chain squares, or 40 acres; the boundary lines must be brushed out or blazed, and must be run north, south, east and west *astronomically*; 130 days labor are required upon each claim, in lieu of which no money payment is accepted.

VI.—BRITISH COLUMBIA.

History.—Gold was first discovered on the western coast of Canada in 1851, when an Indian woman found, by accident, a nugget upon the shore of Gold Harbour, Queen Charlotte Islands. This nugget found its way into the possession of officials of the Hudson's Bay Company, who made an investigation resulting in the finding of a quartz vein, about seven inches in width, carrying gold. In 1851 and 1852 some mining was done on this vein and some quartz shipped away from

it, but reports vary as to the total amount produced, it being reported at from \$20,000 to \$75,000 in value.

The discovery which brought British Columbia into prominence as a mining country, however, was the discovery of alluvial deposits in 1857 upon the banks of the Thomson river, a little above its confluence with the Fraser. As the result of this discovery (which is said to have produced some 300 ounces during that year) a large number of people, estimated at from 20,000 to 30,000 in number, came into British Columbia the following year, and the deposits on the lower portion of the Fraser were vigorously worked. Comparatively few of the many thousands who had come remained during the winter, but the few who did remain gradually worked their way up these rivers, finding, in 1860, the Cariboo district and working upon the forks of Quesnelle river and upon Antler creek. In that same year the deposits on the Similkameen river in Yale district were found by miners working their way up from the south.

The extraordinary richness of the two creeks known as "Williams" and "Lightning" established the reputation of the district of Cariboo as one of the richest placer mining countries ever found. This was particularly true after the discovery of the old channels of these streams, and in this connection it may be interesting to note that considerable portions of the old bed of Williams creek yielded as high as \$1,000 to the running foot of its length; and from some claims (which at that time were about 25 x 100 feet) gold was obtained in amounts varying from 70 to 400 ounces per day. It is reported that from one claim in one day \$40,000 was washed.

The discovery of rich placer deposits on Wild Horse creek in East

Kootenay dates from the year 1863, and the production of this creek is variously estimated, but from the best records obtainable the amount appears to be between six and seven millions of dollars.

The auriferous gravels of the Big Bend country were discovered and opened in 1865, and the deposits of the Omenica were first found in 1869 but did not attract much attention until 1871. The following year (in 1872) prospectors reached the head waters of the Dease river and found gold in the Cassiar country.

The rich deposits obtained in the years 1861 to 1864 on Williams creek were followed by the discovery in 1871 of the rich deposits in the old bed of Lightning creek. Of the total product of \$59,000,000 obtained from placer gold from 1859 to the first of January, 1898, it is estimated that over \$20,000,000 was the product of Williams creek alone, and that nearly \$40,000,000 of the total amount is to be credited to the Cariboo district.

The work of the ancient alluvions on these creeks was attended with much expense, so that after the year 1879 the yield from placer deposits all over the province fell off rapidly, and, while slightly increasing again during the last four years, it is now only about half a million a year, although the returns from the capital which has been going into the Cariboo district during the last two or three years should soon be apparent and will probably restore this branch of mining to a semblance of its former prosperity.

From 1858 to 1893 the production of gold in British Columbia was entirely due to the working of its placer gold mines, but in 1889, 1890 and 1891 discoveries of auriferous iron sulphides were made in

the southern part of the West Kootenay division in what is known now as the Trail district, about seven miles north of the International boundary line. These sulphides so found were not continuously worked until the winter of 1892 and 1893, since which time the production has been largely increased, until at the present time the yield from this district alone out-shadows any and all other gold producing districts in Canada. It must be borne in mind, however, that this gold field is of an entirely different nature and character to that found anywhere else to date in Canada; by which is meant that the major part of the gold contained is not free, but has to be extracted by means of a smelting operation differentiating it from the gold found in the districts of the Provinces of Nova Scotia and Ontario.

About this same time a free milling gold vein was opened on Rice creek, a tributary of Rock creek, in Camp McKinney and about eight miles north of the boundary line. The first discovery of gold in this camp was in 1884, and the "Cariboo" vein was discovered in 1887, but work was not begun systematically until 1894. Free gold in quartz had been noted in the early sixties in veins occurring along several creeks and on mountains in the Cariboo district, and although primitive attempts were made to work some of these veins (particularly in 1877 and 1878) the results were unsuccessful, and vein mining has never been established as an industry in the famous placer district.

Production.—The following figures are taken from the excellent compilation contained in the report of the Minister of Mines for the year 1897:

The total production of gold in British Columbia from the discovery

in 1858 to the end of the year 1897, was:

From placer mines \$59,317,413
From lode mines 4,300,689

Or a total gold production of \$63,618,102

YIELD OF PLACER GOLD FROM 1858 TO 1898.

1858	\$ 705,000
1859	1,615,070
1860	2,228,543
1861	2,666,118
1862	2,656,903
1863	3,913,563
1864	3,735,850
1865	3,491,265
1866	2,662,106
1867	2,480,868
1868	3,372,972
1869	1,774,978
1870	1,336,956
1871	1,799,440
1872	1,610,972
1873	1,305,749
1874	1,844,618
1875	2,474,004
1876	1,786,648
1877	1,608,182
1878	1,275,204
1879	1,290,058
1880	1,013,827
1881	1,046,737
1882	954,085
1883	794,252
1884	736,165
1885	713,738
1886	903,651
1887	693,709
1888	616,731
1889	588,923
1890	490,435
1891	429,811
1892	399,526
1893	356,131
1894	405,516
1895	481,683
1896	544,026
1897	513,520
Total	\$59,317,473

The production of gold from lode mining began in the year 1893 and the product of the five years is given below:

YIELD OF GOLD FROM LODE MINES FROM 1893 TO 1898.

YEAR	OUNCES.	VALUE.
1893	1,170	\$ 23,404
1894	6,252	125,014
1895	39,264	785,271
1896	62,259	1,244,180
1897	106,141	2,122,280

215,086 \$4,300,689



Area and Geology.—The delimitation of gold-bearing areas in a new province like British Columbia, where by far the vaster part of its 390,000 square miles of surface is an untrodden wilderness, must of necessity be confined to those portions which are at present occupied, or have been worked in the past, and at the best can only be an approximation. When it is further considered that each year prospectors are pushing ahead and opening new sections, this approximation becomes valuable only for the season in which it was made.

The region within which payable auriferous alluvial deposits have been found in the Cariboo country has a greater dimension of about 50 miles in a north and south direction extending from Valley creek on the north to Beaver river on the south, along the 122d meridian, with a greatest width of 30 miles. The area is given by Mr. Bowman (*a*) as an annular space surrounding the flanks of Cariboo mountain, having an average width of 10 miles and comprised within a circle 40 miles in diameter. The area may be taken as approximating 1,000 square miles, within which are included all diggings hitherto remarkable for their wealth or permanence.

The gravels of this section are of recent post tertiary and tertiary age (*b*). The gravels first worked here, in 1860-64, are recent, being the detrital remains of older gravels washed down and re-arranged by the present streams and for the most part are worked out or now only worked by Chinamen. The high "bench diggings" or terraces of auriferous gravel lying from 100 to 800 feet above the present river

courses are put down as post tertiary and constitute a large portion of the gravels now being worked by hydraulic mining. The old channels of Williams and Lightning creeks belong to the tertiary period and all the old channels of this district are likely to be found of this age.

The greater part of the annular belt comprising the alluvial fields of Cariboo is underlain by a series of crystalline schists (named by Mr. Bowman "Cariboo schists") lithologically identical with the Cambrian and pre-Cambrian of Eastern Canada, and consisting of altered sediments, talcose, and chloritic slates, all contorted and much folded. It is only within this area of folded schists that gold has been found in profitable quantities.

Upon the hill sides and mountain tops in this area (as Mt. Tom, Island, Mt. Burns, Mt. Yanks Peak, etc., etc.) quartz veins, corresponding in strike with the enclosing schists, occur in large numbers. The attempt to work some of these veins in 1877 and 1878 has been alluded to, with mention of the unsuccessful results. Nevertheless it is altogether within the range of probability that further search and intelligent investigation will reveal some of the sources from which the placer gold was derived, and that a vein mining industry will be established in the Cariboo district which will ultimately rival in production the famous yields of the sixties. "The very 'coarse' character of much of the placer gold and the definite localization of the richer parts of the deposits, show that these must often be near their points of origin." (*c*) "It has often been recognized that belts of rock containing numerous small

(*a*) Part C. Annual Report Geol. Survey, 1887. (*b*) Op. Cit., pp. 16, 17.
 (*c*) G. M. Dawson, Part R. Annual Report, 1887, p. 58.

and irregular quartz stringers only will pay for mining and crushing as a whole," (a) and as the gold schists of Cariboo answers to this description, and do not afford such large auriferous quartz veins as would be likely to be the source of the coarse gold found in the gravels, it is probable that in such quartziferous schists will be found the material for a quartz mining industry.

The gravels of the Omenica and Cassiar district are in all respects similar to those of the Cariboo section. The areas of these northern districts are as yet undetermined, but with Dease lake as a centre, pay dirt in Cassiar has been found within a circle whose radius may be taken at 40 miles, and the productive portion of the Omenica covers not less than 200 square miles.

Large veins of quartz are represented to occur in both of these sections and to carry argentiferous galena, but there is no record of discoveries of free gold in veinstone.

The gravels of the Big Bend country occupy an area between the summits of the Rocky Mountain range and the gold range extending from the 53rd parallel southerly some 50 miles. The most productive sections have been the valleys of Gold creek and Carnes creek and their tributaries, covering an area of about 35 by 20 miles, or between 600 and 700 square miles.

Since 1895 many discoveries of auriferous veinstone have been made in this district, some carrying free gold and others carrying sulphides of iron with which free gold appears to be associated. At the period of writing several attempts are being made to open up these veins which promise a substantial basis for a remunerative quartz mining industry. Difficulties of access

have kept this region back, but the general progress of transportation methods, now so rapidly advancing in British Columbia, will soon remove obstacles.

The gravels of the southern portions of the Kootenay divisions do not appear to be so extensive, nor accompanied by such large areas of gold bearing formations as are seen in the districts north of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The most productive of these southern fields on the eastern side has been occupied by Wild Horse creek on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, and by Perry creek and Moyie river on the eastern slope of the Selkirk range.

The gravels which have been worked on these streams are chiefly of modern origin, although a portion of a tertiary channel was worked on Perry creek. The area embraced covers, for the three streams, some 40 square miles, underlain by slates and quartzites of probable Cambrian age, with patches of diorites included.

In this slate series occur schistose or "bedded" veins, often of large dimensions (on Perry creek reaching widths of 40 to 60 feet) carrying gold associated with iron pyrites and occasionally with the higher sulphurets of copper. But the gold contained is fine and so intimately associated with the sulphurets as to preclude the idea of milling the ore; several extensive tests conducted in 1897 failed to discover the existence of paying veins, and led to the conclusion that the gold in the gravels must have been derived either from richer portions of these veins, long since eroded, or that it had come from the outcrops of pay chutes now deeply buried beneath a heavy drift.

(a) Op. Cit. p. 53.

Small amounts of gold have been washed from recent gravel deposits in valleys occurring on the range of metalliferous rocks running northeasterly from Trail towards Kootenay lake, in Nelson mining division.

These gravels are the detritus of small quartz veins occurring in the granites and mica syenites of the country, one or two of which veins have been worked as lode mines in recent years and have made a small production. Their size however, is small and the free gold appears to be confined to the zone of decomposition, after passing which the values are contained almost entirely in iron sulphides.

The valley of the Similkameen and tributaries, in the political district of Yale, is the most important of the southern placer fields. Although one of the first fields discovered it has never been abandoned, and gravels on two tributaries (Tulameen river and Granite creek) are yet abundant and remunerative in grade.

In this district most of the gravels worked have been modern, but there are undoubtedly deep lying deposits of tertiary gravels there which may prove as high in grade as gravels of similar age have done in the northern districts.

The area of Similkameen country approximates 700 to 800 square miles, and although quartz veins have been found in rock exposures in the valleys, no systematic work has been done upon them; but from recent discoveries during the last twelve months there is every reason to anticipate the establishment of vein mining in this section.

The other southern sections of Okanagon and Rock creek are now abandoned to the Chinese, though

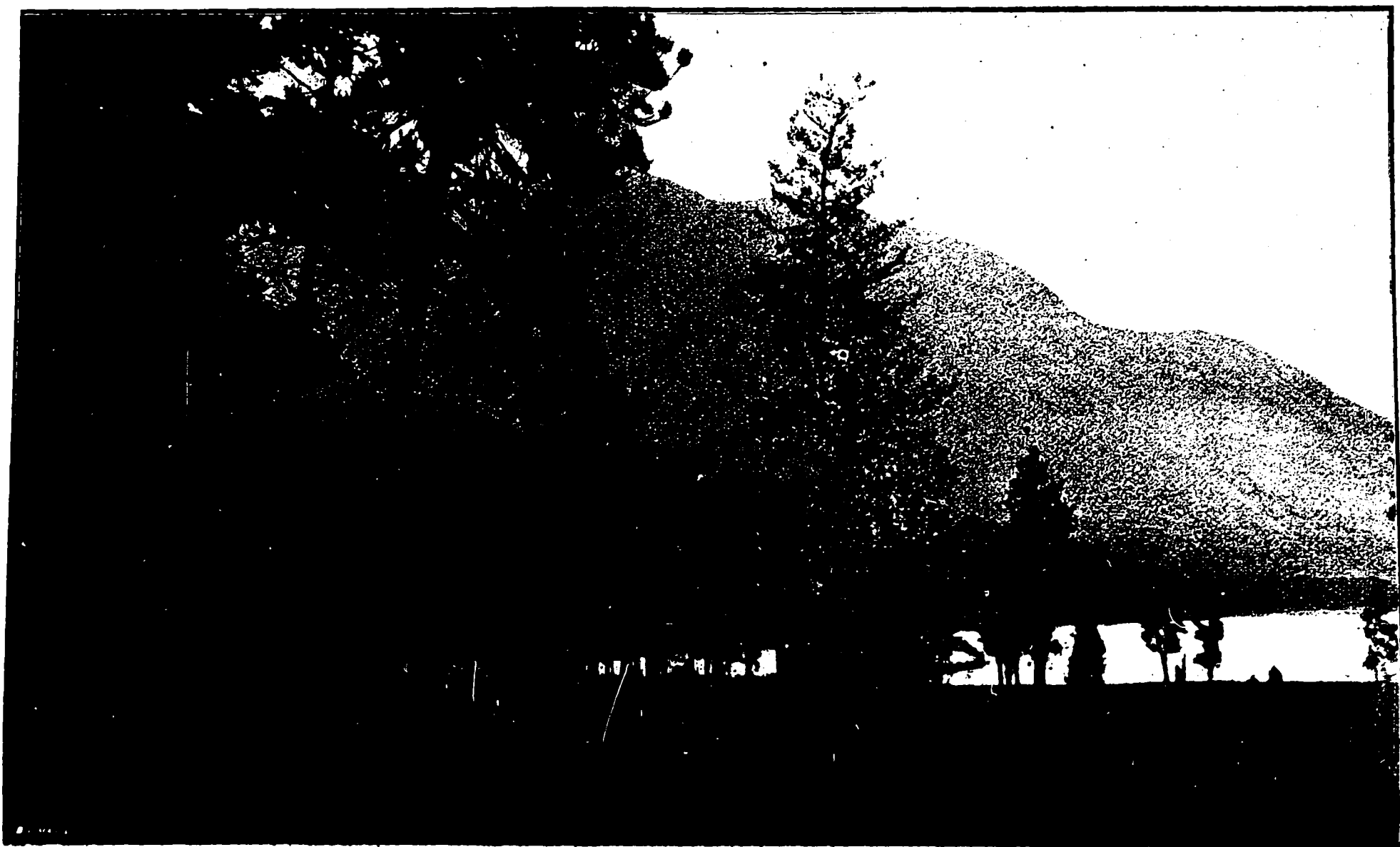
in Rock creek, as previously mentioned, mining upon one vein has been profitably carried on for some years.

This vein in character is similar to those described as occurring in the granites near Kootenay Lake. It lies in a massive rock said to be diabasic (a), and other veins are found in the immediate vicinity. The region is one of flat dipping faults, and the values contained in the veins are associated with sulphides of the base metals.

A district to which reference has not before been made is that lying between, and embracing, Bridge and Cayoosh creek in Lillooet. Gold bearing gravels were found here early in the sixties, and considerable quantities of gold were washed from them. The valleys of both streams have great exposures of rock, in many places narrowing to a rock gorge. These rocks are a series of slates, quartzites and schists, said to be of early Palaeozoic age, which have interstratified with them layers of quartz, the whole being more or less crumpled or folded, and traversed by a complex series of faults.

It was early acknowledged that these quartz bands were the original source of the gold found in the bars of both streams, and some of the early work in quartz mining was done on the "Bonanza" ledge on Cayoosh creek. In 1896 the discovery of an outcrop of quartz carrying very rich specimens attracted great attention, and the progress of the "Golden Cache Mines Company" formed to work this deposit, has attracted equal attention. The results which have been made public by this company regarding its operations have not been such as to inspire belief that

(a) Annual Report, Minister of Mines, B. C., 1897, p. 604.



NEAR CHRISTINA LAKE AT CASCADE CITY. COLUMBIA AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

these quartz veins will be found to be of high grade or specially remunerative. But attention has been directed to the field which covers some 400 to 500 square miles, and it is not unlikely that profitable ore bodies will be found there.

Large exposures of quartzose schists, associated with quartzites, and carrying interbedded quartz veins have been known (and worked to a slight extent) for some seven or eight years in the camp of Fairview, on the Okanagon river, but so far the various attempts to work these deposits have not resulted profitably, with the exception of one chute in the "Morning Star" mine.

Vein mining for gold in British Columbia is at present practically the monopoly of the Trail district, in which (as previously noted) the gold occurs so intimately associated with iron and copper sulphides as to make it a smelting ore.

Trail district, politically, covers about 600 square miles, but the area within which payable ores occur is less than 20. This district has so far produced a total of \$4,000,000 in the four years of its existence as a producing country. The ore bodies have been the subject of careful study by the Geological Survey (*a*). The deposits appear to have the form of replacement veins along the lines of fracture occurring in an irregular area of fragmental volcanic rocks frequently appearing to be porphyrites. Along these lines of fracture or of fissuring have been deposited bodies of iron sulphides (chiefly pyrrhotite) associated with small quantities of chalcopyrite and arsenopyrite. In some cases two walls are apparent, but in most of the deposits there is but a single wall which does not act to define or limit the

ore body, but is simple evidence of the channel through which the mineral solutions may have acted to dissolve away the country rock and deposit their metalliferous contents. Comparatively few of these deposits of iron sulphides are sufficiently auriferous to pay for their extraction, and so far no indication of values can be obtained except through assaying. Owing to the hardness of the eruptives in which these deposits occur development is slow and expensive, and although this district is now in the fifth year of its existence not more than half a dozen properties can claim to have pay ore bodies of any magnitude. With the advent of a cheap method of extracting the precious metal from its matrix of base sulphides will come a tremendous industry, since the tonnage of ore (of a value at present too low to permit of smelting) already in sight is exceedingly large.

Similar bodies of auriferous sulphides occur south-westerly in what is called the Boundary district, but as yet only development has taken place and no production has been made.

It may indeed be said that as yet there has been no discovery of free milling quartz in quantity in British Columbia. While the "I. X. L." at Rossland, the "Poorman" and "Fern" near Nelson, the "Cariboo" near Rock Creek, and the "Morning Star" at Fairview, have worked for longer or shorter periods successfully, yet in all these cases with perhaps the exception of the "Cariboo," the free milling character of the ore has disappeared with increased distance from atmospheric oxidation, and the ore has become a concentrating, rather than a milling proposition. It is to the northern districts of Cassiar, Omen-

(a) Summary Report, 1896, p. 23-29.

ica, and Cariboo that one must look for discoveries of free milling ore if indeed British Columbia is to have such, or, perhaps to the quartz veins of the coast range above Vancouver, from which section come reports of discoveries of large veins said to be free-milling.

Laws.—The mining laws of British Columbia are being so constantly amended that it is difficult to give a synopsis.

(1.) The first prerequisite for acquiring, owning or holding mineral property is the obtaining of a "free miner's certificate," which is good for 12 months and which costs \$5; joint stock companies must obtain a certificate as well as an individual miner or mine-owner; a transfer of mining property to a person or corporation not holding a "free-miner's certificate" is invalid.

(2.) In the development of mineral bearing lands the law of British Columbia divides into two parts—the Placer Mines Act and the Lode Mines Act. Lode mines are obtained by staking locations, the maximum size of which is limited to 1,500 feet square containing 52 acres. The locations must be marked by boundary posts, and a post erected at point of discovery, and the side end location lines must be brushed out or otherwise designated.

(3.) Each location is required to be recorded at the office of the Mining Recorder of the district within fifteen days after location is made, or if more than ten miles from the said office an additional day is allowed for each ten miles in excess of the first. After the location, and recording, a "free miner" is permitted to hold the same provided he shall perform development work upon the claim to the value of \$100 during the first year and each year thereafter, to

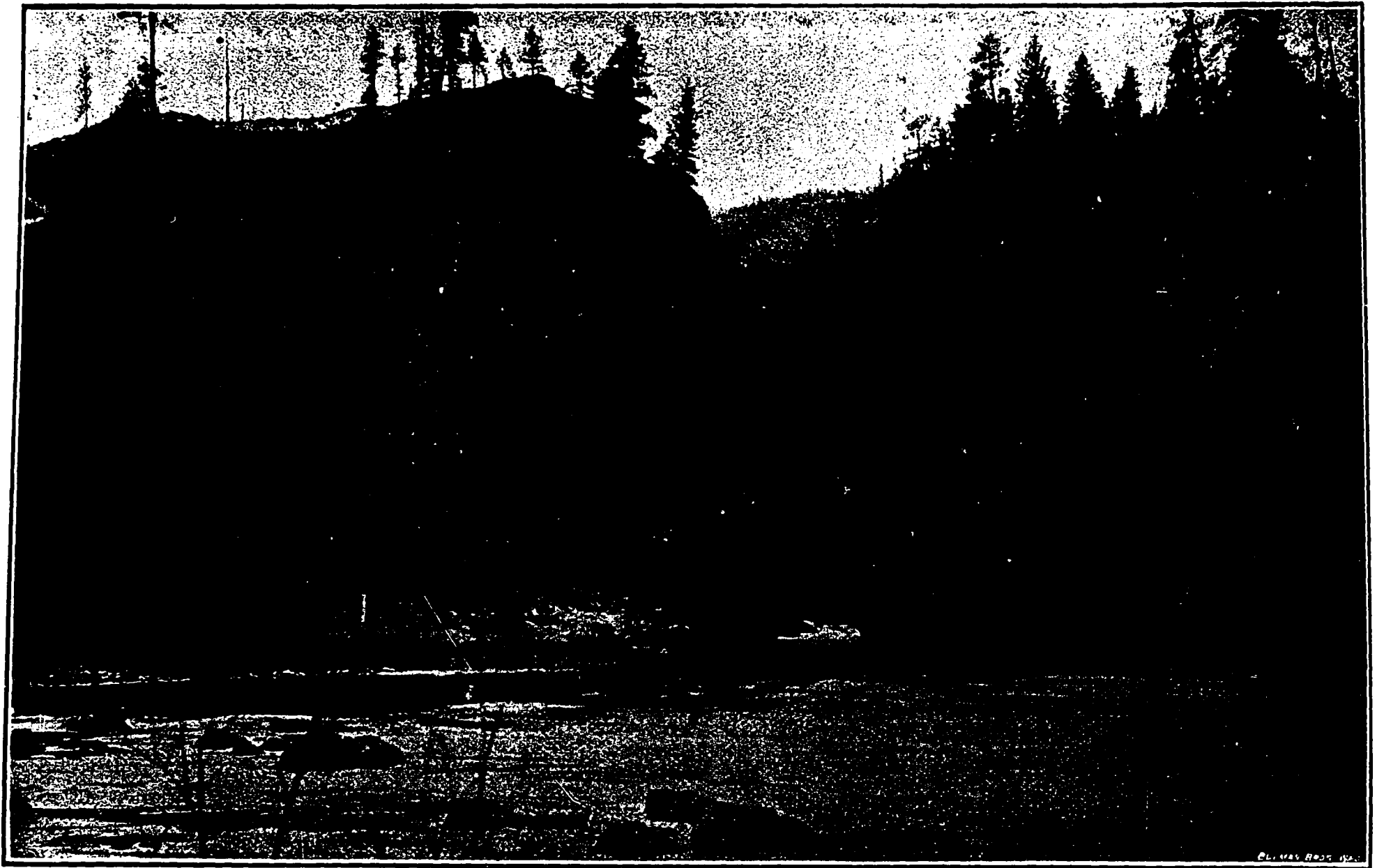
which he shall make affidavit, and record that he has done the work. Upon showing evidence that this \$100 worth of work has been performed for five years, or that \$500 worth of work in all has been done upon any one claim, he is entitled to have a Crown grant issue for the same, after it has been duly surveyed, &c. &c.

V.—NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

There are two other portions of Canada which should, perhaps, be mentioned in any account of her gold fields; both of these districts are outside of any provincial boundary, and are territories under the administration and jurisdiction of the Dominion Government.

The first of these is the territory drained by the North Saskatchewan and some of its tributaries, and extends westerly from Edmonton some 200 miles, and easterly over 100, gold having been obtained from washings at Battleford. The gold found has occurred entirely in the modern gravels of the Saskatchewan, and only the bars and beaches left dry at low stages of the water have hitherto received much attention.

Discovered by Sir James Hector in 1858 when making his reconnaissance survey through the Rocky Mountains, the work of mining was begun in 1865, and from that year down to the present the river bars have received more or less attention. The production in some years has reached \$50,000, but in others has fallen much below that amount, and no authentic record of yield is available. The season of low water during which the bars could be worked by is comparatively short, and sudden rises of the water are frequent, so that for many years now the average earnings of the men who have used a



FOOT OF FALLS AT CASCADE CITY AND POOL BELOW, COLUMBIA AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

sluice-box or rocker have been under rather than over \$1.50 per day. The gravel on these bars runs from 4 to 8 feet in thickness.

Some two years ago dredges were put upon the river, and attempts made to handle the gravels of the submerged portions of the river bed, but owing to the inexperience of the operators, and many deficiencies in construction of the machinery their operations were financially unsuccessful. There is being made this year, a series of comprehensive tests, under the able management of Mr. A. E. Hogue, M.E., with a dredge of 500 cubic yards per diem capacity. Calculations have been made with due reference to the fine character of the gold and to the low grade nature of the gravels, and the management feel sure of a successful venture.

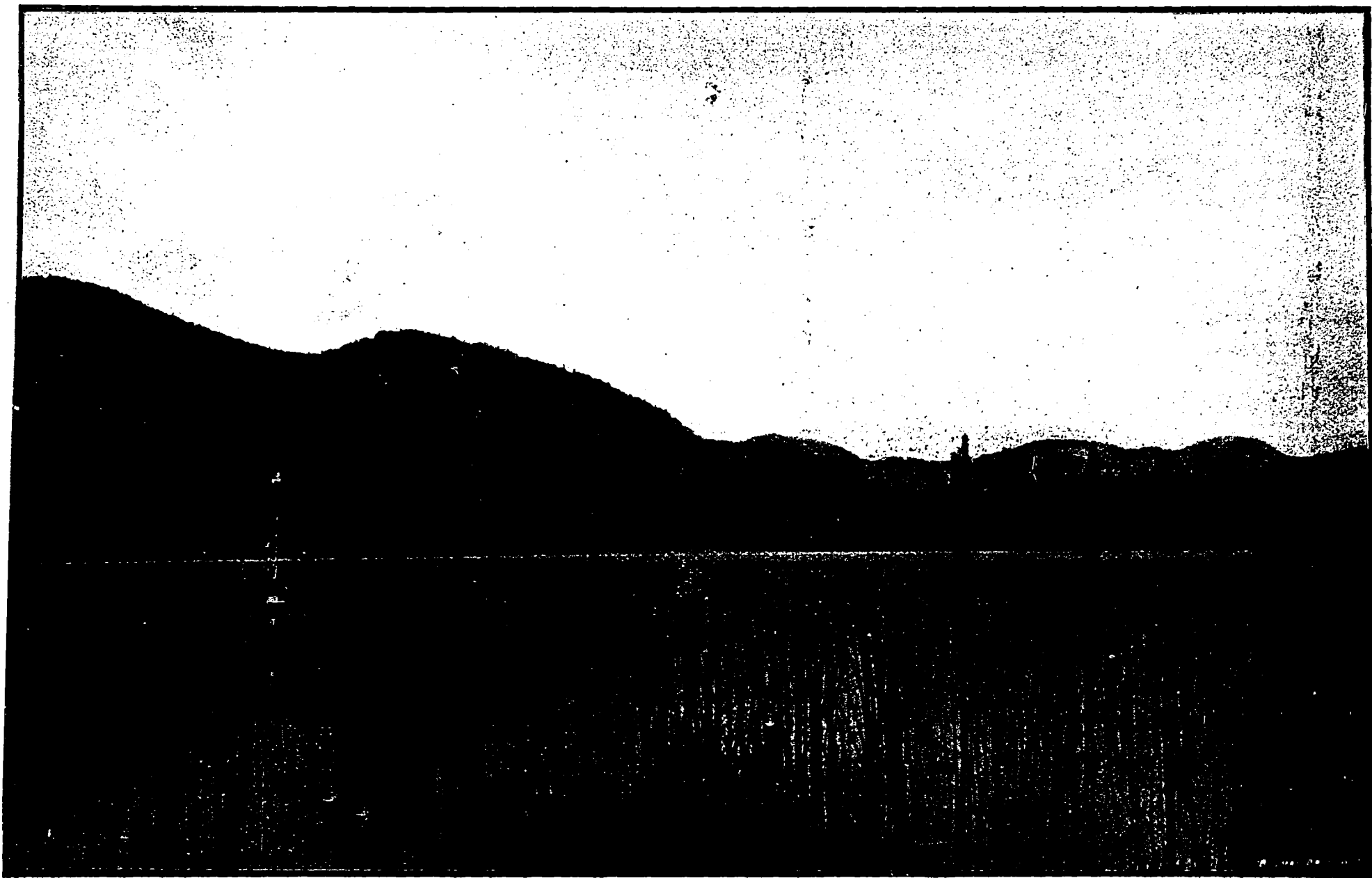
The source of the gold in these gravels is undetermined, but as post tertiary gravels are known to cover large stretches of the country to the westward, even to the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, it is to be supposed that the various branches of the North Saskatchewan have cut their banks through these auriferous gravels, and that at each flood time, portions of them are washed down and rearranged or redistributed in the bars of the present river; certain it is that the gravels appear to be enriched each time the river is flooded.

In this connection it may be pertinent to remark that not only the North Saskatchewan river but those portions of the McLeod and Athabasca rivers lying between the 53rd and 54th parallels, also carry auriferous gravels, and that there is a large area between the Peace river on the north, and the north branch of the Saskatchewan on the south, which may be expected with the advent of roads and better transportation, to become an important

factor in the production of gold in Canada.

The other portion of the North-West Territories which has not been mentioned is the now famous "Yukon Region," concerning which there are three sources of information available, viz:—(1.) The Reports of Dr. G. M. Dawson and Mr. R. G. McConnell in the volumes of the Geological Survey for 1887-8-9. (2.) "The Klondike Official Guide," by Wm. Ogilvie, and, (3.) "The Appeal of the Yukon Miners to the Dominion of Canada" 1898.

The following brief account has been compiled from the first and third sources, and the mass of ill-digested hearsay information contained in Mr. Ogilvie's book has been disregarded. The first mining done in this region, in the valley of the Yukon proper, was in the year 1880, on a tributary of the Lewes river and the production amounted to very little. In 1881 remunerative bars were found on the Big Salmon river. In 1885 mining on the Stewart river produced gold of an estimated value of \$100,000, but the finding of "coarse" gold on Forty-Mile creek in 1886 drew off most of the miners from the Stewart, and since 1887 this river has been practically abandoned. The Stewart river has never been explored to its source and the work done on its tributaries so far has not demonstrated the existence of very rich gravel. The total number of miners in the Upper Yukon Basin in 1887 was estimated at 250. In the early nineties rich gravel was found on two tributaries of Sixty-Mile creek (Miller and Glacier creeks) and the total gold yield of these to 1898 is estimated at \$200,000. Between the discovery of gold on Sixty-Mile and that on the Klondike river in July, 1896, there was little new ground opened.



CHRISTINA LAKE, COLUMBIA AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

In July and August, 1896, discoveries of rich gravels carrying coarse gold were made on Gold Bottom, Bonanza and El Dorado creeks tributaries to the Klondike river which is a stream of between 200 and 300 miles in length (of which only about 100 miles from its mouth has been explored) flowing southwesterly and emptying into the Yukon river about the 64th parallel of latitude.

These are the discoveries which have attracted the attention of the world, and have induced a mad "rush" into this inhospitable country during the last twelve months. So little is, however, definitely known of the region of the Yukon district (covering over 190,000 square miles), and the areas of exceptionally rich ground thus far discovered are so small, that it is not within the region of probability that one per cent. of the people thus "rushed" in will find profitable diggings. Although water for sluicing and mining purposes may be obtained for (at the most) four months in the year, the cost of working frozen ground, and for subsistence during the other eight months will prevent the working of any but very rich gravels for some years to come. With the cutting away of the timber and the burning of the moss whenever dry enough, some portions of the ground may thaw out sufficiently to permit of small hydraulic operations, but at the present time the only methods of work feasible is by "drift mining," which is a matter of individual effort and cannot be materially cheapened or increased by capital, nor the operations of "companies."

The pay dirt, where found, averages from two to five feet in thickness lying beneath two feet of moss and from 12 to 20 feet of muck and

barren gravel. Beyond the affluents of the Klondike and Indian rivers practically nothing is yet known of the value of the gravels to be found, and although the gold bearing gravels of the region have been shown to be widely distributed and extensive in area they have not been shown, with a few exceptions, to be very rich. As yet no places comparable in richness with many places in California, Montana and the Cariboo district of British Columbia, have been found, and it needs no second thought to comprehend that costs of extraction in the Yukon will always be greater than in the more favored sections to the south.

In regard to the discovery of rich gold bearing quartz veins in this region, there is no evidence that such has yet been found. Numerous quartz veins have been seen and prospected, but as yet no veinstone of payable grade has been opened.

The rocks of the Yukon valley, between Forty-Mile creek and the Stewart river, are chiefly hard crystalline schists and slates, and gray granites. Along the region of the Klondike river runs a belt of clay slates with interbedded lime stones traversed by quartz veins, and above this (to the south) occur schists more or less micaceous (*a*). The age of these schists and slates has not been determined, but they have the lithological characteristics of Archean rocks.

Much may be expected from the development of this Arctic-field, but time and many other conditions will be required to assign to it its relative place amongst Canada's gold fields; and her fame and future, as a gold producing country, must rest on the development of the more accessible fields, which for investment purposes, have certainly many features of preferment.

(a) Report 1888-89 Geological Survey of Canada, p. 142.

THROUGH STRUGGLE TO VICTORY.

BY R. G. MACBETH, M.A.

The oak tree develops strength by wrestling with hurricanes. A few branches are now and then torn away and a few leaves are strewn upon the sward, but the great arms extend the more strongly from the trunk and the mighty roots strike the more deeply into the soil before the fury of the gale. Few countries have had so much struggle as the West has had all through the formative period of its history. One stands amazed before the heroic efforts made at colonization by Lord Selkirk and the Scottish tenantry, who had been driven from the Duchess of Sutherland's estates. The climatic difficulties they had to face in the new land and to which they had been to a large extent unaccustomed, were by no means inconsiderable, especially to people who were destitute of food and clothing in proper supply. To come to the banks of the Red River of the North in the cold of November, without any place wherein they could find shelter, might well have daunted the bravest heart among them. Floods and grasshopper plagues lent their terror to the scenes of early settlement, but neither the rigors of climate nor the unfriendly inroads of these other forces dismayed the souls of civilization's vanguard. Though ten years went by from the arrival of the first part of the colony, to the date when they reaped some harvest from the fertile valley of the Red river, the capabilities of the wonderful tract to which they had come had not failed to impress themselves upon the early settlers. But worse than the hardships they encountered from the unfamiliar climatic conditions, was the opposi-

tion they met at the hands of the men who objected to the advent of colonization into the midst of their great fur-trading preserve. The settlers brought out by Lord Selkirk were of course regarded as the proteges of the Hudson's Bay Company, which he controlled at the time, and hence the Northwest Fur Company between whom and the Hudson's Bay interests there was war to the knife, determined to uproot the infant colony or rather prevent it taking root at all. One of these "Nor'Westers" writing to another said as early as 1814, "Nothing but the destruction of the colony by fair means or foul will satisfy some—so here's at them with all my heart and energy." Nothing could be more deliberately cold-blooded than such a resolve as that, and nothing could be more studied than the efforts made to carry it into effect. Craft and violence were tried with equal heartlessness, and just outside the City of Winnipeg is the spot where at Seven Oaks the "Nor'Westers" killed Governor Semple, of the Hudson's Bay Company and twenty of his men, preparatory to scattering the colony to the four winds of heaven. This was in the year 1816 and we have not seen a more pathetic document anywhere than the petition sent by the surviving settlers in the following year, to the foot of the Imperial Throne, invoking the protection of His Majesty's troops against the Northwest Company. In that petition, hitherto unpublished, we find the following beautiful sentences. "In a country possessed of so many advantages, our numbers would soon multiply and we might cherish the hope of

becoming in the hand of Divine Providence, the humble instruments of introducing the benefits of civilization with the light of our Holy Religion into regions where they have been hitherto unknown."

"But unless the protection of His Majesty's government be extended to us we may be again exposed to the machinations of the same men whose hands are so deeply imbued in the blood of their fellow-subjects and under the iron dominion of a lawless Association, oppressive alike to the native Indians and to all other inhabitants, this fine country may be doomed to lie waste, a scene of crimes disgraceful to the British name."

Strangely enough it was in a sense through the death of their own benefactor, Lord Selkirk, that relief came to the settlers from this persecution. He had steadily opposed any plan looking to the amalgamation of the rival companies, but his death in 1820 removed any obstacle to that union and in the following year the Hudson's

Bay Company practically absorbed its old enemy. Things went fairly well with the settlers till the winter of 1825, when the unwonted severity of the weather drove the buffalo far afield and led to a good deal of privation and suffering in different ways. The spring came with great suddenness, and in consequence the Red River overflowed its banks and carried the houses of the settlers (who barely escaped with their lives) down its frothing current to Lake Winnipeg, but as soon as the flood subsided the undaunted settlers returned and built their homes, many of which remain to this day. When we think over this record of disastrous years we realize that our country had in its infancy a baptism of fire and flood, and when we study the records on through the Riel rebellion we repeat that the dangers we have passed have tested the stuff of which our people are made and have given the whole tenor of western life an earnest and strenuous trial.

TO THE RED RIVER.

BY EXCELSIOR.

*Oh, mighty stream, whose name is called the Red,
I stood at eve upon thy graceful banks;
While sinking to his seeming mighty bed
Retired the King of day, for whom, my thanks
Rose up to Him, who gave thee both thy birth,
That light and water might refresh the earth.*

*And as I stood, my thoughts with wondrous flight,
Turned swiftly back to times that now are gone.
To times, where thy proud waters, ran with might;
Through prairies owned by red men, then alone,
When camped upon thy banks, some savage chief,
Who, sick of war, sought thee; to find relief.*

*Or, on thy banks the mounted warriors ride,
And scan with eager eyes the waving land,
In search of one, who from their face would hide,
A pale face, doomed by chief, and savage band,
Or, on thy bosom: watch a tiny speck,
That drawing near proves but an empty wreck.*

*Yet as I dream the dark'ning shades of night,
Cast ghostly shadows o'er thy winding bed;
And once more draw my thoughts to men of might,
Who from its former owners took the Red,
Till now thy broad expanse of water flows,
Past town and hamlet, where a white race grows.*



FRANZ JOSEF OF AUSTRIA.



ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA.

THE TRAGEDY OF GENEVA.

The murder of Empress Elizabeth of Austria, in Geneva, on September 10th, was a startling climax to a career which might furnish plots for a dozen romances and a score of tragedies. Few women in history have been the central figure in such a series of domestic calamities as the victim of the miscreant, Lucheni.

From the moment she left her home in Bavaria (1854) to share the throne of Austria with Franz Josef, her life became one long nightmare of jealousy, intrigue, calumny and malice. She was but eighteen, country-bred and ignorant of the etiquette and rigorous forms of an imperial court the inner circle of which regarded her as an interloper, not being of royal blood, and showed its resentment by every possible method it dared to use against her.

Franz Josef's wooing of Elizabeth was romantic enough to please the maker of the three-volume love

story. He was betrothed to her elder sister, the Princess Helene, and on going to visit her and sign the marriage contract, he met Elizabeth for the first time. The proposed marriage with Helene was one of *convenance*, in which love must have had little part, for no sooner had the young Emperor set eyes on the younger sister, than all thought of wedding the elder fled from his mind, and he announced his determination to marry Elizabeth or not at all. There are several stories about the meeting. One has it that the Emperor was sitting in the great hall reading the marriage contract, when Elizabeth made a sensational entrance by sliding down the bannister of the grand stairway. Another says that he came upon her suddenly in the park where she was romping with her dogs, but whatever may be the truth there is no doubt he was captivated by her childish gaiety and her wondrous beauty, for it was con-

ceded that she was the most beautiful woman in Europe—even her enemies had to acknowledge that. Her life up to that time had been as free and happy as a bird's. Her father, Duke Max, bluff sport-loving and indulgent, had made her his companion, and there was not a horse in the principality that she could not ride, not a tree nor a crag that she could not climb, not a stream that she could not swim as well as the best man on the estate. The transition from her sylvan utopia to the restraints of a royal palace, was a trying ordeal to the young Princess, but her strong personality, asserted somewhat aggressively, soon taught the sneering courtiers and back-biting ladies-in-waiting that her will was not to be denied. She shocked them by ordering Bavarian beer at dinner, but it soon became a favorite court beverage. She horsewhipped a gentleman who openly offended her, and as for the ladies she either ignored them entirely or treated their endeavors to humiliate her with such scornful contempt that they were shortly obliged to confine their persecutions to whispered innuendoes and secret detractions. She found the court a hotbed of intrigue and scandal, and she set herself to reform it, a herculean task, in which she accomplished much good, though not a fraction of her full intent, and in its execution established her prestige for tact and cleverness while adding to her unpopularity. She had nothing in common with the people who surrounded her, and found companionship with her horses and dogs. She rode continuously, spending days in the saddle, with relays of horses, tiring out those of her attendants who tried to keep up with her. Hated by the court set, she soon became the idol of the common people.

Her invariable kindness and consideration, her hearty, simple manners and her eccentric ways of wandering about, mixing with them while never for a moment losing her queenliness, endeared her to all classes. She carefully avoided the suspicion of interference in politics, another fact that strengthened the people's respect for her, and, added to all, her beauty was so striking that they almost worshipped her. As she once said herself, she "divided the world with the Emperor, one taking Austria-Hungary and the other the family." In the bloom of her womanhood, at about this time the portrait accompanying this article was taken, she was thus described:—

"The Empress of Austria is one of the most beautiful of European princesses, and famed for her kindness of temper, notwithstanding her rather haughty bearing. She is tall, with broad shoulders and a remarkably small waist, and is very graceful. She has a very white skin, a good deal of color and an amazing head of chestnut hair, which she wears in eight massive braids, wound round and round her head, forming a magnificent diadem of hair, such as few women could match from their own resources.

"She is also highly accomplished. She speaks all of the principal languages of Europe, and is fond of English, which she speaks as perfectly as if it were her native dialect. She is an excellent musician, paints and draws extremely well, and is the boldest and most skillful horsewoman in Europe. She possesses a stud of very valuable horses and a pack of splendid hounds, and she is said to take an interest in the racing and hunting of all Europe, and to know by heart the names of the heroes of the turf, biped and

quadruped, of all the countries of Europe."

With all her love of outdoor exercise, the Empress found time for study. She read a great deal, most of it being done during her long walks through the woods or along the highways, for she never went out without a book. Her mind was receptive in a marked degree and her knowledge of languages and the classics was remarkable; In addition she was an accomplished housekeeper.

Never was *mens sana in corpore sano* better illustrated than in Empress Elizabeth. Her vitality was marvelous. Even when pierced to the heart by the assassin's stiletto she walked quite a distance before succumbing to the mortal wound. All her life she was accustomed to dine at four in the afternoon and go to bed at eight or nine. She rose at dawn, often before, and would walk or ride all day. She thought nothing of walking thirty or forty miles on a stretch, and delighted in mountain climbing. Her love of riding took her often to England and Ireland, where for years she was a familiar figure in the hunting field, but in later years a nervous complaint debarred her from her favorite exercise and she was compelled to content herself with fencing, walking and yachting. To the day of her death it was her pride that she could outwalk the average man and she preserved to the last her symmetry of figure and the appearance of healthful middle age, although her hair had become perfectly white.

Many stories were current in the early years of their wedded life of the domestic infelicities of Franz Josef and his Empress and it is quite believable that he, following the traditions of the Hapsburgs, may have given her cause for un-

happiness. It was said that her reckless riding, in which she often met with accidents, was a diversion from the sorrow which his infidelities caused her, a refuge from the bitter thoughts which haunted her by day and night. The first real tragedy of her life, however, was the miserable death of her brother-in-law, Maximilian, in Mexico and the subsequent madness of his unhappy wife Carlotta. To a woman of Elizabeth's sympathetic nature the untoward fate of that royal couple must have been a lasting grief, but it was not till the death of her son Rudolph that she drank the cup of sorrow to the dregs. That terrible event in a mother's life, the suicide of her only and beloved son under circumstances that horrified the civilized world, overwhelmed the Empress as in an avalanche of grief from which she never emerged. For a long time she wavered on the border of insanity. The shock would have unhinged a weaker mind, but her grand physique and her great will power held madness at bay and finally conquered the impulse that menaced her reason. Her mind remained sound and gradually regained its wonted strength, for as a solace she took up the study of Greek and mastered all its intricate beauties—and her body, obedient to the call upon its resources, resumed its portion of the burden of life and served her faithfully to the end. Health remained with her but peace had fled. She became a wanderer over the face of the earth. Vienna knew her no more. She became a royal tramp, scarce content to spend two consecutive nights under the same roof, she fled from her thoughts, but they pursued her relentlessly. Clothed in black, even to her under-garments, thickly veiled, erect and graceful always, she travelled from

place to place, the Countess Hohenemos on the continent, Mrs. Nicholson in England, her pathetic figure became well-known wherever tourists wander. Motion, change, excitement became necessities of her existence. She busied herself for a time with the building of a magnificent villa on the island of Corfu, a reproduction of a Pompeiian house, which she called Achilleion, as a memorial to her son Rudolph. The naming of the villa was significant as Achilles means "the son of his mother's sufferings." The place is now an orphanage supported by the heirs of Lord Bryon to whom the Empress transferred it; for while its construction may have

served as a distraction, when it was completed she could not occupy it—it was haunted by the spectre of her sorrow.

Another crushing blow to this much-suffering woman was the cruel death of her sister, Helene, Duchess D'Alencon, in the Charity Bazaar fire in Paris nearly two years ago. It made no outward change in her, however, her one great burden of sorrow could scarcely be added to, and she continued her journeyings to and fro, aimless and never-ending, until the fatal stab released her noble soul and brought surcease to a heart that fate had lacerated and broken these many years.

NAT.

Frank J. Clark

CHANSON D'AUTOMNE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL VERLAINE BY GERTRUDE HALL.

*Leaf-strewing gales
Utter low wails
Like violins:
Till on my soul
Their creeping dole
Stealthily wins.*

*Days long gone-by!
In such hour, I,
Choking and pale,
Call you to mind,
Then, like the wind,
Weep I and wail.*

*And, as by wind
Harsh and unkind,
Driven by grief,
Go I, here, there,
Racking not where,
Like the dead leaf!*

Published by Special Arrangement.

The Lady and the flagon.

BY ANTHONY HOPE,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Chronicles of Count Antonio," etc.

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The Duke of Belleville—which name, by the way, you must pronounce by no means according to its spelling, if you would be in the fashion; for as Belvoir is Beevor, and Beauchamp is Beecham, even so on polite lips Belleville is Beville—the Duke of Belleville shut the hall door behind him, and put his latch-key into the pocket of his trousers. It was but ten in the evening, yet the house was as still as though it had been two in the morning. All was dark, save for a dim jet of gas in the little sitting-room; from without the villa seemed uninhabited, and the rare passer-by—for rare was he in the quiet lane adjoining but not facing Hampstead Heath—set it down as being to let. It was a whim of the Duke's to keep it empty; when the world bored him, he fled there for solitude; not even the presence of a servant was allowed, lest his meditations be disturbed. It was long since he had come; but to-night weariness had afflicted him, and, by a sudden change of plan, he had made for his hiding place in lieu of attending a Public Meeting, at which he had been advertised to take the Chair. The desertion sat lightly on his conscience, and he heaved a sigh of relief as, having turned up the gas, he flung himself into an arm-chair and lit a cigar. The Duke of Belleville was thirty years of age; he was unmarried; he had held the title since he was fifteen; he seemed to himself rather old. He was at this moment yawning. Now when a man yawns at ten o'clock in the evening something is wrong with his digestion or his spirits. The Duke had a perfect digestion.

"I should define wealth," murmured the Duke, between his yawns, "as an unlimited command of the sources of 'ennui,' rank as a satirical emphasizing of human quality, culture as a curtailment of pleasures, knowledge as the death of interest." Yawning again, he rose, drew up the blind, and flung open the window. The summer night was fine and warm. Although there were a couple of dozen other houses scattered here and there about the lane, not a soul was to be seen. The Duke stood for a long while looking out. His cigar burnt low, and he flung it away. Presently he heard a church clock strike eleven. At the same moment he perceived a tall and burly figure approaching from the end of the lane. Its approach was slow and interrupted, for it paused at every house. A moment's further inspection revealed in it the policeman on his beat.

"He's trying the windows and doors," remarked the Duke to himself. Then his eye brightened. "There are possibilities in a door always," he murmured, and his thoughts flew off to the great doors of history and fiction—the doors that were locked when by all laws human and divine they should have been open, and the even more interesting doors that proved to be open and yielded to pressure when any man would have staked his life on their being bolted, barred and impregnable. "A door has the interest of death," said he. "For how can you know what is on the other side till you have passed through it? Now suppose that fellow found a door open, and passed through it, and turning the rays of his lantern on the darkness within, saw revealed to him—"Heavens!" cried the Duke, interrupting himself in great excitement, "is all this to be wasted on a policeman?" And, without a moment's hesitation, he leant out of the window and shouted, "Constable, constable!"—which is, as all the world knows, the politest mode of addressing a policeman.

The policeman, perceiving the Duke and the urgency of the Duke's summons, left his examination of the doors in the lane and ran hastily up to the window of the villa.

"Did you call sir?" he asked.

"Don't you know me?" inquired the Duke, turning a little, so that the light within the room should fall on his features.

"I beg your Grace's pardon," cried the policeman. "Your Grace gave me a sovereign last Christmas. The Duke of Belleville, isn't it your Grace?"

"You will know," said the Duke patiently, "how to pronounce my name when I tell you that it rhymes with 'Devil.' Thus 'Deville, Beville.'"

"Yes, your Grace. You called me?"

"I did. Do you often find doors open when they ought to be shut?"

"Almost every night, your Grace.

"What do you do?"

"Knock, your Grace."

"Good heaven," murmured the Duke, "how this man throws away his opportunities!" Then he leant forward, and laying his hand on the policeman's shoulder, drew him nearer, and began to speak to him in a low tone.

"I couldn't, your Grace," urged the policeman. "If I was found I should get the sack."

"You should come to no harm by that."

"And if your Grace was found out—"

"You can leave that to me," interrupted the Duke.

Presently the policeman, acting on the Duke's invitation, climbed into the window of the villa, and the conversation was continued across the table. The Duke urged, produced money, gave his word to be responsible for the policeman's future; the policeman's resistance grew less strong.

"I am about your height and build," said the Duke. "It is but a few hours, and you can spend them very comfortably in the kitchen. Before six o'clock I will be back."

"If the Inspector comes round your Grace?"

"You must take a little risk for twenty pounds," the Duke reminded.

The struggle could end but one way. A quarter of an hour later the policeman, attired in the Duke's overcoat, sat by the kitchen hearth, while the Duke, equipped in

crime or of romance. He refused to be disappointed although he tried a dozen doors and found all securely fastened. For never till the last, till Fortune was desperate and escape a vanished dream, was wont to come that marvellous Door that gaped open-mouthed. Ah! The Duke started violently, the blood rushing to his face and his heart beating quick. Here, at the end of the lane, most remote from his own villa, at a small two-storied house bright with green paint and flowering creepers, here, in the most unlikely, most inevitable place, was the open door. Barred? It was not even shut, but hung loose, swaying gently to and fro, with a subdued bang at each encounter with the doorpost. Without a moment's hesitation the Duke pushed it open. He stood in a dark passage. He turned the glare of his bull's-eye on the gloom, which melted as the column of light pierced it, and he saw—

"There is nothing at all," said the Duke of Belleville with a sigh.

Nor indeed was there, save an umbrella-rack, a hatstand, and an engraving of the Queen's Coronation—things which had no importance for the Duke.

They are only what one might expect," he said.

Yet he persevered and began to mount the stairs with a silent cautious tread. He had not felt it necessary to put on the policeman's boots, and his thin-soled well-made boots neither creaked nor crunched as he climbed, resting one hand on the baluster and holding his lantern in the other. Yet suddenly something touch-

ed his hand and a bell rang out, loud, clear, and tinkling. A moment later came a scream; the Duke paused in some bewilderment. Then mounted a few more steps till he was on the landing. A door on the right was cautiously opened; an old gentleman's head appeared.

"Thank heaven, it's the police!" cried the old gentleman. Then he pulled his head in and said, "Only the police, my dear." Then he put his head out again, and asked, "What in the world is the matter? I thought you were burglars when I heard the alarm."

"Your hall door was standing open," said the Duke, accusingly.

"Tut, tut, tut! How very careless of me, to be sure! And I thought I locked it! Actually open! Dear me! I'm much obliged to you.

A look of disappointment had by now spread over the Duke's face.

"Didn't you leave it open on purpose?" he asked, "Come now! You can trust me."

"On purpose? Do you take me for a fool?" cried the old gentleman.



"Inspector, I give this man in charge for stealing my property."

the policeman's garments, prepared to leave the house and take his place on the beat.

"I shall put out all the lights and shut the door," said he. "The window of this kitchen looks out to the back, and you will not be seen. You will particularly oblige me by remaining here and taking no notice of anything that may occur till I return and call you."

"But, your Grace, if there's murder done—"

"We can hardly expect that," interrupted the Duke a little wistfully. Yet although, remembering how the hum-drum permeates life, he would not pitch his anticipations too high, the Duke started on the expedition with great zest and lively hopes. The position he had assumed, the mere office that he discharged vicariously, seemed to his fancy a conductor that must catch and absorb the lightning of adventurous incident. His big-boned coat, his helmet, the lantern he carried, his deftly-hidden truncheon, combined to make him the centre of anything that might move, and to involve him in coils of

"A man who leaves his door open on purpose may or may not be a fool," said the Duke. "But there is no doubt about a man who leaves it open without a purpose," and so saying the Duke turned, walked downstairs, and, going out, slammed the door behind him. He was deeply disgusted.

When, however, he had recovered a little from his chagrin he began to pace up and down the lane. It was now past midnight, and all was very quiet. The Duke began to fear that Fortune, never weary of tormenting him, meant to deny all its interest to his experiment. But suddenly, when he was almost exactly opposite his own house, he observed a young man standing in front of it. The stranger was tall and well made; he wore a black cloth Inverness, which, hanging open at the throat, showed a white tie and a snowy shirt front. The young man seemed to be gazing thoughtfully at the Duke's villa. The Duke walked quietly up to him, as



"You must take a little risk for twenty pounds."

though he meant to pass by. The young man, however, perceiving him, turned to him and said.

"It's very annoying, but I have lost my latch-key, and I don't know how to get into my house."

"Indeed, sir?" said the Duke sympathetically. "Which is your house?"

"This," answered the young man, pointing to the Duke's villa.

The Duke could not entirely repress a slight movement of surprise and pleasure.

"This your house? Then you are—" he began.

"Yes, yes, the Duke of Belleville," interrupted the young man. "But there's nobody in the house. I'm not expected—"

"I suppose not," murmured the Duke.

"There are no servants, and I don't know how to get in. It's very awkward, because I am expecting a friend to call."

"With my assistance," said the Duke deferentially, "you Grace might effect an entry by the window."

"True!" cried the young man. "Bring your lantern and give me a light. Look here, I don't want this talked about."

"It is a matter quite between ourselves, your Grace," the Duke assured him, as he led the way to the window.

"By the bye, you might help me in another matter if you like. I'll make it worth your while."

"I shall be very glad," said the Duke.

"Could you be spared from your beat an hour?"

"It might be possible."

"Good. Come in with me and we'll talk it over."

The Duke had by this time opened the window of the villa; he gave the young man a leg-up, and afterwards climbed in himself.

"Shut the window again," commanded the stranger. "Oh, and you might just as well close the shutters."

"Certainly, your Grace," said the Duke, and he did as he was bid.

The young man began to move round the room, examining the articles that furnished the side tables and decorated the walls. The Duke of Belleville had been for a year or two an eager collector of antique plate, and had acquired some fine specimens in both gold and silver. Some of these were now in the villa, and the young man scrutinized them with close attention.

"Dear me!" said he in a vexed tone, as he returned to the hearth. "I thought the Queen Bess flagon was here. Surely I sent it here from Belleville Castle."

The Duke smiled; the Queen Bess flagon had never been at Belleville Castle, and it was now in a small locked cabinet which stood on the mantelpiece. He made no remark; a suspicion had begun to take shape in his mind concerning this strange visitor. Two thousand seven hundred and forty guineas was the price that he had paid for the Queen Bess flagon; and the other specimens in the room, taken together, might be worth perhaps a quarter as much.

"Your Grace spoke of some other matter in which I might assist you?" he suggested, for the young man seemed to have fallen into a reverie.

"Why, yes. As I tell you, I expect a friend; and it looks very absurd to have no servant. You're sure to find a suit of dress clothes in my bedroom. Pray put them on and represent my valet. You can resume your uniform afterwards."

The Duke bowed and left the room. The moment the door closed behind him he made the best of his way to the kitchen. A few words were enough to impart his suspicions to the policeman. A daring and ingenious scheme was evidently on foot, its object being the theft of the Queen Bess flagon. Even

now, unless they acted quickly, the young man might lay hands on the cabinet in which the treasure lay and be off with it. In a trice the Duke had discarded the police uniform, its rightful owner had resumed it, and the Duke was again in the convenient black suit, which befits any man, be he duke or valet. Then the kitchen window was cautiously opened, and the policeman crawled silently round to the front of the house; here he lay in waiting for a summons or for the appearance of a visitor. The Duke returned immediately to the sitting-room.

On entering he perceived the young man standing in front of the locked cabinet, and regarding it with a melancholy air. The Duke's appearance roused him, and he glanced with visible surprise at the distinguished and aristocratic figure which the supposed policeman presented. But he made no comment, and his first words were about the flagon.

"Now I come to remember," said he, "I put the Queen Bess flagon in this cabinet. It must be so, although as I have left my key at my rooms in St. James's street I can't satisfy myself on the point."

The Duke, now perfectly convinced of the character of his visitor, waited only to see him lay his hands on the cabinet. Such an action would be the signal for his instant arrest. But before the young man had time to either speak again or to put out his hand toward the cabinet, there came the sound of wheels quickly approaching the villa. A moment later a neat brougham rolled up to the door. The young man darted to the window, tore open the shutter, and looked out. The Duke, suspecting the arrival of confederates, turned towards the cabinet and took his stand in front of it.

"Go and open the door," ordered the young man, turning round. "Don't keep the lady waiting outside at this time of night."

Curiosity conquered prudence; the Duke set more value on a night's amusement than on the Queen Bess flagon. He went obediently and opened the door of the villa. On the step stood a young and very handsome girl. Great agitation was evident in her manner.

"Is—is the Duke here?" she asked.

"Yes, Madame. If I lead you to the sitting room you will find him there," answered the Duke gravely; and with a bow he preceded her along the passage.

When they reached the room, the lady, passing by him, darted forward and flung herself affectionately into the young man's arms. He greeted her with equal warmth, while the Duke stood in the doorway in some natural embarrassment.

"I escaped so successfully," cried the lady. "My aunt went to bed at eleven; so did I. At twelve I got up and dressed. Not a soul heard me come down stairs and the brougham was waiting at the door just as you said."

"My darling!" murmured the young man fondly. "Now indeed is our happiness cer-

tain. By to-morrow morning we shall be safe from all pursuit." Then turning to the Duke. "I need not tell you," he said, "that you must observe silence on this matter. Oblige me now by going to my room and packing a bag; you'll know what I shall want for two or three days; I can give you a quarter-of-an-hour."

The Duke stood in a momentary hesitation. He was bewildered at the sudden change in the position caused by the appearance of this girl. Was he assisting then, not at a refined and ingenious burglary, but at another kind of trick? The disguise assumed by the young man might have for its object the deception of a trustful girl, and not an abduction of the Queen Bess flagon.

"Well, why don't you obey?" asked the young man sharply; and, stepping up to the Duke, he thrust a ten-pound note into his hand, whispering, "Play your part, and earn your money, you fool."

The Duke lingered no longer. Leaving the room he walked straight, rapidly and with a firm tread upstairs. When he reached the top he paused to listen. All was still! Stay! A moment later he heard a slight noise—the noise of some metal instrument turning, proceeding from the room which he had just left. The Duke sat down in the landing, and took off his boots. Then with silent feet he crept cautiously downstairs again. He paused to listen for an instant outside the sitting-room door. Voices were audible, but he could not hear the words. The occupants of the room were moving about. He heard a low amused laugh. Then he pursued his way to the hall door. He had not completely closed it after admitting the lady, and he now slipped out without a sound. The brougham stood in front of the door. The Duke dodged behind it, and the driver, who was leaning forward on his seat, did not see him. The next morning he was crouching down by the side of his friend the policeman, waiting for the next development in the plot of this comedy, or crime, or whatever it might turn out to be. He put out his hand, and touched his ally. To his amusement the man, sitting there on the ground, had fallen fast asleep.

"Another proof," mused the Duke, in whimsical despair, "that it is impossible to make any mode of life permanently interesting. How this fellow would despise the state of excitement which I, for the moment, am so fortunate as to enjoy! Well, I won't wake him unless need arises."

For some little while nothing happened. The policeman slept on, and the driver of the brougham seemed sunk in meditation, unless indeed he also were drowsy. The shutters of the sitting room were again closely shut, and no sound came from behind them. The Duke crouched motionless, but keenly observant.

Then the hall door creaked. The policeman snored quietly, but the Duke leant eagerly forward, and the driver of the brougham suddenly sat up quite straight, and grasped his reins more firmly. The door was

cautiously opened; the lady and the young man appeared on the threshold. The young man glanced up and down the lane; then he walked quickly towards the brougham, and opened the door. The lady followed him. As she went she passed within four or five feet of where the Duke lay hidden. And, as she went by, the Duke saw—what he half-expected, yet what he could but half-believe—the gleam of the gold of the Queen Bess flagon, which she held in her gloved hands.

As has been hinted, the Duke attached no superstitious value to this article. The mad fever of the collector had left him long ago; but amidst the death of other emotions and more recondite prejudices there survives in the heart of man the primitive dislike of being "done." It survived in the mind of the Duke of Belleville, and sprang to strong and sudden activity when he observed his Queen Bess flagon in the hands of the pretty unknown lady.

With a sudden and vigorous spring he was upon her; with a roughness which the Duke trusted that the occasion to some extent excused he seized her arm with one hand and with the other violently twisted the Queen Bess flagon out of her grasp. A loud cry rang from her lips. The driver threw down the reins and leapt from his seat. The young man turned with an oath and made for the Duke. The Duke of Belleville, ignoring the mere prejudice which forbids timely retreat, took to his heels, hugging the Queen Bess flagon to his breast, and heading, in his silk socks, as hard and as straight as he could for Hamstead Heath. After him pell-mell came the young man, the driver, and the lady, amazed doubtless at the turn of events, but resolved on the recapture of the flagon. And just as their figures vanished round the corner the policeman rubbed his eyes and looked round, exclaiming, "What's the row."

In after days the Duke of Belleville was accustomed to count his feelings, as he fled bare-footed (for what protection could silk socks afford?) across Hampstead Heath with three incensed pursuers on his track, among the keenest sensations of his life. The exhilaration of the night air and the chances of the situation in which he found himself combined to produce in him a remarkable elation of spirits. He laughed as he ran, till shortening breath warned him against such extravagant wasting of his resources; then he settled down to a steady run, heading across the Heath, up and down, over dip and hillock. Yet he did not distance the pack. He heard them close behind him; a glance around showed him that the lady was well up with her friends, in spite of the impediment of her skirts. The Duke began to pant; his feet had grown sore and painful; he looked round for a refuge. To his delight he perceived, about a hundred yards to his right, a small and picturesque red-brick house. It was now between one and two o'clock, but he did not hesitate. Resolving to appeal to the hospitality of this house, hoping, it may be, again to find a door left open, he turned

sharp to the right, and with a last spurt made for his haven.

Fate seemed indeed kind to him; the door was not only unbarred, it stood ajar; the Duke's pursuers were even now upon him; they were no more than five or six yards behind when he reached the little red-tiled porch and put out his hand to push the door back. But at the same instant the door was pulled open, and a burly man appeared on the threshold. He wore a frock coat embellished with black braid and a peaked cap. The Duke at once recognized in him an inspector of police. Evidently he was, when surprised by the Duke's arrival, about to sally out on his round. The Duke stopped, and, between his pants, made shift to address the welcome ally; but before he could get a word out the young man was upon him.

"Inspector," said the young man in the most composed manner, "I give this fellow in charge for stealing my property."

"I saw him take the tankard," observed the driver, pointing toward the Queen Bess flagon.

The lady said nothing, but stood by the young man, as though ready with her testimony in case it was needed.

The Inspector turned curious eyes on the Duke of Belleville; then addressed the young man respectfully.

"May I ask sir, who you are?"

"I am the Duke of Belleville," answered the young man.

"The Duke of Belleville!" cried the Inspector, his manner showing an increased deference. "I beg your Grace's—"

"The name," said the Duke, "is pronounced Bevvle—to rhyme with Devil."

The Inspector looked at him scornfully.

"Your turn will come, my man," said he, and, turning again to the young man, he continued: "Do you charge him with stealing this cup?"

"Certainly I do."

"Do you know who he is?"

"I imagine you do," said the young man, with a laugh. "He's one of your own policeman."

The Inspector stepped back and turned up the gas in his passage. Then he scrutinized the Duke's features.

"One of my men!" he cried. "Your Grace is mistaken. I have never seen the man."

"Yes, yes," cried the young man, and, in his eagerness to convince the Inspector, he stepped forward, until his face fell within the range of the passage light. As this happened the Inspector gave a loud cry.

"Hallo, Joe Simpson!" And he sprang at the young man. The latter did not wait for him; without a word he turned, the Inspector rushed forward the young man made for the Heath, and the driver, after standing for a moment apparently bewildered, faced about and made off in the opposite direction to that chosen by his companion. The three were thirty yards away before the Duke of Belleville could realize what had happened. Then

he perceived that he stood in the passage of the Inspector's house, alone save for the presence of the young lady, who faced him with an astonished expression on her pretty countenance.

"It is altogether a very remarkable night," observed the Duke.

"It is impossible that you should be more puzzled than I am," said the young lady.

"Excuse me," said the Duke, "But you run very well."

"I belonged to a college football club," said the young lady modestly.

"Precisely!" cried the Duke. "I suppose this door leads to our good friend's parlour. Shall we sit down while you tell me all about it? I must ask you to excuse the condition of my feet."

Thus speaking, the Duke led the way into the Inspector's parlour. Placing the Queen Bess flagon on the table, he invited the lady to be seated, and took a chair himself. Perceiving that she was somewhat agitated, he provided her with an interval in which to regain her composure by narrating to her the adventures of the evening. She heard him with genuine astonishment.

"Do you say that you are the Duke of Belleville?" she cried.

"Don't I look like it?" asked the Duke smiling, but at the same time concealing his feet under the Inspector's dining-table.

"But he—he said he was the Duke."

"He said so to me also," observed the Duke of Belleville.

The lady looked at him long and keenly; there was, however, a simple honesty about the Duke's manner that attracted her sympathy and engaged her confidence.

"Perhaps I'd better tell you all about it," said she, with a sigh.

"Not unless you desire to do so, I beg," said the Duke, with a wave of his hand.

"I am nineteen," began the lady. The Duke heaved an envious sigh. "I live with my aunt," she continued. "We live a very retired life. Since I left college—which I did prematurely owing to a difference of opinion with the Principal—I have seen hardly any one. In the course of a visit to the seaside I met the gentleman who—who—"

"From whom we have just parted?" suggested the Duke.

"Thank you, yes. Not to weary you with details—"

"Principles weary me, but not details," interposed the Duke.

"In fact," continued the young lady, "he professed to be in love with me. Now my aunt, although not insensible to the great position which he offered me (for of course he represented himself as the Duke of Belleville) entertains the opinion that no girl should marry till she is twenty-one. Moreover she considered that the acquaintance was rather short."

"May I ask when you first met the gentleman?"

"Last Monday week. So she forbade the marriage. I am myself of an impatient disposition."

"So am I," observed the Duke of Belleville, and in the interest of the discussion he became so forgetful as to withdraw his feet from the shelter of the table and cross one leg comfortably over the other. "So am I," he repeated, nodding his head.

"I therefore determined to live my life in my own way."

"I think you said you had been to college?"

"Yes, but I had a difference of—"

"Quite so. Pray proceed," said the Duke courteously.

"And to run away with my fiancée. In pursuance of this plan, I arranged to meet him at his villa at Hampstead. He sent a brougham to fetch me, I made my escape successfully, and the rest you know."

"Pardon me, but up to this point the part played by the flagon which you see on the table before you is somewhat obscure."

"Oh, when you'd gone to pack his things he took out a curious little instrument—he said he had forgotten his key—and opened the cabinet on the mantelpiece. Then he took out that pretty mug and gave it to me as my wedding present. He told me that it was very valuable, and he would carry it for me himself; but I declared that I must carry it for myself or I wouldn't go. So he let me. And then you—"

"The whole thing is perfectly plain" declared the Duke with emphasis. "You, madame, have been the victim of a most dastardly and cold-blooded plot. This fellow is a swindler. I daresay he wanted to get hold of you, and thus extort money from your aunt, but his main object was no other than to carry off the famous cup which you see before you—the Queen Bess flagon." And the Duke, rising to his feet, began to walk up and down in great indignation. "He meant to kill two birds with one stone," said he, in mingled anger and admiration.

"It is pretty," said the young lady, taking up the flagon. "Oh, what is this figure on it?"

The Duke, perceiving that the young lady desired an explanation, came and leant over her chair. She turned her face up to his in innocent eagerness; the Duke could not avoid observing that she had very fine eyes. Without making any comment on the subject, however, he leant a little lower and began to explain the significance of the figure on the Queen Bess flagon.

The Duke has often been known to say in a world so much the sport of chance as ours, there was no reason why he should not have fallen in love with the young lady and offered to make her in very truth what she had dreamed of becoming—the Duchess of Belleville. Her eyes were very fine, her manner frank and engaging. Moreover, the Duke hated to see people disappointed. Thus the thing might just as well have happened as not. And on so narrow a point did the issue stand that to this day certain persons declare that it—or part of it—did happen; for why, and on what account, they ask, should an experienced connoisseur (and such

undoubtedly was the Duke of Belleville) present a young lady previously unknown to him (or, for the matter of that, any young lady at all, whether known or not known to him) with such a rare, costly and precious thing as the Queen Bess flagon? For the fact is—let the meaning and significance of the fact be what they will—that when the young lady, gazing fondly the while on the flagon, exclaimed: “I never really cared about him much, but I should have liked the beautiful flagon,” the Duke answered (he was still leaning over her chair, in order the better to explain and trace the figure on the flagon):

“Of him you are well rid. But permit me to request your acceptance of the flagon. The real Duke of Belleville, madame, must not be outdone by his counterfeit.”

“Really?” cried the young lady.

“Of course,” murmured the Duke delighted with the pleasure which he saw in her eyes.

The young lady turned a most grateful and almost affectionate glance on the Duke. Although ignorant of the true value of the Queen Bess flagon, she was aware that the Duke had made her a very handsome present.

“Thank you,” said she, putting her hands into the Duke’s.

At this moment a loud and somewhat strident voice proceeded from the door of the room.

“Well, I never! And how did you come here?”

The Duke, looking round, perceived a stout woman clad in a black petticoat and a woollen shawl; her arms were akimbo.

“We came in, madame,” said he, rising and bowing, “by the hall-door, which we chanced to find open.”

The stout woman appeared to be at a loss for words. At length, however, she gasped out:

“Be off with you. Don’t let the Inspector catch you here.”

The Duke looked doubtfully at the young lady.

“The woman probably misunderstands,” he murmured. The young lady blushed slightly. The Inspector’s wife advanced with a threatening demeanour.

“Who are you?” she asked abruptly.

“I, madame,” began the Duke, “am the—”

“I don’t see that it matters who we are,” interposed the young lady.

“Possibly not,” admitted the Duke with a smile.

The young lady rose, went to a little mirror that hung on the wall, and adjusted the curls which appeared from under the brim of her hat.

“Dear me,” said she, turning round with a sigh, “it must be nearly three o’clock, and my aunt always likes me to be in before day-break.”

The stout woman gasped again.

“Because of the neighbours, you know,” said the young lady, with a smile.

“Just so,” assented the Duke, and possibly he would have added more, had not the woman uttered an inarticulate cry and pointed to his feet.

“Really, madame,” remarked the Duke, with some warmth, “it would have been in better taste not to refer to the matter.” And with a severe frown he offered his arm to the young lady. They then proceeded towards the doorway. The Inspector’s wife barred the passage. The Duke assumed a most dignified air. The woman reluctantly gave way. Walking through the passage, the young lady and the Duke found themselves again in the open air. There were signs of approaching dawn.

“I really think I had better get home,” whispered the young lady.

At this moment—and the Duke was not in the least surprised—they perceived four persons approaching them. The Inspector walked with his arm through the arm of the young man who had claimed to be the Duke of Belleville; following, arm-in-arm with the driver of the brougham, came the policeman whose uniform the Duke had borrowed. All the party except the Inspector looked uneasy. The Inspector appeared somewhat puzzled. However he greeted the Duke with a cry of welcome.

“Now we can find out the truth of it all!” he exclaimed.

“To find out the truth,” remarked the Duke, “is never easy and not always desirable.”

“I understand that you are the Duke of Belleville?” asked the Inspector.

“Certainly,” said the Duke.

“Bosh!” said the young man. “Oh, you know me, Inspector Collins, and I know you, and I’m not going to try to play it on you any more. But this chap’s no more the Duke than I am, and I should have thought you might have known one of your own policemen!”

The Inspector turned upon him fiercely.

“None of your gab, Joe Simpson,” said he. Then turning to the Duke, he continued, “Do you charge the young woman with him, your Grace?” And he pointed significantly to the Queen Bess flagon which the young lady carried in an affectionate grasp.

“This lady,” said the Duke, “has done me the honor of accepting a small token of my esteem. As for these men I know nothing about them.” And he directed a significant glance at the young man. The young man answered his look. The policeman seemed to grow more easy in his mind.

“Then you don’t charge any of them?” cried the Inspector, bewildered.

“Why, no,” answered the Duke. “And I suppose they none of them charge me?”

Nobody spoke. The Inspector took out a large red handkerchief, and mopped his brow.

“Well, it beats me,” he said. “I know pretty well what these two men are; but if your Grace don’t charge ’em, what can I do?”

“Nothing, I should suppose,” said the Duke blandly. And, with a slight bow, he proceeded on his way, the young lady accompanying him. Looking back once, he perceived the young man and the driver of the brougham going off in another direction with

quick furtive steps, while the Inspector and policeman stood talking together outside the door of the house.

"The circumstances as a whole, no doubt appear peculiar to the Inspector," observed the Duke, with a smile.

"Do you think that we can find a hansom cab?" asked the young lady a little anxiously. "You see my aunt—"

"Precisely," said the Duke, and he quickened his pace.

They soon reached the boundary of the Heath, and, having walked a little way along the road, were so fortunate as to find a cab. The young lady held out her left hand to the Duke; in her right she still grasped firmly the Queen Bess flagon.

"Good-bye," she said, "Thank you for the beautiful present."

The Duke took her hand and allowed his glance to rest for a moment on her face. She appeared to see a question in his eyes.

"Yes, and for rescuing me from that man," she added with a little shudder.

The Duke's glance still rested on her face. "Yes, and for lots of fun," she whispered, with a blush.

The Duke looked away, sighed, released her hand, helped her into the cab, and retired to a distance of some yards. The young lady spoke a few words to the cabman, took her seat, waved her small hand, held up the Queen Bess flagon, kissed it, and drove away.

"If," observed the Duke with a sigh, "I were not a well-bred man I should have asked her name," and he made his way back to his house in a somewhat pensive mood.

On reaching home, however, he perceived the brougham standing before his door. A new direction was thus given to his meditations. He opened the gate of his stable yard, and taking the horse's head, led it in. Having unharnessed it, he put it in the stable and fed and watered it; the brougham he drew into the coach-house. Then he went indoors, partook of some brandy mixed with water, and went to bed.

At eleven o'clock the next morning Frank, the Duke's man, came up to Hampstead to attend to his Grace's wants. The Duke was still in bed, but, on breakfast being ready, he rose and came down stairs in his dressing-gown and a pair of large and very easy slippers.

"I hope your grace slept well," said Frank.

"I never passed a better night, thank you, Frank," said the Duke as he chipped the top off his egg.

"Half an hour ago, your Grace," Frank continued, "a man called."

"To see me?"

"It was about—about a brougham, your Grace."

"Ah! What did you say to him?"

"I said I had no orders about a brougham from your Grace."

"Quite right Frank, quite right," said the Duke with a smile. "What did he say to that?"

"He appeared to be put out, but said that he would call again, your Grace."

"Very good," said the Duke, rising and lighting a cigarette.

Frank lingered uneasily near the door.

"Is anything the matter, Frank?" asked the Duke kindly.

"Well, your Grace, in—in point of fact there is—there is a strange brougham and a strange horse in the stables, your Grace."

"In what respect," asked the Duke, "are the brougham and the horse strange, Frank?"

"I—I should say, your Grace, a brougham and a horse that I had not seen before in your Grace's stables."

"That is a very different thing, Frank," observed the Duke with a patient smile, "I suppose that I am at liberty to acquire a brougham and a horse if it occurs to me to do so?"

"Of course, your Grace," stammered Frank.

"I will drive into town in that brougham to-day, Frank," said the Duke.

Frank bowed and withdrew. The Duke strolled to the window and stood looking out as he smoked his cigarette.

"I don't think the man will call again," said he. Then he drew from his pocket the ten pound note that the young man had given him, and regarded it thoughtfully. "A brougham, a horse, ten pounds, and a very diverting experience," he mused. "Yes I am in better spirits this morning."

As for the Queen Bess flagon he appeared to have forgotten all about it.

THE END.



The Day of Temptation ;

A STORY OF TWO CITIES,

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX,

Author of "The Earl of Istar," "Zoraida," "Whoso Findeth a Wife, &c., &c."

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTERS I. & II.—Dr. Filippo Malvano, an alien residing in England, is entertaining at his house in Rutlandshire a foreigner, Arnaldo Romanelli. They are talking in tones of mystery of the dreaded presence in England of a certain lady, Vittorina, who would be fatal to their plans and safety. It is arranged that Romanelli shall go to the Continent to, if possible, intercept Vittorina. As they are talking, a telegram is delivered to the foreigner which causes some alarm. That same night the Paris train arrived at Charing Cross, bringing amongst the passengers Captain Frank Tristram, one of Queen Victoria's foreign messengers, and Signorina Vittorina Rinaldo. After a few words with Major Maitland he hails a cab and places the lady in it. They drive to the Criterion and Tristram alighting, passed into the room and vanished. Then the cabman, looking at his charge, discovers that she is dead.

CHAPTER III.—ONE OF A CROWD.

Within half-a-minute a crowd had gathered around the cab, for at that hour Piccadilly Circus is the centre of London life. Half-a-dozen of the largest theatres and music-halls are within a stone's throw of that openspace, with its useless fountain, where so many of the principal thoroughfares converge, and the blaze of electricity, the ever-changing colored advertisements, and the unceasing stream of idlers and pleasure-seekers render it the gayest spot in the giant metropolis.

The instant the cabman raised the alarm the constable was joined by the burly door-opener of the Criterion in gaoler-like uniform and the round-faced fireman, who, lounging together outside, were ever on the look-out for some diversion. But when the constable agreed with the cab-driver that the lady was dead, their ready chaff died from their lips.

"What do you know of her?" asked the officer of the cab-driver.

"Nothing, beyond the fact that I drove 'er from Charin' Cross with a gentleman. She's a foreigner, but he was English."

"Where is he?" demanded the constable, anxiously, at that moment being joined by two colleagues, to whom the fireman in a few breathless words explained the affair.

"He went into the bar there 'arf an hour ago, but he ain't come out."

"Quick. Come with me, and let's find him," the officer said. Leaving the other policemen in charge of the cab, they entered and walked down the long garish bar, scrutinizing each of the hundred or so men lounging there. The cabman, however, saw nothing of his fare.

"He must have escaped by the back way," observed the officer, disappointedly. "It's a strange business, this."

"Extremely," said the cab driver. "The fellow must have murdered her, and then entered the place in order to get away. He's a pretty cute 'un."

"It seems a clear case of murder," exclaimed the other in a sharp, precise, business-like tone. "We'll take her to the hospital first; then you must come with me to Vine Street at once."

When they emerged they found that the crowd had already assumed enormous proportions. The news that a woman had been murdered spread instantly throughout the whole neighborhood, and the surging crowd of idlers, all curiosity, pressed around the vehicle to obtain a glimpse of the dead woman's face. Amid the crowd, elbowing his way fiercely and determinedly, was a man whose presence there was a somewhat curious coincidence, having regard to what had previously transpired that evening. He wore a silk hat, his frock coat was tightly buttoned, and he carried in his gloved hand a silver-mounted cane. After considerable difficulty he obtained a footing in front of the crowd immediately behind the cordon the police had formed around the vehicle, and in a few moments, by craning his neck, obtained an uninterrupted view of the lady's face.

His teeth were firmly set, but his calm countenance betrayed no sign of astonishment. For an instant he regarded the woman with a cold impassive look, then quickly he turned away, glancing furtively right and left, and an instant later was lost in the surging, struggling multitude which a body of police were striving in vain to "move on."

The man who had thus gazed into the dead woman's face was the man to whom she had been introduced at the station, Major Gordon Maitland.

Almost at the same moment when the Major turned away, the constable sprang into the cab beside the woman, and the driver at once mounting the box drove rapidly away along Coventry Street and across Leicester

Square to Charing Cross Hospital. The excited turbulent crowd opened a way for the vehicle to pass, but some of the more enthusiastic ones ran behind the vehicle, and did not leave it until the inanimate body had been carried up the steps and into the portals of that smoke-blackened institution.

To the small, bare whitewashed room to the left of the entrance hall, where casualties are received, the dark-haired girl was carried and laid tenderly upon the leather-covered divan. The depressing place smelt strongly of disinfectants, the gas jet hissed within its wire globe, and water slowly trickled from a tap into a basin of porcelain. Upon a shelf were half-a-dozen bottles containing drugs for immediate administration to alleviate pain or steady the nerves of the unfortunate ones, and a small cupboard opposite was filled with surgical instruments.

The dresser, who attended to minor accidents, gave a quick glance at the face of the new patient, and at once sent for the house-surgeon. He saw it was a grave case.

Very soon the doctor, a thin, elderly, pale-faced man entered briskly, asked a couple of questions of the constable, unloosened her dress, cut the cord of her corsets, laid his hand upon her heart, felt her pulse, slowly moved her eyelids, and then shook his head.

"Dead!" he exclaimed. "She must have died nearly an hour ago."

Then he forced open her mouth, and turning the hissing gas-jet to obtain a full light, gazed into it.

His grey shaggy brows contracted, and the dresser standing by knew that his chief had detected something that puzzled him. He felt the glands in her neck carefully, and pushing back the hair that had fallen over her brow, re-opened her fast glazing eyes, and peered into them long and earnestly.

He carefully examined the palm of her right hand, which was ungloved, then tried to remove the glove from the left but in vain. He was obliged to rip it up with a pair of scissors. Afterwards he examined the hand minutely, giving vent to a grunt of dissatisfaction.

"Is it murder, do you think, sir?" the constable inquired.

"There are no outward signs of violence," answered the house-surgeon. "You had better take the body to the mortuary, and tell your inspector that I'll make the post-mortem to-morrow morning."

"Very well, sir."

"But you said that the lady was accompanied from Charing Cross Station by a gentleman, who rode in the cab with her," the doctor continued. "Where is he?"

"He alighted, entered the Criterion, and didn't come back," exclaimed the cabman.

"Suspicious of foul play! Very suspicious," the doctor observed, his brows still knit. "To-morrow we shall know the truth. She's evidently a lady, and from her dress a foreigner."

"She arrived by the Paris mail to-night," the cabman observed.

"Well, it must be left to the police to unravel whatever mystery surrounds her. It is only for us to ascertain the cause of death—whether natural or by foul means," and he turned to where the dead woman was lying still and cold, her dress dissarranged, her dark hair fallen dishevelled, her sightless eyes closed in the sleep that knows no waking until the great day.

The cabman stood with his hat in his hand; the constable had hung his helmet on his forearm by its strap.

"Then outwardly there are no signs of murder?" the latter asked, disappointed perhaps that the case was not likely to prove so sensational as it had at first appeared.

"Tell your inspector that at present I can give no opinion," the surgeon replied. "Certain appearances are mysterious. To-night I can say nothing more. At the inquest I shall be able to speak more confidently."

As he spoke his cold grey eyes were still fixed upon the lifeless form, as if held by some strange fascination. Approaching the cupboard, he took from a case a small lancet, and raising the dead woman's arm, made a slight incision in the wrist. For a few moments he watched it intently, bending and holding her wrist full in the glaring gaslight within two inches of his eyes.

Suddenly he let the limp inert arm drop, and with a sigh turned again to the two men who stood motionless, watching, and said:

"Go. Take the body to the mortuary. I have yet much to do for the living to-night. I'll examine her to-morrow." And he rang for the attendant, who came, lifted the body from the couch, and conveyed it out to admit a man who lay outside groaning, with his leg crushed.

Half-an-hour later the cabdriver and the constable stood in a small upper room at Vine Street Police Station, the office of the inspector of the Criminal Investigation Department attached to the station. Inspector Elmes, a dark-bearded stalwart man of forty-five, sat at a table, while behind him, arranged over the mantelshelf, were many photographs of criminals, missing persons and people who had been found dead in various parts of the metropolis, and who's friends had not been traced. Pinned against the grey-painted walls were several printed notices offering rewards, some with portraits of absconding persons, others with crude woodcuts of stolen jewels. It was a bare, carpetless room but eminently businesslike.

"Well," the Inspector was saying to the constable as he leant back in his chair. "There's some mystery about the affair you think—eh? Are there any signs of murder?"

"No, sir," the man answered. "At present the doctor has discovered nothing."

"Then until he has, our department can't deal with it," replied the detective. "Why has your Inspector sent you up here?"

"Because it's so mysterious, I suppose, sir."

"She may have had a fit—most probable, I

should think. Until the doctor has certified I don't see any necessity to stir. It's more than possible that when the man who left her at the Criterion reads of her death in the papers he'll come forward, identify her, and clear himself." Then, turning to the cabman, he asked: "What sort of man was he—an Englishman?"

"Well, I really don't know, sir. He spoke to the dead girl in her own language, yet I thought when he spoke to his friend at the station that his English was that of a foreigner. Besides, he looked like a Frenchman, for he wore a large bow for a tie, which no Englishman wears."

"You think him a foreigner because of his tie—eh?" the detective observed, smiling. "Now if you had noticed his boots with a critical eye you might perhaps have accurately determined his nationality. Look at a man's boots next time."

Then, taking up his pen, he drew a piece of pale yellow official paper before him, noted the number of the cabman's badge, inquired his name and address, and asked several other questions, afterwards dismissing both men with the observation that until a verdict had been given in the Coroner's Court he saw no reason to institute further inquiries.

Two days later the inquest was held in a small room at St. Martin's Town Hall, the handsome building overlooking Trafalgar Square, and as may be imagined was largely attended by representatives of the Press. All the sensationalism of London evening journalism had, during the two days intervening, been let loose upon the mysterious affair, and the remarkable "latest details" had been "worked up" into an amazing, but utterly fictitious story. One paper, in its excess of zeal to out-distance all its rivals in sensationalism, had hinted that the dead woman was actually the daughter of an Imperial house, and this had aroused public curiosity to fever heat.

When the usual formalities of constituting the Court had been completed, the jury had viewed the body, and the cabman had related his strange story, the Coroner, himself a medical man, dark-bearded and middle-aged, commenced a close cross-examination.

"Was it French or Italian the lady spoke?" he asked.

"I don't know the difference, sir," the cabman admitted. "The man with her spoke just as quickly as she did."

"Was there anything curious in the demeanour of either of them?"

"I noticed nothing strange. The gentleman told me to drive along Pall Mall and the Haymarket, or of course I'd 'ave taken the proper route, up Charin' Cross-road and Leicester Square."

"You would recognize this gentleman again, I suppose?" the Coroner asked.

"I'd know him among ten thousand," the man promptly replied.

Inspector Elmes, who was present on behalf of the criminal Investigation Department, asked several questions through the Coroner,

when the latter afterwards resumed his cross-examination.

"You have told us," he said, "that just before entering the cab the gentleman was accosted by a friend. Did you overhear any of their conversation?"

"I heard the missing man address the other as 'Major,'" the cabman replied, fingering the metal badge displayed upon the breast of his faded coat. "He introduced the Major to the lady, but I was unable to catch either of their names. When you're seated on your box you can't hear much in a noisy station. The two men seemed very glad to meet, but, on the other hand, my gentleman seemed in a great hurry to get away."

"You are certain that this man you know as the Major did not arrive by the same train, eh?" asked the Coroner, glancing sharply up from the paper whereon he was writing the depositions of this important witness.

"I am certain; for I noticed him lounging up and down the platform fully 'arf an hour before the train came in."

"Then you think he must have been awaiting his friend?"

"No doubt he was, sir, for as soon as I drove the lady and gentleman away, he, too, started to walk out of the station."

Then the Coroner, having written a few more words upon the foolscap before him, turned to the jury, exclaiming—

"This last statement of the witness, gentlemen, seems, to say the least, curious."

In an instant all present were on tiptoe with excitement, wondering what startling facts were likely to be revealed.

CHAPTER IV.—"THE MAJOR."

No further questions were put to the cab-driver at this juncture, but medical evidence was at once taken. Breathless stillness prevailed the court, for the statment about to be made would put an end to all rumor, and the truth would be known.

When the dapper elderly man had stepped up to the table and been sworn, the Coroner, in a quick, businesslike tone which he always assumed towards his fellow medical men, said:

"You are Doctor Charles Wyllie, house-surgeon of Charing Cross Hospital?"

"I am," the other answered in a corresponding dry tone, while the Coroner wrote the witness's name.

"The woman was brought to the hospital, I suppose?"

"Yes, the police brought her, but she had been already dead three-quarters of an hour. There were no external marks of violence, and her appearance was as though she had died suddenly from natural causes. In conjunction with Doctor Henderson I yesterday made a careful post-mortem. The body is that of a healthy woman of about twenty-three, evidently an Italian. There was no trace whatever of organic disease. From what I noticed, when the body was brought

to the hospital, however, I asked the police to let it remain untouched until I was ready to make a post-mortem."

"Did you discover anything which might lead to a suspicion of foul play?" inquired the Coroner.

"I made several rather curious discoveries," the doctor answered, whereat those in the court shifted uneasily, prepared for some thrilling story of how the woman was murdered. "First, she undoubtedly died from paralysis of the heart. Secondly, I found around the left ankle a curious tattoo mark in the form of a serpent with its tail in its mouth. It is beautifully executed, evidently, by an expert tattooist. Thirdly, there was a white mark upon the left breast, no doubt the scar of a knife wound, which I judged to have been inflicted about two years ago. The knife was probably a long narrow bladed one, and the bone had prevented the blow proving fatal."

"Then a previous attempt had been made upon her life, you think?" asked the Coroner, astonished.

"There is no doubt about it," the doctor answered. "Such a wound could never have been caused by accident. It had no doubt received careful surgical attention, judging from the cicatrice."

"But this had nothing to do with her death?" the Coroner suggested.

"Nothing whatever," replied the doctor. "The appearance of the body gives no indication of foul play."

"Then you assign death to natural causes—eh?"

"No, I do not," responded Dr. Wyllie deliberately, after a slight pause. "The woman was murdered."

These words produced a great sensation in the breathlessly silent court.

"By what means?"

"That I have utterly failed to discover. All appearances point to the fact that the deceased lost consciousness almost instantly, for she had no time even to take out her handkerchief or smelling-salts, the first thing a woman does when she feels faint. Death came very swiftly, but the ingenious means by which the murder was accomplished are at present entirely a mystery. At first my suspicions were aroused by a curious discoloration of the mouth, which I noticed when I first saw the body; but strangely enough this had disappeared yesterday when I made the post-mortem. Again, in the centre of the left palm, extending to the middle finger, was a dark and very extraordinary spot. This I have examined microscopically and submitted the skin to various tests, but have entirely failed to determine the cause of the mark. It is dark grey in color, and altogether mysterious."

"There was no puncture in the hand?" inquired the Coroner.

"None whatever. I examined the body thoroughly, and found not a scratch," the doctor answered quickly. "At first I sus-

pected a subcutaneous injection of poison; but this theory is negated by the absence of any puncture."

"But you adhere to your first statement that she was murdered?"

"Certainly. I am confident that the paralysis is not attributable to natural causes."

"Have you found any trace of poison?"

"The contents of the stomach were handed over by the police to the analyst. I cannot say what he has reported," the doctor answered sharply.

At once the Coroner's officer interposed with the remark that the analyst was present, and would give evidence.

The foreman of the jury then put several questions to the doctor, in order to justify his election at the head of the dozen Strand tradesmen. Foremen of juries are fond of cross-examining witnesses, although they never elicit any fresh facts, for witnesses hold a Coroner's jury in supreme contempt and resent their endeavors to obtain a clear narrative. In this case, however, the foreman was a keen observer, and a shrewd man of business.

"Do you think, Doctor," he asked, "that it would be possible to murder a woman while she was sitting in a cab in so crowded a place as Piccadilly Circus?"

"The greater the crowd, the less chance of defection, I believe."

"Have you formed no opinion how this assassination was accomplished? Is there absolutely nothing which can serve as clue to the manner in which this mysterious crime was perpetrated?"

"Absolutely nothing beyond what I have already explained," the witness answered. "The grey mark is on the palm of the left hand, which at the time of the mysterious occurrence was gloved. On the hand which was ungloved there is no mark. I therefore am of the opinion that this curious discoloration is evidence in some way or other of murder."

"Was she a lady?" inquired another jurymen.

"She had every evidence of being so. All her clothing was of first-class quality, and the four rings she wore were of considerable value. When I came to make the post-mortem I found both hands and feet slightly swollen, therefore it was impossible to remove her rings without cutting."

"Do you wish to ask the doctor any further questions?" inquired the Coroner of the jury, a trifle impatiently.

There was no response, therefore he asked the witness to sign his depositions, and afterwards wished him "good day," thanking him for his attendance.

The evidence of Dr. Slade, Analyst to the Home Office, being brief, was quickly disposed of. He stated that he had submitted the contents of the stomach to analysis for poison, but had failed to find trace of anything baneful. It was apparent that the

woman had not eaten anything for many hours, but that was of course accounted for by the fact that she had been travelling. His evidence entirely dismissed the theory of poison, although Dr. Wyllie had asserted most positively that death had resulted from administration of some substance which had proved so deadly as to cause her to lose consciousness almost instantly, and produce paralysis of the heart.

Certainly the report of the analyst did not support the doctor's theory. Dr. Wyllie was one of the last persons to indulge unduly in any sensationalism, and the Coroner, knowing him well through many years, was aware that there must be some very strong basis for his theory before he would publicly express his conviction that the woman had actually been murdered. Such a statement, when published in the Press in two or three hours' time, would, he knew, give the doctor wide notoriety as a sensation-monger, the very thing he detested above everything. But the fact remained that on oath Dr. Wyllie had declared that the fair unknown foreigner had been foully and most ingeniously murdered. If this were really so, then the culprit must be a past-master in the art of assassination. Of all the inquiries the Coroner had held during many years of office this certainly was one of the most sensational and mysterious.

When the analyst had concluded, a smartly-dressed young woman named Arundale was called. She stated that she was a barmaid at the Criterion, and related how the unknown man, whose appearance she described, had entered the bar, called for a whisky and soda, chatted with her for a few minutes, and then made his exit by the other door.

"Did he speak to anyone else while in the bar?" asked the Coroner.

"Yes, while he was talking to me an older well-dressed man entered rather hurriedly. The gentleman speaking to me appeared very surprised—indeed almost alarmed. Then, drawing aside so that I should not overhear, they exchanged a few hurried words, and the elder left by the back exit, refusing the other's invitation to drink. The younger man glanced at his watch, then turned, finished his whisky leisurely and chatted to me again. I noticed that he was watching the front door all the time, but believing him to be expecting a friend, when suddenly wishing me a hasty 'good-night,' he threw down a shilling and left."

"What sort of a man was it who spoke to him?" inquired the Coroner, quickly.

"He was a military man, for I heard him addressed as 'Major.'"

"Curious!" the Coroner observed, turning to the jury. "The cab-driver, in his evidence, says that a certain Major met the pair at Charing Cross station. It may have been the same person. This coincidence is certainly striking, and one which must be left to the police to investigate. We have it in evidence that the woman and the

companion drove away in the cab, leaving the Major—whoever he may be—standing on the platform. The pair drove straight to the Criterion; yet five minutes later the woman's companion was joined by another Major, who is apparently one and the same. Is there anything, further, gentlemen you wish to ask the witness?"

There was no response, therefore the Coroner dismissed her.

The constable who took the body to the hospital then related how, on duty in Piccadilly Circus, he had been called to the cab, and found the woman dead. Afterwards, he had searched the pockets of the deceased and taken possession of the lady's dressing-case and the man's hand-bag, all the luggage they had with them in addition to their wraps. He produced the two bags, with their contents, objects which excited considerable attention throughout the room. In the man's bag was a suit of dress-clothes, a small dressing-case, and one or two miscellaneous articles, but nothing by which the owner could be traced.

"Well, what did you find in the lady's pocket's? Anything to lead to her identity?" the Coroner asked at last.

"No, sir. In addition to a purse containing some English money, I found a key, a gentleman's card bearing the name 'Arnoldo Romanelli,' and a small crucifix of ivory and silver. In the dressing-case, which you will see is fitted with silver and ivory fittings," he continued, opening it to the gaze of the jury, "there are a few valuable trinkets, one or two articles of attire, and a letter in Italian—"

"I have that letter here," interrupted the Coroner, addressing the jury. "Its translation reads as follows:—'Dear Vittorina,—Be extremely cautious if you really mean to go to England. It is impossible for me to accompany you, or I would; but you know my presence in Italy is imperative. You will easily find Bonciani's Cafe, in Regent Street. Remember, at the last table on the left every Monday at five. With every good wish for a pleasant journey,—Egisto.' The letter, which has no envelope," added the Coroner, "is dated from Lucca, a town in Tuscany, a week ago. It may possibly assist the police in tracing friends of the deceased." Then, turning to the constable, he asked, "Well what else was in the lady's bag?"

"This photograph," answered the officer, holding up a cabinet photograph.

"Why!" cried the cab-driver, who had taken a seat close to where the policeman was standing. "Why that's a photograph of the Major!"

"Yes," added the barmaid excitedly, "that's the same man who came up to the gentleman while he was speaking to me. Without doubt that's the Major, and an excellent portrait, too."

"Strange that this, of all things, should be in the dead woman's possession, when we have in evidence that she was introduced to him only half an hour before her death,"

observed the Coroner, with a significant glance at the jury. "Very strange indeed. Every moment the mystery surrounding this unknown woman seems to grow more impenetrable."

CHAPTER V.—TRISTRAM AT HOME.

Most of the London papers, from the quiescent "Globe" to the versatile "Star" that evening gave verbatim accounts of the inquest, and in every quiet suburban road the hoarse, strident shout of the running newsman awakened the echoes with the cry "Criterion mystery! Startlin' statement. Verdict!" The jury after a long deliberation, had returned an open verdict of "found dead." In the opinion of the twelve Strand tradesmen there was insufficient evidence to justify a verdict of murder, therefore, they had contented themselves in leaving the matter in the hands of the police. They had, in reality, accepted the evidence of the analyst in preference to the theory of the doctor, and had publicly expressed a hope that the authorities at Scotland Yard would spare no pains in their endeavours to discover the deceased's fellow-traveller, if he did not come forward voluntarily and establish her identity.

The verdict practically put an end to the mystery created by the sensational section of the evening press, for although it was not one of natural causes, actual murder was not alleged. Therefore, amid the diversity of the next day's news, the whirling world of London forgot, as it ever forgets, the "sensation" of the previous day. All interest had been lost in the curious circumstances surrounding the death of the unknown Italian girl in the most crowded of London's thoroughfares by reason of this verdict of the jury.

The police had taken up the matter actively, but all that had been discovered regarding the identity of the dead woman was that her name was probably Vittorina—beyond that, absolutely nothing. Among the millions who had followed the mystery with avidity in the papers one man alone recognized the woman by her description, and with satisfaction learnt how ingeniously her death had been encompassed.

The man was the eminently respectable doctor in the remote rural village of Lyddington.

With his breakfast untouched before him he sat in his cozy room eagerly devouring the account of the inquest then when he had finished, he cast the paper aside, exclaiming aloud in Italian:

"Dio! What good fortune! I wonder how it was accomplished? Somebody else,

besides ourselves, apparently, feared her prescence in England. Arnaldo is in Livorno by this time, and has had his journey for nothing."

Then, with his head thrown back in his chair, he gazed up at the panelled ceiling deep in thought.

"Who, I wonder, could that confounded Englishman have been who escorted her to London, and who left her so suddenly? Some jackanapes or other, I suppose. And who's the Major? He's evidently English too, whoever he is. Only fancy, on the very night we discussed the desirability of the girl's death some unknown person obligingly did the work for us." Then he paused, set his teeth, and frowning added, "But that injudicious letter of Egisto's may give us some trouble. What an idiot to write like that! I hope the police won't trace him. If they do, it will be awkward—devilish awkward."

And he rose, paced the room several times, halting at last before the window and gazing across the level lawn fresh after a coolings hower during the night.

A few minutes later the door opened and a younger man, slim and pale-faced, entered and wished him "good morning."

"No breakfast?" the man, his assistant, inquired, glancing at the table. "What's the matter?"

"Liver, my boy, liver," Malvano answered with his usual good-humored smile. "I shall go to town to-day. I may be absent the whole week; but there's nothing really urgent. That case of typhoid up at Craig's Lodge is going on well. You've seen it once, haven't you?"

"Yes. You're treating it in the usual way, I suppose?"

"Of course," and the doctor advancing to the table poured out a cup of coffee and drank it, at the same time calling to his man Goodwin to pack his bag, and to be ready to drive him to the London train at ten-twenty.

His assistant being called to the surgery a few minutes later, Malvano sat down at his writing-table, hastily scribbling a couple of telegrams, which he folded and carefully placed in his pocket-book, and half-an-hour later drove out of the quiet, old-world village, with its ancient church spire and long, straggling street of thatched cottages, on his way to catch the train.

Beside the faithful Goodwin he sat in silence the whole way, for many things he had read that morning sorely puzzled him. It was true that the lips of Vittorina were sealed in death, but the letter signed "Egisto," discovered by the police in her dressing-bag still caused him the most intense anxiety.

(To be continued.)

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OUR FIRST NUMBER.

—
THE first number of THE GREAT WEST was so well received by the public that we are encouraged in the belief that our assumption, that such a magazine is wanted in Canada, was not illfounded. The sales have been large, new subscriptions are coming in — unsolicited — in gratifying numbers, our subscription agents report good business and many readers have had the kindness to write us expressions of their approval and good will; to all of whom we extend our grateful thanks. Several of the newspapers have given THE GREAT WEST a flattering welcome and kindly men-

tion, overlooking the shortcomings that are inevitable to a first venture in a new field. Some of them, while commending our effort express a doubt as to its ultimate success and point out the many failures that have ended attempts to found Canadian magazines in the past. Their observations in this direction are no doubt prompted by the kindest motives, and in that sense we appreciate them, but we venture to submit that the pessimistic tone in which some of these notices are couched, is not the best calculated to encourage literary effort in Canada. Is it not time to discard that moss-grown legend, so oft repeated that it appears to have become an article of faith with many, that there is no field in Canada for a Canadian magazine? The population is too small they say, but, let us say, in round numbers that it is five millions. Suppose one per cent., or fifty thousand of the people, — not a wild estimate by any means — give the magazine their support, it would be made an unqualified success, and that success may be hastened if the gentlemen of the daily press will give us a share of the space which they bestow upon our foreign rivals. Canadians and the Canadian press are too prone to look askance upon new enterprises. Instead of welcoming the new venture they invariably go into a calculation of its chances of success, forgetting that a cheerful word, spoken at the right time, will often do more to encourage the beginner in any line of business than columns of admonition. Newspaper men resent, with good reason, the proverbial warnings of "Old Subscriber" and other universal monitors who contribute advice as to how to run a daily paper, and although we are desirous and even anxious to have

the benefit of the matured experience of our confreres of the daily press in the way of criticism of THE GREAT WEST, we would esteem their silence more than a cold water douche of doubt as to our chances of success. Give us God speed, gentlemen, if you can do so conscientiously, but please do not prophesy our failure before we are fairly afloat.

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THIS great family journal is surprised to find in THE GREAT WEST MAGAZINE, a new illustrated periodical published at Winnipeg, that beautiful poem by Mrs. Robert Jackson, of this city, entitled "The Croaking of the Crow," which made its first appearance in this great family journal. The surprise is not due to the fact that the Winnipeg editor recognized the rare merit of the poem, and reprinted it, but because he omits the name of the author, and actually pretends that the poem is anonymous! We will presently find THE GREAT WEST MAGAZINE

reprinting "The Charge of the Light Brigade" as an anonymous contribution to its columns.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

We thank the *Spectator* most heartily for affording us an opportunity to make the amende honorable to Hamilton's gifted poetress, whose identity was unknown to us when we appropriated her lines from its columns. We hold that the *Spectator* should share the blame in this matter, as it neglected

to credit the poem to Mrs. Jackson; hence our ignorance of its authorship. The poem was so strikingly original, so unique, so simply sweet withal, that, scanning its lines we felt that we stood in the presence of genius. We clipped the precious thing and set it up in the pages of *THE GREAT WEST*, that thousands might absorb its wierd beauty and pay tribute to the mind that evolved it.




THE WORLD MOVES.




KITCHENER'S victory at Khartoum carries more significance than its mere local importance, though that is great, ensuring as it does peace and civilization to an immense area of valuable territory, and restoring confidence to millions of persecuted human beings. It makes an epoch in military history as a shining example of modern scientific warfare. Never has the art of war been brought to such perfection; never have plans carefully matured been carried out with less delay or friction, with less discomfort to the soldier, with less incidental sickness or

casualty. Each branch of the service seemed to be from first to last in perfect working order, and all combined to operate the movement of the army as the component parts of some mighty machine, acting under fixed laws and thorough control, supply the motive power with exact and unremitting force. And behind it all, foreseeing, directing, superintending the minutest detail, alert and watchful, was the master-mind—Kitchener—Not in the annals of the world can his exact equal be found. The glory of his victory lies not in the slaughter and

defeat of the Dervishes, but in the fact that a British soldier has shown the nations what war, reduced to a system, may accomplish. Others may copy the example set, but it will take them years to reach the perfection which he has attained by the wisdom and force of his personality. The cost of the Soudan campaign, it appears, is only £1,600,000—which includes the building and equipment of 550 miles of railway—a mere bagatelle—why, the United States is boasting that its campaign with Spain cost \$150,000,000 in four months, and all the bills are not yet paid.

THE murder of Elizabeth of Austria, sent a thrill of horror through the world. It is monstrous that our boasted Christianity and civilization should produce such miscreants as Lucheni, yet we are forced to the belief that specimens of his kind pollute every community by their malign presence, ready to strike down their unconscious victims when moved to murder by some sudden access of frenzy. It is time that the nations should combine to rid the earth of these human wild beasts. An international law directed against anarchists and regicides should be enacted, under which every scoundrel caught plotting murder, threatening the constituted authorities, or boasting of deeds committed or in contemplation, could be arrested off hand and dealt with summarily. A German newspaper suggests that the anarchists of Europe might be transported to some isolated island, and left to their own devices—a happy thought. Landed on an atoll in the South Pacific, where nature would insure them from death from starvation, these self-styled reformers would have ample opportunity to establish a form of government that

would realize their dreams of perfection. By all means give Messieurs the anarchists a world of their own, and a community of congenial souls, upon which to practice their doctrines. The experiment would be interesting to socialists and world reformers generally, who would have an opportunity to observe the progress of the new civilization, untrammelled by law, order or social conventionality.

THE peace proposal of Emperor Nicholas has been received with coldness by some of the nations, and with marked distrust by others. His motive has been attributed by a large section of the European press, to a desire to deceive, to lull suspicion of Russia by the crooning of a song of peace, while the whole nation is alert and ready for aggressive action. Another section expresses the opinion that the Czar is actuated by fear of Great Britain and her new ally, the United States, who is, so far as her aid may be counted on in case of necessity, still in the bush; while a few newspapers accept the proposition as a sincere and honest desire, frankly expressed, to bring about a better understanding between the countries which might in the end lead to the establishment of an international High Court, before which all questions is dispute might be settled without resort to arms. We are inclined to enlist with the minority and credit His Majesty with perfect sincerity. He has always had the reputation of being a lover of peace. All of Russia's vast expenditure on her army and navy, is said to have been forced upon him by precedent and the exigencies of the times. The Czar, perhaps, has noted, as many thinking men have, that individuals have travelled further on the road

to peace than the nations. Civilization has taught men that equity is more successful in removing grievances and redressing wrongs than physical force. Thousands of causes of conflict that were once left to the arbitrament of the sword, are now peacefully and satisfactorily adjusted by an appeal to the courts of law. Thus, while the citizen or subject wisely chooses legal processes to enforce or defend his rights, he is confronted with the ridiculous spectacle of his nation posing like a truculent school boy daring his peers to knock the chip off his shoulder. The pomp and panoply of war may be sublime in its magnificence, but beneath the mask of war paint and feathers is hidden a comedy so hideous that none but fiends may laugh to witness. Nicholas has seen war with its mask off and the memory haunts him.

AFTER years of agitation the prohibitionists succeeded in inducing the government to grant a plebiscite, through which the people of Canada might express their wish on the liquor question. The plebiscite is an innovation, the introduction of which into our political system is regarded by many as unwise and uncalled for; being opposed to the true spirit of parliamentary government, so that a considerable portion of the people absolutely declined to have anything to do with it, and showed their disapproval by refraining from voting. That was obstacle number one in the path of the prohibitionists. Next came that seemingly unanswerable question, "Does prohibition prohibit?" Thousand would have gladly marked their ballots "For" if they were not firmly convinced that the passage of a prohibitory law would have no other effect than causing a serious loss of revenue, which would

have to be made up by direct taxation, and creating a condition of affairs much more deplorable than if all restraint should be removed from the liquor traffic, giving an impetus to smuggling, illicit distilling and the selling of poisonous compounds under the name of liquors. Such a state of things they regarded as inevitable under prohibition, and when they contemplated the possibilities—the lawlessness and the crime that would ensue and the enormous costs of an attempt to enforce such a law—they shrank from being party to plunging the country into such a sea of difficulties. Others were actuated by a spirit of fair play. "Why should I," they argued, "because I do not drink myself, deprive my neighbour of his glass of beer or grog?" Then there were the drinkers themselves, who resented the attempt to deprive them of something they look upon as a necessary of life, and lastly there were the men who make their living directly or indirectly from the liquor trade—all these were opposed to the prohibitionists. Even in their own ranks were to be found many lukewarm, half-hearted members who acknowledged allegiance to the propaganda, but dissented from its most essential article. These were the advocates of high license and local option, who believed in the gradual extermination of the traffic, and deprecated the heroic methods of their more sanguine brethren. Such were the principal elements that militated against prohibition on September 29th, and resulted in the majority in its favor falling so far short of what its advocates had anticipated. The majority is so inconsiderable, the total vote cast so far short of what might have been expected on so vital a question, that it would be

inconceivable that the government should accept it as a popular fiat and take action upon it. The result of the plebiscite is like a Scotch verdict. The prohibitionists have failed to prove their case, and must devise some new and more effective method of dealing with the enemy. Why not try the crusading tactics of Father Matthew, Chiniquy and Gough?

THE news from China lately has been so vague and contradictory that it is impossible to gather what is really happening in that land of superstition and mystery. It is quite evident, however, that great events are on the tapis. Kwaug Hsu has been deposed if not assassinated, the leaders of the reform party are refugees and the wicked old Dowager Empress, and her ally, Li Hung Chang, are in full possession of the empire; how long the two old tottering puppets of destiny may be allowed to hold sway is another question. The straws of news that reach us over the wires, indicate that Great Britain is on the alert and ready at a moment to seize a plausible pretext for armed interference, while Russia is equally alive to the opportunities presented by the internal dissensions which threaten to culminate in widespread revolt. The rivalry of Great Britain, Russia and Germany, not to speak of France and the United States, in forcing civilization—otherwise trade—upon China may be a wise policy, but, it is quite possible that in their eagerness to gain advantages in business and territory, they may not only come into serious collision, but rouse the old Chinese dragon from his sleep of centuries to a realization of his strength and importance, in which event he may become a troublesome beast to deal with. Lord Wolseley

once calculated the chances that such an awakening would present, and saw in them a menace to America and Europe. What China might do with her immense population and resources if she shook off her lethargy, as Japan did so recently, can scarcely be estimated. Perhaps Europe might, in the case of China, profitably take to heart the old adage of the safest method of dealing with a sleeping dog.

WE are still in the dark as to the doings of the International High Joint Commission at Quebec. The proceedings are kept secret, but the knowing ones declare that the Behring Sea and Alaska boundary questions are as good as settled and that a measure of partial reciprocity is being seriously considered. It will be some time, however, before anything definite can be known to the public. Meanwhile we can only hope for the best results, but always haunted by the experience of other international propositions when they reached the critical stage in the United States Senate. The tone of the press both in Canada and the States would indicate that a spirit of no surrender animates the commissioners and certainly the Canadian people are in no mood to sacrifice one jot or tittle of their rights without a substantial consideration. So far as the United Statesmen are concerned we know from their action in the past that they are never likely to consummate a bargain in which they have not a decided advantage. It will be unfortunate for both countries if the commission fails to accomplish some at least of the ends for which it was called together, but Canadians must not take it too much to heart if it begins and ends in useless discussion, which is not at all improbable.

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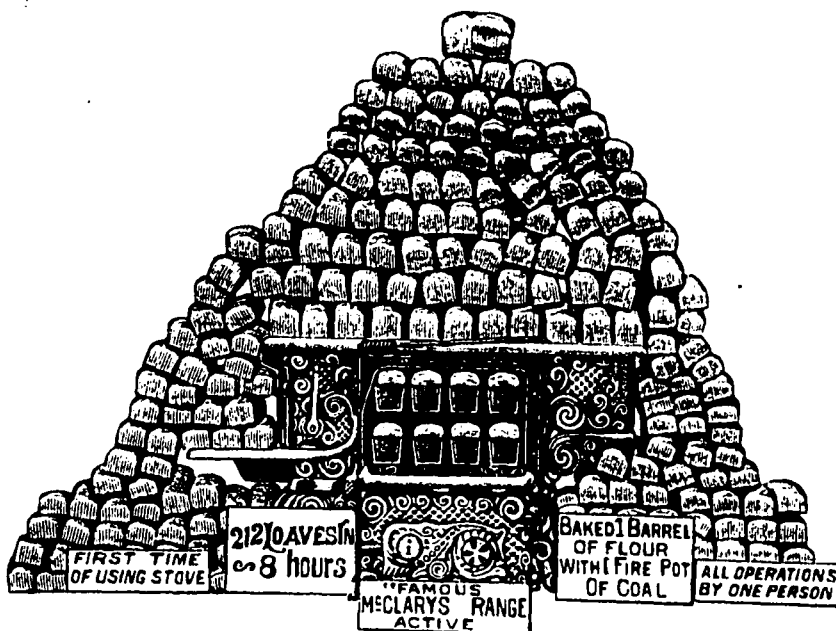
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The Publishers of the Great West Magazine have pleasure in offering a series of Prizes for the best Photographic Prints made by Amateurs. The contests will run for a year, and two prizes will be awarded every second month.

The First Prize will be \$10.00 in cash or a gold medal suitably engraved, at the option of the winner, and the second \$5.00 or a silver medal. The conditions are as follows :

The competitions are open to amateurs only.

Prints are to be made from original negatives on Aristo or Albumen paper, and suitably mounted.

Postage or express charges are to be paid by the competitor.

The prints will not be returned whether successful or not ; and the publishers of the GREAT WEST will have the right to publish them during the contests or afterwards at their discretion.

The art editor of the GREAT WEST will select for publication the best photographs sent in by the first of the month preceding the date of each competition. His selection will be governed by three qualities : photographic perfection, artistic treatment, subject. Each published photograph will be given a number. The makers name, address and title of subject will also be printed. The readers of the GREAT WEST will then be invited to record their votes on coupons which will be supplied, in favor of **ONE** of the published pictures ; and the one that receives the greatest number of votes will be awarded the first prize of ten dollars ; the one that receives the next greatest number will receive the second prize of five dollars.

It is an essential condition that competitors be yearly subscribers to this magazine. Anyone who is not a subscriber may compete by sending a dollar for a years subscription at the same time that he sends his photographs.

The best half-tones are made from Aristo prints, toned to a warm sepia. The larger the print the better.

Particulars of make of camera, lens and plates should be sent with every photograph.

Photographs for the first competition should reach the office of the GREAT WEST not later than the first of December. The best among them will be printed in the January number, and the votes will be recorded till the end of the month last named, when the award will be made and the prizes paid.

Address : Art Editor, Great West Magazine, Winnipeg.



\$50.00 IN CASH PRIZES.

THE GREAT WEST PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

The publishers of THE GREAT WEST feel confident that a vast amount of literary talent lies dormant in Canada, and particularly in the West, for want of encouragement. We possess many distinguished writers who have made their mark in the world of literature, but there are scores of others unknown to fame who will one day see their names enrolled on the scroll of honor. To encourage these budding literateurs we have decided to offer cash prizes for original short stories by Canadian writers. The competition will open at once, and will close on December 31st, 1898. Manuscripts received on or before that date will be submitted to a committee of literary men, who will award the prizes as follows :

For the Best Story	\$25.00
For the Second Best Story	15.00
For the Third and Fourth Best Stories (each)	5.00

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

 PLEASE READ CAREFULLY 

1. The stories must contain not less than fifteen hundred nor more than four thousand words.
2. Manuscripts must be legibly written—typewriting preferred—on one side of the paper only.
3. The paper used should be large note—8 inches by 9½ is a good size—and the manuscript should be mailed flat, not folded if possible, and never rolled.
4. Each MSS. should be addressed THE GREAT WEST MAGAZINE, Winnipeg, Manitoba, and on the corner "Prize Story Competition."
5. At the top of each MSS, above the title of the story, must be written "Prize Story"—words by ——— (some distinctive name by which the writer may be identified), and enclosed in the same envelope with the MSS, must be one dollar for one year's subscription to THE GREAT WEST. Enclose also a sealed envelope, marked on the outside "Prize Story," by ——— (the pen name chosen) and containing the real name and address. After the prizes have been awarded these envelopes will be opened, and the names of the winners announced, unless for any cause a prize winner wishes his or her name withheld. MSS. which do not secure a prize will be returned to the writer.
6. In every case stamps for return postage must accompany MSS.
7. The stories securing prizes shall become the exclusive property of THE GREAT WEST MAGAZINE.
8. THE GREAT WEST MAGAZINE reserves the right to purchase from the author any story which, although it may not be awarded a prize, is deemed suitable for publication. The price of any such story to be agreed upon between the author and the publishers.
9. All MSS., to be eligible for this competition, must be received at this office on or before the 31st day of December, 1898.

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	West B'nd	East B'nd
Winnipeg . . .Lv. Tues, Thurs, Sat.	10 30	
Winnipeg . . .Ar. Mon, Wed, Fri.		21 10
P't'ge la Prairie Lv. Tues, Thurs, Sat.	12 30	
Portage la Prairie. . . Mon, Wed, Fri.		19 20
Gladstone . . .Lv. Tues, Thurs, Sat.	14 05	
Gladstone . . .Lv. Mon, Wed, Fri.		17 55
Neewawa . . .Lv. Tues, Thurs, Sat.	15 00	
Neepawa . . .Lv. Mon, Wed, Fri.		16 30
Minnedosa . . .Lv. Tues, Sat.	15 55	
Minnedosa . . .Thurs.	16 05	
Minnedosa . . .Mon, Wed, Fri.		15 50
Rapid City . . .Ar. Thurs	17 10	
Rapid City. . .Lv. Fri.		14 00
Birtle . . .Lv. Tues, Sat.	18 45	
Birtle . . .Lv. Thurs.	20 50	
Birtle . . .Lv. Mon, Wed.		13 20
Birtle . . .Lv. Fri.		10 50
Binscarth . . .Lv. Tues, Sat.	19 50	
Binscarth . . .Lv. Thurs	22 15	
Binscarth . . .Lv. Mon, Wed.		11 30
Binscarth . . .Lv. Fri.		9 00
Russell . . .Ar. Thurs.	23 00	
Russell . . .Lv. Fri.		8 15
Yorkton . . .Ar. Tues, Sat.	24 00	
Yorkton . . .Lv. Mon, Wed.		7 20

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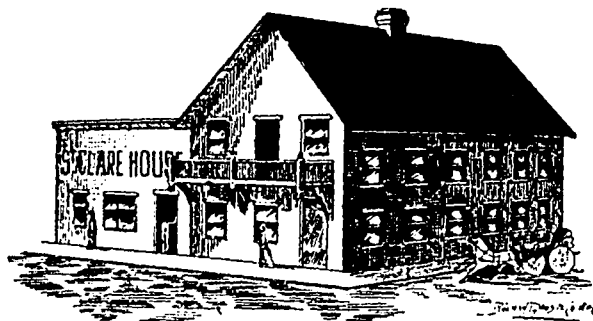
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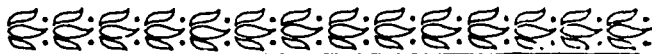
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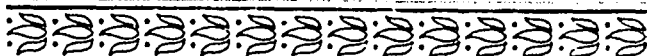
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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even-numbered sections of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which have not been homesteaded, reserved to provide wood lots for settlers or other purposes, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situated, or, if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one to make the entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for an ordinary homestead entry; but for lands which have been occupied an additional fee of \$10 is chargeable to meet inspection and cancellation expenses.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed under the following conditions: Three years cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent or any homestead inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands of his intention to do so. When for convenience of settlers, application for patent is made before a homestead inspector, a fee of \$5 is chargeable.

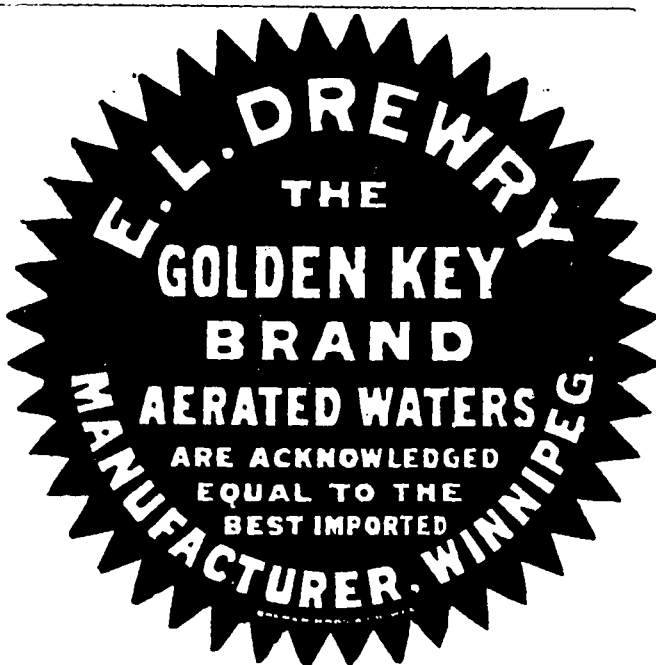
A SECOND HOMESTEAD.

may be taken by anyone who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands upon application for patent made by him, or had earned title to his first homestead on, or prior to, the second day of June, 1889.

INFORMATION.

Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, and copies of these regulations, as well as those respecting Dominion lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Land Agents in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories.

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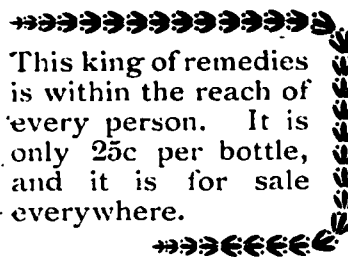
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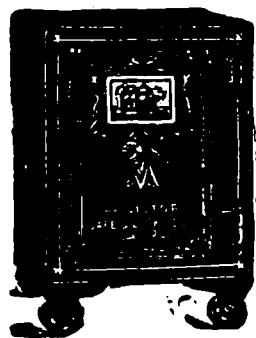
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Gladstone Mon and Fri	12 30	
Gladstone Tues and Sat		17 00
Dauphin Mon and Fri	18 45	
Dauphin Tues and Sat		12 00
Sifton Mon and Fri	19 40	
Sifton Tues and Sat		9 05
Winnipegosis Mon and Fri	20 50	
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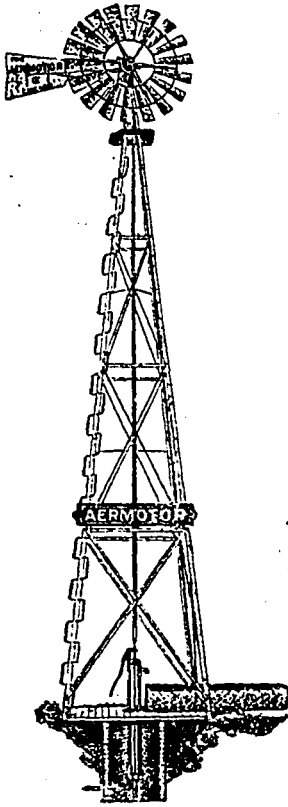
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