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DECEMBER
1892.

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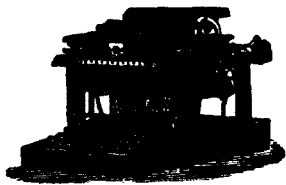
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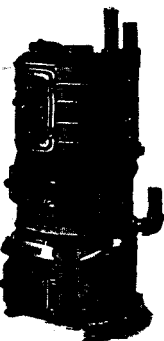
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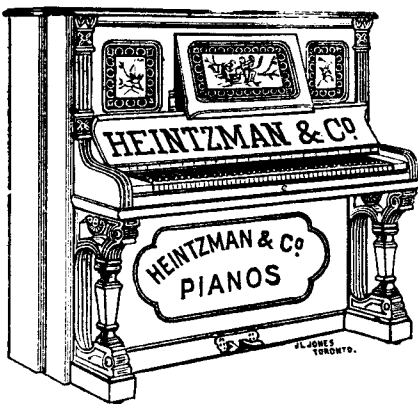
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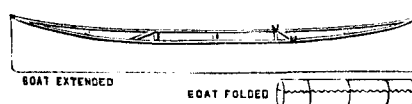
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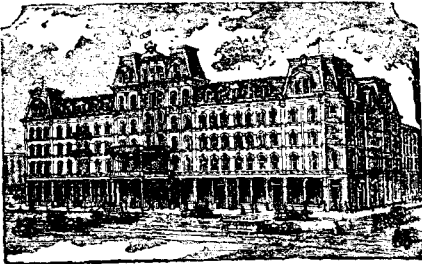
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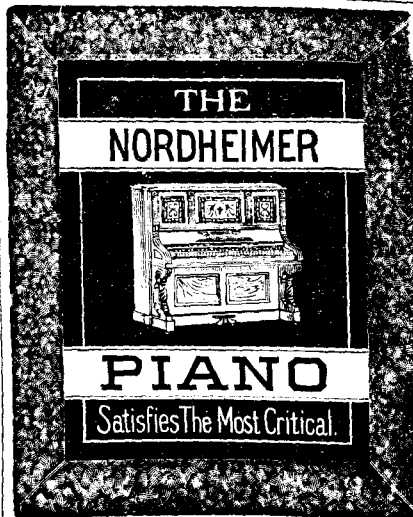
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SENATOR EDWARD MURPHY :

"I have no hesitation in saying that the CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY for 1892 is quite up to any journals of a similar kind I have seen. It is a beautiful souvenir of our land, and the large engravings of our different Legislative Halls must attract attention. The idea portrayed in the page containing "Canadian Infantry" is a good one. I have very much pleasure, in short, in stating that from personal knowledge I can endorse everything that has been said in favour of the CHRISTMAS NUMBER. I am personally acquainted with several of the writers, and know them all by reputation, and that is enough to guarantee the excellence of the literary part of the work."

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The Dominion Illustrated Monthly.

DECEMBER, 1892.

Volume I. No. 11

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THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC.

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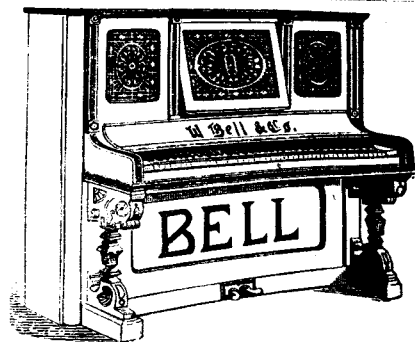
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A WINTER'S MORNING IN MONTREAL.



ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA IN THE YEAR 1892, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

VOL. I.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1892.

NO. 11

HOW REMI WAS SATISFIED.



It was a calm, clear day in September; there was not a stir in the long, narrow street of St.—, a little Canadian village, situated high on the southern banks of the St. Lawrence, about fifteen miles up the river from Quebec.

The chime of the Angelus bell alone broke the noon-tide hush, and the thick carpet of autumn leaves,—crimson, gold, and emerald—that covered the one street of the village, with its little white-washed houses on each side, was undisturbed by the slightest breeze; one would have thought that the great river lay sleeping in the warm sunlight, so still did it appear.

It was the dinner-hour, and with the *habitant* family this admits of no delay: what wonder? when the laziest among them begins the day's work at four o'clock in the morning, and most of the men are in the fields at three! How soundly they sleep, when at seven in the evening, they creep under their warm "catelognes"! The red tuques which serve them as night-caps are never the worse of wear from the owners' tossing; and when the long winter sets in how the poor fellows delight in the prospect of indulging their indolence to the utmost extreme by sleeping until five a.m.!

In one of those little white-washed houses, built with the ends pointing East and West—(in accordance with the *habitants'* idea that this prevents an accumulation of snow that always comes with the winter-storms from those two points), there was a very happy little creature. Belline, sole daughter of the house of Thivierge, (the Cræsus of the village), had promised her heart and hand to Rémi Lapierre, seventh son of the village barber, who was himself a seventh son; therein lay Rémi's great claim to distinction. It is a tradition among these people that the seventh son is a being set apart from the ordinary run of humanity; bearing a special birth-mark called "La Fleur du lit," as a token of his power to read the future, and to cure all diseases of man and beast, by a muttered prayer or charm, and a touch of his hand. Rémi was therefore, a born doctor, dentist and fortune-teller! Was anything missing?—Rémi would tell what had become of it; had a horse the glanders, Rémi would tell it to—(at least he would whisper in its ear), and the animal was cured; had anyone a toothache, Rémi would point to the tooth and say they had not, and behold! neither they had. Rémi was not rich like Belline, whose magnificent dowry consisted of a cow, two sheep, a bed and bedding, and two hundred dollars *cash*! But though some of the village girls thought Rémi too ambitious, too unlike the other young men in not imitating the cut of his grandfather's ideas as well as that of his clothes, most of them agreed that she was a very

lucky girl to get such a handsome husband, and to be in no danger of future pains or aches.

Belline was not at all the *habitant's* ideal of beauty; should you ask any one of those worthies to define his favorite type of female loveliness he will invariably reply: "Big, fat, white creature, with bleedin' cheek, de long black curl like de saussice, and de eyes like de black glass!"

Poor little Belline had none of these attractions; she was very small, with a pale delicate little face, and a pair of big soft brown eyes, that did not look in the least like black glass; but she was too happy to mind that. "*So long as Rémi is satisfied,*" she would say with a big sigh of content; for she loved Rémi with all the intensity of a young heart's first awakening.

Once an English artist who was taking sketches about the village, saw Rémi coming out of Belline's house, and asked a village girl who that fine fellow was; she told him, adding "Oh, monsieur! dat's shame for sure,—nice fat boy like dat, gone to marry little affaire full of bone." The artist laughed and little Belline, sitting at her window, laughed too quite cheerfully for *Rémi was satisfied*, and besides it was well known that Fédéra Boullé had a great penchant for "Le beau Rémi" and consequently no very deep affection for Belline, his fiancée.

On this day little Belline was very busy, it was Saturday, the day of ménage or house-cleaning, and she had so many preparations of her own to make that she hardly knew where to begin now. All morning she had been making carpet out of the long strips of rag she had sewed together and rolled into balls in the previous winter; the morning had passed pleasantly for she had three of her friends to help her, and they chatted away merrily, as they sat on the floor around the big frame with an old salt-bag cut open and stretched on it as ground-work of the rag-carpet, for a model of thrift is the French-Canadian house-wife. How the hooks flew! those queer hooks made out of old useless forks, with the prongs broken off, the end filed smooth and bent into the form of a hook, of which the workers make use by holding a strip of rag under the canvas and then drawing it through it in loops till the whole strip is drawn up, when the rough ends are cut off,—(and even the ends are saved till enough of such scraps are gathered to stuff a matras). Very warm carpets they

make, and often very pretty ones; and little Belline was excelling herself with this one,—*so that Rémi would be satisfied.*

When dinner was over she put away the remainder of the pea-soup and fat fresh pork, which is the invariable fare of the well-to-do *hab.* Many of them only taste meat on Christmas Eve: their equivalent for our saying: "As rich as a Jew," being, "He eats meat three times a day!" The every day menu of the poorer people consists of bran bread, almost black, and a dish of sour milk with maple sugar grated into it. The bran bread is made of bran baked with water and salt. A loaf of this, with the dish of sour milk is placed in the middle of the table, and the members of the family soak their slice of bread in it, *sans cérémonie.* But on Easter none are so poor as to do without their fat fresh pork and black mollasses. Belline's father was a "*Gros habitant*" (well to-do farmer), and had pork every day; and she did not look at it with the admiration of the less fortunate as she put it away. Then she took her broom of cedar-branches and swept away till the whole house was full of the scent of the Canadian woods in summer.

"How quiet it is," thought little Belline, pausing a moment to look up into the empty blue sky through the diamond-pane window of the parlor-bedroom, the only room on the first floor besides the kitchen, which is the general living-room when the big stove is moved in the Autumn from the summer cooking-shed behind the *habitant's* house. Busy little Belline did not pause for long however; for was she not tidying the parlor bed-room? the pride of every French-Canadian village girl's heart: the old customs, traditions, and superstitions of the Brétons will never die out while the *habitant* exists. There is never much difference between the parlor bed-room of one house and that of another. You will always find the same great lumbering high bed, with its goffered cotton valance, its snow-white curtains, and the blue and white catelognes used instead of blankets. The osier-bottomed rocking-chairs, with their vermilion frame-work; the gilt-framed, rainbow-hued chromos of Christ and the Virgin, with with the omnipresent statue of *La bonue St. Anne*; the little red-stained table—and then, of each young rustic's sentimental veneration, the great "*Coffre Bleu*"!

Ah, that big indigo coffer! what tales it would tell could it speak. Within it

have lain for generations the old time bridal dress of some ancestral bride and the wedding dress of him who was joined to her so many years ago, worn by their children's children for generations, quite regardless of the fit! Only on very grand occasions indeed are the friends, young and old, who drop in on winter evenings, invited to the parlour bed-room. And when you see a youth and maiden perched together on the "Coffre bleu,"—that seat of honour and betrothal,—you may make your own conclusions in company with the friendly audience sitting around the room, nudging each other and winking, as they listen approvingly to every word of the interesting pair, but saying very little besides "*A-hem!*" It was hard for little Belline to climb up there; but when she did manage it, it was not very hard to see that "*Rémi was satisfied*," and Rémi's satisfaction was Belline's paramount object in life.

Just as she was thinking of this, dusting away at the "Coffre Bleu," there came a loud rap at the door. Who could it be, she wondered; Rémi was away in the fields with her father, and besides he never knocked when he happened to run down for something at noon. Surely it was not a girl friend. No girl could thump like that. "Surely it was not that horrid Eucharist Sanschagrín," she said, going over to the window, as the possibility struck her, and peering through the thick glass. Yes! it was Eucharist, and he was lifting the latch to come in.

Now, this Eucharist Sanschagrín was not at all a pleasant fellow; very seldom, indeed, was he seen quite sober, despite the fact that tap-rooms are quite unknown in the French-Canadian villages, and to Belline he seemed particularly unpleasant, for he had been so foolish as to fall desperately in love with the fiancée of "Le beau Rémi." He was an unscrupulous and quarrelsome fellow, and so assured of his personal charms that he felt quite positive he would win little Belline in the end, and be the means what they might he was determined to win her. Little Belline was alone in the house,—as she had been every day since her mother died, eight years before; she knew all about Eucharist's ideas, but although she was so small and so gentle, she was not afraid to face the big rowdy, and she went into the kitchen at once. There stood Eucharist, leaning unsteadily against the kitchen-table, with a leer on his sottish

face, holding in his hand a cornucopia of white birch-bark.

"Look, my little Belline," he said, "all the nice chewing gum I've got for you here; it took me the whole morning in the woods picking it off the spruce-trees with my knife."

"You are very kind," answered Belline, "but you must not call me what you did any more, and I must hurry you away now, for I am *so* busy to-day."

She spoke very gently, for she saw that he was even in a worse condition than usual, and she hoped by this to get him away quietly.

"Very well," he answered, "I'll go, since you are so busy; but on condition that you let me come and sit with you on the "Coffre bleu" some time when you are alone. I swore I should some day, so it might as well be soon!" with a weak laugh at what he considered his joke.

Little Belline's eyes blazed, but she said nothing; indeed for the moment she could not speak, for though few knew it, a terrible temper smouldered under her calm exterior.

Eucharist, in his stupid state, mistook her silence for assent; he had no very high opinion of anything, but he was certainly surprised and overjoyed to see that Belline was so kind to him during the absence of Rémi.

"Good little Belline," he said, "it is only that great bully Rémi, who makes you unkind sometimes,—give me a kiss, and I'll be off at once!"

He staggered over to her, and before she could realize his intention he had put his arm round her waist and was kissing her on the hair, again and again. Almost paralyzed with the rage that possessed her, Belline could not even struggle, and Eucharist Sanschagrín threw back his head with a hoarse laugh at his victory (as he thought) over Rémi. He was standing opposite the window, and the laugh had not died away when his face paled, his arm dropped heavily from Belline's waist, and with two strides he reached the door and was gone. This is what he had seen: a haggard, horror-stricken young face, glaring at them through the window, so changed that it was hard to believe that it was Rémi's. The whole thing had taken but a moment to happen. Belline had neither seen nor understood; and for more than an hour she could do nothing but sob with the impotent rage that seemed to stifle her, as she sat twisting the plain little gold

band that Remi had placed on her finger, on the great day when (according to custom) he had taken her down to Quebec to be gagée. Eucharist Sanschagrin had gone *too far*, she said to herself, and Remi should be told that very night, when they should sit together on the big "Coffre bleu."

But no Remi came that night, nor on the next. A long week passed, and yet he did not come. Then a month passed away, and for little Belline the light of the world had passed away too; and she began to think that he would never come. When anybody asked her what was wrong between them, she always said: "Perhaps *Rémi was not satisfied*." Never one reproachful word was she heard to say of him; not even when one evening she met him on the village street, and he passed her without a look of recognition,—as many of her old friends were beginning to do now. At last came Christmas Eve, (they were to have been married at New Year's), the old father had gone to Midnight Mass, and little Belline was alone at home, preparing the midnight feast or *reveillon* of the traditional boiled pig's-head, which is always partaken of by the family and friends after Midnight Mass, to which all go fasting to Communicate. Little Belline had set the table in the kitchen, and was sitting rocking her chair slowly back and forth in the corner near the big stove, her knitting lying unheeded in her lap, as she watched the fire's reflection flickering on the wall, and wondered wistfully—poor little broken-hearted Belline—*why Rémi was not satisfied*.

Suddenly, without a sound of warning, the kitchen-door opened, and there stood Eucharist Sanschagrin! He stood there as though in hesitation, holding the open door with one hand, and a gust of wind, sweeping through the open porch, whirled the snow on to the floor where he stood. Little Belline looked up at him wearily, and then down at the snow, but she did not say anything; and then Eucharist shut the door quietly and went over to where she sat.

"Beline," he said, in a low voice, "I have long been wishing to speak to you, and to-night I have made up my mind to wait no longer! You know all is over between you and Remi Lapierre,—he saw us that day I kissed you, and you were so quiet he could but believe you were willing. I *swore* I should win you, and, right or wrong, I have taken good care to let others know why you and Remi are

estranged. Accept me now as your fiancé, and that will set you right at once; the friends you have lost will then return to you—do you *understand*? It is the one thing left for you to do, and it is what you will have to do; for in a quarrel I had with Remi about it, I gave him to understand that that was not the first kiss you had given me. I tried to win you by kindness, but in vain; you drove me to this, and it rests with you to spare yourself disgrace!"

He stopped, breathless, looking down into the poor little dazed white face, and then he bent his head quickly towards her. Belline sprang up and crossed the room, still with that terrible fixed stare—for she understood only too well. He followed her, but she turned upon him, and warding him off with her out-stretched hands, she walked backwards till she reached the table; then she could go no farther, and he was so near, with his blood-shot eyes peering into hers.

"Come, little one," he sneered, "its no use fooling! Even Rémi would be more "*satisfied*," to know you were my wife, that to think, as now, that you are—" they were the last words he ever spoke!

"Yes!" almost shrieked poor tortured Belline, "*Rémi shall be satisfied*"—and seizing the huge carving knife off the table she plunged it up to the handle in his chest. He staggered backwards and fell, his head lying in the snow-drift on the floor, and Belline stood leaning against the table, and watching him, watching him all the time with the same horrid fixed look in her eyes. Minutes went by; an hour passed; and still she stood there, staring at the corpse. The fire burned low, and went out. The wind roared through the stove-pipes; Belline never moved. The songs of the happy peasants coming home from mid-night mass were heard in the distance; but little Belline heard nothing whatever, and all she saw was the dead man lying near the door, the hair on his forehead stirred by the wind that stole under it.

And thus they found Belline on Christmas Eve.

* * * * *

Forty years penitentiary; that was her sentence; and she had much to be thankful for, they told her; for the verdict, of course, was "Guilty"; but she had been strongly recommended to mercy. Many looking at her shook their heads, and said that long before an eighth of her sentence was served her troubles would

be over. Her aunt told her how kindly Rémi had spoken of her, repeating his words: "Ah! had she remained true to me, I should not have driven her to that." Those words pained her more than anything else,—Rémi did not understand and never would, and she felt glad she had not defended herself.

What use to dwell on the years of her punishment? They passed as all years happy or wretched must, and Belline did not die; she had but a few years more to serve out her sentence, but she had also evidently so few months to live she was pardoned and released before her time, this year saw her free once more. She was twenty when the prison doors closed upon her, with her life before her; when they closed behind her she knew that her life had passed un-lived. But the wish of her girlhood was the wish of her last days. "Oh!" she cried, "if Rémi could only understand at last,—if Rémi could only be satisfied!"

Faith was strong in Belline's heart; not to her village home did she return. Down to the shrine of "La bonne Ste. Anne" de Beaupré, went the old lonely pilgrim, her lips framing ever the words of her changeless prayer. It was early in the spring, and there were not many pilgrims there. She knelt long before the gold-crowned statue of the saint, then she arose, placed in the letter basket the post-card she had written to Ste. Anne begging her help, and with her little white chaplet of the saint in her withered brown hand, she made her way slowly to the Scala Sancta, or Holy Stairs. Slowly she went up them on her knees, as is the custom, praying on each step; ten, twenty, thirty,

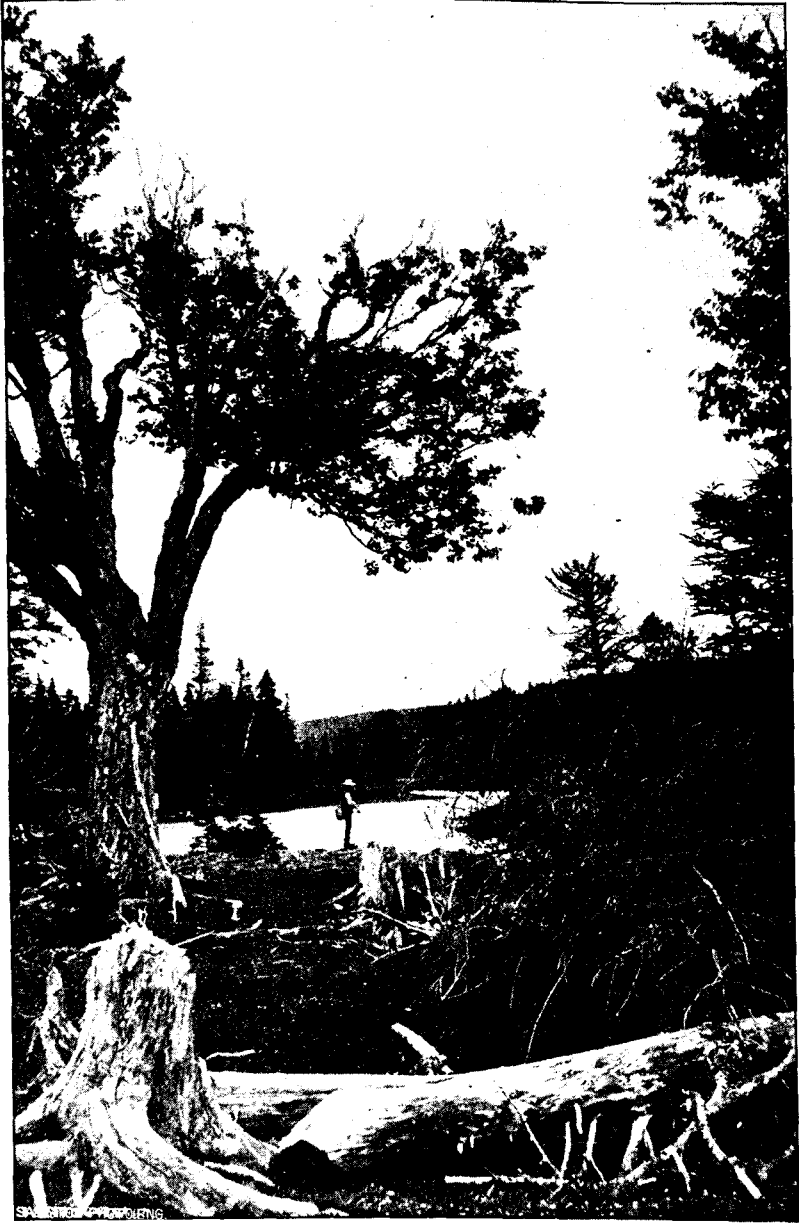
till she grew confused. At last she reached the platform before the Chapel of the Holy Stairs, and as she crossed it, still on her knees, she sighed to think of the long flight she had to go down on the other side in the same way; for she was very tired and weak now. Kneeling before the chapel door, poor Belline told aloud to Ste. Anne the whole true story of her life, praying her help and guidance to accomplish her last wish. The sun was setting, lighting up church and grotto, lighting up too the worn face of little Belline (she was, indeed, little now), as she knelt there praying, with the tears streaming from the eyes that were once so bright. She had reached the last words of her prayer: "I have suffered so much and so long," she sobbed, "I have repented truly; *Bonne Ste. Anne*, grant me that he may know all before I die,—grant me that *Rémi may be satisfied*"—A sound like a broken sob interrupted her, and turning her head, she saw upon his knees, and near enough to hear all she had said, another pilgrim. Despite times' ravages she knew him at a glance.

"Beline-*hélas!*" he cried, with outstretched arms; "*Oh, mon Rémi!*" she fell on his breast, her eyes mutely asking the question her lips could not utter,—and then slowly and peacefully they closed. Oh, yes! *Rémi was satisfied*, and so was Belline forever.

In the little cemetery of Ste. Anne de Beaupré you may see the graves of Belline and Rémi, for he soon followed her to rest, to the sleep eternal, the sole rest the heart-broken may ever know.

BEATRICE GLEN MOORE.





A TROUT POND IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

NEWFOUNDLAND AND ITS CAPITAL.

UP to a very recent period the history of Newfoundland has been merely a record of mis-government and misfortune. Separated from her sister provinces by the silver, or rather the blue streak, which surrounds her, it was the policy of traders across the Atlantic on the one hand, and of the adventurers who flocked to her shores on the other, to take care that this isolation should be rendered positive and permanent. It was the policy of both parties, moreover, to take care that those whom they brought into the country to reap the harvests of the sea for them should be kept as poor and distressed as possible, consistent with active vitality. "How can it be otherwise," said Governor Waldegrave in his letter to the Duke of Portland (1796), "while the merchant has the power of setting his own price on the supplies issued to the fishermen, as well as on the fish which they catch for him,"—a system still in vogue to the present moment, and which is as fertile of disaster to-day as it was in 1796.

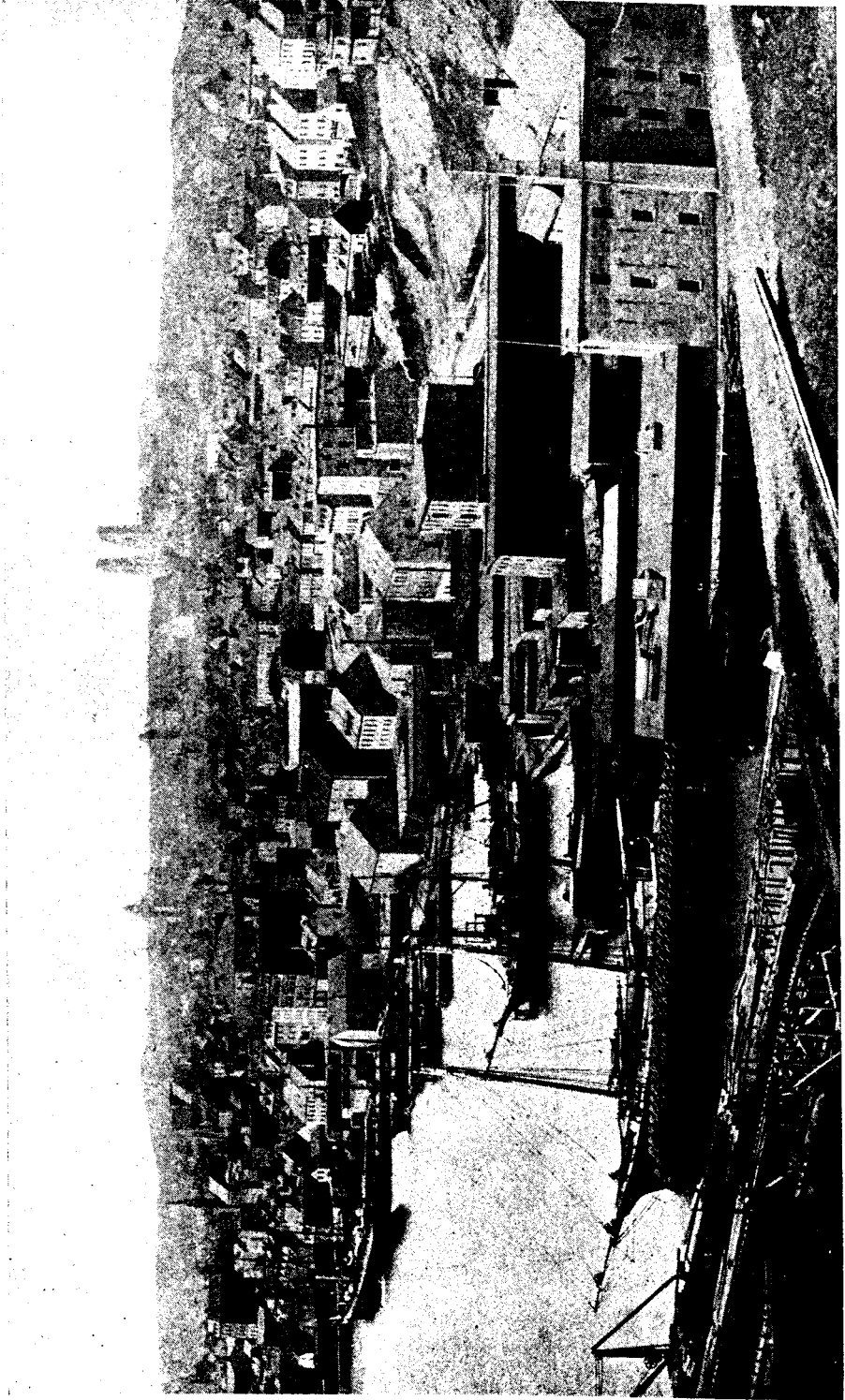
But in spite of all they could do to prevent it, the would-be colonists, with a pertinacity which did them credit, gained their hold inch by inch and foot by foot; and with the advance of time and the changes brought about as much by adverse as well as favourable events, they began to assume a state of advanced and progressive permanency; and, in spite of severe discouragements, they held their ground, increased in numbers, and improved their social position. The advance they made furnished ample proof that among these hardy pioneers, sprung from two of the greatest and most energetic races of the world—the Saxon and the Celtic,—were men of the right stamp for building up a community, men of moral courage and force of character, who saw in their rough surroundings a location which might one day be made a desirable home for themselves and their children; and that home, Newfoundland, is indelibly impressed upon the memory of every Newfoundlander. No matter where his residence, he has that affection for it that every one naturally feels for his native land.

Up to a very recent period, Newfoundland was comparatively little known to

Canadians. I shall therefore, as concisely as is consistent with a lucid explanation, endeavour to enable all who take an interest in its welfare, to furnish them with some idea of the province.

The general impression about Newfoundland has been that it is merely a barren, fog-enveloped island, where a few thousand fishermen secure a precarious existence by catching and curing the fish which abound in its waters. The facts are singularly at variance with this impression. It is in reality no more subject to the affliction of "fogs" than other of the Maritime Provinces, and much less so than some of them. But a limited portion only of the people are engaged in the fisheries; every avenue of commercial, professional, agricultural, and mechanical industry affording occupation for the rest, as elsewhere. A glance at the map of North America shows us, moreover, a large island, somewhat triangular in shape, lying right across the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and occupying an important position, its eastern projection being the nearest to Europe and its south-western extremity near to that of the North American continent. It ranks the tenth largest amongst the islands of the globe, having an area of 42,000 square miles, being one-sixth larger than Ireland, and equal to two-thirds that of England and Wales. It is moreover the oldest and nearest of Britain's American possessions, though perhaps the least known of them all, and, owing to its position, forms the key to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a fact which, in case of war, would be of vital importance not only to Great Britain, but to her British North American possessions.

There is no doubt as to the excellence of certain portions of its soil for the cultivation of agricultural products, while the value of its grazing lands that are scattered here and there over thousands of acres of fertile valleys, is equally beyond question. The island is rich in timber,—the total area of its limits cannot fall short of one thousand square miles, it being thus evident that in regard to forest wealth and lumbering capabilities, it holds a very important place. Such may also be said of its mining capabilities, and to-

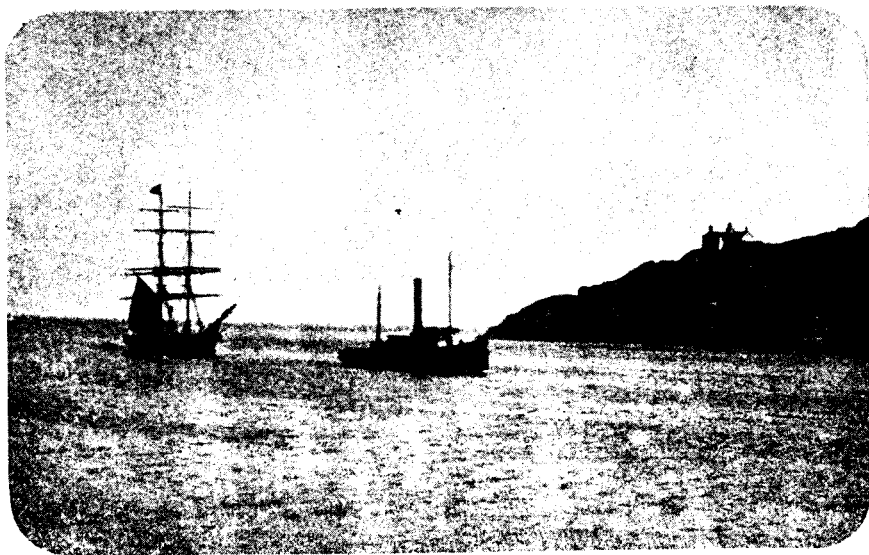


ST. JOHN'S BEFORE THE FIRE.

day Newfoundland stands sixth among the copper producing countries of the world. But, take its fisheries alone: in 1874 the value of fish exported was \$8,682,064, with only 48,000 seamen employed in the industry.

That it rivals the most important of England's colonial possessions there can be no doubt. It has great cod, herring, lobster and seal fisheries; it has good settlement land, fine forests, with an abundance of ship timber, where ships may be built for all necessary purposes. The summer heat is not excessive, and the winters are not as severe as those of the continental provinces; it is in the pathway of travel and traffic between Europe and America, is the

extreme eastern coast of the island, and is completely protected against gales from the Atlantic by two lofty ranges of hills. One of them, Signal Hill, towers almost perpendicularly 520 feet above the water, on the right of the very narrow entrance to the harbour. To the left of the entrance, South Side Hill attains to a still greater elevation. There is no city probably in North America more capable of defence and more impregnable than St. John's may be made. It requires no very great ingenuity to defend this Gibraltar of the western world. The principal batteries are on the hills above mentioned, rising one above the other. These batteries were erected when the Island was threatened with invasion during the wars



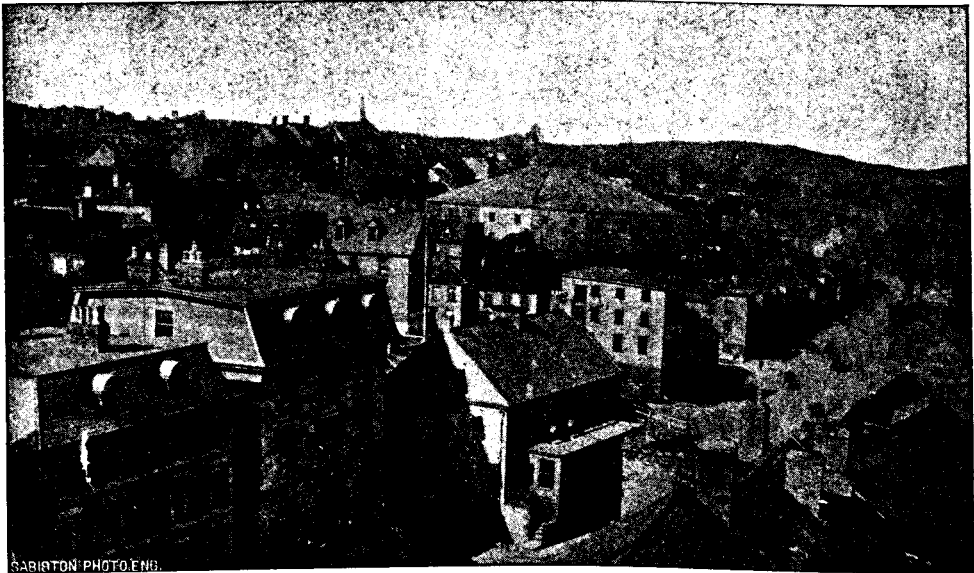
Ship entering St. John's Harbour.

nearest landing place of the Atlantic telegraphic cables and St. John's is the most accessible port of call for ocean steamers. Some day Newfoundland will be the landing place on this continent of the travel of Europe, when railways crossing her territory will supply the shortest route possible between the old world and the new.

The facts, as I have already stated, point to the importance of the country as the future homes of a large, thrifty and industrious population.

The city of St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland and the scene of the recent terrible conflagration, lies upon the northern side of a splendid harbour, with a quick elevation at the rear of the city. This harbour forms a deep inlet on the

of American Independence, and the French revolution. Further in the entrance and on a steep cliff is situated the most powerful battery of all, called the "Queen's," containing bastions upon which guns may be mounted in full command of the entrance and harbour. The other forts of St. John's were situated upon elevated ground in the city about a mile apart,—one at the south-east and the other at the north-west. One of them, Fort Townshend, still flourishes, and forms the headquarters of the local police force. The other has been converted into the offices and station of the Terranova railway. The population of St. John's may now be estimated at between 30,000 and 40,000.

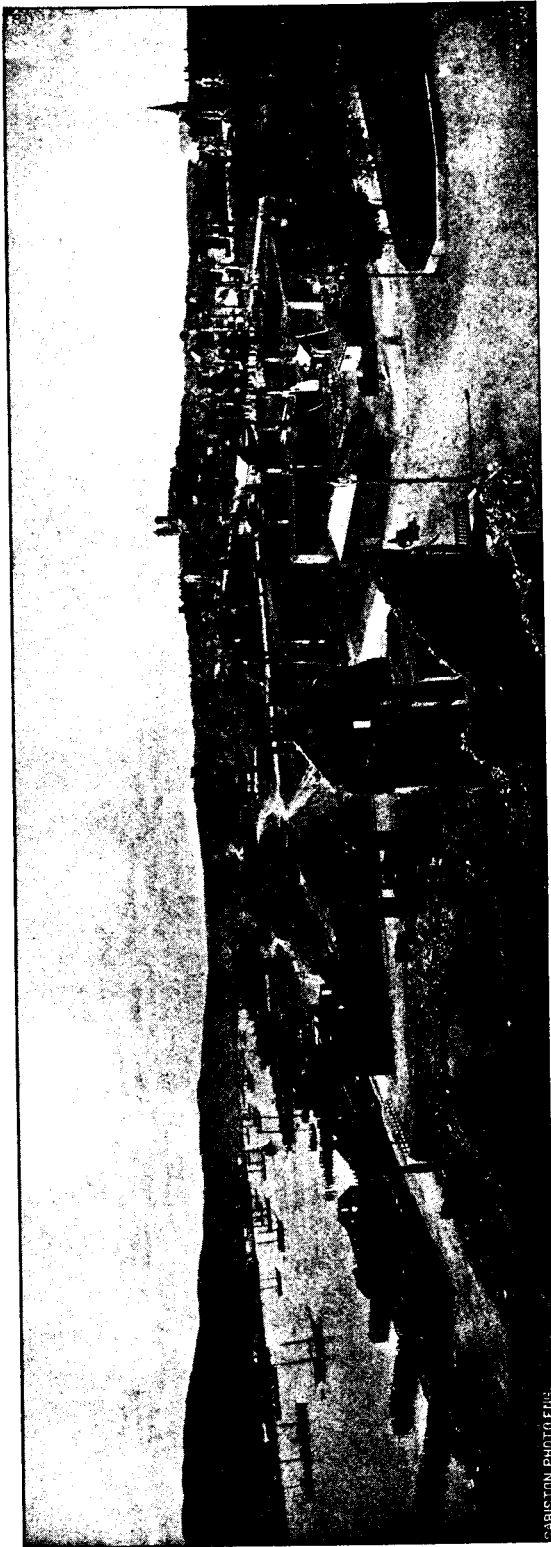


A view in St. John's, before the fire.

The event of the 8th of July last, when the press of this great Dominion announced to its people that St. John's was totally destroyed by fire with a loss of nearly \$20,000,000 worth of property, will ever be a memorable one to thousands of residents in Canada as well as to the stricken people of Newfoundland. The old disaster, that of the great conflagration in 1816, which repeated itself again in 1817 and again in 1846, seemed determined to complete the reduction of the city, rendering homeless thousands of its inhabitants. That day marked another dark period in the history of Newfoundland, and will be remembered for generations to come as were its predecessors. With a good water supply obtained from an almost unlimited source, and with considerable faith in the strength of their Fire Department, few in St. John's felt that the disaster of 1846 would ever be repeated. Such was the feeling of security, that few people paid any attention to the alarm of fire which sounded just before 5 o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, July 8th.

The weather had been extremely hot for some weeks, so much so, says the *St. John's Herald* "that the grass had withered on the high lands, and vegetation was everywhere dried up." Friday, the day of the fire, was one of the hottest days of the season, the thermometer had registered 87° in the shade nearly all the afternoon ;

at the same time a high wind prevailed. About 5 o'clock, the Central fire bell rang out an alarm and in a few moments firemen were hurrying to the scene of the conflagration to find flames issuing from a stable at the junction of the so-called Freshwater and Pennywell Roads. Owing to repairs which were being effected in the main pipes, the water had been turned off, and before a supply could be obtained, the flames had made considerable headway and as a stiff breeze was blowing at the time, the fire spread with incredible rapidity, leaping from house to house, with masses of burning wood and debris blowing hither and thither. The fire began in a few short moments to assume grave proportions, and in less than an hour, the magnitude of the fire began to attract an immense throng of citizens from all parts of the city. Whilst one portion of the flames were rapidly spreading in the east, another was swiftly destroying the buildings in its course towards the south. Though the difficulty had about this time assumed a very serious character, no fears were entertained even then for the safety of the city generally, and it was believed the more substantial stone buildings would withstand the fury of the flames. Consequently the English Cathedral and Gower Street Methodist Church were made the receptacles of large quantities of valuable property. About 6.30 p.m. the magnificent Methodist College buildings were



St. John's after the fire.

CARLSTON PHOTOGRAPH.

destroyed. This was followed by the destruction of the new Masonic Temple which crowned a rising eminence a short distance off. After this the fire raged furiously down several streets and quickly fastened on Gower street Methodist Church and in a very short while the parsonage was also in flames together with the Orange Hall. Meanwhile flying masses of burning timber were scattered over the city, and in a short time fires had started in several places. Standing near the Synod Hall one could see a mass of flames rushing along and across the road, licking up the brick buildings in front of Victoria Hall. Presently it was seen that the Clergy house was on fire and then the roof of the Synod Hall was caught. But a few yards off stood the English cathedral, a gem of Gothic architecture and the masterpiece of Sir Gilbert Scott, and in a few moments the beautiful structure was a seething mass of flames. With a crash, heard above the din and noise of the elements, the roof fell in, and the result of the labours and offerings of generous people for many years vanished in a cloud of smoke. This building had been erected at a cost of not less than \$500,000, the transepts and chancel having been lately added to the nave which latter had been built forty years previously. Alas! it now stands a magnificent ruin. The fruits of half a century's labor, thrift and industry, were destroyed in a few hours. Having worked its will upon the Cathedral, the fire now rushed to the group of buildings congregated together at the foot of Church Hill, and soon St. Andrew's Church and the Athenæum were in flames.

The Athenæum, which contained a library of many thousand volumes, with the offices of the Surveyor-General, the Government Engineer, the Superintendent of Fisheries,

and the Saving's Bank, was very soon in ruins. The Commercial Bank, not far distant, succumbed a few minutes later, and the telegraph offices had been consumed long before, the operators having to fly from their keys. Communication was thus cut off with the outside world. Consternation now seized the populace; they saw, with terror, that the stone buildings were no more able to resist the attacks of the fire than the flimsiest wooden structures.

As the night advanced, the fire swept up and down Water street. A vigorous stand was made in one direction, which was effectual in stopping its progress west. The fire, which had taken possession also of the buildings in the northern part of the city, communicated to St. Patrick's Hall, and notwithstanding the great efforts made by the Christian Brothers and others, that fine building was soon in flames. It was then feared that the fire would spread to the convent and buildings on Military road, the headquarters of the Roman Catholic denomination, but after a brave fight the danger was averted. A short distance lower down a collection of buildings also jeopardised the neighboring suburb, where numbers of those who had been previously burnt out had taken refuge, but with the assistance of many volunteers, the firemen and police succeeded, after severe exertion, in successfully combating the enemy. Another severe struggle took place at the head of King's street, where the security of a portion of Military Road depended on saving the Drill Shed, and already over-taxed energies were expended in fighting the flames. Citizens vied with each other in carrying pails of water to quench the flames. The fire had now reached Cochrane street, and it was hoped that the upper portion of this fine street might be saved. Attempts were made to pull down some of the buildings, but the effort proved futile until the fire had reached Hon. G. T. Rendell's residence, the only house left standing on the east side of Cochrane street. In the meantime the Water Side premises, stores, warehouses, wharves, etc., from Bowring's to Brooking's old premises, were a mass of ruins, including the stores of Hon. A. McKay, the tannery, Woods & Son's premises, Harvey's tobacco factory and bakery, the Coastal Steam Company's wharf and stores, and a portion of Hoyles' Town, with the Bavarian Brewery, W. Canning's and the Ameri-

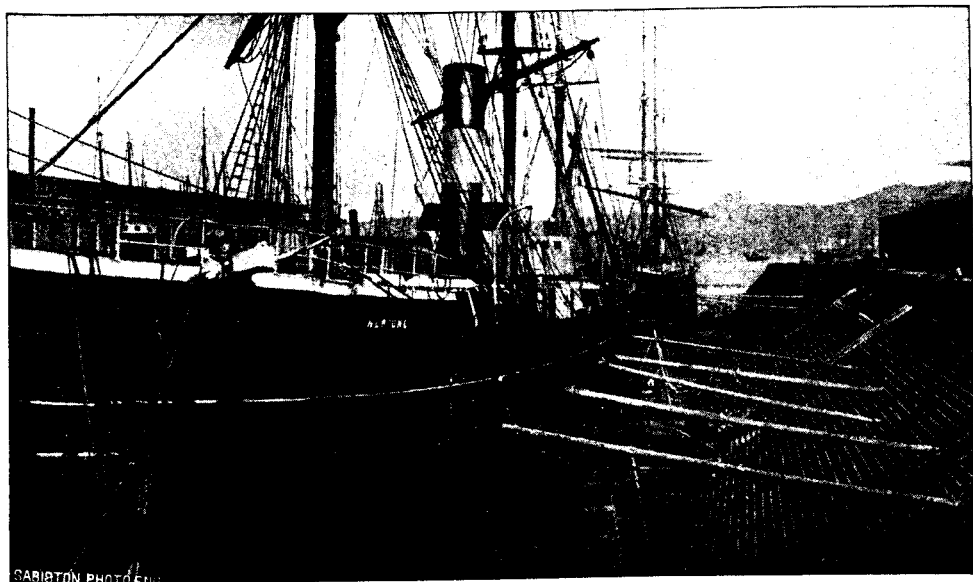
can Consul's residences. Several vessels lying at the wharves had narrow escapes. The *Netley*, *Ethel*, and others hauled out into the stream, although their sails and rigging caught fire several times. The steamer Sharpshooter, Brig *Doore*, the coal hulk *Huntress*, and a number of smaller craft were burned. By 5.30 a.m. on the 9th of July, the fire had completed its work of destruction. Fully three-fourths of the city lay in ruins, and \$20,000,000 worth of property had been destroyed, covered by an insurance only of \$4,800,000. Nearly 11,000 people were homeless and some 2,000 houses and stores destroyed.

When morning broke, the thick clouds of smoke still ascended from the burning ruins, and hours elapsed before it had cleared sufficiently to admit of a view of the tract of the desolating scourge. The misery of that awful night will long be borne in the memories of the witnesses, and the scenes of utter desolation and hopeless ruin, which became evident at every step, were sufficient to unman the strongest nerves and stoutest hearts. Of the immense shops and stores, which displayed such varied merchandise and valuable stocks gathered from all parts of the known world; of the happy homes of artizans and middle classes, where contentment and prosperity went hand in hand; of the comfortable houses where the laborer sought rest and refreshment; and of the costly and imposing structures and public buildings which were the pride and glory of its people, scarcely a vestige remained; and St. John's lay in the morning sun as a city despoiled of her beauty and choicest ornaments, presenting a picture of utter desolation and woe. On that fatal morning the populace gazed on the ruins and destruction of their homes; and then with the renewed vigor and buoyancy characteristic of Newfoundlanders everywhere, at once turned attention to the difficult work of reconstruction and rebuilding their ruined city. Kind hearts from Canada and other parts of the world at once generously came forward to tender relief, and to Canada belongs the glory of first coming to the rescue, and nobly did she do so. The first intelligence of the disaster reached Halifax late on Friday evening, July 8th, and His Worship the Mayor, who was informed of the calamity about midnight, immediately had notices inserted in the city newspapers on the following morning, calling a meeting of citizens at his

office, to take place at ten o'clock. At this meeting a committee was at once organized to purchase and forward to St. John's by steamer that evening supplies necessary for immediate relief, and in a few hours a fund of \$4,000 was raised. Within a few days Halifax had contributed and forwarded to St. John's over \$20,000 in money and provisions. Its example was soon followed by other cities and towns throughout the Province of Nova Scotia. The Provinces of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island at once also organized committees of relief, and in a few hours generous help began to pour in from all the Provinces of the Dominion to the people of Newfoundland.

Vice-Chairman; and later, the following Executive Committee was determined upon: Chas. P. Herbert, Chairman; Mr. Richard White, Treasurer; and Mr. Geo. Hadrill, Secretary. In a very short period the Committee had collected cash to the amount of \$32,011.11, and in kind \$7,549.87, making a total of \$39,560.98.

Toronto, "the city of conventions and generous contributions," very appropriately named by a speaker in that city recently, also came forward with help. On July 13th a citizen's meeting was held for the purpose of devising some plan to aid the sufferers. The meeting was a very enthusiastic one and well attended. A list of headquarters was at once arranged in



Dry Dock, St. John's.

The first intelligence of the disastrous conflagration reached Montreal on the morning of Saturday, 9th July, and an emergency meeting of the Council of the Board of Trade was called at once. A deputation was appointed to wait upon the City Council to urge the propriety and importance of a liberal grant in aid of their suffering fellow-colonists; the deputation was most cordially received by the Mayor and Aldermen, and a sum of \$10,000 was unanimously granted. At a public meeting of citizens at the rooms of the Board of Trade, and at which the Mayor presided, the following officers were appointed, Hon. James McShane, Mayor, Honorary Chairman; George Hague, Chairman; Chas. P. Hebert,

various portions of the city where clothing and provisions could be sent, and the following committee was appointed to carry on the work:—A. Coyell, Rev. Father Ryan, Robt. Winton, Oliver Pooke, J. M. Ewing, E. E. Pike, ex-Alderman Phillips and Mr. A. C. Winton. Mr. Coyell was elected Chairman; J. M. Ewing, Treasurer, and A. C. Winton, Secretary. A sum of money was immediately placed in the hands of the committee, and with the assistance of the Board of Trade, a large sum was very soon at the disposal of the St. John's sufferers. Deputations were appointed to bring the matter before the City Council, when that body immediately granted a sum of \$5,000. The Provincial Govern-



Salmonier River, Newfoundland.

ment also forwarded \$10,000, and in a few days the generous people of Toronto had contributed, including the Government grant, in money, provisions and clothing nearly \$50,000. Deputations were also appointed to wait on the heads of the various denominations, and special collections were taken up in the various churches throughout the city, resulting in some thousands of dollars being forwarded to St. John's. Toronto truly did well and nobly.

From Quebec, Hamilton, London, Ottawa, Kingston, and all over the Dominion, a generous and hearty collection was also made for the relief of the sufferers. It is needless to say how generously and willingly the call was answered. Citizens of all denominations came forward spontaneously to assist, and in a short while Canada was pouring in money, provisions and clothing to the distressed sufferers. Notwithstanding the somewhat hostile conditions which had recently embittered the relations between the Dominion and its sister Province, all this was forgotten, and to quote the language of the *St. John's Herald* "when our calamity came they forgot all this and nobly heaped coals of fire on our heads in vying with each other in their efforts to aid our fire-stricken city. All honor, then, to the noble hearted and generous people of the Dominion." Never did Canada do herself more honor, than she exhibited in the generous and noble sacrifice she made to relieve her suffering fellow-subjects in Newfoundland. All differences of opinion and all political issues seemed to have been buried, and the people of this great Dominion seemed to vie with each other

in affording relief. The value of this cannot be over-estimated, and it has done more than anything else to deserve from the people of Newfoundland grateful thanks, and to re-establish the old time happy relationship between the two countries. The press of Newfoundland, representative of the various political views of the people, have acknowledged Canada's generous conduct, and the opponents there of

confederation with Canada have had a good deal of their hostility removed. Everywhere throughout the island the feeling of sympathy and unity with Canada has increased, and the people of that island are now only waiting for a leader who will aid them in strengthening the ties of good fellowship and kindly feeling towards their generous neighbours.

That the question of confederation will be the most prominent plank of the next general election in Newfoundland there



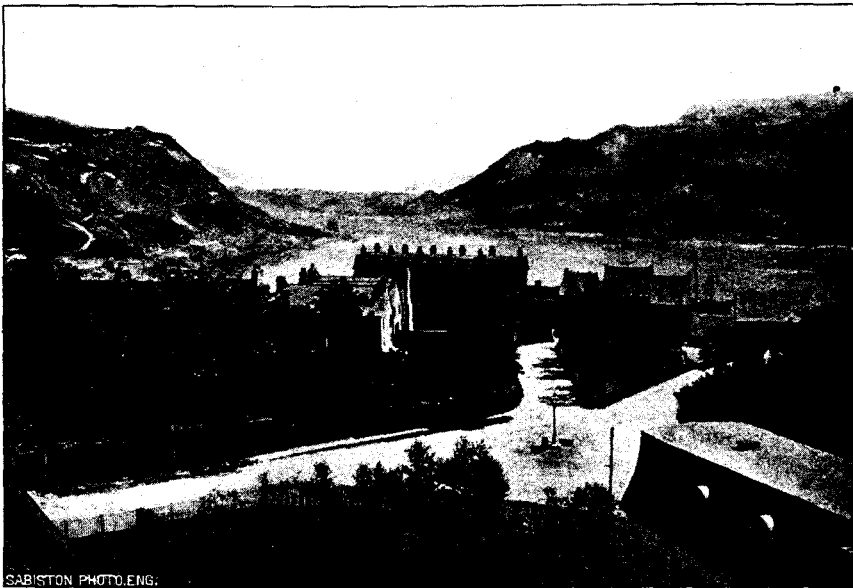
A. C. Winton,
Secretary Citizens Committee, Toronto.

can be no doubt, and that the people are ripe for such a movement is acknowledged. After the election of 1869 the confederate party determined that they would not again raise the question until the constituencies required them to do so, and in no single instance since 1869, by word or act, have they made the subject of confederation a prominent feature of their party organization.

It is much to be hoped, now, that at the next general election there, this subject will be finally dealt with. A good deal, however, will depend upon the conclusions arrived at between the commissioners appointed on both sides to discuss terms of union. There can be no doubt

Government would make something by the transaction, the Canadian farmer, miller and mechanic would be largely benefited by it in the fact that all material now imported by the island from the United States could be better, more substantially and more cheaply supplied by Canada. This extension of her trade would be, in fact, the greatest advantage that Canada would derive from the union; but that means a good deal.

The question is frequently asked why the people of Newfoundland refused to enter the Dominion—a question that admits of several answers. The first is that Newfoundland had occasion to feel aggrieved at the fact that certain specific



SABISTON PHOTO. ENG.

The Narrows, St. John's.

whatever that the confederation of the island with the Dominion would be largely advantageous to both. We can supply Newfoundland with every article that enters into the daily consumption of her people, other than those she produces herself or may procure from the United Kingdom and which we cannot offer; whilst, in return for the advantage thus offered to our industries and agriculture, Newfoundland would be relieved of her financial obligations and receive her share of the general expenditure for all necessary internal improvements and would find a free entrance for all her exportable produce with the additional advantage of getting all her Canadian imports free of duty. Fiscally speaking, whilst the Dominion

conclusions arrived at in her case at the Quebec conference were subsequently, if not repudiated, at least allowed to go into abeyance. Secondly, because her population, of entirely English, Scotch and Irish descent, whatever their local differences may be, are loyal to the core in regard to British connection, and extremely suspicious of what, mistakenly perhaps, they regard as the laxity of a certain class of their Canadian fellow-subjects in that respect. Added to this they had to contend with the influence of the commercial classes who were at the time—and are foolishly perhaps still—somewhat jealous of possible outside competition in what they are apt to consider as their own special preserves. The following opinion

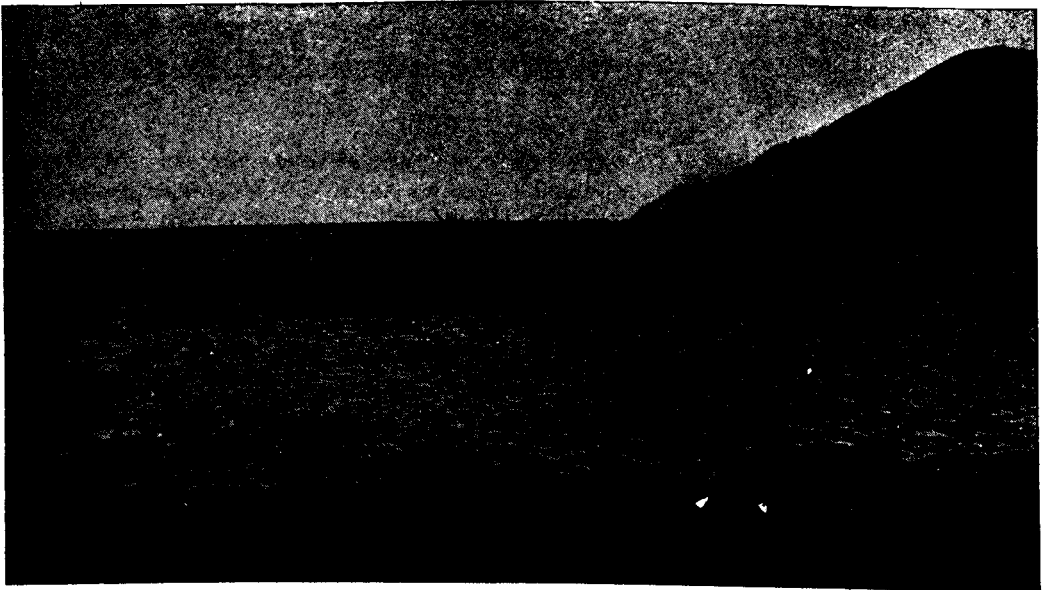
as expressed in the *North Star*, formerly published at St. John's by Mr. Robert Winton, gives perhaps a clear and concise view of some phases of the question :

" We believe—and we believe it honestly and sincerely—that our refusal to enter the Dominion is a matter of serious political and industrial embarrassment to us, and that it may some day, not very far distant perhaps, involve us in serious commercial and political disaster. At present we are being ground to powder beneath the upper and the nether millstone. Our treaty relations with France, on the one hand, are annoying and offensive not only to our own Government, but to that of the United Kingdom, and the everlasting impotency of the United States government and its people are quite as intolerable as the other. Union with Canada would have enabled us to fight both issues on their merits—to cut off our relations with the latter entirely, and to hold the former to the strict terms of the Treaties. It is lamentable to reflect that the immunities and privileges which have so long been enjoyed by a few of our own people at the expense of all the rest, at the expense too of Colonial and Imperial patience, are still permitted to stand in the way of the only possible solution of our difficulties. Those who occupy that position have grave responsibilities to answer for, and it is time they should take these matters into serious consideration before they, too, are compelled to take their

share of the common misfortune."

Since these prognostications were delivered every one of them has been realized in the financial and industrial relations of the province. The grip of France has been tightened, and the impotency of the United States has been persisted in with much resulting commercial disadvantage. A few years ago, Newfoundland could enter the markets of the world upon an equal footing with the most favoured nation; to-day she is handicapped in the same markets by the bounty fed produce of France and the United States, taken from her own waters and disposed of at about one-half the price of her own. Her isolation has been otherwise very prejudicial to her interests, and has seriously cramped her social and political improvement. It is to be hoped that she may ere long throw off her obstructive policy of isolation, and take her place in the family of provinces to which she belongs. Her people are splendid examples of physical and intellectual manhood, hardy, cool, brave and industrious, accustomed for the most part to find their bread upon the waters and to gather it with their lives in their hands. An intrepid race of men, such as they are, inhabiting that Gibraltar of America, would be a valuable acquisition to the maritime force of the Dominion, and a valuable addition to its industrial and intellectual activity.

A. C. WINTON.



Drying codfish on the Newfoundland Coast.

A SUMMER IN CANADA.

(Continued from page 648.)

THE confessional of the little chapel at Pointe au Paradis stood in the sacristy. Mrs. Benjamin, for once, created quite the sensation she had counted upon, when, appearing among the kneeling flock on a certain Saturday and watching her opportunity, she passed through the sacristy door and knelt before Father Langevin. It was the necessity of disposing of her six feet in such a manner as to bring her into position for conversation, even more than her previous questioning of Rose Marie, that brought her to her knees.

Through illness first and then absence, it happened that Father Langevin had never seen the strangers. He was, therefore, a good deal surprised; first, at the rustle of silken skirts, and then at the speech which broke the silence:

"Je pensais que je viendrais à la confession."

"Speak English, my daughter," said the priest.

"Oh, I thought priests always spoke Latin," said the penitent.

"You are a stranger," continued the priest.

"You might, however," she went on, "give me a list of argumentative books to read."

"You have read much?"

"I am omnivorous; and when last in England I studied up this subject extensively—in connection with the Tower, you know, and Smithfield."

"Another time, madame, and in another place. Now and here my people are waiting to confess their sins."

"But I also have sins to confess. I have prided myself on my intellect, I have made a god of it. Now, suppose I wanted



"She passed through the sacristy door and knelt before Father Langevin."

to embrace your faith, what would you advise me to do first?"

"Make yourself acquainted with it."

"Oh, I know all about it. I have been a great student of history, and even when I was a tiny tot, I loved to read about Bloody Mary, and the Spanish Armada, and the Inquisition; with the familiars, you know, with the great crosses on their breasts—or was it on their shoulders? that used to come after people in the dead of night."

"Yes,—Mrs. Benjamin, of Talbotsville, Virginia. I am an intimate friend of Madame de la Roche. I am spend—"

"Are you a catholic?"

"Well, no, not exactly; that is what I came to talk about. I *did* think of being an Esoteric Bud—"

"Are you in any trouble?"

"How do you mean?"

"Have you anything on your mind?"

"No."

"Then why are you here?"

"Well, for one thing I like to show these peasants a good example, and when one is in Rome—you know the proverb, Father. Then, I really wanted to have a little talk with you."

Silence—broken at length by the priest. "And did you ever, while in England," he asked, "come across a little book called the *Penny Catechism*?"

"The—*what*!"

"The *Penny Catechism*. It is a little work which, if you seriously thought of becoming a Catholic, you would have to commit to memory."

"Commit to memory a penny catechism! ME! Pardon me, but you don't seem to understand. Why, I have been President of a de Staël Club."

"If you were the wisest and greatest person on earth, I would give you the same advice. He who would enter the Holy Catholic Church—and he who would enter the Kingdom of Heaven, my daughter—must become as a little child."

"And do you mean to tell me that Madame de la Roche, if in my position, would learn a penny catechism?"

"Ask her."

"Perhaps I may. But at the same time (this hastily and in some alarm) you will, of course, regard our conversation as confidential."

"Entirely so. There is one thing which will be of more use to you than even the little book, and that is prayer. Pray much, my daughter, and God bless you!"

And the priest raised his hand in benediction—a benediction which, in spite of herself, somewhat soothed the smart of Mrs. Benjamin's wounded pride. She had pictured the surprise and joy of Father Langevin; and the ovation she would receive from the de la Roches and the "peasants;" she had had even seen a cable message speeding off to the Pope.

Alas that between imagination and reality there should have yawned so wide a gulf! Mrs. Benjamin locked her sad experience in her own breast and fell back on her worldly plans in regard to Sallie Carter.

VIII.

On the morning of the very last day of October—for the Virginians had far outstayed the time originally intended for Pointe au Paradis—Rose Marie, bringing in the mail, brought also a telegram which the station-master had confided to her for Mrs. Benjamin. It was the first time in her life she had ever had a telegram in her hand; it was also the first time one had ever arrived at the farm. The Lacasses were, therefore, a good deal excited over the occurrence, and Rose Marie, as having had the precious document confided to her, felt herself, notwithstanding her natural modesty, of some consequence in the world.

"Sallie Cyarter is coming on the afternoon train!" screamed Mrs. Benjamin, as she tore the telegram open and hastily glanced at it. She tried to scream as though her surprise equalled her pleasure, which was by no means the case. For six long weeks she had been working for this end—or, as she regarded it, for this beginning of the end—but Sallie Carter had been enjoying a season at the White Sulphur, and hearing there was no rival in the field at Point au Paradis—for Mrs. Benjamin had not confided to her her misgivings—had seen no reason for cutting it short. Now that the critical moment was really at hand, Mrs. Benjamin showed symptoms of losing her head. She had by this time broached her scheme to Madame, who had expressed full belief in her young kinswoman's charms but had at the same time assured her that the young Seigneur was the last person in the world to have such a matter arranged for him. Then the schemer had from time to time confided to Miss Rushie that negotiations were going on between Madame and herself—"dans la manière française, you know." And she had wrinkled her brow, and pursed her mouth

and nodded her head mysteriously a great many times, as one deep in affairs of state. Whether the young seigneur had any inkling of her plans Miss Rushie could not guess.

In the excitement created by the telegram, Miss Rushie took her hat and slipped out into the lane and down to the river, bearing with her her unread letters. There was a letter from her brother, she saw, and there was another addressed in the cramped, old-fashioned hand-writing of Judge Paxton. By Jim's advice she had placed her business affairs in the Judge's hands, and, as every one knows, a lawyer may write to his client. And yet, after Miss Rushie had broken the seal (for the Judge had the good taste to abhor mucilage as Lord Chesterfield abhorred wafers) she put it into her belt unread, and opened her brother's. After all, the letter must be of most importance to her. She had written, as she felt herself in duty bound to write, asking Jim's advice as to her future; and Jim had replied promptly and, as usual, briefly.

"You will see by Judge Paxton's letter," wrote Jim, "that Mr. Jenckes' bequest to you is turning out very different from what we expected. If after thinking the matter over you still desire to come back to our house, you will be welcome, of course. But I feel bound to say that, in your changed circumstances, I do not think it the place for you; and I am of opinion you should close with Judge Paxton's proposition at once."

Miss Rushie's heart seemed to stand still. "Changed circumstances"? Then her great-uncle's legacy had vanished, turned like fairy gold into withered leaves. "Accept Judge Paxton's proposition"? Jim and Gussie had always intended this, she was sure; but she was also sure that even had she not left Talbotsville, the day would never have come when she would have accepted it, for, old-fashioned in this as in everything else, she thought it a deadly sin to marry without love. But why, for all this, should a sudden burning blush suffuse her cheeks? Why should she sink on the sand and bury her face in her hands, and feel abashed before the blue sky, and the hazy river, and the solitary shore? Why did the happy days she would know no more, show, as they glided panorama-like through her memory, so strangely perverted a vision? By what jugglery had the two figures in the foreground changed places? *There was no longer a picture of Madame de la Roche and*

her son, but of the young Seigneur and his mother.

* * *

When Miss Rushie, after what seemed to her an age of pain, and shame, and self-reproach, raised her face, it was pale enough. She was starting drearily homeward when she remembered her other letter and sat down again. She opened it without a tremor now. Judge Paxton and his proposition seemed a thousand years, a thousand worlds, away.

And when she had read, she gave a sorry little laugh; at her own vanity—for it was only a business proposition after all; and at her own loneliness—for even Judge Paxton, it seemed, had not wished to marry her. She had misunderstood Jim—that was all. The Jenckes estate lay in the line of a proposed railway, and a company of northern capitalists had offered a very large sum for it. This the wary Judge Paxton had declined, and he had then received and accepted an offer of exactly the same amount for half the land. The matter was fully arranged and the papers for her signature would follow by a later mail. Miss Rushie, the Judge wrote, would be rich—able to gratify every wish; and as the old Talbot place was then on the market, he proposed that it should be her first investment.

"*Able to gratify every wish*," read Miss Rushie. Well, she would, as Jim advised, "close at once with the Judge's proposition." She would probably give the estate to her brother, the head of the family; or perhaps she would adopt Jim Junior and leave it to him. She would also like to build a new church, she thought; but her head ached so terribly she could not think about anything very clearly.

"I thought I should find you here," cried a voice close beside her—Madame de la Roche's voice. Miss Rushie sprang to her feet. "But what is the matter?" cried Madame in dismay, as she saw red and white so rapidly succeeding each other in the face usually so placid. Then seeing the letters, "You have had bad news?"

"No," said Miss Rushie, drearily, "I suppose I have had good news, but I have a bad headache."

"You shall come home with me, *chérie*, and lie down, and I will cure your headache as I cure my son's. Louis says I have the mesmeric touch."

"And voice and look," Miss Rushie could have cried. But she only said quietly, "I cannot, Madame, Miss Carter

is coming to-day and Mrs. Benjamin will need me."

"But I have been at the farm—I have arranged all that. You shall return, if you will, in time to meet your friend. I have something very special to say to you."

Miss Rushie took her resolution quickly. "Miss Carter will take my room at the farm," she said, "and I am really needed at home. I must go tomorrow."

Here was a transformation scene! Miss Rushie, longing hungrily to throw her arms about her beloved friend and sob upon her tender breast, yet sternly controlled herself, helping her resolution by remembering how the young Seigneur hated tears. As a consequence her manner was cold and unnatural. Madame was wholly bewildered.

"My child," she said, "why take such sudden resolutions? and why are you so unlike yourself! Perhaps what I have to say may make a difference; I have a proposition to make to you."

Miss Rushie laughed her sorry little laugh again. The air was surely thick with propositions. Madame was deeply hurt. Still, she went on.

"I ask you, dear—very lovingly—to come to me, if you have quite made up your mind to leave Mrs. Benjamin. My Louis, you know, is much away; and I shall be better and brighter for a young companion of my own sex. I am not rich, you know, like Mrs. Benjamin, but—"

Miss Rushie by a gesture implored silence. If she could only be free for a moment to pour out her love and gratitude, and then die at dear Madame's feet! But things in this life do not arrange themselves so easily.

"Madame," she said, at last, "my best, my dearest friend, I know you will think me unkind and ungrateful. I am neither. But I *must* go to-morrow, and"—this drearily—"I can't talk any more about it?"

"And you will not return? Later, when Mrs. Benjamin and Miss Carter have gone home?"

"No," said Miss Rushie, sadly.

"And you will take no advice? give no reason?"

Miss Rushie shook her head.

"Then I will say no more," said Madame, drawing herself up to her full height. "You will forgive that I have troubled you." And she turned again towards the farm.

Miss Rushie walked away in the other

direction. The tears she had kept back so bravely had come at last, and having come, they would have their way. Well, she could not go back now to be scanned by Mrs. Benjamin, so she might as well make a day of it. The young Seigneur, she had heard Rose Marie say, had gone off somewhere on the train. She would be free, therefore, to wander to the old *château* once more; and while Mrs. Benjamin went to the station to meet Sallie Carter, she would steal home to bed. So she walked up the shore, past the spot where Andie's tent had been; turned into a grove; and following a footpath she had often trodden with Madame, gained the lawn, and crossing this, reached the rose-arbor into which Madame had led her on that never-to-be-forgotten evening.

The day was perfect: the air balmy as that of a day in June; the lawn still soft and velvety; the foliage still luxuriant, though brightened with every shade of gold, and orange, and crimson. But the roses were shed.

Miss Rushie sat down in the arbor and cried—not passionately as in the summer, but quietly and oh! so much more hopelessly. Again and again the flood of self-scorn swept over her; and it seemed to be the very irony of fate that her madness had brought for punishment not only its own pain but the loss of that very friendship whose sympathy might have helped her to endure it. "O Madame! dear, dear Madame!" she cried aloud at last, and laid her head against the lattice work and began to cry again.

There was a step on the gravel beside her. "Who calls Madame?" asked a cheerful voice, "I am not Madame, but I am Madame's son, and I have just come from her—or, to put it poetically: I am only a vile piece of clay, but I have been near the rose." And the young Seigneur stood in the doorway.

There was humiliation indeed!

IX

Here was humiliation indeed! Miss Rushie jumped up, gulped down her tears, executed an airy flourish with her handkerchief (which would have been airier, only that the handkerchief was so wet), in a desperate attempt to hide her red eyes and nose, wished herself a veiled oriental, and called herself a despicable creature—all in the space of half a second. Then she felt equal to the lame remark that she thought the young Seigneur had gone "somewhere."

"A very safe supposition," said the young Seigneur smiling. Then looking full at the tearful face, he added kindly: "My mother tells me you are going away to-morrow, and I begin to believe you are a little sorry to leave Pointe au Paradis, even for Talbotsville.

"Yes," Miss Rushie assured him, "very sorry."

"Well," said the young Seigneur, "your train time is more than twenty-four hours in the future, so we may as well enjoy the present. I belong to the sect of the Epicureans. If I knew I was to lose my head to-morrow, I think I should still find something pleasant in to-day. Suppose we go and take a last look at the old *château*.

Miss Rushie agreed, but with a little indignation at her companion's unconcern. "A last look," he had said, and he had said it so lightly. Of course, she had never expected him to care for her going; but after their good-fellowship of the summer, he might have understood and sympathized with *her* caring. "He thinks I have no right to care," she said to herself. "Dear Madame would not think so." Then remembering how she had hurt that best of friends, she choked again, and had to fall behind for a moment to give her face a furtive and useless daub with the wet handkerchief.

They went from one end of the *château* to the other even out on the ruined tower, where Madame never went now and where she had never allowed Miss Rushie to go. The young Seigneur talked and laughed, and in process of time even made Miss Rushie talk and laugh. He showed her in a certain gallery an antique cabinet, removed there from his father's library many years before for a youthful transgression of his own. "I LOVE," he had cut with his first knife in great sprawling letters on the beautiful front. "You see," he pointed out, "I was just beginning the name of the beloved object when judgment overtook me. I can remember the caning yet perhaps because it was the only one I ever got at home. The Mater, I believe, thinks the sin more heinous because I have never finished the sentence. She would like well to have a daughter."

Then, being in the haunted gallery, the young Seigneur spoke of the de la Roche ghost—a ghost which had greatly interested and excited Mrs. Benjamin, its fame being great in Pointe au Paradis

and in all the country round; though, as Rose Marie, devoutly crossing herself, had explained, so many contradictory stories were told of it, one knew not what to believe. On two points only everybody agreed: that it wore a white domino, and that it appeared to the destined brides of the Seigneurs. The young Seigneur, of course, gave the true story. "It is the ghost," he said, "of my great grandmother, Madame la Comtesse de——, who was guillotined during the Reign of Terror. She (the ghost, I mean) came over with the family—glad, I dare say, to turn her back on a country where the Bourbon lilies and Divine Right had lost their prestige; and she is a living—I mean a dead—illustration of the motto, *Noblesse Oblige*. In the first place, she makes no capital of her martyrdom; neither carrying her head in her hand like a certain Saint, nor bowling it before her with the vulgar realism of the *Sans-culottes*. She wears it proudly on her shoulders, as a *grande dame* should; but tradition says because the scar on her beautiful neck remains—a white domino is thrown over her rich court dress. Then, unlike those malign spirits whose appearance bodes misfortune and whose speech means death, our dear ghost's appearance is always an omen of good. Any one who takes the trouble to come here at midnight, when she takes her exercise, may hear her high heels tap-tapping on the oaken floor; but she shows herself only to members of the family—or to those fated to become such—and to them only on one night of the year. And, by the by, to-morrow night is the time!"

"Why, to-night is Hallowe'en," said Miss Rushie, unbelieving, yet a little impressed in spite of herself. The gallery had that air of mingled grandeur and decay which is supposed to be peculiarly attractive to ghosts. The richly wrought ceiling and panels had been brought from France. Dust and cobwebs hid their beauty, but here and there an exquisite bit of carving, or a gilded rose or *fleur de lis* gleamed out from its dusky surroundings. The gallery was lighted from the south by one great painted window. Most of the glass was still intact, but the sun at its brightest entered but reluctantly through the darkness of half a decade of neglect.

"Yes," said the young Seigneur, "to-night is Hallowe'en, but Madame la Comtesse shows herself on the following

night, the night between All Saints and All Souls."

"Oh! I remember a ballad in one of George Macdonald's books, is it not? about

"The night atween the Sancts and the Souls,
When the bodiless gang about."

"Yes, I recollect it: the girl working her charm with the coffin splinter—the solitary room—the two chairs—the dead lover stealing in at midnight—the girl dead in her chair in the morning. Very impressive for a ballad, but for real life too weird and gruesome. Give me a less fatal ghost!"

"By the way," said the young Seigneur, suddenly, "my mother tells me she tried to steal a march on Mrs. Benjamin this morning."

"Did she?"

"Did she not? You don't mean to say you have forgotten already how cruelly you disappointed her."

"O—h!" and once more the hot blood dyed Miss Rushie's cheeks.

"Never mind," added the young Seigneur cheerfully. "The Mater made a mistake—that was all."

"Yes," said Miss Rushie, and she said it firmly. Between her and the beautiful summer a whole world of misery was rising, but she would have time to think of that after; at present all her pride was up in arms against this heartless man. And yet—and yet, her heart kept whispering, how kind he had been!

"Yes," replied the heartless one. "I told her that if she had taken me into her confidence, she would have saved herself that pain, and I pointed the moral that no mother should keep a secret from her son. She pleaded in extenuation Mrs. Benjamin's tidings; she seemed to fear that after the advent of *la belle cousine* she would never have a quiet moment with you—" *trop de tintamarre, trop de brouilli amini*, as your friend Monsieur Jourdain says."

"Oh no!" said Miss Rushie, "Sallie Carter is lively but very nice. I think it is her liveliness that makes her such a favorite. She is very amiable too."

"Not like the old lady then?"

"Not the least. But, indeed, Mrs. Benjamin is really much nicer than you think."

"I don't believe it. But let her rest in peace for the present, and let us settle our own affairs."

"Our own affairs—*my* own affairs, at least—are settled. I leave to-morrow and"

—here Miss Rushie consulted her watch—"it is quite time to return to the farm. Thank you so much for taking me over the *château*." And she smiled as though she had not a care in the world, and then walked towards the door.

"But *my* affairs are not settled," said her companion. Miss Rushie walked on. "Why, I did not think you could be so selfish. Miss Carter won't be here for three hours yet."

Miss Rushie stopped. "I don't mean to be selfish," she said. "But I have to pack and—I have just remembered that Mrs. Benjamin said something about wine-jelly."

"Wine-jelly! and for *la belle cousine*, I suppose. Well, that *is* a lame and impotent conclusion to this morning's work. 'Having known me' and the shade of my great-grandmother—to decline on'—wine-jelly!"

Then they both laughed: the Seigneur with the joyousness natural to him; Miss Rushie a little hysterically at first, but with ever-increasing merriment—till the old gallery rang again, and the ghost of Madame la Comtesse must have smiled under her domino.

"Now that we have cried and laughed," said the young Seigneur at last, "let us be sensible."

"Sensible!" exclaimed Miss Rushie with spirit, not relishing the reference to her tears. "Speak for yourself."

"It is just what I am going to do. You are angry, hurt because you think I do not care about your going, and do not sympathize with your caring to go.—No, you *must* listen"—as Miss Rushie tried to interrupt—"How can you think so meanly of us? Don't you know that Pointe au Paradis, that my mother, that I, cannot do without you."

"That is folly," said Miss Rushie loftily.

"No, you know it is not—but you think me bold. And I am. You know what they say of my mother—that she can do anything with anybody: and yet I am going to try to succeed where she failed."

"Are you?" and Miss Rushie—probably for the first time in her life, her grown-up life, at least—gave something very like a scornful sniff. "A moment ago, I think, you pronounced that Madame made a mistake."

"She did, but—now, don't look so unlike yourself and so like Mrs. Benjamin. You are rapidly deteriorating in her baleful companionship.—She did make a

mistake ; but not in wanting you, but in not understanding that I wanted you still more."

There was no want of earnestness now, and Miss Rushie's heart softened. He had only been teasing her, she decided, and he was still kind. The kindness comforted her, but it would make her going none the easier.

"You are very good," she said, "and I was horrid. The truth is, I am so troubled about Madame." Here, meeting frankly her companion's eyes, she was startled to see a look in them she had never seen before. They were neither flashing, nor twinkling, nor suggesting Doom: they had an entirely new expression, and it made her feel very queer.

But there was no time to analyze her feelings or the cause of them. The young Seigneur came nearer; he took both her hands in his. "Be kind to us both," he said. "Let us go together to my mother, and tell her she is to have not a companion only, but—a daughter. You see I am not so bold, after all. But for my dear mother, I feel as if there would be no chance for me."

They say a woman always knows when a proposal is coming: assuredly Miss Rushie did not. For six long years—ever since the death of her father—she had been living the life of a saint, but not that of a healthy young woman (I do not mean that the two are incompatible) and for the last two or three, she would sooner have expected to be murdered than to be married. How long she stood there speechless she never knew: long enough to reflect on her twenty-eight years, her reputation as an old maid, and a great many other items all going to prove her general unworthiness and the impossibility of such a *dénouement* as this—but thought is swift. A weaker woman would have tortured herself with doubts: "Is he jesting?" "Is he doing this out of pity?" Miss Rushie, with the grace of humility, had all the Virginia lady's self-respect and all her firm belief in the chivalry of man. What she was pondering most, after her first bewilderment of happiness, was, "What will Madame say?" But then, Madame loved her; and though the young Seigneur had kept his secret well, a thousand little incidents of the summer rose up now to reassure her.

She did not speak; but she withdrew her hands, looked up at the young

Seigneur, and then, with a long happy sigh that seemed to waft all the troubles of her life into forgetfulness, and a charming gesture of utter self-abandonment, she laid them again in his.

X.

On the afternoon of that same day, the little railway station of Pointe au Paradis presented an appearance of unwonted excitement. Mrs. Benjamin was there, attended by Rose Marie and Narcisse—"pour carry le loogage, you know"—and all the children in the place who could walk. Rose Marie would have dispersed the juveniles, but Mrs. Benjamin bade her forbear. She almost regretted that she had not utilized them for a procession, with flags and flowers and the ringing of the church-bell. Such a demonstration, however, might be more appropriate later, when the young Seigneur and Sallie Ca—, no, Sallie de la Roche—should return from their bridal tour; meantime, while pacing up and down the little platform, she arranged all its details. Had she known the true state of the case, she might have varied her reflections with a few on that very trite subject the unsatisfactory nature of earthly glory. The juveniles, thanks to Rose Marie's dignified reticence, had never heard of Mrs. Benjamin's young relative. But it had leaked out that *something* was coming, and as youth invariably reduces the abstract to the concrete, the more sanguine expected a circus, the more modest a dancing-bear.

Miss Rushie drove up with Madame and the young Seigneur almost at the last moment. She had begged that for a day or two nothing might be said to Mrs. Benjamin of what had occurred. The latter was suave to the de la Roches, severe to her friend. The neglect of the wine-jelly and her defection at such a time were bad enough, but they were venial sins compared to her dashing up in such style. Madame had ordered out the old state carriage; the Seigneur, for once indifferent to his thoroughbreds, was the ladies' *vis-à-vis*; and the men were in their livery—of late years little used. There was, of course, one grain of comfort in reflecting that all this was to make a good impression upon Sallie Carter.

Shriek! Shriek! the train was coming! the train had come! Generally it only stopped for half a second at Pointe au Paradis, and passengers had to watch for that half-second very carefully, if they wished to arrive with their full complement

of limbs. On this occasion it came to a full stop, and various officials on board were seen flying to and fro. "She has come!" cried Mrs. Benjamin in triumph. She had not seen her, but she knew her ways.

And she was right. A conductor, a porter, and a brakeman, descended with divers articles, and stood waiting without a sign of impatience. Then a stout, bald-headed, elderly gentleman, whose legs were much too short for the steps, handed out Miss Carter, and nearly forgot to get on the train again, so evidently infatuated was he with his fair companion.

A very pretty picture the new-comer made, as she advanced to meet the group awaiting her. She was stout, but then she was also tall, and she carried her height and breadth well. Well-cut features and a bright smile redeemed her pink-and-white face from insipidity. Her hair was beautiful—"real gold, you know," as per Mrs. Benjamin's description. And her hat and dress were in the best taste as well as of the latest fashion. Sallie Carter was decidedly a belle in her Virginia world, and the world in general did not quarrel seriously with such a valuation.

She was in the act of imprinting a chaste kiss upon the grim visage of her relative, when she caught sight of Miss Rushie. "Rushie Talbot!" she cried, "what have you been doing to yourself? You look a thousand years younger—and prettier!" And she kissed her blushing friend affectionately. "But where is Mr. Talbot?" she added in a moment, looking about her. "He was on the train—he meant to surprise you."

"Jim!" exclaimed Miss Rushie, bewildered with still another surprise on this eventful day. "But where is he?"

"Jim!" echoed Mrs. Benjamin. "What on earth brought him here?"

Every body looked after the receding train. It was slackening its speed, and presently a gentleman was seen dropping a boy to the stationmaster and then jumping off himself. The first thing he did on alighting safely, was to administer to the boy a vigorous shaking, the result of which was the same as if he had shaken a banana tree.

"That brat!" said Mrs. Benjamin.

"Jim Junior!" cried Miss Rushie, and she sped along the platform. The others waited, but they heard a piping voice remonstrating in injured tones, "I only went to get some bananers. The boy

told me there ain't no bananers where Aunt Rushie lives."

"What do you think that young scapegrace did?" asked Sallie Carter laughing. "His father refused to bring him, and he just put on his best clothes and marched down to the train. When Mr. Talbot went into the smoking car, three hours after we left Talbotsville, he found him there."

"You will come with us, I hope, Mr. Talbot," said Madame, a few moments later. "Your sister has promised herself to us, so you will be together."

"Oh, I could not think of troubling you," Jim remonstrated. "I am only here for a day or two, and there is a little inn, I believe—"

"Not for you," said the young Seigneur decidedly, and he signed to his servant to take Mr. Talbot's bag. "Here, Jim Junior!"

Jim Junior elected to mount the box. "I'll be down before long, Miss Sallie," he called out encouragingly, as he was driven away.

"God forbid!" said Mrs. Benjamin viciously. "Rose Marie, *écoutez-moi Quand le petit Zheem-Zhinyore vient à la ferme, regardez-le bien. Je vous holderai responsable pour tout le mis-sheef il fait.*"

"Oui, Madame," said Rose Marie, with all the gravity with which she might have accepted the Great Seal. The bucolic Narcisse chuckled inwardly, but he gave no sign until he had safely deposited "le loogage" and retired to the farm-house kitchen. Then he astonished his family by turning purple in the face, and giving vent to a succession of sounds resembling partly the bleat of an old sheep and partly the bellow of a bull.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried his mother, wringing her hands, "*il va se trouver mal!*" The farmer, looking at him curiously, made a gesture as if raising a glass to his mouth. Rose Marie, pale but tranquil, carefully closed the door.

"Ugh!" grunted André *le sauvage*, who having been sent for by Mrs. Benjamin, was awaiting her pleasure, "*il rit!*"

And André was right. The sayings and doings of Pointe au Paradis; the vagaries of Mrs. Benjamin, even, had never moved a muscle of Narcisse's stolid countenance; but the idea of the small boy who, when denied permission to accompany his father, had quietly put on his best suit and taken his place in the cars for a journey of—Narcisse was not

sure how many thousand miles—had penetrated to that sense of humor which even the most solemn and the most stupid of us possess. He had always heard that America was a wonderful country and produced wonderful children, and now he believed it. He laughed at intervals all the rest of the evening and whenever he woke up at night, and he is laughing at intervals yet. Whenever you see him stop reflectively in the furrow, the little clouds from his pipe rising faster and denser, you may be sure he is thinking of his hero, *le petit Zheem-Zhinyore*.

* * * *

That evening, after dinner, Madame and the young Seigneur went to the farm, and the brother and sister had a long talk together in the little library. Jim was both surprised and amused to discover how tolerant Miss Rushie had grown in the matter of religious differences. "Why your are half-seas over already and they are two to one—you will be an easy prey," he said, laughing, with a reckless mixture of metaphors.

"Never!" said Miss Rushie, earnestly, "and please, Jim, don't joke about it. You don't know how good they are. We have talked that all over, and they will never interfere."

"I know I seem inconsistent," she added hurriedly. "I know all this would have been impossible once, but—well, perhaps you can't understand, but everything seems changed."

"So I see," said Jim. "Well, Rushie, I hope you will be happy and I am sure you deserve to be. There is only one thing I don't like about it—you won't be annoyed at my mentioning it; it is my duty. I don't quite like the Seigneur's proposal coming directly after Judge Paxton's letter."

"Judge Paxton? I don't understand."

"But it was Judge Paxton's letter that told you and your friends you were rich."

"Oh!" said Miss Rushie, with a happy laugh, as Jim's meaning dawned upon her. "But my friends think I am poor. I only discovered to-day that Madame thinks me Mrs. Benjamin's paid companion."

"But the letter?"

"They know nothing of it. I had first read it when Madame came upon me, and—well, to tell the truth, I don't believe I have given it a thought from that moment to this."

Jim gave a low whistle. "Well, you are far gone," he said. "And do you

mean to tell me the Seigneur knows nothing of the Jenckes property?"

"Nothing whatever. Do you think," asked Miss Rushie uneasily. "Do you think he will mind?"

"I think you had better send him to me when he comes in, while you make your peace with Madame. I have all the papers for your signature, and, of course, they must know. I suppose you won't buy back the old place now?"

"Oh, yes—at least—would we be able to do that and build the new *château* too?"

"Half a dozen times over if you liked, I fancy. But the plantation would be useless to you if you are going to settle up here." Jim was plainly disappointed on that score, though he tried to hide the fact. It was his anxiety to see the old place in his sister's possession that had brought him to Canada.

"Useless? No, indeed! We can come down to it in the late winter and spring—Madame finds the spring very trying—and remember, Jim, it will be as much yours as mine—"

"Rushie," interrupted Jim, "don't say another kind word. I have acted like a cad all these years, and you have heaped coals of fire on my head. You can't think how touched I have been by your kindness to Jim Junior. Well, the past is past, but you shall have a wedding worthy of old Virginia's palmiest days, I promise you."

In her room that night, Miss Rushie for the first time had quiet to look her happiness in the face. *Château* and plantation were no longer forgotten, but it was not for these that she threw herself on her knees in a passion of gratitude. "Oh, my dear! my dear!" her heart cried, "Your home to be my home, your mother my mother, your people my people, your God my God! Dear Lord, make me a little less unworthy!"

XI

"The night atween the Sancts and the Souls" had come. Miss Rushie had been driven to church with Miss Carter and her brother in the morning, and in the afternoon had gone with Madame to carry flowers to the resting place of the dead de la Roches. On All Souls' Day, Madame would go to the little public cemetery after the crowd had left it, and lay a wreath or a flower on such graves as no one else had cared for. All Saints Day she gave to her own. The family vault, with the little mortuary

chapel adjoining, stood on a well-wooded slope in the *château* grounds. From the chapel door there was a lovely view of the river and the hills, and passing tourists, looking for the historic mansion, never failed to notice also the beautiful little Gothic building nestling among the trees.

There was a shadow, or, at least, the shade of a shadow, on Madame's sweet face. Mrs. Benjamin and Miss Carter had dined at the cottage, and the elder lady had made what Madame thought a very strange, and, indeed, improper proposal. It was that they should go down to the old *château* in a body and find out if there was any truth in the ghost story. At first Madame's answer had been a decided no, but Mrs. Benjamin had pressed her request pertinaciously. By the rule of the Psychical Society to which she belonged, she was bound, she averred, to follow up anything in the shape of a ghost. Here was an opportunity which might never present itself again. It was the first favour she had ever asked of Madame, and she was sure she would not be refused. Madame yielded, but with a very distinct feeling of disapprobation both of Mrs. Benjamin and the Psychical Society. The young Seigneur was not enthusiastic over the adventure, but neither was he in a state of mind to refuse anything to anybody. His greatest objection was founded on the dangerous condition of parts of the *château*. If, however, they would be particularly careful in going up the staircase, and confine themselves strictly to the haunted wing, which was the soundest part of the structure, he thought Mrs. Benjamin might be gratified. His mother would remain at home.

Jim Junior was in ecstasies at the decision. He had attached himself during the evening to Sallie Carter, and whenever opportunity offered, favoured her with certain half-confidences. "Miss Sallie, I know somethin'—Do you want to know?"

"Yes."

"Well, say you won't never tell. Say *indeed and double* you wont."

"Indeed and double I won't," vowed Miss Carter, much amused.

"Well, I reckon the Snoor and Aunt Rushie are goin' to git married. I looked in at the winder last night, and——"

"Shame!" cried Miss Carter. "I did not think there was a boy in Virginia would do such a thing."

"How did I know what was up? This is what a feller gits for trustin' a girl!" This in deeply injured tones.

"I won't be trusted. You might just as well steal your Aunt Rushie's money as her secrets."

"H'm" in fine scorn. "Spose it would be stealin' for *me* to use Aunt Rushie's money? That's all you know. But I say, Miss Sallie, I know somethin' about Mrs. Benjamin."

"Did you look in at Mrs. Benjamin's window, too?"

"No, I was under the so——I mean—Oh, Miss Sallie, you would give a hundred thousand dollars to know!"

"What is it?"

"I ain't goin' to spoil everything. But"—putting his mouth close to her ear—"thar's two surprises down thar 'sides the ghost. Whoo!"

"Have you been there?"

"*Have—I—been—thar?* I reckon so! I heard old Benjie tell Rose M'ree to watchy me, and—oh, you jes' wait!"

Mr. Talbot had been for some time trying to catch his son's eye. "Paw's goin' to send meto bed," said Jim Junior, "but I'm goin' to git ahead of him." And he disappeared.

But, a moment later, he was at Miss Carter's ear again. "Oh, I say, Miss Sallie, jes' you watch Aunt Rushie's face when they go and look at the old secretary—don't you forgit now!" And he was off.

He was missed, of course, before the party left the house, but the hue and cry raised failed to discover him. The men had been sent on with lights, and Jim Junior had undoubtedly joined them. Mr. Talbot was too polite to shew his wrath then and there, but he registered a vow to invite the offender for a stroll, next day, and in the retirement of the woods to fall upon him and have a settlement in full.

* * * * *

The scene at the *chateau* was weird and impressive. Mrs. Benjamin, constituting herself mistress of ceremonies, ordered the lights down stairs again, after every one was safely up. "Artificial lights," she explained, "are antagonistic to apparitions, and either prevent them altogether, or ——"

"Burn blue," put in the young Seigneur. "A still better reason is that the ladies will have to get their eyes accustomed to the darkness, if they are to find their way from one door to the other."

The quartette gathered in the gallery,

and Miss Carter, who was, of course, entirely ignorant of its arrangement, was led from one door of it to the other. There was no moon, but the bright starlight made luminous the painted glass in the great window, and entering by a casement which the young Seigneur had thrown open gave a faint twilight effect. "Do you think," whispered Sallie Carter to Miss Rushie, "that Cousin Pokey is quite right in her mind? She has been very queer ever since I came and she has had two mysterious interviews with an Indian. Generally, you know, she is the biggest coward possible. Suppose she should jump out on us herself, and frighten us all to death?" and at this idea Miss Carter went into a fit of hysterical but suppressed laughter.

Gradually, silence stole over them. Miss Rushie could still feel Sallie Carter shaking, but she uttered no sound. From time to time, there was a flash of lights from passing tugs or rafts; once there was floated to them the strains of the voyageurs' best beloved *chanson*. The young Seigneur began softly to hum the chorus.

"Silence!" whispered Mrs. Benjamin imperatively, "you will break the spell."

"What is that great black thing, opposite?" asked Miss Carter.

"The fire-place," answered the oracle, in the same sibilant whisper.

"But there are two of them," objected Miss Carter, shivering.

"The other is the antique cabinet, of which we were speaking to night. Don't be a fool, Sallie Cyarter!"

At ten minutes before midnight, the arch-conspirator withdrew her forces to a small room at one end of the gallery, and closing the door, she arranged them in single file, and solemnly adjured them to pay attention while she reiterated her directions for the last time.

"Punctually on the stroke of twelve," she began in sepulchral tones—

"The stroke?" said Jim; is there anything in Pointe au Paradis that strikes?"

"The Seigneur's repeater," said Mrs. Benjamin, "and as I have already told you, the Seigneur will act as starter."

"Starter!" repeated Jim. "Great Scott!"

"Tis a term that smacks of the turf," said the young Seigneur.

"If any one speaks another word," whispered Mrs. Benjamin in wrath, "I shall abandon the whole thing. The end of it will be that none of you will start."

"I can answer for myself on that score, at least," said Miss Carter. "I have been doing nothing else ever since we came. Suppose one of us should go mad with fright, Cousin Pokey."

"Silence, Sallie Cyarter! Punctually on the stroke of twelve, the first person will start. I, in the interests of science, will be that first person. Each one will close the entrance door on passing into the gallery, walk straight down to the other door, and close it also. The sound of the second door clanging will be the signal for the next person to start. You will go as I have arranged. Mr. Talbot will follow me, then Miss Rushie, then Sallie Cyarter, then the Seigneur. Am I understood?"

"Yes," came in a whispered chorus.

"Bong!"

* * * * *

Thrice had the second door "clanged" as arranged. "It is your turn," said the young Seigneur to Miss Carter.

"Oh," whispered Miss Carter, "I don't believe I dare."

"Let us go together," proposed the young Seigneur. "Of course you know it is all nonsense, but why frighten yourself?"

"No, Cousin Pokey would never forgive me; but would you mind opening the door a little after I close it?"

"I will open it wide, and watch you all the way.

"And you will never betray me?"

"Never, on the faith of St. Louis! Or shall I say *indeed and double?*"

Miss Carter laughed aloud. "Here goes!" she said, and passed through. The Seigneur closed the door with a loud noise and then softly opened it again.

"I wonder what the old lady's game is," he said to himself, as he stood waiting. He was soon to have his curiosity gratified.

The night had darkened, and Miss Carter's black lace dress was lost in the general obscurity of the gallery. Literal watching was, therefore, an impossibility, but listening was not. The young Seigneur's ears had followed Miss Carter about half way down the gallery, when he became distinctly conscious of another footfall in close proximity to hers. Tap-tap, tap-tap, went a pair of high heels that might have been the identical ones accredited to Madame la Comtesse. At the same instant something white glided from the black mass of the fire-place. The young Seigneur rushed to-

wards it instantly, but another was there before him.

Miss Carter's piercing shriek was echoed by a younger, shriller voice. "Hi—oh!" piped Jim Junior as he grasped one of the legs of the spectre and clung to it with all his little might. "Here, Snoor! here Snoor!" (as if he had been calling a dog.) "It's Ongdray. Here, Snoor! Here!"

The men rushed up with lights. At the first sound of Jim Junior's voice, Mrs. Benjamin had thrown herself against the door at her end of the gallery and tried to hold the others back. Mr. Talbot had actually to use force in putting her aside. Then, fearful that her absence might excite remark, she followed him and Miss Rushie. The Indian was in the young Seigneur's iron grasp. Miss Carter was weeping hysterically on Miss Rushie's shoulder. Jim Junior was conqueror.

But not a generous one. *Vae Victis!* was his motto. "'Twas her done it!" he cried, pointing to Mrs. Benjamin. "She made Ongdray do it—he didn't want to—and she give him that white gown. I was under the sofer!"

"O Jim!" cried Miss Rushie.

"I don't care," said her nephew viciously. "Didn't I hear her tell Rose M'Ree to watch that *veepre*. Don't you suppose I know what a *veepre* means? I've studied French as well as her. *Veepre* herself!"

"Now, go!" said the young Seigneur to the Indian. François and Antoine were sent down again. There was a painful silence. Mrs. Benjamin's worst foe might have been sorry for her. "Do

say something to her," whispered Miss Rushie to Sallie Carter.

"I can't," said the latter. "But for Jim Junior I would have gone mad. I can never forgive her."

"Oh, yes, you can and will. Miss Rushie beckoned the young Seigneur. "Don't let this night end in such a wretched way," she pleaded.

"To hear is to obey," answered the young Seigneur. "Miss Carter, since we have failed to call up my great grandmother, come and look at something that belonged to her." And he led the way to the antique cabinet.

"I am going to tell you something," he said. "My mother told you about the inscription"—and he flashed a light on it—"But—what have we here?"

Everybody looked, even Mrs. Benjamin in her misery. Miss Rushie blushed—for the last time in this story; and then five pairs of eyes were turned upon Jim Junior.

"Who did that, sir?" said his father collaring him.

"Spose the Snoor," said Jim Junior unblushingly.

"I think I should have expressed it a little differently," said the accused. "A man may not marry his aunt, and—this is what I promised to tell you all—Miss Rushie has promised to marry me."

Jim Junior looked a triumphant "I told you so," at Sallie Carter.

"And does the Seigneur spell like this?" asked Mr. Talbot.

The legend, as finished, ran: I LOVE ANT RUSHIE.

A. M. MACLEOD.





HALIFAX would be the hub of the world if every one who was asked went there, for "Go to Halifax!" is an evasive way of inviting one to go to another place which

begins with the same letter but has fewer attractions as a summer resort. In a similar effort to enjoy the soothing effects of a "cuss-word," without its wickedness, Americans invented "blamed," "darned," and the grotesquely horrible "gauldarned." To avoid the coarseness of the word "bloody," Englishmen are wont to call a chum a "blooming idiot." Some of the younger generation prefer styling one a "bally fool." Many people use a fusion of two imprecations in the expression "Dang it!" Our ancestors swore by the Virgin Mary in the innocent-looking disguise of "Marry!" They swore by the name of the Deity under many thin veils, such as "Gad" or "egad;" by His body in "oddsbodikins," by His pity in "oddspitikins," by His wounds in "zounds," by His life and death in "slife" and "sdeath," and by His nails in the grotesque "snails," an expletive which is found in Beaumont and Fletcher. Modern Britons and Americans evade the use of a holy name when venting their excitement by such exclamations as "Great Scott!" or "So help me Bob!" The name of a mayor of New York was once widely used in Gotham as an expletive—"Godfrey C. Gunther!" In the same spirit of irreverent reverence English-speaking negroes invented their "By Gosh!" and "Golly!" the Irishman his "bedad!" and women their "Oh, my!" "My sakes!" and "Sakes alive!" Philologists even tell us that the feminine expressions, which look so very harmless,

"Oh, dear!" and "Dear me!" are really the Italian oaths "O Dio!" and "Dio mio!" "O land!" and the rustic "lawks!" are evidently substitutes for "O Lord!" Some people relieve the sudden intensity of their feelings by exclaiming "Je-rusalem!" or "Je-hoshaphat!" to prevent their uttering a name which reverence forbids Christians and good taste forbids everybody to take in vain. But the flip-pant contractions "by Gis" and "by Chrish," which are used as expletives in Shakspeare, seem just as blasphemous as uncontracted oaths.

* * *

While swearing is a most objectionable habit, some expletives have been used that must have been wiped out by the recording angel. Among these is the oath with which Governor Flower emphasized his contempt for the suggestion that he should let the laws of the Empire State be defied with impunity *for fear of losing votes!* In the same class of oaths must be classed the fine profanity of the British tar, who, when asked to abjure his faith under pain of a cruel death, promptly exclaimed: "I'll be d——d if I do!" Even coarseness may approach sublimity, as in the expletive of the French guardsman when he was asked to surrender at Waterloo. For his answer was not the "La Garde meurt, elle ne se rend pas!" with which he is commonly credited. His utter scorn at the notion of the Guard surrendering was expressed in barrack room parlance, as Victor Hugo has pretty fairly proved. The veteran doubtless never stopped fighting; when the old Guard was asked to yield he had no time for an epigram; he only hissed out in contemptuous surprise, "La Garde? M——de! —elle ne se rend pas!"

* * *

Canadian critics as a rule deal much

more gently with domestic than with foreign books. This proceeds sometimes from favoritism, but it is sometimes due to a false patriotism or a theory that infant industries should be protected. But some pretty wise folk still hold to the old notions that sparing the rod spoils the child and that pruning improves plants, and fancy that the same principles apply to a young literature. These old-fashioned people believe that nothing keeps down the standard of Canadian letters more than the rarity of just, discerning and fearless criticism in the Dominion. A critic, as the name implies, should act as a judge, not as an advocate for the prosecution or defence, of an author. A literary assassin may be morally worse than a literary flatterer, but he is not more mischievous. Of the writers regularly noticing books for the Canadian press, whose contributions have come under my notice, "The Observer" of a Toronto daily, a gentleman who writes "At Dodsley's" for a Montreal journal, and "The Reviewer" of a Halifax newspaper, seem fairly endowed with the proper spirit and equipment of a critic. The Halifax "Reviewer" is bold and discriminating, if once in a while a little hypercritical. The motto however, which he adopts from Tennyson—"Irresponsible, indolent"—is unfair to himself; for he does not appear to be destitute of a sense of responsibility, and his professed indolence is belied by sundry evidences that he wades through even the muddiest pages of his authors.

* * *

"Those extraordinary scoundrels whose peculiar vice is train-wrecking have been growing bolder and bolder by long impunity. * * * The power of steam, and the expense attendant upon its use, combine to make large numbers travel in a single train, and the malice of the would-be wrecker, whether aimed at an individual or at humanity in general, imperils the lives of hundreds. Similarly the tremendous force of modern explosives enables a single wretch to blow up a crowded steamer or desolate a populous quarter in a city, and by the aid of ingenious mechanism he can do so from a safe distance. Advancing civilization has created new phases of crime, and it now seems time that new penalties should be provided against them. The mere effort to gratify his greed or malice by wholesale slaughter of his kind proves a man so dangerous a foe to humanity as to justify his death. More-

over, the fact that these attempts may be perpetrated from a distance renders their detection more unlikely, and hence lessens the fear inspired by the penalties enacted against them. The terror, therefore, which these penalties lose by the unlikelihood of their execution, can only be replaced by adding to their severity in exact proportion to that unlikelihood. No punishment which a civilized community can inflict can be too rigorous for guilt so atrocious; and we believe that sentence of death should be passed on every one convicted of or attempting such multitudinous murder. Otherwise, if a spurious sympathy for crime forbids this innovation, we shall probably have, before long, to record a new Bremerhaven horror, or a holocaust of railway passengers."

* * * *

It is over sixteen years since I wrote the foregoing sentences in a New York journal, and I regret that attempts at wholesale murder are quite as frequent to-day as they were then. No effective deterrent, that I know of, has been adopted by any legislature, and the danger remains that civilization may be overthrown by her own inventions. I am not a champion of vivisection. I doubt the right of any creature of God to make, for the benefit of himself or of his kind, painful experiments on any other living being. But if such experiments are to be allowed, would they not be far more valuable physiologically, if made on creatures having the bodies of men (if the souls of tigers or fiends)? Would not cruel operations be more justifiable as punishments for the cruelest of criminals, than as arbitrary usurpations of power over gentle and unoffending animals? And, thirdly, would not the terror of the vivisection be a more powerful check to train-wrecking and other wholesale murder than the dread even of death itself?

* * *

"A girl may be more than plain, even *homely*, and yet attract," says the American authoress of "How to get Married although a Woman," in her wise hints to maidens wishing to wed. This misuse of "homely" (which should mean home-like) as an equivalent for "ugly" is not to be admired. But it did not originate in the United States, as some people have supposed, tracing its origin to the austere unornamented homes of American Puritans. It is as old as Sir Philip Sidney.

Possibly this perversion of the word "homely" began at a time when belles were content to be frowzy and dowdy in the presence of their families and only to furbish themselves up for company. It is more probable, however, that the deterioration of the word was gradual; that from meaning home-like, in its natural sense of ordinary, average, simple, it came (like "plain") to imply a lack of beauty, until at last it meant "more than plain" and became a synonym for ugly. The association of the ideas of home and ugliness in the word "homely" has for a few generations been almost confined to the United States and parts of Canada. "I wonder whether it has increased the number of Americans who prefer boarding to keeping a home. Is not the world largely "ruled by phrases?"

* * *

It was of a knight enamoured of his liege lord's wife that Tennyson wrote

"His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

But the poet's oxymoron can be applied with equal aptness to thousands of political partisans whose allegiance to their party is stronger than their patriotism; and who are ready to sacrifice their free will and principles rather than "desert" their leader. Some of these gentry glory in their shame. I have heard a rather noisy champion of the "national policy" announce before several witnesses that if Sir Charles should declare for free trade he would promptly follow him; and by the by this "stalwart" has had his reward. The political atmosphere will be much healthier when it is generally felt that the whole is worthy of more consideration than any of its parts; that loyalty to one's country is more admirable than loyalty to one's party, that loyalty to Canada should be paramount to loyalty to

any single province, and that loyalty to the British Empire—if we are to remain under its flag and its protection—is more essential than loyalty to any parish or constituency.

* * *

A naval officer, lately from the north-west coast of Newfoundland, gives me an astonishing account of the distress that prevails there. At St. Barbe a number of the inhabitants were suffering from the irritating skin disease, whose Latin name is *scabies*. The surgeon of a man-of-war was very kind to the sufferers, supplying them with medicine, which he directed them to use after washing themselves with soap. "What is soap?" asked one of the patients; and when its cleansing qualities were explained to him, he observed that he used blubber on those occasions when he washed himself. Sir Baldwin Walker, who was so ungratefully treated by the Newfoundlanders, was also kind to the fishermen, actually interceding with the French commander for some of the poorer ones, who would be ruined if the latter enforced his nation's treaty rights. And in one or two cases the gallant Frenchman was splendidly blind to the trespasses of the starving toilers of the sea. It is needless to say that neither the British nor the French commodore was the cruel ogre he was depicted to be in the St. John's newspapers. They were simply discharging the irksome duty of enforcing an injudicious provision of a treaty, for which neither officer was responsible. Sir Baldwin, who has taken the *Emerald* home, is commodore no longer, the rank, which is a temporary one, having been conferred upon him simply to enable him to treat on equal terms with the French commodore in the Newfoundland waters.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.



THE BROWN PAPER PARCEL.

I. THE RICH UNCLE.

OLD James Mathews was a successful man, consequently he was held to be worthy of honor; men bowed before him as to one of a higher order who condescended to walk the earth. He had a throne in a dark, dingy office at the end of a certain small lane which was hidden from the sun by high warehouses; and he was a wonderful old fellow with a power that was widespread. His appearance was not particularly imposing. He had a bald head and a voice that quavered; his step was feeble but he turned up regularly, Sundays excepted, to occupy his throne in the shabby office aforesaid. It need scarcely be added he was a rich merchant, even that modern edition of the iron-handed conqueror of whom history tells us. Beginning with insignificant ventures he had gradually worked himself to his present proud pinnacle. Persistence, coupled with unequalled judgment, had enabled him to gain the goal—and like his iron-handed predecessors the path he had trodden was strewn with the bodies of those who had fallen.

One morning however our successful man did not feel well; he found to his great surprise that he was unable to go to work as usual. Possibly he looked critically at himself in a glass and was startled to find a bald head and sunken eyes—a face, in short, that told of age and suggested the grim certainty of death. Howbeit, he called for writing materials and made his will. At least he wrote something with much deliberation upon a sheet of paper, which he folded so that the writing was visible. Then he called a servant and bade him procure two witnesses to a document. He was obeyed promptly.

“My will—sign there,” he explained tersely. “Mr. Cramp,” to the confidential clerk, who had been summoned from the office to receive instructions regarding the day’s business, “give these people a five dollar bill apiece. For your time,” he added, turning to the witnesses. The successful man was sometimes troubled with a generous humour.

But a few days found James Mathews apparently as well as ever. To outsiders, his curt manner and unyielding purpose were unchanged; but John Cramp, his trusted clerk, was astonished to observe a vein of something akin to sentiment developed in his employer.

There was a nephew, the son of a deceased sister. Old James had adopted this young man, intending, as it was said, to make him his heir. But the youth had a mind of his own, even a strong will that conflicted with that of his uncle. The time came when the young fellow’s education was finished. He was expected to settle to work and learn from the master manipulator himself those tricks that lead to commercial success. But he never did; he disappeared. The prudent Cramp marvelled much but said nothing; and old James did not volunteer an explanation.

However, as already stated, after his brief illness it befel that a change came over James Mathews.

He consulted Cramp and explained his reasons for taking certain courses, entrusting to his management far more than formerly the minor details of the business. And he became strangely confidential; he spoke frequently of the hot-headed nephew.

“The lad has good stuff in him, Cramp,” he would say with a dry chuckle. “He has spirit—why he defied me to my face! Me! Think of it! We will make a fine business man of him some day, you and I; eh, Cramp? But we’ll let him rough it awhile yet—let him rub off his airs and graces. I know where he is—I am keeping my eye on him!”

Cramp would listen dutifully. Sometimes he was inclined to believe his master’s mind failing, but the idea vanished when an event in the discharge of his vast affairs would occur to call forth the old man’s energy and unyielding tactics.

Thus the months sped by until a year had almost passed since the date of his short sickness, when suddenly word was flashed far and near telling the world of the death of James Mathews. Anxious relatives came to hear the will read, and incidentally to attend the funeral. The sole absentee was the exiled nephew, whose

whereabouts was a mystery. There was much speculation as to how the property was left. The house was ransacked, the office was searched, and no will could be found.

Cramp was nonplussed; he could only conclude that his late master had destroyed the document so hastily drawn up on the occasion of his illness a year before.

Enquiries were set afoot for the missing nephew, and preparations for a grand wind-up of the estate were in contemplation. The brother of the departed, a merchant in a smaller way, with whom the late millionaire had scarcely been on speaking terms, had assumed charge. Everybody looked to him for orders.

II

THE POOR NEPHEW.

A young man is seated at a small table in an attic room, which is illuminated by one spluttering gas jet. The surface of the small table is littered over with papers; the young man has a harassed expression and a ruffled head of hair. There is a letter in his hand, and it needs but a casual glance at him to see that its contents are not of an encouraging nature. It is from the editor of a popular serial announcing the rejection of an article—one of the many manuscripts lying at hand on the small table. These rejections are not unusual with Fred Sims; he has had the same experience before. But he had foolishly cherished hopes with regard to this particular venture. It was, he had fondly told himself, the best thing he had yet written. It was certain to take if he could get it published. He is terribly down in the mouth.

"Ah, well, the bottom is out of the bucket!" he mutters wearily.

The sight of his rejected effusions on the table disturbs him. With a naughty exclamation he rises, collects them together, wraps them up in a piece of paper, ties it with a string which happens to be at hand, tucks the parcel under his arm, puts on his hat and leaves the room. This because of a hopeful promise made his landlady earlier in the day, and because of a disagreeable interview in prospect with the same unsympathetic personage. The rent of his room is a fortnight behind and he has only a few cents left.

"Better to leave than to wait until I am kicked out," he decides. It is late and the streets are deserted. He walks aimlessly along and at length finds him-

self close to a cabstand. Only one cab is visible, and, approaching still nearer, he observes that the cabby is asleep on the box. He looks down at the parcel which he still carries and a species of grim humour enters into him. Advancing noiselessly, he drops the package containing the outpourings of his teeming fancy into the cab, and departs chuckling.

"Cabby will wonder where that came from," he mutters with an hysterical laugh.

* * * *

"Hi! Cab! Cabby!" The speaker is some distance away, and the cabman, starting from his sleep at the call, drives towards him. It is a man with a brown paper parcel under his arm—a middle aged man. As he enters the conveyance, his burden slips to the floor and rolls thence to the street, where it lies unnoticed. With an exclamation of impatience, the gentleman stoops and picks a bundle from the bottom of the cab—a bundle not unlike his own in the darkness of the night. He places it by his side on the seat and tells the cabby where to drive. The latter closes the door with a bang, mounts the box and off they rattle.

Fred Sims returns a few minutes later; he cannot bear the thought that his scorned bid for fame should be left in the hands of an illiterate cabby. The stand is deserted.

"Gone!" he says blankly. "Well, it doesn't matter much I suppose. I wish the author could get rid of the responsibility of taking care of himself as easily."

But there is a white object on the road—a white object that glistens under the electric light. He is about to turn away, when his eye is attracted by it, and listlessly he steps across to inspect.

"By Jove!—rejected even by a cab driver," he laughs with a laugh that is not unmingled with a sense of disgust at such a token of the poor literary taste of the lower orders. He hesitates a moment, then picks up the discarded package, tucks it under his arm again, and marches into the shadows of the deserted street. On he goes with nothing to disturb his rueful musings save the tramp, tramp of his own feet on the pavement.

"They are not pleasant company these musings—high hopes gone and the grim reality to face—No home and scarcely enough money to buy the meanest shelter for one night."

"This is the sort of thing, that drives



"Advancing noiselessly he drops the package into the cab."

people to suicide or to dishonesty" he thinks. "Gad, I don't wonder that men turn socialists!" he went on with a vicious glance at the high houses of stone on either side of the street. They suggest substantial incomes, these stately structures and are in consequence a direct insult to his poverty. He stops and examines his pockets. "Humph!—not much of a capital to begin with but quite enough to enable one to depart this life respectably on a full stomach. Might invest in a meagre meal and something in the way of strong drink—then exit Fred Sims a victim to the obtuse literary judgement of editors and—cabmen! I might write my own obituary and stow it away in my breast pocket. The idea is good, but I fear neither editors nor cabmen would be affected, whilst I—" he laughs in a mirthless fashion.

As he trudges along, he hears footsteps. The sound reaches him distinctly, breaking in on the stillness of the street—the stillness of sleeping life—long before the person who makes it is visible. Fred wonders fitfully if this is another waif, another outcast like himself.

"We might appoint ourselves a committee of two and pass an unanimous vote of censure on the rotten state of things in general." He chuckles inanely at the idea. Long fasting with nerves strung high at his work, together with his late disappointments, are beginning to tell. He is faint and slightly hysterical.

The two watchers of the street encounter each other directly under an electric light. The stranger's appearance seems familiar and Fred pauses involuntarily.

"Why Jack—Jack Hanly?" he [cries in a half-dazed way.

"Eh!—Why Fred old boy, is it really you?"

The two shake hands warmly, then draw apart to inspect each other.

Fred sees a well-dressed well-fed young man with a light overcoat which is unbuttoned, displaying a dress suit beneath. A healthy ruddy-faced fellow with the careless assurance that goes with prosperity and a good social position.

"Why old chap you look terribly down in the mouth!" and the new comer scans him from head to foot with the privilege that friendship gives.

"What the deuce have you there?" he adds with a curious stare at the bundle under the despondent looking one's arm.

Fred stammers rather shame facedly—

"This is a-er bundle!"

"No, is it?" laughs the other. "But come along and let us have a chat over old times: eh? I live close by," and without waiting for a reply, the speaker sizes his friend's arm and urges him back up the street.

On arriving at his chambers, Jack turns a key in a locker and hands out a bottle of whiskey and a box of cigars which Fred places, as requested, on the table. Some biscuits are added to the list and Fred seizes hold of one.

"Jack" he says as he munches it, "have you anything more substantial in the eating line? If so produce it and save an old friend's life."

Jack laughs and hastens a to distant corner whence he quickly returns with the remains of a cold ham. This is supplemented by some French rolls and a dish of delicious looking butter.

"Sorry I can't do better for you. But consider the hour! I am an infernally bad housekeeper though, I don't know where to find a plate, or a knife and fork—ah, here you are!" The host is peering in to the interior of a small sideboard as he speaks. He rises to an upright position on uttering the concluding words, and places the articles in question upon the table. Fred falls to without a word. The sight of nourishing food is an inspiration to deeds, not words, in his case. For he has eaten nothing since morning, then has striven to keep hunger at bay with a breakfast consisting of two copper buns. Meanwhile the host, having attended to the carving, uncorks a bottle of ale.

"By Jove!" he mutters admiringly "you have a famous appetite—what a devil of a constitution you must have, old chap! Thought you looking rather seedy too when I met you." Though he laughs, his face bears the stamp of doubt.

"Hunger is a good appetizer—excuse me from keeping up my end of the conversation just now. I will unfold a tale presently." Fred speaks in a mumbling tone on account of having his mouth full, and Jack seats himself, still watching his guest with wide eyed amazement.

Finally the latter, his hunger appeased, takes a long draught of ale and leans back luxuriously in his chair.

"You have saved my life, Jack!" he declares solemnly—"at least you and your larder have done so between you."

Jack follows the direction of the gesture

which accompanies the remark, and laughs.

"It is a good job you are satisfied!" he says blankly. "You have eaten up my entire stock of provender—Have a cigar now and some whiskey," passing the box as he speaks then rising to pour out two glasses, one for himself and one for his guest.

"A square meal is a wonderful thing!" ejaculates Fred as he watches the smoke curl from the end of a choice cigar.

Jack regards him curiously, taking in the shabby clothes and the pale face on which is a stubble beard of about a week's growth. A very different person from the Fred he used to know.

"What the devil have you been doing? You must have come an awful cropper, Fred."

"Heigh ho! It is a long tale" answers Fred, "but here goes." He takes a drink of whiskey and commences—the other listening in silent sympathy.

"Let me see, it is about three years since we left college—Lord what fools we were! We knew precious little of life for all our grandiloquent theories—although to do you justice you were always a practical sort. Do you remember how I used to get blue sometimes and declaim on the emptiness of things? Pshaw! I was a child playing with life. It is reversed now. Life plays with me and a devilish rough play fellow it is too!

I told you I expected to turn to and get a knowledge of business?"

Jack signifies attention by a nod, and Fred proceeds.

"Well, my intention was good. I would have become a prosaic potbellied merchant in time, but for one thing. I feel in love. Unfortunately the young lady's family chanced to be in my uncle's bad books; he said they were a shady lot. And the young lady's lover (that is myself) was forbidden to proceed further with the affair in consequence.

"The young lady's lover was pigheaded; he refused compliance, even defied his stern uncle declaring his intention to do as he pleased in the matter. Then came the regulation stormy scene. My uncle is old and obstinate. I am young but ditto—and we both have the devil's own tempers. He called me a nasty name. In the awful excitement of the scene that followed I forgot exactly what he said, and have never since remembered—but I know it was nasty. I recollect vaguely catching sight of myself in a

mirror opposite where I was standing—and the reflection gave me a picture of offended pomposity. And I recall a theatrical declamation. I think I promised to repay him an amount approximate to his outlay for my education *et cetera*."

"Then the stern uncle kicked me out—wouldn't give me time to go, but caught me by the shoulders and fired me from the room like a damned dog. And—well, the disgusting part of it is that I have been living like a damned dog ever since."

"But how about the lady?" asks Jack sympathetically.

"She?" He smiles a smile not good to see. "Oh, she very properly refused to have anything to do with a damned dog! Kennels were not in her line."

"Surely she did not say that?"

"Well, no; she wrote me a loving epistle, called me her poor suffering darling, or something, and released me. I answered in an impassioned strain pleading for an interview. It was granted, and lasted half an hour. She married an old man with lots of money about a year after—peace be with them!" and the narrator empties his glass at a gulp.

"I have done all kinds of odd things, copying, translation and that sort—literary work, you know. But lately I have rather neglected other jobs to find time for the writing of an effusion. I had a soul above the life of a publisher's hack. Every fool has high hopes, but, unfortunately, only a few of the favored ones realize them. I find I am not a favoured fool; I am a terribly unlucky one. My first original literary production was a success. That is to say, it was accepted and duly paid for. Since then I have steadfastly bombarded every likely serial in America with my stuff and they have been equally steadfast in rejecting it—mighty bad taste, is it not? And I have run into debt—couldn't possibly meet my landlady's rental bill. Moreover, to-day my last hope, the latest, and by far the best of my writings was returned. So here I am, prospects blasted, girl I loved faithless, in fact, the regulation tale, Jack!"

"Oh, come!" says Jack hesitatingly, "it is only a woman; they're all alike! Give her up—that is—er, er, I mean—dash it all, of course you must give her up now." And the would-be consoler, growing red from sympathy and perplexity combined, rises to walk restlessly about the room.

"Why not make up with your uncle?" he suggests at length; "the cause of the racket is removed."

Fred shakes his head with decision. "Not I; I'll drown myself first. You don't know him or you would not advise it. He is one of your cold, unyielding business men. I'll live my life apart from him, even if I have to return to the translating."

The other looks his disapproval, but makes no remonstrance. "Well," he says, with an exaggerated yawn and stretch, "suppose you sleep on it. Perhaps we can hit on something to-morrow. Luckily, the bed I can provide is better than the supper." He throws open a door as he speaks, disclosing a luxurious bedroom. Tempting prospect to a weary outcast like his guest, who enters and surveys the surroundings complacently.

"You are a lucky beggar!" he says enviously. "But you deserve it," he adds, shaking his host's hand warmly. "Sure I don't put you out?" he asks suddenly. But the words are unheard on account of the sound of the closing door, which the person addressed slams behind him as he leaves the bedroom. On finding himself in the outer apartment Jack acts very mysteriously; he turns off the gas, then partially disrobes, and finally wraps himself up in a railway rug on the sofa, where he lies chuckling gleefully.

"By gad, old Fred would be ripping if he knew how I was fixed here! Lucky he was so sleepy and tired—poor old chap!"

III.

THE FINDING OF THE WILL.

The two friends are sitting at a table on which lie the remains of a meal. It is the morning following the events above recorded, and they are enjoying an after breakfast smoke. Jack, who has been frowning and twisting restlessly for the past five minutes, declares himself.

"I have been turning your case over in my mind Fred, and," with a proper expression of pride, "I have an idea!"

Fred looks up with a rueful smile. "I'm glad to hear it. I too have been turning my case over but without the same result."

"Tom Mardon, a connection of mine—married my cousin Amy—is editor of some magazine. I forget the name, but suppose it will pay as well as another. I'll bring your writings to him and ask how much he'll give for the lot. Tom's

a good sort, inclined to talk over one's head, but still a good sort. I think he will oblige me."

Fred's face brightens. What young author does not think his work has only to be brought properly before an editor to ensure its prompt acceptance?

"If you will, Jack, I shall be eternally obliged," he exclaims. "Where did I leave that parcel last night when I came in?" and he rises to glance about enquiringly.

Jack laughs. "Are you blind? There it is under your nose, man," waving his pipe towards a small table near the door of entrance.

"This?" Fred crosses and takes a brown paper parcel from the table in question. "I'll swear this is not mine. I could not tie a parcel as neatly as this if I tried for a month."

"Well, that is the bundle you brought here last night. I noticed particularly the neat way in which it was done up."

"Are you sure?"

Jack nods.

Fred thinks a minute or so, then drops moodily into a seat.

"I am the most unlucky devil in existence!" he groans. "This infernal thing," throwing it roughly on the floor as he speaks, "is not mine!"

Jack stares, first at the bundle then at his friend.

"What's up?"

Fred does not instantly reply; at length he rouses himself and relates the incident of the night before at the cab stand.

"That's a particularly rum start!" comments Jack. "Cabby's got your bundle then—we shall have to find cabby and make him fork it up."

"But who does this wretched thing belong to?" asks Fred after a pause.

"Let us open and see," says the practical Jack; and taking up a knife he suits the action to the word.

The other watches listlessly "Law papers," he suggests vaguely as Jack unfolds the wrapper disclosing a pile of neat folded documents. He reaches over, takes the first one and examines the writing on the back.

"Hello! By Jove!—Jack they belong to my uncle," he says in a surprised tone. "Listen to this.—'Agreement between Samuel Prince of St. John, New Brunswick, and James Mathews in re Timber Limits on the Restigouche River.'"

"Get out!"

"Yes it is, and in the hand-writing of

Cramp, my uncles confidential clerk. I ought to know old Cramp's fist—wish I had it now on a cheque over my uncle's signature."

Jack stretches out his hand, takes the paper and unfolds it.

"Hum! nothing interesting here," he says. "Im afraid you can't realize on them Fred."

Neither of them have remarked a folded slip that fluttered to the floor as Jack opened the deed. It is only when they set about refastening the parcel that Fred's eye is attracted towards it.

"Hold on, you dropped something there!" and he directs his friend's attention to the article in question. Jack picks it up, spreads it open on the table, and reads aloud.

"I leave all my property of every sort and kind wheresoever—save only such exceptions as are mentioned hereinafter—to my nephew Frederick Sims, son of my late sister Nancy. I beg of my said nephew that he will retain the name of Mathews and that he will take an active part in the conduct of the business connected with the bequest aforesaid. Further more I assure my said nephew of my love and respect and beseech his forgiveness. The above is subject to the following provisions—"

Then followed a large bequest to "my trusted and trustworthy clerk John Cramp" and also an additional legacy to the same on condition that he "do assist my said nephew" in the management of the business. After this came several legacies to various clerks and servants, then the signature, duly witnessed by two others.

Fred listens breathlessly until the part where he is assured of the continued hold he has in his uncles regard. Then he bows his head.

"Gad, sir, that's something like a will!" cries Jack when he has finished reading. "Sharp and to the point. Congratulations old man—why—what is the matter?"

"Im a damned cad Jack!" says Fred brokenly. "Think of the hard thoughts I've had against my uncle whilst—!" He stops and gets up hastily to look out of the window with true Saxon shrinking from emotional display in himself. Suddenly the idea strikes him and he turns swiftly, the tears in his eyes disregarded—

"Tell me Jack, is my uncle dead?"

"I—I don't know," stammers Jack who rarely reads a newspaper and when he does it is not the obituary notices that

attract his eye. He is not aware that a fortnight ago all the papers announced the death of James Mathews. And his associates, harum scarum youths like himself, are not the ones to spread news of that nature. Indeed Jack's world is as little likely to possess him with the knowledge that a great merchant had passed away as were the visionary creations that formed the companionship of Fred Sims in his attic room.

"Tell you what though," suggests Jack recovering himself. "We'll get a cab and drive to the office—surest way to find out."

IV

THE PRECISE MAN OF BUSINESS.

Thomas Martin, the lawyer, is in a bad temper. Though the sun shines brightly without his office window and the sparrows twitter as they fly by it, yet is his brow overcast. The cause of his worry requires an explanation. Put yourself in his place, oh, unbusiness-like reader—I now address only unbusiness-like readers—Imagine, if you can, that you are a man who takes pride in a methodical discharge of affairs, who scoffs at the notion of making a mistake himself and regards it as a sign of incompetency in others. A very precise man of business in short, one with whom you, oh, unbusiness-like reader, have nothing in common. For I grieve to say he would regard you as an utter fool! But to continue the metamorphosis:

Having prided yourself all your life on your unerring precision, you suddenly find you have actually made a mistake—should you not then feel as Mr. Thomas Martin felt? If you employed clerks, might you not vent your spleen on them? Howbeit, that is how Mr. Martin manifested his feelings. He had been entrusted with certain valuable deeds relating to the title of certain valuable properties belonging to the estate of a wealthy merchant lately deceased. The brother of the departed had handed these documents to our precise man of business with an intimation that the work of winding up the estate would be left largely to him. Consequently Mr. Martin was more than usually annoyed; such carelessness, if discovered, would not be likely to favourably impress his new client. Now it may be that if our precise man of business had been other than what he was, he would have explained the mishap by referring back to the cir-

cumstances under which he had received the papers. It was late at night from the hands of the aforesaid brother of the deceased merchant ; and it was after having partaken of course, with due moderation, of certain seductive liquors calculated to relax the methodical care of the most rigidly precise man of business. But no ; that involved an acknowledgement from which his soul recoiled.

In any case, be the matter explained how you will, when he came to examine the package next morning, he found it not to be identical with the one receipted for in detail the night before—the one he was positive he had under his arm when he parted from the brother of the deceased merchant. He had carefully scrutinized the back of each particular deed, then, with his own hands, wrapped them all up in a brown paper parcel, which he tied securely with red tape. So much for those things which his memory told. Now, the next morning, a make-shift of a parcel had been installed in the place of the one for which he had receipted—even a disreputable changling tied clumsily. Further-more, this undesirable substitute was found to contain trashy manuscript, thrust in higgledy-piggledy in a most un-business-like style. Mr. Martin surveyed them disgustedly, examined them gingerly, and discovered that they were the property of one Fred Sims. This information was easily learnt, for each one bore this legend :

" If rejected, return to Fred Sims, No. _____ street."

Instant decision number one. To send to Mr. Sims' address, hand him his parcel, and ascertain, if possible, the whereabouts of the missing one.

Instant decision number two. To enquire at the cab stand if a parcel was found there during the night, and to have the cabman who drove me home brought here.

Memo. number one. If no result from enquiries to advertise in the papers.

Memo. number two. To communicate with the police.

Memo. number three, and a last resort. To inform wealthy client of the mishap.

These steps being taken and memoranda placed on file, Mr. Martin set about his daily work with a mind comparatively composed. But, being a just man withal, his conscience reproached him ; he knew that such a mishap would have been regarded by him as gross carelessness in

another. One cannot be a precise man of business without earning the title, and one may not earn unless one works—nor is good work done save when it is coupled with a conscientious striving for perfection. So Mr. Martin sits at his desk with the mark of worry on his brow.

Messenger number one returned to state that Mr. Sims had not been at his lodgings all night, that his landlady surmised he would not return, as he had never been away of a night before and his room rent was overdue two weeks.

Messenger number two brought the cabman, who scratched his head and shifted from one leg to the other. He knewed nothing about any change of parcels, had been having a nap when the gentleman called him. Was certain his previous fare had left no package in his cab, because he had searched it himself to make sure they had taken all their wraps with them when they got out.

But why proceed ? Let it suffice that neither the missing parcel nor the owner of the trashy literature were forthcoming.

The door leading from the outer office opens and a clerk enters with a card. Mr. Martin glances at it—" Show him in," he directs tersely.

" There are two gentlemen, sir ; they came together."

" Show them both in," says Martin sharply.

A lean elderly man enters in due course, a hard-featured, shrewd looking personage—a man with an honest face. He is followed by a tall shabbily dressed young man with pinched features and bright eyes.

The former seats himself and proceeds to the point in a way that gladdens the heart of our precise man of business. The latter slouches into a chair and stares at the carpet.

" We come on a strange errand, Mr. Martin," the elder of the two says. " First let me introduce Mr. Frederick Sims."

The lawyer's trained expression alters not a muscle ; he favours the younger man with a sharp glance, and nods politely.

" Mr. Sims—or perhaps I had better call him Mr. Matthews, the name he bore up to a few years ago and which henceforth he will reassume—is the nephew of my late employer Mr. James Matthews."

Another sharp glance at the moody young man, and the lawyer turns again to the speaker.

"And, by the last will and testament of my late employer, Mr. Frederick Sims, or Matthews, is left heir to all his property except one or two bequests duly noted in the will," continues the speaker.

Mr. Martin leans back in his chair and eyes his two visitors strangely, still he says nothing. "I have the will here, will you kindly examine it? We have come to you to have it put through in the usual way and all the necessary formalities complied with."

Mr. Martin puts on his glasses and attentively peruses the document handed him.

"Rather irregular but perfectly valid," he comments at length.

"Mr.—er—Mathews, I congratulate you sir. This will makes you enormously rich."

Fred mutters an acknowledgement and takes the hand which the lawyer has risen to tender him.

"You must excuse me," he says with a faint smile, "it is so sudden, I am dazed yet"—and for the second time that day he goes to the window to hide tears.

Mr. Martin looks after him strangely. To tell the truth the precise man of business is rather dazed himself if he would but confess it. And John Cramp, the third person present, his dry old eyes have a suspicious moisture. He would fain account for the same by blowing a tremendous trumpet blast from his nose.

"He loved his uncle," he explains, his voice lowered so as to be inaudible to the young man at the window. "They had a quarrel and parted nearly three years ago; he only learnt of the death this morning by a curious accident"—and he goes on to relate the circumstance of the changing of the parcels. Mr. Martin in return gives an account of his connection with the incident. And Fred stares vacantly into the sunlight—from the gloom of the office through dingy glass

into the brightness without. Fitting prospect for the late victim of misfortune now facing the gleam of prosperity. Perhaps the trials of the past will restrain him in his prospective career—even to make the brotherhood of humanity counteract the narrowness of self.

* * *

"See those two in the box there,—the man with a full beard and the fair haired smooth-faced one?"

The speaker is a journalist who knows everybody, and the remark is addressed to a *confrère* from another city. The latter follows the direction of his companion's gaze, and without great difficulty singles out the two people alluded to amongst the occupants of boxes in that part of the theatre.

"Yes; who are they?" he says in reply.

"The most oddly associated pair imaginable! The one with the beard is Mathews, the millionaire; the other is Jack Hunly, an idler—one of the best known young fellows about town, that is of course amongst a certain set. He has lots of money and lots of go—too much of both perhaps; just watch him when the ballet comes on. A regular sport—not the sort of man one would think Mathews would go out of his way to be intimate with."

"Then Mathews is not that kind?"

"Steady as a rock! A keen business man, and—rather a strange combination—a philanthropist. Very liberal minded and most enthusiastic in improving the condition of honest labour. He has started several workingmen's clubs and is making a success of them too. He never goes into society—a woman hater they say, but that is probably not true," and the speaker turns his friend's attention to other notables in the theatre."

WALTON S. SMITH





C. P. R. Station and Hotel, Fort William.

THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY

FORT WILLIAM, ONTARIO.

FORT WILLIAM, on Lake Superior is a place of no mushroom existence. For over a century the Hudson's Bay Company have maintained a post there. The importance of the post was attested by the fact that several severe struggles took place for its possession, between the retainers of the Northwest and Hudson's Bay Companies. The old post which has been swept away by the advance of civilization, was the scene of many a grand pow-wow with the Indians, of ceremonious receptions to distinguished visitors and wild dissipation, when trappers, courier-du-bois and Indians made their annual pilgrimage to the "fort". Immense stores of supplies were received yearly and distributed over a vast region.

In the early seventies when the McKenzie Government began the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the terminus of the Thunder Bay division was placed at a point four miles up the Kaministiquia River, and the new town was named Fort William, although it was more popularly known as the "Town Plot", to distinguish it from the Hudson's Bay Company's trading post less than a

mile from the mouth of the river. The "town plot" or as it is now called "West Fort William", flourished in the possession of the round house and terminal buildings of the railway, until a couple of years ago, when the Canadian Pacific Railway Company having purchased the extensive tract of land owned by the Hudson's Bay Company, decided to remove the headquarters and staff of the Winnipeg, or Western division, to the new town site.

The quaint and picturesque old fur traders' buildings, guarded by a high stockade, became as a tale that was told, and in their places have risen mighty skyscraping elevators, long wharves and coal docks. The ground once trodden by the Indian alone, is now laid out in streets and town lots.

Fine brick blocks have been built where the savage pitched his tent. Axe and fire are ravaging the tamarac swamp behind the town converting it into gardens and grass plots. A new town containing many pretentious business blocks and private residences has sprung up very rapidly at Fort William, and incorporation

as a town has followed naturally the growth of the place in its march towards the goal of cityhood.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company with that enterprise so characteristic of its history, has determined to handle the crops of Manitoba via Fort William, and has erected elevators "A," "B" and "C" in succession on the banks of the Kaministiquia. They are among the largest of their class on the continent. The capacity of Elevator "A" is one million bushels, Elevator "B" one and a quarter million bushels, and Elevator "C" one and a half million bushels of grain. In the year 1891 they handled over twelve million bushels of grain shipped east by water. Each elevator is fitted with the best machinery throughout, and fairly bristles with spouts and legs for the purpose of loading boats and unloading cars. The lower story of one of these giant elevators, with its massive timber supports, rows of boxed carriers and bin spouts, may well be likened to the dim vista of a pine forest where the giant trunks of trees and thick over-reaching branches shut out the clear light of heaven. As the grain trade increases the Canadian Pacific Railway Company will erect more elevators on Thunder Bay to meet the increase.

On their extensive coal docks they handled over 105,000 tons of coal last year for their own use alone, exclusive of the quantity forwarded for private companies in the west. In the Company's long, wide freight shed, most of the western freight passes from the boat to the box car. Round house, machine shop, brick hotel and station house with headquarters staff housed therein, have all been erected by the Company, while miles of railway track, switches and freight trains fill up the space between the river bank and the town proper. In the large brick C. P. R. hotel the traveller may find the very best of accommodation. Other hotels are to be found near by.

The Hudson Bay Company have erected a fine brick double block to accommodate their business. Several others of the same class adorn the main street of the town. The banking interests are well represented by three branches of leading banks. "The *Journal*," a lively semi-weekly newspaper divides the patronage of the district with its enterprising rivals, the Thunder Bay *Daily Sentinel* and Port Arthur *Herald*. The Roman Catholic congregation are building a large church

with an imposing steeple. The Protestant denominations are also well housed. The venerable R. C. Mission lies on the opposite side of the river several miles further west. A brick yard has been established near the town and produces excellent material. A very large saw mill, with planing, lath and shingle mills, surrounded by immense piles of freshly cut lumber, is supplied with logs from the South Shore and from over the Port Arthur, Duluth & Western Railway. This is the most extensive industry of its kind on the north shore.

Fine roads lead in every direction to the silver mines, to the Whitefish and Slate River Valley and Oliver Township farming districts, to the Kakabeka Falls, and to Port Arthur. An electric street railway connects the two towns. The P. A. D. and W. R. runs through the corporation and has just erected a commodious depot.

The Kaministiquia River is deep, being navigable for a distance of ten miles from its mouth. Dredges are at work to remove obstructions and provide basins in which boats can be turned. Fleets of coal barges and schooners discharge their loads at the coal docks, freight and grain steamers load or unload at the other docks. The steel passenger propellers of the C. P. R. arrive at and sail from the port regularly and the Sarnia steamers make it semi-weekly visits. The town has the elements of growth and if the citizens and business men do their part as well as the railway company have done theirs, the town must grow rapidly until it becomes a place of great importance at the head of Canadian navigation.

FORT WILLIAM TO RAT PORTAGE.

Owing to the fact that the C. P. R. trains pass over this division in the night time principally, few passengers get an opportunity to observe the objects of interest on the way.

At Murillo Station ten miles west of Fort William a broad road leads to the celebrated Kakabeka Falls. At Kaministiquia Station the large river rushes in white foam under a high bridge. A short distance above this the white rushing rapids of the Mattawin River for miles along the track mark an obstacle against which Wolseley's soldiers toiled for days, dragging and pushing their boats onward towards Lake Shebandowan. Forty miles west of Fort William the track passes through a five hundred foot tunnel. At



Regatta at Rat Portage.

the seventy mile stage, Savanne River comes in view. Three miles down it and the lovely Lac des Mille Lacs (Lake of the Thousand Lakes) unfolds its bewildering charms. Fifty miles across it lies the Huronian gold mine.

On, past the hill and lake of Upsala and Carlstadt's solemn sheet of dark water, on over the marshy reaches of English River and the rough valley of the Gull River. On, to the little town of Ignace, a divisional point, showing its rougher and finer nature in the varied character of its architecture. Past Ignace and on over many a mile of desolate muskeg, and breezy upland, where the tall Norway pines stand in closely ordered ranks, where the fruit of the huckleberry color the ground blue in their season, and long hedges of raspberry bushes redden with ripening fruit in the July sunshine; where the tall pink flame and yellow colored flower-stalks wave in the wind and the rich growth of the ubiquitous clover vine is spreading over hill and valley. Poplar and pine, tamarac and birch trees cast their vivid or sombre colors over the rugged and rocky landscape glistening with many a gemmy lakelet. It is not an attractive landscape for farmers, but some day the crowding population of the continent will overflow upon these hills and valleys, then the muskegs will be drained and will yield crops in their season. Around Wabigoon Lake the soil is good and fine crops of

potatoes, oats and vegetables are raised by Indians and white settlers. There is much valuable mineral land in this long stretch of country and plenty of beautiful granite building stone.

On, hour after hour, and the bold shores of beautiful Wabigoon and Eagle Lakes are coming into sight on the left, and the sheen of their bright waters break through the shimmering foliage successively.

All through a long sunny August day we have been thundering, on a heavy freight train, over historic ground, that we might see each familiar spot, for this wild savage country was the scene of many an engineering triumph over the greatest of natural obstacles. Here the heroes of construction days won their laurels;—where are they now? Where are the Hazlewoods and McLennans, Middleton and Ireland, Mingaye and Taylor, Stewart and Perry, Wetmore and Malhiot, Bell and Wilmot? Chief Engineer Hazlewood sleeps the last sleep, his son "Dick" Hazlewood of the old staff is winning a reputation as chief engineer of the Port Arthur, Duluth & Western Railway. Big Chief of Surveys, R. McLennan, has retired from the active profession and his son J. D. won fortune on the Lake Superior section. Geo. H. Middleton, the slight little, conscientious man of iron, shattered his health on this line, where his walking feats were the wonder of the day. He is now one of the two builders of the P. A., D. & W.

R. D. A. Stewart, sometimes called the "bounding antelope" from his speed and endurance, has by sheer ability risen to be chief engineer on the C. P. R. Western Division. Geo. L. Wetmore is resident engineer on the Eastern Division of the C. P. R. W. W. Ireland is in the lumber business out west. They are all scattered and gone; they were a band of splendid Canadians, true, kind-hearted and hospitable.

As we near Rat Portage the arms and bays of Hawk Lake extend eastward to the railway line, and are crossed by heavy frame bridges, finally the metropolis of the Lake of the Woods comes into view.

RAT PORTAGE.

This bustling town has received a great impetus in growth within the last few years. The number of new and substantial stone and brick blocks erected of late, indicate that it is not an ephemereal boom but a healthy and natural growth. Within the last decade the town has made great progress and promises better things in the future.

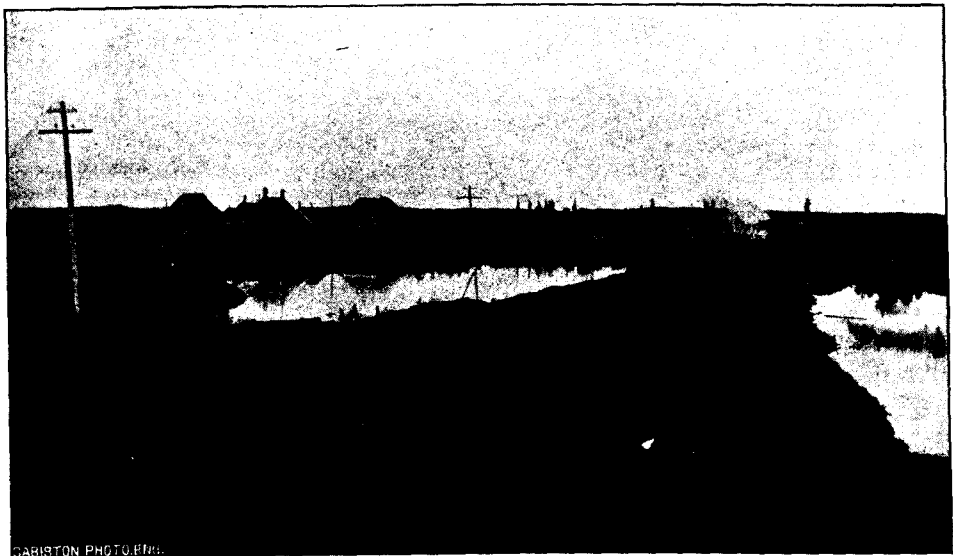
A massive stone town hall and fire engine station is one of the first buildings to be seen from the station. Close to it the H. B. Company have erected another block of the same kind for a general store. Most of the stores carry a general stock so that they can cater to the necessities of the lumberman, trapper and Indian, as well as of the more exacting townspeople.

Rat Portage possesses all the churches that are necessary to keep a man morally straight, and sufficient secret societies to keep his widow from want. It possesses good municipal machinery and is willing to encourage any industry and manufacturing concern. It has a machine shop and marine railway for the repair of the numerous tugs which ply on the waters of the Lake of the Woods. No less than twenty-four steamers and tugs, and sixteen barges are employed in the vast lumber trade on this lake. There are also a number of pleasure steamers for the use of tourists and of the mining companies on the shores of the lake.

The tourist and excursion travel is large during the summer. Thousands of people come from Winnipeg and the west to spend one day, or perhaps a few weeks camping out on rocky islet or sandy beach. Coney Island close to the town is the principal place to camp out on, and small cottages have been erected for the use of those who wish a substantial roof over their head.

The town has good hotel accomodation in the shape of the Queens, Russell, Hiliard and other hotels, public and private. Many Americans come here during the summer in search of health and curios. Two good newspapers the *News* and *Record* sustain the prestige of their respective parties.

The mining interests of the district are becoming more important every year



CABRISTON PHOTO. ENG.

Ignace Divisional Point, C. P. R.

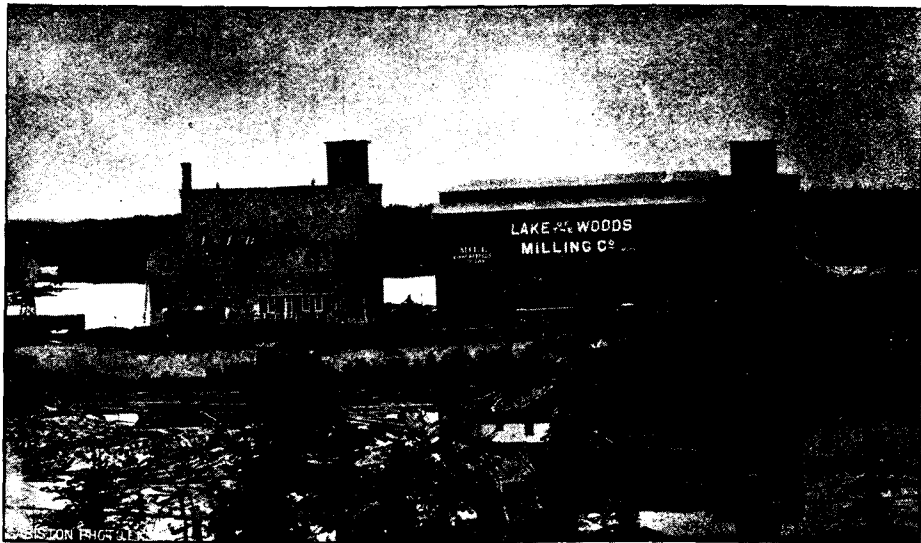
Gold mines such as the Sultana will assert their value in time. The council of Rat Portage gave a bonus of \$10,000.00 toward the establishment of a large reduction works there for the treatment of minerals. Unfortunately the enterprise was largely in the hands of incompetent men and bad machinery was purchased. After only three weeks of work had been done the establishment was shut down, leaving great piles of gold bearing rock heaped on the wharf ready to be treated. It is to be hoped that some sound company will take up the good work so urgently needed for the development of the Lake of the Woods mining interest.

The fur trade is large. The total amount shipped away for the past year was about \$60,000 worth, of which the

ging business. Two of these great mills owned by Ross, Hall & Brown and the Western Lumber Co'y. respectively, are located a short distance from the business part of the town.

NORMAN.

The lumbering town of Norman is in reality part of the corporation of Rat Portage. It is reached by crossing Tunnel Island and a couple of railway bridges over the two branches of the Winnipeg river. These branches are the location of splendid water power privileges. One of these has been purchased by the Rat Portage Electric Light Company, who are actively at work putting up a building for their machinery. A company has been formed by Mr. Mather of Keewatin, who



Keewatin's Pride

H. B. Co'y. handled \$49,000 worth. Over one million pounds of fish, sturgeon, whitefish, pickerel and jackfish were shipped in 1891 and this amount will be increased in 1892.

But the lumber trade of Rat Portage, Norman and Keewatin is by far of the greatest importance. For the year ending June 30th 1892 over sixty million feet of lumber was exported westward from the seven mills in operation along the shore of the lake. Nearly thirty million feet of saw logs were imported from the Minnesota side, the remainder being cut in Canadian territory and floated in rafts down the lake. About seven hundred men are employed in these mills or in the sawlog-

have secured the whole of Tunnel Island from the Ontario Government. In return for this privilege they agree to spend about a quarter of a million of dollars on the Island this year in cutting canals and building dams, preparatory to utilizing the vast water power that now rolls past the island and tumbles over the rapids of Winnipeg river. These works are to be carried on on the grandest scale, and include lumber, flour and pulp mills, etc., all worked by the local water power. Norman itself is a quiet little industrious town, with good stores, hotel and boarding house accommodation for the employees of the large clusters of saw mills owned by the Safety Bay Lumber Com-

pany, and the Minnesota and Ontario Lumber Company, who also operate extensive lathe and shingle mills. Nearly the whole of Norman's suburbs are covered with vast piles of freshly cut lumber. The mills and machinery are of the best class and they run night and day. The sky at night is lit up with the glare of burning refuse pits, where sawdust and trash are cremated constantly.

KEEWATIN.

This is oftencalled the flour city from the presence there of one of the finest stone flour mills in Canada, having a capacity of 1200 barrels of flour per day. It is the wonder of the town, and is visited by all who stay over at Keewatin. Beside it towers a great wheat elevator, the two making a most imposing pair. It is run by water power, of which there is more than enough for dozens of mills like it.

The Keewatin Lumber Company have

a cluster of very large mills here run by water power. Cameron & Kennedy and Dick Banning & Co. also have lumber mills of the largest class. Like Norman it is a great lumber pile, a waste of boards and timber arranged in regular form; a visitor is thoroughly impressed with the greatness of the lumber industry of the Lake of the Woods.

The town of Keewatin is much scattered; the resident portion is largely built upon the other side of a long narrow bay running far inland. Several elegant mansions and many pretty villas and houses can be seen from the railway side of the bay, perched on the opposite side of the bay, which is crossed by bridges. Mr. Mather's name and Keewatin are almost synonymous terms, he being the founder and builder of this thriving town of the north wind.

HENRY J. WOODSIDE.

ROUNDEL.

Love will be crowned—so the poets say,
 And painters of Cupid for skill renowned
 Delight to grant him all garlands gay—
 Love will be crowned

With brightest bloom from the world around;
 But we who, loving, love for a day,
 For the day of life, and who have found

That Love unanswered can hold his sway,
 Know that not always his brow is bound
 With roses—in many a different way
 Love will be crowned.

—HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

CANADA AND AMERICAN AGGRESSION.

THE United States has always been an aggressive power. Its patriotism has been fed upon strife with Britain, its ambition has been stirred by the idea of one day possessing the whole continent. The inexorable law of its existence seems to have been the absorption of new territory, or at any rate the desire to obtain it. The great Republic coveted Florida and promptly seized it; coveted Louisiana and purchased it! coveted Texas and stole it; and then picked a quarrel with Mexico which ended in the acquisition of California. Had it not been for British power it would have obtained Canada long ago; as it was, the Republic got the fair valley of the Ohio, a great stretch of Canadian territory on the Pacific, and the State of Maine on the Atlantic.

This ambitious desire for the expansion of territory was founded on two principles—a sort of national, inherent earth-hunger, and a jealous hatred of Great Britain. Yet the Mother Country by its defeat of French power upon this continent and its influence in holding the Indians in check, really enabled the Thirteen Colonies to hold their own, after independence had been finally granted them. A great French Canada would have been far more dangerous to their early struggles after autonomy and a united existence, than were the peaceful and conciliatory British Provinces. But this was never thought of by them and from the time when Washington, through the medium of Arnold's invading army, addressed the loyal people of these Colonies down to the present day, the ambition of Sumner seems to have been the aspiration of the American nation; the Stars and Strips floating from the Gulf of Mexico to the North Pole. "We rejoice," said General Washington upon the occasion referred to, "that our enemies have been deceived with regard to you; they have persuaded themselves—they have even dared to say—that the Canadians were not capable of distinguishing between the blessings of liberty and the wretchedness of slavery. By such artifices they hoped to bind you to

their views, but they have been deceived. * * * Come then, my brethren, unite with us in an indissoluble union! let us run together to the same goal." And this has been the actuating spirit of their warfare, military, commercial or political, so far as Canada is concerned, from the days of Washington to the régime of Harrison.

In 1812, the smouldering ashes of hostility originating in the war of the revolution again broke into active flame. Great Britain was still engaged in that life and death struggle with Napoleon in which the liberties of Europe, and it may be, of the world were bound up. The right of search claimed by Britain was more or less necessary to her in the contest going on, but was of course offensive in the last degree to the sensitive American Republic. Occasion was speedily found for action. An attempt to overhaul the U. S. frigate "Chesapeake" resulted in a conflict and its capture by the British ship "Leopard." The act was at once disavowed and reparation offered. But it was useless, and a proclamation was immediately issued excluding from all United States ports His Britannic Majesty's ships, while admitting those of France. England's difficulty had become America's opportunity, and from that time forth, as Sir Archibald Alison, the historian, says: "The object was to wrest from Great Britain the Canadas, and, in conjunction with Napoleon, extinguish its maritime and colonial Empire." Then followed the American destruction of the "Little Bell," sloop of war, under utterly indefensible circumstances, and the subsequent declaration of war on June 18th, 1812. And Sir Isaac Brock, writing six years before this date, describes the Americans as "being employed in drilling and forming their militia and openly declaring their intention of invading the Province the instant that war is determined on." Two years later he states that Jefferson and his party, though anxious to do so, dare not declare war, "and therefore endeavour to attain their objects by every provocation. A few weeks ago the Garrison of Niagara fired upon seven mer-

chant boats and actually captured them." No reparation appears to have ever been made for this high-handed act.

But war had finally broken out and General Hull invaded Canada from Detroit on the 12th of July, 1812. The result of that invasion may be told in a few words. One month later General Brock was himself crossing the Detroit River, and on the 16th of August articles were drawn up by which the whole Michigan territory, Fort Detroit, a ship of war, thirty-three pieces of cannon, 2,500 troops and a stand of colours were surrendered to about 1,300 British and Colonial troops. It is not necessary to go into any details of a war so well known as that of 1812-14. Suffice it to say that the Canadian militia and volunteers did their duty as nobly as the British soldiers, and

"Have left their sons a hope, a fame
They too would rather die than shame."

But the Americans hardly fought fair. In April, 1813, the public buildings of York, now Toronto, were burned, contrary to the articles of capitulation. In the same year Newark was captured, and, in spite of repeated promises by Generals Dearborn and Boyd, the most respectable inhabitants were sent as prisoners into the United States and the whole beautiful village consigned to the flames. General Brown laid waste the country between Chippewa and Fort Erie, burning mills, private houses and the village of St. Davids. Colonel Campbell burnt the village of Dover, near London, whilst frequent raids of Indian and American troops were made in 1813 from Detroit, and whole districts laid waste. It is little use however to follow these events further. Canada held her own at Queenston and Chateaugay, and the war rounded ultimately to our glory and America's discomfiture. In its inception and progress, it was largely a war for the conquest of Canada. Had these British provinces not existed, it seems very probable that the conflict with Great Britain would never have been undertaken. But the Americans thought that England was too busy with France to do much and that the Canadians were unable to defend themselves, so that this was their opportunity. Events, however, turned out otherwise, and Washington was captured instead of Montreal.

The treaty of 1818 settled matters for a time, but in 1837 the Canadian rebellion gave an opportunity for renewed aggres-

sion. In December of that year Wm. Lyon Mackenzie, at the head of a number of rebels, and with a horde of American sympathisers, took up his quarters at Navy Island, on the Niagara River. Entrenchments were thrown up, artillery and stores obtained from the United States arsenals at several frontier towns and fire was opened on the Canadian shore. Many United States citizens publicly espoused the insurgent cause and lent the rebels every possible assistance. Enlistment went on steadily and without concealment, whilst a "score of American rascals," encamped at Grand Island, further up the river, and fired at Canadian farmers as they proceeded with their labours. As Mr. Dent says, in his "Last Thirty Years," there can be no doubt that the State of New York winked at these things and that the sympathies of the American people were almost to a man in favour of the rebels. A cannon was taken from the State artillery to Navy Island on the pretext, given to the American officer in command, that it was wanted to shoot wild ducks. Matters were brought to a crisis by the American branch of the insurgent force obtaining a Buffalo steamboat called the "Caroline," which was used to bring men and supplies to the Island. A number of Americans gave a bond to the owner, indemnifying him in case of capture, and the Collector of Customs at Buffalo knowingly licensed the vessel for the use to which it was to be put. This was too much for loyal men in Upper Canada, and protests having been useless, Colonel McNab, of Hamilton, at last sent an expedition, under Captain Drew, to seize the vessel. The act was promptly performed, the ship set on fire and sent over the Falls. Shortly afterwards the rebels dispersed, though the Alex. McLeod case, growing out of this seizure, almost brought the two nations to the verge of war some years later. As in the recent case of the Italian massacre in New Orleans, the United States Government tried to get out of its responsibility for these infringements of international amity by the ready subterfuge that it could not control a state of the Union in such matters.

But 1842 witnessed a far more disgraceful aggression upon Canadian rights. Deception, not threats, was the weapon employed, and it certainly answered the purpose well. For many years the true location of the boundary line between New Brunswick and the State of Maine

had been a matter of grave dispute. By the Treaty of Paris, in 1783, it had been left uncertain, or, at least, the American Government made that claim, and the friction had been so violent at times upon the border-land between the State and the Province as to almost lead to blows. Finally, in 1842, the situation became strained to such a degree as to render some settlement absolutely essential. The British Government sent out Lord Ashburton, a well-intentioned, but rather weak man, who seems to have been as thoroughly overcome by American expressions of love and friendship as the U. S. Senate was a decade later by Lord Elgin's champagne. Besides this, the physical force, profound air of conviction, and diplomatic astuteness of Daniel Webster, to say nothing of his unscrupulousness, were sufficient to make the result dangerous to the State represented by such a man as Lord Ashburton. And, unfortunately, the country chiefly interested was Canada. By the treaty, as finally settled, seventieths of the territory in dispute was ceded to the United States; five-twelfths was awarded to Great Britain. And this beautiful piece of diplomacy was so arranged that Mr. Webster and the great Republic kindly accepted about 5,000 square miles less than was claimed by the people of Maine, the relinquished tract being largely a sterile waste. Lord Ashburton thus gave up to American greed a territory nearly equal to the combined areas of Massachusetts and Connecticut—a fertile and well timbered district, which includes the fruitful valley of the Aroostook. And upon what basis was the arrangement made? This came out later, and stands as greatly to American discredit and disgrace as does recently proposed retaliatory legislation or the laughable Chilian war on paper. While on a visit to Paris during the earlier stages of the discussion, Mr. Jared Sparks, the American historian, discovered an original letter of Benjamin Franklin, written to Count de Vergennes, regarding a map of North America, upon which the Count wished the then newly arranged boundary line of the United States and the British Provinces to be marked. The letter read as follows:

"I have the honour of returning herewith the map your Excellency sent me yesterday. I have marked with a strong red line, according to your desire, the limits of the United States, as settled in the preliminaries between the British and American plenipotentiaries."

After considerable additional research, Mr. Sparks found the map referred to, and promptly sent both documents to Mr. Webster. The red line in the map actually upheld the British contention, and was the one proof required to complete the justice of its position. Yet the U. S. Secretary of State withheld this letter and map until the treaty was signed, giving the Republic a large territory which did not belong to it. Upon the treaty coming up in the Senate, however, and discontent being manifested that still more of Canadian territory had not been obtained, Mr. Webster brought out the map as proof that if it was not satisfactory they would get little or nothing. Senator Benton said he had long been aware of other maps which proved the same view. So the growling ceased, the treaty passed and the United States became the proud owners of a large portion of territory belonging properly to another nation. Besides the happy result to Maine, 4,000,000 acres to the west of Lake Superior was also received by the Republic, as well as several valuable islands in Lake Superior. Thus ended another incident of American aggression.

For a brief period after these events even American hunger seemed to be satisfied. Then came the great Civil war, when the Southern States had to be reconquered, and until its close, with the exception of the Trent affair, the Canadas were allowed to rest and prosper. But in 1865 the Fenian troubles began. Then followed the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty and Canadian Confederation as the only means of escape from the inevitable result of continued American hostility to the disunited and scattered provinces. It is unnecessary to say much of the horde of turbulent spirits known as Fenians, which was let loose upon Canada by the cessation of the Civil war. For over a year there were rumours of contemplated invasion; for many months there were active preparations, drilling, arming and marching; for weeks the movements of these invading bodies were common talk. Yet nothing was done by the American authorities. Protests presented and evidence given from this side were alike useless. The invasion took place and was repulsed. Many Canadian lives were lost and millions of money spent, but with that spirit of injustice which has characterised all American diplomacy when Canada was concerned, the U. S. Government refused to include the question for compensation on account of this lawless invasion and in-

fraction of international decency in the subsequent Alabama arbitration. Rather than have any trouble England gave us compensation herself in a fair and dignified way, but the United States presented a sorry spectacle. And Great Britain also paid an enormous sum in the Alabama matter. Yet when an impartial tribunal at a later period estimated the value of our fisheries to the United States for a certain term of years during which they had used them, at \$5,500,000, it was only after tremendous "kicking" and undignified bickering that the amount was paid.

But more important by far than the Fenian Raids, was the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty in 1866. Both occurrences clearly proved to our people that we had to face the direct hostility of the United States in our attempt to build up a British power on this continent, and unquestionably they forced the question of Confederation to the front and made possible the necessary sacrifices of local interests upon the altar of a common union and a common nationality. There can be no doubt of the reason for that abrogation. It has been declared upon a hundred occasions that the hope of driving us into annexation by a sudden cessation of commercial privileges to which the people had become accustomed was the object and the only definite reason. It was not a matter of trade, because the exports to Canada were greater than the imports from the provinces, and these imports during the war had been absolutely essential to the unproductive millions of the American army. As Hon. George Brown said in the old House of Assembly when delivering his speech upon Confederation just before the treaty was abrogated:

"Turn in favor of a union of the provinces because it will enable us to meet without alarm the abrogation of the American Reciprocity treaty. * * * Our neighbors in speaking of the treaty keep constantly telling us of Canadian trade. Their whole story is about the buying and selling of commodities in Canada. Not a whisper do you ever hear from them about their buying and selling with the Maritime Provinces; not a word about their enormous carrying trade for all the provinces which they monopolize; not a word of the large sums drawn from us for our vast traffic over their railways and canals; and not a whisper as to their immense profits from fishing in our waters secured to them by the treaty."

No; the simple motive was to punish and coerce Canada. In the words of Mr. Derby, Commissioner of the U. S. Treasury Department, when, a short time afterwards Canada was trying to obtain a re-

newal of the treaty: "This is the Alternative—Treat with the Provincials or annex the Provinces." The latter was decided upon, but has not yet been accomplished.

Thus we were prepared by the efforts of the United States to destroy our existence as British Colonies for the supreme struggle which was to finally mould the scattered provinces into a united nation. Good did come out of evil in this case, and our country was really "hammered on the anvil of the fates" until formed into the Dominion of Canada; although its British connection undoubtedly saved it from the civil wars and external conflicts to which most young nations are subject in their early days. We have had them, it is true, but not in the same dreadful degree and not with the same danger of conquest and extinction. American aggression has really subserved a useful purpose in our history. It has welded us closely together when danger existed of complete separation and at a time when squabbles and dead-locks threatened to submerge our whole constitutional system, it created Confederation.

But with the union of our Provinces, the growth of our commerce, the development of a great railway and steamship system, the elaboration of our fiscal regulations and protection of our national interests, American dislike changed into jealousy, and the ambition to annex "the Provinces" has in latter days assumed the form of a desire to at least get possession of our fisheries and cripple our railways. For a time after Confederation, the Treaty of Washington seemed to settle outstanding claims and disputes. By its terms, the reference of the San Juan question to arbitration, settled, as usual, against Canada, a most knotty point, which had been, since 1846, a cause of trouble, dissension and constant controversy. The Halifax Commission, as already mentioned, valued our fisheries, and, after a time, payment was made.

Coming down a decade or so to 1883, we find the necessary two years notice given to our Government of the intention of the United States to abrogate the fishery clauses of the Washington Treaty, by which our fish were admitted free in exchange for fishing privileges on our coasts. A number of smaller attempts to coerce or coax Canada into closer relations at the expense of the Empire followed. The West Indies were asked in 1888 to accept a treaty discriminating

against Canada and the Mother Country, but it was very properly vetoed. The year previous informal negotiations had been entered into for the annexation of the islands to the United States, but they had to be abandoned. About the same time commenced the Commercial Union movement engineered in Canada with a similar object in view. Senator Sherman announced that in ten years the Dominion would be annexed to the Republic, and Messrs. Butterworth, Hitt, Wiman, Goldwin Smith and others took up the propaganda. In 1885 the Riel rebellion occurred. Great sympathy was expressed for the leader and the rebels generally in the United States and as in the previous time of trouble during the Fort Garry rebellion of 1871, our troops were refused permission to travel on American railroads.

But the great and officially indefensible act of this period was the abrogation after due notice of that portion of the Washington Treaty which effected the fishing relations of the two countries. No particular reason was assigned, but when the Dominion Government properly concluded that abrogation on one side meant the same thing on the other and promptly proceeded to fall back upon the treaty of 1818, which still held good, for the protection of our fisheries against poachers and poaching, great was the outcry. A temporary *modus vivendi* was granted the Americans, and after much war-like talk, the Eagle concluded that something must be done and a treaty was negotiated but promptly repudiated by the Senate. Then President Cleveland rose in his wrath and as he could not touch the Senate decided to hit at Canada and issued the famous Retaliation message of 1888. Its utter injustice was manifested by the President's own statement that :

"I fully believe the treaty just rejected by the Senate was well suited to the exigency, and that its provisions were adequate for our security in the future from vexatious incidents and for the promotion of friendly neighbourhood and intimacy without sacrificing in the least our national pride or dignity."

Nothing much was done, it is true, but the willingness was apparent. As Mr. James G. Blaine said about this time, "Is it the design of the President to make the fishing question odious by embarrassing commercial relations along 3,000 miles of frontier and to inflict upon American communities a needless, a vexatious and a perilous condition of trade?"

To strike, or talk of striking, at our

bonding trade has, indeed, long been a favourite subject with the Americans, and perhaps the only thing that prevents it is the injury which would be done them as well as ourselves. Perhaps it might be even greater in their case. But President Cleveland was defeated on seeking reelection, and in 1888 Mr. Harrison came into office.

Wm. McKinley, Jr., then tried his hand at improving the American tariff. Canada was not forgotten. Indeed she occupied quite a prominent place in the new bill. The interests of the farmer must be protected from Canadian competition, so a duty was placed upon eggs, the production of which certainly could not be materially affected thereby, and upon barley. The latter product was one which could only have been taxed from a principle of actual hostility. Canadian barley is infinitely superior to American, and is a necessity to the brewers, who, indeed, complained bitterly about the increased duty. But it was useless. The administration at Washington had been apparently informed, no doubt, by Mr. Erastus Wiman and others that now was the time to turn the screw, and upon this occasion at least it would be successful. The Canadian farmer was in a position of temporary dissatisfaction, and a little further restriction upon his exports to the States would assuredly make him vote for a policy which all American politicians believed to mean annexation. Mr. Wiman's statement that "a prolonged dose of McKinleyism will bring Canada into commercial union" was generally believed, and duties were consequently increased or newly imposed upon a large number of Canadian products. Incidentally of course, the new tariff was also made to bear heavily against Great Britain. But in the Dominion, the only result apparent was an increase in our trade in 1890 and 1892 of something like \$25,000,000, and a profound conviction, growing daily deeper, that we can get on perfectly well without the United States along the whole line of commerce and politics.

It is not necessary to do more than refer briefly to the latest development of American aggressive resentment. In acquiring Alaska, the Republic now asserts that it obtained rights from Russia in the open waters of Behring Sea which it had successfully protested against Russia using when that power possessed Alaska. And, while claiming that Great

Britain had no right on the Atlantic coast to restrict foreign vessels from fishing within the three mile limit, the United States claimed the right to control the waters upon the Pacific coast off its own territories for hundreds of miles. Our fishing craft and sealers, which latter were and are still termed "poachers" throughout the American press, were rudely seized and their property taken from them. For two years this trouble has been progressing, and if Lord Salisbury had not put his foot down with determination and demanded a settlement by arbitration, we should be on the verge of war once again, as indeed it seems was the case at one period of the present negotiations. It is doubtful if the treaty, when concluded, would have been accepted by the Senate if the British Premier had not plainly said that otherwise the *modus vivendi* would not be renewed and Canadian rights would be amply protected. This hint was sufficient, coupled with the announcement that "a section of the navy is moving northward," or the *Morning Post's* statement that "England cannot neglect the interests of Canada."

The American press in general, in particular the *N. Y. Sun* and *N. Y. Recorder*, with all their amusing remarks made before Lord Salisbury finally spoke in a way which reminds one of the hand of iron 'neath the glove of velvet, could not conceal the injustice of American claims without the silliest braggadocio. Said the latter sheet :

No wonder the patience of our Government is exhausted. But the Government has spoken, and its voice to-day is like the shot at Lexington, heard all all around the world. Away back in the Madison Administration there may be found an historical parallel in many ways to the present situation.

Many similar comments were made.

And now to sum up the conclusions of this article ;

1. From Washington down to Harrison, American policy has been ruled by hostility to England.

2. This hostility has been vented upon Canada, until jealousy of our progress and fear of the establishment of a great separate power on this continent, transformed the vicarious enmity into one with a direct application.

3. Annexation would solve these fears for the future and give the United States our markets, government, railways and fisheries. Hence their present policy.

4. Ample proof of these assertions will be found in the Revolutionary war; the struggle of 1812; the rebellions of 1837 and 1885; the Fenian raids; the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854-66; the refusal to renew it in any way honourable and fair to Canada; the Ashburton Treaty; the San Juan troubles; the partial abrogation of the Washington Treaty; the Atlantic fisheries; the McKinley Bill; the Behring Sea seizures; and the steady utterances of the statesmen and press of the American Republic.

Canada wants only to be on good terms with its great neighbor, feels only the highest sentiment of friendship for it and admiration for the patriotism so often shown in its history, but we have been treated with such consistent bitterness and marked evidences of a desire for our national absorption, that Canadians have, I think, finally determined to look elsewhere for better relations and to no more trouble the great republic with requests for reciprocal friendship. We look to Great Britain now and to closer British union, and, to the few annexationists within our territory and the plotters without, can respond in the noble words put by Charles Mair into the mouth of Sir Isaac Brock :

"Ye men of Canada, subjects with me of that Imperial power,
Whose liberties are marching round the earth.
Our death may build into our country's life,
And failing this 'twere better still to die
Than live the breathing spoils of infamy."

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.



A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

CHRISTMAS of 1892. How vividly do I remember Christmas Eve and Christmas Day of 1882. Ten years make great changes in our lives. To-day I am a well-to-do business man, and expect to spend Christmas in my cozy house with my wife and family, and not on the wild bleak prairies, expecting every moment a dreadful railway catastrophe.

But I had better tell my story from the beginning. Our now great Canadian Pacific Railway ten years ago was only built some four hundred miles west of Winnipeg. The company then experienced great trouble in getting telegraph operators to place in their newly opened stations. Somehow operators dreaded these wild, lonely, storm swept prairies with no protection but a hastily constructed wooden two storey station, with, perhaps, not another station nearer than fifteen or twenty miles. However, the company offered good pay, so I, with another operator, decided to leave Montreal and try our fortunes in the great Northwest. The C. P. R. gave us both free passes to Winnipeg. Happily there was a station which needed two operators some fifty miles up the line and we were both sent there, arriving Christmas Eve 1882. The train stopped just long enough for us to jump on the platform and then sped on. There was not a human being at the station to meet us. The station had been without operators for three days, and was bitterly cold. We soon got a big fire started in the telegraph room and were soon sitting around it, discussing the loneliness of the place and the wildness of the night.

While we were talking the busy little telegraph instrument began busily ticking for our station. The call was answered and a message received saying that a weather report received by the dispatcher stated that the night would likely be stormy and my friend was asked to stay up till about one o'clock in the morning, as he might be needed to take a crossing order for two trains at his station. We did not mind staying up, and whiled away the hours in pleasant conversation as we sat as near as we could get to the glowing

coal stove. The storm had increased and finally settled down into a blizzard. By midnight it was something appalling. There was not a hill or even a tree for scores of miles to break its force, as it dashed against our lonely station. The telegraph wires along the track hummed at intervals loud enough to be distinctly heard above the shrieks of the wind which buffeted and held high carnival along them.

Frozen particles of snow rattled fiercely against the window panes, dashed by the relentless wind, which seemed to me to have conceived the demoniacal intention of wrecking our not very stalwart and lonely home, out of revenge for its daring to break even one jot of its fury as it hurried madly on. We both lapsed into silence. A feeling of loneliness crept over me spite my efforts to fight it off. How separated from the world I felt. It seemed to me to have been years since I had mingled with a crowd: A great longing possessed me to be away from this lonely spot and walk the streets of some of the large cities I had lived in. I could bear my thoughts no longer and got up to go on to the platform for a moment. No sooner had I raised the latch of the waiting room door than the fierce wind dashed it against me with great force, while the huge snow drift which had gathered against it fell upon me, completely burying me out of sight. Laughingly my companion pulled me from under my chilly covering.

I returned once more to the operating room in a more contented frame of mind, and with a keener appreciation of the comfortable temperature within. A few minutes after one o'clock the telegraph instrument which had been silent for some time suddenly woke to life and commenced imperiously ticking the call of our station. My friend answered, and received from the dispatcher at Winnipeg a crossing order for a West-bound passenger train, and an East-bound engine. Our station signal was displayed and once more we commenced our weary wait for the two iron horses, which were ploughing their way across the wild prairie, to meet and cross each other at

our station and then with defiant shrieks to continue their wild journeys.

Two o'clock Still no sign of the trains. We both fell asleep in our chairs.

I hardly seemed to have closed my eyes when I was startled by the shriek of the East-bound locomotive. I glanced at the clock; it was 3.30. I looked at my companion. He looked frozen with deadly fear. The next instant he jumped wildly to his feet and rushed to the door, and gazed out into the blinding storm after the engine. It was nowhere in sight. I looked anxiously at him as he tore back into the room, and with trembling hands called the dispatcher's office.

Perspiration was pouring down his face. He could hardly stand. Promptly the instrument ticked back the return call.

"Where is the passenger train," queried our office. The reply was terrible. "Left for your station three minutes ago. Have you put the engine on the side track?" Back went the answer. "The engine has rushed past the station and has not waited for her crossing."

"My God," replied the dispatcher, "the two trains will meet."

My companion sank on the chair. His face was ghostly.

"It will be a horrible accident," he said aloud. He was talking to himself. He seemed to have forgotten me in his great terror.

"God help them, God help them," he reiterated. The situation was so fearful to me, that I could but sit and look spell bound at my friend. The furious storm



"He rushed to the door and gazed out into the blinding storm."

made the horror of the situation tenfold more unendurable.

It seemed to me that I had been sitting in this trance-like condition for hours when I was roused by hearing a train give a certain number of whistles which indicated she wanted the switch opened. The next moment a man rushed in the office. "Open the switch quick," he shouted. "The passenger train will be here in two minutes."

It was the driver of the engine. My companion sprang joyously to his feet. Without asking a question he ran out into the yard, followed by the engineer.

A couple of minutes later they both returned. The mystery was soon explained by the driver. He had forgotten the order which had been wired to him, and had put it in his pocket when he had received it over two hours ago, away up the line. He probably would have remembered it when he passed our station had he seen any signal displayed. Thus he had rushed past us. He must have been two miles past the station when he put his hand in his coat pocket to get his pipe, when he felt the peculiar paper upon which crossing orders are written. Like a flash the crossing with the passenger train at our station came back to his memory.

He could not see a yard ahead of him for the storm. He knew not but at the next instant he would be dashing into the passenger train with its load of precious lives. His heart seemed to cease beating. The situation was dreadful. The engine was instantly reversed, the sudden revulsion nearly tearing the locomotive to pieces. She ran for two acres or more rocking like a ship in a storm. He had hurried back as fast as a full head of steam could bring him, and thus averted a dreadful accident. We found that our station signal light had been blown out.

Five minutes later both trains had departed and we went to bed with happy and thankful hearts for the almost miraculous prevention of such a dire calamity.

Christmas day, an incident occurred at the station, which went a good way toward settling our somewhat shattered nerves. The place had not been washed for quite a long time, and was beginning to have anything but an inviting appearance.

After no end of enquiries as to where a washerwoman could be got, we located one at the far end of the village. She was a full blooded squaw, and one of the

most ill favored specimens of the female gender I ever set eyes on.

Two dollars a day was the price agreed on. This was paid by the Company. She must have made five dollars every day she was at the station. She was a most prodigious thief. We could keep nothing in the house for her. Not only would she unblushingly steal our groceries, but carted away under the big loose blanket that hung in folds round her tall gaunt figure, our pots, kettles and pans.

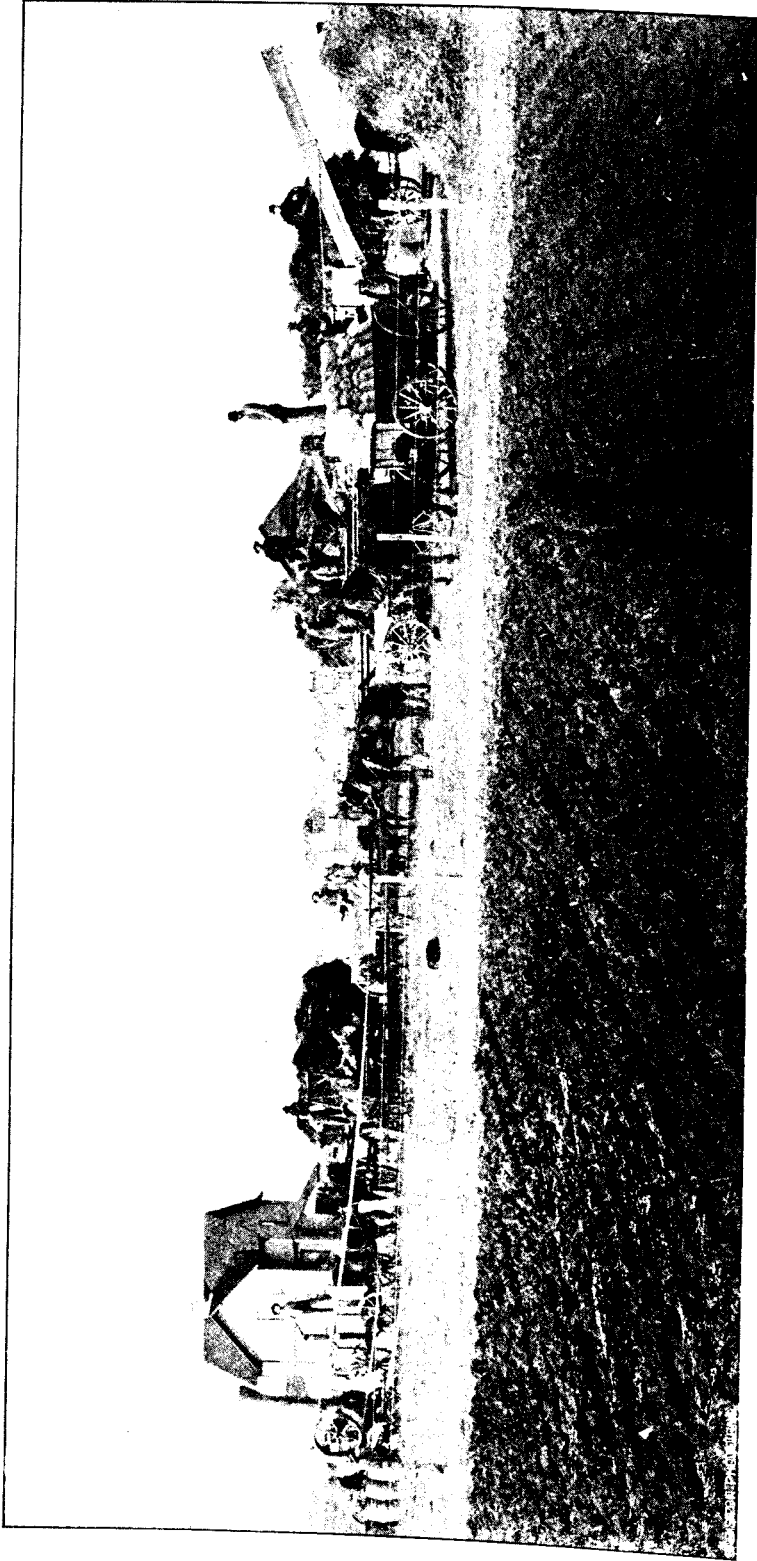
She worked just as she pleased. Every half hour or so she would squat on the floor, pull out an intensely black clay pipe and indulge in a smoke. I love smoking, but I never failed to put as much distance as possible between myself and the rank black fumes which poured with so much gusto from her mouth. The last place she had to clean was the telegraph office. She entered the office very reluctantly and furtively glanced at the telegraph instruments. "Me no like great spirit," she said fearfully, pointing to the mass of wires under the table. We talked to her for a long time and finally got her started working. The instruments were cut out so as to make no noise.

Slowly the squaw drew nearer the table where the instruments were. As she did so her coal black eyes were actually glittering with nervous dread. Just as she was stretching her long arm under the table, a train steamed into the station. The conductor wanted orders. My companion forgetting the poor squaw, pulled out the switch and turned on the current. Her arm must have been just touching the wires under the table at that instant.

The next moment a terrific yell was uttered by our frantic washerwoman, as she sprang to her feet, and rushed for the door, upsetting the bucket of dirty water in her meteor-like progress. Out of the station, across the tracks, and away out on to the open prairie, she fled. She never paused till she reached the village, when she turned into an Indian's house and was lost from view. The next morning her son came to get the few articles belonging to her. He would not come any nearer the station than the side-track and we were compelled to carry her duds to him.

To-day my friend is one of the most prominent electricians in Canada. Christmas day 1892 will be pleasanter to me as he has sent me word that he will spend that day with me, to commemorate Christmas of 1882, spent on the prairies.

F. CLIFFORD SMITH.



PORTAGE PLAINS THRESHING SCENE.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE

MANITOBA

LEAVING the triplet towns of Rat Portage, Norman and Keewatin, the C.P.R. trains pass over what was called Section 15, in construction days, and leaving the rocky land behind, sweeps out into the broad level plains of Manitoba.

Passing through the capital city of the Province—Winnipeg—the railway leads straight to the west, over a country level and low-lying, for over forty miles, until the limits of the famous Portage Plain is reached.

The harvest sun hangs low in the west, its brilliant rays gilding a scene of surpassing beauty to the eye of the farmer. Farther to the north and to the west than vision can pierce, lies the great golden plain basking in the warm autumn sunlight. A couple of weeks ago it was a vast yellow sea over which the cloud shadows flitted, or the rank grain bent to the western wind like the long gliding ground swell running to far-off shores. But the great wheat fields, separated by threadlike wire fences, are now chequered with rows of stacks, where the cut grain stands ready to be stacked when dried. The noisy selfbinders move around rapidly diminishing squares of standing grain. A few men in each field are stacking the sheaves that fall from each selfbinder. Farm laborers are scarce in Manitoba and most of the crop is handled by machinery.

To the south, a dark line of trees shows the course of the Assiniboine river, winding amid forests of oak, ash, elm, maple, birch, cottonwood and poplar, which supply vast quantities of excellent cordwood for home consumption, and for export to Winnipeg and Brandon. The spires of a fair and prosperous town are rising in the west. South of the track, between it and a bayou of the Assiniboine, lies the premier town of Manitoba—Portage la Prairie. Situated as it is, in the midst of one of the finest tracts of farming country on the continent, it is not hard to predict a bright future for the city of the Portage Plains.

Three lines of railroads tap the town and contribute to its prosperity. The

main line of the C.P.R. passes through the town. The company are arranging to erect a fine new brick station at the junction of Main Street with their track. The station villages of Poplar Point, High Bluff, Burnside, Bagot, McGregor and Austin, on the C.P.R., are tributary to Portage la Prairie. The Northern Pacific and Manitoba Railway's Portage branch terminates here. Starting at Winnipeg it runs south of the Assiniboine until within four miles of the town, where the river is crossed by a large iron bridge. It is expected that the company will extend their Portage branch northward into the new and rich district of Lake Dauphin. The Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Company, which has received a subsidy of 6,400 acres per mile for 125 miles, from the Dominion Government, is arranging to build from the Portage northward to tap the great timber limits of Lake Winnipegosis. The Manitoba and Northwestern Railway starts at the Portage and extends west northwestward to Yorkton 223 miles. The Portage is its terminus and contains the head offices, depot, workshops, roundhouse, and terminal yards. It is an elegantly equipped railway, and runs through a fine section of country, being destined to tap the trade of the Prince Albert country in the near future.

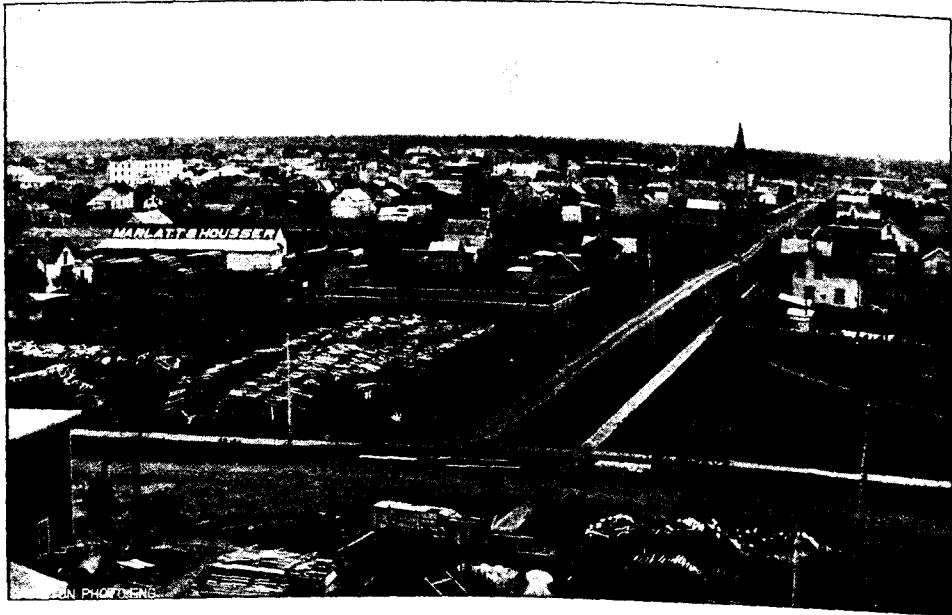
No less than seven passenger trains arrive at and depart from the town going east or west every day except Sundays; four on the C. P. R., two on the N. P. & M. R., and one on the M. & N. W. R. Such a train service is of great benefit to business men, and the freight train service offers every facility to the manufacturers of the town in the shipment of their goods east and west.

Along the railway tracks are ranged a row of tall grain elevators of the best class; each one is fitted up with the latest and best machinery for cleaning and elevating the grain. The Lake of the Woods elevator has a capacity of 200,000 bushels, the Farmer's elevator 110,000 bushels, Ogilvie's 32,000 bushels, Martin's 30,000 bushels, and Smith's 20,000 bush-

els, a grand total of almost 400,000 bushels of elevator capacity. As a proof of the great increase in number of elevators, one firm in Portage la Prairie, Head & Bossons, have built nine fully equipped ones this summer in different western towns.

Roughly speaking there are about two millions of bushels of grain grown on the Portage plains and marketed at this town, at High Bluff, Burnside, McGregor, McDonald and Westbourne. Of this the great bulk is wheat, oats coming second and barley third. No peas are grown. Beside the big elevator of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co., stands their roller flour mill having a capacity of 700 barrels

machinery originally cost about \$30,000 and has been added to much since then. The capacity of the mill is over five tons per day. Its product goes all over the Province and west. Three planing mills are kept constantly busy, and a couple of machine shops do a rushing business in summer, attending to the repairs of the seventy-five or upward of steam threshing outfits, worth \$150,000, which operate upon the Portage Plains, and no less than thirty or more traction and portable steam engines may be counted around Watson Bro's. machine shop, before the threshing season begins. The amount of machinery for agricultural purposes, sold in the town is remarkable. Everything from a



Portage la Prairie, looking southeast from the elevators.

per day, one of the largest and best equipped mills west of Toronto. This firm ships flour by the carload lots to all points west as far as the Pacific Coast. The Farmers Elevator Company are erecting a roller flour mill to have a capacity of 200 barrels per day, that is expected to be running by the beginning of 1893. The oatmeal mill, the pioneer of its class in Manitoba, has a capacity of 75 sacks per day and, like the flour mill, is kept running night and day.

Down by the Assiniboine River is the large Portage Paper Mill plant, which manufactures all brands of heavy wrapping and building paper. The plant of

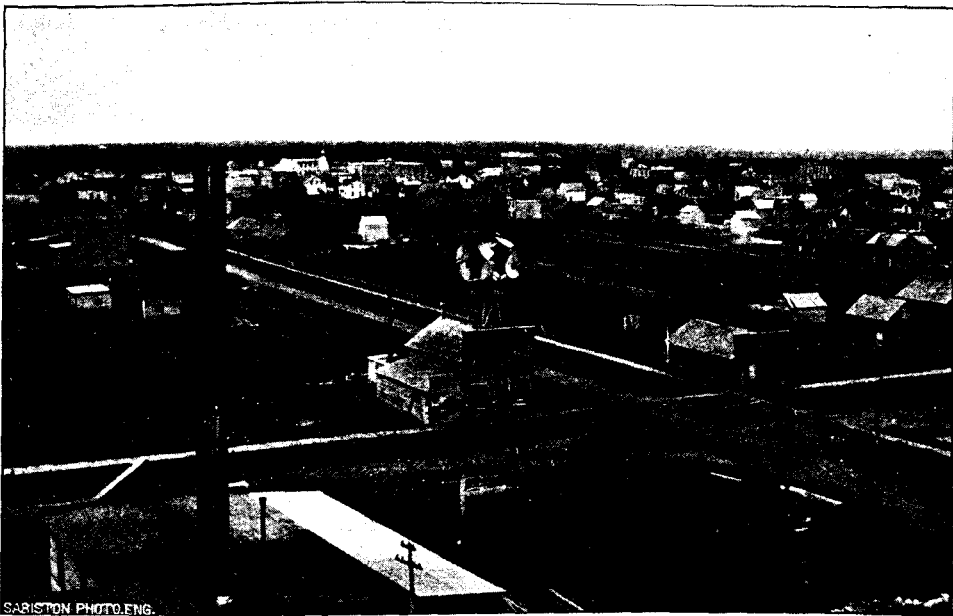
common plow to a patent stacker, through all the grades of seed drills, mowers and self-binders, is represented in the stocks of the agencies of the different firms which do business here.

All lines of business are well represented, each branch of trade being fully filled. Four banks do the business of the town and of the farming community. Two large breweries supply the demands in that line of business, covering a large territory. An extensive brickyard is operated east of the town. The semi-weekly *Liberal*, *The Review* and *The Saturday Night* are the eyes of the Portage. Since the concentration of the

registry system of Manitoba into four large districts, and the introduction of the simple Torrens system, a staff of from ten to fifteen registrars and clerks are employed in the Lands Titles Office. A nice brick jail has just been erected, and a new court house is promised in the near future. The massive brick central school cost \$35,000 furnished, but it is inadequate to supply the demand for accommodation made by over seven hundred school children, and ward schools had to be opened. The Portage is a remarkable town for juvenile population, Lands-downe College, a large four storey building, erected at a cost of \$7,000, is likely to be converted into a Young Ladies

lights; and over 1,300 incandescent lamps are in use in public and private houses. The telephone boasts an exchange list of 160 subscribers.

A couple of local gentlemen, Smith Curtis and Geo. H. Webster, C. E., have prepared plans for the damming of the Assiniboine River, which has long ceased to be a navigable stream of real value, for the purpose of providing water-power for electric and manufacturing purposes. On the Dominion Government granting permission, they will proceed with the work, which will give an impetus to manufacturing interests here. The scheme also involves the bridging of the river and the flooding of what is locally called "The



Portage la Prairie, southwest from the elevators.

College for one of Manitoba's religious denominations. A successful Indian school, fostered by the Presbyterians, is conducted in the interests of the local tribe.

Six religious denominations have churches; the Roman Catholics are just completing a large new one. The Methodists built one of the handsomest brick church edifices in the west at a cost of \$13,000 last year. It is an ornament to the town and its twin spires a far seen landmark. About one dozen secret societies with large membership flourish in the population of 4,000.

The town streets are lighted by arc

Slough," converting it into a beautiful lake. It lies at the south of the town in the form of a bow, and embraces in its fold a tract of land called "The Island," upon which the local driving association has laid out fine grounds and tracks. This portion of the town is very beautiful, having pretty groves and drives, and it is a favorite place in summer.

The land surrounding the town and stretching twenty, thirty and more miles away, is of the highest class, being an exceptionally rich black mould of an average depth of two feet. A crop failure on the Portage Plains is unknown. Some years the frost does a little damage, but



A row of Elevators at Portage la Prairie.

the big yield atones for this fault, which will disappear as the country is settled up. Some almost incredible yields of forty and fifty bushels per acre of wheat, for a whole farm, have been authenticated. In 1887 the average yield for the whole plains was 30 bushels of sound wheat per acre. The usual average for the whole district is 20 bushels per acre of wheat. But notwithstanding the annual big yield, the low prices of 1892 have emphasized the necessity for farmers going into mixed farming more. No man who has done so, and has had any aptitude for farming, has ever failed here; it would require real genius to do so. The farmers work large areas, few having less than 200 acres under crop. It is very probable that instead of the big farms of from 300 to 1700 acres, worked by firms or individuals on the plains, that the system of small farms and mixed crops and stock will prevail in the future. There is no place on the whole continent where a man can do better at farming than right here.

Across the river, a valuable section of country has been opened up for settlement by the N. P. & M. R., and settlers are flocking into it. It is adapted to mixed farming especially, and possesses great stores of valuable wood, and shelter

groves, along with good areas of the richest of native grasses, easily cut and cured into the best of hay. The banks of Assiniboine are fringed with forests of excellent timber of an average width of seven miles. Most of the plains' farmers have wood lots of twenty acres each. If the forests here are protected, they will furnish fuel for a lifetime. The new timber springs up fast.

There are immense hay-bays in various parts of the district which yield an abundant supply worth about \$5.00 per ton when cured, sufficient for all the herds that can be kept in the district, but some wise farmers are now going into the business of sheep and hog raising, both of which are very profitable, and the reproach on this province of having to import its mutton and pork will soon be wiped away. There are a number of good horse breeding ranches within an easy distance from the Portage.

The whole plain is underlaid at a depth of from eight to twenty feet with a water bearing strata of sand, that can be tapped easily by driving down sand points, thus securing a plentiful supply of pure water. In dry seasons the sand strata supplies moisture to the black loam, and in wet seasons it gives underdrainage.



CASTOROLOGIA.

IN Mr. Horace Martin's monograph on the Canadian Beaver we have a work which is in all points a most valuable addition to the scientific literature of British North America. The subject is one which, in a certain sense, may be deemed of almost national importance; for as the lion represents England, and the eagle has been adopted as the emblem of the United States, the beaver has been, and to a certain extent still is, looked on as the *totem* of Canada. Into this point the author of the book before us goes fully in the chapter "The Beaver in Heraldry"—a section of the work which, with the historical chapters, will be found most interesting by those who care little for natural history in itself.

The table of contents gives an excellent idea of the scope of the work. After a brief introduction, chapters are devoted to "Mythology and Folklore," "Mammoth Beavers," "The European Beaver," "The more important American Beaver," "Geographical Distribution," "Engineering Accomplishments," "Economic Considerations," "Chemico-Medical Properties," "Importance in Trade and Commerce," "Uses of the Beaver in Manufactures," "Hunting the Beaver," "Experiments in Domesticating," "Astrology—Osteology—Taxidermy," "The Beaver in Heraldry;" and in addition to this there are three appendices, comprising facsimiles of "Arrest du Roy" of the

early XVIII century date, and extracts from Hearne and Rileys' writings on the subject. It will thus be seen that almost every ramification of beaver-lore has been made; and when we add that all these divisions have been carefully and fully dealt with, it is safe to conclude that the work is a veritable cyclopedia on the subject.

The mechanical features of the book are most attractive. Type, paper and binding are excellent, while the work is profusely illustrated with photogravure and line engravings. We can strongly recommend it as a Christmas book for intelligent boys, as there is in it a marked absence of that extreme of technicality into which such works are apt to run. Mr. Martin, who has recently been made a Fellow of the Zoological Society, (Eng.), is to be congratulated on the production of a work at once scientific, historical and deeply interesting to all Canadians.

Castorologia, or, the History and Traditions of the Canadian Beaver. By Horace T. Martin, F. Z. S., etc. Montreal: Wm Drysdale & Co. London: Edward Stanford

ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.

A very pleasant and interesting little book is this, and from the pen of a ready and skilful writer. Few, very few, works of literary criticism have so far appeared in Canada; there has been an evident shrinking on the part of our writers from permitting their views on this interesting subject to stray beyond the boundary of

the daily or weekly newspaper, and the venture into the broader field of even the magazine is not common, while publications in book form are few and far between. Dr. Stewart's work is a reproduction in collected form of four of the articles by him which have appeared within recent years in the *Scottish Review* and the *Arena*, and deals with the lives and writings of Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes and Whittier, the great quartette of modern American writers of verse. Many interesting details of the careers of these men, of their home surroundings, friendships, successes and traits are pleasantly told; and while much is given that is not new, there are many things touched on that bear the charm of novelty as well as of interest. With all of Dr. Stewart's conclusions on the work of the heroes of his book we may not agree, and many would have liked to see more space devoted to the genial "Autocrat;" but we recognize in the little volume a tone at once scholarly and interesting, and one which cannot fail to revive popular interest in these the most brilliant writers of latter-day America.

"Essays and Reviews:" By George Stewart D. Litt. LL.D., D.C.L. Quebec, Dawson & Co.

TALES OF A GARRISON TOWN.

This book contains a series of bright and amusing short sketches of society life in Halifax. The authors are well-known Maritime Province writers, and evidently are quite *au fait* with the subject on which they speak. The work is evidently modelled on "Army Society" and other well-known and popular novelettes of John Strange Winter; and, while unequal to that brilliant writer's work, the collection before us is very readable, and possesses the decided advantage of scenes laid in a city familiar to many of us, and of whose military and naval

associations we are all proud. The book is well printed and beautifully bound; the illustrations are good, but a blunder—not unusual when from a foreign pencil—has been made in the frontispiece, when the two officers, walking in Point Pleasant, off duty, are depicted *in uniform*.

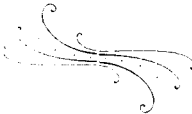
Although published by an American house, the work can, no doubt, be easily procured in Canada, and should be borne in mind in this gift-giving month, as one of the most dainty books of the season, and possessing much literary merit.

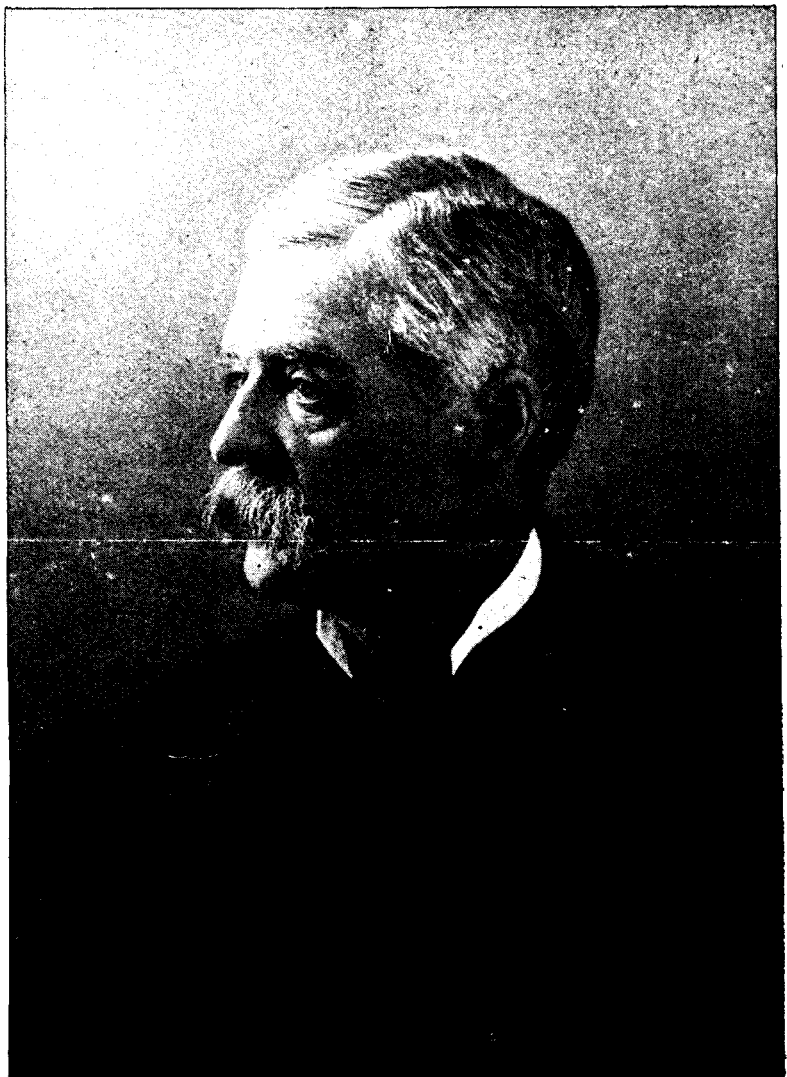
Tales of a Garrison Town: by Arthur Wentworth Eaton and Craven Langstroth Betts. New York and St. Paul. D. D. Merrill Company.

AN ISLAND PARADISE.

A most interesting book of travel is before us. It is the account of a voyage to the Hawaiian Islands, to Ceylon, Bombay, Malta, Gibraltar and on to England, thence to Australia and home again. This work is a delightful record of a delightful journey, and is full of entertainment to the reader, recalling pleasant reminiscences to those who have travelled, and bringing the charms of the eastern world vividly before those whom fortune has kept at home. The account of the the visit to Hawaii is especially interesting, especially that part relating to the descent into the great crater, while Mr. Howell's description of the varied life and peculiarities of social existence there are very fascinating. Throughout the work there runs a loyal and patriotic spirit, and an undercurrent of the pride which every true Briton—be he of Canadian, Australian or English birth—must feel on seeing the globe circled with dependencies and ports flourishing under the protection of the Union Jack.

An Island Paradise and Reminiscences of Travel. By H. Spence Howell. Toronto: Hart & Riddell.





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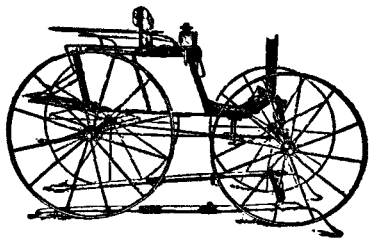
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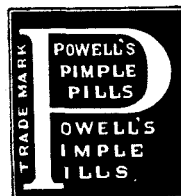
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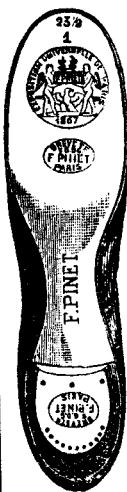
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Sole Agent for the Dominion of Canada.



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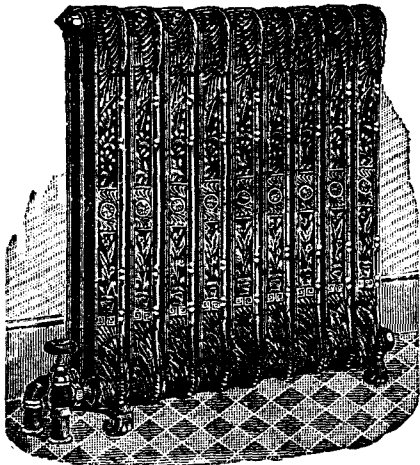
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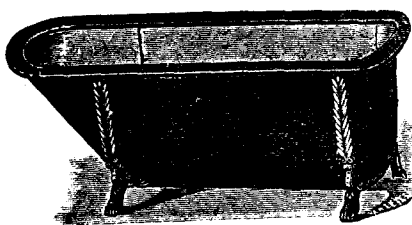
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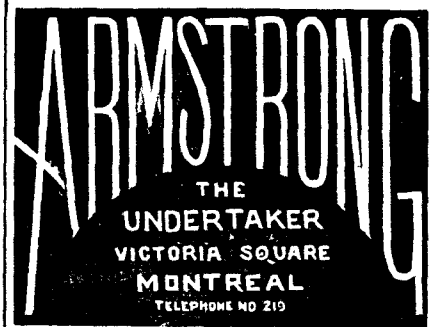
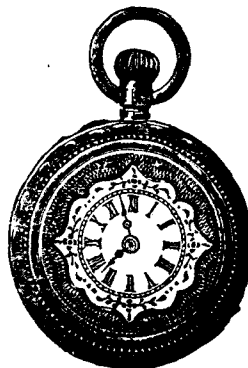
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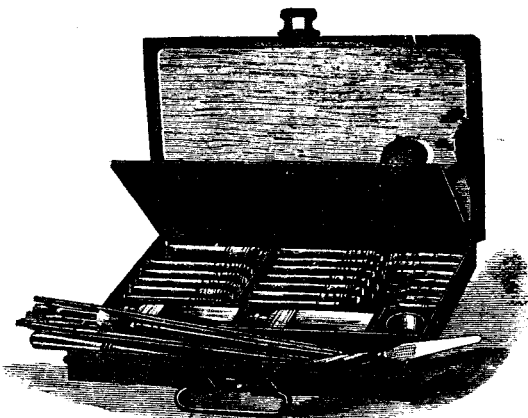
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I will add that there is nothing better than this CHRISTMAS NUMBER of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY and that it is far ahead of all journals of the kind ever published in the Dominion."

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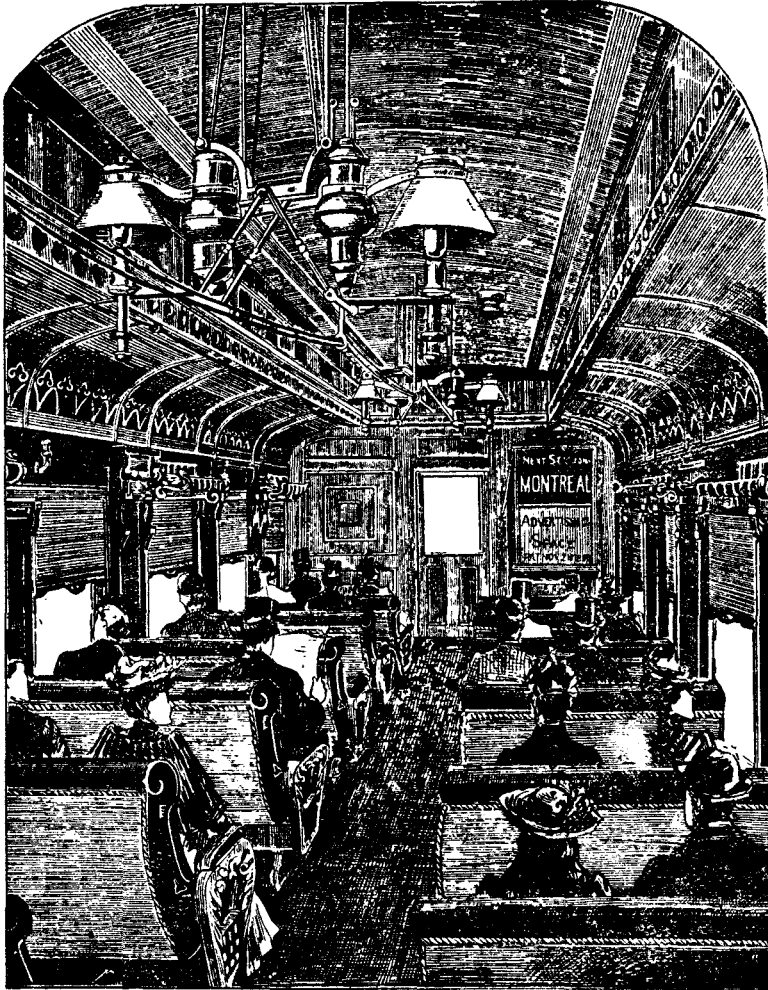
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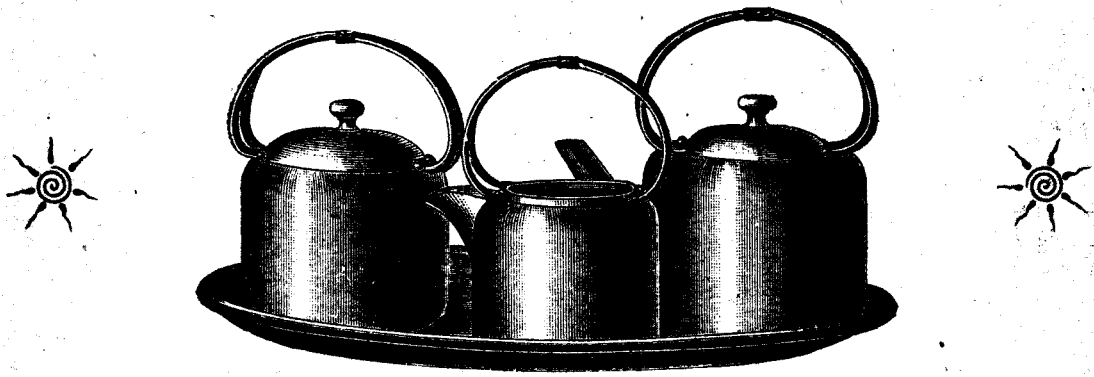
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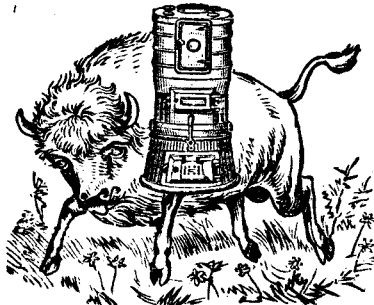
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