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THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Brief Sketch of the History of one of the Great Public Works of Canada.

Some months ago the sale of the Intercolonial railway to a company was seriously urged by a representative journal of the central west. For many years the representatives of Ontario in the House of Commons have been opposed to further expenditures on capital account for this great highway between the provinces, and it was only when the party whip was vigorously cracked that these gentlemen consented to necessary appropriations. This opposition to the Intercolonial is not confined to any particular party. It had an existence in 1878 and was continued all during the conservative regime, and when the liberals came into power the same sentiment prevailed and was only overcome by the universal demand from the Maritime Provinces supported by Hon. A. G. Blair, then Minister of Railways, who urged that the Intercolonial be not only sustained but improved. So fearsome of criticism under this head had the conservative government become that the Intercolonial was literally starved, and had the same policy prevailed from 1896 until now, as ruled for six or seven years previous the Intercolonial would have become a second class road by this time. It was the determined stand taken by Mr. Blair in the caucus of his own party that rendered possible the great improvements made in the Intercolonial since 1896, and they have been manifold.

That there have been mistakes made in the management of the Intercolonial no one will question, but similar mistakes have been made in the management of every railroad on the continent, and they are likely to continue until the end of time,or while man is fallible. To begin with the location of the road was a mistake, and to the original blunder is due the lack of success of the Intercolonial from a commercial standpoint. Another blunder was made in fixing the freight and passenger schedules so low

that with the handicap of distance there is little or no margin for profit left. It was never proposed, intended, or even thought that the Intercolonial would pay the interest on its cost, but after thirty years of operation it ought to pay working expenses and leave a margin to make good the loss by deprecation. This is not possible under the present tariff, a fact which is admitted by all railroad men who have looked into the question or given it any thought.

A transfer of the Intercolonial to the hands of a private company would therefore mean higher freight and passenger rates. Advantage would be taken of the people along a large section of the Intercolonial in Nova Scotia where there is no railroad competition and where none is possible and rates would be charged, which in comparison with those now in operation would be considered exorbitant. If the present rates are too low the others would be too high. This in itself is sufficient reason to awaken opposition to the transfer of the Intercolonial from govermental control throughout the Maritime Provinces.

But however desirous some western men may be to hand over the Intercolonial to a company no government is likely to consider such a proposition seriously. The Intercolonial was about all the Maritime Provinces got for entering the confederation. It was built as a portion of that compact and it must be maintained. But there is no reason why people who live along the line of the Intercolonial or who ride in its passenger trains should do so at the expense of the Federal treasury. The railroad is a necessity to these people and the rates of freight should not be lower than on other roads, not owned by the government, particularly when the revenue does not meet the expenditure. Within a few years there has been an increase in the cost of running the road. Upwards of a three quarters of a million dollars have been added to the pay of Intercolonial employes alone and no advance has been made in either the freight or the passenger schedules. The increase of of wages of railway employees has not been confined to the Intercolonial but has been general all over the American continent. To-day the wages of Intercolonial employes are no higher than those of other Canadian railroads. Prior to 1896 they were lower than was paid the same class of employes on other roads. But no other road excepting the Intercolonial has depended alone on increased traffic to make good the extra expenditure. On all other railroads, freight and passenger tariffs have been carefully revised, and where an increase could reasonably be made it was made so that the public had to meet the extra cost of handling traffic.

It is sometimes asserted by partizan journals and political opponents that all the difficulties of the Intercolonial are due to governmental mismanagement. But if the political friends of these journals were in power they would be just as keen in the defense of practically the same management as they are in denouncing everything in connection with the railroad when their political opponents are in power. We have daily evidenee of this in the criticisms of the management of the Intercolonial which are written with a view to embarass the government rather than to produce a change for

the better in the operation of the line.

There are many things in connection with the management of the Intercolonial that might be altered to the great advantage of the railroad and the country at large but there is altogether too much twaddle written about the Intercolonial with the expectation that it may perhaps benefit the political friends of the journal in which it appears. But it is not the purpose of this article to deal with this phase of the matter but to show how the location of the Intercolonial was decided on and how far that mistake is responsible for the almost annual deficits of the road, for it must be remembered that the portions of the Intercolonial constructed in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were on an expense paying basis until the opening of the through line to River du Loup. It was then the deficits commenced, and with the exceptions of a few years have continued ever since.

The construction of a railroad to connect the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia with Upper and Lower Canada originated with the grandfathers of the present generation. Seventy-three years ago Henry Fairbairn published a letter in the United Service Journal in which he wrote as follows:

"I propose, first to form a railway for wagons, from Quebec to the harbour of St. Andrews upon the Bay of Fundy, a work which will convey the whole trade of the St. Lawrence, in a single day, to the Atlantic waters. Thus the timber, provisions, ashes, and other exports of the Provinces may be brought to the Atlantic, not only with more speed, regularity and security, than by the river St. Lawrence, but with the grand additional advantage of a navigation open at all seasons of the year; the harbor of St. Andrews being capacious, deep, and never closed in the winter season, whilst the St. Lawrence is unnavigable from ice, from the month of November to May. Another great line of railway may be formed from Halifax, through Nova Scotia to St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, and thence into the United States, joining the railways which are fast spreading through that country, and which will soon reach from New York to Boston and through the whole New England States. This railway will not only bring to the Atlantic the lumber, provisions, metal, and other exports of the provinces, but from the situation of the harbor of Halifax, it will doubtless command the whole stream of passengers, mails, and light articles of commerce passing into the British possessions and to the United States and every part of the continent of America.

"Indeed, if the difficulties and expense of constructing these works in our North American colonies were tenfold greater, an imperative necessity would exist for their adoption, if it is desired by the Government of this country, to maintain an equality of commercial advantages with the neighbouring United States. For the splendid advantages of the railway system are well understood in that country, where great navigable rivers are about to be superseded by railways of vast magnitude, reaching over hundreds of miles. Indeed, in no country, will the results of the railway system be so extensive as in

the United States, for it will assimilate their only disadvantages, inland distance from the sea; and it will effect the work of centuries to connect, consolidate, and strengthen that giant territory, lying beneath all climates and spreading over a quarter of the globe. If then we would contend with these advantages, in our North American provinces, it is only by similar works, that we can bring to the Atlantic, the agricultural exports of the colonies, and secure the stream of emigration, which otherwise, with the facility of inland transportation, will be rapidly diverted to the Western region of the United States."

These words were written in 1832, seven years after the Stockton and Darlington road, the first railroad in the world, was opened and they display almost prophetic insight into the future development of the United States, and had the plan he laid down been put into immediate effect, the history of Canada would have been materially different from what it is. In those days St. Andrews as a centre of trade and enterprise in New Brunswick was second in importance only to the city of St. John and it is not surprising that her people were awakened into action by the encouraging words of this Scottish engineer. At all events in 1835 an association was formed to put the plans of Mr. Fairbairn into execution and a deputation appointed to wait on Sir Archibald Campbell, then governor of the province. Not only was this done but Messrs George Smith and E. R. Hatheway were appointed to explore the territory between St. Andrews and Mars hill, a work they immediately entered upon—the remaining distance between Mars hill and Quebec had already been reported on, All this was done before the boundary dispute between Maine and New Bruuswick, and had it not been for that unfortunate controversy the road would very likely have been constructed, as it had the active support of the Imperial government which in 1836 made a grant of £10,000 towards defraying the cost of a preliminary survey. This survey was made the same year by Captain Yule of the Royal Engineers and a practical line, which offered but few difficulties of construction was discovered. The estimated distance was 300 miles and the cost was approximated at one million pounds.

But no sooner had this practical line been discovered than the United States made claim to territory through a portion of which the proposed railroad would run and thus commenced the boundary dispute which was finally settled by the Ashburton treaty in 1842. Under this treaty Maine did not get all that was claimed but New Brunswick lost a valuable slice of her territory through which the railway would pass on the most direct route west. This was not however the fault of Lord Ashburton but due to a wrong interpretation of the treaty of 1783 made in the year 1797 under which Great Britain accepted as the boundary the minor branch of the St. Croix instead of the main river. It was this treaty and the jealousy of the people of the United States which prevented the construction of the St. Andrews and Quebec railroad. As an example of the deeply rooted jealousy of Canada as far back as 1837 the following extract from a New York paper of that day is given:

"The plan which the Canadians and the New Brunswick people, under the auspices of the British Government, have projected, of a railroad from Quebec to St. Andrews, in New Brunswick, or the City of St. John, so as to make, as it is said, St. Andrews a wharf and the Bay of Fundy a harbour for the St. Lawrence, is one of the most magnificent that has yet been projected upon this continent, and calculated to involve, ultimately, the most important political consequences. The idea was stolen from the Maine legislature (!) where the project originally started; but Great Britain, with that sagacity and foresight that distinguish all her political movements, has taken it up and adopted it, and is likely, for want of sufficient enterprise in the Maine Legislature, not only to rob that state of the honor and the profit, but even of the territory over which it is absolutely necessary to construct the road: hence, undoubtedly, the reason why Sir Charles Vaughan, in his correspondence with our Government, relative to the North Eastern boundary, after the starting of the project, refused even to fall back upon the award of the King of Holland, as to the dividing line between Maine and the British Provinces, though he was very willing to adopt that line immediately after the award. The object of the British government now is to secure enough of this disputed country to make a railroad upon, between the Bay of Fundy and Quebec.

"This project we have called magnificent, not only on account of the undertaking itself, but on account of its high and weighty consequences. It enables the British government to send all her troops, munitions of war etc., with all possible speed, from the that important naval position, Halifax where the British Government is now fitting up one of the strongest fortifications in the world, to Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, the Lakes, and all along our northern and north-western territories. In five or six days, soldiers can be taken from great military and naval depot at Halifax and put upon the St. Lawrence from Quebec to Ontario. The difficult and dangerous navigation of the St. Lawrence is thus avoided. The British will also thus have a port where their produce can be sent to and from the West Indies. Military and commercial advantages prompt the British Government to expend $4,000,000, for with the harbor of Halifax, as it is near Europe, a cordon of British bayonets can be made to surround us in the shortest possible time, and the produce of the Canadas, now seeking a mart in New York in American ships, can thus be turned to St. Andrews or St. John in British bottoms. But rely upon it, there is no question with foreign power now so vastly involving the future destinies of this country, as the disputed boundary line with England."

The reason of the opposition of the United States to the opening up of Canada is easily apparent. If the St. Andrews and Quebec road had been completed and a line extended from the west through the settled portion of Upper Canada this country would have had a line of communication within its own territory and the lines of railway then building westward from New York and Philadelphia would have just so

much less territory wherein to seek profitable traffic. The time seemed also opportune for the United States to resist the efforts of the Canadian people to provide themselves with transportation lines as the Canadas were in a state of open rebellion as the result of the abuses of government. An appeal to arms was made in Ontario and Quebec to secure responsible government. The agitation also extended to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, but in these provinees the result was secured by peaceful means though not without a severe struggle, which was the cause of much bitterness for years after.

Though the St. Andrews and Quebec scheme for a railroad was prevented by the decision of 1842 the question of interprovincial transportation continued a live issue and was almost constantly before the legislatures of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Canada for the next twenty years. In 1843 the British government ordered surveys to be made through New Brunswick for a military road to connect Halifax with Quebec. Nothing practical resulted save a discussion as to which was the most desirable route for the railroad to take. There were three general routes proposed, one of which followed the shore of the straits of Northumberland bordering New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and going north crossed the principal rivers at tide water and then following the course of the present Intercolonial railway to River du Loup. The other crossed the centre of the province and reached River du Loup over a line somewhere near the present line of the Temiscouata road. The third route was by rail to Windsor, then across the Bay of Fundy and up the St. John river valley to Edmunston and then across New Brunswick and Quebec to River du Loup which was the objective point of all railroad connection between the Maratime Provinces and Quebec.

In 1839 the British government had made arrangements for a semi-monthly mail between Liverpool and Halifax and it was this important change that had brought about the discussion of better land communication between Halifax and Quebec. The boundary question was still unsettled and there was a disposition on the part of the British government to insist on the mails being carried as far away from the boundary as possible. That remarkably clear headed British statesman Lord Durham in his report on the condition of Canada says "The completion of any satisfactory communication between Halifax and Quebec would in fact produce relations between these provinces that would render a general union absolutely necessary." But the railroad was still a long way off. The Aroostook war in 1839 caused the mail route to be moved from the St. John river valley to the North Shore when what was known as the Kempt road was opened through from the Restigouche to Metis on the lowe- St. Lawrence and over this route the mails for a time were conveyed by wagon. In 1845 the agitation for a railway was renewed, and the services of Sir Richard Broun who was promoting various transportation schemes were enlisted. But the company in London was charged with bad faith in using the names of several prominent provincialists without authority. Lord Falkland, then governor of Nova Scotia was favorable to the railway

project and looked upon it as both feasible and necessary and he asked the Imperial government to send over engineers to make a careful survey of the various proposed routes already explored, and in 1846 instructions were forwarded to the Royal Engineers to make the surveys. All the while the question of transportation was being discussed through the press and in pamplets by prominent men on both sides of the Atlantic. Some favored a turnpike road, but Col. Holloway who had conducted the survey of the military road favored a railway. The legislatures of the different provinces all passed resolutions setting forth the necessity of the survey and agreeing to make good the expenses within the territory of each. The instructions for the survey were sent out on June 11, 1846, by Mr. Gladstone, then Colonial Secretary to Capt. Pipon, and Lieut. Henderson of the Royal Engineers.

These instructions gave general directions for the line of survey:—viz. "From Halifax to some port in the Bay of Fundy, whence by steamer connection would be made with St. John; starting again from St. John the line would proceed to Fredericton and along the valley of the river St. John to the Grand Falls; thence by the East side of Lake Temiscouata to the mouth of the river du Loup, and thence by the south bank of the river St. Lawrence to Quebec.

"A second line was projected from Halifax to the bend of the Petitcodiac, thence as straight to the Grand Falls as would be consistent with the best mechanical selection of the line, and from thence as before described to the St. Lawrence.

"A third line was projected from Halifax to the bend of the Petitcodiac, and thence keeping to the northwest by Newcastle and the Bay Chaleur, or its vicinity, to the St. Lawrence."

The survey was carried on by Capt. Pipon and Mr. Henderson until 28th October, 1846, when Capt. Pipon, in an attempt to save the life of a boy in his party, was drowned in the river Restigouche. The whole duty then devolved upon Mr. Henderson, until the summer of 1847, when Major Robinson of the Royal Engineers was appointed to take the place of Capt. Pipon.

On the 1st May, 1847, Mr. Henderson made a preliminary report as far as the survey had then proceeded. He objected to the first route on four grounds. 1st, on account of the break in through communication, owing to the necessity of crossing the Bay of Fundy forty miles wide; 2d, from the probability that private enterprise would open up that section of the province; 3d, because in his opinion it was evidently the object of the trunk line to benefit as much as possible the mass of the Provine," and 4th, because of very steep grades and heavy works to be found on that route.

On the second route he gave the preference to a line starting from Dartmouth, on the east side of Halifax harbour, because from that place, as the terminus, the railway would be five miles shorter than from Halifax.

The Cobequid Mountains were well explored, and the pass by Folly Lake pointed out. The survey by that time had reached the head waters of the river Restigouche, and showed that there would be difficulty and expense in crossing the river

Tobiqne, a branch of the St. John, and that the construction of a railway by the line which had previously been selected for a military road was impracticable.

On the third route he endeavoured to find a line that would prevent the necessity of following the sea-shore along the Bay Chaleur, but it was not possible to find one. By the valley of the Nepissiguit, a practicable line was "out of the question," the hills becoming mountains separated by deep ravines, and at last "the mountains at the heads of the Tobique, Nepissiguit and Upsalquitch. On the whole he was forced to give his preference to the coast line by the Bay Chaleur.

Major Robinson made the final report of the survey, Aug. 31, 1848. The route recommended was from Halifax to Truro, passing over the Cobequid Mountains, thence by the Gulf shore to the river Miramichi, which would be crossed at the head of tide, thence proceeding by the Nipissiguit River to the Bay Chaleur, and along the coast to the mouth of the Metapedia, proceeding up the valley of the Metapedia to the vicinity of the St. Lawrence, thence along the St. Lawrence to the river du Loup and Point Levis.

The estimate for this line, for 635 miles, from Halifax to Quebec, was set down by Major Robinson at £7,000 sterling per mile, or in round numbers £5,000,000 sterling, and it was stronglv recommended that the railway, at whatever time it might be commenced, should be properly and efficiently constructed.

"The route recommended would, in Major Robinson's opinion, secure the greatest immediate amount of remuneration for the expenditure, and the development in the highest degree of the commerce and fisheries of New Brunswick. The greatest facilities for construction were afforded, at many points, by its proximity to the sea, and, from the same cause, the least apprehension of interruption of traffic by climatic influences. Its remoteness from the United States frontier secured it from attack in case of hostilities with the United States, and the grades would be easy on account of its passing through the least elevated country."

Major Robinson also urged, as additional reasons for the adoption of his route, and the speedy construction of the road :—

"That by embarking and disembarking at Halifax, the danger and inconvenience from the navigation of the Gulf of St. Lawrence would be avoided.

"That the mails to and from Canada could pass over territory exclusively British, and yet be received at Montreal as quickly as at Boston.

"That from a political and military point of view the proposed railway had become a work of necessity.

"And that, if it should ever become necessary or advisable to unite all the British North American Provinces under one Legislative government, the means to the end, the first step to its accomplishment, would be the construction of the Halifax and Quebec Railway."

This route recommended by Major Robinson did not please New Brunswick, and from 1848 when it was first made public down to 1852 it was vigorously attacked by various writers in this province. In the meantime an effort was made to secure the con-

struction of a line of railway to connect Halifax and St. John with the United States railway system. The first conference in connection with this enterprise was held at Portland Maine in July 1850, at which the representatives of the United States pledged themselves to construct a railway through Maine to the boundary and offered also to build the provincial sections if sufficient subsidies were offered. This offer was declined by the representatives of the provinces present who preferred to construct the railway with their own funds, and an appeal was made for an Imperial guarantee. In 1851 Joseph Howe, then premier of Nova Scotia, went to England for the purpose of laying the matter before the British government, and as the result of his mission a letter was received from Earl Grey, Colonial Secretary, to the effect that the British Treasury would either advance the money or guarantee the bonds of the provinces for the construction of a railway, by which a line of communication may be established between the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Canada; but the letter also informed the government of Nova Scotia that the British government would not feel justified in asking parliament to pledge the credit of the country for any object which was not of importance to the whole empire and the project advocated by Mr. Howe was not considered of this description. Consequently neither grant nor guarantee were passed. The only concession made in this communication was that the line as surveyed by Major Robinson and recommended by him need not be followed if a better and shorter line could be discovered.

All this occurred in 1851, and the date should be remembered as it has an important bearing on the location and construction of the Intercolonial, though sixteen years were to elapse before there was any definite outcome from this offer of Earl Grey. It would be tedious and unnecessary to follow the history of the efforts to obtain Imperial assistance for the construction of a railway to give the upper provinces an outlet in winter on the Atlantic. It is sufficient to say that the agitation never ceased. Delegations were sent to the British Government on many occasions but no better terms could be obtained than those offered by Earl Grey in 1851—which in effect were simply to guarantee the bonds of the provinces, thereby enabling them to borrow money at a lower rate of interest than would otherwise be possible. The helpless position of the west in the event of a winter attack by an enemy had been frequently urged by the provincial representatives when in London and by resolutions and correspondence. The necessity for a military railroad was admitted in Great Britain but there was no willingness on the part of any British government to undertake any portion of the cost of constructing a railway, large sections of which were through a wilderness country, then unknown and unexplored. A railway through such a country would have to depend almost entirely on the through traffic for its income.

It was made clear to every delegation that crossed the Atlantic to discuss this great project with the Home Government that if a railroad was to be built at all, it must be built by the provinces, and that th

very best that could be expected from the British parliament was an Imperial guarantee—and in the end when the road was constructed by the longest possible route, which practically rendered it a commercial impossibility from the outset, this was all that was ever obtained. The federal treasury has paid a heavy tribute for the construction of the Intercolonial by the military route, instead of selecting the shortest possible route on Canadain soil. The Imperial guarantee possibly served a good purpose when it was obtained, but if those who were so anxious to get it in the beginning could have looked into the future the Intercolonial would never have been built over its present indirect route, but instead the shortest route would have been selected. The country would then have possessed a railroad that would have paid expenses from the start, and would have made St. John the winter port of Canada immediately on its completion.

Notwithstanding the apathy of the British Government the provinces were very much in earnest to provide themselves with transportation facilities and were willing to go to the very limit of their revenues to secure the desired result. There had been so much difficulty and delay in securing Imperial assistance that each province acting independently, started railroad construction within their respective territories. In 1852 the Grand Trunk Railway was incorporated by the Canadain legislature and a Provincial guarantee of $12,000 a mile was voted to aid in the construction of a railroad from Trois Pistoles in the province of Quebec to Sarnia in Ontario and in 1862 the road was completed to River du Loup a distance of 780 miles. The same year the government of New Brunswick entered into a contract for the construction of the railway from St. John to Shediac a distance of 108 miles. This road was opened in 1860, although sections of it were in operation before that period. In 1854 Nova Scotia made a start in railroad building and in 1858 the road from Halifax to Truro a distance of 61 miles was opened for traffic. The Grand Trunk was only completed to River du Loup 120 miles from Quebec but these three links in the different provinces made a total 288 miles of the much talked of Halifax and Quebec railroad.

Negotiations were resumed between the Imperia government and the provincial governments in 1857 with a view to securing the completion of the railroad but without result. In 1861 the United States were in the midst of a civil war and the time was considered opportune for the provinces to present their case once more, and a delegation consisting of Hon. P. M. Van koughnet for Canada, Hon. Joseph Howe for Nova Scotia and Hon. S. L. Tilley proceeded to London, but the best they could do was to secure the renewal of the offer made by Earl Grey in 1851. The delegates returned home and in March 1862 there was a conference at Quebec to consider the offer made by the Imperial government the previous year. The result of this conference was that the provincial governments decided to assume the cost of the railway and another delegation comprised of Hon. W. P. Howland, Hon. J. B. Sicotte, Hon. Joseph Howe and Hon. S. L.

Tilley were sent to England to arrange the terms of the loan. The terms on which the loan was to be floated were satisfactory, but at the last moment after the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia members had left for home, the question of a sinking fund to provide for the repayment of the loan was raised and on this the Canadian delegates and the Imperial government could not agree. The delegates wanted to apply the net profits of the road towards the extinction of the loan, while the Imperial goverment wanted a fixed sum provided from the revenues of the provinces set aside each year and invested in London to provide for the bonds at maturity. Besides they wanted it demonstrated that the guarantee would be sufficient to complete the railway and that no further guarantees should be asked of the Imperial government. Thus the negotiations ended. The guarantee asked for was £3,000,000.

At the sessions of the legislatures of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in 1863 the loans necessary for the construction of the railway were passed, but the legislature of Canada took no action. The executive however passed an order in council that it was desirable to have a survey of the proposed railway made before again bringing the question to the attention of the Imperial government. Six months later in August 1863, Mr. Sanford Fleming was appointed as the engineer to represent Canada on the survey, and this appointment was concurred in by New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and the home government as well. On March 5th, 1864, Mr. Fleming left River du Loup to commence his important work, and on February 9th, 1865, he presented his report giving details of fifteen possible lines running in various directions through the country. In his final report in 1876 on the completion of the Intercolonial Mr. Flem-thus condenses his original report:

"While in each case the engineering features of the lines, and the nature of the country through which they were projected were set forth, the fact was prominently put forward that there was little prospect of any considerable amount of "local traffic" by any route, and that no profitable return could be looked for from that source for many years. It was likewise shown that no great proportion of "through freight," could under ordinary circumstances be profitably carried over the proposed railway. It was argued that, during the season of navigation, freights could be more cheaply taken by water; and in winter, unless the United States placed restrictions on Canadian traffic, freight now passed in bond, would continue to follow the shorter routes to the Atlantic. On the other hand by opening up an outlet through British territory the effect would be that shorter lines through the United States would be kept under control. Accordingly, even when in no way used for freight, by the influence it would exercise on the customs' regulations, and the railway interests, the new line would directly benefit the agricultural and commercial interests of the Western Provinces.

"It was claimed that a line touching the Bay Chaleur possessed special advantages in the matter of passenger traffic. Previous to the survey, the extension of the United States lines by the Atlantic coast to

Halifax had been advocated with the view of reducing the time taken in the ocean passage, by shortening its length. Powerful influences had been enlisted to complete the coast line to Halifax. It was considered probable that, on the completion of this connection, most of the passenger traffic, not only from the United States, but also from the Province of Canada, west of Montreal, would seek Halifax through the United States, instead of passing over the Intercolonial via River du Loup.

"The Bay Chaleur, however is not only nearly a hundred and fifty miles nearer than Halifax to Liverpool, but at the same time it is two hundred and sixty-six miles nearer Montreal than Halifax is. Consequently the selection of a port on the Bay Chaleur for ocean steamers would shorten the whole distance between Montreal and Liverpool fully four hundred miles. Even between Liverpool and New York one hundred and sixty miles would be saved by commencing the ocean passage at the Bay Chaleur.

"The Intercolonial Railway accordingly presents an important route for ocean, mail, and passenger traffic, to Canada, the Western States, and to a large portion of the Central States.

"These facts pointed to a line by the Bay Chaleur as preferable to the Central or the Frontier lines."

While the survey was going on important events were transpiring in British America, which culminated in the confederation of the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia into the Dominion of Canada. At the Quebec conference where the terms of union were considered the construction of a railroad to connect the east with the west was made one of the conditions of union and is thus referred to, "the general government shall secure, without delay, the completion of the Intercolonial railway from River du Loup through New Brunswick, to Truro in Nova Scotia." This of course left the route of the line an open question, and in this province the proper location of the new line was discussed with the greatest freedom by persons of all shades of political opinion. Each route had its advocates and all of them labored industriously for the one thought to be the most beneficial to their locality But the contest was chiefly between those advocating the St. John river valley route and the North Shore route. The central route was practically overlooked, possibly because it was largely through wilderness lands. On December 4th 1866 the various provinces interested having decided in favor of union earlier in the year, had a deputation in London to complete the terms of union and obtain the necessary legislation from the Imperial Parliament. So far as the Intercolonial was concerned this conference called for a guarantee of £3,000,000 sterling to aid in the construction of the railway. The British North America act received the royal assent on March 29, 1867 and on April 12 of the same year an Imperial act was passed authorizing the British government to guarantee bonds for the construction of the Intercolonial railway to the amount of £3,000,000.

One of the stipulations of the British North America Act was that

the Intercolonial railway should be commenced within six months after the birth of the Dominion and be completed within four years. Within a week after the government was organized, Mr. Fleming as chief engineer of the Intercolonial received instructions from the Minister of Public Works to proceed with the work of locating the line. Commencing at Truro the line was located to the boundary of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick betore the close of the season, and the following year the work was extended into New Brunswick. The controversy as to the route to be followed waxed even hotter than before. On this subject Sir Sanford Fleming in his history of the Intercolonial says:

"While the discussion proceeded and the objections against each route were being answered by arguments based on commercial theories of profit; and while each particular route, in its turn, was zealously advocated and its merits enlarged upon by its friends, the Chief Engineer avoided all expression of opinion as to the line he held to be preferable; a course of action which was made a matter of reproach to him by both sides in the controversy. Viewing the course pursued, he entertains, after the lapse of years, the opinion by which he was then guided, that it was unnecessary and would have been impolitic, for him to have taken part, in any way, in the discussion.

"When Mr. Fleming entered upon the survey in 1864, his instructions on this point were very plain. He was not called upon to select what he held to be the most eligible line: indeed, as he read his instructions, he considered it to be his duty to withhold all indications of preference. His own opinions were, however, explicitly and directly expressed, when it became his duty to place them on record. In March, 1868, he was requested by the Government to report on the route he held to be the best.

"He replied that military considerations as well as the commercial capabilities of the line had to be regarded. With a prospective increasing traffic, the railway would probably become self-sustaining, but on the other hand, a line with little traffic, and with no likelihood of any great increase, threatened to become a permanent burden.

"There appeared to be but little prospect of much local traffic on any of the routes. Agricultural prospects were nowhere extremely promising; and, except in Nova Scotia, the mineral resources of the country, as far as known, appeared of little importance. It was, indeed, difficult to foresee that any great development of purely local traffic would take place. The most exaggerated estimates of way business, on any of the routes, for a long time were anticipated to fall short of the cost of maintenance.

"In the matter of through traffic, the fact had to be taken into consideration that a railway was being constructed to connect St. John to New Brunswick, with Bangor in Maine, and thence with the railway systems of Canada and the United States. This line would be a formidable competitor to the Intercolonial Railway, if the latter were built on either a frontier or central route, while the route by the Bay Chaleur, and the adoption of a port

on that Bay, for ocean steamers, would enable the Intercolonial Railway to command a large share of the rapidly increasing mail and passenger traffic between Europe and America.

"The Chief Engineer, after examining the arguments advanced in favor of each route, placed on record his opinion, that, beyond a doubt, the line by the Bay Chaleur was the route to be adopted.

"The Imperial authorities never lost sight of the military element which the railway should retain. On several occasions they clearly intimated that a northern or Bay Chaleur route was the one which they preferred; not only Major Robinson, but other military authorities pointed out the northern route as the proper location. The commissioners appointed to consider the defence of the Province of Canada reported in 1862 that no time should be lost in opening a road by the valley of the Metapedia to Metis on the St. Lawrence, and that, for military purposes, the preference should be given to the line of Railway by the Bay Chaleur.

"In 1864 the Deputy Director of fortifications, Col. Jervois, reported that whilst the Temiscouata route by Grand Falls and Fredericton to St. John was, on account of its proximity to the American frontier, liable to be cut off at the commencement of hostilities, the route from Halifax through Nova Scotia and along the Eastern side of New Brunswick, called the Metapedia route, would afford access to Canada during war; and that, except at the part where it runs along the Southern shore of the St. Lawrence, where owing to the nature and position of the country in the adjacent part of the States, it is scarcely subject to attack, the whole line might be held to be at such a distance from the frontier that it would not be liable to interruption by an enemy.

"Were further evidence required of this feeling, it is to be found in the fact that the Duke of Buckingham sent a despatch to the Governor General in the spring of 1868, intimating that the Imperial guarantee would at once be made available provided the Bay Chaleur route was adopted, and on receiving notification of the choice of route, the Duke forwarded a second despatch which fully establishes that the route by the Bay Chaleur was held to be the only line which provides for the national objects involved in the undertaking."

Thus was the route of the Intercolonial settled, and along this line it was built, a few modifications being made to suit local demands, but they did not materially alter the location of the railway. From the very outset it will be seen that it was a military and not a commercial route that was demanded by the Imperial government. The original surveys were made by military men—Royal Engineers, and the tenacity with which Major Robinson held his view in favor of the Bay of Chaleur route, despite the criticism in this province was worthy of a better cause, for there was nothing in favor of the Bay of Chaleur route that could not also be said in favor of the central route. As already stated the work of locating the line was commenced immediately after confederation and in 1876 the road was opened from Halifax to

River du Loup. The construction was of the best, and although the road cost more than was anticipated the people of Canada obtained a thoroughly constructed railway, as good as any on the continent at the time. But instead of being completed in four years it took nine years to build. From the report of the Chief Engineer made in 1865 the shortest route given to St. John is 301 miles. This was by the Frontier line. The distance to Halifax is given as 561 miles by following this line, of which 157 miles were built between St. John and Halifax. The shortest distance between St. John and River du Loup by the central route was 326 miles. By this route the distance to Halifax was 592 miles. Three routes by way of the Bay of Chaleur were submitted. The shortest of these was 424 miles to St. John and 616 to Halifax. By another route the total mileage to Halifax was 547 and to St. John 473. The actual distance traversed by the Intercolonial to River du Loup is from Halifax 559 miles and from St. John 462 miles. In 1877 the Intercolonial railway operated 714 miles of railway. In 1880 the government purchased from the Grand Trunk that portion of their road between River du Loup and Levis, and until 1883 operated 840 miles of railway. In 1891 the railway was extended to Cape Breton and its length increased 1,141 miles, and in 1899 the extension to Montreal was made increasing the total mileage to 1332 miles. In 1904 the Canada Eastern was purchased by the government and the Intercolonial extended to Fredericton and Loggieville increasing the mileage to 1,468. The total capital expenditure on account of the Intercolonial railway on June 30, 1904, was $72,735,935 of which but $15,000,000 was guaranteed by the Imperial parliament, and as the total loss in operating the Intercolonial since 1876, when it was opened as a through line has been in the vicinity of $10,000,000, Canada has paid a high price for the construction of a military road to suit the ideas of men who knew nothing of the needs of the country, and whose only idea was the safe conduct of troops to the interior in the event of war with the United States—a very remote probability in these days.

Sir Sanford Fleming in his history of the Intercolonial from which I have already quoted extensively, bemoans the result of the treaty of 1842 and censures Lord Ashburton severely for the concessions made at that time, though he clearly points out that the original blunder was made in 1797. There is no doubt that New Brunswick lost a large slice of territory by that decision, but Lord Ashburton can hardly be made responsible for it. Had this territory remained under the British flag a much shorter route to Quebec on Canadian soil would have been possible than is to day, but it would have been open to the same criticism of military engineers as was the St. John valley route—its proximity to the United States frontier. While Sir Sanford is silent on this point he no doubt took it into consideration as he followed the route originally suggested by Major Robinson of the Royal Engineers. But perhaps the engineer in chief had another idea in his mind. For years the Shippegan route across the Atlantic had been discussed and one of its advocates was the engineer

in chief. The Bay of Chaleur route was necessary to the idea of a short ocean passage and this probably had great influence in the final location of the Intercolonial. Since then the route has been tested during the winter months and has proved a failure.

It is now made plain to everybody that a gigantic blunder was made in locating the Intercolonial by its present route. The line through Nova Scotia and through Southern New Brunswick has always been on a paying basis notwithstanding the low rates charged for conveying both passengers and freight, and the same may be said of the section running through Quebec, but the North Shore section was built away from the centres of population and is still unproductive, although conditions have been improved by the construction of branch lines to the various towns on the gulf shore. and the gradual—very gradual development of the country along the line of the railway itself. There has been an increase of population in the North Shore counties of New Brunswick and this is most likely due to the existence of railroad communication. By adopting a line running so close to the coast, the Intercolonial has been compelled to compete with water borne freight during the season of open navigation, and this is one of the causes of the low freight schedule. On other lines similarly situated there are two rates of freight, one for the open season and the other for the closed season. On the Intercolonial the tariff is the same all the year around. So far as through freight is concerned it has to be carried in competition with shorter routes, and that means on the lower classes the price charged is not much above the cost of haulage and handling, This is because of the longer distance through freight has to be hauled. For example the distance from St. John by the Canadian Pacific is 482 miles, while by the Intercolonial it is 740 miles—a difference of 258 miles in favor of the Canadian Pacific.

As an example of how the location of the Intercolonial by the North Shore route was received by the people of New Brunswick, I quote from a paper prepared by the late Edward Jack who was thoroughly versed in the topography of the interior of New Brunswick and thoroughly qualified to write with authority on this subject. This paper was prepared over 20 years ago but it is still timely. Mr. Jack says:

"Since New Brunswick has been known to civilization the valley of the Saint John was the route by which the dwellers in what are now New Brunswick and Nova Scotia kept up their communications in winter with the Saint Lawrence and Canada. This ancient route has been abandoned and another chosen, and that railroad which should have descended the fertile valley of the Saint John to the head of navigation at Fredericton, and thence by the way of the valleys of the Nashwaak and Miramichi passed through Chatham and the other seaports on the Gulf on its way to Shediac and Halifax has been built by a new and improper route. A person travelling from Saint John to Quebec has now to travel 162 further than if he had travelled by the valley of the Saint John and the inhabitant of Saint Stephen's 300 miles further. In place of descending the rich and

fertile shores of the Saint John where the earth yields ample return to the labors of the husbandman; for a distance of 100 miles it crosses the dry and sandy soil of the coal measures. The wants of the inhabitants of New Brunswick and of those of Nova Scotia residing on the Bay of Fundy, have been entirely disregarded —and where this railroad could have been made a means of adding wealth and population to New Brunswick and of accommodating a vast agricultural district and the inhabitants adjacent, it has been taken through a dreary and desolate country. It has been said that in as far as the northern and eastern counties are concerned, this road has been built in the right place. Such however is not the fact. Since with the exception of Restigouche and a small part of Gloucester, the wants of the people there residing have been neglected and disregarded.

"We will take for example the case of the Chatham and Newcastle lumber merchant.

"The supplies which his men require are landed from the cars at Newcastle and as most of the lumber business is done on the Miramichi river these have to be hauled by horses, often in spring and autumn and over bad roads, 20, 30, 40 or even 60 miles, when had the road been built in the right place, not only could the pork and flour from Quebec, but also the hay and oats from Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska have been landed up the river at the operator's doors, saving them the great expense and labour of carting them to their places of residence. Any one at all conversant with lumber, knows what an expense extra portaging is.

"By far the most extensive farming lands in Northumberland are situated in the valley of the Miramichi. These the Intercolonial carefully avoids as well as the excellent farmers of Napan. Had it been intended by its location to avoid the residences of men in New Brunswick it could not have been better done. The best lands between Chatham and Shediac are near the mouths of the rivers where marine manures are also abundant. The railroad shuns these, running many miles in the interior, through what was once a valuable timber country, but which it is now fast destroying and where as before mentioned the soil is hungry and poor. Had the road followed the valleys of the Nashwaak and Miramichi, the Northumberland merchant could have reached Boston and New York by a route many miles shorter than by that which he is forced now to travel. There would of course have been a bridge at Fredericton so that cars loaded with fresh fish could have been taken directly to these great centres without necessitating unloading. In place of being a benefit to New Brunswick, the Intercolonial railroad from its improper location has been a decided injury.

"Do you ask how? In as much as the best farming lands in New Brunswick are to be found in the counties of Carleton, Victoria, the western part of Restigouche and in Madawaska, a railroad had to be built for the accommodation of this part of the country. In order to secure the construction of this road the government of the Province had to give away 1,500,000 acres of our best farming and timber lands, worth

say, $1,500,000. This gift by taking the best timber lands on the Miramichi, compels the lumbermen on that river to pay to the company holding them, extra stumpage which at present will amount to $400,000 over and above what they would have had to pay were these lands remaining in the hands of the crown, and should the company increase their stumpage, a very likely thing, these lumbermen may have in the course of a few years to pay what would amount in all to the double of this before all the lumber is cut from off these Miramichi lands. Further the province had to build a railroad for Richibucto, and Cocagne and Buctouche are yet out in the cold, costing $135,000. The Chatham branch also had to be built costing $56,000. The account therefore stands thus on one side of the ledger. We have the Intercolonial Railway which was to have been our great commercial highway.

On the other side we have

Loss of land 1,500,000 acres at $1	$1,500,000
Richibucto Branch	135,000
Chatham Branch	56,000
	$1,691,000

"Add to this the heavy duties on imports which we are paying as our share towards the construction of this road, and the loss of time and money in going round Robin Hood's barn to get to Quebec and Ontario, and we will have a large account, wherein the benefits are represented by a loss; which subject the more it is thought over, the greater reason will we have to open our mouths in just complaint against this grievous wrong done to the provinces of New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario, but more especially to St. John in the location of that unfortunate road."

To summarize; the conditions which secured the construction of the Intercolonial railway by the Bay of Chaleur route were its safety in case of war with the United States and the idea that ocean steamers would make a port on the Bay Chaleur winter and summer, and that a valuable trade in mails and passengers would be developed. The short ocean voyage was then as now considered of the highest importance and it was thought that the construction of a railroad across Newfoundland would still further assist in the development of the Bay of Chaleur route to Europe. Both the Intercolonial and the Newfoundland railway have been constructed, but the short ocean voyage is still a dream of the future. That some day the hopes of those who have promoted the idea will be realized and daily steamers will cross the Atlantic from Newfoundland to some point in Ireland with the regularity of express trains is beyond question. But the public mind is not yet sufficiently educated to the magnificent possibilities of this route by which the ocean voyage would be shortened to two days, by the employment of modern steamers, to enlist capitalists in the venture.

The fact is that trade—passengers and freight alike—follow a beaten track and those who have to deal with transportation problems realize this and the progress of a new idea is necessarily slow. The Intercolonial has been extended to Sydney. A steamer crosses the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Newfoundland connecting with the railway, but

the line of steamships for the Atlantic is lacking, tbough such a line has been discussed more frequently of late than ever before.

It is now nearly thirty years since the Intercolonial was opened and beyond the fact that the attempt to use the Shippegan route in the winter season proved a complete failure, as the steamships were unable to reach port because of the ice, no headway has been made. Experience has therefore demonstrated that Mr. Fleming made a grievous error when he gave as one of his reasons for favoring the Bay of Chaleur route that it would become an ocean terminus. The idea was impracticable then as it is now. His idea that the completion of the shorter route to Portland Maine would interfere with the success of the National railway was not founded on good grounds, because no considerable amount of freight was ever carried that way any more than his statement that the local traffic on any of the routes possible on Canadian soil would be small. He could hardly have acquainted himself with the conditions of trade in New Brunswick when he expressed these opinions, but that he fully believed himself to be correct is evidenced by the fact that in the province of New Brunswick the Intercolonial was constructed as far away from human habitation as possible—making the road entirely dependent on through traffic for its maintenance—leaving only one section of the Intercolonial where there was no possibility of competition, that in Nova Scotia, and then only during the winter months. Had the route by the valley of the St. John been followed it would not have been necessary for the Minister of Railways almost every year to explain away a deficit. The country through which the road should have run is rich and fertile, and had the Intercolonial followed this line there would have been a much greater development in this province than at present.

The fact is that the construction of the Intercolonial by the route selected has not proved benificial to New Brunswick but rather a detriment. As a direct result of the blunder of 1868 St. John has remained stationary in population, and there has been no increase in the population of the river counties. The opening of the Canadian Pacific in 1889 and its selection of St. John as its Atlantic winter terminus in 1895 has had a beneficial effect on the trade of St. John and furnished a very apt illustration of what was lost to New Brunswick by the adoption of the military route for the Intercolonial. But a discussion of the mistakes of the past will not alter existing conditions on the Intercolonial. The road has been built at the public expense and the present duty is to make it pay running expenses. I have already stated that the prevailing rates for freight and passenger traffic are lower than on any other railroad in Canada, and have given as a reason for this the long haul on through freight, and the fact that water competition has kept down the local freights over a large section of the railroad. Just how much lower these freights are and the other conditions which have produced the enormous deficits of the past two years will form the subject of another article.

CHURCH'S RAID ON ST. ANDREW'S.

The first Europeans who occupied Saint Andrews point were the French and according to the testimony of the Indians taken by the English shortly after their occupation, it was thus named after Saint Andre the priest who first erected the cross there. The Indians further said that the place where the French first landed was at Magaguadavic, that they then came to Saint Andrews point, and leaving this proceeded to Muttawagwamis on Saint Croix Island, that there were two vessels one of which left for the winter and coming back in the spring found all those who had come in the other dead. They further stated that the French erected a fort on this Island.

The history of the inner bay of Passamaquoddy and its surrounding country for a period of 100 years from the date of its discovery by De Monts and Champlain is nearly a blank. About the year 1700 two French officers, Gourden and Sharkee were sent from Quebec to take command of the Passamaquoddy Indians, to build a fort, thence they were to proceed westward and attack Massachusetts. On the 29th of February, 1704, Deerfield at that time the most northerly settlement on the Connecticut was attacked two hours before day by 300 French and Indians, commanded by the famous Canadian partizan Hertel de Rouville accompanied by three of his brothers. Forty-seven of the inhabitants were slain and 112 were carried off as prisoners of war to Canada, among others were the Rev. W. Williams and his wife; the latter fainting by the way was killed by the Indians.

These deeds of cruelty so excited Massachusetts that on the 4th of May, in the same year, Joseph Dudley Esq., Captain General and Governor in Chief of Her Majesty's province of Massachusetts Bay issued instructions to Col. Benjanium Church "to proceed to Machias and from thence to Passamaquoddy, and that having effected what spoils he possible might upon the enemy in those parts, he was ordered to embark in his vessels for Menis and Signicto to Portroyal Gut; and to use all possibe methods for the burning and destroying of the enemies houses and breaking the dams of their corn grounds, in the said several places, and to make what other spoils he could upon them and to bring away the prisoners."

By these instructions Church was also directed to see that "the duties of religion were attended to on board of of the several vessels and in the several companies under his command by daily prayers unto God and reading His holy word."

Nothing loth Church proceeded to make ready a party for this expedition. An experienced, and veteran Indian hunter himself, he knew well the requirements of this service and commenced by ordering the construction of a number of whale boats well fitted with five good oars and 12 or 15 good paddles to every boat and upon the wall of each boat five pieces of

strong leather were fastened on either side to slip five small ash bars acro s, with which to take up such boat that she might not be hurt against the rocks.

Church's collected his armament at Piscataqua to which he proceeded under the orders of the Governor, consisted of 550 soldiers in 14 small transports; it was also provided with 36 whale boats and convoyed by three men of war, one of 48, one of 32, and one of 14 guns.

Landing at Green Island they captured a Frenchman and his two sons whom they compelled to act as their pilots to Passamaquoddy bay, which they reached on the evening of the 7th of June, 1704, by the way of west harbor, nearly 100 years after Champlain. Silently and stealthily they paddled their whale boats to what we now call Indian Island, where they landed and took from their homes a French woman and her children. The Indians seem to have been aware of their coming, since the woman when questioned by Church informed him that there were a great many Indians thereabouts, and several on that Island, and that they were hid in the woods. Church desiring to know where their canoes were, was informed by her that they had carried them into the woods with them.

Williamson in his history of Maine, supposes this Island to have been Moose Island, or Eastport, but I find Lotheil's name marked on Indian Island on an old plan in the crown land office at Fredericton, and Church says that he hastened away along the shore seizing what prisoners he could, taking old Lotheil and his family. Colonel Goreham was left with a party of men and some boats on this Island, and Major Hilton with a small number of men and boats was ordered to pass over to the island lying east (probably Deer Island) to take any French whom he might find, prisoners.

To continue in Church's own words "we then immediately moved up the river in the dark night, through great difficulty by reason of the eddies and whirlpools made with the fierceness of the current. And here it might be hinted" adds Church, "that we had information that Lotriel had lost part of his family passing over to the next island, falling into one of those eddies were drowned, which the two pilots told to discourage me, but I said nothing of that nature shall do it, for I was resolved to venture up, and therefore, forthwith paddling our boats as privately as we could make with our paddles and the help of a strong tide we came to Monsieur Gourdan's a little before day."

Landing his men near at Indian Point, Church ordered Captains Merick and Cole to stay by their boats so that if any of the enemy should come out of the bush into the bay with their canoes he should take and destroy them. His orders were to use matches only and by no means to fire a gun.

Their pilots directing them to a little hut or wigwam they surrounded it and took Gourdan who was in it and who begged for quarter, prisoner together with his two sons.

Church says, "looking on my right hand over a little run, I saw something look black just by me, I stopped and heard a talking, then stepped over and saw a hut or wig-

wam with a crowd of people round about it which was contrary to my directions. I asked what they were doing? They replied that there were some of the enemy in a house and would not come out, I asked what house? they answered a bark house. I hastily bid them pull it down and knock them on the head, never asking whether they were French or Indians; they being all enemies to me."

Church in the conclusion says, "I question not but that these Frenchmen that were slain got the same good quarter of other prisioners. But I ever looked on it, a good Providence of Almighty God, that some few of our cruel and bloody enemies were made sensible of their bloody cruelties, perpetuated on my dear and loving friends and countrymen. And that the same measure in part was meted to them as they had "been guilty of in a barbarous manner at Deerfield, and I hope justly. Church after this butchery passed up the St. Croix in his whale boats by the way of the point which is called Joe's Point. Here at the time of the Arooslook war laid a number of guns which it would have been dangerous to fire. Some of our American cousins living in Robbinstown, in Maine, which is directly opposite the point, landed one dark night and spiked them with rat tail flies.

Church found Sharkee's hous standing not far from the present residence of F. H. Todd Esq.; this he attacked and drove Sharkee and his wife into the woods, the latter leaving her silk clothes and fine linen behind her. "Our men," says Church, "were desirous to have pursued and taken her but I forbade them saying I would have her run and suffer, that she might be made sensible what hardships our poor people had suffered by them."

The next morning they proceeded to the falls, a mile higher up where they seized the poor Indians, whole stock of fish carrying off as much as they could and destroying the balance. In Church's words, "the enemy seeing what our forces were about and tha their stock of fish was destroyed an d the season being over for getting any more, set up a hideous cry and so run away all into the woods."

BORROWING TROUBLE

Mildred (a college girl, to her room-mate)—Katherine, if you will lend me ten dollars, I shall be everlastingly indebted to you.

Katharine (who speaks from experience)—I don't doubt it.

College-Bred is often a four-years' loaf.

A SUGGESTION.

Subscriber—I have called, sir, to make a suggestion about your magazine.

Editor—Well, sir, what is it?

"I wish you wouldn't insert reading matter of your own among the advertisements. It takes away so from the interest!

THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ACT.

Why this Law has Failed to Prohibit the Use or Sale of Intoxicating Liquors.

By John A. Bowes,

A quarter of a century is a sufficient length of time to prove the efficiency or inefficiency of any law. The Canada Temperance Act, or as it is better known, the Scott act, has been in force in some counties in this province for 27 years, and the majority of the counties adopted it twenty five years ago. The object of the act is clearly to prevent the sale of alcoholic beverages over a bar. Advocates of the act stated that the sale of liquor would be so restricted that it would be practically impossible for a respectable man to purchase liquor for he would not go to the dens in which it was sold in defiance of the law. The Canada Temperance Act totally prohibits the sale of liquor by the glass within the area of the electoral districts, a majority of whose people have voted for its adoption. Those who favor the act claim that in the districts where the law is operative the sale and consequently the use of spirituous and malt liquors are curtailed. Those who oppose the law on the other hand assert that the Canada Temperance Act in no way affects the consumption of the prohibited articles, but that they are as openly sold as in districts where the sale of liquor is controlled by a license law. Ordinary observers who visit Scott act cities and counties are unable to distinguish between them and towns where the sale of liquor is licensed. If he is a guest at a first, or even a second class hotel he has no difficulty in getting his order for liquors filled, whether they be sent from the table in the dining room or from his room ; or should he desire a fizz, a cocktail, an egg nog, a rickey or any other of the multitudinous variety of mixed drinks which white coated and clean shaven bar-tenders concoct he has only to express the wish while standing in front of the well equipped and well supplied bar of the hotel, for in the great majority of hotels in the cities and towns where the Canada Temperance Act is in operation the proprietors have been lavish in their expenditures on the bar, which is made as attractive to the eye as possible, though the man acquainted only with the better brands of liquors will see many labels on bottles which are entirely new to him. This is the stuff which because of its lesser price is frequently made to supply the place of better goods and is universially known as Scott

act whiskey—a good thing to avoid, as those who have had experience know.

The first places in New Brunswick to adopt the Scott act were the city of Fredericton and the county of York. Since then the act has been submitted to the people of Fredericton four times, and each time it has been sustained. The act was also endorsed by the people of York in 1878 by a majority of 1,015 and again in 1884 by a majority of 523. In 1879 six more counties in New Brunswick adopted the act, Charlotte. Carleton, Albert, Kings and Westmoreland. Northumberland adopted the Act in 1880 and Sunbury in 1881. The vote stood as follows:

	For	Against	Majority
York	1,229	214	1015
Charlotte	867	149	718
Carleton	1,215	69	1,146
Albert	718	114	604
Kings	798	245	553
Queens	315	181	134
Westmoreland	1,082	299	783
Northumberland	875	673	202
Sunbury	176	41	135

In 1884 the act was again submitted to the people of Westmoreland when the vote stood 1,774 in favor of the act and 1,701 against it, the majority of 783 of 1879 having been reduced to 73. In 1888 the question was again submitted to the people of Westmoreland when the majority in favor of the act was increased to 766. In 1896 there was another election when the majority was cut down to 277 and again in 1899 when it was reduced to 235. This election was an exception to all other Scott act elections held in New Brunswick the vote being quite large, 3,208 electors voting for the act and 2,973 against it. In 1892 the people of Northumberland voted a second time for the act and it was again sustained the vote being 1,780 for and 1,561 against the majority being 219. From the figures given it will be seen that in some of the counties where the act was sustained there was practically no interest taken in the question and only a purely nominal vote cast. In every case with the exception of Westmoreland and Northumberland when the question has been submitted to the people more than once fewer votes were cast to sustain the act than at the first election. In no election, with a single exception, were more than one-third of the votes on the electoral list polled so that it cannot be said that a majority of the electorate voted in any constituency to sustain the act. It has always been brought into operation by the voice of a minority and this is the real reason of the failure of the act. Another is that while it is a crime under the Canada Temperance Act to sell a bottle or a glass of liquor it is perfectly legal to drink it. The act permits a man to have a jug in his cellar and to drink all he wants, but he must only buy from the licensed vendor, if he buys in a Scott act county, and then on the prescription of a physician that the stimulant is essential to his well being.

In Ontario and Quebec the act has not fared so well as in the maritime provinces. In New Brunswick the Canada Temperance Act is in force in nine out of the fifteen counties of the province. In Prince Edward Island it is operative in three counties, and in Nova Scotia in twelve counties. During the eleven

years between 1878 and in 1899 the act was carried in 41 constituencies in Ontario and Quebec but in 1890 it was only operative in six of these; and in 1899 it was defeated in Brome by a majority of 532, where it had carried three years before by a majority of 134. In 1901 the act was defeated in Richmond, Quebec, by a majority of 399. This was the last place in these two provinces where the act was tried. In every place in Ontario and Quebec where the act was in operation it has been overwhelmingly defeated, the people realizing what a complete failure local prohibition had proved and gladly voted to return to the license system. In the maritime provinces the people do not seem to be so practical and the act is permitted to be violated with impunity wherever it is operative.

One of the strong arguments used by the supporters of the act is that a vote against the Canada Temperance Act is a vote against temperance. Nothing could be more fallacious. The question is does the Scott act prohibit the sale of liquor or lessen its use? It is presumable that there is as large a proportion of temperance men in Ontario as in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia. Yet with the assistance of others they have voted down the Scott Act as they did the Dunkin Act, when it was found that local prohibition practically meant the free sale of liquor, without any restriction whatever. Since the passage of the Canada Temperance Act there have been many elections in connection with the act—the last being in the county of Restigouche a few weeks ago where the act was defeated. A summary of these elections gives the following results:

Carried five times	1
Carried four times	1
Carried twice	4
Carried once	21
At present in force	27
Defeated first vote	18
Carried first and defeated	30
Carried twice and lost twice	1
Carried once and lost twice	1
Carried twice and lost once	4
Lost twice	1
Carried three times, lost 4th, carried 5th, lost 6th,	1

The act is in force in 27 places in Canada, all in the Maritime Provinces excepting Lisgar and Marquette in Manitoba. The question has been submitted to the people of St. John twice, and on each occasion it was rejected. In 1886 the act was adopted by the people of Portland, 667 electors voting in favor and 520 against—a ridiculously small vote when the population is considered. St. John county adopted the act at the same time by a majority of 43. The act was in force in Portland up to 1890, one year after union, and when the vote was taken only 124 people voted to sustain the act while 558 voted against it. After the dismal failure of the act and the fact that the police were able to discover and report 132 places where liquor was openly sold, after the act was defeated—the wonder is that even 124 people could have been found to vote for such an abortive law. The act was defeated in St. John county in 1892 by a majority of 159.

The question of regulating the sale and use of intoxicating liquors is one that has been discussed for many years in this province with the greatest

freedom. About the same time that the prohibition wave struck Maine it slopped over into New Brunswick and for a few months there was a prohibitory law in this province, but the people were so generally opposed to it that it was swept out of existence, and while prohibition was frequently urged the adoption of the Canada Temperance Act was the first move in the direction of putting prohibition ideas into practice. This was 25 years ago, and while in the beginning there were many legal quibbles, and every step to enforce the law was fought through the courts until finally all the doubtful points were settled and the law defined by the judges. Therefore for the last fifteen years there has been no legal difficulties in carrying out the law provided the people really desired that it should be observed. But what do we find. Take Fredericton as an example. Liquor is sold as freely and openly in that city as in St. John. Bar rooms equipped with all the modern necessities, for places of that kind are to be found in most prominent places in the city, and practically every drug store is a tap room where customers are served with what they ask for in the way of spirituous liquors. These facts are known to everybody in the city and the whole thing is winked at. Were it not for an occasional paragraph in the newspapers "four Scott Act violators were fined $50, and costs by Police Magistrate Marsh this morning," and the absence of signs "Licensed to Sell Spirituous and Malt Liquors," a stranger in the place would never know that there was such a law as the Scott act.

Some years ago a few prohibitionists in Fredericton thought that the sale of liquor might be stopped by putting the hotel proprietors in jail and third offences were charged against five of them and sentence was duly pronounced confining them in the county jail. Meanwhile the hotels closed and the trade of the city was seriously affected. All the while the sale of liquor was going on as usual in other places and no effort was made to interfere with it. Since this experiment there has been no third offences charged against violators of the Scott act in Fredericton, all offences being classed as first offences which permits the magistrate to impose a fine. If ever there was an immoral arrangement by which the city derives a revenue of between two and three thousand dollars annually from a source which it claims to be illegal, it is this method of enforcing the Canada Temperance Act. Those Those who sell liquor know within a week when to expect the summons to appear before the magistrate and they always go prepared with the amount of the fine. As each dealer is summoned four or five times a year and they are all personally known to the magistrate he must realise what a travesty on justice his decisions are. The object of the Scott act is to prevent the sale of liquor; its administration in the province of New Brunswick is to create revenue for the town or county, by collecting fines regularly from those who sell and allow the sale to go on. The effect of such administration of the law is to bring all laws into disrepute.

What is true of Fredericton is also true of Moncton, St. Stephen, Chatham and other smaller towns in the province. Everywhere the law is

administered for the purpose of obtaining a revenue from a trade which a majority of those who voted on the question said should be made illegal. It is claimed by those who defend the Canada Temperance Act that if the law is violated, so are other laws—that against theft for instance. This assertion is quite correct but police magistrates do not fine a man for theft and turn him loose to do it again. If the same course were pursued in the administration of other laws as in the case of the Canada Temperance Act there would be such a hue and cry raised that the magistrate so administering the laws would be compelled to resign his office. The reason for this is not difficult to ascertain. Other laws are backed by a strong public opinion and the Canada Temperance Act is not. In the majority of places where it has been adopted as shown by the figures given earlier in the article less than a third of the people voted for it, and many of those who vote to sustain the act are regular patrons of places where liquor is sold. Why such men vote for the act is difficult to explain but it is a fact that one third of the supporters of the law go to the polls with a ballot to sustain the Canada Temperance Act in one hand and a bottle of whiskey on their hip.

It is not suggested that all who favor prohibtion or local option are of this hypocritical class. There are scores of persons in this province who honestly believe that prohibition is the only means of curing the evils following the excessive use of intoxicants and that the Scott act is a measure of prohibition that will have a beneficial effect in creating temperance sentiment by making the sale of liquor illegal. It is this class that brings about periodical raids on the liquor sellers which the regular authorities cannot control. Unfortunately these gentlemen are unable to penetrate the places where liquor is offered for sale and are forced to employ disreputable persons who buy and drink the liquor for the purpose of securing the conviction of the sellers. This method is not generally sustained by even the good people of the community because of the generally bad character of those willing to engage in the undesirable occupation of a paid informer.

It has frequently been demonstrated that these so called detectives are made to order perjurers and willing to swear to anything that will make a conviction certain. When the aftermath of these spasms of virtue are cleared away it is not unusual to discover several skeletons that have been obscured from the public gaze for years. In the majority of counties where the act is operative there is an inspector whose duty it is to hunt out and prosecute offenders against the law. This position is subject to the whim of the County Council, and as the complexion of the Council changes so does the attitude of the inspector change towards the seller of liquor. It has been a matter of complaint in more than one county that where the inspector has been given a free hand the costs of prosecution have been almost on a par with the fines realized. In other words the inspector and his legal friends have managed to annex all the proceeds of the fines leaving nothing for the county councillors to manipulate. Such conduct has been

condemned in the warmest language the worthy solons could command, after making the discovery. The effect of such a discovery is to restrict the power of the inspector and therefore give the county an opportunity to reap whatever monetary benefit there is derivable from the act. To put it plainly it is recognized in every city and town where the act is operative that public opinion, while it votes to sustain the act is opposed to its strict enforcement and is quite content if the trade pays tribute to an amount equal to what would be obtained if the sale was under the license act.

There are so many absurdities in connection with the administration of the Canada Temperance Act that it is inconceivable why practical men of common sense will continue to tolerate it. A few months ago for instance it was announced in the Moncton newspapers that the authorities in that city had notified the bars that they must not keep open on Sunday thereafter. Such an announcement seriously made must produce a smile on the face of the most pronounced prohibitionist. Yet Moncton city has always voted to sustain the act and thereby perpetuate the farce. This is but one of the many absurdities connected with the administration of the Scott act in New Brunswick. Scores of other illustrations show that the desire is to secure a revenue rather to prevent the sale of liquor. It is money the authorities want rather than a dry town. The following statement shows the number of offences against the Canada Temperance act in the province of New Brunswick in 1903.

Albert	4
Carleton	29
Charlotte	34
Northumberland	77
Westmoreland	45
York	50
Total	239

In all of these 239 cases reported in the Dominion Criminal Statistics fines only were imposed. They were all first offences, although the act recognized a second and a third offence, the latter punishable by imprisonment without the option of a fine. These figures go to show that the municipal authorities backed by public opinion do not care a straw for the prohibitory features of the Canada Temperance Act, but regard it solely as a revenue producing machine. Such being the case the wonder is that the act is not voted out of existence and replaced by a good license law, under which the sale of liquor would be properly controlled. As it is now the hour of closing depends upon the will of the proprietor, though pressure is often brought by the police of the city or town to close the places at what would be legal hours were the license law operative. Such a system admits of blackmail and favoritism on the part of officials and there have been such things charged in almost every town at one time or another.

The method of enforcing the Scott act in this province has had a decidedly bad effect on the morals of the community. The easy way in which those who violate this law escape the punishment intended has created a new element among those who favor the act. As a large part of the people of the drug business is illegal

sale of liquor and those establishments would not be able to engage in the business, under a license law these men and their friends vote to sustain the act whenever the question is brought up. It is safe to assert that the hotel proprietors and others who have a direct interest in the defeat of the Canada Temperance Act and the bringing of the Provincial License act into operation always vote against the act; but the element which would be deprived of the profits arising from illegal sale under the present mode of enforcing the law are favorable to the existing order of things. The Canada Temperance Act has therefore two classes of supporters; those who honestly believe that prohibition is a good thing for the people and those who profit by violating the law—a rather queer condition of things, truly.

But the main test of local option under the Canada Temperance Act is whether it increases or decreases the excessive use of intoxicating liquors. In Fredericton, Moncton, Chatham and St. Stephen, the largest towns where the act is operative in New Brunswick, liquor is sold in as many places as if a license act were in operation. There are practically no restrictions as to the hours these places remain open and none regarding Sunday selling. The result is that it is easier to buy a drink on Sunday in any of these towns than it is in St. John where the sale is under the Provincial License act. There has been a great change in St. John in this respect compared with a quarter of a century ago. Not only has the retail license fee been increased from $50 to $300 per annum but the number of places where liquor is sold at retail has been decreased one-half and Sunday selling has practically stopped, owing to the fact that violators of this section of the law are liable to have their license cancelled for repeated violations of the law. It is within the memory of the present generation when a dozen or more places in St. John were open for the sale of liquor all day Sunday. Now if liquor is sold on Sunday at all it is not done in the regular bar but in some side room. At the time mentioned there were at least three places in St. John which were never closed from year end to year end. There are no such places in this city at all now and nine-tenths of the retail liquor saloons close promptly at the legal hour. In fact there is a growing element within the liquor trade which is strongly opposed to the granting of licenses to anyone who will not live up to the law. Gradually the number of all night resorts was reduced to two and these were compelled to close up for lack of patronage. It no longer paid to keep open all night for the accommodation of a few stragglers and consequently the existing places closed several years ago and no new places have opened since.

No one pretends to say that the license law is carried out in its entirety but anyone who has been away from St. John for a matter of fifteen years cannot fail to observe a marked change in the administration of the liquor laws. Places that were formerly open Sundays and as late as 2 or 3 o'clock every morning are now closed at the legal hour and do not reopen again until 6 o'clock the next morning. Besides the licensed places that kept late hours there were several well known resorts in the business

district where liquor was sold without license until far on in the morning. These places are now closed entirely. In fact the number of unlicensed places where liquor is sold has been greatly reduced since the new License law came into operation, and unless it is sold by some of these having beer licenses there are but few unlicensed dealers, and the quantity handled by them is small indeed compared with a few years ago. Occasionally the inspector finds a case to report. In all these were 11 fines collected for the illegal sale of liquor in St. John in 1903. Taking into consideration the fact that St. John has a large floating population winter and summer and these mostly seafaring men, it is a very sober city and the License act is administered as well if not better than in any city in Canada where similar conditions exist.

The people of St. John had excellent ocular demonstration of the inefficiency of the Scott act to prohibit the sale of liquor while it was operative in the city of Portland. St. John has always been under a license act but Portland enjoyed an experience of three years under the Canada Temperance Act. The result was that the bars on the St. John end of Mill street closed at 10 o'clock, and those on the Portland end of the street closed when they felt like it. The number of places were liquor was sold Saturday and Sunday alike increased so rapidly in Portland that it became a scandal. The police authorities attempted to cope with the growing evil, but it would have been necessary to have doubled the police force to have kept track of the illegal sale of liquor alone. The result was that after two or three ineffectual attempts to secure an enforcement of the law the authorities allowed the matter to drop and the sale went on practically without interruption until the people voted the act out of existence. When the question came to a vote the citizens not in any way connected with the liquor business found a large percentage of those who had benefitted financially by the unrestricted sale of liquor arrayed against them and among the most valiant supporters of the act. But the people of Portland had seen enough of the Scott act to wish to be rid of it, and the best citizens went to the polls unasked, and and voted to wipe the law out of existence, because there had been an increase of drunkeness and rowdyism while it was in operation.

If the Canada Temperance Act does not prohibit the sale of liquor and the fact that it nowhere decreases the number of places where liquor can be bought, it is only reasonable to suppose that about the same quantity is consumed as before the act came into operation. It is true that signs indicating that liquor is offered for sale are missing in Scott act districts. This is due to the fact that some other business is used as a cloak to cover the sale of liquor. But the lack of outward evidence that the sale of liquor goes on is to be found in the fact that there is as much drunkenness in Scott act towns as there was before the act came into operation. As a practical measure of prohibition the warmest friends of the Canada Temperance Act admit that it is a failure and that it does not prohibit the sale or use of alcoholic beverages. Those who believe in prohibition as the only cure

for drunkenness fall back on the feature of the act that makes the selling of liquor a crime and are quite convinced that the community is being benefitted thereby. The manner in which the law is administered recognizes the crime by punishing with a fine only. It is a favorite argument in favor of the act that the community in no way shares in the profits of the business as under a license act, but one has only to read the arguments in the various municipal bodies to realize the absurdity of this contention because the councillors or aldermen are always keenly anxious to see that the revenue from Scott act fines is maintained and if otherwise do not hesitate to make a row. The only difference now between a place where the Scott act is in operation and where the License act prevails is that under the Scott act all the fines go to the municipality while under the License act half of the revenue goes into the Provincial Treasury. The Attorney General raised the question a year or two ago as to whether all fines collected for violations of the Canada Temperance Act did not properly belong to the province, but no attempt was made to press the question. From present indications there would be a very decided change in public sentiment if the money were to go to the Province instead of the municipality. Without knowledge as to whether the contention of the Attorney General is well grounded or not, it would only seem reasonable that while the Scott act is used only as a means of collecting revenue and is practically a local license law the province ought to share in the revenue to the same extent as it would under the Provincial License act. There does not seem to be any valid reason why districts operating under this law should contribute to the provincial expenditure while those who put the Scott act into operation should be exempt.

The writer of this article does not attempt to discuss the question of the rights or wrongs of the liquor business but merely the practical side of the Canada Temperance Act. Over indulgence in intoxicating liquors is unquestionably an evil and the cause of a vast amount of suffering. This much admitted, the question naturally arises how to lessen the evil and prevent the abuse of what many persons consider a necessity, and which in no way harmful to them. Originally tavern keepers were compelled to take out licenses, not because anyone thought the sale of liquor was wrong, but as a source of revenue, just as public draymen, porters and hack drivers were also compelled to take out licenses. The evils of intemperance did not seriously impress people until about fifty years ago when societies were formed and a pledge of total abstainance demanded of the membership. At first moral suasion and the force of example were considered the best remedy for the evil. But progress was not rapid enough to please some temperance leaders and they soon demanded that the state should prohibit the manufacture and sale of liquor. Since these early days prohibition has been tried in several of the United States and after years of experiment the law has been repealed in some because the same conditions that render the Canada Temperance Act inefficient were operative in the

Republic to the south of us. Public sentiment in favor of the law was not strong enough to secure its enforcement. Maine was the first state to adopt prohibition und everyone who has visited the cities and towns of that state is keenly alive to the fact that after nearly fifty years of so called prohibition there is much liquor consumed in Maine as ever, and its sale is as open and conspicuous as that of any other article in general demand; while the number of convictions for drunkenness keep pace with the increase of population.

The tendency for all sumptuary laws like the Canada Temperance Act is to increase the sale of spirits and to decrease the use of the milder malt liquors. When one of the spasms of enforcing the law is brought about ale or beer is sometimes difficult to buy, but whiskey which does not take up so much room can always be had. The result is an increase of drunkenness just when the law is being more strictly enforced than customary. In such cases the law really defeats its own purpose.

In former years spirits were more generally consumed in St. John than now, while the consumption of malt liquors was comparatively small. Within ten years a marked change has taken place in this particular. Malt liquors are now the staple drink and the result is less drunkeness. The official figures go to show that there is less drunkeness in Ontario and Quebec where every county in both provinces is under a license act, than in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia where there are large areas under local option. In 1889 there were 7,059 convictions for drunkeness in Ontario, or one for every 295 of the population. In Quebec the total convictions were 3,412 or one in every 429. In Nova Scotia in 1889 there were only 659 convictions or one in 683 of the population. The figures for the same year in New Brunswick were 1,383 convictions or one for every 232 people in the province. In 1902 the number of convictions for drunkenness in Ontario had decreased to 3,954, and in Quebec to 2,783 or one in 554 and 600 respectively. In Nova Scotia there had been an increase to 2,012 or one in every 229 of the population. New Brunswick makes a better showing as there was only one in 237 of the population, or a total of 1,403.

While there has been a remarkable falling off in Ontario and Quebec in the number of convictions for drunkness, there has been a steady increase in Nova Scotia, until after fourteen years, the number is three times as great as it was, and while two-thirds of the territory is under local option, and the Sons of Temperance are demanding Provincial prohibition. New Brunswick has a better record, and seems to preserve a very steady gait—more so than other provinces, the variation from year to year being slight. These figures would prove that a license law well administered is the best means of lessening the evil effects of intemperance and controlling the liquor business. From practical experience in St. John it has been demonstrated that there is a stronger sentiment in favor of temperance than in any other section of New Brunswick, and that the evils resulting from intemperance are lessening. The growth is naturally slow, but it is steady, healthy and beneficial to the whole community.

THE BASIN OF MINAS.

By James Hannay D C. L.

There is no sheet of water in America which is more interesting to the student of history or the student of science than the Basin of Minas: yet its waters are not nearly so well known to the people of Canada as they ought to be, and even residents of New Brunswick, who are within a comparitively short distance of it know much less of the Basin of Minas than they ought to know, considering what an important part it has played in the history of the Maritime Provinces. It is true that in recent years the Summer School of Science has occasionally made the Basin of Minas its head-quarters during its outings. But it requires a longer study than a mere summer holiday that is mingled with scholastic work to study the many features of this wonderful piece of water. I have enjoyed the advantage of living on the shores of this Basin. I have sailed on its waters and fished in its tides and, therefore, although not a scientific man, I can speak with some knowledge of the peculiar features which invest it with so much interest and which has made it famous wherever the English language is spoken.

The Basin of Minas, I need hardly tell you, is an extension of the Bay of Fundy. The Bay of Fundy is known all over the world for its high tides and also for its fogs which are duly mentioned in the admiralty sailing directions. There is no question with regard to its tides for they are a fact which is not to be ignored, but I never could see that the fogs of the Bay of Fundy were any worse than those of any other portion of our Atlantic coast. The Bay of Fundy is not a large sheet of water. Its area is much less than that of any of the great lakes of Canada but its fame is world wide, not only because of its natural features but in consequence of the great commerce of which it has become the seat.

There is no record to show when the Bay of Fundy was first visited but as the fishermen of Portugal and Brittany were on the coast of Nova Scotia within a few years of the discovery of America, there is no doubt that the Bay of Fundy was frequented by fishermen early in the 16th century. I have always thought it probable that it was visited by John D. Verazzano, who was sent by King Francis the First of France on a voyage of discovery to North America in 1524. Verazzano explored the coast of North America, from Florida to Newfoundland and he could hardly have missed entering the Bay of Fundy. Eighty years later Champlain discovered a wooden cross in a state of much decay on the bar at the mouth of what is now called Diligent

river, which told of some adventurer with national aspirations having visited that place long before. I have always thought that this might be a memorial of Verazzano's voyage.

It is not, however, until 1604 that we have any record of a voyage to the Bay of Fundy or to the Basin of Minas. In that year Samuel D. Champlain, the great navigator whose fame has been so mingled with the history of Quebec, came sailing up the Bay of Fundy. Champlain was a great observer and he tells the story of his voyage in so plain a fashion that all the localities he visited can be easily identified. He sailed eastward from Digby Gut along the coast of Nova Scotia until he came in sight of an island, which, from its height, he named Isle Haut, a name which it still retains, and he saw to the north of it a cape, now known as Cape Chignecto, to which he gave the name of the Cape of Two Bays, because this cape divides the Bay of Fundy into two portions, the northern portion being what is now known as Cumberland Bay, while the southern portion is the sheet of water which I propose to deal with, the Basin of Minas.

The name, Basin of Minas, is generally given to that portion of it east of Cape Blomedin, but as Cape Chignecto is its point of separation from the Bay of Fundy I propose to deal with the water to the eastward of that point as a portion of the Basin. From Cape Chignecto to Truro,. which may be regarded as the extreme end of the Basin, the distance is 66 nautical miles and the distance from Cape Chignecto to St. John being 50 nautical miles. At Cape Chignecto the entrance of the Basin is about 13 nautical miles in width but it gradually narrows and at Cape Split is less than 4 miles wide. At Cape Blomedin it expands again, reaching a width of upwards of 15 miles. When Champlain visited these waters in 1604, the science of geology was unknown but the people, even of that day had a very keen appreciation of the value of mines and minerals. Champlain had brought with him to America a man named Champdore, who was skilled in mining and who was employed for the purpose of discovering indications of valuable metals on the coasts explored. Champlain's book mentions the discovery of many mineral deposits in in the Bay of Fundy and it was because of the mines discovered in this portion of it that Champlain gave it the name of the Basin of Minas. Right at the entrance of the Basin and south of Cape Chignecto is Isle Haut, a mass of trap rock, covered with wood. It is upwards of a mile in length and 320 feet in height and is now the site of a lighthouse. which is visible 20 miles. This light-house has been erected quite recently and when I knew the island first it was seldom visited by human beings, but sat in solitary grandeur almost as lonely as it was in the days of Champlain. A friend of mine, a doctor residing in St. John, who had a turn for solitude and had become weary of the world, although he was then but a young man, formed the design of living upon Isle Haut. He carried out his intention but did remain there very long. A year of that kind of life satisfied his aspirations for solitude. From the summit of the island he could see great fleets of vessels passing up and down the

Bay and the great tide of human life and activity, in which he had no share, going by the shores of his solitary island. He returned to civilization and I have never heard that since then he has attempted to become a hermit. There are many evils connected with life in a crowd but life in a crowd is, after all, better than life in a desert. Isle Hault is nearly nine miles from what is called the south shore, which is that portion of that coast of Nova Scotia which lies east of Digby Gut. This whole coast is a remarkable elevation of trap rock which to a height of from five to six hundred feet and is everywhere close to the shore. This ridge is traced by geoligists from Briar Island to Cape Blomedin, a distance of 125 miles. There is but one break in it, at Digby Gut. It is properly known as the North Mountain and is the cause of the remarkable fertility of the Annapolis valley, which has become in recent years almost one continuous orchard. The North Mountain protects the land to the south of it from the cold north winds which, in the spring, do so much to retard vegetation so that the region behind it is three or four weeks earlier than those portions of Nova Scotia which are not similarly protected. The trap of the North Mountain presents to the Bay of Fundy a range of high cliffs and is bounded on the inland side by soft red sand stones, which form a long valley separating the trapian rocks, from another and more extensive hilly district, occupied principally by metamorphic slates and granite. The trap has protected the softer sand stone from the waves and tides of the Bay and where it terminates the shore generally recedes to the southward, forming the western side of Minas Basin and affording a great section of the North Mountains and the valley of Cornwallis. It will thus be seen that the Basin of Minas has been created by natural causes operating through a long succession of years.

The whole south shore is perfectly straight, the sea having made no inroads in it and there is no harbor from Digby Gut until Cape Blomedin is passed. The land rises abruptly from the water all along the shore, so that the cultivation of the soil is mainly confined to the district on the south side of the mountain. In lieu of harbors break-waters have been erected at various points along the coast, where small vessels can lie in security. The principal places where break-waters have been erected are Port Williams, Port George, Margaretsville and French cross; but the commerce of all these places is small in comparison to that of the ports on the north side of the Basin or within the Basin proper, beyond Cape Blomedin.

On the north shore of the entrance to the Basin of Minas the formation is of an entirely different character from the south shore. Cape Chignecto, which rises in a grand mass to a height of 850 feet and presents an impregnable front to the waves of the bay, is a huge mass of trap, and so also is Cape D'or, which is four miles to the eastward of it, but the intervening land is of a different formation and belongs to the red sand stone, period so that it has been worn away between Cape D'or and Cape Chignecto into a deep bay called Advocate Bay. Here too is Advocate Harbor, a tidal haven which attracted

the attention of Champlain and which seems to have affected him so much that in his books he has left sailing directions to enable the mariner to enter it. The name it now bears, Advocate Harbor, was given to it by Champlain. It is called after Mark L'Escarbot, an advocate of Paris, who accompanied Champlain when he visited this harbor. At this point the tides rise and fall 40 feet, so that the harbor which is capable of floating the largest ship at high water, is at low water completely dry. These wonderful tides are a great feature of the Basin of Minas.

The Bay of Fundy becomes narrwer from its mouth to its head and the rises of the tide is greater the further eastward you go. For instance at St. John and Digby the rise of the tide is 27 feet; at Cape Chignecto it is 40 feet and at Noel, near the head of the Basin of Minas it is upwards of 50 feet. These figures must be thought over before we can fully appreciate their full significance. Think of a wall of water 50 feet high. Of course, like everything else that is extreme, popular rumor has exagerated their height. It is often stated that they rise over sixty or seventy feet, indeed such statements are made in books by authors, who ought to be better informed, but 50 feet or perhaps one-half a foot more is the extreme height of the tides of the Basin and certainly that is high enough. Such tides naturally produce currents of great rapidity and this is another feature of the Basin of Minas which is well worthy of attention.

Cape D'or is a mass of trap rock, 500 feet in height, a little to the eastward of Advocate Harbor. It was so named by Champlain because the masses of copper found in it shone like gold. These masses vary from several pounds in weight down to the most minute grains in the veins which traverse the trap rock. These masses of grains appear as if they had been melted into the fissures in which they are found. Professor Dawson thought they had been deposited there from an aqueous solution of salt and copper in a manner similar to that of the electrotype process. Many attempts have been made to work the copper deposite of Cape D'or, but none of them, so far, have been successful. At present a company with a large capital is engaged in operating at Cape D'or and it is to be hoped that it may be successful. No doubt the lack of success so far in all attempts to obtain copper there in workable quantities has been due to the crude process employed, and to the remoteness of Cape D'or from populous centres where labor could be obtained. Any person who passes near Cape D'or in a flood tide in a small vessel is not likely to forget his experience. The cape extends under water for a considerable distance and when the tide is in flood this produces a heavy rip. The flood tide at that time runs six knots an hour, which is equal to seven English miles, or as fast as a good horse will travel under ordinary circumstances. The water leaps up and down just like that in a pot when it is boiling and the effect is most singular. The sensation of passing through this tide rip is as if the vessel was being dragged over the rocks, although there may be twenty fathoms of water under her keel. Woe betide the sailor who takes his vessel through this rip

if her stays are at all slackened, for many instances have occurred of small crafts having the masts jumped out of them while passing through this rip. I passed through this rip myself once, in a pilot boat and can testify by practical experience that its character has not been at all exagerated and a few weeks later I saw a vessel lying near Spencer's Island having her mast replaced which had been jumped out of her while passing through the rip.

Cape D'or presents a magnificient and imposing front to the sea and the interest with which we observe it is heightened by the thought that for three centuries it has been the resort of scientific men who have sought to turn its hidden treasures to the use of mankind. Thither came Champlain, Des Monts and Poutrincourt and the other founders of Acadia and here in modern times have been eminent geologists from distant lands who have studied its singular formation and written books in regard to its character and aspect. Immedmediately to the eastward of Cape D'or and protected by it from the westerm winds, lies a snug little harbor called Horseshoe Cove. Here the sea, working on the stone sand formation, has worn out a haven which is much resorted to by fishermen and other small crafts. In Horseshoe Cove those who are fond of sport will sometimes enjoy a novel mode of fishing. Flounders or flat fish as they are properly termed abound all along this shore and they are generally caught with hook and line off the mouths of the little harbors about high water, but at Horseshoe Cove when the tide is coming in they rush over the bars of sand and gravel which the tide is covering and there they may be speared in large numbers. It is a highly exciting sport while it lasts, but of course while the tide makes very rapidly and the water on the bars soon becomes too deep for spearing it is soon over. Some years ago I spent a considerable part of the summer in a Parrsboro pilot boat sailing on these-waters. I do not know of a more delightful way in which to spend the months of July and August. Such an outing is well calculated to repair the health and vigor of anyone who has studied too hard and become weary of his books. But to enjoy it thoroughly, one must not go merely as a pleasure seeker but as a worker. The business of sailing and managing a pilot boat will give him a new interest in life and a new experience. One evening while lying in Fisherman's Cove in the pilot boat "Frank" of Parrsboro, I witnessed a novel sight. It was near sunset, there was no wind and the water was as calm as a mill pond. Suddenly half a mile away to the southward the water was seen to be agitated as if with the swell of the coming tide. Immediately afterwards the whole Fisherman's Cove became agitated in the same way, a school of mackerel had entered it and they were leaping in all directions over an area of many acres. They seemed to be continually in motion, and were jumping about the vessel in such a lively manner that any person with no better means of fishing than a scoop net could have caught dozens of them. The whole water seemed to be alive with these fish. This went on for perhaps twenty minutes or half an hour and then the school dissappeared as suddenly as they had come. It is strange that no

mackerel should be caught in the Basin of Minas, notwithstanding these periodical visitations which give such opportunities to the fishermen. Formerly fishing was carried on to a considerable extent along the Parrsboro shore and also by the fishermen of the opposite coast of Kings county, but in recent years this industry has much declined. Fish is still caught on the shore but probably not in such large numbers as formerly, a fact that may be attributed to the numerous saw mills which pour sawdust into the streams. When I was a boy almost everyone on that shore fished more or less. In the early spring there was a run of herring which were caught in nets which were set at night, and which generally presented a good fare of fish when visited in the morning. Then came cod fish and haddock which were quite abundant, especially the latter, and I have more than once been one of a party of three or four in a boat in which 400 haddock were caught in a single tide In the summer flat fish were caught and there was also a run of herrings. Salmon still frequent all the streams on this coast and salmon fishery now is perhaps the most important of any. Within the Basin of Minas shad are caught in considerable numbers and are quite equal in numbers to those caught in Cumberland bay, the conditions being similar and their food the same as that which they obtain on the mud flats about Amherst and Dorchester. No doubt the fisheries of the Basin will revive sometime or another, and perhaps their decline is rather due to neglect than to the scarcity of fish. Even as far back as I remember they were receiving less attention than they formerly did, because the energies of the people were directed to other and more certain ways of making a living. Nevertheless even at present, the fish caught in the Basin of Minas every year is valued at from $80,000 to $100,000, which is no inconsiderable contribution to the resources of the people who lived on this shore. The best fishery is that of salmon of which from $35,000 to $45,000 worth are caught every year. About three miles to the eastward of Fisherman's Cove is Cape Spencer which is also a mass of trap and in fact a continuation of the same formation as that of Cape D'or. Between Fisherman's Cove and Cape Spencer the rocks rise perpendicularly up from the water so that there is no way of passing along the shore even at low water. This Cape is the extreme westerly point of a deep bay, of which Cape Sharp, which is 15 miles miles distant, is the eastern extremity. This is known on the charts as Grevill bay, although the name has in modern times been more frequently applied to one of the harbors on this coast which was formerly known as Ratchford river, but is now called Port Grevill. This bay has been worn out by the action of the waves during many ages, the trap rock of Cape Spencer and Cape Sharp having resisted their inroads. At Cape Spencer begins what is known as the Parrsboro shore, a district of much interest from the point of view of the geologist and which has never been as yet fully explored. The formation all along this coast is very much disturbed, so that it is difficult to judge of its actual riches. All along the shore from Cape Spencer eastward for 20 miles or more, coal is found in small quantities, and as this district belongs to

the same geological formation as the great Cumberland coal fields there is reason to hope that at some future day coal mines of value will be discovered. Up to the present time the search for them has never been prosecuted with sufficient capital and resources to determine the point whether coal exists in paying quantities or not. At a place called Brookville on this shore a seam of red ash coal, four or five feet in thickness has been discovered and some efforts were made to work it, but so far none of it has been brought to market. Coal mines are worked successfully on the Joggins and Springhill not more than 25 or 30 miles away, so that there is every reason to have hope for the future of coal mining in Parrsboro. East of Cape Spencer and protected by its lofty cliffs is a small harbor called Fishermen's Cove, and about a mile distant is an Island called Spencer's Island. This island which is quite small, only an acre or two in extent, rises to a height of 200 or 300 feet and is wooded up to the top. In shape it resembles a haystack with a round top and has never been explored. The name it now has is a corruption of the name given to it by the French who called it Isle De Penser, which, I suppose, might be translated Sad Island or Lonely Island. Spencer's Island looks as if it had never been trodden by human feet and certainly it is never likely to be the site of a human habitation. It is in every respect a lonely island.

Fishermen's Cove is an excellent harbor in almost every wind, but I had conclusive proof that under some circumstance it is a dangerous place. One night in August a pilot sea craft I was on board anchored in Fishermen's Cove. Now, it is the duty of every seaman to keep a watch on the weather so as not to be caught on the lee shore, but this was neglected by my companion, and the result was that next morning it was blowing a furious gale from the south east and we had every prospect of being driven by it on the rugged rocks of Cape Spencer. It was then low water and it was impossible for us to beat out of Fishermen's Cove. As the flood tide made the sea grow worse and worse, until at high tide it was something fearful. Mr. Wilmot of the geological survey, who was encamped on the beach of Fishermen's Cove collecting minerals, informed me afterwards that about half the time he could not see our little vessel. The situation was one which enabled a person to appreciate the value of honest workmanship. I said to my companion, looking at the cable on which such a strain was being put, "there are a thousand links in this chain and if there is one weak one we are gone." Fortunately for us the man who made that chain had a proper conception of the necessity of honest workmanship. There was no weak link in it and then about an hour after high water we began to see what the tides of the Bay of Fundy could do. At the flood tide the sea had been fearful, but when the ebb tide began to run strongly it cut the sea down just as a plane will cut down a rough piece of wood. At two hours ebb the sea was not one third as bad as it had been at high water and at one half ebb it was quite moderate. Then the wind changed six points and we got out of Fishermen's Cove with much alacrity. Like

McBeath's guest we "did not stand upon the order of our going but went at once" and sought safer harbor in Horseshoe Cove.

There are several little rivers along the Parrsboro shore which form harbors which are important in a commercial point of view. I have already mentioned Advocate harbor which is perhaps the best of these and which has always done a considerable trade. Next comes Spencer's Island, behind which there is a fine anchorage for vessels of any size in almost any wind, and on the mainland there is an excellent wharf to which steamers may land at high water. Further to the eastward in the order named are Fort Grevill or Ratchford river, Fox river, the Ramshead river and Diligent, all of which are dry at low water but can be entered by almost any vessel when the tide is high and which are perfectly secure when once entered. There is no more beautiful coast line anywhere than this, and I cannot conceive of any place where a person could spend a summer with more pleasure than on this shore. In his latter years Dr. Rand lived at Parrsborro every summer, choosing for his residence Partridge island, which is opposite Cape Blomedin. This place has the advantage of ready commication with the rest of the world by means of steamship and railway, but the coast to the westward is quite as pleasant and even more picturesque.

Cape Sharp is a high mass of trap rock, having an elevation of 300 feet above the water. Here the trap rests on red sand stone. This point is the western extremity of a bay three miles in width called West bay, the eastern extremity of this being the promentory known as Partridge island. West bay is a splendid harbor, capable of containing a large fleet and protected from almost every wind The history of this harbor is a singular illustration of the changes that are brought in the commerce of a country by varying circumstances. When I knew it first West bay was a solitude and no man dreamed it would ever become a site of important commerce. In those days all the deals that were cut in the harbors about the Basin of Minas were sent down to St. John in small schooners and were there shipped to England. But it occurred to some shipper of deals that it would be more economical to ship them at West bay and to bring them there in lighters, and this began to be done some twenty years ago. Now West bay annually ships to Europe about 40,-000,000 feet of deals, taking away so much business from the port of St. John. Nearly all sailing vessels that are engaged in this business are Norweigans, but although they are accoustomed to strong tides in their own country, are always very glad to see a pilot when they approach the Basin of Minas. Out of the commerce of West bay has risen the Parrsboro piloting system.

Partridge Island is not an island at all, in the strict sense of the word, because it is connected with the mainland by a bar of sand and gravel which can be traversed even at high water. It is a lofty mass of trap, 240 feet high, but has no geological connection with the coasts near it, but which looks as if it were a part of Cape Blomedin, which had been shoved across the bay by some great convulsion of nature. Partridge Is-

land was visited by Champlain in 1604. On its shores he found a cluster of amythests which were so beautiful that they were thought worthy to be sent as a present to the King of France,-the famous Henry the Fourth. Partridge Island has been much ransacked by mineralogists since then for precious stones, for here, not only amythests but agate, chabasite, haulandite, apaphyllite and calkspar may be studied in some of their most beautiful forms. An interesting description of the minerals of Partridge Island will be found in Gesner's work on the Mineralogy of Nova Scotia. There is certainly no portion of the Maritime Provinces that is so rich in precious stones as Partridge Island.

Two miles from Partridge Island is the town of Parrsboro situated on a river of the river of the same name. The town of Parrsboro is largely a creation of the Cumberland coal fields. I remember when it did not contain more than a dozen houses and was known by the unpretending name of Mill Village. Now it is a town as large as Woodstock with more than 3,000 inhabitants and provided with a water supply, electric lights, and all the other appliances of modern civilization. Seventy years ago a poor farmer in a district of Cumberland County, called Springhill, discovered a vien of coal. He took a little of it out of the ground for fuel but it was so remote from any river or any means of transit that it was not supposed to ever be of much value, but thirty years ago the Springhill coal field was taken hold of by a number of St. John capitalists and the property developed so that it was seen that coal in paying quantities might be obtained. Then it passed into the hands of the present owners, the Cumberland Railway and Coal company, who with ample capital, have developed it still further and provided it with a railway from Springhill to the Intercolonial and to the town of Parrsboro. Now the output of coal at Springhill reaches 600,000 tons a year and 1,000 men are employed in the mines. Springhill, which was once merely a geographical expression, is now a town nearly as large as Fredericton, with a promise of future growth. As for Parrsboro it looks as if it may some day become the site of a great city. It is now proposed to establish steel works there, in the same manner as they have been established at Sydney, Cape Breton. It is proposed to bring the coal from Springhill and the iron ore from Torbrook and other points in the vicinity, for iron is found in many places around the Basin of Minas. If this project is carried out, and there is no reason to doubt that it will be at some future day, Parrsboro will become an important city, a rival of St. John and Halifax. If it will pay to bring iron ore from Newfoundland to Sydney to be smelted there with coal from the mines, carried several miles, by rail, it certainly ought to pay to smelt the ore brought from the much shorter distance at Parrsboro.

I have already spoken of Cape Blomedin as the eastern extremity of the range of high hills which extend from Digby Gut eastward. Cape Blomedin sends off a spur to the north west about five miles in length which terminates in Cape Split. The Blomedin range is from 400 to 600

feet in height, the height of Blomedin itself being 570 feet. Cape Split is one of the most remarkable promontories in the world, the Cape itself is 350 feet high, rising up sheer from the water and opposite which is an isolated rock of about the same height like an immense tower. This mass of rock, some 200 feet high extends beyond and the ridge of trap rock rises a long distance under water, producing a heavy tide rip both on the flood and the ebb. I do not suppose that there is anywhere in the world, a more dangerous tide than this and I fancy that the world-renouned Maelstrom on the coast of Norway is not more terrible. The channel between Cape Split and the Parrsboro shore is less than four miles in width and the tide runs through it at the rate of eight knots an hour. Cape Split rips are avoided by small vessels and even large ones would find them very dangerous, although the water is very deep Any boat venturing into them when the wind was strong would be immediately swamped. Cape Split was visited by the French explorers and it is recorded that Poutrincourt, who was one of those who came out with Champlain in 1604, climbed the cape and nearly lost his life there. The whole summit was covered with an immense growth of moss on which he slipped and came near being precipitated on to the rocks, 400 feet below. From this circumstance the cape got the name of Poutrincourt, but it is now known as Cape Split in consequence of the peculiar manner in which the rocks composing it have been split up by some convulsion of nature, or by the tide. Professor Dawson conjectures Cape Split to be a volcanic formation and he says there seems no reason to doubt that the line from Cape Blomedin to Cape Split marks the direction of one of the greatest lava streams of the region. The same distinguished scientist gives a description of Blomedin which is so much better than anything I could supply that I take the liberty of quoting it. He says:—

"To begin with Blomedin the crystalline trap at its summit, which rises abruptly in huge irregular columns, is an ancient current of molten rock or lava, which has flowed over and cooled upon the surface on which it now rests. It slopes gently toward the north-west, as if it had flowed toward the bay, but there is no volcanic dike or other evidence of the ejection of lava from beneath on that side, and it is more than probable that the orifice from which it was poured forth was to the eastward along the range of which Blomedin is the eastern extremity, or northward toward Cape Split. From the appearance of the mountain-top that rises above the vertical cliff, there may have been more than one over-flow of the volcanic matter. Before this great bed of basaltic trap flowed forth, the surface on which it rests had been thickly covered with volcanic ashes and scoriæ, which, consolidated by pressure, now forms the thick bed of amygdaloid and tufa intervening between the column trap and the red sandstone. This is precisely what we find to be the case in modern volcanic eruptions. The first violent explosions in such cases usually eject immense quantities of dust and fragments of old lavas, which are blown or ejected to great distances, or if they fall into the sea, as was most probably the case

at Blomedin, are scattered in layers over its bottom. Over these ejected scoriæ and ashes the lava currents which issued subsequently are poured. We need not be surprised that we do not now perceive any regular volcanic mountain or vent at Blomedin, for independently of the action the waters may have exerted on it when being formed, we know that great denudation has taken place in the drift-period, and under the wasting action of the present frosts and tides. The minerals mentioned as occurring in the trap are all either silicia or silicates, that is, compounds of silica with the alkalies potash and soda, or the earths, as alumina, lime, etc. They are produced by the solvent action of water, which, percolating through the trap, dissolves these materials, and redeposits them in fissures and cavities. Below the amydalosd, we have a thick series of bed sand stone: mechanical detritus deposited by water, and probably in great part derived from the wear and tear of the sandstones of the carboniferous system. The gypsum veins which traverse it were probably deposited by waters which had dissolved that mineral, in passing through the great gypsum-beds which occur in the old system last mentioned."

The history of this fine precipice is then shortly as follows. "In the New red era, thick beds of sandstone were deposited off the coasts of Horton, just as the red mud and sand of the flats are now deposited. Volcanic phenomena on a great scale, however, broke forth from beneath the waters, scoriæ and dust were thrown out, and spread around in thick beds, and currents of lava were poured fourth. Subsequently the whole mass was elevated, to be again submerged under the boulder-bearing sea, by which, and the present atmospheric and aqueous agencies, it was worn and wasted into its present form. Still the work of decay goes on: for yearly the frosts loosen immense masses from its brow, and dash them to the beach, to be removed by the ice and the tides, and scattered over the bottom of the bay. The rains and melting snows also cut huge furrows down its front. These agencies of destruction as yet, however, only add to the magnificence of this noblest of all our seacliffs. The dark basaltic wall crowned with thick woods, the terrace of amygdaloid with a luxuriant growth of light green shrubs and young trees that rapidly spring up on its rich and moist surface, the precipice of bright red sandstone always clean and fresh, and contrasting strongly with the trap above and with the trees and bushes that straggle down its sides, and nod over its deep ravines, constitute a combination of forms and colours equally striking if seen in the distance from the hills of Horton or the shore of Parrsboro; or more nearly from the sea or the stony beach at its base. Blomedin is a scene never to be forgotten by a traveller who has wandered around its shores or clambered on its giddy precipices."

Cape Blomidon and Partridge Island on the north are the gateways of that remarkable Basin which is famous in the story of ancient Acadia and in which so much of the active life of modern Nova Scotia is centered. The extent of the commerce of this sheet of water may be judged from the fact that every year about 5,000 vessels enter and clear at the ports of the Basin of Minas. The population of

the communities bordering on this Basin is about 80,000. These is no portion of Nova Scotia which is more likely to increase. Here are situated besides the town of Parrsboro, Kingsport, Port William, Wolfville, Hamsford, Windsor, Walton, Maitland, Truro, Londonderry, Economy and other places of commercial importance. Here we find an entirely different formation from that which exists along the Parrsboro shore. Owing to the immense quantity of rich soil which is carried in the waters the marshes here are of a fertility which is not surpassed and hardly equalled in any part of the world. These marsh lands were settled by the French 225 years, ago the water being excluded from them by means of dykes and they still retain their fertility to his day. Here we have the country which the poet Longfellow has made famous in song by his poem of Evangeline and which is visited every season by thousands of strangers who go to see the place which was once inhabited by the ancient Acadians. This is not the place nor the time to relate the tragedy of their deportation and exile. These marsh lands are now inhabited by men of another race and while we may weep over the fate of the Acadians, we cannot deny that they brought it upon themselves by their refusal to submit to the sovereignity of Great Britain, under the protection of whose flag they had then lived for thirty years.

In the days of wooden ship building the ports of the Basin of Minas owned a very large number of vessels, some of them being among the largest and finest ships in the world, and even now when wooden ships are going out of fashion, the shipping owned in these ports is considerable. There are still upwards of 250 vessels, measuring 100,000 tons owned at the ports of Parrsboro, Maitland and Windsor. Perhaps at some future day, not far distant, this region will become as famous for the building of iron steamships as it formerly was for the construction of wooden vessels.

Numerous rivers flow into the Basin of Minas, among the best known being, the Cornwallis; Gaspereau; Avon, which has several large tributaries, and the Shubenacadie. The head waters of the last named river connect with a chain of lakes which approach so close to Halifax on the Atlantic coast that a canal was cut to Halifax, by which means it was hoped that vessels of considerable size would be able to pass between that port and the Basin of Minas. This undertaking was a failure, although theoretically it seemed to be all right and the money expended in the construction of the Schubenacadie Canal was wholly wasted. In that respect it resembles our own Grimross canal at Gagetown, where a considerable sum, which the Province could ill afford, was sunk. All around the shores of the Basin of Minas there are immense mud flats sometimes as much as two miles in width which are dry at low water and over which the flood tide rushes with great rapidity. On the Schubenacadie may be seen the same phenomena, which many have observed on the Petitcodiac river at Moncton, the waters at flood tide rushing up the river in a wall several feet in height, which is called the bore. The tidal phenomena of the Basin of Minas perhaps its most wonderful features, These tides have to be seen to be appre-

ciated and understood. They do not constitute a danger to navigation to those who understand them, but are rather a help. The sailor who is familiar with them could even make his way without much regard to the manner in which the wind is blowing. A vessel will drift from Isle Haut to Parrsboro in a single flood tide without a breath of wind to help her. It must be remembered that every tide except where the coast line is absolutely straight has a corresponding eddy. For instance while the flood tide is rushing up through the Gut from Cape Spencer to Cape Sharp the eddy is running down the Parrsboro shore in the opposite direction with almost equal velocity, so that a vessel can make her way down from Cape Sharp to Cape Spencer in the eddy, while vessels which are farther out in the stream are going eastward with the tide. These eddys are caused by the tide striking against the points of land which turn part of the current back in shore in an opposite direction from that in which the tide is coming.

Iron ore, galena and other minerals and also indications of coal are to be found on the shores of the Basin of Minas, but the principal mineral of commercial importance is gypsum which is exported in large quantities to the United States. This gypsum or plaster abounds in the county of Hants and also in the county of Colchester, but the principal quarries are on the Avon River, in the vicinity of Windsor. Upwards of 100,000 tons of gypsum are sent from these quarries every year to the United States and a fleet of vessels, specially constructed for that purpose, is employed for carrying it. This gypsum trade is about 100 years old, but in the good old days it was carried on under considerable difficulty. Our wise ancestors thought that the proper way to enrich themselves was to impoverish their neighbors, and, therefore, laws were passed which interfered greatly with the free interchange of natural productions. In the early years of the 19th century the commercial relations between Great Britain and the United States were so bad that a vessel belonging to New Brunswick or Nova Scotia could not enter the ports of the United States and a vessel belonging to the United States could not enter the ports of these provinces As a result of this all the commerce between the two countries had to be carried on by smugglers and contraband traders, who defied the law. The plaster from the quarries of Hillsboro and Windsor was carried in our own vessels down to the boundary line between New Brunswick and Maine, and there the plaster was transferred to American vessels which carried it to its destination. The vessels which engaged in this work of transferring the plaster, lay in neutral waters, opposite Eastport. The legislature of New Brunswick thought the Americans could not do without our plaster and that they could force them to allow it to be carried to its destination in colonial vessels. Laws were passed for this purpose and officers appointed to put a stop to the contraband trade, but the plaster men who gathered on the border in large fleets armed themselves with muskets and defied the law, so that it could not be carried out. Fortunately we have got past this era of trade restrictions which

benefit nobody and impede the natural flow of commerce.

Wealthy and populous as is the region along the shores of the Basin of Minas there is no doubt that in the future it will become still more wealthy. Around these shores are some of the best and most fertile lands in the world. There is abundance of mineral wealth, most of which is quite undeveloped. The fisheries are very valuable and capable of being made much more profitable than they are at present. There is no region in Nova Scotia or indeed in Canada which has more interesting historical associations to attract the attention of the tourist. The means of reaching the Basin of Minas are excellent, because railways touch its shores at several points and it is regularly traversed by steamships.

THE CONVERSATIONAL NUISANCE.

"I went to California," said the distinguished western man, "as a forty-niner."

"Dear me!" rejoined the very annoying girl. "Were you marked down from fifty?"

AN EXCEPTION.

FRIEND: "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

HENPEKT: 'Not much, it don't! Mrs. Henpekt makes me put the baby to sleep."

DID SHE KNOW.

FOND FATHER (showing off his offspring's intelligence) —"Now, Elsie, dear, what is a cat?"

ELSIE: "Dunno."

FOND FATHER: "Well, what's that funny little animal that comes creeping up the stairs when every one's in bed?"

ELSIE (promptly): "Papa."

"My boy," asked the school teacher "what is the chief end of man?"

"Why, the end his head's on," replied the youngster.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

DE RANTER: "I tell you, me boy, I made the hit of my life last night in my new play. Why, the audience was actually glued to its seats, as it were.

CRITICUS: "Oh, that accounts for it."

DE RANTER: "Accounts for what?"

CRITICUS: "The fact that it didn't get up and leave."

AN IMPORTANT OMISSION.

In a sham fight which was held in connection with a Volunteer camp lately, the invading force was led by an officer whose hand was better suited to the plow than to the sword.

They were marching down a road, and on turning a sharp corner they came across the enemy lying a short distance from them.

"Charge!" commanded the officer.

Away went his men at full speed, but when they had covered about half the distance to the enemy they heard their officer shout:

"Come back, come back, the hale pack o'ye; come back to where you started from,and start over again. I've forgotten to order ye to fix baynets.

Jno. Donald

A ROMANCE OF ACADIA.

By Malcolm Thackery Ross. Pt. in Ja

In the old Acadian days in the early years of the eighteen century the Basin of Minas began to be the seat of settlements which fifty years later had grown to be the most wealthy and prosperous in the whole land. The largest of these were on the Gaspereau, the Canard and the Pigiquid, now better known as the Avon, but there were also considerable settlements on the north shore of the basin, although the marsh land there was not of such good quality as about the rivers named. Still it was there perhaps that Acadian life could be seen at its best, for as the richer settlements grew populous they were infected with some of the evils which attach to village life the world over, so that the old men and women who remembered as boys and girls LaHave and Port Royal in the days of Charnisay were accustomed to bewail the good old times.

Acadia, at this period, was infested by pirates who periodically levied blackmail on the unfortunate inhabitants that resided on the coast. Swarms of vagabonds, both French and English, prowled along the shore robbing the people of their cattle and goods. Sometimes they came in the guise of fishermen, sometimes as traders, but no matter what their ostensible errand they were always prepared to rob and even to murder, if assassination became necessary to the accomplishment of their purpose. It was in vain that the government of France kept one or more warships always cruising in the Bay of Fundy; no vigilance could prevent the incursions of the pirates, and although occasionally one was captured the business still continued to flourish. Perhaps this was partly due to the fact that the expeditions sent by the people of New England against Acadia were conducted in so piratical a manner that the real corsairs might boast that they were more humane than their legalized imatators.

Old Captain Church, who by the help of mendacious historians, has been able to pose as quite a hero in King Philip's war, because he cut off the head of a dead man, was one of the worst scavengers of the Acadians in his time. In 1696 he ravaged and plundered the settlements at the head of Chignecto bay. In 1704 he repeated his Chignecto performance and supplemented it by plundering and destroying the French settlements in the Basin of Minas. Among the minor Acadian communities of that day was a little settlement on the marsh lands of what is now known as Diligent River, but which formerly was named the Gascoigne. Jean Doucet village, as it was called, consisted of but four

houses and the whole community did not number more than twenty-five souls. These people were almost entirely isolated from their compatriots about the Basin of Minas. The deep and rapid waters of the Gut flowed between them and the people who lived on the south side of the basin and their nearest neighbors were the settlers on the marsh lands of Partridge Island river who were not more numerous than themselves. The sites of these old Acadian homes in the Gascoigne are still marked by indentations in the upland, showing where the cellars once were, and the stranger who views them may ponder over the broken hearth stones around which were once gathered men and women and children who have long since passed to the spirit land. If pure and simple lives give any assurance of happiness surely these people were happy and content.

Among the persons who took part in Church's expedition in 1704 was a Massachusetts man who had many aliases, but who was known to his companions as Jim Lyon. He had been an outlaw and a murderer from his youth up and on more than one occasion had been captain of small piratical craft which Captain Bonaventure of the French warship on the coast had driven ashore and destroyed at St. Mary's Bay. Lyon and two or three of his men escaped and after being nearly starved to death in the woods succeeded in getting on board a New England fishing vessel, but he reached Boston in so poor a plight that he had no resources but to enlist with Church.

When Church had done his worst to the settlement at Grand Pre, he ran down the Gut and anchored his veseel off the mouth of the Gascoigne river. The fleet wanted water and there was no place on the coast where it was to be had in such abundance or of such good quality as there. Every vessel soon had its water casks on shore and the work of taking in a supply went on rapidly.

Jean Doucet village was about a mile and a half from the mouth of the river and concealed from the sea by a point of land. It was well for its inhabitants at that time that Church was not aware there was any settlement on the Gascoigne or it would surely have shared the fate of Grand Pre where the dykes were cut and the cattle wantonly killed. Thus it happened that the people of Jean Doucet village were not molested and, when Church had taken in water his fleet set sail for Boston.

But one man was left behind at the Gascoigne, whose presence they could well have been spared. This was Lyon, who having no inclination to work at getting water had spent his time on shore in ranging the woods. He discovered the French village, but kept his knowledge to himself, for being weary of the discipline of Church he had made up his mind to desert just before the vessels sailed. And so while they were going down the bay with a fair wind and a fine fast tide, Lyon was standing on the shore watching their fast disappearing sails. When they were fairly out of sight he made his way to the village and represented himself as a shipwrecked sailor, was received with all kindness and hospitality. One of Lyon's accomplishments in which he prided himself greatly was his knowledge of French, which he had acquired while a prisoner in France.

Being a plausible person, with a great fund of ancedote and a pretty fair acquaintance with the outside world he was able to make his company very acceptable to the simple Frenchmen of Jean Doucet village. He told them such marvellous stories of France and Spain and England, and especially of the glories of the court of Louis XIV., that they were filled with delight. Although Lyon had never been inside a place of worship in his life except to steal, he pretended to be a very devout Catholic, and this pleased them still better.

Jean Doucet, the founder of the village which bore his name, had been the father of a large family, only three of which were living at home when Lyon made his appearance, all the others having married and gone to reside in other settlements. The children remaining with him were two grown up sons, Paul and Joseph, and a daughter of eighteen named Marie. Of all Jean's children Marie was the best beloved. She was the one who most reminded him of the wife of his youth, now dead for many years, and he believed and hoped that she would become the comfort and stay of his old age. Marie was beautiful, although almost wholly unconscious of the fact. Her simple rustic life had given a vigor to her frame and and a bloom to her cheek fo which the pent-up resident of the town may sigh in vain. Her features were straight and regular, her complexion brown like her eyes and hair, her figure, perfect in its symmetry. Lyon looked at her, and for the first time in his life became filled with a passion which in a pure and honest man would have been called love.

Lyon was not a bashful man, and he was by no means backward in giving such indications of his feelings towards Marie as could have been mistaken by a young woman accustomed to the ways of the world. But Marie was a simple Acadian peasant, whose horizon had been bounded by the limits of the Minas settlement, and who had never been told that all men and woman are not as good and honest as they seemed to be. She regarded Lyon with a friendly interest, and in this way he was encouraged to prosecute his suit and declare his attachment to her. Then at once a great light dawned on Marie, and her maidenly reserve and modesty came to her aid. She already loved another. Jean Richard, a peasant, as simple as herself, had won her affections, and they were to be married on Christmas eve, by Father St. Cosme, who was to come to Jean Doucet village for that purpose. All this was told to Lyon, and had he been a man possessed of the ordinary feelings of humanity, there the matter would have ended But he had become so much bent on winning Marie that he resolved to possess her at any risk, and the unfortunate Jean Richard became the object of his violent hatred.

Lyon was now waiting with impatience to make his escape from Jean Doucet village, but before he went he went he repaid his host for his kindness and hospitality by robbing him. The Acadian peasants had no banks in which to deposit their money on interest, but were obliged to resort to the primitive practice of burying it in the earth. The place of deposit was frequently under the hearthstone or the flat stone which the Acadians were in the habit of placing outside of the house for a

doorstep. In some way Lyon discovered that Jean Doucet's money was hidden under the doorstep, and rising stealthily in the night he removed the stone and got at the earthen vessel that contained it. Next day Lyon was missing from the little settlement. He had made his way from the coast to Grevill bay and there got on board an English fishing vessel in which he was taken to Boston.

The money which Lyon had stolen from Jean Doucet, amounting to a considerable sum in gold, enabled him to purchase and fit out a larger vessel than he had before possessed. His design was to steal Marie from her people and then proceed to rob Jean Doucet village and all the other French settlements on the north shore of the Basin of Minas which had hitherto escaped the ravages of Church. It was a plan which promised abundance of plunder in sheep, cattle and money besides the gratification of lust and revenge. Lyon collected in Boston twenty piratical ruffians as lawless as himself, fitted his craft with a couple of cannon, stowed as much gunpowder in her hold as he had money to purchase, and set sail for Acadia.

It was the 16th of December when Lyon's vessel, which he had named the Osprey arrived off the mouth of the Gascoigne river. The season was one of the most open ever known in Acadia, for no snow had fallen that autumn, nor did any fall until the year was ended. A sail boat was seen coming down the Gut and the Osprey intercepted it. A man, the only person on board the boat, was taken on board. Lyon at once recognized him as his hated rival, Jean Richard, and scowled on him after a fashion which boded little good to the Acadian peasant. He would have hanged Richard promptly only that he hoped to make him the victim of a more exquisite revenge. Richard was just returning from Grand Pre where he had been to ask Father St. Cosme to marry him to Marie. The priest had been unable to come at that time but promised to be on hand in good season for the ceremony on Christmas eve.

Richard was a good specimen of the Acadian peasant, strong, sinewy and active and better educated than most of them. He was a man of resolution too, and, although he saw himself in the power of Lyon and felt certain that some mischief was intended against Jean Doucet Village, he was bold enough to return the pirate's scowl with a look of defiance.

On the following day about an hour before high water Lyon got his largest boat out and with ten armed men rowed up the river to the village. As a permit was expected the Osprey was ordered to stand in and off under sail in order to fish up the boat when she hove in sight. Everything had been well planned and the men of the little settlement were cutting wood on the edge of the clearing, the women were engaged in their household duties. The approach of the boat was not noticed by anyone. The first intimation of the presence of an enemy was a loud piercing scream for help which came from the vicinity of Jean Doucet's cottage. It was the voice of Marie, who had been seized by four hardy ruffians almost at her own door and was being hurried despite her struggles down to the boat. In a moment the settlement was in commotion, the men

rushed towards their houses for their arms and Jean Doucet, his white hair streaming in the wind and almost distracted with grief, was pursing the pirates who was carrying his daughter away. He was soon joined by about a dozen men and grown up lads and a rush was made for the boats.

By this time Marie had been put on board Lyon's boat and was being rapidly rowed away. Jean Doucet and his neighbors were speedily in pursuit in two boats which were moored under the bank. The pirates had nearly a quarter of a mile of a start but the French boats were lighter and they were rowed by men who put into their work all the energy of revenge. One of the fairest daughters of Acadia was being stolen away by lawless ruffians and they would have been less than men had there been any slackness then. They began to gain on the pirates and by the time the mouth of the river was reached were within two hundred yards of their boat. Hope and despair alternately held sway in the father's breast as inch by inch they drew up to the Osprey's boat.

By this time the Osprey was close by and was lying hove to ready to bear away the moment her boat touched her side. A gun was run out and loaded and in a moment a cannon ball came skipping over the water so close to the foremost boat in which the father was, that the water from it splashed his face. Before the cannon could be loaded again Lyon's boat was alongside the Osprey and the unhappy father saw Marie lifted on deck and all hope of rescuing her gone. A breeze from the north filled the Osprey's sails and gathering greater headway every moment she stood out into the Gut.

Five minutes passed and the boats were now fully half a mile behind the vessel, but still the men rowed on doggedly and it seemed mechanically for to catch her was impossible. Suddenly they were started by a noise louder than thunder and as they lay on their oars saw with amazement and terror the fragments of the pirate craft flying high in the air; with a dull roar the brokeu pieces of the vessel fell back into the water on every side of them and nothing was left of the Osprey but a mass of wreckage which floated on the heaving tide and the corsair had perished with all her villainous crew, but Marie the old man's beautiful daughter and her brave lover had perished also. The bereaved father was broken hearted with grief. He and his neighbors spent some hours by the wreckage searching for Marie's body, but not a body was to be seen.

On the morning of the day before Christmas Jean Doucet and his two unmarried sons, Paul and Joseph, were at the mouth of the river as the tide; was coming in and observed something floating on the swift current, a second glance showed that it was a body, and as it sped up the river with the tide they followed it with their boat. As they drew near it they saw that there were two bodies which were recognized as that of Marie and her lover. The bereaved old man wept bitterly as he gazed on the dead pair that were to have been made one that day, but he was grateful also, for they were still united in death, and they would at least have Christian burial. Marie's face was placid and beautiful and

untouched by death. The color seemed to be still on her lips and cheek. She was clasped in the strong arms of her lover who held on to her with the cold, unyielding grasp of death.

There was no marriage for Father St. Cosme to celebrate that Christmas eve, but on Chrismas day he had to officiate at a sadder ceremony, the funeral of the two lovers. They were buried together, and although their place of burial is unknown the kind earth holds them secure and will yield them up when the great day has come in which all graves are to be opened.

How the Osprey was blown up can of course never be known, but the generally accepted theory is that Jean Richard seized the lighted match at the gun, threw it into an open barrel of gunpowder in the hold, caught Marie in his arms and jumped overboard. The tides of nearly two hundred years have ebbed and flowed over the place where Marie and her lover perished, but on many a dark, night a mysterious light is seen floating on the tide towards the mouth of the river. It is pale and weird like as the glance of the moon's beams in the water, and no living man has seen the torch-bearer. But when this light is observed the people sadly say, "It is the spirit for Marie watching the waters of the corpse of a drowned sailor that is coming in with the tide."

DRAMATIC TRUTHS

You can't tell a theatrical manager by the company he keeps.

Although building contractors are not actors, yet we often see them "bringing down the house."

The farmer in the rustic play is liked; the hero receives applause; but no one takes as well as the pickpocket.

Because an actress, on the stage, has wings on either side of her, does not prove that she's an angel.

AND THEN HE DOESN'T PRAY.

"Do you say your prayers every night, Robbie?"

"No; some nights I don't want anything."

Science is the great destroyer—he invented automobiles, serums, and the credit system.

A GOOD SUBSTITUTE

Duxborough—Aren't you rather behind the times, driving a horse?

Richmond—Oh, I don't know. This horse is almost as vicious as an automobile.

TAKING NO CHANCES

Madge—Why did she insist on such a short engagement?

Marjorie—He was worth a million.

HIS REASON

Smithkins—There's old Biffkins. I don't care to meet him. Let's turn this way. Last Summer, I requested a loan of twenty dollars.

Tiffkins—Well, he ought to have obliged you; he s rich enough.

Smithkins—The trouble is he did!

If all men were known by their companions they would't have any.

AN EXPERIMENT IN NEUROLOGY.

By A. M. Belding.

The following story by a New Brunswick author, Mr. A. M. Belding, Editor of the St. John Times, was first published in Chambers' Journal, of April, 1905.

CHAPTER I.

Had a business proposition been presented to Nathan Winfield of Boston (Mass.,) he would have looked it through and through, turned it over, examined the edges, and asked a little time for consideration. But this was merely an affair relating to his son, Nathan Winfield, junior; and, moreover, the stock-market was greatly excited.

His failure to recognize certain facts which were made amply clear to his mind at a later stage did not, i. is true, quite lead to a tragedy; but it caused the old gentleman no little anxiety; and it brought to the lighthouse-keeper's daughter at Cliff Harbour, on the shore of the Bay of Fundy, an entirely unexpected and wholly munificent wedding-gift.

Nathan Winfield, senior, was so thoroughly engrossed in business affairs that he had found no time to devote to the affairs of Nathan Winfield, junior. The latter, having little else to do than to amuse himself, pursued that course with a vigour and enthusiasm which produced results not wholly creditable to the parental record and training, and at the same time quite destructive to the young man's nervous system.

Of course there had to be an awakening. The family physician presented the case tersely and forcibly to Winfield, senior. 'That young man's nerves,' said the doctor, 'are in such a condition that I tremble for his life. The case is serious—most serious. His whole course of life must be changed—and at once.'

'Bless me!' ejaculated Mr. Winfield. 'I shall attend to the case. I had no idea of it. I thank you, doctor—I thank you.'

Thus startled into consciousness of the need of drastic measures, Mr. Winfield made some enquiries, paid some bills, and reflected. Once, on a summer holiday, he had spent a week at Cliff Harbour, in the Canadian provinces. It was quiet, out of the way, picturesque, and blessed with a wholly delightful summer climate. Two or three months spent there would be a tonic and corrective, and the young man would return home healthy in mind and body.

Had Mr. Winfield taken a little more time for reflection he might have discovered that none of the tourist literature relating to the region in question claimed for its salubrious climate the power to change a young man's nature. But time was valuable and the stock-market had become quite feverish. He wrote a cheque; gave it, with a terse command, to Nathan, junior; and once more plunged into business.

The young man recieved the cheque and the ultimatum, to his credit be it said, with dutiful regard—largely due no doubt. to the doctor's warning and a knowle'ge of his own physical con-ition. He went down to the provinces, and in due time found himself on the stage which conveyed passengers from the nearest railway station to Cliff Harbour.

There is something so attractive and soothing in the appearance of a young woman who is at once lovely and modestly self-controlled that even a young man whose nerves have gone wrong is graciously influenced by the subtle and inexpressible charm. Indeed, young Winfield had almost forgotten his nerves, sorely shaken though they had been by the journey, before the stage had proceeded very far on its way from the railway station toward Cliff Harbour. For a young woman who might have ranked as a queen in the class described was among his fellow passengers. He secretly studied her with growing approval; and when, after a time, her eyes met his, in a casual glance betraying neither timidity nor self-consciousness, he surprised himself by feeling a genuine thrill of exultation. He was no stranger to pretty girls in his own social set in Boston, and was not unknown to certain graceful maidens on the stage; while the fair cashier in a certain business establishment had been heard to say in strict confidence that Mr. Winfield was the most accomplished and generous of young men. But all this was in and of the city of Boston. It had nothing to do with an afternoon ride by stage through a picturesque region, amid strange but agreeable surroundings, the central figure of which was the loveliest girl, it seemed to him, that he had ever seen.

She was going to Cliff Harbour. He learned that fact easily enough. She addressed the stage-driver by his first name, and asked him a question. That personage, being interrogated at the moment when he was taking a fresh chew of tobacco, leisurely completed the task, and drawled a reply, with this additional observation:

'There ain't been a thing happened since you went away last week.'

Under ordinary circumstances, a stranger might entertain doubts concerning the attractions of a place where nothing happened for a week; but Winfield was quite oblivious to any such consideration. He was already weaving romances, and wondering how he might make the acquantance of this magnetic vision of loveliness. He entered into conversation with the driver, who between copious expectorations and frequent snappings of his whip, imparted general information concerning the region around Cliff Harbour. But while Winfield was talking with the driver, he was conscious that he was talking at the young lady, and was duly grateful when the man with the whip opened the way for him, without ostentation, to say something about himself. He was able, also, to grow enthusiastic over the scenery, for as they approached the village they had frequent glimpses of rugged cliffs and the shining waters of the Bay of Fundy; and when at last they rode down a steep hill, and followed the winding road under the shade of a frowning height, to see the village ahead of them, and a beautiful harbour, almost landlocked, at their left, his ejaculations of pleasure and praise quite won

the heart of the driver, and brought him the reward of an approving glance from the real object of his thoughts.

Unhappily for his nerves, the sense of elation following this coveted reward was short-lived. The stage rolled swiftly along the level village street, and drew up at the hotel. The passengers alighted. The young lady was met and assisted from the vehicle by a broad-shouldered, sun-browned young man, obviously not a relative, whom she greeted with marked cordiality, and who transferred her and her parcels with studious care to a light carriage.

As they drove away, talking and laughing together, Winfield of Boston discovered, with a shock, that he had brought his nerves with him after all. He approached the driver of the stage, paid his fare, and casually observed :

'You have very pretty girls down here. Who was the lady that came in with us?"

The driver ejected a large quantity of tobacco-juice, and replied with enthusiasm :

'Mister, that's the prettiest of the lot around here. She's Mollie's Craig. Her father keeps the lighthouse on the p'int over there. You can't see it for the bluff and the woods. But you want to see it. It's only a little better'n half a mile. Great view over there. But it's no use to go over to see Mollie Craig—while Dave Morton's around.'

The concluding item of imformation was accompanied by a wink of familiarity which Winfield of Boston regarded, in the existing condition of his nerves, as a personal affront. He went into the hotel, partook of but little supper, and had a bad night. For Mollie Craig, from the moment the stage stopped at the hotel until she rode away with Dave Morton, had not so much as glanced in his direction.

CHAPTER II.

Winfield of Boston stood beside the lighthouse on the point at Cliff Harbour. Craig the lighthouse-keeper, a fine type of man, tall and erect, with long gray beard and piercing eyes under heavy brows, came out of the cottage and joined him.

'You're a strange in these parts,' said Mr. Craig. 'Like to look over the lighthouse?'

Winfield thanked him cordially, and they went into the structure and climbed to the chamber where the great light was placed. The keeper, with fond pride, explained its mechanism, and then they stood and gazed out upon the smiling waters breaking in white spray along the cliffs.

'I should think,' Winfield, said 'that you would have a heavy sea here in stormy weather.'

The old light-keeper swept the horizon seaward before he replied. Then he touched Winfield on the shoulder and slowly answered:

'Young man, since I've lived here I've seen storms; but it was nothing. For twenty years I kept the light on one of the rocks near the mouth of bay. Day after day, week after week month after month, year after year, the same—always the same. Only the waters around me—only the men who brought supplies to tell me of the outside world. It was well for me that I believed in God, or I should have gone mad. I tell you there's no experience to compare with it. You're

alone—alone with nature and the God of nature. I don't know what you believe: but if you had lived my life you'd thank God that you were able to believe in something.'

'Mr. Craig,' said Winfield, 'I had never thought of it in that way; but I think I can understand. It must have been terrible.'

He spoke deferentially, and Mr. Craig was pleased. To please the father of Mollie Craig was one point gained. They talked for quite a long time, and then passed out toward the cottage and the road that led to the village. Winfield had introduced himself, and was established on a friendly footing. That, he thought, was enough for one afternoon.

But Mr. Craig was the soul of hospitality, and the fact that this young stranger had sought out Cliff Harbour as a health-resort appealed to his local pride. He felt an interest in the visitor.

'Come in,' he said heartily. 'Come in and take tea with us. My wife and girl will be glad to meet you.'

'You are very kind said Winfield, 'and I thank you very much. But that would be an intrusion. I shall be glad to call some other time, and talk with you of your experiences. They interest me greatly.'

That settled the matter. Mr. Craig would listen to no refusal, and five minutes later Mr. Winfield held the hand of Mollie Craig—far more charming in her own little home than when they had journeyed by stage together two days before. Her mother, too, was cordiality personified.

'Now this,' said Winfied to himself, 'is better than I expected. If the old man could see me now!'

He exerted himself to be entertaining, and succeeded admirably, for a man from Boston could talk of many things that were new and interesting at Cliff Harbour. They had enjoyed a tempting supper, and he was in the midst of an animated description of the crush at a championship game of base-ball when Mrs. Craig answered a summons at the door and ushered in a visitor.

'Mr. Morton,' she said, 'let me make you acquainted with Mr. Winfield of Boston.' It was the broad-shouldered young man concerning whom the stage-driver had taken the liberty to indulge in a knowing wink.

'Confound him!' said Winfield to himself; but he returned Morton's hearty grip with assumed fervour. Conversation was resumed, but ten minutes later Mollie Craig asked to be excused, and withdrew; and when she came back, her cordial invitation to Mr. Winfield to come again did not allay his resentment at the sight of her departure from the house in company with Dave Morton. They were going to a meeting together, and they would return together. All that was left to him was to make himself agreeable to her parents for a brief period, plead fatigue and depart. He had another night with his nerves.

CHAPTER III.

The people of Cliff Harbour and vicinity are of the same stock as the people of New England. Perhaps the former retain a little more of the Puritan in their views of life, and there is a difference in accent between the speech of provincialists and that of modern New Englanders; but in most respects the two peoples are

much alike. Indeed, the difference is largely political. The provincialist to the manner born is not an unfriendly critic of American institutions, but there is a mental reservation. He may not have any sort of respect for the memory of George the Third; but he remembers that at the close of the American Revolution many thousands of loyalists followed the British flag into the inhospitable northern wilderness, and founded a new commonwealth. He also has in mind certain boundary and fishery disputes, and the like, which are part of Canadian history. In truth, he is intensely British in all his views and aspirations.

Winfield of Boston was not aware of the fact. It had never occurred to him, if he thought at all on the subject, that a Canadian could desire a better fate for his country than annexation to the United States. Great Britain was to him a grasping nation that from time to time needed a little discipline administered by the President of the great republic. Had he kept his views to himself it would have been better for his nerves; but it is always easy to be wise after the event.

A group lounging in front of the store at the head of the little jetty where schooners lay at Cliff Harbour were lazily conversing when Winfield joined them. It was a sunny afternoon, and the only sound was the creaking of the hoisting-gear, where two men were leisurely discharging merchandise from a schooner beside the little wharf. The group of men leaned against a railing or sprawled on the platform in front of the store. They were discussing the Boer, war when Winfield threw in a query.

'What possible interest,' he asked, 'can you people have in seeing England gobble up the country of the Boers?'

'The same interest, mister, that England would have if the Americans tried to gobble up Canada.' The tone was aggressive, and the speaker an athletic young fellow who had seen service in South Africa. Winfield was not aware of the latter fact, and was, moreover, in an irritable mood.

'Pooh!' he said contemptuously. 'What's England? The greatest land-pirate on the face of the earth.'

'Stranger,' said the ex-soldier, 'you'd better take that back. We're not used to it down here.'

'Why should I take it back?' sharply demanded Winfield.

'Because,' replied the other, 'if you didn't you'd be expected to back it up.' The speaker shook himself together and eyed Winfield with manifest hostility. The latter was no physical match for him, and knew it. The other men were now alert, expecting a fight. Winfield was trembling, not from cowardice, but from nervous excitement.

'Do you take it back?' sharply demanded the ex-soldier, advancing towards Winfield.

'Take what back?' called a voice from the doorway of the store, and in a twinkling Dave Morton was at Winfield's side, facing the others.

'This Yank,' said the aggressive young man, 'wants trouble. He says the English are pirates, and I jist want him to stand for it a minute or two. That's all.'

'Well, he won't,' said Morton. 'I don't know what it's all about, but this man is not well. He's a stranger and he's down there for his health.

You ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

'A sick man can be civil,' retorted the ex-soldier. 'I didn't know there was anything wrong with him.' 'You know it now,' curtly rejoined Morton—'Come, Winfield, I want to show you my new boat.' They went along the shore together, and the incident was closed.

But Winfield would rather have taken a thrashing than feel that he was under an obligation to Dave Morton. For a week he had ardently tried to improve his acquaintance with Mollie Craig, and always the shadow of Dave Morton crossed his path. The effect on his nerves was distressing.

With the very best intentions, and wholly unconscious of the real effect produced, Miss Craig contributed in a large measure to the nervous discomfort of Winfield. She was very gracious to him, and, up to a certain point, sympathetic. Her father and mother liked the deferential young man, and Dave Morton regarded him with good-natured friendliness; while towards herself, when they met, the Bostonian was always politely and unobtrusively attentive. Whatever his thought, he wore the veneer of social custom with ease and grace. He saw her frequently, for it was a pleasant walk to the Lighthouse Point, and love of the picturesque in scenery was quite enough excuse for an almost daily stroll in that direction. But it was intensely aggravating, and at the same time increased his ardour, to feel that he was not being taken seriously by the young lady. His neatly turned compliments, his efforts to arouse a deeper personal interest in himself, his allusions to the greater enjoyment of life in a larger world than Cliff Harbour, were heard without emotion. The more futile his efforts the more deeply rooted became his feeling of resentment toward Dave Morton, between him and Miss Craig, so far as he could learn, there was as yet no formal engagement. But this feeling he was compelled to suppress, to the further distraction of his nerves. For, once when he ventured a rather patronizing reference to Morton, the expression of the girl's face, rather than anything she said, convinced him that it would not do. And when, the next afternoon, he capsized a skiff in the harbour, and Morton was the one to reach and rescue him, he cursed his fate harder than ever. The incident gave the lighthouse-keeper a text for a discourse when next they met, and the old man, to the manifest pleasure of his daughter, grew eloquent in Morton's praise.

'That young man,' said he, 'deserves credit. When his father died he came home and took up the work on the farm. He's paid off a mortgage, made some money by a deal in lumber, taken care of his mother and sister, and stayed right here like a man when he had a good chance to do better away from home. And his word's as good as his bond.'

To all of which, and much more, Winfield had to give outwardly cheerful assent. But had he been a modern hero of romance he must have laid some deep plot to ruin the reputation of his rival, or to remove him from his path. Being only a young man of ordinary attainments, he took it out of his nerves. They gave him sleepless nights, and in his mind he was a villain and a murderer

many times over; but tragedies of that sort are commonplace.

CHAPTER IV.

Cliff Harbour had enjoyed a picnic, in which many people came from adjoining settlements, and in the evening dancing was still in progress in the rough pavilion provided for that special purpose. To Winfield the country sports were rather jarring on the nerves than otherwise, and he had neither the temperament nor the inclination to be amused at the awkward swains and bashful maids who had come in for a day's pleasure. But he was easily the most graceful dancer in the company, and that was a consolation, especially since Mollie Craig was present, tall, graceful, radiant in bright apparel, and as unaffectedly happy as it is given to healthy youth to be. It might almost be said that she exhaled an atmosphere of health and good cheer, and to Winfield, who by this time was possessed of an uncontrollable desire to win her favour, regardless of any other consideration, present or future, proximity to her was like a draught of wine. It chafed him that Morton should have been the man to seek him out and insist that he should join their set, and that Morton's sister, a shy and quiet maiden should regard him with manifest approval. She danced well, but his thoughts were not of her. They were all kind to him; but his eyes followed Mollie Craig, and when they danced together a calm fell upon his nerves, and he was content.

'I am afraid,' he said to her once, as they strolled in the moonlight outside the pavilion, 'that I shall grow too fond of Cliff Harbour, and want to stay here.'

'Why not?' laughed Mollie. 'But you would be tired of us in the winter.'

"That would depend,' said Winfield suggestively.

'On the weather?' queried she.

'On you,' he answered, suddenly facing her and speaking in hurried tones of passion. 'You are so different from the people I have known. I tell you what I feel. But it seems to me I have only known'——

'Stop—please!' cried the girl. 'Oh! I'm so sorry. You don't know. Mr. Winfield, you mustn't speak like that. I never thought—— Oh!'

She had caught his arm and looked into his face with an expression of grief so sincere that it could not be mistaken.

'Pardon me,' he said. 'I—I should not have spoken. Forget it, and let us be friends.'

'Friends always,' cried the girl. 'But—please—don't let us speak of it again.'

By mutual consent they went back to the pavilion, and Winfield saw her take the arm of Dave Morton to join another dance. He was urged to go with them, but pleaded fatigue, and went out again, the prey of conflicting passions. Savagely chewing at a cigar, he walked about, paying no attention to his surroundings, seeking to quell the tumult of jealous rage that had swept over him. Suddenly he was accosted.

'Hello, mister! Got any more cigars?' The speaker was one of a group who had come in from the back settlement, and, by some mysterious process known only to communities where local option laws are enacted, had discovered liquor. They were now in the mood for war, and Win-

field turned up at the psychological moment. He walked on without a word; but one of them followed him, caught him by the shoulder, and called out:

'Say, mister, don't put on airs round here. It won't go.'

Winfield shook himself free and started to move away, when the fellow seized him again. Winfield promptly knocked him down. In a twinkling the others were around them. The man who had been knocked down got on his feet and threw off his coat.

'Soak him, Bill?' yelled one of the crowd.

'I suppose I get fair-play,' said Winfield savagely.

"You'll git all that's comin' to you, mister,' retorted one of the crowd. Whereat several laughed.

The man who had removed his coat now rushed at Winfield, but the latter was not disturbed. The savage rage that had possessed him had found an outlet. He was not strong; but he knew how to defend himself, and his enemy went down again under a well-directed blow. By this time a crowd was collecting around them, and one of the friends of the fallen man made a vicious blow at Winfield. The latter was on his guard; but the fellow kicked him, and the man who was down leaped up and grappled with him. It was now one against two, and they threw him down.

'You cowards!' he gritted, struggling furiously to protect himself. The crowd was surging around them, the new-comers asking what it was all about, and several calling upon the combatants to get up and fight fairly.

Winfield was getting decidedly the worst of it, when two new-comers arrived on the scene. They were Dave Morton and Jack Allen, the latter a tall, raw-boned fellow, with an expression of perennial good nature on his rough features.

'Dig in, Dave,' he said; and they forced their way through the crowd to the spot where Winfield, panting and exhausted, was struggling on the ground with two men.

The crowd made way for the new-comers, for there was a tradition that once, down in the city of St. John, Dave Morton and Jack Allen had stood back to back and put up the gamest fight against a group of "toughs' the town had ever seen.

'What! three?' roared Allen. 'That's one too many. Get off there, you!'

He lifted one of Winfield's assailants bodily and threw him into the crowd. Morton leaned over the other two.

'It's Winfield,' he cried.

'You leave them alone!' shouted one of the original crowd that had accosted Winfield. 'This ain't your fight.'

Morton gave the fellow a quick glance, observed at the same time that Allen stood at his elbow, and without a word seized the big fellow who was locked in a fierce grip with Winfield, and by a tremendous effort brought the pair to their feet. In a moment he had broken the big fellow's hold and thrust Winfield's slight form between himself and Allen.

'Now,' he said quietly, 'if any of you fellows from Hay Settlement are lookin' for trouble, this is your chance.'

'That's what we're after!' yelled one of them; and the group who

had kept close together, made a rush at Morton, Allen, and Winfield.

'You'll get it,' smiled Allen, and sent the challenger down like a log

They tell the story with great gusto in Cliff Harbour today how Morton and Allen, with the assistance of one or two others, went like a tornado at the men from Hay Settlement and fought them to a standstill, and how the little fellow from Boston, who ought to have gone into the prize-ring, got his second wind and planted blows with a precision and effect that simply wonderful.

But Winfield was in bed for several days afterwards, and had to bear the condolences of Dave Morton, who would persist in calling every day and trying to do things for him. And Mollie Craig brought flowers from the cottage garden and gave him her warmest sympathy. The condition of his nerves, therefore did not improve.

CHAPTER V.

Just offshore from the lighthouse at Cliff Harbour is a reef, between which and the shore a vessel may pass in safety at high-tide. At low-tide (the rise and fall of Fundy's tides are twenty to over thirty feet) the jagged fangs of rock are visible. There, one night when a heavy sea was running, at nearly low tide, the wind blowing a gale, a schooner tried to make the inside passage and went on the reef. She pounded heavily, and it was evident that her condition was perilous in the extreme. Five men were on board of her. The lightkeeper sent word in haste to the village, and men came to the shore. Among the first on the scene was Dave Morton, and he was one of the lifeboat crew who, at the imminent risk of their lives brought four of the five men ashore in safety. The schooner went to pieces.

This was the story Mollie Craig, told to Winfield as they sat on the shore near the spot on a glorious summer afternoon. He had never returned to the subject of their conversation on the night of the picnic; but his feeling toward her was more intense because of his brooding over the situation and his inability to understand why she should manifest so much sympathy and not give way to more tender regard. And as they sat together on the sunny green-ward in a sheltered nook, looking out upon the bay, his fierce emotions once more mastered him. Her praise of Morton was like the bitterness of gall to him. He could not, even to himself, assert that Morton was unworthy But Morton was his rival, and was for ever coming between him and the fulfilment of his hopes. Not that he could complain of her treatment of himself. She had been deeply grieved by the occurrences of the evening of the dance, and blamed herself a little for having, though unwittingly, caused a part of Winfield's trouble. He had artfully led her to think that her sympathy was doing him a world of good, and continued his almost daily visits to Lighthouse Point. There was good fishing for cod offshore, and the lightkeeper had boats. Unobtrusively, therefore, Winfield could keep himself in evidence; and he was always welcome at the cottage.

On this particular afternoon it pleased him to appear a little despondent. She had assented to his proposition to stroll along the shore past the lighthouse, and when opposite the reef they sat down and she told him

the story of the wreck. She told it well, the expression of her lovely features varying with emotions produced by recalling the terror and the heroism of that dreadful night. Hers was a dark, commanding beauty, for she was tall and strong and graceful, the embodiment of a healthy and fearless, yet warm and tender, womanhood. Winfield saw in her what he himself lacked, and as his eyes devoured her face and form, and he listened to the charm of her voice, and felt, perhaps unconsciously, the influence of the surroundings, all other feelings were swept aside by the one mad desire to set his will against hers and gain the mastery. Her hand was toying with a blossom on the green-sward. She was close to him, and silence had fallen for a moment between them. A tender light was in her eyes, for she was thinking of the man who reckoned his own life of little moment when others hung in the balance. Hurried into blind madness by his own passion, Winfield failed to understand. With a swift motion he caught her hand. Their eyes met, and for a moment her lids drooped under the swift electric message flashed by glance and contact. Then, without withdrawing her hand, she gazed again, quickly, inquiringly.

'Mollie,' he murmured hoarsely, 'do you know that I worship you? No—let me hold your hand—let me speak. I can't help it—I can't. There is no woman in the world like you. I have tried to keep my promise and be only your friend; but I love you so! Day and night it is always the same. I want you. You must care for me—you must.'

He drew nearer and tried to clasp her in his arms, but she was on her feet in a moment, the whole expression of her face changed. He too rose, his burning gaze still on her face.

'Mr. Winfield,' she said very quietly, 'when I asked you never to speak like this to me again there was a reason for it. You should have understood. I wish I could have read your thoughts since then. You have not been fair to yourself or to me.'

'But why,' he burst out—'why can you not learn to care for me?'

'There is a reason.'

'Tell me what it is.'

'You have no right to ask that, Mr. Winfield.'

'Surely I have the right of a man who loves you to know why you reject him.'

'No—I cannot tell you.'

'You care for another man.'

The girl was silent.

'The man is Morton,' he went on, with sudden rage. 'He has always come between us. Why should you'——

'Stop!' she cried. 'You have no right to speak to me in such a way. When you have thought about it you will be sorry.'

She turned to go, but, yielding to a sudden kindly impulse, wheeled about and faced him, an infinite compassion in her eyes.

'I can't understand, Mr. Winfield, how a man who has seen so much of the world could care for a Cliff Harbour girl as you say you do for me. Go back to Boston. You will soon forget. Come, let us go home as we came.'

'No!' he cried, seizing her in his arms. 'You shall not go.' He was utterly beside himself. 'I swear to

God if you leave me like this I will never go back alive.'

The girl had given a cry of alarm when he seized her, and now struggled to free herself. He held her frantically, pleading, muttering, almost hysterical in his excess of despairing passion. Neither heard approaching footsteps till a man stood beside them, and with an iron grip broke Winfield's hold upon the girl and sent him reeling to the ground. It was Morton.

'You cur!' he cried with bitter contempt, glancing for a moment at the fallen man and then turning quickly to the girl, who was trembling like a leaf.

'Has he hurt you, Mollie?'

'No, no! I'm only frightened. He must have been crazy. Oh Dave! I'm so glad you've come.'

She sat down limply, and they both looked at Winfield. He lay where he had fallen, motionless. With quick strides Morton reached him and attempted to raise him up. Blood was flowing from a cut in his head, and he was unconscious. In falling his head had struck a ledge of rock. Morton hurriedly placed a hand on his heart.

'He is hurt, Mollie,' he said quietly. 'His head is cut by a stone. I'll wrap it up. Get your father, and we'll carry him up to the house.'

'No, no! I'll help you myself,' said Mollie, completely mistress of herself again. She bound up the wound in Winfield's head, and together they bore him to the cottage, where their arrival caused the greatest consternation.

'He had a bad fall,' said Morton, with a quick glance at Mollie. By this time they had laid him comfortably down he began to show signs of returning consciousness.

'See what you can do for the cut,' said Morton, 'and I'll get the doctor.'

His carriage was at the door, and at full speed he went to the village, turning at once with the village doctor. Winfield was by this time conscious, but suffering intensely. The doctor's examination revealed the fact that his skull had been somewhat injured, and that he could not be removed for the present.

'And I think,' added the doctor, you should notify his people. He will probably be all right in a week or two; but his general condition is not as good as I would like it.

CHAPTER VI.

'Your son has been injured. Not dangerous. Come down if possible.'

Nathan Winfield, senior, adjusted his glasses, read his telegram, made some hurried preparations, and said good-bye to the stock-market for the space of one week. Within thirty-six hours he was the guest of Craig the lightkeeper at Cliff Harbour, and gazing at a rather hollow-eyed young man whose nerves were giving the doctor no end of trouble, to say nothing of a rather ugly cut near the base of his skull.

'Father, the man said weakly, 'you've never let me want for anything; but you've never given me very much of yourself, and I haven't asked it. But I want you to stay right there till you can take me home with you.'

'Bless me!' ejaculated Winfield, senior. 'Why, of course I will. Don't worry, my boy—don't worry. You're a safer investment today than the best gilt-edge stock on the market.'

'But there's something I want to

tell you, the young man said. 'Close the door.'

The heart-to-heart talk that followed between father and son seemed to have a beneficial effect on both. The next day the patient was removed to the hotel; but before he left the cottage Mollie Craig was sent for. When she left his room her eyes were full of tears.

Before father and son departed for Boston two weeks later, the former took occasion to call Dave Morton aside and make the following observation:

'Young man, I understand you are soon to be married. I don't expect to be able to come down, though I'd like to; but I want you to send me a card in plenty of time—to this address.'

Which further explains why the costliest of the wedding-gifts received by Mollie Craig came to her duty-paid from Boston on the day before her marriage.

Nathan Winfield, junior, is his father's partner, and his old haunts know him no more. It is said that he displays remarkable nerve as an operator on the Stock Exchange, but is not fond of the society of women. When any charming lady of his acquaintance betrays the slightest partiality for his company, he has an odd way of looking at her which is not easily fathomed, but which proves quite as disconcerting as it may be unexpected.

THE END.

HE KNEW BETTER.

Wife—Never mind, Jack, dear; though I know you are a little irritable, yet, if I had my life to live over again, I'd marry you just the same.

Jack—I have my doubts about that.

A CHANGE COMING.

Porter—You are your own manager, are you not?

Actor—I am, just at present, but my wife is coming back from Europe next week.

AND COLLECT DAMAGES.

Hiram—Where ye goin' with that blind hoss, an' that ol' ramshackle wagon?

Silas—I'm goin' up the road a piece, an' see if I can't meet one o' them automobiles.

THE MODERN WAY.

"What! Angelina, did you get all those books from the library to read?"

"Mercy, no, mama—to talk about."

Some men who claim they speak to an inferior, probably mever met one.

Philosophy is power to see the humor in our own grief.

INCONVENIENT.

Mrs. Gramercy—When is she going to take the first step toward procuring her divorce?

Mrs. Park—Not until Spring. Not one of the divorce colonies is situated in a good Winter resort.

"Go to the ant thou sluggard," advised the ancient philosopher; but the modern sluggard prefers to go to his uncle.

FOR A WOMAN'S SAKE.

A Serial Story.

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS:

The Duke of Oxfordshire, at the country-house of a Cabinet Minister, Lord Wentwood proposes to the Duchess of Oxfordshire, the young widow of his cousin. The Duchess, who in earlier days had been a singer in opera, accepts him on his promise to give her "his complete trust." In the rosery, under the moonlight, approach Cecily Dalzell, the Duke's young ward—who had previously exercised an attraction for him—and Dick Paget. The Duchess read in Cecily's blushes her love for the Duke. He has an appointment in London in the morning with Vanderlane, an American friend, and the Duchess insists on that appointment being kept and drives with the Duke to the station. He wonders "why she has been so anxious to get him away to-night." Was there an old lover—Sir Edgar Malvern for instance—to be whistled down the wind? Suddenly the carriage door is flung open, and a man is seen struggling to retain his hold upon the door-post, while the door sways with the motion of the train. The Duke rescues him, to learn that he, too, is a lover, returning from a surreptitious visit to his lady. He had boarded the express as it slowed down at the junction. Fearing that a suspicious father is having the trains watched at Waterloo, for the lady's sake he borrows the Duke's cap, coat, and return ticket. In payment for the ticket a note is accepted, on which is a bloodstain. The purchaser had cut his hand in dropping from a first-floor window. He leaves the train at Vauxhall, and the Duke is arrested on a charge of murdering Sir Edgar Malvern. His accuser is the tell tale five-pound note. The Duke, however, is able to clear himself. It transpires that the murdered man had gone to an adjacent inn from the danceat Lord Wentwood's expecting a lady to call. Instead, a young man appeared with a letter from the lady, and, apparently, at the interview which followed the murder was commited. The reference to the lady disturbs the Duke's mind. In the morning Vanderlane calls. He has had an adventure over night with "the most beautiful woman in the world." The borrowed coat is returned, and going through the pockets,the Duke comes on the handkerchief of the Duchess and some torn strips of the Countess of Wentwood's notepaper. While they are absent from the room,handkerchief and note paper disappear. The Duke's ward,Cecily Dalzell (who is in love with him) calls,and tells the Duke that the Duchess, without explanation, left the house the night before and did not return. The Duke's jealousy is again stirred. A detective arrives before the Duke sits down to breakfast, but nothing is said of the missing handerchief, which, for all the two young men knew, may already be reposing at Scotland Yard. Vanderlane describes how, the night before, he rescued "the most beautiful woman in the world" from the annoyance of a loafer on Waterloo Bridge. The Duke, suspecting that it was the Duchess, resolves to bring the Duchess and his friend together. They meet but pass through the ordeal though the Duchess is the mysterious woman. The Duke and Vanderlane leave the Duchess with Lady Wentwood who arrived during the visit.

(CONTINUED).

CHAPTER VII.

A STRANGE MEETING.

"How you could ever stoop to suspect a woman like that passes my understanding!" were the first words Vanderlane threw like a challenge at the Duke, when the door of the house had closed behind them. It was as if he had not wished to give the other a first chance of speech.

Guy had sent away the motor-ca on arriving at the Duchess's, and now the two set off mechanically towards Sloane-street, with no particular destination in mind for the moment.

"I suspect her more than ever!" broke out the Duke, passionately. "I believe that you are deceiving me, Nick; she was the woman you met on Waterloo Bridge last night."

"By Jove, Guy!" exclaimed the other, "if you are going to doubt the word of your fiancee and your friend, I've nothing more to say."

"But you never gave me your word," objected the Duke. "Do you swear to me now——"

I'll swear at you in a minute, I'm hanged if I don't!" said Nick. "And look here, old man, I call it a pretty shabby trick you played on your fiancee and on me. You deserve that she should throw you over, and, as for my part in the affair, it would serve you right if I never spoke to you again. But I think you need your friends just now, or you'll do some mad trick which you'll regret all your life, so I mean to stick by you in spite of yourself."

The Duke had scarcely listened, for he had been thinking his own thoughts while Vanderlane spoke. "I am going back in an hour," he said, "when Doris Wentwood has gone, to ask Magda about the handkerchief and the letter paper."

"I wish you joy of the interview," exclaimed Nick.

"You think I have no right to ask her questions?"

"I think if I had her love, I would be satisfied with that, and ask for nothing more on this earth. She could tell me what she chose—or nothing, if she chose."

"That is because you have no temperament," said the Duke.

"You think so?" retorted Nick. "Well, we won't discuss it. Tell me something about Lady Wentwood."

"You found her charming? So does everybody else. She is one of the most popular women in England. I don't believe she has an enemy. There isn't a soul she knows to whom she hasn't done some kindness. Magda knew her in Vienna. Magda was then Mademoiselle de Lamberg—for though she'd an English mother, her father was Austrian—and Doris was Miss Singleton, the Honorable Doris Singleton. Her father and mother died when she was small, and she was brought up by various cousins and aunts, who, strange to relate, all adored her, and almost fought to have her stop with them, though she was a poor relation—poor as a church mouse. Sometimes she was with people of hers in Ireland, sometimes in London for the season, but oftenest and longest in Vienna, where her aunt's husband was attached to the British Embassy. The last time she was there, about two years ago or so, she had a severe illness, and was sent to some watering place or other to pick up. There she met Lord Wentwood, who is twenty years older than she is; he fell in love with her at first sight, because they say—she exactly realised his ideal, a saintly being, in the world but scarcely of it. They were married after a short acquaintance, and it was a very great match for her, as Lord Wentwood was already in his present position as Home Secretary, a rich and important man, while she had nothing but her sweet soul and her Madonna beauty of body. He simply worships her still, as if she were an angel from Heaven, and in his eyes she can do no wrong."

"You see," said Vanderlane, "he has faith in his love."

"But she has never done anything to disturb his love."

"Supposing she did, would his trust at once break down like yours?"

"By Jove! I believe it would kill

him to feel towards her as I do towards Magda."

"The lady and the Duchess are great pals?"

"Great pals. It seems that one of the two (I don't know which) did something wonderful for the other, years ago, and they have been inseparable ever since. When Madga first came to London, Lady Wentwood was still a bride. Disagreeable things were said about Magda because she had married the Duke, an unpleasant, cantankerous old chap whom everyone either hated or feared; but Doris Wentwood took her up, brushed the hateful stories aside like cobwebs, and made a straight path for her in society. Oh, she was a trump—but, then, she always is."

"I shouldn't have thought a young, beautiful, widowed Duchess would have needed much taking up."

"That's because you don't know how scandalous the gossip was, and I'm not going to repeat it."

"I don't want you to," said Vanderlane. "And now I'm going to leave you to yourself. I have an engagement for an early dinner. If you don't mind, I'll hail the first cab I see."

Nick's engagement was with himself, and his mood was so adverse to the Duke's that he was in some haste to keep it. He took a hansom, and left Guy alone in Knightsbridge, to pass as he chose the remaining half-hour before he might return to the Duchess's. Vanderlane drove to the Carlton, where his man had brought his luggage from the yacht, dressed leisurely, and, though he had not closed his eyes in sleep for the past twenty-four hours, looked through the paper to see where he should go to the theatre.

He was in no mood for the theatre, but that was precisely his reason for deciding to go. He was restless, and more nervous than he would have been ordinarily after smoking half-a-dozen Havana cigars on end. The man was unhappy. too; and he resented being unhappy, for he had everything in life to make him happy, and up to the present he had been so, with a few insignificant ups and downs. It seemed to him this evening, however, that there was very little to render existence more than barely tolerable, at best. He felt blase, and the taste of dead sea apples was bitter in his mouth.

"I know what is the matter with you, my good chap," he apostrophised himself. "There's no use trying to hide it from me, for you aren't clever enough by half. You've gone and made an ass of yourself—fallen head over ears in love with the woman who's engaged to marry your best friend; and if she weren't, she wouldn't look at you, never fear. In her eyes you're a Yankee, and she's a Duchess. You're a fool, my son—and a fool's worse than a plain ass. What you've got to do is to distract your mind and forget her as soon as you can. Forget her? Good Heavens, as if it were possible! What wouldn't I give to have last night back again, even in a dream? She'd taken off her rings—wedding ring and all. I thought she was free, and I didn't know she was a Duchess, though she looked a queen. I was stark, staring crazy enough to think I'd find out who she was, and go in for winning her. And now—well, I reckon the best thing I can do is to go and see the most howling melodrama on the London stage."

* * * * * *

The Duke scarcely waited for the hour to be up before presenting himself again at the house in Pont-street. Lady Wentwood, the white-robed maid informed him, had not been gone more than five minutes. Her Grace was in the boudoir, and would recieve her visitor there, having given orders that she at home to no one else.

The boudoir was all in pink, of different shades, like the heart of a rose, and Magda was in a great cushiony armchair, which held her form as if in a kind and generous embrace. She did not rise as the Duke was announced, but lay back with her dark head against the cushion as if utterly weary and spent.

"Well," she asked abruptly, as he entered, and the portiere fell behind im, "what is it that you wish to say to me alone? It is not to repeat what you told me last night, I am sure—that you would love and trust me always."

"I have come to ask you if I may do so?"

"You must answer that question for yourself, Guy, or it will never be answered at all. Do you think I didn't read what was in your mind an hour ago? Do you think I didn't know that you had brought your friend here because, from his story, you fancied that I might have been the lady of his night adventure? I should should have been a more stupid woman than I am if your motives had not very soon become clear to me, as, of course, they must to him also. I am glad now that I promised you nothing definite last night."

"But you did—you promised me everything," he cried, forgetting for the moment all cause of complaint against this fair woman, in his passionate fear of losing her. "When I tell you all I have come to tell, you will forgive me, Magda. for I have suffered—suffered tortures. Another such day, and I should blow out my brains."

"I am ready to listen," she said, not coldly, but in a voice which suppressed feeling.

"Well, then, you have read the papers; you know what happened in the train last night. But there is something you don't know—something that I would cut off my hand rather than the world should know. This morning the coat and cap which I, like a fool, lent to that man in the train, where sent back to me by a messenger who got away without being followed — unless the police were secretly on his track. In the pocket of the coat I found a handkerchief of yours, and the finely torn scraps of a typewritten letter, stamped with the Revel Abbey address in gold. For Heaven's sake explain these things to me."

For a moment Magda was silent. Then, looking the Duke straight in in the eyes, she answered: "I cannot."

"You cannot!" he echoed, losing self-control, as a wave of blood seemed rushing from his heart to his head. "Say that you will not."

"As you please."

The irrevocability of her quiet answer, spoken wearily, was like falling against a stone wall in the dark.

"Magda!"—he went back to pleading again—"think what this means to me. Your handkerchief, a letter, presumably from you, in the possession of the fellow who no doubt

murdered Edgar Malvern. What is the inference? That the murderer, wishing to save your name from being compromised, took away those clues to your friendship with the dead man, and then forgot to remove them from the pocket of the coat he had borrowed of me."

"This is your promised trust!"

"I did not dream, when we had our last talk together, how I should be tried."

"There is no virtue in trust which is tried and found wanting."

"Mine in you has not been found wanting. All I beg is that you give me a word—one word—of explanation, of reassurance."

Suddenly the Duchess rose, tall and stately and proud, with her head held high, though her eyes were dark with pain.

"I can give you no such word," she said. "Trust me if you will, and I shall be grateful, deeply, unforgettingly grateful. But I do not now ask you for your trust as I did last night, for—as you say—everything is different."

"Magda, you are killing me!" he groaned.

"I see. You cannot rise to such mountain heights of self-sacrifice. Well, I do not blame you. One is oneself. One cannot change one's soul to order. If we were half-engaged last night, we are both wholly free again now."

"For Heaven's sake, no!" he implored, ready in this crisis of feeling to hold her for his own at any cost, whether she were good or evil. "No—don't send me away from you. I can't bear it. I'll endure any ordeal rather than that. I will try once more, my darling. I will try to trust you without question, without explanation."

"If you are strong enough to succeed, I shall owe you gratitude, said the Duchess.

"And love?"

"Love? We will say nothing more about love today. My heart is too sore. It's not love, but friendship—chivalrous, disinterested friendship that I want."

"I will try to give you both. Will you let me help you? There must be something that I can do."

"I don't know—I don't know!" Her voice broke, and she turned away from him, her throat swelling as if she choked back tears. "Please go. I am tired. I need rest."

He would have caught her in his arms, but she put him away with a compelling gesture. "I thought you wished to help me," she said.

His arms fell at his sides. With one look he bowed his head and went out.

She stood as he had left her, listening. Then, when from far away she had heard the sound of a door closing sharply, she sank down in the chair, burying her face in her hands.

"Oh, I am so tired—so tired," she sobbed—"and so alone!"

The Duke fell like a rudderless ship in a storm, when he had rushed from the house and was in the street. Until now he had not realised how much he had hoped from that second visit to Magda. Like a spoilt child, unused to pain, he shrank from suffering; and he had told himself that things must mend, because he could not bear life in such conditions. But now he had begun dimly to learn the lesson that he must bear it, that he must make the best of things as they were,

or give up the splendid rose of love which had begun to bloom for him.

What should he do with the rest of this horrible day? Somehow, it must be got through; and perhaps to-morrow would be better—yes, it must be better. He could not see Magda again tonight, he could not bear to be alone, and he did not wish to be with Vanderlane—the only person to whom he could speak of what had happened—because he knew well enough that Vanderlane would reproach him for his lack of faith, and he was in no mood to bear fault-finding.

Fortunately, he had no dinner engagement, for in that happy time before the falling of the sword, he had kept the evening free for Nick, in case they should wish to spend it together. Now Nick had turned the cold shoulder upon him—even Nick; and there was no one left who really cared for him but Cissy. As he wandered on, his thoughts turned wistfully to Cissy. She was fond of him; she would be sorry because he suffered, and give him sympathy, overflowing measure, if he but showed her that he was willing to accept it. Should he go to her? Perhaps she and Mademoiselle had some engagement for the evening; but even so, sy would throw over any engagement for him, most of all (he thought half scornfully, half pityingly) her engagement with Dick Paget.

It was getting on towards seven o'clock, and Cissy and Mademoiselle dined early when they were at home—at a quarter before eight. A faint sensation of warmth crept into the Duke's sore heart as he pictured his reception, if he presented himself for the second time to-day at the home he had given his little ward. She would be all the kinder because they had parted coldly, and she was a more inieresting figure in his mind because she had shown anger instead of the unfailing sweetness of old, of which he had sometimes tired.

He would give the girl to understand, without saying the thing in so many words, that she must keep the arrows she had poisoned for the Duchess in their quiver. She would quickly understand that he wanted soothing, for she was a clever and sympathetic little thing at her best.

He began to hope that he should find her at home, and that he had not made his plan too late. Passing a post-office, he sent a telegram, which he was sure would keep her in. "Would like to dine with you. Arrive about ten to eight. Hope to find you. Guy." And having done this, he hurried on to Queen Anne's Mansions, feeling a little less adrift in a troubled sea, a little more hopeful for a gleam of light through the clouds.

He reached his rooms by 7.20, heard from Haskins that nothing new of interest had occurred in his long absence, dressed quickly, and by a quarter to eight was on the way to Addison-road. He would be a five minutes later than he had said, but Cissy and Mademoiselle would not mind waiting for him.

Of course, there was just a chance that they had gone out before his wire arrived at the flat, but this seemed to him now too bad to be true, since fate owned him some small consolation.

By this time, dusk had fallen, and lights had been lit everywhere. At old Kensington Mansions, where Cissy

and her chaperon lived, the entrance hall was brilliant with electricity; and as the Duke entered, he came face to face with a man to see whom was like meeting a ghost.

He stopped, stared, and uttered a faint exclamation. "By Jove! is it possible?" he muttered, half under his breath, stopping suddenly on his way to the lift.

"I beg your pardon," said the man, politely, but with a trace of annoyance in his voice, as he attempted to pass., The Duke would not give way however; and not for an instant had he taken his eyes from the other's face which he was studying eagerly, as if it were a cryptogram, with a prize for the solution.

The man was young, rather tall and slim, very erect, with clear, somewhat saturnine features, very pale, fair skin, exceptionally light hair, and brows and lashes scarcely a shade darker. Nevertheless, the Duke told himself that he had looked into those long, sleepy-lidded eyes no longer ago than last night, and in far different circumstances.

"We have met before," he said, abruptly.

I have the misfortune to forget," replied the other.

Guy glanced round quickly. The lift had gone up with the janitor in it, and, save for himself and this stranger, the hall was empty. "Let me remind you," he went on. "It was last night in a train between Salisbury and London. I had been able to do you a trifling favour."

"There must be a mistake," returned the man apparently much astonished and troubled. "I was in no train last night."

"Perhaps you have an astral body, resembling you in every particular, except that its colouring is dark instead of fair," said Guy.

"I am really at a loss to understand you," excla med the other, with a movement as if he would pass in spite of the Duke. "If you will pardon me, I am rather in a hurry."

Guy would not give way. "The more haste, the less speed," said he. "Look here, my friend, I am in no mood for play-acting. I recognize you; and unless you will give me a chance for a talk, I shall detain you by force, and accuse you as the murderer of Sir Edgar Malvern, whom I unwittingly helped to escape last night."

The man's eyes flashed, and his smooth-shaven lips tightened viciously across his white teeth. Then suddenly he shrugged his shoulders. "I have always heard that the best policy is to humour a madman," he retorted. We will have the talk by all means. Consider me quite at your service for the next three-quarters of an hour. After that I have an engagement which I should be rather sorry to break. Where do you suggest that we hold our conversation? And as I have accepted your invitation without reserve, perhaps you wouldn't mind kindly telling me your name."

"You know very well that I am the Duke of Oxfordshire," Guy replied, impatiently.

"Indeed? Then, as a mere, untitled member of the middle classes, I should be flattered at your persistence in claiming acquaintance with me. Am I invited to the ducal mansion?"

The man's cynical tone annoyed

the Duke, but he held his temper in leash.

"Do you live here?" he asked.

'I do not," said the other. "I've called at this house for the first time in my life, this evening to see my friend, Major Cayley-Gwynne."

"I know Major Cayley-Gwynne," said Guy; then regretted the admission. The man's ignorance on the subject of the mutual acquaintance might have been convenient.

"Ah! you can ask him for my credentials then. Shall we go up to his flat together?"

"Certainly not. I will go with you to your own place."

"How kind you are to be willing to take so much trouble for the sake of a few words! But you see, I don't venture to claim the honour of your acquaintance, and theref re I contend that I don't know you well enough to invite you to my house. If you think you know me, why, I shall be delighted to go with you, provided that we start at once."

Guy had now forgotten all about the telegram that he had sent to Cissy and had practically forgotten Cissy herself. "Very well," said he; "you are already aware that I live at Queen Anne's Mansions. My motor is outside. I will drive you there."

"For all I know, you may be the Marquis of Carrabas, instead of the Duke of Oxfordshire," said the other. "But, as I am no coward and my conscience is clear, I will go with you."

The Duke kept close beside beside him, step by step, as they went out together, lest the prey should slip from under his hand. He was glad that he had retained the Mercedes, thinking that if Cissy and Mademoisell were not at home, he would go elsewhere. This time, he did not drive, but let his man do the work, and sat in the roomy tonneau of the car besides his strange companion, ready to pounce upon the latter, in case of any trick. The chauffeur gave the starting handle a twist, and the machine sped away down the quiet street.

Meanwhile, Cissy and her chaperon waited in vain upstairs. The telegram had arrived just as they were on the point of going out. Dick Paget had taken a box at His Majesty's for a new play which he had heard Cissy say she would like to see. He had invited the girl and the elderly duenna to dine with him at Willis's Rooms, and go to the theatre afterwards. Cissy had hoped that the Duke would hear of the expedition, and see how little his unkindness had affected her; besides, it would be pleasanter to go out even with Dick (who really was a nice boy if you were not engaged to him) the to mope at home and think how her life was spoilt. So she and Mademoiselle had accepted, and Guy's wire had come, just as they were ready to start. Without an instant's hesitation, the girl had dashed off a note to poor Dick, saying that she was sorry they would not be able to join him after all. He must please excuse her; she was tired, and unnerved on account of last night's tragedy, in which they all seemed more or less mixed up.

Then she had put on a much prettier dress than she had intended to wear for Dick's party—the colour in which Guy liked best to see her—pale pink. Extra dainties were ordered for dinner; his favorite flowers were sent for in haste to deck the table, and Cissy was looking out some new songs

among her music, when up to the open windows came the whirr of a powerful motor. The girl flew to look out, and believed that she recognized his Mercedes, though the twilight had fallen, deeply blue. For some moments she waited in suspense, her heart ticking out the seconds as it always did when she was to see the Duke. But he did not come; and by-and-bye the motor flashed away.

Eight o'clock struck, and still they waited, Mademoiselle growing hungry now, though there was a lump in Cissy's throat, and she could not have eaten. At half-past eight Mademoiselle insisted that something must have prevented the Duke from keeping his engagement, and that it would be better to sit down. So the courses, planned to please Guy, came and went; Mademoiselle sighed that they should have missed the play and disappointed poor Mr. Paget for nothing. Cissy held her peace, but it seemed to her that never, never could she know what it was to feel happiness again.

Long before this time, the Duke and his companion had arrived at Queen Anne's Mansions. They had not spoken once during the quick drive; and they went up in the lift to the floor of the Duke's flat, still in silence. Guy opened the door with his key, and motioned his strange guest to pass in before him. There was something like triumph in his breast, for he believed that he had the murderer trapped. The man had been a fool and a coward to come with him because of his threats, for he was certain of the fellow's identity, despite the dye on hair, brows, lashes and skin, which had changed him so conspicuously last night. He had the man in his hand, and he would have the truth out of him before giving him to the police as he would do by-and-bye.

It was thus that he congratulated himself as the door of his own flat shut him in with his travelling companion of the night before.

"How was it that he came with me so easily?" the Duke asked himself. But he was soon to know.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE IN THE OTHER'S POWER.

The Duke, expecting to be absent for the evening, had given his valet permission to go out. Now, the two men were alone in the flat.

Guy switched on the electric light in the sitting-room, and, both standing, they looked full and watchfully into each other's eyes, like two duellists about to fight to the death.

"You were very cleverly made up last night," were the first words that the Duke spoke; "so cleverly, that I told the police you could hardly have been disguised. There was nothing of the stage villain about you—no wig, no huge false beard or spectacles. You trusted to a complete change of colouring and to a small false moustache, and the effect was a success. No ordinary observer would dream that you were the same person; many would even swear that you were not. I should not have recognized you now as my travelling companion of last night, had we not been en tete-a-tete for so long. It is your eyes which gave an extraordary effect of contrast with your dark skin, hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes. Again, tonight, the light in the hall shone into your eyes as we met, and I knew you instantly.

"Thanks so much for the explanation, returned the other. "It is really most interesting, and would be satisfactory, no doubt, if you hadn't happened to get hold of the wrong man. I believe, by the way, you accused me of having murdered someone?" I fancy it was Sir Edgar Malvern."

"It certainly was," retorted the Duke.

"I thought so. Of course I read all about the murder in the papers this morning, and was much interested, especially as I had some slight acquaintance—very slight—with Sir Edgar abroad. I should have been still more interested had I guessed that I was to be named as his murderer in a few hours. Really, it is quite amusing."

"Let us not waste time in trifling, if you please," said Guy. "You knew you were in my power, in any case, or you would not have come here with me."

"Is that the way you read my motives?" broke in the others, with a sneering laugh. "I came because I wished to gratify my curiosity; because I am not afraid of anything that you can do, and if one of us two is in the other's power, it is you who are in mine."

It was Guy's turn to laugh, which he did; defiantly. "I suppose you have some bribe to offer, in the hope that I will let you off. I wonder what it is?"

"I have no bribe, but some very good advice to offer. Do you mind if I smoke, and will you add to your hospitable kindness by asking me to sit down?"

Do as you please," said the Duke, impatiently.

The man took possession of an easy-chair, the most comfortable in the room, drew from his pocket an obtrusively new-looking gold cigarette case, and, having opened it, offered it to Guy. With a repellent gesture, which was in itself almost an insult, the Duke refused; but the other showed no sign of offence. No angry color showed under the pallid, slightly freckled skin; the light grey eyes, under their pale-lashed, sleepy lids, did not change expression. He lit a cigarette with a wax vesta from a gold match-box as new looking as the larger case, and began to smoke appreciatively. Guy could have knocked the cigarette from his lips, and restrained himself by a great effort. He wished now that Nick Vanderlane were here with him. Nick could be as cool and irritating, when he chose, as this cold, cuttle-fish of a fellow, and he would know well how to deal with the wretch.

"Now for the advice," said the stranger, puffing a very perfect blue ring of smoke into the air. "Good Egyptian, this; sorry you would not have one. I will perface what I have to say, however, by mentioning that, when you first flung your accusation at me, naming yourself the Duke of Oxfordshire, I did not believe that you were the person you claimed to be. I took you for a rather interesting madman, and determined to follow up the adventure. I did not care to invite you to my own place, lest you might make trouble there, and be difficult to get rid of; nor did I wish to have your company at one of my clubs, lest you should become violent; but I was willing to run the slight personal risk of going home with you, for the sake of satisfying my curiosity. When we reached this

house, however, and I heard the porters and servants in the hall address you as 'Your Grace'; when I saw the name you had claimed on a letter the concierge handed you, I realised that you were in truth the Duke of Oxfordshire. Now, the most curious part of this matter is, that though I never set eyes on you until tonight—"

"Pah!" exclaimed the Duke, between his teeth.

"You are not the most courteous host who has ever entertained me, my dear sir! But let that pass. I was about to say that, oddly enough, for some time I have been acquainted with some of your most private affairs. For instance, I know that you are deeply in love with the widow of the late Duke, your cousin, and that you wish to marry her."

"Do not bring in the name of that lady!" Guy broke out, in haughty anger.

"Unfortunately, I am compelled to bring it in, as the advice I wish to give you concerns the Duchess of Oxfordshire."

The Duke winced and bit his lip to keep back the words which would have forbidden the other to go on.

After all, a voice seemed to whisper in his ear it would be best to listen. He had brought the man here with the express intention of questioning and finding out, if possible, how the Duchess's handkerchief and the torn letter from Revel Abbey had found their way into a certain pocket. There were other questions, too, which those would have led up to. It would be madness to shut the door of communication with these secrets now, through motives of mistaken delicacy. Therefore, throbbing with resentment as he was in every nerve, he kept silence. And the man went on:

"Naturally, you would be sorry to injure the Duchess, but"—and his voice rose slightly—"you will be trailing her proud name, the name which is yours as well, in the deepest gutter of scandal if you attempt to bring any accusation against me. I am not the man you think I am—that I maintain—but say a word which can set the police upon me, and the Duchess of Oxfordshire shall envy the meanest peasant woman in England. She stands now on a shining mountain top; she shall fall into a black gulf from which there is no way out—and it will be your hand that flung her there."

All the stranger's easy cynicism was gone. He hurled his menace at the Duke, his pale eyes flaming; and silence was not a question of self-control with Guy now. He was struck dumb, but for a moment only. Then rage followed upon blank horror. "You blackguard!" he exclaimed. "Blackguard and coward! You threaten what you cannot perform."

"I am neither. I will strike the Duchess only in self-defence, but to save myself from your stupid blundering, I will strike a blow to kill. I have a knowledge of her past such as no other living man has. I know, and I can prove, that it was the shock of finding out her true character—that of a cruel, remorseless adventuress—which gave her husband of an hour his deathblow. I can prove that it was through her influence that Lord Arlescombe, the Duke's younger brother, was murdered, and that instead of nursing her helpless, invalid husband devotedly, as she was

said to do, she slowly stole his life away with poison. I can prove that, if she did not kill Sir Edgar Malvern with her own hand, it was well worth her while to have him put out of her way, as he knew all that I know, and more. In spite of all he would have married her, if she would have accepted him, such was his infatuation; but naturally she preferred you. It is not given to many women to marry two Dukes, and she wished to be one of the elect. Then Sir Edgar's love became an inconvenience. I say no more than that, for I am not yet sure of my ground any further; but perhaps I have said enough to show you that, if scenes in her past are e-created, it may mean for her a gravé danger in the present."

"I believe that you are lying!" cried the Duke. "It is all lies—all calumny. You know nothing—can prove nothing."

"Believe what you choose," said the other, his white face still terrible in its suppressed passion. But should you venture upon justifying your belief by turning suspicion against me, it will be for ever to late to repent of your mistake. I can save myself—but you cannot then save the Duchess."

"She is innocent."

"Better not force her to prove it before the world."

"Again the two stood eye to eye as they stood at first, like duellists; but now the fight that had not then begun was drawing towards a close, and one was sorely wounded.

"I will tell her of your vile accusations," Guy stammered. "She shall hear, word for word, all that has passed between us to-night."

"Very well. That is your affair. I have advised you; I have said all that I intended to say when I consented to come with you. Now I wish to go."

"You shall not!' exclaimed the Duke, stepping between the other man and the door. "You murderer and traducer of innocence!"

The stranger folded his arms, with an air of forced patience. "Do you mean to say that, after my warning, you still want to hand me over the police? You think, perhaps, I haven't the proofs I've boasted of. If you won't take my word for it, you will find out in a way that will make you eat gall and wormwood."

The hand which Guy had stretched out to touch the electric bell fell at his side. He felt himself tricked and fooled yet he dared not defy the scoundrel who laughed at him.

A mist of crimson seemed to float before his eyes, as if it were the spilt lift-blood of men who had loved the Duchess and died to pay for it. His reason repeated his own words to the man, crying out against a lie and warning him to scorn it. But his suspicious, jealous nature, stronger than reason, stronger even than his love, and a vital part of his passion, refused to listen, whispering in his ear that the beautiful woman might be guilty. There had been plenty of rumours against her, long ago, when she had first married the old Duke abroad. Only her beauty, her extraordinary charm, and the fact that one of the best-beloved woman is society had defended her, had put the ugly, vague stories to flight like frightened bats. Who could be sure that they had not at least, enough foundation of truth to ruin the Duchess if they were viciously revived? Who could say, after her

mysteriou conduct of last night, her strange silence to-day, that she knew nothing of Sir Edgar Malvern's fate? What of the handkerchief and the torn letter?

If justice were to be done would he denounce this man now, at this moment; for if he had been sure of his identity at first, he was doubly sure now, despite all cynical protestations. But to denounce him was certain, it seemed, to drag in the Duchess's name, and his own. It would be a cause celebre, a scandal to rouse England, which had not known such another during centuries. No, he could not do it. The Duchess must be spared, innocent or guilty—his name must be unstained. This villian had calculated well, fiendishly well; for it was he—the Duke—who was in his power.

"Who are you?" He heard himself speak the words, which seemed to be wrung from him, without his will.

"I am a man who knows," answered the other, sneering and calm once again. "To ask more, or to try to find out more, will be like setting a match to a train of powder, under a certain pretty house in Pont-street. Now, I must repeat, it is almost time for me to keep another engagement. You welcomed the 'coming,' I trust you mean to speed the 'parting' guest."

For answer the Duke moved away from before the door.

"Good-night" said the man, with his hand on the knob; "and my congratulations on a wise decision. Never because you are uncomfortable in the in the frying-pan, jump out into the fire."

With this, he was gone, closing the door sharply behind him.

For a moment Guy stood still, as if stunned. Then a sudden desperate conviction that he had been mad to let the fellow go like that swept over him. He sprang to the door, flung it back, and rushed into the corridor-vestibule, into which the several rooms of the flat opened. It was dark there, but the light streaming out from the sitting-room he had just left enabled him to see the door and find the handle. He turned it hastily, pushed back the patent catch-lock at the same instant, but to his surprise the door remained fast closed. Again and again he tried, furious with impatience, and beginning to suspect a trick; but though the catch yielded obediently, the door would not budge, and he was a prisoner in his own flat.

Presently it occurred to him to fit his latch-key into the lock. He did so, but there was no visible effect. Then he went back, through, to the sitting-room, and pressed the electric bell several times. It was not long before he heard someone outside. and returning to the vestibule he became aware that the unseen person was rattling in vain at the door. A moment or two later there was an exclamation, followed by more rattling, metallic roises; then a pass-key was inserted, and the door opened, to reveal one of the valets de chambre of that floor.

"What was the trouble?" asked the Duke.

"Why, your Grace, the strangest thing. I can't understand it at all," replied the servant. "There was a very queer sort of instrument, different from anything I ever saw before, twisted up in the keyhole. It was so thin that, being all bent down as it

was, I didn't see it at first, and I had to break it off and fish out the remaining piece from the keyhole before I could open the door."

"Let me see the 'instrument," as you call it," said the Duke, and instantly the man laid in his extended hands two slender, broken bits of metal. Taking them near the light, Guy examined them carefully. He had never seen a skeleton or "master" key, such as hotel thieves often use to effect an entrance into other people's rooms, which are inconveniently locked, but he imagined this "instrument" to be something of the kind, and his thoughts flew back to the mysterious disappearance of the torn letter and handkerchief this morning. He had left his bedroom to take his bath, Nick Vanderlane had gone to the sitting-room to entertain Cissy Dalzell, and Haskins had not been far away, yet the things had vanished, as if by a miracle.

Could it be possible that this man, whom he had found at Old Kensington Mansions and brought back with him almost by force, had come to the flat in the morning and, opening the door by means of his master key, spirited away the clues which, by carelessness, he had left in the pocket of the returned overcoat?

It looked more than probable, in the light of later developments, that this was so; far more probable than that a prowling detective had slipped in on an exploring expedition and made off with them. "By Jove!" the Duke said to himself, excitedly, "I'd rather think the things were back in that brute's hands even than that they'd been nabbed by the police; for then, in spite of any sacrifices I may make, Magda's name would be in danger of being dragged into the case. I almost hope he's got the handkerchief and scraps of paper, wretch as he is, for at least, while I'm silent, he has an incentive to be silent too. But to think that tonight may not have been his first visit to the flat here, after all! What a clever scoundrel! I wish Nick would turn up. I want to tell him everythiug, for after what I have heard, he can't think my suspicions against Magda unpardonable,' as he said. No more scolding from him, but perhaps some very shrewd advice. Anyhow, it will be a relief to speak, as he already knows so much, and he's the only human being to whom I can only open my lips."

The device of the twisted key in the lock had accomplished its object, making it too late for the Duke to attempt a chase, open or secret. He determined, therefore, to drive back immediately to Old Kensington Mansions, see Major Cayley-Gwynne, if possible, and make inquiries of that respectable elderly gentleman concerning his visitor of tonight.

Again the motor was sent for by telephone, and was brought over promptly by the long-suffering chauffeur, who had been taught by his experience in the Duke's service always to expect the unexpected. There was little traffic in the streets now, and the car made good speed to Addison-road. Looking up at the front of the Mansion as he jumped out, Guy noticed that there were lights in all the windows of Cissy's flat; and it was only at sight of them that he remembered the engagement he had made to dine. "Poor little child!" he said to himself, "What a beast I've been to her. But I couldn't help

it. She'd forgive me if she knew—yet she mustn't know. Well, perhaps I shall have time to run up to her for a moment, and cook some kind of an explanation—it doesn't matter much what."

He asked the janitor for Major Cayley-Gwynne, and was told that he was at home. The word "In" in red letters also asserted itself under the name of Cayley-Gwynne, and over the letter-box. The flat was on the top floor, two storeys above Cissy's, and the Duke went up in the lift, feeling somewhat guilty as he passed the familiar landing-stage.

Major Cayley-Gwynne's door was opened by a small boy in buttons, who looked awestruck at being told to say to his master that the Duke of Oxfordshire wished to see him, for the old retired soldier was only a club acquaintance of Guy's who had never called upon him in his life.

There was no Mrs. Cayley-Gwynne and the occupant of the flat had been dining alone, whiling away the intervals between courses by reading the evening papers on the Malvern murder case. He was greatly surprised to receive the Duke's name, and, leaving his coffee, came instantly out of the dining-room into the sitting-room adjoining, half suspecting a practical joke played by some too humorous friend. But there was the handsome young Duke of Oxfordshire himself, not sitting comfortably down, but pacing restlessly about, like a tiger in its cage.

A few commonplaces were exchanged, and still the old soldier was at a loss to account for the honor which had been paid him. He could not well demand of the Duke "Why have you come to see me?" therefore it was a relief when the younger man said: "I daresay you'll think it strange for me to intrude upon you here, at this time of the evening, but I consider myself very lucky to find you dining at home, for I have an important question to ask you. It will be a very great favour to me if you will answer it."

Cayley-Gwynne protested with conventional politeness that any question of the Duke of Oxfordshire's it would be a pleasure to answer. Guy then said," "Will you tell me the name of the man who called upon you an hour ago, or rather more?"

The soldier looked puzzled, and finally shook his head. "Nobody has called upon me" he replied. "I have been alone ever since I returned from the club about six o'clock."

"Surely you forget," said the Duke, hopefully. "A young man, tall, not bad-looking, about my age, with very fair hair, pale skin, slightly freckled, a smooth shaven face, and sleepy lidded eyes."

Had Major Cayley-Gwynne ever seen the man whom the Duke wished to recall to his memory he could not have failed to recognize him from this description, which comprehended all his most salient points. But the old soldier looked as bewildered at the end as he had at the beginning.

"I'm afraid I don't even know any such person," he protested, almost apologetically. "As for a man of that description coming here this evening—well, all I can say is that it wasn't mentioned to me. I'll ring for Sammy, and ask him in your presence, Duke.'

"Sammy" was the plump boy with the buttons, and he was very positive that no one had called that evening

at the flat. So far as he could remember, no such gentlemen had ever come to see his master.

This was a slap in the face for the Duke. Thwarted at home, he had counted upon finding out something here; but now he told himself that it was ridiculous to have been deceived in this simple way by such an impostor. Now that, at last, he thought of it, it was easy to see how the man had glanced hastily at the name-board, and had seized upon the first victim who came under his eyes. Probably he had never heard of Major Cayley-Gwynne until, with enviable presence of mind, learning of his existence through the name over the letter-box, he had claimed him as a convenient friend.

The Duke was in too impatient a mood to linger long for mere politeness' sake. He bade Major Cayley-Gwynne good-bye, and addressed his next question to the janitor. But that blue and gold liveried person shook his head doubtfully. To the best of his recollection, no such gentleman as the Duke described had ever presented himself in the Mansions. He certainly was not a resident, nor could the janitor believe him to be a visitor. He would make inquiries, certainly, but to judge from his looks he was not very hopeful of the result.

This disappointment left the Duke with no spirits even to make his excuses to Mademoiselle Renaud and Cissy. He could not waste a moment upon them, for now it was in his mind to go again to the Duchess's and tell her all that had taken place between him and the man of mystery. It was better that she should know the danger in which she stood, and soon. Should he offer to marry her at once, and give her his protection against all enemies? He was not sure what he wished to do, or what he might be capable of doing; but he told himself that their whole future might depend, if not on the answers she gave, at least upon her manner of receiving what he had to say.

The Mercedes sped through the dark and quiet ways, soon depositing him before the Duchess's house in Pont-street. The windows were depressingly dim behind their lace and silk curtains, but he did not think much of that, for probably Magda was still dining, and the dining-room was at the back of the house.

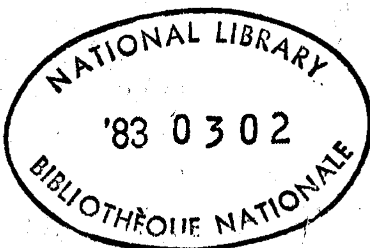
He asked for her of the same white-robed servant who had twice admitted him in the afternoon. "Her Grace is not at home," was the answer.

"Are you sure?" he questioned, eagerly. "She may wish that message to be given to ordinary callers, and yet, perhaps, she would be willing to see me for a few moments."

"She is really away, your Grace," returned the maid. "She left the house more than an hour ago, and sent word downstairs that she was dining out."

Dining out! Calmly dining out after last night, and this day's happenings? Guy was conscious of a deep sense of resentment and increasing suspicion against the Duchess. Where could she have gone? Where could she be?

(TO BE CONTINUED)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