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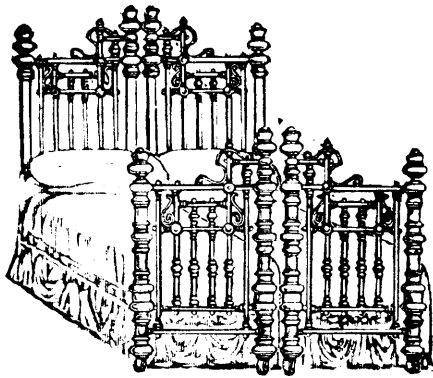
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# CANADIAN MAGAZINE.



MIDSUMMER NUMBER.  
AUGUST, 1895.



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
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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.

AUGUST, 1895.

No. 4.

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T. H. BEST, Business Manager.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered, and should be addressed to

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TORONTO, ONT.



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## ANNOUNCEMENT.

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---

THE Prizes offered by THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for the best four short stories relating to Canadian Life, have been awarded as follows:

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*“The Trumpeter and the Child.”*

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*“In 1812.”—An Incident Unrecorded in History.*

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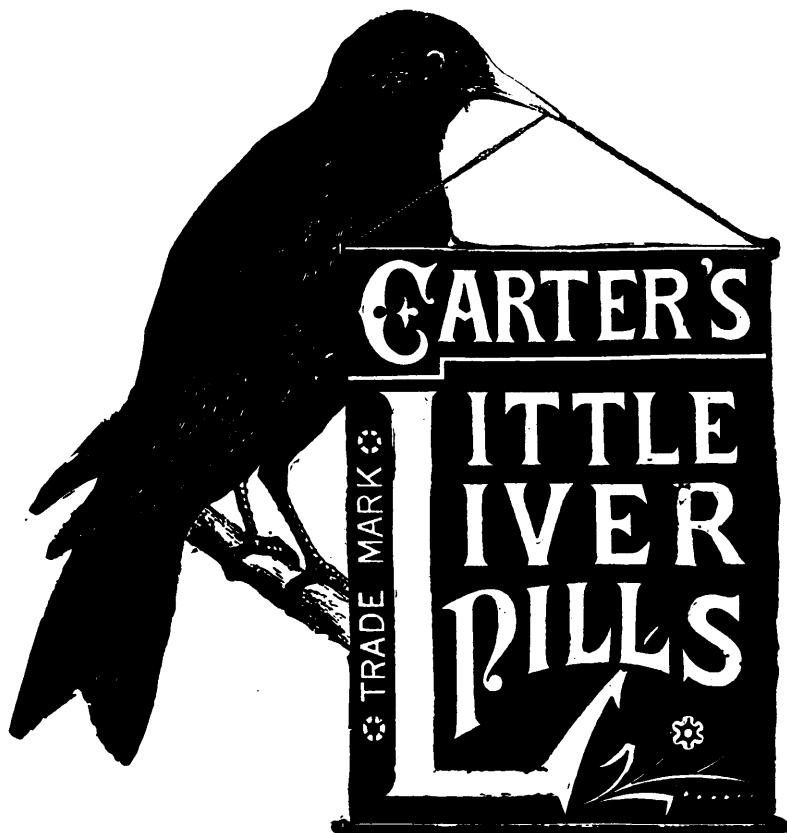
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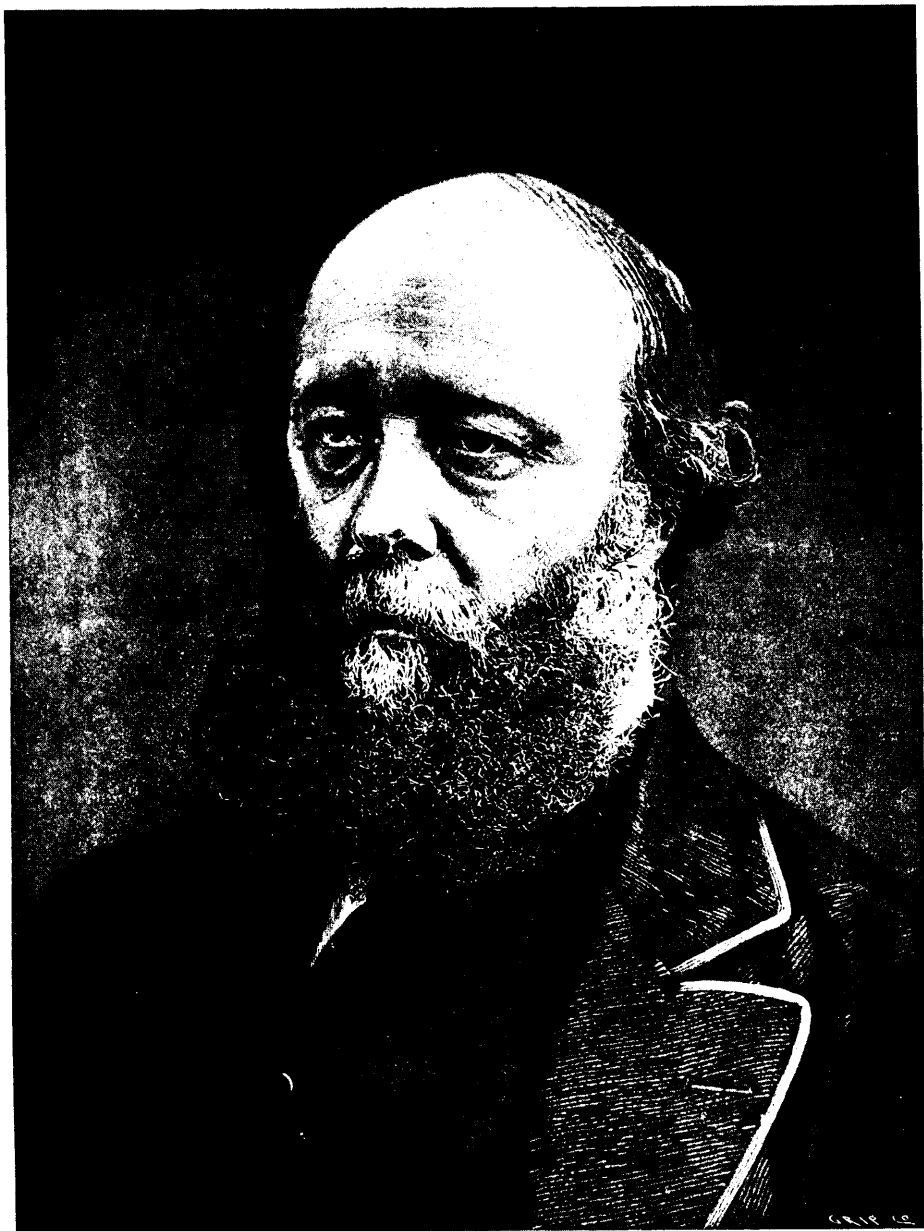
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THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.

AUGUST, 1895.

No. 4.

SCHOOLS IN AN AIR CASTLE.

BY WATSON GRIFFIN.

THE Protestant agitation against Roman Catholic separate schools reminds me of a story which Mr. Thomas S. Judah of Montreal, now in his ninetyeth year, told me several years ago. Speaking of the time when there was an English majority in the Montreal city council, he said:—" You know Craig street runs almost on the level, but there is a slight incline toward the east, and a sluggish stream of water formerly ran eastward in a big ditch along the middle of the street. But when it was first decided to construct a sewer along this street, instead of making it run in the direction of the stream, they turned it westward, necessitating, of course, a deeper sewer. There was a good deal of discussion in the council before the vote was taken, the French-speaking members favoring an eastward flow, and the English-speaking members a westward flow. I asked one of the English speaking members afterward to explain why the majority of the council had voted to make the sewer run up hill instead of down hill. ' Well,' he said, ' those d—n French-Canadians wanted it to run east, and so we were determined to make it run west.' The attempt to make the sewer run up hill proved a complete failure, and it had to be reconstructed afterward."

If the Roman Catholic church authorities in Canada had been wiser they would have demanded some years ago that Roman Catholics and Protestants should attend the same public schools. The result of this demand would have been a great Protestant agitation against the Romanizing of the public schools. Then when the Protestants were thoroughly committed to advocacy of the separate school system, the Roman Catholic church might have gracefully yielded the point, and so the country would have peace and quiet now instead of being disturbed by politicians who work upon the religious prejudices of both Protestants and Roman Catholics.

What could be said from a Protestant point of view against children of all religions attending the same schools? A great deal might be said. If all the children who attend the Roman Catholic schools in both Canada and the United States attended the ordinary public schools, the Roman Catholic church would take a very active part in school elections. Quietly, earnestly, secretly, with an eye to the future as well as the present, the Church of Rome would extend its influence over the schools of the land. No effort would be spared to elect Roman Catholics to the school boards; and when it is considered how largely the Ro-

man Catholic vote influences municipal elections all over the continent, and how the city councils of nearly all the large cities are controlled by Roman Catholics, some idea may be formed of the influence Roman Catholics might have over the public schools if they took the same interest in the election of public school boards as they do in ordinary municipal elections. Wherever possible, Roman Catholic teachers would be appointed to positions in the schools, and often, where the majority of the children were Protestants, the teachers would be Roman Catholics. Religion might be entirely excluded from the schools, but still many Protestant parents would object to having their children taught by Roman Catholic teachers, fearing that influences might be brought to bear to undermine their Protestantism. Those Protestant teachers who were driven out of the public schools would not need to change their profession, for private Protestant schools would flourish, and very few Protestants who could afford to pay for private instruction would send their children to the public schools.

It may be said that the Roman Catholics would not have it all their own way in the school elections, that the Protestants would make a bitter fight against the appointment of Roman Catholic teachers. That is true. Nearly every school election would be a fight. Sometimes the Protestants would win, and sometimes the Roman Catholics. Bitter feelings would be aroused on both sides, and the children attending the schools would take sides with their parents, so that the schools would be divided into Roman Catholic and Protestant factions. Yet the strongest argument advanced by the opponents of Roman Catholic separate schools in Canada is that they foster ill-feeling, and prevent the building up of a united nation.

The religion of the teachers would not be the chief objection made to the public schools by Protestant parents.

It is not my purpose in this article to consider at length the reasons why the average Roman Catholic is poorer than the average Protestant, but it is an undoubted fact. Many Roman Catholics are rich, educated and refined, but the majority of them are not. One reason for this is that the Roman Catholics have directed their attention more to the poor than have the Protestants. In the large cities the Protestant churches follow the rich as they move from one part of the city to another. In New York this removal of Protestant churches excites frequent comment in the newspapers, and the same movement is noticeable in Montreal. The rich and poor do not meet together in the Protestant churches of the big cities. But the Roman Catholic church never runs away from the poor. Where it is first built it remains. The poverty of its people cannot be considered a reproach to the church if they are poor not because they are Roman Catholics, but Roman Catholics because they are poor. But however this may be, there is the fact that the Roman Catholic masses are poor, and their children have not the same advantages as Protestants in general, so that their attendance in large numbers at schools now reserved exclusively for Protestants would at once lower the standard of these schools, and many Protestant mothers would send their children to private schools on the ground that the children attending the public schools were too rough and vulgar. Contagious diseases are more prevalent among Roman Catholics than among Protestants, and the death-rate among Roman Catholic children is much higher than among Protestant children. Protestant mothers would consider this fact very seriously before sending their boys and girls to the public schools, common to all.

If while abolishing their parochial schools and sending all the poor children who attend them to the public schools, the Roman Catholics would

maintain select convents for the well-to-do, they would secure as pupils many Protestant girls driven out of the public schools by the influx of poor Roman Catholics.

The system desired by Canadian Protestants has been on trial in the United States for a long time. What has been the experience there? Have the common schools, so long maintained, united Protestants and Roman Catholics in bonds of brotherly love and good feeling? The daily reports in the newspapers bear emphatic evidence to the contrary. Scarcely a day passes without reports of dissensions between Protestants and Roman Catholics in the United States. How is it that the Protestant Protective Association, which is such a weak organization in Canada, is so strong in the United States? One day recently in fifty different towns of New England anti-Roman Catholic meetings were held simultaneously, and strong resolutions were passed denouncing Roman Catholics and condemning Roman Catholic parochial schools. Canadian newspapers published a long telegraphic despatch about these meetings at the time. A short telegraphic despatch published by Canadian papers not many weeks ago said that in Kansas city, Kan., all Roman Catholic teachers had been barred out of the public schools this year, while another despatch, published about the same time said that no nuns would be allowed to teach in the public schools of Rochester, N. Y., this year. What do such reports indicate? They show that there has been a contest between Protestants and Roman Catholics in those cities for control of the public schools, and that the Protestants have won. Why did the Protestants object to Roman Catholic teachers? Evidently they believed that there was danger of the public schools being Romanized. On the 4th of July this year there was a fierce fight over the school question between Roman Catholics and Protestants in the streets of Bos-

ton, in which one man was killed, another fatally wounded, and a number seriously hurt.

Canadian Protestants in general imagine that there are no Roman Catholic separate schools in the United States, and that throughout that country Protestants and Roman Catholics are educated together. It is true that the Roman Catholics of the United States have to pay public school taxes, whether they attend public schools or not, but nevertheless they maintain 72 seminaries, 135 colleges, 661 academies, and 3,725 parochial schools. I am unable to state the number of children attending the seminaries, colleges and academies, but there are 755,038 children attending the Roman Catholic parochial schools.

There is difference of opinion among Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in the United States as to the proper policy to pursue regarding the public schools. All agree that it would be wise to maintain separate schools if the Roman Catholics could obtain exemption from public school taxation; but there is difference of opinion as to whether it is wise to bear the cost of maintaining their own schools in addition to paying the public school taxes, many believing that it would be better to accept common schools for Protestants and Roman Catholics as an accomplished fact, maintain no parochial schools, and make quiet but earnest and continued efforts to gain control of the public schools. They argue that if all the money and energy expended upon the maintenance of the Roman Catholic parochial schools were devoted to school election work, Roman Catholics might control the appointment of public school teachers in almost every school section throughout the country.

While visiting Toronto recently I sat in a Queen-street electric car behind three boys, about fifteen years of age, who were discussing the school question. One of the boys was evidently an American, although he ap-

peared to be residing in Toronto, judging from the conversation I overheard. He had a newspaper in his hand, and pointed to an article upon the Manitoba School question as he said: "Your papers here are full of rot about forcing the Catholics to go to the public schools. You Canadians don't know when you are well off. What do you want the Catholics to go to your schools for? If the Catholics get into your schools you fellows will have to get out. Why, in America it is not considered the thing for nice people to send their children to the public schools. They are considered too vulgar. People of means always send their boys to private schools. When I first left America and came to Toronto, I thought that it was mighty queer that my cousins here attended the common schools, for their father is quite wealthy, you know, but I soon found that it was quite the usual thing for rich people to send their boys and girls to the public schools. They won't do it very long after the Roman Catholics come in, I can tell you."

The other boys did not argue the question. In fact, they seemed to be more impressed with his use of the word "America" than with his opinions on schools. One of them said, "You have a queer way of talking about coming to Toronto from America, as if Toronto were not in America."

"Yes," said the third boy, "don't you know that Canada is the bigger half of America?"

I did not catch the American's reply, and as the boys left the car at this point, I heard no more of their conversation. The American boy's statement that "It is not considered the thing for nice people to send their children to the public schools" in the United States, reminded me of an article by Robert Grant in the April number of *Scribner's* magazine. Mr. Grant declares that three-fifths of the parents in the United States who can afford to pay for private instruction

do not send their children to the public schools. "There are many men in the community," says Mr. Grant, "who believe thoroughly that every one would do well to send his boys to a public school—that is every one but themselves. When it comes to the case of their own flesh and blood they hesitate, and in nine cases out of ten, on some plea or other, turn their backs on the principles they profess."

The most serious enemies of the public schools, according to Mr. Grant, are the women. Many a man would like to send his children to the public schools, but his wife objects. She believes her children's manners and morals will be affected by association with vulgar schoolmates, and fears that they may catch such diseases as scarlet fever and diphtheria. "It must certainly be a source of constant discouragement," says Mr. Grant, "to the earnest-minded people in this country, who are interested in education, and are at the same time believers in our professed national hostility to class distinctions, that the well-to-do American parent so calmly turns his back on the public schools and regards them very much from the lofty standpoint from which certain persons are wont to regard religion, as an excellent thing for the masses, but superfluous for themselves. If the public schools are to be merely a semi-charitable institution for children whose parents cannot afford to separate them from the common herd, the discussion ceases. But what becomes then of our cherished and Fourth of July sanctified theories of equality and common school education?"

Evidently the system of public schools so much desired by Canadian Protestants has not proved a success in the United States. If carried out in Manitoba or in Ontario, as some Protestants desire, the result would probably be that about one-third of the Roman Catholic population of school age would attend the public schools, and two-thirds of the Roman

Catholic separate schools, while at least one-third of the Protestant children now attending the public schools would be withdrawn and sent to private schools. The Roman Catholics, being taxed for the public schools, which the majority of them could not conscientiously allow their children to attend, would be unable to pay as much toward the maintenance of the Roman Catholic separate schools as they do under the present system, and consequently these schools would deteriorate, and the Roman Catholic population would grow up in ignorance.

The idea of national schools throughout the country, where children of all religions would grow up together and learn to love and trust each other, is as pleasant to contemplate as many other air castles, but it is not practicable.

For the sake of establishing in Canada a system which has proved a complete failure in the United States, the Protestant majority are asked by Mr.

Dalton McCarthy to take advantage of a legal technicality to break faith with the Roman Catholics, and violate the solemn compact of Confederation. When a man is asked to do a dishonorable thing, it is customary to offer him something for it. But what advantages are Canadian Protestants to get in consideration of this breach of faith? Does any Protestant believe that the attendance of Roman Catholic children at the public schools heretofore reserved for Protestants will be an advantage to the Protestant children? If the object desired is simply to raise the Roman Catholic standard of education, it can be accomplished without depriving the Roman Catholics of any privileges to which they are justly entitled. It is only necessary to enact that all Roman Catholic schools receiving money from the Government shall be taught by duly qualified teachers holding Government certificates, and shall be subject to the same system of inspection as the Protestant schools.



## BIGAMY UNDER THE CANADIAN CODE.

BY RICHARD J. WICKSTEED, LL.D., B.A., B.C.L.

THE resolution passed at the late general meeting in Toronto of the National Council of Women has raised anew the wave of popular surprise and irritation at the condition of the law of bigamy in Canada:—surprise at the law on this vital and national point, as pronounced by Ontario Judges; and irritation that no legislative action has been attempted to remedy the law's defects,—if such exist.

“The Dominion Government is powerless to punish bigamists when the ceremony of the second marriage is performed in the United States or any other foreign country.” Such was the sentence which, in November last, was telegraphed over Canada, and in its passage shocked and grieved all readers. Both lawyers and laymen were shocked, mortified, chagrined and alarmed: alarmed because the institution of marriage, one of the bases of society, was threatened; and mortified that our boasted Criminal Code had failed to provide a remedy for a crime becoming only too prevalent in civilized communities.

When I first read the newspaper report of the judgment given in the Queen's Bench Court, Toronto, by Justices Armour and Falconbridge, in the Plowman case, I fairly gasped for breath. “Obstupui,” which, according to my old classical teacher Dr. Smith, of the High School of Quebec, was best translated, “My hair stood on end like the bristles of a fighting pig, and the devil a word could I speak.” After partial recovery, and when my locks had grown obedient to the laws of gravity, I thought over the matter and formed my own conclusions, but waited to hear from others before giving tongue myself. But as the Bar of Ontario seems weakly and

meekly submissive to the ruling of its professional leaders, I venture to take exception to the judgment delivered by the two first-named Judges, in *Regina vs. Plowman*.

This case is reported in the *Canada Law Journal* of the 1st December, 1894, at page 735, as follows:

“Conviction for bigamy quashed where the second marriage took place in a foreign country, and there was evidence that the defendant, who was a British subject resident in Canada, left Canada with the intent to commit the offence. *Held*, that the provisions of section 275 of the Criminal Code, making such a marriage an offence, are *ultra vires* of the Parliament of Canada.”

For particulars of the case we must rely on the information telegraphed to the daily Press. The following report appears in the *Montreal Herald* of the 20th November, 1894:—

### BIGAMY NOW EASY.

STARTLING JUDGMENT IN A TORONTO COURT.

MARRYING A SECOND TIME IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY IS NOT PUNISHABLE IN CANADA.

“The Dominion Government is powerless to punish bigamists when the ceremony of the second marriage is performed in the United States or any other foreign country. This was the decision of the Queen's Bench Divisional Court to-day.

“Benjamin Plowman, tanner, of Weston, with his second wife, *née* Matilda Dixon, sat in the rear of the court, and gladly heard the court's decision. In May, 1893, though a married man, he took Matilda Dixon to Detroit, married her and brought her back to Weston. A jury in September, 1893, found that his visit to Detroit was for that express purpose, and found him guilty of bigamy. Judge McDougall, however, reserved the case for the Divisional Court at the instance of lawyer Du Vernet, who raised the question of the power of the Government to punish such offenders as his client.

“The argument to-day was brief. The Act says: Bigamy is an act by a person who being married goes through a form of marriage with any other person, in any part of the world.



"Lawyer Du Vernet argued that the portion 'in any part of the world,' was beyond the power of the Dominion Government.

"The argument was followed by this remark from Chief Justice Armour: 'This conviction should be quashed. It appears to me that the Government is powerless to punish bigamy when the second marriage ceremony is performed in a foreign country. The British Parliament might provide that if a British subject married in another country he should be punished if he returned. The Parliament of Canada is in a subordinate position. Its jurisdiction is territorially limited to within its own borders.'

"Mr. Justice Falconbridge agreed. Deputy Attorney-General Cartwright left the Court somewhat surprised, while Mr. Plowman and his wife enacted an affecting scene in the corridor. The decision overrules the judgment of Chancellor Boyd in the *Queen vs. Brierly*, and has the effect of rendering unpunishable any married man or woman who desires to escape the costs of a Canadian divorce, marry in the States and return."

The inspiration for these objections and remarks by the Judges and Counsel seems to have been drawn from the debates of the House of Commons of Canada on the Criminal Code, in the session of 1892. I deem it worth while to quote what was said in the House on this point. Turning to page 3321 of the Debates of the House of Commons, on the 3rd of June, 1892, we find:—

"(In the Committee) On section 275.

"MR. FRASER—Will the hon. gentleman explain sub-section 4?"

"SIR JOHN THOMPSON—The object of sub-section 4 is to keep the enactment within our jurisdiction. In the early words of the clause we speak of marriages in any part of the world. Of course, Canada being a colony, this Parliament can only legislate for offences committed in Canada, and therefore, in order to restrain the preceding words, and restrict them to our own jurisdiction, we say:—

"4. No person shall be liable to be convicted of bigamy in respect of having gone through a form of marriage in a place not in Canada, unless such person, being a British subject resident in Canada, leaves Canada with intent to go through such form of marriage."

"In such a case we make it an offence to leave Canada for the purpose of committing that offence in another part of the world, that being the full extent of our power."

"MR. FRASER—Could a citizen of Canada visit a foreign country and go through such

form of marriage and return here, and not come within the jurisdiction of Canada for purposes of prosecution?"

"SIR JOHN THOMPSON—Yes."

"MR. FRASER—Does the Minister say that Parliament would have no power in such a case?"

"SIR JOHN THOMPSON—Yes, we are following in that respect the decision given with respect to the jurisdiction of the Australian Parliament, that although the words used extended beyond the territorial jurisdiction of the Parliament, the Parliament had no authority, and its legislation must be confined to its jurisdiction, and interpreted accordingly. While it is morally the same offence to commit bigamy outside our jurisdiction, all we can do is to punish any person who leaves this country for the purpose of committing it."

"MR. FRASER—I have the idea in my mind, although I am not quite sure about it, that in England such cases have been dealt with. Would not an enactment of the English Parliament have effect here?"

"SIR JOHN THOMPSON—Yes, but it has not legislated in that manner."

"MR. FRASER—Then, practically, there would be no redress?"

"SIR JOHN THOMPSON—There would be no criminal liability."

It will be my endeavor to show that Sir John Thompson, and after him Judges Armour and Falconbridge, talked nonsense in this matter of bigamy committed by a Canadian outside of Canada. It will not be difficult to show that the crime ought to consist, not in the leaving of Canada with evil intent, namely, the intent to marry again in a foreign country, the first wife being living and not divorced: but the crime ought to consist in doing an act in another country, the effect of which will be felt by others in Canada, and by doing which the man and paramour will return to Canada, immoral beings, and to be avoided by wholesome people, as setting an evil example in their actions, morals, and living. It seems absurd to talk of wishing to keep the enactment within our jurisdiction, by punishing a man who has an evil intent in Canada, but executes his evil intention in a foreign country, and then returns to Canada; and yet to refrain from punishing a man who returns to Canada

a notorious evil liver and a bad example to his fellows, let alone the injury he does to his friends and relations, unless the evil life was determined on when in Canada. Then, to cap the climax of foolishness, it is gravely stated that an enactment by the English Parliament would change the whole aspect of affairs; and then bigamy committed outside our jurisdiction could be punished when the guilty parties enter Canada. Sir John Thompson, who was chiefly remarkable for a ready flow and a plethora of forceless words, obscuring logic, argument, and common sense, forgot that he had a fortnight previously, in the same session, given a contradictory opinion. On page 2706 of the Debates for 1892, the 17th May, we read:—

“MR. DAVIES (P. E. I.)—Sup,osing a British subject named Smith, on board a foreign ship in Constantinople, committed a murder and afterwards came to Canada, could he be tried here?”

“SIR JOHN THOMPSON—Yes, he could be tried here by the United Kingdom statutes.”

“MR. MILLS (Bothwell)—Does the Minister know that, under the Imperial Act, the case would be tried according to the law of England, or according to Canadian Law?”

“SIR JOHN THOMPSON—We are given authority to try offences against common law.”

It does seem curious that these two crimes, bigamy and murder, crimes under English as well as Canadian law, should be treated differently, when committed on foreign soil or territory by British subjects, and the two criminals afterwards set foot on British soil. There are several screws loose in the partitions of our Canadian box of crimes.

From the last opinion given above, in the case of murder at Constantinople, committed by a British subject while on a foreign ship, Sir John Thompson evidently believed that “*the personal theory of jurisdiction*” applied. Or, in other words, that a subject may be tried on his return to his own country, or even in his absence, for an offence against the laws of his own country committed while within

the territory of another state. (See Holland’s Jurisprudence, page 350.) This is the theory of the *forum ligentiae*, and ought to apply to the Plowman case of bigamy now under discussion. The parallel case to the latter occurred to me of a Canadian living in Boston publishing a defamatory libel about another Canadian, in a Boston periodical circulating in Canada. The Canadian libeller could certainly be punished by the injured party on his return to Canada.

It is absurd to say that a contract hurtful to a Canadian, entered into in a foreign country can be carried out in Canada. A man proposes to build a house in Canada and employs a Canadian architect and builder, who commence work. The intending householder goes to the United States and engages an American contractor to complete the job. What a row there will be when the American attempts to oust the Canadian contractor. Damages—heavy damages, Sir. Canada protects her soil even against invasion by British subjects, when the said subjects are afflicted with yellow fever; she refuses to assist pauper immigrants; and imposes a tax on Chinese incomers: all on account of the undesirability of such arrivals in the midst of her population. It is not common sense to state that the Dominion cannot prevent her soil from being polluted by the presence of concubinaries,—who may be living in luxury, while the lawful wedded wife is starving in a neighboring village.

The true principle which ought to have guided Justices Armour and Falconbridge in their decision, and doubtless guided Vice-Chancellor Boyd in his, is ably set forth by Bishop Jeremy Taylor, a man eminently distinguished by judgment, by learning, and the powers of reasoning, in his immortal work entitled “*Ductor Dubitantium*” or the “*Rule of Conscience*.” In Book III, chapter 1, and rule 8, he writes:—

“*Extra territorium jus dicenti, non paretur impune,*” is a famous saying in the Canon law, “a man may safely disobey the law of his prelate, if he be out of the Diocese.” And the reason is, because beyond his Diocese he hath no jurisdiction; and beyond his jurisdiction a prince hath no power. “*Lex est jus proprium civitatis,*” saith the law; “The law hath no power beyond it's own city.” \* \* \* \* \*

“This rule does not hold, when, though the subject be abroad, yet the action does relate to his own country. Thus it is not lawful abroad to coin or counterfeit the money of his country, to rail upon his prince, to prejudice his subjects, to violate his honor, to disgrace his nation, to betray the secrets and discover the counsels of his prince. Because the evil, done out of the territory, being an injury to them within, is as if it were done within. When the dispute was between the Athenians and Thebans about their confines, and the parties stood at a little distance, disputing and wrangling about the breadth of an acre of ground, Timotheus shoots an arrow, and kills a young Theban gentleman. The Thebans demand that Timotheus be put to death by the laws of Athens, as being their subject; they refuse to do so, but deliver Timotheus to the Thebans, giving this reason: He shot the arrow within the Athenian limit but it did the mischief within the territory of Thebes; and where the evil is done, there and by them let the criminal be punished. Being abroad is no excuse in this case. If a subject shoots an arrow into his own country, though he bent his bow abroad, at home he shall find the string.” \* \* \* \* \*

“If the action be something to be done at home, the subject abroad is bound to obey the summons of the law. When Henry the Second of England commanded all prelates and curates to reside upon their dioceses and charges, Thomas Becket of Canterbury was bound in conscience, though he was in France, to repair to his province at home. The sum of all is this. A law does not oblige beyond the proper territory unless it relate to the good or evil of it. For then it is done at home to all real events of nature, and to all intents and purposes of law. For if the law be affirmative, commanding something to be done at home, at home this omission is a sin. “*Qui non facit quod facere debet, videtur facere adversus ea quae non facit,*” saith the law; the omission is a sin there where the action ought to have been done. But if the law be negative, “*Qui facit quod facere non debet, non videtur facere id quod facere jussus est,*” “He that does what he is forbidden to do is answerable to him who hath power to command him to do it.”

Uninstructed, the same conception

arose in my mind, but I was glad to find myself supported by probably the ablest of all divines; the better pleased from the fact of his being a theologian, and not a lawyer simply. For as Dr. Taylor himself writes:—

“In matters of justice which are to be conducted by general rules, theology is the best conductress; and the lawyers skill is but subservient and ministring.”

The question might be asked, ought the moral wrong done to the community by such actions as were proved to have been done in the Plowman and Pallett cases, to be righted by the State? In reply I would cite the opinions of Aristotle, Hooker, Locke, and Whewell:—

“But a state exists for the sake of a good life, and not for the sake of life only: if life only were the object, slaves and brute animals might form a state, but they cannot, for they have no share in happiness, or in a life of free choice. Nor does a state exist for the sake of alliance and security from injustice, nor yet for the sake of exchange and mutual intercourse; for then the Tyrrenians and the Carthaginians, and all who have commercial treaties with one another, would be the citizens of one state. True, they have agreements about imports, and engagements that they will do no wrong to one another, and written articles of alliance. But there are no magistracies common to the contracting parties, who will enforce their engagements; different states have each their own magistracies. Nor does one state take care that the citizens of the other are such as they ought to be, nor see that those who come under the terms of the treaty do no wrong or wickedness at all, but only that they do no injustice to one another. Whereas, those who care for good government take into consideration the larger question of virtue and vice in states. Whence it may be further inferred that virtue must be the serious care of a state which truly deserves the name; for without this ethical end the community becomes a mere alliance which differs only in place from alliances of which the members live apart; and law is only a convention, “a society to one another of justice,” as the sophist Lycophon says, and has no real power to make the citizens good and just. \* \* \* \* \*

“It is clear then that a state is not a mere society, having a common place, established for the prevention of crime and for the sake of exchange. These are conditions without which a state cannot exist; but all of them

together do not constitute a state, which is a community of well-being in families and aggregations of families, for the sake of a perfect and self-sufficing life. Such a community can only be established among those who live in the same place and intermarry. Hence arise in cities family connexions, brotherhoods, common sacrifices, amusements which draw men together. They are created by friendship, for friendship is the motive of society. The end is the good life, and these are the means towards it. And the state is the union of families and villages having for an end a perfect and self-sufficing life, by which we mean a happy and honorable life'—(*The Poetics of Aristotle*. Jowett, page 82, 83, 84.)

"Laws politic, ordained for external order and regiment amongst men, are never framed as they should be, unless presuming the will of man to be inwardly obstinate, rebellious, and averse from all obedience unto the sacred laws of his nature; in a word, unless presuming man to be in regard of his depraved mind, little better than a wild beast. they do accordingly provide notwithstanding so to frame his outward actions, that they may be no hindrance unto the common good for which societies are instituted; unless they do this they are not perfect."—(*Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity*, page 90, Book 1, Chapter 10)

"Thus the law of Nature stands as an eternal rule to all men, legislators as well as others. The rules that they make for other men's actions must, as well as their own and other men's actions, be conformable to the law of Nature, i. e. to the will of God, of which that is a declaration, and the fundamental law of Nature being the preservation of mankind, no human sanction can be good or valid against it."—(*Locke on Civil Government*. Book 2, Chap 11)

"All that we have hitherto said, tends to this; not that, in any given state of society, Divorce should be absolutely prohibited, but that the highest conception of Marriage is expressed by making Marriage indissoluble; that the Duty of the State, which is, among other Duties, to establish such Laws as may maintain and elevate the Moral Culture of the citizens, requires the Lawgiver constantly to tend towards this Conception of Marriage, and this condition."—(*Whewell's Elements of Morality*. Book 5, Chap. 13)

But it may also be asked, has Canada the power within itself of carry-

ing out and fulfilling these specific objects for which as a State it was created? To this question Doutré answers in the affirmative:—

"Although the Dominion Parliament does derive its powers from the British North America Act, it cannot, I think, be successfully disputed that with respect to those matters over which legislative authority is conferred, plenary powers of legislation are given 'as large and of the same nature as those of the Imperial Parliament itself,' and therefore they may be exercised either absolutely or conditionally.

"The Parliament of Great Britain having, as I think, conferred on the Dominion Parliament this general, absolute, uncontrolled authority to legislate in their discretion on all matters over which they have power to deal, subject only to such restrictions, if any, as are contained in the B. N. A. Act, and subject, of course, to the sovereign authority of the British Parliament itself, with reference to the question under consideration, I can find in the B. N. A. Act no limitation either in terms or by necessary implication, of the general power so conferred, and without which the legislative power should not, in my opinion, be limited by judicial interpretation."—(*Doutré's Constitution of Canada*. Page 196.)

In section 275 of the Criminal Code of Canada, 1892, we find the definition of bigamy,—the formation of which is described in the Hansard debates which I have quoted in the first portion of this essay. The conclusion I have arrived at is that this section or any one of its sub-sections is of full force and effect, and requires no assistance from the Imperial Parliament to bring Canadians under its powers. This conclusion I have come to in spite of the judgment herein criticized and the others dependent on it; which judgments I consider in all humility, to be contrary to sound sense, logic, the law of nature and the law of nations.

Ottawa, July, 1895.

## EXPERIENCES IN THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

BY G. M. STANDING.

THE Great North-West has become so familiar—to Canadians at least—through the reports of travellers, the descriptions of newspapers, and the letters of friends, that one can scarcely hope to say anything new on the subject. I certainly need not attempt to describe the most obvious features of the country, for that has been done by every one who has passed through and viewed the land, if only from the windows of a Pullman car. "The long level stretches of prairie, the broad fields of waving grain, the blue lakes glittering in the sunshine, and the brilliant expanse of sky," have all been described time and again till one has grown weary of such glowing accounts, and has longed for more sober and reasonable tales. On the other hand, there have not been wanting dismal stories of frost and snow, terrific hail-storms and terrible blizzards, stories of disappointment and ruin from unlucky speculators and unfortunate settlers. It is not my purpose to maintain a proper balance between these conflicting or contradictory accounts. Perhaps each presents one side of the case; each contains a measure of truth; and each exaggerates to some degree.

But leaving such general matters for the present, let us consider other and, perhaps more interesting, features of western life. In Manitoba a man is considered "an old settler" who came during or before the famous "boom" of the early eighties. In those days oxen formed the ordinary team of the incoming settler, and many a man, who had never even seen a pair of oxen yoked together, learned to drive the horned steeds with all the grace and dexterity of a practical bullwhacker. It is said a man can never

drive a yoke of oxen without swearing, and it seems quite reasonable to believe it.

Although Winnipeg was the centre for all the northern and western portions of the province, yet Emerson on the Red River, at the International Boundary, was the headquarters for all settlers in southern and south-western Manitoba. The Gate-Way City, then so thriving and prosperous, is now but a name, a shadow of what it promised to be. But at that time it was filled with settlers completing their outfits, and every day long trains of immigrants left for the west. Almost in a single season the whole country west of the Red River as far as the Pembina was homesteaded. The "Old Commission Trail," the trail made by the commissioners who marked out the international boundary along the 49th parallel, was the one followed. The seasons then, so the old settlers say, were rainy. The rivers were full, and there were no bridges; lakes and ponds were numerous, and sloughs (remember s-l-o-u-g-h spells "slew" out West), were frequent and sometimes almost impassable. What appeared to be the most innocent-looking puddle of water proved to be a most treacherous bog. The wheels began to sink, the driver whipped and shouted, possibly he used bad language, but all in vain. The wheels sank to the hub, and there stuck. The teamster descended and unhitched his team. The goods and household articles of all kinds were unloaded piece by piece, and carried on the unwilling back of the driver, wading through the water to firm ground. Then the wagon was dragged through and the journey resumed. Sometimes Eastern landbuyers were caught in a similar predicament. A

story is told, in this regard, of a certain knight, a prominent Canadian politician. He was being driven through one of these sloughs; the rig stuck fast, and the passengers had to descend. As the knight was very nattily dressed he was unwilling to spoil his clothes, whereupon the driver undertook to carry him safely out on his back. By a well-simulated accident the burden-bearer's foot slipped, the good knight rolled in the mud, and a new suit of clothes was necessary.

The incomers were men of all nationalities, but the greater number were good Ontario citizens, well able to take care of themselves and become adapted to their new surroundings. Great numbers were from Huron county, while again other settlements consisted of Lanark men. In was particularly noticed that the Lanark folk were the most highly pleased with their new home, which was perhaps somewhat of a reflection on the county they had left.

Perhaps in some respects the life of the settler was somewhat monotonous, but yet there were many things to relieve the tedium of existence. Though the buffalo had gone, and nothing but his whitening bones remained to tell of his past existence, or it might be, here and there, a narrow path worn deep in the soft prairie soil, and leading down to the water, yet game of many kinds still remain, and that, too, well worth a sportsman's attention. In some of the more broken and wooded townships a few elk were occasionally to be seen, and black-tailed deer, while the common red, or Virginia deer, were comparatively numerous. Bears, too, made their appearance now and then in the "scrub," as the small timber is called. On one occasion one of these animals, unfortunately for himself, lost his way and wandered into the neighborhood where I had taken up my residence. It is one of the regrets of my life that I happened to be from home at the time and so

missed all the fun that followed. The poor bear took refuge in the timber surrounding a small pond, and here he dodged bullets and buckshot, or quietly swallowed his dose of lead without even a wry face, or making an attempt to turn on his pursuers. Though he sometimes met them face to face, he politely made way and scampered off in another direction. He managed to elude everyone, and was quietly stealing off the way he came, when a settler's wife, who was an interested spectator of the scene, caught sight of him. Calling the dog she headed and drove him back. A school-teacher fired the last shot just as the animal was ready to tumble over, and managed to persuade himself that he had "killed the bear." One of the first animals I had the pleasure of meeting in that place was a lynx, but he was exceedingly shy of making acquaintance, and sprang over the steep bank of a ravine, carrying with him a small load of shot in his brindled hide.

Hares were too plentiful to be thought of as game. In going a distance of a quarter of a mile I have counted a hundred of these animals hopping about in the poplar scrub. If a poplar was cut down in the winter time, and left an hour or so, a person on coming back would find from twenty to thirty hares nibbling at the bark and young twigs. A clergyman of the neighborhood took his young English farm-hand and with two double-barrelled guns set to work one day to lay up a supply of hares for winter, before their flesh became bitter from eating poplar bark. There was a perfect fusilade all day, and, as a result, over a hundred hares hung dangling by their hind legs from the eaves of his house. Here they remained all winter, swinging to and fro, rigid as iron, in the biting wind.

Not very numerous, but exceedingly noisy, were the packs, or rather families, of prairie wolves. On a still night, a single yelp and a long, shrill howl would break forth, with start-

ling suddenness, followed by a shrieking chorus of mingled yells and barking, and all this would come from four or five of these animals, for there are seldom more than that together, and not often that many. They are the great enemies of the farmers' chickens and young turkeys. For the rest they subsist on hares, and on the gophers they sometimes dig out. These latter mentioned animals were so destructive in a dry season that many municipalities gave bounties for their destruction. At first their tails were to be produced, but the wily red men, who frequently engaged in the gopher trade, were accused of not being so unsophisticated as to destroy a future source of revenue, and of letting the little animals go, minus their tails. More satisfactory measures were adopted soon, and a free distribution of strychnine to poison them was ordered. Merchants, in the meantime, had imported barrellfulls of small steel traps, and many laborers made more money trapping gophers than they had done in the harvest field.

But after all the chief game of Manitoba is the feathered game; the prairie chickens, the geese, and the wild ducks that inhabit or frequent the country. All over the country are rivers, lakes and ponds. The long grass, the reeds and sedges serve to shelter the nests, and the young ducks feed and grow during the quiet summer. All summer long, and through the early fall, they are scattered over the country, in every pond and pool of water. When the ice begins to form they gather into the larger lakes, and the different species coming down from the far north swell their numbers to countless thousands.

Well do I remember the first time I visited one of these lakes. Standing on the high bank, overlooking the wide valley at the foot of the lake, the scene lay spread before me. The river, flowing out from the lake, wound in many curves through the broad level valley, its course lined every-

where by trees, through whose branches it gleamed like a belt of silver. To the west lay the lake. The long, steep hills surrounding it were clothed with oak and poplar, while round the margin ran a wall of stone like a parapet. Here and there were openings in the hills, showing deep and dark ravines. Near at hand, on a grassy slope, a group of dwarfed and gnarled oaks were scattered, looking for all the world like an old apple orchard, and awakening memories of another land. Over the lake the sun was casting its last beams, and lighting up its surface. There the ducks were gathered in thousands. I never saw so many at one time before or since. Counting the number on a small space it was easy to make sure that there were myriads scattered over the surface of the lake. Sportsmen from Winnipeg sometimes camp there for a month or six weeks in the autumn, and with their 10-gauge guns make the air resound with heavy discharges. On their return to the city they disposed of enough game to pay all expenses.

Geese were much more difficult to shoot than the ducks. Cautious and suspicious they circled round and round the wheat-fields, before they ventured to alight. When they did settle it was usually in the centre of the field, or at least far from any cover that might serve to shelter the approaching sportsman. Two or three tall ganders with long, upstretched necks were always on the alert, and ready to sound a note of warning on the least suspicion of danger. Thus, it came that the rifle was used oftener than the shorter-ranged shot gun, in bagging this game. Suspicious as they were, however, they sometimes allowed themselves to be taken in by an innocent looking pair of oxen, straying carelessly by. Between, or behind the oxen, with gun ready, walked the hunter, whose stratagem was not unfrequently substantially rewarded. Occasionally, late in the

fall, the geese would hold a grand rally, when all the scattered flocks of the country would coalesce and hold a sort of triumphant jubilation. Perhaps the approach of thanksgiving, and the proud consciousness of freedom and immunity from the fate of their enslaved kin, induced them to hold this gathering. As if confident in numbers, they were unusually bold and reckless on those occasions. Several times I have known thousands of them to alight within a stone's throw of a settler's house, and feed almost under his nose. What made their conduct so very irritating was the fact that when they did this they chose a Sunday for it, and, furthermore chose the yard of a man who was superintendent of the little Sunday School in the neighborhood. Of course, he was precluded from disturbing them and violating their touching confidence in his Sabbath-keeping practices, but certain sons of Belial, that is to say, several youthful scions of old country gentry, were not restrained either by the day or their past record, when a similar opportunity was offered them.

The commonest and most readily obtainable game-bird is, of course, the prairie chicken. Instead of disappearing before advancing settlement, they are said rather to be increasing with the increase in their food supply derived from the great wheat-fields. But, nevertheless, it requires a strict enforcement of the game laws to maintain this state of things. With a pony and buckboard, or more comfortable buggy, the sportsman rides over the prairie, following the flock wherever it goes. Rising almost singly, several birds are secured before the last has gone, and as they do not fly far, sometimes almost the whole flock is gathered in, especially if it is at the beginning of the open season. Strong and full of life as they are, it requires a hard hit to bring them down; even when badly hurt they continue their flight in full force until they suddenly drop stone dead. Farmers are

usually very obliging to city sportsmen, and allow them to ride over their land without question. But the open season for game coincides with the farmer's very busiest time, and when he sees city men drive into his unfenced yards, and begin to shoot the prairie chickens that have long been feeding on the tops of his stacks, while he himself has been too busy to snatch the little time necessary to secure them, even his patience gives way. Under just such circumstances, I have known a doctor of divinity to drive off declaiming against the meanness of the farmer who had requested him to move on. Very evidently he had not learned to look at questions from any other standpoint than his own.

When the shooting season is past, the fishing season opens. This is perhaps, a reversion of the usual process. Though there is, of course, a certain amount of fishing done during the summer, yet the absence of boats for trolling, and of leisure for the occupation, has brought about the result that most of the fish that are caught are taken in the winter through the ice. In the early days of settlement fish were plentiful and of considerable size, in the lake expansions of the Pembina, but frequent fishing and, more than all, low water in the river, have somewhat reduced their number and size. Pike are the chief, and with the exception of suckers, almost the only fish taken, for other fish have a decided objection to dwelling in the same waters with the exclusive pike.

The Indians are the most patient fishers. Cutting a hole in the ice and baiting their hook with a piece of fat pork or other meat, they dangle the bait sometimes for hours without reward. An English immigrant, who was something of an artist, sent to the illustrated papers a sketch of the Indian method of fishing, and, as a contrast, another, labelled, "The way we do it." The Indian was patiently sitting over the hole, his knees painfully



bent, and his blanket drawn over his head, enduring the full force of the winter wind, at many degrees below zero. The Englishman, in the other picture, had erected a tent over the opening in the thick ice, lighted a fire and put up a bed, upon which he was luxuriously reclining, pipe in mouth, and with a bundle of *Graphics* in his hand. He seemed quite a picture of ease and contentment as with one hand he lazily dangled the hook in the water. The place usually selected for fishing is near the shore, where springs run into the lake. There the fish assemble in great numbers, and when a hole is cut in the ice, they crowd around it to get a supply of oxygen—that is, they sometimes crowd around, but often the fishing is very poor. On some occasions, however, they first make great runs, and at these times they are taken in large numbers. Around each fishing hole are two great heaps of frozen fish, one of pike, the other of suckers, and with these piles the Indian, who is adept enough at bargaining, secures his supply of flour.

The Indians have their reservations and are supposed to stay on them, but that is a mere supposition, and is different from the actual fact. They wander from one point to another, and on several occasions I have seen bands coming from the upper waters of the Missouri across the plains of Southern Manitoba, on their way to the Indian agency at Emerson to draw their semi-annual treaty allowance. They

were of the Cree race, harmless and quiet, and taller, straighter and darker than their brethren in Eastern Canada. Some were riding on their tough little ponies, some walking, and among these the women, unless in some cases when they were seated with the papooses in Red River carts. These carts, with immense wooden wheels and axles, never greased, go creaking and groaning along, and if it be a still frosty morning their approach may be heard for miles, sounding, as one expressed it, "for all the world like a hen-roost broken loose." The Indian pony is a faithful and useful servant to his master, be he Indian or white. His endurance is remarkable, and he can make long trips and live on such feed as would soon kill ordinary horses. Nevertheless, he has his failings, and one of these is that he frequently requires an inordinate amount of the "persuader" to induce him to hasten his motion. A familiar sight on a Sunday morning was a certain pioneer minister who used to ride one of these piebald ponies in making his circuit trips. As far off as the eye could distinguish him, he could be seen on his unwilling pony, coming along at a canter, and with every bound the minister's muscular arm brought down on the pony's tough hide a good stout cudgel, rising and falling in regular cadence, until he disappeared again from view. But passing years bring changes, and pony and saddle have given way to a more dignified, if less picturesque and enjoyable, mode of ministerial travel.



## REMINISCENCES OF BENCH AND BAR

BY C. A. DURAND, BARRISTER.

IN years long gone a well known man, then resident in a dear old town hard by the City of Hamilton, instituted a suit to recover, for the loss of an eye, damages from a doughty officer in Her Majesty's military service. The accident occurred at target practice while the ill-starred man was travelling along a highway. At the trial a sporting barber was put into the witness-box for the purpose of establishing the relative distances which a breech-loader and an ordinary rifle would carry. Counsel for Plaintiff, (a very gifted man, but careless of extremes, and averse to delicacy of expression when he believed the opposite would be more effective), after eyeing the witness critically, asked him if he professed to be a sportsman, and, upon receiving an answer in the affirmative, replied: "Why, sir, I should have taken you for a barber." Witness retorted instanter, saying: "I have had you by the nose before to-day, sir," in a tone indicating a resolve to then and there again manipulate that organ; but he spent the force of the retort by adding, "I mean professionally." The witness had often shaved the counsel. The opposing counsel was none other than that Heaven-born advocate, the late Sir Matthew Crooks Cameron (the gamiest of the game.)

At an assize held in Toronto, a very eminent Q.C., representing the defense in an important action, upon hearing the case called, just before an adjournment till the day following, sprang to his feet hurriedly, saying: "My Lord, the witness will be down by the first train of the Northern Railway to-morrow morning." The presiding Chief Justice being lashed to the Bench, and debarred from cross-

ing swords with the legal gladiator in the conduct of the case (he was renowned for possessing a highly polished, ironic tooth, and prone to use it), catching the anxious tones of counsel, whose action and conduct proclaimed him to be for the plaintiff, and, feeling that it was a rare opportunity for a home thrust, the course being so clear and inviting, the Chief could not restrain himself from informing the counsel how perilous he could render the situation. So he replied: "All I have to say, Mr.— is, that if the case is not ready at the opening of the court to-morrow morning, I shall strike it out of the list. Counsel arose, his own brilliant intellect aglow, and whilst a sardonic smile irradiated his countenance, looked the Chief full in the eye, and with a graceful salaam, said: "Thank your lordship; I'm for the Defendant."

The unnamed counsel referred to in the last paragraph, at luncheon, during an assize, hearing an Englishman (fresh from the land we all love so well regardless of all her faults), make the assertion that the birds of Canada, although in many instances clothed with comely plumage, were devoid of note or melody, hastened to the rescue, and asked the calumniator (I am using his own words): "Have you ever heard our little canary bird; not the ordinary little canary, but one that frequents my garden, and sits on the tip of a bough, and swings, and swings, and sings his little heart out?" This was rendered in a full, rich, overwhelming tone, like the toppling of many waters. The foe looked aghast, and may be said to have collapsed, for the silence which ensued was so pronounced that one might have distinctly heard the woodpecker tapping

the hollow beech tree (had he not been so very far off).

The same man, marvellous in versatility, be it said to his credit and in pleasant remembrance of him, never lost his temper with judge, counsel or witness (a characteristic which many of us might emulate), but was ever courteous and dignified.

The writer had the good fortune, when a resident of the Manchester of Canada—the staid old town of Galt—to be chosen as one of a deputation with the late Colonel Peck, to solicit the late Hon. D'Arcy McGee, orator and historian, who at the time referred to was aiding his friend the Hon. Michael Hamilton Foley in an election contest in the county of Waterloo, to attend at Galt and deliver a Shakesperian oration, on a then approaching centenary of Shakespeare. To this request he gracefully acceded. Upon the arrival of Mr. McGee at his friend's, Dr. Richardson's house in Galt, after the usual greetings of old and tried friends, Mr. McGee asked his hospitable hostess if she could recall which of Moore's melodies he had sung when last there, and after a mutual recollection that it was, "The Harp that once through Tara's Hall," Mr. McGee again struck the harp to that most touching melody, and again sang it in his own peculiarly sweet, muffled tones; then suddenly, looking intently at his hostess, said: "Mrs. Richardson, one day I told Mrs. McGee that when from home I received a great deal of attention from the ladies, and what do you think she said in reply?"—and when Mrs. Richardson had expressed her inability to imagine,—“Well!” said Mr. McGee, “my wife said ‘D'Arcy, I have great faith in your homeliness.’”

On the same night, at a supper given in his honor after the Shakesperian oration (which it is superfluous to say was “rich and rare” and a model of the kind), a knock came at the hall door (Peck had failed to put in an appearance at the supper) some one exclaimed: “There's Peck at last!” Mr.

McGee said: “Let me go to the door!” It was then in the “we sma' hours” of the night. Mr. McGee slid down the hall, and, suddenly opening the door, exclaimed (supposing the knocker to be Peck): “How do you do, you quarter of a bushel?” The visitor proved to be a liveryman previously ordered to convey McGee to Guelph to catch the early train for Montreal, where he was due the ensuing night to deliver a lecture. We ever after called the Colonel a quarter of a bushel Noble fellow, Peck; for breadth and soul, where could we find his compeer?

Mr. McGee informed us that one day, when on a railway train at a station, a little boy with a telegram for him ran through the car, shouting “Is Darkey McGee here?” Mr. McGee said he beseechingly called out, “Soften the ‘C,’ my boy.” Mr. McGee, as we all know, was of a very dark, rich complexion. He also assured us that in an election contest between the Hon. Mr. Dorion and himself, they together visited a negro settlement, near Montreal, the votes of which were an important quota in the election. He, McGee, said he manoeuvred and got Dorion to first address them, and he did in a long stirring appeal, and then he (McGee) arose, and opening his mouth from ear to ear, and glowering at the negro audience, shouted: “We are a down-trodden race,” and then resumed his seat. “And,” said Mr. McGee, “they voted for me to a man.”

A very touching incident occurred at the burial of William Craigie, of the city of Hamilton. He was an honored graduate of the University of Toronto, and a distinguished member of the Canadian Bar. The writer was honored by being chosen one of the pall bearers. A very learned Q. C. in our midst was another of the pall bearers. Just before reaching the cemetery opposite Dundurn Castle, on the sultry day of the funeral, a very plainly dressed woman might have been seen hastening her steps to keep pace with the

funeral cortege. As soon as the hearse halted in the cemetery grounds, the woman knelt by the hearse and said (to all appearance wholly unconscious of the presence of others) "I know that he is happy for he was always kind to everybody." Such a tribute to sterling worth! The woman, upon enquiry, proved to have been a devoted servant of Dr. Craigie, (the father of William Craigie), and had known deceased, so to say, from his cradle to his grave. Many of Mr. Craigie's friends, when reviewing their happy associations with him, could truthfully say, in the words of the Honorable Mr. Norton, "I'd give the hopes of years for those bygone hours."

On an occasion when the writer visited a public inn in the county town of Waterloo, a man with more than a "wee drappie in his 'ee," jostled against him. He at once removed to a distance, but shortly after the jostling was repeated in a more marked manner, and when addressed, "Well old fellow, what's wrong?" the man replied: "See here, you'll have to get another man. I won't do it again unless you get another man." After a lengthened interview my friend informed me that he had been on two juries in different years and that on each of these occasions I had defended one and the same individual for a like offence—a very grave criminal charge—"and," said Mr. Jurymen, "for your sake, on each occasion, I secured an acquittal; but," added he, "I will not do it again, unless you get a different prisoner." In vain did I endeavor to persuade him that I could not choose men for prisoners. He was inexorable. Of course the circumstance of his having been on the juries was news to me, but it was, nevertheless, true as to the fact that one and the same individual had been tried for a similar offence on two occasions, and defended by me. But what a revelation. Until then I had been vain enough to believe that my efforts had had somewhat to do with the acquittals. "What

shadows we are and what shadows we pursue?"

As to the almost superhuman capacity and magnetism possessed by some men with whom we have had the blessing of association.—The late Chief Justice Moss was seen and heard receiving (poured into his ear by junior counsel), the particulars from a voluminous brief in an important case, and he rehearsed it to the presiding judge in a most fluent and logical form, as though he had studied, weighed, and digested it. The fact, as I believe, was that the case was forced on, and that Mr. Moss, immediately upon entering court, had to assume the role of senior counsel. As a tribute to the last named beloved Chief Justice, and as an instance of his personal magnetism, it can be truthfully stated that, when first he contested Toronto as the champion of the Reform party, a most strongly prejudiced Conservative, upon being urged to support Mr. Moss because of his extreme fitness and eminence as a scholar and gentleman, expressed himself to the effect that no Reformer ever had or would receive a vote from him. Mr. Moss made a personal canvass of the city, and called upon the referred to Conservative (it was their first meeting) and, to use the Conservative's own words: "Before Mr. Moss had been in my company ten minutes, I had pledged to him my vote, and I loyally fulfilled my promise." Mr. William Craigie before mentioned, and Mr. Chief Justice Moss were ardent friends. "Tom lo'ed him like a vera brither, etc." They each died very young, 'n blossoming fame, "As if the sun would set 'ere noon." It would scarcely be sacrilege to say of such men, what the poet Burns said of his friend Gavin Hamilton: "With such as they where'er they be, etc., etc."

Years ago, in the good City of Toronto, a legal luminary, (now in the high latitudes), by no means devoid of amiability, but liable to sudden bursts

of passion, had, on the occasion referred to, a slow but faithful scribe or office-man, at whom, not infrequently he had shied average sized volumes, but on the occasion now recalled, for some dire omission or commission, the man of all work was compelled to dodge a volume of the Revised Statutes of Canada, which went crashing through the panes of the office window; whereupon my lord glared at the offender, and bellowing at him in stentorian tones, demanded of him: "Why the —— do you not run for a glazier."

Once upon a time when visiting a race-course with a legal friend (before fashion had set her seal upon race-courses in this country), we met a Pennsylvanian known to be of the strictest sect, and above suspicion in relation to the moral code, who beholding us, viewed us with sorrow-stricken horror of visage, exclaiming that he was amazed at finding us there. We replied, expressing equal astonishment at discovering our model friend on such unhallowed ground. He at once excused himself, saying, "Ah, as to myself, I am here 'looking for a man.'" My companion, a noted wit, remarked, "It's the human race and not the horse-race that our friend has come to look at."

I recollect a leading counsel (he now adorns one of the High Court Divisions at Osgoode Hall) cross-examining at an assize sitting an apparently very stupid Paddy, and time and again counsel cleverly cornered him. When requiring him to account for his inconsistent answers, the witness invariably answered him,

saying: "Och, you were thinking of one thing, and I was thinking of another;" and there he lodged. "Where ignorance is bliss," etc., etc. An equally evasive individual was a German who spoke freely (after his partner had fled the country and taken the property with him), of the fraudulent suggestions his partner had made to him. But when asked, as a feeler, how he had replied to such fraudulent suggestions, his invariable reply was, "I was silent." That man was found with a copy of Shakspeare in the German vernacular, and gave "every man his ear, but few his voice." He let concealment "like a worm i' the bud," etc., etc. Having been told that it is bad form to be ever talking shop, I may be permitted, therefore, to close my crude remarks by telling the reader that it is surprising how little knowledge of foreign languages and of how to pronounce them some adults can attain to, even though they intermix with and associate from time to time with foreigners for many years. I know a man who after such an association had prided himself in the belief that, at least, he could command some German expressions fairly well. Setting out with such conviction he essayed to hold sweet converse with a most commendable German woman—and after he had, as he verily believed, talked to her in Schiller's best style—picture to yourself his consternation and humiliation, when she, after listening to him intently, turned on her heel exclaiming, "Nichts verstehe English," (Do not understand English)

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us."



## SGIPIO'S DREAM.

TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR HARVEY, F.R.S.C.

### I.

I VISITED Africa, as you are aware, as a military tribune, attached to the fourth legion, when Manius Mamilius was consul, and was charmed to have the opportunity of meeting King Masinissa, who was for many good reasons very friendly to our family. When I visited him, the old man embraced me and wept, and in a little while looked upwards and exclaimed: "I thank thee, mighty Sun, and the rest of the Heavenly host, that before departing this life, I am privileged to behold in my kingdom, and within my palace, P. Cornelius Scipio, whose name is refreshing to me, as recalling an excellent and brave friend."

We interchanged enquiries about his kingdom and our republic, and after a lively conversation, daylight waned. Even then, while a right royal entertainment was in progress, our discourse was prolonged until late at night, the old king constantly speaking about Africanus, whose very words, as well as his actions, he well remembered.

Finally, on retiring, I fell into a sounder sleep than usual, for I was travel-worn and tired by sitting up so late. Perhaps, because we had been speaking of him, Africanus thus appeared to me, in the shape I knew better from his statue than from personal recollection — a thing which Ennius says once happened to him with regard to Homer, of whom he was very often thinking and talking, when awake. I shivered when I recognized him, but said he: "Possess your soul in quietness, nothing fearing. Remember and repeat what I am about to say."

### II.

He pointed towards Carthage, from some bright and noble spot above us, shining with stars. "Do you see," quoth he, "that city which I made bow her neck to Rome, but cannot yet rest without a renewal of the strife? You have come to besiege it, a lad of scarcely military age. In two years you will be consul and destroy it, when you will bear in your own right the surname which has so far only belonged to you by inheritance from me. When you have razed Carthage, enjoyed your triumph, been chosen censor, and become lieutenant plenipotentary in Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, Greece, you will again and in your absence be elected consul, and by the destruction of Numantia bring a most important war to a favorable issue. You will, however, be blamed by the populace (whom the speeches of my nephew will lead astray) for driving in your chariot to the Capitol. Then, my Africanus, you will have to fittingly display the brilliancy of your inherited spirit, judgment and tact; and I see at that juncture two paths marked out by Fate. For when your years count seven times eight annual changes of the sun, these two numbers (both, though for different reasons, called complete) will have brought you by a natural circuit to the apex of your destiny the universal state will turn to you alone, and to your name; the senate, all good citizens, our allies and the Latin world will lift their eyes to you; on you alone the state will lean for safety, and, in short, you will, as dictator, scarcely fail to restore the good old system of the Republic, if you can escape the unfriendly hands of your own relatives."

When Lælius here started and cried out, and the rest were warmly sympathizing, "Pray," said Scipio, smiling, "do not awake me from my dream, of which I have said so little yet. Let me tell the rest."

III.

"And, Africanus, that you may be the more eager to serve the state, hold firmly to this fact—that for all who have defended, aided, or helped to develop their country, a certain place in the skies is set apart, where in happiness they can enjoy perennial life. And nothing on earth can better please that chief God, who rules the world at large, than the councils and assemblies of men united by law and justice, which are called states. The directors and conservators thereof, as they issue hence, so hither do they return."

At this point, alarmed, though less by the fear of death than by the dread of treachery at the hands of my own people, I asked if he and my father, Paul, and others whom we suppose dead were still alive?

"Why, of a surety," said he, "those who have put off the trammels of their bodies, escaping, as it were, from a prison, are alive, for what you call your life is really a death. But there—look at your father who approaches."

As I perceived him, I shed floods of tears, but he, embracing and kissing me, told me not to weep; whereupon, as soon as my sobs would let me—"Father, best and beloved," I cried, "since this is life, as Africanus says, why do I linger on the earth, instead of hastening to meet you here?" "Not so," he answered, "unless that God, whose temple is all that you see around, Himself has freed you from those bodily shackles, entrance hither will be denied you, for men are begotten that they may keep and care for the globe called Earth, which you see in the centre of this temple, and life is given them from those eternal fires you call stars and planets, which,

spherical and rounded, themselves, animated with divine spirits, complete their circles and orbits with wonderful swiftness. That, Publius, is why you and all men of worth should guard this vital principle in the body's keeping, and not give up your lives as men without the order who bestowed them, and have it known that you shirked the duties of humanity assigned to you by God. Cultivate, therefore, justice and respect, as this your grandfather and I who begat you did, for valuable as they are in regard to parents and neighbors, they are even more so as regards the State. Such a life is the road to Heaven, and to this the company of those who, having passed through life, and been relieved from their bodies, dwell in the place you now behold."

The region was, let me say, a ring which shone with a splendid brightness among the lights of heaven, which, following the Greeks, you call the Milky Way; and, as I looked around, other wonderful and glorious things appeared, for luminaries were there which we never see from earth, and the size of them all was quite unexpected, for the least of them was the small body, lowest in the Heavens, though nearest to the earth, which was shining with borrowed light. The globes of the stars much exceeded in size that of the earth. Indeed, so small did our world seem that I felt ashamed of our Empire, by which we have acquired a mere point upon it, as it were.

IV.

As I was wrapped in contemplation of the earth. "How long" asked Africanus, "will your mind be fixed on mundane things? Why do you not rather gaze at the temple you have entered? The universe, you see, is bound together by nine orbs or rather spheres, of which the most remote, which closes all the rest, is the Heavenly sphere, which is the great God himself, ruling and keeping them

in bounds. Therein fixed are the never ending courses of the stars which are turning with it. Below it are seven planets which have the opposite motions to that of the sky. She, who on earth is called Saturnia, possesses one of these. Next comes the healthy bright light called Jupiter, and after it the ravening star, baleful for mortals, which is ascribed to Mars. Then, somewhere in the middle region, comes the sun, leader and chief, and governor of the other lights, the mind of the world and ruler of its seasons, so huge that with his light he shines upon and fills all space. Him, as companions, two planets closely follow, one assigned to Venus, the other to Mercury, while in the lowest sphere revolves the moon, illumined by the solar rays. Below that . . . naught, save what is mortal and frail, except the minds of men, given by provision of the gods. Above the moon all things are eternal, for the earth which is in the centre and is the ninth body, is at the base and moves not, and to it all things of weight are attracted by their own tendency."

## V.

When I had somewhat recovered from the amazement with which I observed the scene, I heard a loud sound, extremely sweet, which filled my ears with melody, and "What," I asked, "is this?" "It is caused," he said, "by the impulse and motions of these very orbs. The intervals are not equal, yet are proportioned in a way that produces various smooth harmonies, by mingling shrill sounds with deeper ones. It would be contrary to nature for such powerful motions to occur silently, and they are such that the extremes on one side yield a deep note, on the other a high one. The star tracks in the lofty heavens, whose circling is indeed rapid, form a sharp and treble sound; the lunar one, the lowest, emits a base note: for the earth, the ninth, is without motion and keeps stationary in the middle of the uni-

verse, while the other eight spheres, of which two have similar attributes in this respect, cause seven sounds, distinct in tone—a number which seems to be the key to almost all things. Wise men who have followed this model with stringed instruments and voices; others, too, who with excelling genius, have in this life made a study of divine things, have opened the way for their returning hither, but the ears of mortals, albeit they have filled with this music, are quite deaf to it; you have no sense more dull than that of hearing, and are like the race dwellers at the cataract of the Nile, who where the river falls over lofty cliffs, because of its tremendous noise have no sense of hearing at all. This sound, caused by the rapid revolutions of the universe, is too much for the ears of men to catch, on the principle that you cannot look straight at the sun, because his rays over-match the sharpness of your vision." Lost in wonder at these statements, I yet kept my eyes upon the earth.

## VI.

Then Africanus, still addressing me, continued: "You are still gazing, I notice, upon the home and dwelling of mankind. If it seem small to you, as in reality it is, look ever to the things of heaven and think less of those of earth. For what reputations for oratory, or what search for glory can seem of consequence to you! You perceive that people dwell in scattered places, confined within various limits, while between the spots they do inhabit are vast deserts, placed so that they who live on earth are not only sundered by such obstacles that they can have little intercommunication, but some are at one angle, some incline the other way, while some even stand foot to foot with you—from whom you can surely expect no glory. Do you see how the earth is circumscribed, and as it were surrounded by certain zones, of which you may observe two, very far apart, lying on



either side, under the very poles of the sky, stiff with cold; while the middle one is of larger size, and is overheated by the sun's burning power? Two of the zones are habitable, but those who dwell in the southern one of these, and have their feet turned up to yours, are of an altogether different race, while as for the northern, which you live in . . . see what a small part of it you occupy! All you are concerned about is a mere strip, quite narrow from north to south, though broader from east to west—a sort of little island, surrounded by the sea you call the Atlantic, or the Great Sea, or the Ocean, and you can now mark how small it is, though you give it so great a name? Again, of these lands which are tilled and known, can your name or that of any of us surmount the Caucasus which you see here, or swim the Ganges which you note there? Who in the distant east, or the remotest west, or in the extreme north or south, has so much as heard of Scipio? Yet, leave such regions out, and how small a stage remains for you to fill with glory, while as for those who do speak of you, how long will they continue to exalt your name?

## VII.

“And though a future generation, which might have received from their forefathers some accounts of us, should wish to hand down our glory to their posterity, we could not attain eternal or even long enduring renown, because of the floods and fires which, in time, must needs occur. What can it matter, then, whether unborn generations speak of you, if they know naught of those who were before? In past times men were surely not less numerous, while they certainly were better. But among those who make some mention of our name, there is not one whose memory goes back a single veritable year. For men commonly measure the year by the return of the sun, *i.e.*, of a single luminary, but the true change of the year should be

reckoned when all the planets here together, returned to the places they set out from, and have thus, after long intervals, reached the starting point of the several years of each. How many centuries of human life are contained in such a year as this I hardly dare to state. The sun was known to disappear and to be totally eclipsed when the spirit of Romulus was entering the temple we are now within. When it is again eclipsed, in the same quarter of the heavens, and at the same season; when too all the constellations and planets are where they at that time were . . . call that a year fulfilled, and know that we have not yet accomplished the twentieth part of it. Therefore, what matters popular fame, which scarcely endures for a small fraction of a single year, if you lose the hope of a return to this abode? If you wish your aims to be lofty, and your aspirations fixed on a home here, forbear to spend yourself in speeches to the rabble. Do not be greedy for human rewards, but let virtue, by its own attractiveness, lead you towards true nobility. Let others say what they please about you; they will talk, but all such report is excluded from these regions; it dies with the death of men and is utterly forgotten by posterity.

## VIII.

“Africanus,” I said, when he had finished, “From boyhood I have tried to walk in my father's footsteps and your own, but if the gate to the entrance of Heaven is thus open to those who deserve well of their country, I shall strive with much greater watchfulness to follow your noble example, knowing how great the reward in prospect is.” To which, he—“Work on, with confidence that this body of yours is the only mortal part of you, nor are you the being its form declares, but the mind of any one—that is the man—not the mere shape you can point out with a finger. Learn, indeed, that you are a God, if that be God which impels, remembers, feels foresees—

which rules, subdues and moves the body over which it is placed, in the way that the God and King of all governs the world. As that eternal God from some dwelling moves the perishable world, so the ever-living soul directs the fragile body. That which continues ever in movement is everlasting; that which transfers motion, and that which derives motion, from whatever source, must have an end of motions and an end of life. Therefore only that which moves itself, never goes out of itself, is ever in motion, is the beginning or fountain of motions in things which are moved. But, of the beginning there is no origin, for all things spring thence: it is unbegotten, for if it came from another source it would not be the beginning. And, having no beginning, it can never die, for a dead first cause could not be revived by another, nor call forth anything from itself. All things must start from a first principle, so the beginning of motion is in a self-moving being, which can never have had an origin and never can have an end, unless all the heavens, all nature were blotted out, and all force destroyed by which,

as at first, impulse might be given."

## IX

"It being thus plain that what is self-moved is eternal, who will deny that natural things are subject to mind? All that is moved by outside force is lifeless, but that which has life is moved by inherent force, this being the attribute and power of mind. Mind, sole cause of motion, must be unbegotten and eternal. Use it, then, in the highest pursuits, such as solicitude for the best interests of the State, in which if the mind be practiced and exercised it will the more swiftly penetrate to this its home and abode—especially if, while imprisoned in the body, it be distinguished outside of it, and withdraw itself therefrom by the contemplation of things without it, to the greatest extent possible.

As for the minds of those who have given themselves over to the lusts of the flesh, and made themselves slaves thereto, violating human and divine laws at the beck of the passions—when they slip off their bodies, they flutter around the earth, nor can they return hither unless after a much disturbed existence for many centuries."

He left me: I awoke.

## THERE'S A PATH IN THE WOODLAND.

There's a path in the woodland I wander alone,  
Where the leatherwood bough hides the grey linnet's nest;  
How I love there to linger unseen and unknown,  
Till the glory of eventide fades in the west!

Away down by that pathway a clear stream et flows,  
'Neath the tam'rack and maple that arches it o'er;  
Where the sun-tinted cedars sweet perfumes disclose,  
And the little, striped shipmonk leaps down to the shore.

Long ago on this pathway, the lone redman went;  
The mandrake and pitcher plant grow o'er it now:  
See his oaken-bow broken, his flint arrows spent,  
And the leaves that have faded encircling his brow.

I am loth to depart, yet I cannot remain;  
The even star lingers, the dews are too chill;  
On the dawn of the morrow I'll come back again  
'Ere the golden light gleams o'er yon cot on the hill.

June, 1895.

W. A. SHERWOOD.

# ONTARIO PETROLEUM AND ITS PRODUCTS.

BY L. CLAYTON CAMPBELL.

THE study of the petroleum industry of Ontario is a study of small beginnings which are rapidly developing into great enterprises. From being a small and very unimportant branch of Canadian activity, it has advanced into the front rank of Ontario industries.

The first attempt to utilize Canadian petroleum was made about the year 1859. At that time liquid oil was extracted by rude processes from "gum oil," a thick black substance, which found its way to the surface of the ground in the neighborhood of Oil Springs, County of Lambton. The next step was to dig surface wells from 40 to 60 feet deep, and having a shaft of from four to six feet in diameter, into which the oil oozed up through the porous soil. This crude oil was then pumped to the surface by hand power and taken to the refinery, where it was partially refined and made ready for shipment. In 1861 an attempt was made to drill in the rock at Oil Springs. This new departure was highly successful, and flowing wells were struck which produced large quantities of oil. Owing to the fact that the drilling tools often dropped through and were lost it was inferred that these wells tapped some large crevice filled with oil and gas, and when this crevice was emptied the well was either abandoned or pumping was resorted to. The greater part of the overflow from these early wells was lost during the interval between the striking and the controlling of the flowing oil. In 1860 similar wells were struck at Petrolia, but in no case did the flow continue for any length of time, and at present all the oil produced in Ontario has to be pumped.

In the old days the process of drilling a well was very slow and expensive, but with modern machinery and better methods a well can be drilled in from three to six days, and \$150 to \$160 is sufficient to cover the cost. At first drilling was done with cable tools, but this method has been entirely done away with, and at present ash poles are used to connect the engine-beam with the drill,—a steel bar three and one-half inches in diameter, and from 25 to 30 feet in length. The well is drilled out to a diameter of about 4½ in., and casing is put down as the boring progresses, to keep water from interfering with the action of the drill.

After the oil is struck, a pump of 1¼ to 1½ inch tubing is put down, and the well is ready for operation. Formerly much of the pumping was done by hand, but steam engines have taken the place of manual labor, thus largely increasing the output of the wells. One engine furnishes power sufficient to pump from six to ninety wells, by means of a combination of pump rods working on a horizontal wheel so arranged that their weight balances one another, and minimizes the power required.

The petroleum, after being pumped from the wells, is run into large underground tanks, each holding about 8,000 barrels. These tanks are built by boarding up an excavation and covering it over, and they are a sure protection against fire. The soil about Petrolia is an absolutely impervious clay, and the oil is held without the slightest loss. These tanks are always kept filled with oil or water, otherwise the sides would cave in.

Canadian petroleum in the crude state is not so pure as the American variety. It is more largely tainted

with sulphur, and the most difficult part in the process of refinement is to eliminate this noxious ingredient. Moreover, Canadian crude oil contains less illuminating oil than the Pennsylvania product, but yields more heavy lubricating oils and paraffin.

The crude oil is distilled in large sheet iron retorts. The necessary heat is furnished by means of a spray of mixed petroleum and steam injected beneath the retort into the fire-chamber, which is lined with fire brick. The distillate is carried in tubes immersed in long vats of water. As the different distillates appear at various stages of the process they are led off into different troughs, and flow into separate tanks. The first that appear are the incondensable gases—gasoline and naphtha. The gasoline is used to dissolve rubber for waterproof clothing, to remove grease from wool, and to separate flax oil from flax seed. The best brands of gasolines deodorized are used for the intense clear flame in which the bamboo filament of an incandescent bulb unites with the platinum wire to lead in the electric current. Other brands are used to melt the solder in canning machines. Deodorized naphthas are useful in the manufacture of paints, varnishes and lacquers. They make a good wood stain, and, with resin and metallic oxides, make a good paint for barrels.

The next products which appear are illuminating and wool oils, and, finally, heavy lubricating oils, while an incrustation of carbonaceous matter or cake is left in the retort. This cake makes good fuel, and is largely used in the vicinity of Petrolia and Oil Springs.

All the grades of distillation are divided at will, either by stopping the process at different stages, or by subsequent re-distillation and treatment, into an almost endless variety of lighter and highly combustible intermediate illuminating and lubricating oils, and also into such solids as vaseline and paraffine.

There is also an oxidized matter thrown away as worthless, from which tars and asphalts for roofing purposes might be produced, should a sufficient demand arise.

Illuminating oil is refined by agitating it with 2 per cent. of sulphuric acid, which destroys the odors and removes free carbon and other tarry materials which are drawn off below. Then, after washing the remaining product with water, caustic soda and letharge are added. The soda neutralizes the acid, which is very injurious to metals, and the letharge combines with the sulphur, forming lead sulphide. Flowers of sulphur are then added to precipitate the lead and other impurities, and the oil comes out cleared. A new and better process re-distills the oil after the letharge and caustic soda have been added, and before the flowers of sulphur have been put in, most of the sulphur is in this way left in the retort in combination with the lead precipitate. The remainder of the process is carried on with the re-distilled product, as described above. Finally, in all processes the product is bleached in the light in an open vat, after which the oil is ready to be barrelled for shipment.

The tar or residue remaining after the illuminating oil has come off is re-distilled, resulting in a yield of 70 per cent. gas-oil, used in the manufacture of illuminating gas, and 30 per cent. of paraffine oil. This paraffine oil is put into a freezing vat, and from 8 to 10 per cent. of paraffine wax crystallizes out from it. This wax has all the oil squeezed out of it by pressure, and is then refined by chemicals, one part of the result being made into wax candles, while the smaller portion is used in the manufacture of artificial flowers and fruits, and chewing gum. The remaining oils, after the paraffine has been crystallized, are made into lubricating oils, such as paraffine oil, cylinder oil, mineral lard, mineral seal, antigrease, and vaseline.

It is easy to see that but little waste is incurred in the manufacture of petroleum products, for science is rapidly opening up new avenues for usefulness, even in the case of the most worthless residuum of distilla-

tion and refining, and Canadian illuminating and lubricating oils are competing on almost equal terms in the markets with the best brands of American manufacture.

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## THE ABANDONED FARM.

Along the hill and meadow moves the early breeze,  
 And gently stirs the feathered sleepers in the trees,—  
 A peep, a chirp, a trill, a bar of melody,  
 Then forth full-throated flows the morning rhapsody.

Across the fields the mellow sunbeams slowly creep,  
 And waken drowsy nature from her restful sleep,  
 Soft hands unseen upraise the drooping flowers  
 And fling upon the grass a flood of silver showers.

From out his burrow snug the timid little hare  
 Pokes up his cautious nose to sniff the freshened air ;  
 The squirrel from the limb surveys his whole world o'er,  
 Then briskly scampers off to gather for his store.

The fox forsakes the covert of the woodland lot  
 And jogs across the open field in careless trot ;  
 The dumpy groundhogs leave their damp and darkened hole  
 And heedless sun themselves upon a neighboring knoll.

The bee, whose filmy wings belie her buoyant powers,  
 Buzzes about, enriching while she robs the flowers,  
 Buries herself in bloom, then homeward straight she flies,  
 The honey-bag brimful, and pollen in her thighs.

---

The rustic gate, unhinged, lies hidden in the grass,  
 The lawn and old-time path are but a tangled mass,  
 The hedge, once trim and neat, shows but a ragged row,  
 And where the flowers bloomed tall wild-weeds rankly grow.

The vine weighs down the porch that shades the open door,  
 And dusty leaves are strewn upon the musty floor ;  
 The mournful moaning winds blow through the broken pane,  
 And wail from room to room a sorrowful refrain.

Within the crumbling curb the stagnant waters sleep,  
 And o'er its mossy walls the slimy insects creep;  
 Upon its cumbrous post the well-sweep leans at rest,  
 And in the bucket swallows build their noisy nest.

Where once the clucking hen led forth her wayward brood,  
 And taught the truants how to forage for their food,  
 A dozen crafty crows strut boldly round the yard,  
 While on the fence near by a sentinel keeps guard.

The great barn empty stands; the deep broad mows in vain  
 Await the welcome harvest rich in golden grain:  
 The rolling fields lie waste or thick with myriad weeds,  
 And winnowing winds will soon be white with winged seeds.

Upon the orchard slope the trees still rugged grow,  
 And scatter, all around, their blooms like summer snow.  
 All through the sunny summer days and mellow fall  
 The robins watch the ripening fruit and claim it all.

Beside the weedy stream that loiters in its bed  
 The lonely elm holds high its venerable head,  
 Full vigorous, for the wind's caress, the waters lave,  
 And nature's hand has healed whatever wounds she gave.

---

No more the pastured cows trail home as evening falls,  
 No tired team returns from field to well-filled stalls;  
 No more the hillside green is flocked with browsing sheep,  
 Or crowded sty contains its happy sleeping heap.

No more the watchful dog barks welcome o'er and o'er,  
 Or toddling children play, and tumble at the door;  
 No more the mother sings, and patient does her best,  
 To make her humble house a home of love and rest.

No more the man of toil outruns the early sun,  
 And home returns at dusk when labor's day is done;  
 No more the evening meal is laid with simple fare,  
 Or trembling voice is heard in earnest humble prayer.

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Perhaps his views of life were narrowed by his toil,  
 And scanty gains were charged to poor and stubborn soil;  
 And so he taught his boys that farming was a curse,  
 And drove them from the farm for better or for worse.

Perhaps he bartered freedom for a banker's loan,  
And sold his little crop before 'twas even sown ;  
His labor lost, his hopes by many ills beset,  
He sank beneath the ever-growing load of debt.

Perhaps he foolish followed but the law of chance,  
And toiled for years the slave of hopeless circumstance ;  
At last forsook his fields, and joined the rushing quest  
Of fickle fame and fortune in the "booming" West.

Perhaps affliction came, and after lingering strife  
Took wife and child beloved, and crushed out all his life ;  
Perhaps, alas ! some cruel crime tore home apart,  
Laid low his fondest hopes, and broke his human heart.

Perhaps no prattling babes shed sunshine on his life,  
Or brought the little cares that cheer the loving wife ;  
And none of kin were left to lay them side by side—  
In lonely love they lived, in lonely love they died.

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The sun shines day by day, the bees are on the wing,  
The flowers gaily bloom, the birds so sweetly sing,  
The fields all fallow lie, the door wide open stands,  
And nature holds a double welcome in her hands.

O, send some homeless souls to find the open door,  
O, send some hung'ring souls to feed from nature's store,  
O, send some weary souls to take sweet rest awhile,  
O, send some cheerless souls to beam in nature's smile.

For them let sun shine bright, and let warm breezes blow ;  
For them let flowers bloom, and let cool waters flow ;  
For them let grass be green, and let clear sky be blue ;  
For them let birds sing sweet. Let love, let life be true.

JAKOB KARL.



## WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN CANADA.

BY EDITH M. LUKE.

ABOUT 1846, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucretia Mott, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and Wendell Phillips—an illustrious quartette—went to London as American delegates to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention. The women delegates, owing to their sex, were not permitted to take their seats in the assembly. Screened behind a curtain at one side, and excluded from the discussion which had sufficiently interested them to bring them three thousand miles from home, it may be inferred that these clever Quaker women meditated much upon the wherefore of their exclusion, for on their return to their native land they organized the first Woman Suffrage society. The first meeting was held at Seneca Falls, N.Y. So began that mighty movement to whose founders, forty years later, Prof. Elliott Cones, M.D., lecturing before the Western Society for Psychological Research, paid the following magnificent tribute:—

“Think for a moment of these things; concentration of will-power; the fixed, firm,—if you will, grim—determination of the great women who have led their cause for a lifetime. Think of the fixity of purpose; of the singleness of aim; of disinterested benevolence; of unselfish endeavor; of ardent aspiration; of fervid appeal; of personal example; of unflagging courage; of the contagion of enthusiasm,—can such forces be set in operation and be futile? No! A thousand times, No!”

The origin of the woman's movement in Canada was in this wise:—In 1867, (Confederation year) Dr. Emily H. Stowe, graduate of the New York Medical College for Women, came to Toronto to practise. She was the first, and for many years the sole woman

physician in Canada. Dr. Stowe, who stands to Canadian women in the same relation that Julia Ward Howe and Susan B. Anthony stand to our sisters across the border, and then, as now, vitally interested in all matters relating to women, at once came before the public as a lecturer upon topics then somewhat new—“Woman's Sphere,” and “Women in the Professions,” being her subjects. She lectured not only in Toronto, but, under the auspices of various Mechanics' Institutes, in Oshawa, Whitby, Bradford, etc. It is interesting to read the comments of the press of the period upon such an innovation. One notes with pleasure that they were almost uniformly fair, and, in many cases, sympathetic.

Dr. Stowe says: “From the morning following my first lecture, I was never without plenty of professional work.” The blessed relief of being able to talk to a WOMAN concerning her physical needs was evidently at once appropriated by Canadian women. Very busy years followed for the pioneer Canadian woman physician, but none so busy that any good opportunity was lost of placing a telling word on the side of the matter ever uppermost with her—the progress of women. So was laid the nucleus of the Equal Suffrage movement in Canada.

As the history of Woman Suffrage in Ontario ante-dates that in any other of our provinces by many years, the data regarding it, too, being much more detailed, I shall describe its progress first. . . . After attending in Cleveland in '77, a meeting of the American Society for the Advancement of Women, and meeting thereby many of the finest women of the United States, Dr. Stowe, on returning home, felt that the time had arrived



for some union of the kind among Canadian women. Talking it over with her friend, Miss Helen Archibald, they decided that it would not be politic to attempt at once a suffrage association, but, in November, 1877, organized what was known as "The Toronto Woman's Literary Club," part of the preamble to the constitution of which read as follows:

the views, to enfeeble the mind and powers of intellect, they have, this 3rd day of November, 1877, banded themselves together to form an association for intellectual culture, where they can secure a free interchange of thought and feeling upon every subject that pertains to woman's higher education, including her moral and physical welfare."



DR. EMILY H. STOWE.

"Whereas a few ladies in the City of Toronto, having felt the need of something to keep alive their interest in mental growth and development, regarding, as they do, that continuous and concentrated effort upon any one course of thought or pursuit of object, has a tendency to cramp and narrow

During the next five years this club made phenomenal growth, adding to its ranks such women as Mrs. Mary McDonell, so well known in the W.C. T.U. work; Mrs. W. B. Hamilton; Mrs. W. I. Mackenzie; Mrs. J. Austin Shaw, besides many men. It also called forth a surprising amount of at-

tention from the press. Among the most able and earnest helpers of the work from its very inception was Mrs. S. A. Curzon, for several years sub-editor of *Citizen*, and well known in journalistic circles.

It was the habit of the club to meet each Thursday at 3 p.m., at one of the members homes. Though not avowedly a suffrage society, no opportunity was lost of promoting this basic idea of the founders. One of the earliest efforts in this direction was a paper, by Miss Archibald, entitled "Woman Under the Civil Law," which elicited much discussion, and, no doubt, did its part as an educator.

Fearless, and thoroughly enthusiastic towards the subject in hand, one does not wonder that these women accomplished much. One of their earliest and most admirable pieces of work was the writing to all places of importance in Toronto where women were employed, asking information regarding the separate sanitary conveniences maintained for the comfort of the female employes. In several instances, the revelations regarding the wretchedness and ill-health that women were subjected to from lack of accommodation that would have cost the employer at most only a trifling sum, were appalling. Many a Toronto working woman thanked the club for this step.

During these years, too, mainly through the instrumentality of the Woman's Literary Club, the Provincial University, Toronto, was opened to women. Miss Balmer was the first woman-student. It was now believed (1883) that public sentiment had sufficiently progressed to warrant the formation of a regular Woman-Suffrage Society. Turning to the minutes of the Club for Feb. 1st, 1883, I note the following:—"Moved by Dr. Emily Stowe, seconded by Mrs. W. B. Hamilton,—That in view of the ultimate end for which the Toronto Woman's Literary Club was formed, having been attained, viz., to foster a general and living public sentiment in

favor of women suffrage, this Club hereby disband, to form a Canadian Woman Suffrage Association."

At a meeting of the City Council, March 5th, 1883, the following no doubt startling communication was read:—"The Toronto Women's Literary and Social Progress Club asks the favor of the use of the Council Chambers for the purpose of holding therein a conversation on the evening of Friday, the 9th inst. The object of the meeting is to discuss the advisability of granting the franchise to those women who possess the property qualification which entitles men to hold it; and then to proceed to form a (Suffrage) Club."

Accordingly, on the aforesaid evening, Mrs. D. McEwen, then President of the Club, found herself in the novel position of occupying the Mayor's chair, which a *World* of that date says she did as though "to the manner born." A most enthusiastic meeting was held. Among those present were Mayor Boswell, Ex-Alderman Hallam, Alderman Baxter, J. W. Bengough, Thos. Bengough, Phillips Thompson, and Mr. Burgess, editor of *Citizen*. The Canadian Woman Suffrage Association was formally inaugurated amid much good will, and forty persons enrolled themselves as members that evening.

The first piece of work undertaken by the Association was the securing of the municipal franchise for the women of Ontario. In the minutes of September 10th, 1883, I find: "A committee was appointed to wait upon the City Council to urge them to petition the Local Government to pass a bill conferring the municipal franchise upon women; the committee to consist of Dr. Stowe, Mrs. McEwen, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Mackenzie, and Mrs. Curzon, with power to add to their number—committee to wait also upon Hon. Oliver Mowat."

Of course, from the beginning the members of the Association recognized that it would be manifestly un-

just to exclude married women from the exercise of the franchise, bestowing it only on widows and spinsters. Few people reflect that under a regulation of this kind, the unmarried mother, who comes under the denomination of spinster, may exercise the franchise, while the married mother is denied it. However, it was agreed

In the Association's minutes of May, 1884, I read that, "Captain W. F. McMaster and Miss McMaster were appointed a committee to draw up a short circular addressed to the women of Ontario, pointing out the value of the municipal vote that had just been conferred upon them, and the duty it laid upon them to use it.



DR. AMELIA YOUMANS.

that it was not politic to criticize the franchise bill before the House, on the principle of half a loaf being better than no bread. Accordingly, with true philosophy, objections were thrown aside, and every woman lent her energies to secure this partial reform, even though, if married, she would not directly benefit by it.

Another important work accomplished about this time, more or less directly through the influence of the Suffrage Association, was the opening of the Woman's Medical College, Toronto. Dr. Emily Stowe (with her friend Mrs. Trout), had, sometime in the seventies, forced her way to a season's lectures on chemistry in the

Toronto School of Medicine. She of course encountered much rebuff, but nothing daunted, about '79 coolly intimated her intention of entering her daughter as a medical student. This was done. Miss Augusta Stowe (now Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen), won her degree of M. D. C. M. in '83, the first woman to win such a degree under Canadian institutions. As a consequence of the splendid persistence of Dr. Stowe and her daughter, other women were awakened to the possibilities awaiting them in the medical profession, and so numerous were the applications for admission that it was deemed expedient to open a Woman's Medical College in Toronto. Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen was appointed Demonstrator in Anatomy.

Re-action being equal to action, after the labor expended in securing the municipal suffrage in '83, and later, in struggling for the opening of the Woman's Medical College, there seems to have been a lull until 1889, when Dr. Stowe made arrangements to bring Dr. Anna Shaw to Toronto, to lecture. Personally she sent out invitations numbering four thousand in all, to every member of Parliament, Council, School Board and Ministerial Association, inviting each member to be present to hear one of the ablest exponents of the Woman Question. Needless to say that after such well-directed effort the lecture was in every sense an entire success, creating so much interest in the matter discussed that the old suffrage association, which had been practically non-existent for several seasons, was re-organized, with Dr. Stowe as president, and Mrs. Curzon as secretary. . . . In December of the same year, Susan B. Anthony was secured to lecture in the Auditorium. Miss Anthony was described by one of the city papers as "a slight, delicate-looking, little lady, whose quiet fashion of dress proclaimed her Quaker origin." It is not surprising that the woman who, at the centennial of 1876, read the Declaration of Rights for

Women; who was the first woman delegate to the National Political Convention, held in 1868, in Tammany Hall, and who is joint author with Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Mildred J. Gage, of that oft-quoted work, "The History of Woman Suffrage," should have succeeded in fanning the flame of interest in her chosen work, until it spread from the women of Toronto to those of surrounding towns, flourishing organizations springing into existence in many places.

Next, the Association secured Mrs. Mary S. Howell, of Albany, N.Y., to lecture. Mrs. McDonell, ever indefatigable in her zeal for women, accompanied Mrs. Howell to many towns throughout Ontario, to stimulate suffrage clubs already in existence and to form others.

It was now believed that a Dominion Woman's Enfranchisement Convention might be assembled. This convention was duly announced to be held in Association Hall, Toronto, June 12th and 13th, 1890. It was a grand achievement for those who had labored over a decade in educating public opinion sufficiently to make such a gathering possible in Canada. Delegates were received from the various Suffrage Clubs then existing; also, there were many honored representatives from American Clubs, among the latter: Dr. Hannah A. Kimball, Chicago; Rev. Anna Shaw; Mrs. Isabella Hooker, (sister of Henry Ward Beecher), and Mrs. McLellan Brown, lawyer, and president of a Cincinnati college. . . . The women assembled at this convention fully demonstrated their ability to deal with what are usually termed the weightier questions, and also their thorough interest in all matters that pertain to the uplifting and onward march of the race. Perhaps the papers that elicited most attention were: "The Ballot, its Relation to Economics;" "Woman as Wage-Earner," and "Woman in the Medical Profession." As is ever the case where women have aught of in-

fluence, the social side, during this gathering of women, was not neglected, Mrs. Scales giving a "Drawing-room" at which Mr. Pope, U. S. Consul; Rev. E. A. Stafford, Mr. John Waters, M. P. P.: (who has so many times championed women in the Local House), and other men of the city expressed their entire accord with the object of this,

Should be Free," "No Sex in Citizenship," "Women are half the People," and "Woman, Man's Equal."

Altogether it was felt that the convention marked an epoch in the history of Canadian women.

The Dominion Woman's Enfranchisement Association is now duly incorporated.



MRS. EDITH J. ARCHIBALD.

the first Dominion Woman's Enfranchisement Convention.

Yellow, the color of the precious metal, and the symbol of wisdom in the East, the badge of equal suffragists all over the continent, was plentifully used at all meetings in decorating the walls of the hall. Some of the mottoes used were "Canada's Daughters

But the work of 1890 was not yet completed. In accordance with the desire of the Equal-Suffragists, Mayor Clarke and the Toronto Council determined to invite the American Society for the Advancement of Women, (known as the A.A.W.), to hold its 18th annual Congress in Toronto. One is well within bounds in saying that

no more brilliant gathering ever honored our country,—Julia Ward Howe, authoress and litterateur, the friend and associate of Emerson, Longfellow, and Holmes; Miss Eastman, one of the leading New England educationists; Alice Stone Blackwell, editor of the *Woman's Journal*, and daughter of the Rev. Lucy Stone; Clara Berwick Colby, of Nebraska, editor of the *Woman's Tribune*; Rev. Florence E. Kalloch, of Chicago; Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods, journalist and writer,—these are a few of the women whom Canadians had the privilege of entertaining, and to know whom is surely a liberal education.

Don, in a *Saturday Night* of this period, says: "The fact that a large class of women already have the municipal suffrage, and that all the prophecies of evil consequences made at the time this right was granted have been conspicuously falsified, affords the strongest ground for believing that the principle might be extended without any of the direful results, either to the sex or to the country, the prediction of which forms the burden of anti-female suffrage utterances."

It has ever been a favorite theory of Dr. Stowe that men and women should stand side by side, as thorough equals, in all the affairs of life; that every society and every association is the better for the presence and influence therein of representatives of both the sexes. In accordance with this idea, the Equal Suffragists in 1891 elected Mr. James L. Hughes to the presidency of the Central Club, Toronto, a position which he continues to hold. Since the convention of 1890, Dr. Stowe has been President of the Dominion W. E. A.

A magnificent forward step for women was accomplished in Toronto in the early part of 1892, when Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen, Mrs. McDonell, and Mrs. Harrison were elected school trustees; also when Mrs. O'Connor was made chairman of the High School Board, (the first woman in the world,

as far as I have been able to find, to fill such a position.) So much for Canada and Canadian women, and so much for the justice and liberality of Canadian men!

Passing from Ontario to the extreme west, we note with surprise that as early as 1872 the statutes in British Columbia were constructed in such a shape as to give MARRIED women a vote in municipal matters. We read that "*any female British subject*, who is rated on the assessment roll, or has been a householder for six months previous to election, at a rental of not less than \$60 per annum, (in the city of Nanaimo \$40); also any female holding a trade license can vote for municipal purposes." \* \* \* From which we infer that British Columbia women are one step in advance of those of other parts of Canada, in that the act of marrying does not disfranchise them. Is it not strange that no tales of dire domestic strife have come to us from the homes of the province on the Pacific? Is it possible then, after all that has been asserted to the contrary, that a man may accompany his wife to the polling-booth on election day, and allow her to record her personal opinion, whether it be adverse to his or not, without quarreling with her on the journey home! It would seem so, as we are not told that divorces are more frequent in British Columbia than elsewhere. Having shown that this is true in regard to municipal elections, surely it follows that it would hold good in Parliamentary elections—and, lo, we have swept away one of the strongest and most quoted arguments against the political freedom of women—the old idea that it would breed strife in the home!

Dr. Stowe, as Dominion President, says she inclines to the opinion that the women of Manitoba will yet have the full parliamentary franchise (they, of course, possess the municipal now) before those of Ontario or Quebec. The Equal Suffragists in Manitoba are under the leadership of Dr. Amelia

Youmans, she and her followers showing the zeal and progressiveness that we have learned to associate with all movements in the West. Dr. Youmans writes me that the women of the W.C.T.U. were the first to espouse equal suffrage in Manitoba, they having twice brought largely signed petitions before the Provincial Legislature. In the winter of 1892-93 much interest was evoked in the subject by the holding, in the theatre at Winnipeg, of a mock parliament, of which Dr. Youmans was Premier, the building being frequently crowded from pit to dome." \* \* \* If we had in every city in Canada as enthusiastic a suffrage club as that which exists in Winnipeg, we should not be long in gaining the point for which we are striving. *Will the reader not arouse the women of his town to aid in bringing about this much-needed social reform?*

Returning to the older provinces, we find that, in Quebec, women have for many years exercised the municipal franchise. In the old days, when it was held that a woman would be polluted by entering a polling-booth, it was customary for a notary to call upon the Quebec ladies in their homes, where they would, in his presence, record their vote without leaving their easy chair. Of course this system was open to grave suspicion of abuse, and has long since been relegated to the past. \* \* \* Miss E. A. Reid, vice-president of the McGill University Alumnae, a society which, by the way, is almost revolutionizing life for the Montreal working girl writes me: "We have never had a 'suffrage society' in Montreal, although there are numbers who are equal suffragists."

Prince Edward Island is the only province in Canada in which there is no legislation whatever regarding woman suffrage. Here not even the municipal franchise has been conferred. But we have the word of one of the most highly-respected legislators of the Island, to the effect that

the sentiment in favor of equal suffrage is deep-rooted and wide-spread, that all that is necessary to speedily bring about the reform is organization.

In New Brunswick Mrs. Sarah Manning, of St. John, is president of the W.E.A. In a recent letter she says: "Last summer our society affiliated with the Local Council of Women, which is composed of twenty-two different societies, and I have not, in all that large body of representative women, encountered a single expression of aversion or disapproval regarding the suffrage movement,"—a pretty conclusive argument as to the unanimity of New Brunswick women on this question.

In the Maritime Provinces the suffrage movement has attracted to its ranks the most intelligent, the most literary, and, happily for its success, the most influential women resident there. Mrs. Edith J. Archibald, president of the Maritime W.C.T.U., is, perhaps, the pioneer suffragist of Nova Scotia. As it has been repeatedly stated that women of culture and social position do not want enfranchisement, it is in point to state that Mrs. Archibald is a daughter of Sir E. M. Archibald, late H. B. M. Consul-General at New York, which was her home until 1874, when she married a son of Senator Archibald of Cape Breton. A Halifax woman says of her: "No more judicious or inspiring leader could be wished for, and there are rallying around her many of our best people, prominent among whom is Mrs. Leonowens, so well known as the writer of "An English Governess at the Court of Siam." Mrs. Leonowens is president of the W.E.A. of Halifax."

A Nova Scotia woman writes: "During the last three sessions petitions have been circulated and bills have been brought into the three legislatures of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. In N.S., the first year, the petitioners numbered

3,000; the second year between 6,000 and 7,000; this year (1895), 12,000; thus showing an increase, each time, of about one hundred per cent. over the previous. Very many more names could have been secured with little effort."

With such well-directed zeal as this manifested, one is safe in predicting that the women of the Maritime Provinces will not long be to their legislators only petitioners.

In concluding this fragmentary history of the progress of Equal Suffrage in Canada, there is one thing above all others that it seems to me pertinent to urge—a more thorough organization. We should have, in every town of importance throughout Canada, a society for the advancement of the political freedom of women \* \* \* Was any eminence ever attained in

any field by disfranchised men? Is not the attainment of the ballot looked upon as a thoroughly essential step to freedom? Have we not already realised, time after time, that the lack of it renders us powerless to accomplish our ends? The women of the W. C. T. U. recognized it some years ago, and thereupon made Equal Suffrage agitation one of the chief features of their work. What social reforms can we hope to effect; what abuses can we hope to exterminate, so long as we have no voice in public affairs? \* \* \* It seems to me that the gaining of the complete franchise is one thing that it is incumbent upon women to unite their energies upon at once, as here assuredly lies the only avenue to a broader outlook on life's work—a wider field of usefulness.

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## THE LAKE.

All the golden bars of light  
That cold, gray winter hid from sight,  
Now falling soft athwart the lake  
Into glittering jewels break.

All the waves that seemed to swoon  
To silence 'neath the winter moon  
Now ripple on the lake afar,  
And call unto the morning star.

Now the water's whispering,  
Sweet as memories of life's spring,  
Again breaks sweetly on the air,  
Wild as passion, soft as prayer.

It takes the winds upon its breast,  
And rocks, and rocks them into rest,  
Singing ever soft and low  
The song that only waters know.

The shimmering pale moonlight  
Parts the mantle of the night,  
And when it falls, and lingers there  
On its bosom seems most fair.



## A POTLACH DANCE.

BY DAVID OWEN LEWIS.

OF the once powerful Tonghees who, when the Hudson's Bay Company first settled in Victoria, British Columbia, were a numerous tribe, but few remain, whiskey and other civilizing influences having succeeded in their deadly work.

It has been their custom for many years to celebrate the Queen's Birthday in their own peculiar fashion, in addition to participating in the white man's games and the canoe races at the regatta.

This year an unusually large number of visitors flocked together, representatives of the Puget Sound clans, and the different tribes of British Columbia, and potlaches were the order of the day. Both early and late might be heard the monotonous beating of the hand drums or tomtoms, and the weird strains of the chants which accompany the dances.

Now a potlach is a feast, at the conclusion of which property is distributed among the invited guests, frequently hundreds of blankets and considerable sums of money being thus given away.

A potlach may be given for various reasons; the erection of a house or totem pole, the birth of a child, a marriage, the death of some near relative; or by a chief or personage of distinction for the purpose of acquiring influence. And to this love of power and the creation of envy among the less fortunate may be ascribed this reckless squandering of the savings of years, which from our own point of view seems so inexplicable. For he it known that Mr. "Lo," of the Pacific Coast, is not afflicted with such painful generosity towards his fellow beings, and in this respect does not compare favorably with the red man

of the plains. The more the giver of a feast distributes among the expectant guests, the greater distinction he achieves, and the more is owing to him when he in turn attends a similar ceremony. This custom, however, is dying out and does not seem to find much favor among the young men, who cannot appreciate the idea of squandering their savings in this fashion.

On May 27th, the local news column of the *Colonist* contained the information that Chief George of the Tonghees would give a great potlach that day, when a dance was to take place, the participants to be decked out in all their ancient finery. Consequently, at 10 a.m., the time stated, many Victorians and their American cousins might have been seen "wending their way" across the railway bridge in the direction of the reservation, where all was bustle and preparation, a dressing room (as we afterwards discovered it to be) having been improvised by stringing red bunting around poles planted in the ground at the corner of a large dwelling house. Many endeavored to obtain surreptitious peeps through the red bunting, in order to ascertain what progress the masqueraders within were making with their preparations, but were promptly ordered away to a safe distance by an ancient Tonghee gentleman, with an authoritative manner and a face tinted up with vermilion in most hideous fashion. Nature had not been generous as far as his appearance was concerned, and with these embellishments the effect was simply diabolical. A whiff of his breath that was wafted towards me as he passed to windward was not a "bunch o' violets," leading one to suspect that, as Dick Swiveller ex-

pressed it, "he had had the sun very strong in his eyes" the previous evening.

After mature deliberation and frequent consultations, a ring was formed by planting poles in the ground about twenty feet apart, and to these were attached native blankets, so as to form a barricade about four feet in height. These blankets, woven from the hair of the mountain goat, appear to be very serviceable, and in some cases are

alive by the dancers. To intensify our curiosity they kept fooling around that bit of string like boys around a wasps' nest. First an Indian held the pendant loop in his forefinger, and in that position delivered quite an oration in silvery sonorous Tonghee, then the string, slipping off his finger, would be jerked up with the rebound of the rope, coiling itself into a hopeless tangle, whereupon a chair was brought and the refractory coil being unravelled, it was allowed to assume its original position once more.

After this extremely interesting little performance had been repeated several times, a small box was brought, in which was very ostentatiously placed a considerable amount of money, and the lid being then securely tied down, it was attached to the loop of string. Then with shouts and singing, a canoe was carried in, and piles upon piles of blankets heaped over it, and those which had been hung up around the ring were added to the heap.



THE INDIANS GATHER.

dyed in the most artistic fashion. Then a rope was attached to one of the adjacent buildings, carried across the circle and made fast to one of the poles. To this rope, and immediately in the centre of the ring, was tied a string which hung down about two feet, so that it was just within reach when standing on tiptoe. What purpose this was to serve was a mystery, and gave rise to many surmises among the spectators. A man in my vicinity volunteered the information that a dog was to be hung there by his tail, and eaten

In place of the blanket barricade about thirty Klootchmen (Indian women), trooped in and seated themselves around the enclosure: each one was provided with two cedar sticks about eighteen inches long.

At this juncture our notice was attracted to a large dwelling-house near by, from the door of which a procession of three men and three women was moving in our direction, the women carrying three effigies representing a woman and two children. They were most fantastically attired



"The whirling ludicrous figures tripping about in time with the chant."

in goat's hair robes, with ermine skins sewn on, and head-dresses of down and feathers, the latter being flexibly attached so that they swayed about in startling fashion with each movement of the wearer, at the same time retaining their erect position. In their hands they carried rattles made by stringing the bills of gulls upon small wooden hoops, which produced a dry, harsh noise when shaken. As they advanced within the circle, the row of Klootchmen started up a weird chant, keeping time by beating with the cedar sticks upon boards placed in front of them. These effigies, which we discovered were intended to represent the dead wife and children of Chief George, and in whose honor this potlach was given, were placed most reverentially in the canoe. Whereupon some of the sage counsellors and orators of the tribe came forward, and in an amazing flood of eloquence (which was all Chinese to us), extolled the character and good deeds of the departed wife, and recommended their

listeners to emulate her exemplary career. These dusky Ciceros have certainly a great command of language, albeit it is only Tonghee, and the manner in which they seek to impress their audience, and work themselves up to a proper pitch of excitement, is certainly interesting to observe, the legs moving as if they were springs, and imparting to the body a trembling, jerky, up and down motion, the speaker's words being at the same time emphasized by continually gesticulating with the arms and hands. Frequent impressive pauses occurred, succeeded again by spasmodic throaty utterances, to which the native audience expressed their appreciation by many grunts of approval. There was an extreme self-possession to be observed, and a total absence of that *mauvaise honte* often met with among our own public speakers. The Tonghee language seems to me to greatly resemble the sounds which might be emitted by a man undergoing a process of strangu-

lation, with here and there a gurgling as of liquid running out of a small necked bottle into a thirsty throat, so that I was unable to obtain much mental solace from the harangues.

After the speeches, native blankets were taken out and cut into strips, and in that form distributed, and during this process a man near me, pointing out to a companion, one ancient aborigine, with very generous extremities, said: "He's got the largest feet I ever saw." Whereupon I entered the remark that they were not Trilby feet, to which he replied irrelevantly: "No, he's from Vancouver." Positively one man who has not heard of *La Grande Trilby*!!!

But *revenons à nos potluches*, when the partial distribution of the blankets had been accomplished, the canoe was taken from the enclosure, and the remaining blankets placed upon the

At the side of the open space were placed chairs upon which two aged crones seated themselves, and supporting between them the effigy of the late lamented Mrs. George. One of them held a framed representation in her Sunday best upon her knee. Then at a given signal began again that monotonous weird chant, which had a most creepy effect upon one's nerves. The words it would be useless to repeat, but the air was as follows:—



The dancers now emerged from their dressing-room, one by one, and at intervals, until there were ten whirling, ludicrous figures tripping about in time with the chant, looking for all the world as if they had just stepped out of some picture-book of our child-

hood's days. The feet were bare but ermine leggings, trimmed with ever-clashing puffin beaks, encased the legs from the ankle upwards, while the body was concealed by a robe made of gull and eagle feathers, these turning and twisting with every motion of the wearer. Hideously grotesque wooden masks covered the face, while over the back of the masks and hanging down the back were shawls trimmed with ermine. To the top and sides of the masks were attached fringes of hair made from cedar bark, dried and beat-



THROWING THE BLANKETS AMONG THE CROWD.

roof of a small shed near by, which was to serve as a further distributing point at the conclusion of the dance.

en into threads, while feathers and down stood erect upon the forehead. In the right hand was held a hoop,

upon which was strung a number of large pecten shells, (*amusium caurimum*), so attached by having holes pierced in the centre of each shell. The slightest movement of the wrist as the strange figures danced about, caused them to clash and jangle together. Some of the masks displayed great artistic taste and skill in their construction. A specimen of the cunning manner in which a representa-

roll about in most alarming fashion. Loops and thongs bind the mask to the head, and sight holes are pierced either in the nostrils or eyes of the mask, apertures being also cut for breathing through. It would seem that to even bear the weight alone of these masks for any length of time would be extremely fatiguing, notwithstanding which these votaries of the light fantastic retained our

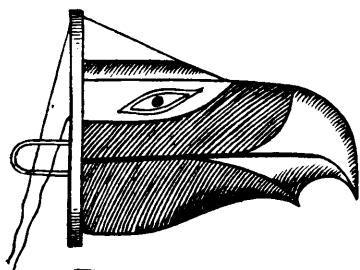
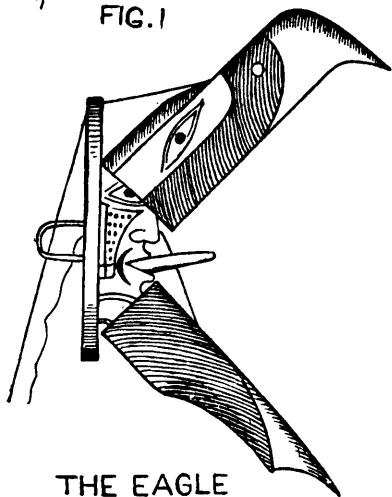
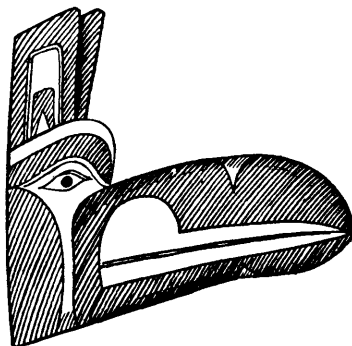


FIG. 1



THE EAGLE



THE CROW

## MASKS.

tion of a ludicrously distorted human face is combined with a bird's head may be seen in Fig. 1. The bill of the bird is retained in position by strings manipulated by the wearer, and the transfiguration is quite startling to behold. This occurs at some critical time in the description of exploits and legends, as chanted by the chorus of women. In some masks the eyes and mouth are so contrived that they

attention with their antics for fully forty minutes. At certain periods the time of the chant would be changed by striking the cedar boards with the sticks held in each hand, alternately; then it would stop unexpectedly, with some word, as if a question had been asked, to burst out again after an interval of a few seconds with like suddenness.

At the conclusion of the dance, the

assembled Indians gathered around the suspended wooden box containing the money, the rope, in the meantime, being so lifted by a pole that the wished-for prize was far beyond reach. What a mass of black hands practically grasping and clawing!!

Now the box is allowed to drop among the expectant swarm, but being securely tied with string, it is by no means an easy matter even then to obtain the much coveted money, and the scene that followed simply baffles description. A scrimmage at foot-ball was child's play compared with it. Like a pack of hungry wolves quarrelling over some desired morsel, those on the outskirts clomb over the men in front of them, until they arrived at the point of interest, when they disappeared as if down the vortex of a maelstrom. It was one surging, writhing, revolving, struggling mass of humanity for fully fifteen minutes, when, with a shout, the lucky man emerged from the confusion minus half his shirt, and otherwise dishevelled, but bearing aloft in his clenched fist the source of the excitement, and, as a consequence, was happy.

Two men then commenced throwing the blankets among the crowd, when a similar scene was presented, with the exception that a man was entitled to as much of the blanket as he might hold in his hands or under his arms; those not interested in that particular blanket, cutting it into pieces with their knives, which proceeding, at first, appeared a wanton destruction of property, but it seems that these apparently useless fragments are torn to pieces and again woven into blankets.

On our way home we passed some of the canoes which had taken part in the races a few days before; and what marvellously fine models they were. A great amount of skill and labor is required in the construction of these canoes. In the first place a sound cedar tree of the necessary size

is located. This is cut down, and the outward form of a canoe partially chopped out; then a road is cleared out to the sea-shore, possibly a mile distant. With the aid of rollers and a considerable amount of labor, this log is conveyed to the water and towed to the village, where, during the winter months, the work of hewing is continued. The exterior is fashioned to suit the fancy and judgment of the builder, then wooden pins of a certain length being driven in at regular intervals, the interior is hollowed out until the ends of these pins are encountered, so that the canoe is of a known thickness throughout. In ancient times, and before the advent of the white man, a canoe was hollowed out with stone adzes, wedge-shaped pieces of stone being fastened to a wooden handle by spruce roots; now, however, files are converted into tools of a similar form. This part of the construction being satisfactorily accomplished, the body of the canoe is partially filled with water and covered with blankets or cedar-bark mats, and hot stones are dropped in until steam is generated. The sides are then spread out by wedging in boards until the requisite beam is obtained, when the permanent thwarts are inserted, the latter being securely bound in place by spruce roots. This process of steaming and spreading the canoe to the required model, sometimes occupies several days. All that is now needed is a stern piece and bow piece; the latter is generally carved to represent a bird's head. The bill and rings around the eyes and neck are painted red, and the eyes white.

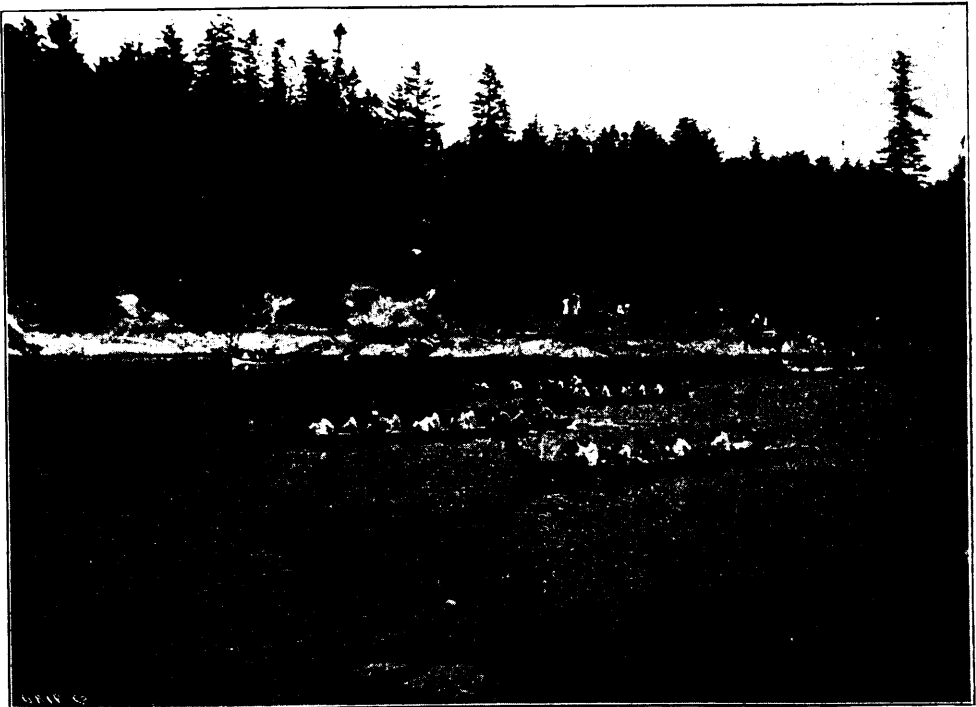
The bottom and sides of a canoe are polished and hardened by the application of fire, and are painted black, with a red line around the gunwale. The greatest danger to be apprehended while in a canoe in a rough sea is from splitting, and to prevent this all seams are securely tied at either end with spruce roots to prevent further spreading; but for all this, many cases are

on record of accidents of this kind occurring. The insertion of ribs, and the requisite amount of stiffening necessary to avoid this danger, is seldom resorted to among the Indians unless the canoe is very old, as the twisting and yielding in a seaway gives a canoe a decided advantage over a rigidly-constructed craft.

For the same reason, it would seem, slavers have been known to saw through the deck beams of their vessels when hotly pursued, in order to

and this is all the more wonderful when we consider that it is the result purely of eye and judgment, as no models are used.

Cedar being very durable, it is considered that a canoe will, with proper care, last a life-time; and, after his family, there is nothing under the sun that an Indian prizes so much as his canoe—unless it be firewater. What precaution is taken when making a landing that the canoe may not be scratched, as the moment it grates



A CANOE RACE.

gain additional speed. Yachts also, built for racing, when stiffened up for ocean travel, have their rate of speed lowered in consequence.

These canoes before us are black-leaded to render their course through the water more rapid, and it is my opinion that before the wind no other craft of the same dimensions can out-sail them. Surely no more beautiful lines can be seen on any water craft,

upon the beach it is carried carefully above high water mark! then in hot weather, to prevent splitting, water is dashed over it several times a day. Blankets and mats are used to protect it from the sun's rays.

Now, a potlach dance is generally preceded by a feast, but in this instance the order was reversed, the feast taking place in the evening. It was my intention to have witnessed

that also, but I was unfortunately prevented. Walking over to the reservation, however, somewhere in the vicinity of nine p.m., with a friend, we were fortunate enough to see some Indians eating "soapolali."

This "soapolali," or "la brew," is composed of the berries of the *vaccinium* which are pressed into cakes dried in the sun and wrapped in bark. In this form it is quite an article of commerce among the different tribes. To prepare this delectable dish, some of the dried berries are placed in a bowl with a small quantity of water, and worked up into a paste, and stirred with the hand until the mixture is of the appearance and consistency of soapsuds. A very small quantity of berries suffices to fill a large bowl, but the process entails a good half hour's stirring before sufficient "head" is produced. In this instance it was served in a china wash-basin: indeed it is not the first time that these people have misused household articles, a certain piece of china-ware being frequently used as a sugar bowl by the northern Indians.

We were invited to partake of the good cheer, but declined with thanks, the method of preparation and the strong fish-like odour that prevailed entirely dispelling any ideas we may have had about participating in the feast.

Since then, however, I have tasted some prepared under different circumstances, and found it possessed a decidedly bitter flavor. From this fact, and the effect it produces, it would seem to be of a similar nature to quinine.

The manner in which the Indians demolished this mixture was extremely ludicrous. They sat in a ring

around the bowl, each person being supplied with a stick, on which the compound was conveyed to the lips, where, a "blob" being placed in position they proceeded to blow until it was in the act of falling, then with a rapid inspiration and a disgusting smack of the lips, it disappeared to regions unknown.



KUCHLAMs.

There they sat like a lot of children, making horrible faces, and the queerest noises with the most sober and intent expression upon their faces. We were nearly convulsed with laughter at the sight, but managed to contain our merriment until we arrived outside the building, where we were glad enough to obtain a breath of pure air once again; and a few whiffs of Arcadia mixture soon dispelled the halo of ancient salmon.





## THE NEW ENGLISH MINISTRY.

BY THOS. E. CHAMPION.

IT is rather more than forty years since any political event in England has created such intense interest as has the recent resignation from office of Lord Rosebery and his cabinet. There were only two possible successors to the noble lord: like himself they were both in the House of Lords and not in the Commons. These were the Marquis of Salisbury and the Duke of Devonshire, the leaders respectively of the Conservative and Liberal Unionist parties. Of course, had Lord Rosebery simply resigned of his own free will or on account of ill-health, a successor would have been found for him from among the ranks of the Liberal party, but as his ministry had been defeated by an adverse vote of the House of Commons, as a matter of course the new premier had to be chosen from one of the two political parties opposed to him and his policy.

At the time of Lord Rosebery's defeat he was at the head of the Liberal and Home Rule party, which only held office by the grace of the various Irish Nationalist representatives; these were likely at any time to desert him, and without their votes his party in the House of Commons, led by Sir William Harcourt, was in a hopeless minority, so his position can not be said to have been a pleasant one. Defeat came though, and the Rosebery-Harcourt ministry, with its record of unfulfilled good intentions, was numbered with the past.

Unlike his illustrious predecessor, Mr. Gladstone, when he was defeated in 1874, Lord Rosebery did not take his expulsion from office seriously to heart and threaten to retire from public life, but from his place in the House of Lords hurled political anathemas

at the head of his successors, and gave them to understand that so far as he was concerned they would have to give a very good account of their doings.

Opposed to Lord Rosebery's policy of Home Rule for Ireland, Welsh Church disestablishment, and the "ending or mending" of the House of Lords politically, all of which projects were legacies from Mr. Gladstone, was the entire Conservative party of Great Britain and Ireland, led in the Peers by Lord Salisbury, and in the Commons by Mr. Arthur J. Balfour. Equally opposed with the Conservatives to the first of the three projects just referred to, while giving only a half-hearted support to the second, and viewing with cynical contempt for its insincerity the third question, were the Liberal Unionists under the leadership of the Duke of Devonshire in the Upper House and of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in the lower.

This party was formed when the Marquis of Huntington, Mr. Chamberlain, and other well known Liberal leaders, preferring their country's good to that of their party's, seceded from the support of Mr. Gladstone when he introduced his abortive Irish Home Rule measure in 1886.

When Lord Salisbury came into office in the autumn of 1886 in consequence of the defeat of the Home Rule bill, which owed its rejection entirely to the great number of Liberal votes given against it in conjunction with the Conservatives, who un-animously opposed it, the Liberal Unionist party gave his ministry a general support on all subjects, though the alliance was strained on one or two occasions, but never so as to seri-

ously imperil the cordial relations existing between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour on the one hand, and the Duke of Devonshire (formerly Marquis of Hartington), and Mr. Chamberlain on the other.

At the general election held in 1892 Mr. Gladstone secured, by uniting the English, Welsh and Scotch Liberals and Radicals with the Parnellites and anti-Parnellites of the Irish party, a majority of the House of Commons, and once more was a Home Rule Bill brought before the representatives of the people, by the aid of the closure passed through committee and to its third reading, but was subsequently brought before the House of Lords and ignominiously rejected.

The cry that went up from a certain section of the British electorate and from the whole of the Irish Nationalist party for the abolition of the House of Lords, because that body discharged fearlessly its absolute duty of rejecting a measure which not only had passed the House of Commons without discussion of many of its provisions, but had never been submitted to the country, is now only remembered with contempt by the opponents of those who raised it.

The Salisbury Cabinet and ministry just formed, marks a decisive epoch in English history. By its formation is signalized the all but absolute disappearance from English politics of the two great historic parties, the Whigs and the Tories. For a long time past the former of these two parties, of which such notable families as the Russells, Cavendishes, Grosvenors, Fitz-Williams, Fitz-Maurices, Leveson-Gowers, and many more were leading adherents, has been drawing closer and closer to its opponents, in presence of what both viewed as a common danger—the rise and progress of revolutionary and socialistic schemes, foisted upon the country in the name of Liberalism, these schemes being regarded by the leaders of the Liberal party

with consideration, if not with absolute friendliness.

The dissentient Whigs and Liberals, among whom are numbered the Duke of Devonshire, head of the Cavendish family, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the representative of the Fitz-Maurices, and the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, member for one of the divisions of Birmingham, in the House of Commons have formed the party hitherto known as the Liberal Unionists, who while professing general adherence to Liberal principles as they were formerly understood, are as staunch in their opposition to the revolutionary scheme of Irish Home Rule as the most uncompromising Tories.

This party has now joined the old Conservatives, and the new party has for the time being, perhaps for the want of a better name, elected to be known neither as Conservatives or Tories, but as Unionists. The party is in fact a Nationalist one, where both of its sections sink what may be looked upon as minor questions, in view of the great danger threatened to the integrity of the Empire by such a revolutionary project as that of a separate Parliament for Ireland.

The question of the disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Wales, as well as that of the Church of Scotland, are, no doubt, subjects of very great importance; but, despite the fact that a measure with the former object has already been submitted to the House of Commons, they are not at present within the range of practical statesmanship, and their consideration and settlement may be safely left for another decade, if, indeed, within that period both religious bodies do not, by their increased activity and usefulness, make their destruction an impossibility.

Let us glance at the leading members of the Unionist or National Cabinet.

By virtue of his office Lord Salisbury takes precedence. He has been in

public life for nearly forty years, and was in Lord Derby's Cabinet of 1866, as Secretary of State for India. He was then Lord Cranbourne, and represented the borough of Stamford in the House of Commons. He seceded in 1867, on the Reform question, from the Derby-Disraeli ministry, in company with General Peel, Secretary for War, and Lord Carnarvon, Secretary for the Colonies, and until his accession to the marquissate by his father's death, a year later, but little was heard of him in the political world.

In 1869 Lord Salisbury gave the public its first intimation that he was not a blind and unreasoning Tory, such as Liberal partisans delighted in denouncing him as, by his manly and courageous conduct in the House of Lords on the second reading of the bill for the disestablishment of the Irish Church. He boldly spoke in favor of the second reading, and did so on the highest grounds, not those of expediency, but of duty. "The country," said his lordship, "has by an overwhelming majority declared for this measure; it is for you, my lords, to bow to that verdict."

The bill was read a second time, and soon after, with but little alteration, passed into law.

In February, 1874, Mr. Gladstone, whose ministry had been losing public confidence from month to month, appealed to the country, and was hopelessly beaten in the constituencies. Under the leadership of Mr. Disraeli in the Commons, and Lord Salisbury in the Lords, the Conservatives came into office. Lord Salisbury took the post of Foreign Secretary. It is almost needless to refer to the Berlin conference, where, in conjunction with Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Salisbury played such a prominent part, succeeding in impressing the most famous of European statesmen not only by his sagacity, but by his deep knowledge of affairs. Again, in the same office, in 1885, and in 1886-92, the verdict was all but unanimous from

both political friends and opponents that, as a Foreign Secretary, the noble lord's policy was unassailable. His successors paid him the highest of compliments in continuing their management of foreign affairs on the same lines as he had already traversed.

At the head of the new ministry Lord Salisbury again holds the seals of the Foreign office, and it may confidently be predicted that he will do so with credit to himself and benefit to his country.

The Duke of Devonshire's career as a politician extends over almost the same period as that of the Marquis of Salisbury, but, unlike the latter, the greater portion of his time has been spent in the House of Commons. He has been the leader of the more advanced section of the old Whigs, and was a member of every Liberal cabinet from that of Lord Palmerston, formed in June, 1859, to that of Mr. Gladstone, which came into office in April, 1880, and resigned in June, 1885. Lord Hartington, as he then was, viewing Mr. Gladstone's utterances regarding Ireland with distrust, did not join that statesman when he formed his third cabinet in 1886. The Duke of Devonshire has never been distinguished as an orator, but what he says is always forcible, well thought out, and logical, and probably the electorate of Great Britain regard him with greater confidence than they do any other politician of the day, not even excepting Lord Salisbury. He is absolutely sincere, entirely disinterested, and will not embark on any course of legislation that he is not persuaded will be for the ultimate benefit of the people of Great Britain and Ireland. The unity of the Empire, and the welfare of its people generally, are the ends he aims at, and the principles he is guided by.

The two most striking figures in the new Cabinet who have seats in the Commons are Mr. Arthur J. Balfour and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. The former of these has sat in that House

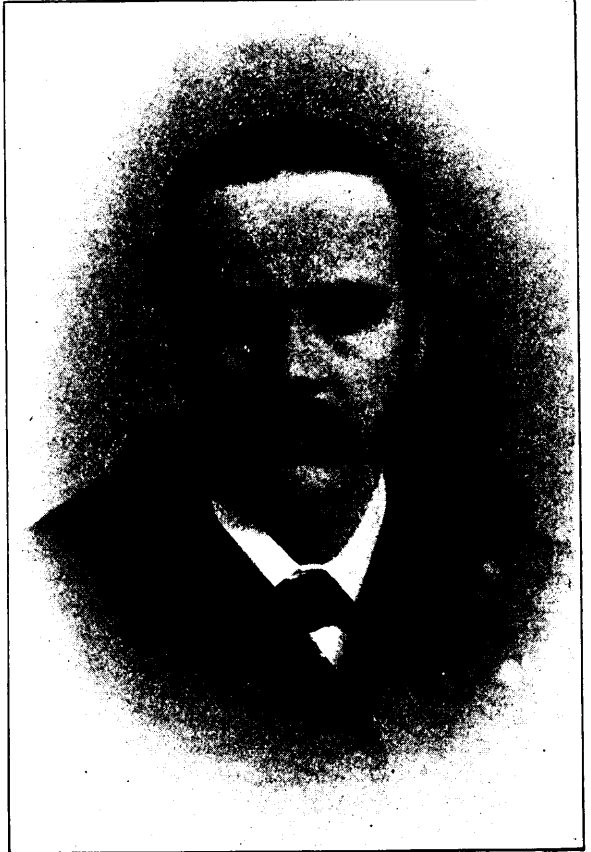
for about fifteen years, and from the first assumed an independent position, sitting below the gangway on the Conservative side of the House (this party then being in opposition), and forming one of the celebrated "Fourth Party," led by the brilliant, though at times erratic, Lord Randolph Churchill, whose recent untimely death every one deplored.

At first it was the fashion to laugh at Mr. Balfour, and not to regard him seriously as a politician; but this disposition soon died away, and he was generally regarded as a man who would have to be reckoned with when his party came again into power. Mr. Balfour's chance came when he assumed the office of Irish Secretary in Lord Salisbury's Cabinet of 1886.

At first the Irish Nationalist members tried to laugh and shout him down. That course of conduct he treated with ridicule. Then they attempted to bully him, to distort his meanings, to slander him generally, and to try and make it appear that he was brutal in his administration of the law, and unfeeling for all Irishmen, excepting those who gave the Conservative party their support. This line of conduct Mr. Balfour treated with quiet disdain. He never lost his temper: he met the most atrocious calumnies passed upon his conduct of Irish matters with plain statements of facts as they really were: and in a very brief period Irishmen of all parties, whether they were Orange or Nationalist, Home Rulers or anti-Home Rulers, learned that the law of the land had to be respected, and was a terror, in fact, only to evil-doers. In an office that had wrecked the career

of a Forster, disheartened Trevelyan, and distressed beyond measure Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Balfour earned by his resolute conduct and brilliant administrative capacity, the reputation of being in the very first rank among English public men.

The second of the two statesmen, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, has sat in Parliament exactly nineteen years, but



RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR.

had an excellent record as a Birmingham public man for some years previous to that date. His first appearance in a public character was in 1868, when he was elected to the city council of the great "toy-shop of Europe." In 1870 he was elected to the school-board of the same city, and in 1873, to the mayoralty. He was re-elected

in 1874, and again in 1875, only resigning that office when elected to Parliament. It is not necessary to refer to Mr. Chamberlain's policy while a member of the school-board, of which he was made chairman in 1873; in one of its features it has since been reversed at the voice of the electors, who were responsible for its initiation.

But of his marvellous energy and great achievements while Mayor of Birmingham, no sketch of his career would be complete without a reference to them.

He initiated a scheme of rebuilding a portion of the city and laying out new streets, whereby acres of the vilest slums were swept away, while good houses and wide thoroughfares took their place. From being one of ugliest of provincial towns, Birmingham, under Mr. Chamberlain's policy, has become one of the handsomest of European cities, and from being one of the worst governed municipalities, it has developed into one of the best. It has the control and entire ownership of both its gas and water supply, and the taxes are, in proportion, no higher than those in Toronto. All this is due, primarily, to the policy begun by Mr. Chamberlain in 1873, and since then carried to successful completion by his successors. No wonder that Birmingham is proud of Joseph Chamberlain! It is equally easy to understand how cordially Mr. Chamberlain reciprocates the feeling.

It has been the fashion to decry Mr. Chamberlain as a sometime republican and to insinuate that he has "gone back on himself" in his political professions. The wish is father to the thought. Mr. Chamberlain did once, in a speech delivered a quarter of a century since, say that he considered pure Republicanism the most perfect form of Government. Theoretically he probably does so yet, but so do thousands of other people who have as little thought of changing our Monarchical institutions for Republican

ones, as Mr. Chamberlain has of advocating Mr. Gladstone's defunct Home Rule Bill. "Free Church, Free Schools, Free Land," was Mr. Chamberlain's platform when he appealed to the Sheffield electors and was defeated in 1874. He holds to these views now as he did then. The first of these, "Free Church," Mr. Chamberlain has always stated he was willing to submit to the voice of the people directly interested, and as by unmistakable signs from British constituencies in the last few months it has been shown that for the present, at any rate, they have no interest in "Free Church." Mr. Chamberlain is perfectly consistent in joining a ministry who certainly will not make it one of the planks in their platform.

"Free Schools," are the law of the land, and "Free Land" will be one of the very first subjects, in conjunction with that of better dwellings for the masses, that will engross the attention of the new ministry.

In a brief article, such as this must of necessity be, it is not possible to deal fully with all who form the Cabinet. Of these, Mr. Goschen and Sir Henry James probably attract almost as great a share of public attention as those who have been named. They have had lengthy careers and have exerted (and undoubtedly they will in the future), exert great influence in the councils of their party. They are both Unionists, and once were Liberals, and have held office under Mr. Gladstone.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Lord George Hamilton, and Mr. C. T. Ritchie are all men of the highest character, and of undoubted capacity. They have no sympathy, and never had, with reactionary legislation, or with old Toryism, and are probably far better Liberals and more advanced reformers than the Whigs themselves were forty years ago.

One word may be said in conclusion. The new Ministry is the first that has contained among its prominent mem-

bers some of those who have from time to time expressed themselves strongly in favor of Imperial Federation. This latter scheme may at present be but a dream, but it is a dream that is possible of fulfilment. That consummation is far more likely to be brought about by statesmen who have no impossible schemes for the creation of equally impossible Houses of Legislature to bring before the country, but whose platform is "Reliance on the people and legislation for their needs." By "the people" is understood neither Englishmen, Scotchmen, or Irishmen particularly, but the united people (the three nations in one) of Great Britain and Ireland.

## MAN MUST GO.

Spake in homely words, yet great,  
One who ruled a ship of state ;

When the great guns held their breath,  
And the silence told of death ;

Spake he then, full well and wise,  
Ere the thunder rent the skies :

"Man the guns, boys, yet move slow,  
For ye know, boys, man must go.

' It may be, boys, your last fight,  
Ye may die, boys, ere 'tis light.

"Think of God, boys, think of right ;  
For our homes, boys, let us fight.

"Ready all, boys, yet move slow,  
For ye know, boys, man must go."

Heed this lesson, faint of heart ;  
Thinkest God gave you a part ?—

Part to act out here below ?  
Shrink not, then, and yet move slow,

And whate'er thou find'st to do,  
Keep this ever still in view :

As the tides that ebb and flow,  
Man is here, but man must go.

HORACE LESTER HALL.

## FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH.

BY R. F. DIXON.

'He's gone this time, sure enough, poor fellow,' I heard the clergyman say.

The doctor came forward, and leant over me. I could feel his tobacco-tainted breath on my face.

"Yes," after a minutes pause, he said, "He's gone. Strangest case I ever knew. He has no symptoms of

have been organic. It's a strange case anyway. I'll send a note of it to *Braithwaite*."

"I suppose I'd better send word to his wife," said the clergyman. "Do you happen to know her address?"

"Yes; it's Penrith. Mrs. C. F. Oglevie, Penrith, Ontario, will find her. It's a small place, of about a



A CONSULTATION.

apoplexy; his heart went like clock-work, and there were no indications of paralysis. I examined him only two weeks ago for the Foresters. He must have been suffering from some obscure form of heart disease. And now, when I think of it, I did detect a peculiar murmur which I thought was due to functional causes. It must

couple of thousand inhabitants, north of Toronto."

"Would you mind calling in and sending Ricketts, the undertaker, upon your way down town?" asked the clergyman. "Tell him to come right away. I'll wait here till he comes. And send the landlord up, will you?"

The sound of the doctor's descend-

ing steps were soon succeeded by those of the landlord ascending the stairs. The door opened and softly closed. A minute later I was apprised, by a rich odor of old rye, that the landlord was subjecting me to a close scrutiny. Then with his fat, trembling fingers he began fumbling with my closed eyelids. As he partially raised one of them I caught a glimpse of his heavy, whiskey-sodden visage."

"Dead as a mackerel," he said, presently. "But he's a queer kind of a corpse; his eyes have closed of themselves. He won't need no cop-pers."

"Do you know anything about him?" asked the clergyman.

"Yes, he's a travelling piano tuner; lives in a place called Penrith. This is the second or third time he's stopped here. Came the day before yesterday. And, by the same token, he owes me a matter of a couple of dollars."

"That'll be all right," said the clergyman. "For the matter of that, if the worst comes to the worst, I'll pay it myself."

"You've got too big a heart for a preacher, Mr. Forest," answered the landlord. "You'll run yourself into the poor house, if you undertake to pay every straggler's board bill. I'm better able to afford the loss than you are. And it's a small matter anyway. I don't know what made me mention it."

But it is time to explain how I came to be in my present and hitherto mysterious predicament.

Feeling somewhat unwell that afternoon, I had retired to my room to take a rest, and try to sleep off a strange giddiness and swimming in the head. After lying for, I suppose, a couple of hours on the bed, the disagreeable sensations had so markedly increased that I became seriously alarmed. I had never experienced anything like it before. A deathly languor was also beginning to creep over me. I felt like a man who had been drugged, or had received a heavy stunning blow upon

the head. All the machinery of my system seemed to be gradually running down. I hadn't any pain whatever, or bodily discomfort. On the contrary, my sensations were rather pleasurable than otherwise. I may further liken them to those of a man gently and easily slipping down a long, gradually sloping incline. By a sudden effort, however, I had half rolled off the bed, staggered to the door and opened it. Just at that moment, Mr. Forest, the young English Church clergyman, who boarded at the house, was passing down the long passage. I hailed him, and earnestly asked him to bring a doctor. He immediately came to my relief, and after assisting me back to bed hurried off for the doctor.

After his departure, the peculiar sensations recommenced with added intensity. My breathing ceased altogether. All sensible movement of the heart came to a full stop. I became conscious of a total inability to crook a finger. My eyes slowly and gradually closed, and then came an utter blank.

All at once I seemed to wake up. The cloud lifted from my brain. My thoughts came as naturally and easily and coherently as if I had waked from a long, dreamless, refreshing slumber. But I had no more power of motion than a stone effigy. I felt, if you can imagine such a thing, like a man who had been frozen alive. At first a great horror fell upon me. Was I dead or alive. My brain throbbed as if it would rend asunder its encompassing bounds. But this was soon exchanged for a feeling of stony resignation. I became absolutely indifferent to the future. Then, as I lay there, gradually dawned upon me the nature of my mysterious malady.

I was in a catalepsy, about which, curiously enough, I had been reading only the previous week in some medical work I had picked up in a doctor's office.

Scarcely had I fully realized my



condition when the door opened and the clergyman and the doctor hastily entered. The result of the latter's examination has been already given.

After the departure of the landlord there was an interval of absolute silence for what seemed to me at least a couple of hours. Incapable as I was of seeing anything, my sense of hearing seemed to be multiplied at least three-



"The door opened and softly closed."

fold. I could hear the soft breathing of the clergyman at the far end of the room as distinctly as the sound of a bucksaw under the window, and almost every word in the bar-room beneath my bedroom was distinguishable. Ordinarily it was impossible to distinguish anything but a dull, confused murmur. Hitherto I had never overheard the loudest and clearest

voice. Even the occasional bellowings of a drunken man were only at intervals distinguishable. Now, as I lay in my waking trance I could follow the conversation down below as easily as if it had been carried on at the open door of my bedroom.

I remember distinctly hearing the landlord say, in what was an unmistakable undertone, to some customer: "We've got a dead man upstairs. Went off as easy as rolling off a log. The preacher's with him."

"When's the funeral to be," asked someone, in the same tone of voice.

"That depends on the undertaker. I guess they'll telegraph his friends. It's a chance if they'll take him home. I guess the poor fellow had all he could do to get along, and I don't think he's left enough to buy a decent coffin."

"What sort of a fellow was he?" I heard some one else enquire in rather a louder tone.

"O, well enough!" replied the landlord, with that tone of contemptuous toleration accorded by landlords to non-consumers of excisable articles, "He was a quiet, civil man, always paid his way—not much for company. Didn't smoke or drink."

During the silence which ensued, I could distinctly hear the ticking of the bar-room clock, and the bar-tender splashing tumblers behind the counter. Then the bar-room door opened, and I heard someone say in a sharp, business-like voice:—

"You've got a dead man upstairs, haven't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Ricketts," the landlord replied briskly. "First floor, number eight. You'll find Mr. Forest, the English preacher, with him. Take a horn?"

"I'll take it after I get through, if it's all the same. But before I lay a finger on him, I want to know where my pay's coming from. Will you guarantee it? Nobody seems to know anything about him."

There was a silence of several

minutes. I could hear someone strike a match. At last the landlord said:—

“Let’s go upstairs and talk things over with Mr. Forest.”

I believe I heard every individual step of the two men as they left the bar-room, traversed the downstairs hall, ascended the stairs, and walked down the passage. I must say that I experienced a sensation of creepiness

The door opened and the two men entered. After greeting Forest they approached the bed. Again I felt the undertaker’s claw-like fingers pass over my face. Presently he lifted one of my eyelids, and I saw his cadaverous, vulture-like countenance, as he bent over me. He was a tall, thin, moody-looking man, always dressed in rusty black. I couldn’t help thinking how infinitely I would have preferred being laid out by the rival undertaker, a fat, jolly-looking, ruddy man, with a husky, good-natured voice.

“Well,” said the undertaker, letting my eyelid subside, “before I take this job, I want to know who’ll go security. I’ve been bitten too often with these pauper funerals.”

The only apparently living part of me rose in furious protest against the man’s sordid brutality. Again my brain throbbed violently. I felt I would have given the universe to have been able to have leaped up and throttled him



“We’ve got a dead man upstairs.”

as the undertaker’s steps became increasingly audible. It was like lying and awaiting the approach of one’s executioner. And yet, incomprehensible as it may sound, I felt no fear yet. My mind seemed too intently concentrated upon what was going on around me to have any regard for the future. It seemed a horrid thing to have an undertaker clawing me over. Beyond that, however, I had no other sensation.

where he stood.

“I want a word with you, Mr. Forest,” said the landlord.

The two men retired into the passage and closed the door behind them. I heard them whispering for a few minutes. Then they re-entered the room.

“Me and Mr. Forest ’ll go security for the funeral,” said the landlord.

“Let’s see, then,” said Rickets.

"There'll be a coffin and shell, the laying out and hearse. He can be buried in the suit he has on him, and there'll be some extras. The coffin's the principal thing. What kind of a one would you like? Nothing expensive, I suppose."

"Let him be buried decently," said the clergyman. "Of course," he added, "there needn't be any unnecessary expense."

"Yes, I understand. Well, I've just laid in a stock of nice, cheap, pine coffins—stained—for my poorer customers. You won't want white metal handles. There'll be a breastplate. Well, I'll do the whole thing for thirty-five dollars."

The absurdity of these men deliberately making arrangements for my funeral struck me so forcibly that I could have rolled over in the bed and screamed with laughter. To the horrible and ghastly outcome of the business I had as yet never given a thought. The possibility of being buried alive had, strangely as it may sound, never faintly dawned upon me.

"Before we part we'd better examine his personal effects," said the clergyman. "It's as well to do it in the presence of witnesses"

I had a valise containing a change or two of linen and a few miscellaneous articles. And in the breast pocket of my coat was a wallet with a few dollars in it, a thousand-mile ticket, and half a dozen letters from my wife.

After these articles had been all duly overhauled, the clergyman said: "I'll wrap the money and letters up in a parcel, and Mr. Mayflower can put them in the safe until after the funeral."

With the words "after the funeral," suddenly came, like the stroke of a thunderbolt upon me, the horrible possibility of being buried alive. A perfect wave of horror swept over me. My brain spun round like a buzz saw. There was a humming in my ears, then a strange, dreamy feeling as if

I were drifting out to sea, and then oblivion.

When I regained consciousness, I was still lying on the bed, and apparently in exactly the same position. But someone was moving about in the room.

"There's no hot water to be had," said a strange voice. "We'll have to heat it ourselves."

"There's no need of that," replied Ricketts, in his well-known, harsh, creaking voice. "We'll use cold. Nobody'll be the wiser, and anyway what odds is it with a fellow like him. There's no money in the job. I only took it to keep Ruggles from gittin' it. If it wasn't for the name of the thing, I'd bury him just as he lays. But if the man had been hanged, he'd have to be washed in some shape. Lock the door, and let's get to work. We've lost too much time over him already, and there's old Willis has had another fit. I should be on the lookout. Ruggles has been chasing Dr. Bendigo these ten days. Willis would be worth five such fellows, and then there's the old lady. Whoever plants him 'll plant her. And she's bustin' with dropsy—can't last three months. There's a clear hundred dollars to be made out of the two. It would be a pity to lose such a job for sake of a pauper like this."

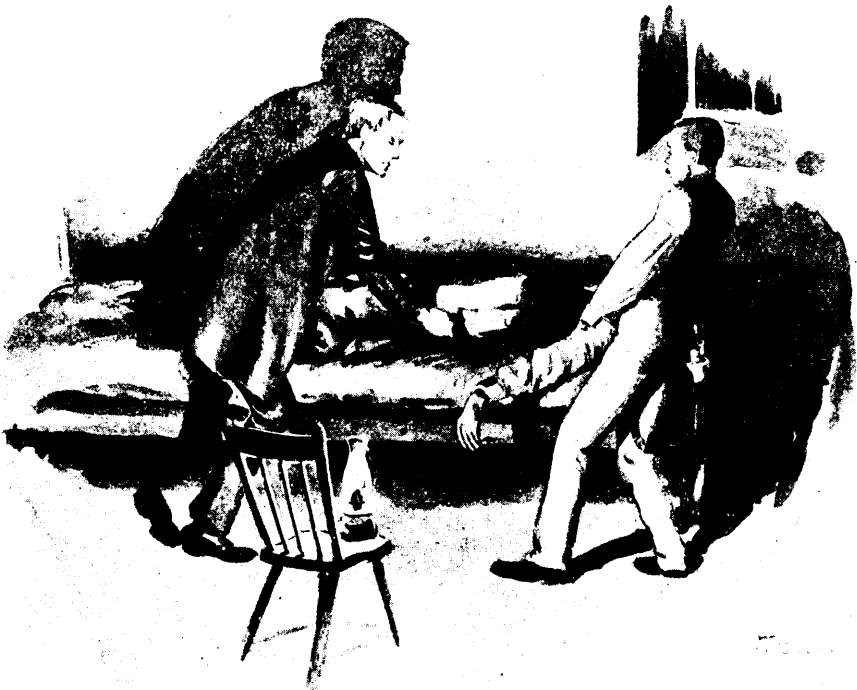
In my indignation at the man's brutality I forgot all my horror of being buried alive. I silently registered a vow that if ever the opportunity presented itself, I would call him to account. But infinitely worse was to follow.

They dragged me roughly off the bed and, placing me on the floor, proceeded to remove my clothes. As soon as they began to handle me I discovered that my sensitiveness, proportionately with my hearing, had been immensely intensified. Their hard, coarse hands seemed to bruise my flesh. And when they began to sponge my perfectly naked body, the agony was so intense that I could

have yelled. It was as if they were applying undiluted carbolic acid to my skin. O, the agony of that washing. It makes me shudder when I think of it after the lapse of years. I'd almost as soon be roasted alive.

At last they got through the washing operation,—such a sacred function, evidently, with undertakers. My clothes were roughly replaced and I was heaved back again on the bed. My limbs were “composed,” a wet

Was I then to realize one of the most horrible presentiments of my presentiment-haunted life? I am one of those men who take a great comfort in presentiments. Without one or two good able-bodied presentiments I feel persuaded that life, to a man of my temperament, wouldn't be worth living. Since my earliest childhood I have never been without one, and I never expect to be. And on the whole, like one's ailments, one's presenti-



“They dragged me roughly off the bed.”

cloth was placed over my face and I was again left alone.

During my manipulation by the undertakers, my mind had been too deeply engrossed with what was passing around me to give any thought to the future. But now, in the dead silence that succeeded the departure of the two human vultures, my mind swung back again into the groove out of which it had been temporarily lifted.

ments are an unspeakable comfort. What a blank, empty, pointless, aimless affair innumerable lives would be without either ailments or presentiments!

And, strange to say, my last presentiment had been the good old crust-ed one of being buried alive. It had succeeded and completely ousted a fear of contracting hydrophobia or becoming a victim of paresis or some-

thing of the kind, and it had been suggested by reading the article on catalepsy, already referred to. Why isn't there a statute, by the way, forbidding, under penalty of penal servitude, the reading by laymen of medical works? O, those doctor's books, what ailments, and presentiments and haunted lives are they not responsible for! The science of medicine should be a secret as jealously guarded as the practice of Masonry.

Again my brain reeled and tottered, and again a merciful unconsciousness came to my succour.

The loud clanging of a bell seemed to suddenly awake me. I lay for several minutes listening to its short, sharp strokes, which stabbed my brain through and through. After thirty or forty strokes the whole town seemed suddenly to wake up. The streets became alive with trampling feet. Then came the furious galloping of horses and the affrighted jangle of bells. What could it mean?

Morbidly active as my brain was, it was not for several minutes that I divined the cause of the sudden uproar. There was a fire. I heard a window pushed up in the next room, and a call out to the passing crowd, "Where's the fire?" "It's down at Wilson's flour and feed store. If the wind rises it'll take the whole block. You're none too safe."

The window was hastily put down, and I heard the occupant of the room run out into the passage and begin hammering at the various bedroom doors. In a few minutes the whole house was in a wild uproar. Doors were violently slammed, furniture overturned; children woke up and wailed in all keys. Some one rushed in at the front door, and in a strong, hoarse voice shouted: "Mr. Mayflower, get the furniture out of your house; the wind's rising, and it's a chance if we can save the house."

The noise and uproar redoubled. I heard them dragging the heavy downstairs furniture about and emp-

tying the two upstairs sitting rooms at the end of the passage. I could distinctly distinguish the landlord's voice cautioning the men to be careful with the piano. The sound of crackling timbers and the dull roar of the fire became distinctly audible. It was apparently swiftly approaching.

The clearing of the house went on apace. They began on the bedrooms. Soon two men rushed into my room, and then, to my unspeakable horror, rushed out again at a cry from some comrades to come and assist them with the coal stove. A few minutes later I heard the landlord shout:—

"Never mind what's left in the bedrooms. I want all the help I can get in the cellar."

There was a general rush for the lower regions, and in an exceedingly short time the upper part of the house was deserted.

O! the indescribable horror of that ensuing half hour! Horror struck as I had been with the thought of being buried alive, how unspeakably more horrible was the prospect of being burned alive! I believe I actually prayed that I might be buried alive. I heard the fire engine approaching, and the water beginning to rattle against the walls and roof. The crackling of the burning buildings sounded louder and louder; the air became sensibly warmer. I could faintly hear the toilers far away down in the cellar.

Suddenly I seemed to be rapidly ascending like a man in a balloon. Upward I sped, thrilled through and through with a strangely exhilarating yet restful feeling. High, and higher and higher I soared. The sordid, care-cursed world was left far behind. An inexpressibly delicious feeling of perfect resignation possessed me. And again for the third or fourth time I became unconscious.

When I came to my senses I was still lying in my old position on the bed, and, so far as I could perceive, absolutely unharmed. I knew that

I had not changed my position by the peculiar "lay" of my head. Even through the lids of my closed eyes I was distinctly conscious of a strong light in the room. But in the absence of any undue heat and of the previous uproar I knew that all danger from fire was probably over. My brain, the only actively living thing about me, gave, as it were, a great bound. A feeling of indescribable relief and thankfulness took possession of me. For the space of a whole minute I was probably the happiest man in the whole Province of Ontario. What a world of happiness was concentrated within the space of those sixty seconds! Spread out reasonably thick it would have sweetened a twelvemonth. I could have leaped to the very ceiling for joy. But like the flash of a meteor it faded away, and the benumbing horror of the other alternative crept over me, and mingled with an unutterable disgust.

For what had I been saved? To miserably perish by a long, lingering, living death. To slowly yield my life in impotent agonizing writhings in the darkness of the tomb, with the pattering of human feet above me! To die like a poisoned rat in a hole! To be slowly strangled as it were, and so suffer the agony of ten thousand hangings!

And so I began actually to regret my escape. Would not burning alive even have been preferable to this long-drawn torture? A few moments of anguish and then it would have all been over. Yes, I was sorry I had escaped the fire. I had gone from bad to worse.

Just as I came to this conclusion I heard steps ascending the stairs, as of men carrying something heavy. In another minute the door was bumped open and I heard Ricketts say:—

"Hurry up, Marks; we've got to get him boxed up inside of half an hour."

"Hello, Mr. Ricketts," said the voice

of the landlord from the door. "I declare, I teetotally forgot the man last night. If the fire had got into the house, he'd have gone sure, and you'd have lost your 'job.'" And he gave a vinous chuckle, that went far to obliterate any gratitude I felt towards him on the other score."

"A d—d lot I'd have cared," grumbled Ricketts, who for some reason seemed to be out of humor.

"Well, it would have been a nasty job," said the landlord, rather gravely. "It kinder gives one a turn to think of it. I shouldn't have mentioned it."

"I don't see that it makes any difference whether he is buried or burned. I know I'd have been five dollars into pocket if I'd lost the job. What do such trash as him want with coffins. I've lost one of the best jobs in the town over him. Old Willis went off last evening when I was here, and Ruggles watched the house till he saw the doctor come out, and walked up and met him and got the job."

The landlord did not reply, and walked away. Then I felt myself seized at both extremities and lifted from the bed. My feet were first inserted in what I instinctively knew was my coffin, and my head and shoulders were lowered to follow suit.

O, the unspeakable horror of those few seconds! In a few short minutes I would have entered into the dark torture chamber, to be alone with my fate.

But apparently there was some unforeseen hitch in the proceedings. I felt the edge of the coffin against the back of my head. Evidently, I thought, with a thrill of relief, of the prospective respite: the coffin was too short for me.

"What'll we do, Mr. Ricketts?" asked Marks. "I guess we'll have to get another size larger. You must have forgot the measurements."

"I'm d——d if I get another coffin," said Ricketts. "They come

two dollars higher. We'll have to make this one do."

"But we can't get him in," remonstrated the assistant.

"Well, force him in; he's not made of wood."

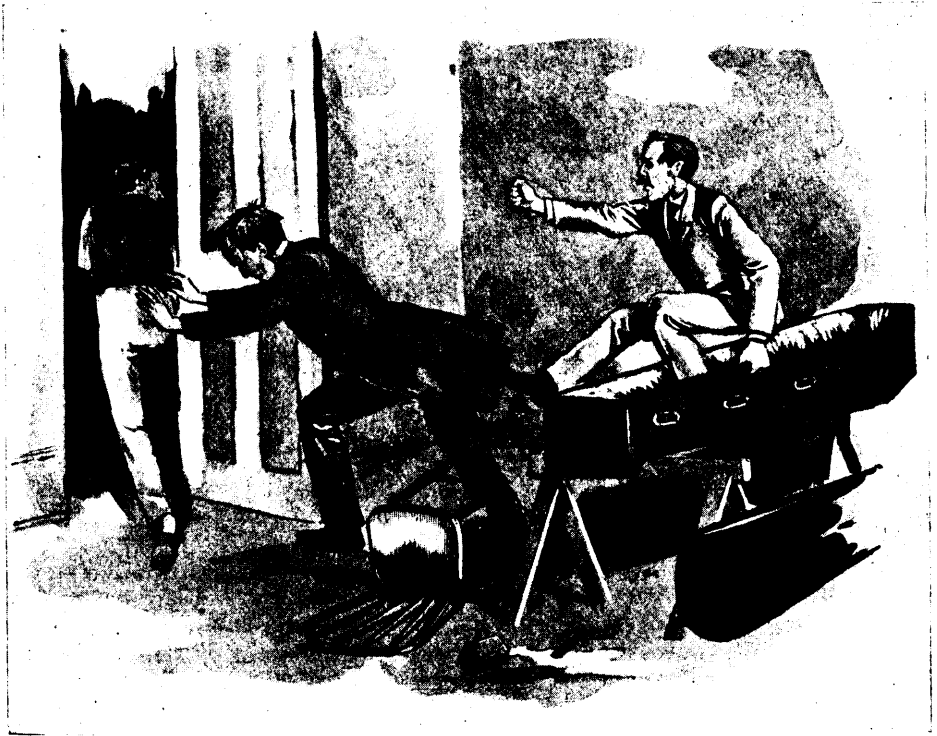
"But that 'ill break his neck," said Marks, who seemed moderately disgusted with this horrible proposal.

"What odds if it does?" replied Ricketts, with an oath. "Give him a

"No odds about that," said the assistant, half interrogatively.

"No odds about shaving a man?" exclaimed Ricketts, with much evident virtuous indignation. "Not shave a man! that's a funny way for a fellow to talk that's been over a year at the business. I'd just as soon miss washing him as shaving him. Get that razor off the bureau and make some lather on the sponge."

Shaving and washing would seem



"I'll break your neck!"

whack with your fist. I've doubled up lots of better fellows than him. You'll never make an undertaker, Jim, if you're so chicken-hearted."

I saw, by a sort of second sight, Marks' fist poised to give me my *coup de grace*. I could almost feel its approach, when Ricketts suddenly exclaimed, with an oath:—

"Hold on; we've forgotten to shave him."

to be twin sacred rites with undertakers. It seems to me that I have heard (or dreamed) that they also obtained as such among the ancient Egyptians. I suppose the washing and scraping of a man typified his purgation from the stains contracted in this world. What an interesting book, I cannot help remarking in all seriousness, might be written on the history of funeral customs!

My head was heaved up, my nose seized between a horny finger and thumb, my face was plentifully lathered, and the scraping operation commenced. The razor was in bad condition, and my face was covered with a heavy stubble of several days' growth. At best a painful operation, it was indescribably so under the present circumstances. A red hot iron applied to my face couldn't have given me greater pain.

Suddenly I felt the razor cut me in the chin. A few seconds afterwards Ricketts exclaimed, in an excited, horror-struck voice: "By —, he's bleeding."

At the same moment a strange shiver ran through me. Every nerve in my body seemed to be suddenly twitched into rigidity. My heart fluttered feebly, then violently, and then, with a tremendous preliminary bound, began to beat like a steam hammer. It stopped, and recommenced with added force. I gave a long tremulous sigh, and, tingling in every fibre, slowly opened my eyes and sat up.

The sun was shining brightly through the open window, through which, like the most heavenly music, came the twittering of the sparrows and the roll of wheels in the street below. The two terror-stricken men, white-faced and visibly trembling, stood at the foot of the coffin.

I sat for about thirty seconds, spell-bound with the overpowering delicious sense of restoration to life and deliverance from a most horrible death. But, like the rush of a mountain torrent came the remembrance of Rickett's brutality.

"You infernal scoundrel," I yelled, leaping out of the coffin and upon my feet, "I'll break your neck for you."

With a yell of terror the two men dashed out of the room. Marks made for the back regions, Ricketts down the passage toward the main staircase. I followed close behind him, caught up to him just as he gained the second or third step, and, planting my foot in the small of his back, sent him down about twenty times faster than he had come up.







MARA LAKE, SICAMOUS, B.C

## THROUGH OKANAGAN AND KOOTENAY.

BY CONSTANCE LINDSAY.

"OKANAGAN and Kootenay are fast becoming of importance to the outside world: the former as a farming and the latter as a mining district. Having made a tour of these places, I have endeavored to put on paper the impressions I received there of the country and its people."

### SICAMOUS.

Sicamous station forms the junction of the Canadian Pacific Railway and Okanagan Shushwap lines. It is situated on the great Shushwap lake. This lake is one of the most beautiful sheets of water on the American continent. It lies somewhat in the shape of a star-fish, having five Arms; the Seymour Arm, the North-east Arm, the Sicamous Arm, the Salmon Arm,

and the Oustes which joins the Shushwap waters to those of Kamloops lake. The C. P. R. crosses Salmon river and takes a north-easterly turn to Sicamous, on the Sicamous Narrows. These Narrows connect the Shushwap lake with Lake Mara. The shores of the Sicamous arm are high; there is little or no beach, the mountains rising in some places with a gentle slope, in others almost perpendicularly, from the water's edge. The hills about Sicamous are not so densely wooded as those on the coast. The soil has a strange reddish hue, due to the decomposed iron pyrites that it contains. The growth is mostly fir; but where there is a stream in any one of the gulches, or an ooze from an underground current, clumps of balm-

of-Gilead, shimmering aspens and willows wave their gentle branches in the breeze. The bright green of their leaves and the brown and white of their trunks form a pleasant contrast to the sombre firs in the midst of which they stand.

The Great Shushwap is about 60 miles long, *i.e.*, from the northern extremity of Seymour Arm to the southern end of Salmon Arm. The attempt to sound it has been made, but the bottom could not be reached even at 4,000 feet. This plain description may give an idea of the lake, of the coloring of its shores, and of the kind of timber to be found on its hills; (there is no level land), but it cannot convey to one's mind the grand beauty—made terrible in places by sheer precipices of dark rock,—and calm and restful in other places by green, grassy slopes, dotted with groups of green bushes and leafy trees; with here and there an old log hut, or an Indian encampment, with the queerly-shaped Columbia river canoes, drawn up on the beach. One can describe this in a general way; but no pen, however skilful, can do justice to that beauty, which, surpassing imagination, defies description. To Sicamous I would advise both poet and painter to go.

There is nothing in the way of buildings, but the hotel, the post office and the laundry and one or two little cottages belonging to the hotel. These are all five or ten minutes walk from the station. The hotel, the "Lake View," is on the southern shore of the Sicamous Narrows, or, more correctly speaking, just where the waters of the lake close into the Narrows. It is at this point that the Canadian Pacific crosses the water and rushes into Eagle Pass. The "Lake View" is one of the cleanest, most comfortable, and most homelike hotels I have ever been in. It has nothing to do with the C.P.R. It is kept by a Colonel Forester, an eccentric, but kindly old man, possessed of an indomitable will,

and the terror of all the "tramps" in the neighborhood. For two dollars a day one can get a bedroom, with perhaps a sitting-room (as in No. 2 there are one or two such rooms in the house), where one can be alone, to write or to read or to enjoy the view from the window; an upstairs as well as a downstairs verandah to sit out upon; three meals a day—not an extensive *menu* it must be confessed, but everything well-dressed and well-cooked;—the use of the hotel sitting-room and reading-room (the latter is chiefly for men), and also of the organ, which was good before some dear little children got at it and stood on it and tried to crawl into it, in a wild endeavor to find out where the pedals went to; the use of the Colonel's boat and canoe, if one would like a row or paddle on those glassy waters, or if one is inclined to fishing, for the lakes abound in the most delicious speckled trout. There is any amount of game to be found between Sicamous and Vernon, in fact, in all the Okanagan country, — grouse, prairie-chicken, deer, wolves, black, brown and grizzly bears.

The sun has been struggling all the morning to break through the clouds which last night's rain has left. It has now burst forth in all its beauty, and as I look at the hills, half-curtained by shadow, half-bathed in the golden light, and at the deep, dark water beneath them, reflecting them so faithfully, I begin to wonder what Heaven is like.

Sicamous is an earthly paradise, but the sight-seer is not content to stay there; so it is necessary for him to take the train at 7.30 a.m. for Vernon, a distance of forty-six miles. Leaving Sicamous, the train speeds along the southern shore of the Narrows, which curve gracefully into Mara Lake; this makes the traveller's course south-westerly instead of due south.

Mara Lake till quite recently was

considered a part of the Sicamous Arm, and naturally the scenery is very like that on the Great Shushwap. It is about ten miles long. The surrounding hills are more densely wooded than those on the large lake. There are very few leafy trees, and there is little or no grass.

The line does not follow the lake for any great distance; it leaves the shore and darts through the forest for a little way, then into more open country, through fields of yellow oats and waving grain, till it gets to the banks of the Spallumchene River, a narrow, sluggish stream, but very pretty, with marshes, fields, pasture-ranges and small woods along its banks.

The first station of any importance is Enderby, a small town possessing a flour mill. The next station, a small town also, is Armstrong; but I do not know at all what keeps it alive. After leaving Armstrong, the country changes entirely. There are no mountains except those in the far distance. We are now in a land of natural fields and soft rolling hills. There are few trees, but those few grow to perfection, for they have plenty of room to stretch their branches. The soil, where it is not cultivated, produces nothing but bunch grass, a bright yellow grass which is excellent fodder for cattle and horses. Here and there stands a stately red pine: its sombre green boughs and red trunk are well set off by the waste of yellow grass all around it. Then the hills! The soil might be of a purple-gray color, covered with a light yellow gauze. One might be looking at the whole through rose-colored glass, so peculiar is the blending of the three colors. I suppose that the red hue which seems rather to hang over the hills than to be part of them, is in reality the tips of the grass, or perhaps the soil peeping through the blades.

Next, we are in a land of cultivation. Instead of bunch grass there are fields of golden grain, hay fields and patches of green clover. The rosy

hills are there too. Gently they rise from the yellow fields, fenced out generally, so that the cattle may wander over them and eat the grass without straying into the fields and damaging the grain. Soon, a small lake comes into view. On the railway side of Swan Lake are wheat fields: on the opposite side are soft hills. In a few moments the train stops. Upon looking out, we see that we have arrived at the much talked-of town of Vernon.

#### VERNON.

I look at my watch and see that it is 10 a.m. I have, therefore, plenty of time in which to look around. It is a hot summer day. There are no shade trees about, and there are three inches of dust on all the roads; there is even one inch on the grass, which is short, yellow, and dried up. Indeed everything looks dry. One side of the principal street, Barnard Avenue, is built up, or nearly so; and there are one or two buildings on the other side. This is the *town*. There are a number of residences scattered about the flat on which Vernon stands, and on the slope of the hill on the other side of the station. Vernon is yet very small. There are five hotels. The "Katemalka" is the only first-class house, and the "Coldstream" is the best second-class.

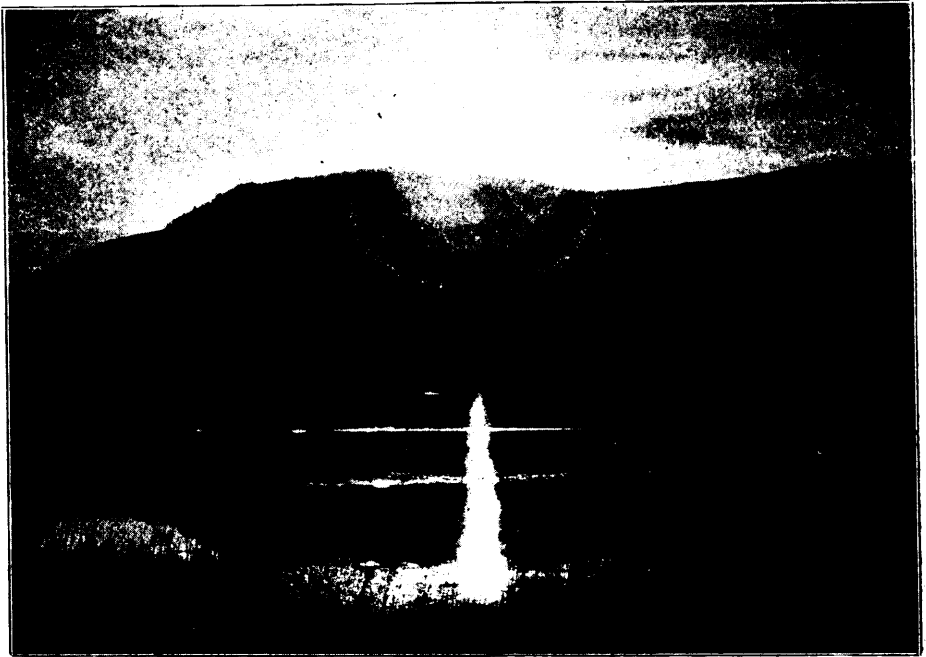
There are three other hotels, two boarding-houses and a restaurant.—Vernon also boasts of three churches, one of which is Roman Catholic.

There is absolutely nothing to do for amusement in Vernon City, therefore we take a horse and rig from one of the livery stables, and go for a drive. If I ask any one which is the best way to go I will be advised to visit Lord Aberdeen's fruit farm and hop gardens, which are about six miles away. The road takes me through a farming district, lying in the Coldstream Valley, and farther on, the White Valley. The aspect of this country is the same as that of the land between Armstrong and Ver-

non. About three miles from the town, we get a glimpse, across a large field, of the blue waters of Long Lake, nestling between two rosy peaks.

Lord Aberdeen's hops looked very beautiful on the day I saw them.— They were ripe and yellow, just ready for picking. A score or two of brave men and fair women of the forest— (who somehow or other did *not* remind us of J. Fenimore Cooper's conceptions), were encamped on the road-

Okanagan Mission, about forty miles down, and Penticton, at the southern extremity of the lake. This lake is the great Okanagan. It is from sixty to seventy miles long, and over 1,000 feet deep. Is there any place to sleep at in these towns? I am told; that there are hotels. So to Penticton therefore I resolve to go. I board the train at 10.10 a.m., and reach Okanagan, and land at 10.30 a.m. There I find the *Aberdeen* waiting to carry me



SHUSHWAP LAKE, BY MOONLIGHT.

side, waiting to begin hop-picking. Following the road for fifteen miles, through Coldstream Valley, we find ourselves in White Valley. There is a modest inn here, the "Ram's Horn," where you may get a passable meal. However, the surroundings are hot and dusty; so, after giving the horse a rest, I take pity on him and on myself and go home. At the hotel I hear people talking of the trip "down the lake." What is there to be seen "down the lake?" I ask. Then I am told "a tale of two cities." Kelowna, or

down. A small stream runs from Swan Lake into Okanagan Lake, into the north-east arm; another small creek runs in from Long Lake. It is from this creek that the Government means to supply Vernon with water. The boat leaves the landing soon after the arrival of the train. There are beautiful little coves and beaches all the way down to Kelowna. The beauty of this lake is soft and gentle; there are very few cliffs or rocks; the banks are rather soft hills.

Kelowna is built on a marshy flat

about forty miles down the lake. It is a very pretty little village. The boat does not wait there more than twenty minutes. The scenery is much the same all the way down. Shortly before reaching Penticton we pass the mouth of Trout Creek. At half-past four we reach Penticton town site. A more miserable place cannot be conceived of. It is high and dry, dusty and frightfully hot, the temperature rising sometimes to 110° in the shade. In occasional winters it sinks to 38° below zero. There is a long, low building called the "hotel," which is supposed to answer the purpose, until a large one is built. There are also a Dominion Express Company's office and a small cottage. The country from Penticton southwards swarms with rattlesnakes. While we were there we heard of a man being badly bitten at Fairview, a mining camp twenty miles south.

As the "hotel" did not look inviting we slept on board the boat that night. I think that the Penticton townfolk also found the hotel uninviting, for, I noticed that they all, as well as the hotel-keeper, took up their quarters for the night on the boat. It must be a paying thing for the steamship company—that hotel! We came back next day, spent that night in Vernon, and then went on to Sicamous; from which place, after spending three days, we said "Farewell" to Okanagan and took the train for Revelstoke, with the intent to see something of Kootenay.

#### REVELSTOKE.

A very few words will dispose of Revelstoke. It is a much scattered railway side town, and, like most such places, is very rough and unpleasant. There are no walks that are pretty or exactly safe. No boating can be done on the Columbia just here—the river is full of sand bars that shift with the rise and fall of the water.

There are two towns, the old one of Farwell near the landing, and the new one of Revelstoke near the station.

The "Victoria" hotel is fairly good. It is very clean and comfortable. The streets are dirty and untidy, and crowded with loungers—that class of men who never have anything to do and would not do it if they had. It is an abominable place altogether, and as soon as I was on the *Columbia*, steaming down the river, I was delighted. The Columbia River is not very pretty at Revelstoke. There are too many sand-bars. The flat, gray sand, lying in patches about the river, makes it both unpleasant to the eye and difficult to navigate. The scenery is composed of low hills with peaks behind them, and sandy banks, some parts covered with timber and some parts quite bare. About 10 a.m. (having started at 6 a.m.) we come to where the river widens, and becomes almost still. This part is known as the Upper Arrow Lake. The scenery here is beautiful. The hills rise high on both sides. On the right is the Gold Range; on the left the mighty snow-capped Selkirks, which are among the grandest we have. Nature has dealt liberally with British Columbia, and painted her pictures with a broad brush and a bold hand. Between the mountains and the shore are low foothills, with dancing cataracts playing down their slopes into the river. Along the immediate shore are belts of leafy trees and coloured shrubs. Among the latter is the "Devil's Club," which might almost be called the emblem of British Columbia, for there is scarcely a spot where it is not. It looks like a tropical plant. Its stalk is thick and covered with long sharp thorns; the leaves are the shape of a sugar maple, but larger, and it bears clusters of brilliant scarlet berries. The whole plant is exceedingly beautiful, but it contains a great deal of poison, which acts very quickly. A prick of one of its thorns will give anyone a very bad hand for weeks.

At the lower end of the Upper Arrow Lake is the town site of Nakusp. The C.P.R. are constructing a line

from this town to Revelstoke; the road follows the left bank of the river.

There are very few houses of any sort in Nakusp. The railway men live in tents, and there are few inhabitants who are not railway men, or "road toughs" as they are more often called. Robbing and fighting are frequent occurrences. There is one policeman there, but he is a very wise man, and does not interfere where he is likely to get hurt. When the line is finished, Nakusp will dwindle into a station, and perhaps a point from which to ship ore. This last will be sharply contested between Kaslo and Nakusp. If a wagon-road is built from the mines to Nakusp, (and I believe that the Government is preparing to do this), it is probable that the latter will be the shipping point. But it can never be a town of any size.

South of Nakusp we get into the Columbia river again, which flows on through the Arrow lakes. The scenery from this down to the Lower Arrow lake is very soft and peaceful. This Lower lake is the second widening of the river. It is a little smaller than the Upper lake, but very much like it in character.

Passing through this, we get once more into the river, which here takes an easterly course for several miles. The Columbia below the Arrow lakes is deeper and narrower than it is above, near Revelstoke, and there are no sand-bars.

About 6.30 p.m. the boat reaches Robson. A station, a waiting-room, and an hotel of doubtful cleanliness comprise the town. A few cars and an engine are run down from Robson to Nelson, to carry freight and passengers. The distance traversed is twenty-one miles, and for twenty of these the track runs along the left bank of the Kootenay river. This river is wide and very swift. It is not navigable, for from Robson to Nelson the Kootenay is a series of rapids and falls. About thirteen miles from Robson is the mouth of the Slocan river, flowing

in from the north. After leaving the Slocan, we come to the falls proper. There are three falls, each thirty or forty feet in height; they are separated by short stretches of tolerably smooth water.

The view of this part of the river is magnificent beyond comparison; for looking up the stream, the other two falls are visible, one above the other; the white spray glancing from the dark rocks into the air; the volume of water roaring, as it is dashed and broken against the giant boulders of the river's bed. The awful grandeur of the scene takes away one's breath. It is indescribable—the beauty of it!

For eight miles above the triple fall are smaller falls and fierce rapids. About a mile from Nelson, the track crosses the river. The water here is smooth, so smooth, indeed, that we can hardly believe that we have just left a fierce, turbulent stream. A curve in the line, a few trestles, and the train rushes into Nelson station.

#### NELSON.

The town of Nelson is situated on the right or south bank of the Kootenay river. It lies nearly east and west. It is the terminus of two railways, the Nelson-Fort Sheppard and the Nelson and Robson. There are five or six boats leaving and arriving daily or every other day. With these advantages Nelson should rise to be something of a town in the days to come. The great "Silver King" mine is only six miles away, and the miners get their supplies in Nelson. Nelson has two wharves, one for loading freight in the west end of the town, and one for loading passengers in the east end. Nelson also possesses half a dozen or more hotels. The "Phair" is a good one. It is on Victoria-street, on high ground, and commands a splendid view of the town, the harbor, and the mountains. There are stores of all sorts, dry goods, groceries, drugs, etc., but there is not a great amount of business done.

There are two banks. Real estate and mines' offices abound. The Presbyterians seem to be the wealthiest people in this section of the country, for they alone have churches. The Roman Catholics are building a church and a priest's house, but the English Church has only a reading-room, where services are held every other Sunday.

In the summer there is much boating at Nelson. This part of the river is often called the lake. But, in reality, the lake does not begin until twenty miles further up—at Balfour. Balfour is a town-site; but why any one ever imagined there would be a town there has yet to be discovered. About five miles further up—at Pilot Bay—is a large smelter, which is soon to be at work. Three or four miles above this, again, is the very small town of Ainsworth, where there are mines and hot springs. The curative powers of these springs are said to be something wonderful, rivalled only, I believe, by those on the Upper Arrow Lake, which have only very recently been discovered. From Ainsworth to Kaslo, a distance of ten or eleven miles, the scenery is superb. The mountains on the east are high, and gleam white against the blue of the sky. These mountains are a branch of the Selkirks, and are known as the Purcell Range. Trout in abundance can be caught in the Kootenay lake and river. Red and white-tailed deer, grouse, wild swan, ducks, and geese abound. Black, brown, cinnamon, common grizzly, and large silver-tipped grizzly bears are plentiful all throughout the Kootenay country. Sportsmen, however, would rather shoot over the low hills and level waters of Okanagan, than wander over the rocks and climb the mountains of Kootenay. But we must not leave this district without a look at the great "boom-town" of Kaslo.

#### KASLO.

Kaslo is situated on the west shore of Kootenay lake, about forty

miles from Nelson. The town is built on a low sandy flat. The Kaslo river separates the business portion of the town from the residential. This river, though gentle enough in autumn, becomes in summer a roaring, surging torrent. It tears down the hills, sweeping logs, uprooting trees, and dislodging rocks from their fastnesses in its headlong course, and carrying everything before it, it rushes along its bed through the town into the lake.

Kaslo is, at the time of writing my article, only about sixteen months old. In April, 1892, there was not a house, where a town now stands. During the fall and winter of the same year there were 2,000 or more people in and out of the "city." The majority of these was the flock of professional gamblers and speculators that one always finds in these small mining towns, directly after their birth, when everyone's head is turned with visions of wealth, either in mines or real estate. Kaslo was, for about six months, the roughest and worst place to be met with in all the Dominion. Then came the reaction. People no longer poured into the town. The gamblers fled in dismay. There was no more money to be spent; therefore there was no longer a market for vice. The papers cried, "Kaslo is dead." But Kaslo is not dead yet, and not likely to die for a year or two. In 1893 there were about 750 inhabitants in the "dead city," and these were, for the most part, steady working people. In one week 90 horses came down from the mines, laden with ore, and went back carrying miners' supplies. In the warehouse, on the wharf, were sacks of ore piled up on every side, waiting to be shipped to Swansea. Two thousand tons will leave Kaslo before the winter sets in. As for the town itself—there are two cottages—the jail and the parsonage, (the jail is painted and decidedly the nicest-looking building in Kaslo.) Most of the houses are shacks. There are twenty-two hotels: the Slocan and the



RAILWAY CROSSING OF THE KOOTENAY, NEAR NELSON.

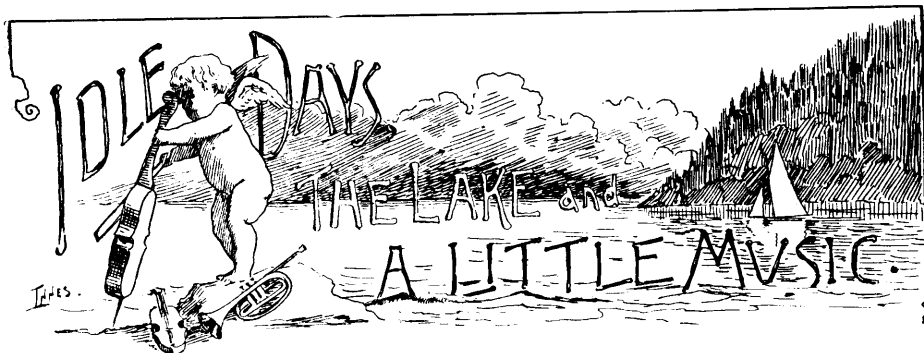
Palace are the best, but there is not much choice; several boarding-houses, three or four shops, two churches—Roman Catholic and Presbyterian—but Methodist and Episcopal services are held in Kaslo. (The Episcopal clergyman takes one Sunday in Nelson and the next in Kaslo). The sidewalks in Kaslo are not good; it is as much as one's life is worth to take a walk on them at night, seeing that they are composed of holes and broken boards sticking up straight and crosswise and every wise. They are the result of local effort. Kaslo has just been incorporated, and the citizens hope that the civic government, now that it has taken them under its wing, will provide them with a few good plank walks.

The residences are very small, and huddled together; there are no gardens; of course the town is too new,

and very few of the houses are fenced in. But looking at the town from the water, where we can see nearly the whole of it, as well as the river flowing through, it strikes one at once what a very pretty little town Kaslo really is. The Purcells stand high on the east side of the lake, their needle points almost hidden by clouds. The shores of the lake are soft and peaceful.

The silver mines begin about eight miles from Kaslo and continue for about thirty. There is no doubt about the wealth to come out of the Kootenay country as soon as men with money can be found to put wealth into it. But until the Silver question is settled, with a prospect of the rate remaining the same for a long time to come, the vast riches hidden in those hills must lie idle.





BY BERNARD MCEVOY.

As I sit after supper, in the verandah of our great summer hotel, and see, across the peaceful expanse of water, the great steamer that connects us with the outer world, and that has just tied up at the wharf, I know that in a short time I shall hear the amateurs tuning their instruments, and the singers practising little "swallow-flights of song." Accordingly, I wait with interest for the first note. I make a mental bet that the 'celloist will begin first, and so he does. Presently he and the violinist are followed by the man with the cornet to the verandah. They looked pained to see me and the Critic sitting there. I know what they are going to do. In a few moments, if we retire, they will be playing the introductory bars that lead up to that immortal aria, "*Ah che le Morte*," and just as the tug, which is about leaving the big boat to bring a cargo of fresh visitors over to our hotel, comes within ear-shot "*Ah che le Morte*" will sound forth ravishingly over the waves, and the fresh-comers on board the tug will quote Byron's line about "music on the waters." It was so when I came, and I thought it delightful. The Critic didn't. He did not quote Byron's lines at all. On the contrary, he appeared to be quoting the curse from *Leah*, or something of the sort. But the Critic rarely enjoys music. He has to get his living by criticising it.

At that moment we heard the principal soprano of our company of guests airing her voice in her bedroom, the window of which was open. The Critic gave me a plaintive look, and we wandered off down the path that led to the pine plantation. We muttered something about liking to hear the music among the trees. Casting half a glance behind me, as I retired, I saw that the musicians looked pleased. The usual sounds of tuning were now heard. The tug had left the steamer, and was making its way industriously in our direction. By the time we had got into the pine plantation and taken our seats there on a fallen log, "*Ah che le Morte*" burst forth in all its splendor. We lit our pipes and were happy. I do not understand how it is that so many people cannot enjoy just sitting still and doing nothing. The people in the hotel, and these fresh visitors who are coming, and whose coming is being anticipated by those three summer girls we have just seen pass on their way to our little pier, are of course not of those who actually need holidays particularly. The people who need holidays most get fewest of them, and there are plenty of them, who, if they came here would be quite content to just sit down here among the pines, doing absolutely nothing. You have, perhaps, seen a horse come to his stable after a hard day's work in a delivery

waggon or cab. The harness is loosed, the shafts turned up, but the creature needs absolute urging to go into his stable. He cannot even begin to take the corn that is put for him in his manger. He wants just to stand and enjoy the sensation of feeling that he has not got to go another half mile. There are people like that. I knew a lawyer once—a busy man—who purchased a small farm fifteen or sixteen miles from the scene of his daily work in order that he might secure absolute rest and change. He kept a farm-bailiff to look after the place for him, and to this agriculturist our lawyer was a constant mystification. He would leave his office, take



a hasty lunch, get into the train, and after arraying himself in a complete suit of corduroys and putting on a pair of abnormally thick boots, he would go and look over a gate by the hour together. Once the bailiff ventured to approach him with some details about the crops or stock, but he got such a comprehensive up and down curse for his pains, that ever after he alluded to such particulars with diffidence. "Crops! What do I care about crops, or calves, or cows, or any of your confounded rubbish? What are you here for, you idiot, but to look after them?" I have seen this legal luminary, who generally had the cares of half a county on his mind, not to mention a case or two of mur-

der, and the possibility of standing for Parliament at the next election, besides a multitude of social duties, positively grovelling for rest by walking about the not over-clean purlieus of his farm yard. Standing in the midst of mud puddles and manure, he felt for the time safe and sacred from interruption. I firmly believe that if any emissary of the law had come down with the intention of interviewing him on a business matter he would have been violently ejected, if not shot.

Of course these people in the hotel are not like that. When they are in the city they live in the best of houses and have the most recreative of amusements. Why, they would count it slow here if they were not doing something all the while. I'll warrant that those folk coming over in the tug are of the sort that prepares for a holiday. They begin to plan it about March, and in subsequent months they buy fishing tackle, guns, cameras, tents, sketching apparatus, luncheon baskets, and what not. They will come from our little pier loaded, and a few minutes after their arrival some of them will be fishing down by the water, and others bowling on the green, while others still will be asking if it is too late to go for a drive. As for sitting still, they will have none of it. Looking over a gate, indeed? No looking over gates for them. They know nothing of the driving stress of life. That is why they are here for a holiday. It is a firm conviction of mine that those who want holidays the most get them but rarely. But, of course, they enjoy them more than the gad-about when they do get them.

Holiday-taking, is, of course, largely a matter of habit and custom. It used not to prevail as it does now. In the old-fashioned days a trader or a professional man who made a point every year of leaving his business and going for a month or so into retirement would have been regarded

as a candidate for the lunatic asylum. Things like that were left for people of rank and fortune to do. They were supposed to be beyond the reach of ordinary people. I remember a German wholesale dealer telling me his experience under this head. In his youth he was apprenticed to a wholesale firm in Hamburg, for whom he worked with Teuton fortitude and industry. His hours—and let some people who think they are hard-worked take notice—were from seven in the morning until eight o'clock at night, and on Sundays from eight till two. When he had been five years at this sort of "slavery," as it would be called now, he thought he should like to go and see his father and mother, who lived a hundred miles off. He had not seen them since he started work. He asked his employer if he might take a vacation of a week to visit them. That worthy man regarded him with unfeigned astonishment. The following colloquy ensued:—

"Is your father or mother sick?"

"No sir."

"A death in the family?"

"No sir."

"A legacy you have to receive?"

"No sir—I just want to go and see my people for a few days."

"Are you sick?"

"Oh no, sir; I'm well enough."

"*Gott in Himmel!* then, what do you want to go for? Well, you may go, but you need not come back here. I will not have in my employ a loafer who wants to have a holiday for no purpose whatever. Do you ever see me take a holiday? No sir, not for twenty years have I been a day absent from my business."

In the old days, holidays, like travels, were for the grand folk and for princes. Demos had nothing to do with them. But Demos is a prince now. He may not always look like one, or talk like one. Manners being the one thing he has been unable to attain except to a degree, between

which and the real thing there is as much difference as there is between the piano practising of a school girl and the playing of a virtuoso. But Demos can have his decorated houses, and his parlor cars, and his elaborately fitted and upholstered steamships, and above all his holidays. And doesn't he think himself, vulgarly speaking, "the cheese." Of course, the initiated who are familiar with the real old Cheshire, know that he isn't the cheese at all, but what does that matter so long as he thinks he is? Do not we all live in a fool's paradise or none? Elmira, one of the three girls who went down to the pier just now—the one in pink—has a rooted idea that she is beautiful. She is simply a loud,



FROM THE TUG.

highly-colored, forward, accentuated young female, whose hunger for admiration breaks out at every pore, who has not a single perfect feature in her face, and the expression of whose features, taken collectively, is no more charming than her too-jerky movements. This is not intended to be personal—I just introduce Elmira as an instance. Elmira is confident she is beautiful. Can you wonder that her trilling voice—not beautiful either—is heard half the day, and that her laugh is always echoing through this sounding-board of an hotel? Why it would be the opposite of Paradise for poor Elmira if her eyes were opened to know good and evil.

The new comers have landed, and have now arrived at the hotel. I know



BY THE LAKE.

as well as if I were there that they have complimented the three amateurs on their playing, for the latter are now beginning *When other Lips and other Hearts*. The cornettist flatters himself that he knows how to put feeling into that beautiful air. I think he does, too. I tell the Critic so. The Critic looks pained. I tell him I like the *Bohemian Girl*. He looks as if he were acutely suffering. Then I break out and ask him whether he thinks it is any use having such a critical ear as he has; whether it does not take away a good deal of his joy in life; whether it does not to a great extent unfit him for this world, and whether he had better not try to go to heaven at once. He looks at me sorrowfully, and says that if I only had his ear for ten minutes I should understand the torture that cornettist was giving him at that very moment. We never can tell what burdens people have to bear. Here is the girl in blue coming along through the trees. She was one of the three who went down to the pier to meet the tug. I suppose it was her lover she went to meet, and that this is he with whom she is walking. But sakes alive! what a pickle she is in! She is a picture of tears and anger, and neither of the couple see us. I must cough and let them know there are spectators of her tragedy. Of course she pulls herself together immediately. She actually smiles. No, you never can tell what burdens women are bearing under their smiles. What are the afflictions of my friend the Critic? They are but those of the ear. Here is tribulation of the heart. It is so affecting that the Critic and I, when they have passed, instinctively move nearer the water, so as to give the pair the plantation to themselves. The sun has nearly gone below the horizon, and a divine afterglow spreads over the concave heaven—amber, turquoise, and heavenly rose-pink.

I suggest to the Critic that we should sometimes be more tolerant of each other if we only realized what each

other's burdens were. He grunts, and says he is glad his particular burden is lightened by getting a little further away from that awfully flat cornet. I rally him on his grumpishness, ask him what he expects to happen to him when, sitting there on a log, with good tobacco, a pipe that draws well, and a not too talkative companion, he can still be discontented. Even he cannot reply to this, and I meander contentedly along the path of my own thoughts.

Yes, if we could occasionally heft the burden of others, we should know more about things. That lawyer I was talking of a little while ago, for instance. Suppose for half an hour we had his load upon us. The responsibilities of twenty or thirty critical matters, a big speech to make in court to-morrow, those arrears of work to fetch up, that duel of wits with the other big lawyer that is to come off next week!

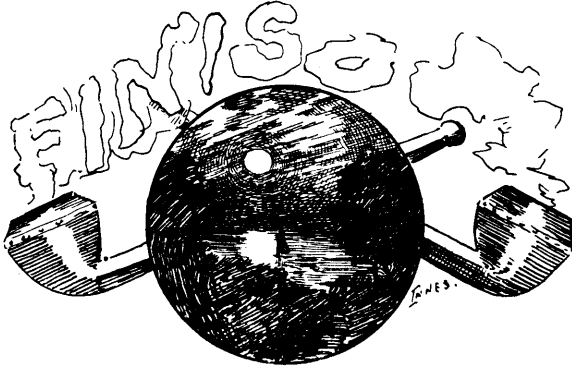
Query as to the capacity of bearing great burdens may be taken as a true measure of dignity? It would be necessary that the handicapping should be done with absolutely unerring perfection. There are men who are overweighted with a fly's burden. Here is our friend the Critic, overweighted with the burden of his too-correct ear. There was the poor girl in blue who went by just now. Talk about Atlas carrying the world on his shoulders; the weight of her lover's quarrel was far more crushing. It was as if she were carrying ten worlds. Roughly speaking, I suppose the capacity to carry burdens of responsibility is already, in some sort, the measure of the greatness of men and women. Those we respect most are carrying the biggest loads.

Sweetly the opaline tints in the sky fade into a deep mysterious blue. Sweetly the moon rises and makes a path of radiance on the water. The girl in blue and her lover come back from the plantation. She leads him, purposely, quite close to us, in order

that we may see how perfectly the little misunderstanding has been cleared up. Her face is all smiles and brightness now; her laugh delightful. It is quite appropriate that our amateur band should be playing that refrain of *I Dreamt that I Dwelt*, "that I loved thee—that I loved thee

still the same; that I loved thee still the same."

I suggest to the Critic that we should go in. Even he will like to see the impromptu dance for which the stringed instruments will soon be tuned.



### THE FIERGEST BEAST OF PREY.

Dawn in the forest, chasing night's dark sway,  
 Spread its pure light o'er many a woodland bower,  
 Touching each giant tree with vivid ray,  
 And many a dew-gemmed flower.

The shy, wild things that haunt the woods arose;  
 Awoke each beast and bird to feed or play,  
 To pass in Nature's temple of repose  
 The happy, harmless day.

Birds flew from tree to tree, like living flowers,  
 The wild deer wander'd 'neath the bass-wood's shade,  
 And where the hemlock tall, and pine tree tower,  
 The blackbird carol made,

When, crashing onward through the thickets dun,  
 And strong with dreadful arts to maim and slay,  
 Took man, the hunter, with his dog and gun,  
 His devastating way.

All living beings fled before his sight,  
 And ceased the song of every happy bird;  
 All gentle creatures shook with panic fright  
 Where that fell footstep stirred.

Fear went before him with her visage wan,  
 And each one owned his fierce and ruthless sway;  
 All Nature's wild things fled the face of man—  
 The fiercest beast of prey.

REGINALD GOURLAY.

## A PIONEER MARRIAGE IN ALABAMA.

BY FRANCIS E. HERRING.

ON a fine afternoon in the fall of the year 18—, my brother and I were riding along the settlement road in Alabama, on two spirited little ponies, which we called Puss and Mamie. At a cross road we were joined by Judge McKensy, who asked us if we were in a hurry. We were only out for exercise, and had all the afternoon before us; and, of course we told him so. He said he was on his way to marry a couple, and would be glad if we would go with him, as he wanted some reliable witnesses, for according to law, he couldn't marry any one under the age of eighteen, without the consent of parents or guardians.

In this case, the father came with the young man to get the license, and said he reckoned his son was 'nigh onto eighteen." The young lady's name was Parthena Ling, but neither of them had any idea of her age. The Judge knew Parthena Ling to be an orphan, and that some of her people, who lived in South Carolina, were wealthy. So he wished to find out who her guardian was, and to get his or her consent, lest these relatives should some day remember her existence, and call in question his authority for the marriage.

The Judge was riding a splendid horse, and Puss and Mamie were prancing along through the woods in fine style. We passed several plantations belonging to people in good circumstances, and the negroes looked at us through the fences, smiling almost from ear to ear, showing their long rows of ivories, and turning up their eyes till the whites were visible all round the ebon pupils; whilst they called out in their cheery way, "Howdy, Jedge McKensy! Howdy Massa Ralph! Howdy Miss Marget!"

Then we came to a zigzag fence round a clearing. "This is the place, I guess," said the Judge. In the clearing stood a double log cabin connected by a covered piazza about eight feet wide. Its occupants were evidently of the poorest class. Some half dozen men were standing about in the yard, one of whom came forward and was introduced as Mr. Andrews, the father of the prospective groom.

"These are the English people you've heard tell of, Mr. Andrews," said the judge, "and they've come to witness your boy's wedding." He welcomed us heartily, was very polite in his way, and helped me to alight.

Taking us up into the piazza, he called out, "Oh Kezia! here's the English folk you've hearn tell on, come to Hiram's weddin'."

Mrs. Andrews gave me the same hearty welcome her husband had done, and invited me into one of the cabins, leaving the judge and Ralph on the piazza. Each cabin contained but one room, and in this were two beds and a bench or two, upon one of which latter sat four young people. There was not a chair in the room, but Mrs. Andrews went and fetched one from somewhere, and, after dusting and rubbing it all over, gave it me to sit down upon.

I was duly introduced to the young people, and after that I had a good look at them. A boy and a girl sat in the middle of a bench, with the bridesmaid on the side of the bride elect, and the groomsman (or boy) on the side of the groom.

Everything they had on was homespun, from the cotton which they themselves had grown; it was first sent to a cotton gin, where all the seeds were removed, and then spun, dyed

and woven at home in checks or stripes, as it suited their taste. These dresses were of large checks; the skirts very narrow, with, apparently, no under-skirt, and clung to them uncomfortably, as such skirts would. The contrast was more noticeable, as I was wearing at that time starched and corded skirts to stand my dresses out well. The waists were straight pieces, with just a seam upon the shoulder, holes for the sleeves, and loose around the waist. They were fastened at the back by three buttons, one in the middle, and one at the top and at the bottom. Their hair was all drawn tightly from the face, and a piece of white cotton rag was tied round the head.

The bridegroom saw me looking at the feet of the bride, for she was bare-footed. Taking off his own shoes, he pushed them towards her, saying in a stage whisper: "I don't want yer to stand up an' get married in bare feet, Par."

Just at this time I heard the judge talking to Mr. Andrews, and asking him if he was the "gardeen" of this young lady. "No, sir," he said, "she came here from Mrs. Smithey's."

"Well, Mrs. Smithey must be brought here before I can perform this ceremony," returned the judge, very decidedly.

A horse was sent for Mrs. Smithey, and after a while she arrived. She was an elderly lady, with an immense sunbonnet, very little hair, no teeth, and a sallow complexion. She shook hands with me, and then passed on towards the open fireplace, sat down on a low wooden bench close to it, got a piece of stick and scratched around in the ashes till she found a live coal. Then she took her pipe out of her pocket, put some tobacco into it, and, laying the coal on top, commenced smoking. She sat huddled nose and knees together with her head under the chimney, in order to allow the smoke to pass up it.

The judge came in and said solemn-

ly: "Mrs. Smithey!" Taking the pipe from her mouth, she answered, "Sir!" He continued, "I understand that you are the gardeeen of Parthena Ling, and I want your consent before I marry her to Hiram Andrews."

"Jedge, McKinsy, I reckon I got no say so, in this yere case," she returned.

"I understood she was left under your gardeenship?"

"Wa'al, if yer listen, I'll jest tell yer all about the young un. Par. Ling's mother died the same night as she wor born, an' her father, gev her to Zekel Larkin's wife, an' they kep her till she wor 'bout six years ole. Then Miss Larkins tuk an' died, an' Zekel he got diskerridged, traded his plantation, sold all his truck, an' cleared out to the Texas; an' he arst my ole man to tek Par. Ling, an' he brung her hum on his critter, an' she wor theer, an' we got 'long pretty well; Par. wor no better nor no wus then the most o' young uns. Then my ole man he died, an' thet's nigh on to two yeers gone, an' I hed to go an' live 'ith my son. My son's wife wor kind o' high-stomiched, an' she couldn't git along 'ith Par. So nigh on to a yeer gone, Par. cleared out an' come an' made her hum with these folk yere, an' she ben yere ever since."

"Then you and your husband were gardeens of this young lady. Do you know her age?"

"No, Jedge, I hain't got it writ down nowheres, but I reckon she wor born 'bout the time es Eph Adams got married, an' thet wor 'bout the same time as Mimy Johnson's cow hed the calf with two heads, an' ole Jedge Dixon tuk an' died, afore he'd settled Job Anson's case; an' it hed to be all heerd agin, an' I reckon thet wor nigh on twelve yeers gone."

"But you're not sure, Mrs. Smithy?"

"Not zackly."

"Well, I acknowledge you as her gardeeen. Do you consent to her marriage to Hiram Andrews?"

The old woman, pipe in hand, looked steadily at the four young people sit-



ting on the bench. Then she said: "Ef these youngsters git such notions inter theer head, maybe they'd better git married then do wus."

"Then you give your consent?"

"I reckon;" and she settled herself again to the enjoyment of her pipe.

The judge came forward, and told the young people to stand up, took a paper out of his pocket, and in a good voice, that every one could hear, said, "I am authorized by this license to unite in marriage, according to the laws of the State, Hiram Andrews, Memphis Settlement, Marion County, Alabama, to Parthena Ling, of Memphis Settlement, Marion County, Alabama. If the parents or gardeens know any cause why this man or woman should not be married according to the laws of the State, they will now speak."

There was a pause; then, as no one objected, the judge continued: "Join hands." The groomsmen took hold of Hiram Andrews' right hand, and the bridesmaid of the bride's, and joined them together.

"Hiram Andrews! Do you take the one you hold by your hand, in the presence of these witnesses, to be your wife?" Hiram Andrews nodded his head.

"Parthena Ling! Do you take the man you hold by your hand to be your husband?" Parthena nodded her head.

"Now as you are both declared, before all these witnesses, to become man and wife, I pronounce you man and wife. Before taking your seats, you will bear with me while I make a few remarks. In the new life you are taking upon yourselves, it is necessary that you love one another, that you bear and forbear, remembering always that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath,' and 'angry words stir up strife.' You can now take your seats."

He then shook hands with them, and we did the same, excusing ourselves from accepting their invitation to dinner, as we had far to ride.



## A DAUGHTER OF THE GHURCH.

BY CLIFFORD SMITH.

It had been a severe Canadian winter, yet the spring was approaching, and the bright sunshine was honeycombing the great snow-heap, which all winter had beset farmer Frechette's farm house, and which, on this early March morning, was banked almost as high as the kitchen window.

Glinting through the old fashioned narrow panes, the generous rays fell upon the white-bowed head of farmer Frechette, who sat warming himself at the square box wood-stove, and gazing with furrowed brow at the roystering wood sparks, as at short intervals they shot aggressively from the partly open door.

Suddenly there floated through the raised window the joyous chimes of church bells; with an angry exclamation the old man sprang to his feet, hurried to the window and violently drew it down. His extreme weakness made the anger that convulsed his thin, wrinkled face painful to see. Straightening out his bent frame he shook his hand at the church, which he could see in the distance, and uttered anathemas against it. As he did so the door leading from the little bedroom at the back of the kitchen, was burst open and his wife, a woman many years younger than he, ran over to his side, dragged down his still uplifted hand, and led him over to his seat. She sat down beside him, and burying her face in her hands, began to cry.

Her distress moved him and he told her somewhat doggedly, but not unkindly, to cease. "Do you know what the bells are ringing for?" he asked cynically, after a short pause.

"Why worry about it? We must submit," she answered, trying to keep out of her voice the discontent that assailed her.

"It is ringing," he went on in a hard voice, for farmer Cadieux's daughter, who is to take her life vows to-day. Already he has one daughter a nun, and his honor among French Canadians will increase. I have lived in St. Jerome all my life, and have neither daughter nor son in the church; they pity me. It was only yesterday we received the letter from Quebec telling us of the honor that had come to my brother through his daughter taking the veil. None of our neighbors were more passionately attached to their children than we; yet death passed by their doors, came to ours, and took them all. Continued disappointment has made me weary of life. The sound of the church bells, which I have heard so often sing honor for others, drives me to outbursts of shameful anger. At times I think I shall go mad; as for the church, I have nearly lost all faith in it."

As he ceased, his wife rose, kissed his cheek and said, with a little break in her voice: "We have suffered much Hormisdas, would to the Virgin we had not been so sorely afflicted."

"Such affliction is nothing but cruelty," he went on scornfully. "It was cruel when death took all our children in childhood. But it was still more cruel, when we had grown old and were striving to be content and kiss the rod, for the Virgin to give us another daughter; to let us keep her till she had grown into womanhood; till we had given her an education which would have fitted her to be the superioress of a convent, and then strike her with a fatal illness just as she was about to take the veil, and once more ruthlessly crush out all our hopes."

"So long as Adele lives there is

hope," said his wife, trying to be brave.

"Doctor Prenoveau says she will die," he answered fiercely.

"She was resting easier when I came down to you. I cannot get the idea out of my mind, that if we got Doctor Chalmers from Montreal he would cure her. They say, although he is young, he is very clever. As for Doctor Prenoveau, you know people say he is too old to practise now."

"When Doctor Prenoveau said the others would die, they died," he replied, looking at her as though he feared she would no longer argue with him.

With a hopeful ring in her voice she said: "That is true, but this time he may be mistaken: Dr. Chalmers would know."

"If we only dared hope," he said under his breath.

"Doctor Chalmers would know," she repeated eagerly.

"Send for him," he replied, turning his face away.

The sun had hardly sunk behind the Laurentian range of mountains which, for hundreds of miles towers above the great St. Lawrence river, and dictates its course to the gulf, when the wind from the north, bringing with it flurries of fine snow, began to blow cold and strong. Doctor Chalmers drew the buffalo robes tighter about him, and settled back in a corner of the sleigh: he had three miles yet to drive before he reached Farmer Frechette's house. "Had I known it was going to be this cold I would have arranged for some other doctor to have taken up the case," he muttered. Had he only did so how different his life would have been!

"We were afraid you would not come to-day," said Madame Frechette as she led him into the kitchen where the stove was throwing out a genial heat.

"Had the message been less urgent, I should not have done so," he replied, stooping and warming his numbed

hands. Farmer Frechette sat facing the doctor, at the opposite side of the stove, furtively glancing at the young physician, dissatisfaction imprinted on every line of his face; he was bitterly disappointed. "He is little better than a boy," he repeated to himself, over and over again.

"This is the doctor from Montreal," said the mother, bending over her sick daughter. Doctor Chalmers drew near the bed, and as the light from the coal-oil lamp fell across Adele's face, he could not help but think how pretty she was, even in her illness.

For a long time nothing could be heard in the kitchen but the loud ticking of the yellow-faced clock, hung high above the kitchen table, and the occasional murmur of voices in the sick girl's room. Unable any longer to sit and endure the suspense, the old man rose and began, fretfully, to walk to and fro. Finally he stopped at the window, and his gaze travelled across the great expanse of white, which was being beautified by the early moon, to the tin-clad church tower in the distance, which glowed like burnished silver as the moon's rays fell upon it.

"If she dies, there is no Virgin and the priests have deceived us," he said, looking steadily at the tower; "but if she lives"—and he straightened out his bent figure—"I shall die happy in the faith. I will leave money toward building the new church which Father Sauvalle so long has wished to have built." Hearing a slight noise behind him, he turned quickly: his wife, followed by the doctor was entering the room.

"Well?" he queried, in a peculiar tone, looking at the doctor as though he knew he would tell him there was no hope.

"She certainly is very ill, but I cannot agree with Doctor Prenoveau, if he says there is no hope." The words were kindly spoken, for he had noticed how the old man trembled and how

poorly assumed his air of defiance was.

"You really think she may not die doctor?" he asked, almost incredulously.

"I really think not."

He sank heavily on his chair. "I am beginning to feel old, very old, doctor," he said, weakly.

Never before had Doctor Chalmers taken so keen an interest in a case. Inch by inch he contested with death for the life of the young girl upon whose recovery was founded so many hopes.

It was a beautiful June day when, for the first time since her illness, she ventured out of the house, supported on the young doctor's arm, and walked as far as the little garden at the back of the house. Very lovely she looked in her light-colored, soft, clinging dress, large-brimmed straw hat, the health color struggling back to her cheeks, her sweet lips parted, and her heavily fringed dark eyes lighted up with hope and happiness.

Among his friends, Doctor Chalmers was known as a man not prone to many words; could they but have heard him this afternoon as he sat by her side on the quaint garden seat, they would simply have been astounded.

It had come so gradual, this love of his, that before he was quite aware, it had taken possession of his heart so that no reasoning could have forced it to withdraw. He saw no reason, indeed, why he should wish to banish it; besides being beautiful and winning she had received an excellent education, and was in every way fitted to be his wife. Of her dedication to the church from her birth, he knew nothing, so no misgivings assailed him. Little wonder then that his heart should be light, and that the primitive garden appeared to him the most beautiful spot he had ever seen.

After this little walk and chat in the garden, life seemed to come back to her with strides. By the end of

August she was quite strong again. The change in her health made a new man of her father; from the day Doctor Prenoveau had said she would not recover, until the day Doctor Chalmers had pronounced her out of danger, he had not entered the doors of the church. Now, all was different; twice a week he went to confession, and almost every day knelt before the altar and asked forgiveness for the dreadful sins of the past. It had never struck him as being strange that Doctor Chalmers should continue to visit his house after she had recovered. He had a hazy idea that the doctor's triumph over his daughter's disease was the cause of the interest he took in her. The preposterous thought that any one should want to marry Adele no more entered his imagination than the idea would of anyone wanting to marry one of the dark-robed nuns at the convent.

Everyone in St. Jerome knew that she was to take the veil. If his wife at times had fears she never mentioned them to him.

And Adele! She was very happy. Like most French-Canadian women, she was passionately attached to the church. At times, her happiness was dimmed by the thought that she was not looking forward with that eagerness to taking the veil that she had done before her illness. She comforted herself with the thought that the change, somehow, was the result of her illness, and that by and by the old longings would surely return. Why her heart should beat so when Doctor Chalmers called, and what the meaning was of her looking so eagerly forward to his visiting days she never stopped to think.

The time of her awakening was at hand.

Had her thoughts been less engrossed one afternoon, as she sat on the porch, she would have noticed approaching the house, in the middle of the narrow, dusty road that ran to the church, Father Sauvalle, with his arm

linked in that of her father's; they were talking eagerly. The priest's hand was on the latch of the gate before she raised her head; her face lighted up, and she ran to meet them. The aged priest had known her all her life, and patted her head with fatherly affection. As they walked toward the house, he told her impressively, that his visit this time was solely on her account.

"Yes, solely on your account, solely on your account, blessed be the Virgin," broke in her father with strange eagerness. She could not account for the unhappy feeling which swept over her.

They went into the little parlor, where hung the great carved wooden crucifix, which was said to be the most costly in the town with the exception of the one in the church.

Scarcely were they seated when her father began to tell her the great news. With eyes beaming with religious enthusiasm and pride, he told her how Father Sauvalle had received a letter from the bishop, stating that when the daughter of Hormisdas Frechette had taken the veil at the convent at St. Jerome, the honor should be bestowed upon her of being removed to the convent of the Sacred Heart at Montreal. Father Sauvalle was to be thanked for this.

Very proudly and with much solemnity the priest took the letter from the folds of his robe, and, as he opened it, impressively told her the letter he held was the very one which had brought the great news. As he read it to her his face beamed with smiles. Little wonder they were pleased, for it was an honor indeed to the little town of St. Jerome to be able to say that one of its daughters had been admitted to this convent, noted as it was for its exclusiveness and the severity of its discipline.

"The convent!" she exclaimed, falteringly.

They noticed how pale her face had suddenly grown. They were not sur-

prised; it was meet that the sudden news of the honor in store for her should cause some emotion.

"We have talked the matter over," continued the priest graciously, "and have decided that, as you already have served your novitiate, you may as well return to the convent in a few days. In a month or so later you will be ready to take your final vows. Your father is an old man now and has been sorely tried and has sinned deeply, yea, even uttered anathemas against the church. But the blessed Mother heard the prayers of the church for your recovery and so his soul was saved from—"

"He anathemised the church because of me?" she interrupted, fear gleaming in her eyes.

For a few moments no one spoke. The painful silence was broken by her father struggling to his feet. Beseechingly he looked at the great crucifix, made the sign of the cross on his bosom, and then turned his wavering gaze on his daughter, who had shrunk back in her chair and covered her eyes, as though she dared not look at him.

"I had not meant you to know this," he said, tightly clutching the arm of his chair for support. I think I must have been mad when I did it; I had set my heart so on having a daughter in the church and had been disappointed so often. When they said your illness was fatal, I said, in my misery, that there was no Virgin or she would not let such suffering fall upon me. Even now, wrong as I know it to be, I fear if anything should happen that you did not take the veil I should drift back again into unbelief."

"Cease, cease, Hormisdas," said the priest, raising his hand authoritatively.

The old man walked, weakly, over to his wife, and she comforted him as one would a child. The priest turned his attention to Adele, and said to her soothingly: "There is nothing to fear

now; all will be well with him. It is a great honor to you that your life was spared in order that your father's soul might be saved. The bishop knows of this and is greatly pleased. Already many of the parish priests have been told of your miraculous recovery, and have repeated it to those whose faith was weak, and they have been blessed. You have been honored above most women. In time, I believe you will rise to be the superioress of a convent."

As he turned from her, she rose and left the room. As the door was closing behind her she turned and looked back. Before the crucifix, on their knees, was her aged father and mother, while towering above them, with hands outstretched towards the cross, was the white-haired priest, invoking blessings on those bowed at his feet. She knew it was her duty to be by their side. Stifling the choking tears, she was about to re-enter the room, when the haunting refrain of a song, that she had heard Dr. Chalmers sing, rang in her ears:

"To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life.

Or be crushed in its ruins to die."

The words seemed sacrilegious to her, when compared with the supplicating tone of the priest's voice.

With all her might she strove to banish the words. Twice she stretched out her hand to turn the handle of the door, but the sound of the voice that had sang the words seemed to grow more distinct instead of vanishing, and she drew back her hand. At last, with a little cry of despair, she fled from the house into the little garden, shocked at the wickedness of her heart.

For a long time she sat with closed eyes, her little ivory prayer-beads in her hands; she prayed for pardon in not being able to fix her attention on holy things, and asked grace to cease thinking of him who had taken from her the love for the life of seclusion

which she had been taught to look forward to.

At last she heard the clang of the garden gate, and knew the priest had gone. She did not return to the house, but continued battling with her sins. Suddenly her supplications ceased: she sprang to her feet and looked along the road: she had not been mistaken; away in the distance was a light buggy, rapidly approaching. Doctor Chalmers had said he might be down that day. Her heart seemed to stop beating; she would have run into the house had not her strength failed. Had the Evil One been approaching, she could not have begun to pray more earnestly for aid.

When the vehicle, covered with dust, reached Farmer Frechette's house, the rattle of wheels ceased.

"To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life"

She heard him whistling his favorite refrain as he swung up the gravel walk. He had seen her white dress, and was walking straight toward her. She heard him coming, and her treacherous heart began to beat joyously; with an exclamation of despair she sank to her knees by the side of the garden seat, feeling herself to be the very chief of sinners.

For a few moments he stood and looked down at her in utter amazement; then stooped quickly and raised her. When he saw how white her face was he was sure she was seriously ill, and held out his arm to support her to the house.

With averted face, she told him that she was only a little nervous and unstrung, but she would be herself again. Her pathetic face and helplessness appealed strongly to him, and his heart went out to her, as a man's will to the woman he loves, and whose sufferings are his. As he sat down by her side, he could scarcely refrain from gathering her in his arms and comforting her.

Her clamoring conscience caused her

involuntarily to draw away from him to the end of the seat. Her strange manner caused an uneasy feeling to sweep over him, yet accentuated the keen longing to win her. Almost before he was aware of it, he was by her side again, and was telling her the story that is ever new, though so very old. She would have given the world to have let her heart run riot, as the loving words came pouring from his lips. She learned how she had first grown dear to him, as he had fought with the great reaper for her life, and how the sight of returning health to her dear face had been sweeter to him than he could ever tell her. He told her, too, that he was positive that he would never have been called to play the important part in her life which he had, if it had not been ordained from the beginning that his life was to be knit with hers.

“To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life.”

The haunting words were still ringing in her ears, and it made it ten-fold harder for her to tell him that he was not to prevail in the cause dearer than life, as it was to him.

As she sat, with her face buried in her cold hands, and listened and tried to fight down the singing of her heart, she knew that nothing he could say could make her deny the church, and imperil the soul of her father once more,

“Or be crushed in its ruins to die.”

“Marie pity us, for that is the answer I have for him,” she whispered. Ah! how she wished Dr. Prenoveau had been a true prophet and that she had died.

As he ceased, she took the little silver crucifix which hung around her neck, pressed it tightly to her bosom, and turning her woe-begone face to him said, as she rose: “You do not know, or you would not say such things to me.”

He had expected something so different. “I—I do not understand,” he

said, wonderingly, rising and walking toward her.

She clutched the cross tighter and stepped back as he approached.

He was sorely perplexed and apprehensive, and she saw it, and her heart ached for him.

“I am going,” she began weakly, “to be a nun. I have been in the convent before, and shall return in a few days. In less than two months I shall take the veil.”

Dear heart! Fight as she may for conscience sake she could not keep out of her eyes the pity and love for him, as she saw the look of amazement and misery which flashed into his face, and noted how unsteadily his hand sought the back of the garden bench.

Suddenly their eyes met, and then he knew, and hope flew back, and with a glad ring in his voice he said: “You love me, Adele!” He started forward and imprisoned the hand with the crucifix in his own. His apprehension had all vanished now, and boldly he told her that if she loved him she had no right to sacrifice their happiness. Then his tone changed, and he pleaded with her: and as she looked into his eager eyes, listened, and saw how dear she was to him, her rejoicing heart deadened the lashings of her conscience; she forgot all about her promise to Father Sauvalle and to her parents; forgot all about the Convent of the Sacred Heart; yea, even forgot the anathemas uttered by her father against the church, in this, the first great happiness of her life.

He thought he had won her, and, raising her head, looked teasingly into her face and said softly, yet triumphantly:

“To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,  
Or—”

She wrenched her hand from him and started back. Her face was ghastly pale, while her eyes dilated and shone with terror. “If I do not enter the convent,” she said fearfully, “I

shall be responsible for the loss of my father's soul."

For a space he looked at her as though he thought her mind was affected. She read his look, and remembering that he did not understand, told him all her father's dread story, how he had told her not an hour ago that if anything should happen that she did not take the veil that it would be impossible for him to believe.

She told him, too, that even were her parents willing that she should marry him that she could never be perfectly happy. Her conscience would never cease to upbraid her; she had been taught to look forward to being a nun from her childhood. She kissed the cross passionately as she ceased.

As he noted the religious light in her eyes, something told him that it was useless to argue; that nothing he could say would break down her strong religious convictions. The sudden revulsion from great happiness to despair was bitter indeed, and sitting down he buried his face in his hands.

She walked rapidly away a few steps, then turned and looked back. His dejected attitude smote her sorely. Again she turned as though she would leave him, but again turned and looked at him pityingly. Well she knew that in the long quiet years that were to come, that lonely figure in the quaint garden would haunt her, and that the memory of his great sorrow would be the heavy cross she would have to bear as long as life lasted.

So quietly did she steal behind him that he was not aware that she had returned. Her lips moved as though she were about to speak to him, but no sound came from them. It was so hard not to lean forward and rest her hand on the thick dark hair, and tell him how much easier it would be for her to bear it if he would only say he forgave her and would try and think kindly of her. It came to her at last, how, perhaps, she might make his sorrow easier to bear. She unclasped the

little silver crucifix from around her neck, kissed it, and then gently slipped it in the pocket of his coat which hung over the side of the bench. She then turned and fled along the grass to the house.

Once more the sound of church bells floated into the little cottage and fell upon the expectant ears of farmer Frechette and his wife, and a proud look lit up their faces.

"At last," said the old man, exultantly, going to the window and looking at the church and the convent nestling at its side. The bells no longer mocked him, and he had ceased to hate them. Once more he stretched his gaunt arm toward the glistening tower: "The church has not deceived us," he said humbly. Then he turned to his wife, who was waiting for him at the door.

Very slowly, arm in arm, with heads erect and graciously acknowledging the bows of the neighbors, Hormisdas Frechette and his wife walked down the narrow crooked road leading to the church.

The overcast sky looked burdened with snow and the leaves rustled complainingly as they were ground beneath the feet of those hurrying to witness the honor about to fall upon the house of Hormisdas Frechette. Sweet to the old man was the moaning of the wind, as it jostled the barren trees, while the ungarnished landscape seemed fairer to him this day than it had ever done, even in harvest time.

As the aged couple entered the church, with its many pictures of saints and gorgeous towering altar, the organ began to play softly. Presently the narrow door near the altar slowly opened and four nuns, in black array, with clasped hands and bowed heads, repeating a psalm of renunciation, entered the church. Following them, arrayed in a spotless white veil which fell to her feet, came she who had saved a soul from unbelief. Eagerly the congregation bent forward,



anxious to catch a glimpse of her whom the bishop had promised to honor. To be a sister of the convent of the Sacred Heart! She knew not how many envied her.

With closed eyes and radiant face sat farmer Frechette, repeating prayers of thanksgiving. She who had given birth to such a daughter praised the Virgin that she had known the pangs of motherhood.

The sweet face had lost all its roses. Her eyes were downcast as she walked up to the altar; but that was as it should be with one who is about to renounce the pleasures of the world and whose eyes evermore must humbly seek the earth.

Just as she was repeating her final vows, one who had told himself a thousand times that he would not witness the ceremony drove rapidly down the road: he halted some little distance from the church, near the convent. Just as he reached the door of the church he saw Father Sauvalle solemnly raise both hands and bless her.

With set lips he went back to the buggy, and stood behind the horse in a position which he thought would prevent him from being seen. Eagerly he watched the door, and his heart beat furiously as he saw the four dark-robed nuns step from the church and wait for their new sister. At last she came, with hands clasped and head bowed so very, very low. The nuns divided, formed around her, and then began the walk to the convent, near where the silent figure still waited, screened by the horse.

Just as she was about to enter the

convent yard her attention was attracted by the white feet of the horse; instantly she knew to whom it belonged. Wrong as she knew it to be, she could not help raising her head: their eyes met.

“Or be crush’d in its ruins to die.”

The words came to them both at the same moment. One of the nuns put out her hand as she saw her falter; but she recovered herself and entered the yard. The rusty hinges of the door creaked weirdly as the door closed behind her. A moment later he heard the metallic click of the lock.

The snow began to fall in great flakes, and the boisterous wind drove them violently into the faces of the sightseers as they hurried from the church. None of them saw the horse on the far side of the road; the snow was blinding.

As he heard their voices die away in the distance, his head drooped till it rested on the animal’s mane. Patiently the beast whisked away the snow and tried to hide its head from the vicious wind.

It was growing rapidly dark, but he did not notice it; he was thinking of the fight he had made for her life, and of the love that had come to him in the summer days when health came back to her to make amends.

“To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life”

The mocking refrain seemed to have been shouted into his ears; he started as though he had been struck, seized the reins and dashed into the gathering storm.

## IN 1812.

*An Incident Unrecorded in History.*

BY STUART LIVINGSTON.

I.  
“You saved my life, Lieutenant Maynard,” said the Captain “I hope I

may do as much for you at our next meeting.”

I laughed. Such deeds as this pass

among men with slight thought; how little did I know what hopes of mine were soon to tremble upon his words!

It was night, and we were seated together upon the Canadian side of the Niagara River. The spy had taken the Captain unawares, and upon making him a prisoner, had endeavored to force a disclosure from him of the enemy's position. Upon his refusal, the spy had attempted to push him, bound as he was, over the edge of the precipice. It was in preventing this that I had received my wound. The spy had escaped.

"He gave you an ugly slash; let me fix it up for you."

I slipped off my coat, and he dressed the wound with great gentleness and considerable skill.

"You said your name was Maynard; are you related to the Maynards of Boston?"

"That's rather wide," I replied, smiling, "but Philip Maynard, of Boston, is my father."

"Well, that's odd! Do you know your father and mine were the oldest of friends. Why, I've heard of your people ever since I can remember."

He stretched out his hand, and shook mine warmly.

"It seems to me, Maynard," he continued, "if you don't mind my saying so, that if I had your wealth I wouldn't be wasting my time trying to capture a country that no nation in God's world could make anything but Canadian if they took it a thousand times over."

I laughed.

"We'll see about that," I said.

"Oh, you don't know the Canadian spirit. Why, I tell you over here we love every inch of this country. Fight for her! we'd die for her, before we'd see her taken, as readily as we lie down to sleep about the camp-fires."

He spoke very earnestly, and his face seemed to glow in the darkness with a fixed resolution.

"Yes," I said, "we have good reason to know that already."

He was silent for a few moments; then he said:

"I hope I fixed that wound all right; is it any easier?"

"Very much, thanks; in fact, the only thing I need to make me happy would be time enough to smoke a pipe."

"Ah, now I can supply you."

He drew out a pipe, filled it, and passing it over to me, remarked:

"You will have half an hour at least, without interruption."

"Oh, I must be gone long before that; I have much to do."

"You are on dangerous business."

"Business that I don't like."

"You Maynards are not the men to back at danger."

I made no reply, but lighting the pipe, smoked for some time in silence.

He had not told me his name, and as he was still my prisoner, I did not like to ask it, but his words about my people had strangely warmed my heart towards him.

"Captain," I said, "there is scarcely a chance in a hundred of my leaving your country alive. If you see my father, and I have not come home, will you tell him that although I disgraced the name, at least I wasn't a coward."

"Disgraced the name!" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes, disgraced the name! I have been a dishonor to my people ever since I entered the service; what with wine and gambling, God knows to what I might have come, but my course was cut short. I struck my superior officer; aye, and, By God! I'd strike him again if he called me the foul name he used," I exclaimed as my anger at the remembrance of it blazed up within me.

There was silence for a moment; then the passion passed from me.

"That is neither here nor there," I continued. "I was condemned to be shot at daybreak. This commission

was given me in the alternative. I accepted eagerly, for here though death is just as certain, it will not, thank God, be at the hands of my own countrymen."

He grasped my hand.

"Maynard," he said, "God knows I love Canada too well to wish her ill, but I almost hope you may succeed."

"Well," I replied, "I must be pushing on;" then I remembered it was his duty to thwart me if he could, so I added, "before your parole expires I shall either have left your shore, or be dead upon it."

"Good bye," he said, "and if I can ever repay you, rely upon me."

Little did I know that he would so soon have the opportunity.

## II.

I quickly crossed the open, but before entering the woods fixed upon a star that would guide me inland. I climbed the hill, and made my course direct from the river. I walked on very cautiously for some time, until my wound began to give me great pain. After resting for a while I pushed on again. The farther I went the more I was at a loss what to do. My only directions from the General had been that the much-coveted papers which I was commissioned to find were in a bundle marked with three crosses. I should find them, he had said, under the floor of a room in a large farmhouse well back from the road, in the midst of a grove of pines. I had relied upon the spy to locate the place, and now he was gone. I sat down at the side of the road.

While I was still turning the matter over in my mind I became aware that some one was approaching. I had been so intent upon my thoughts that he had come quite near before I noticed him. He was carrying a lantern, and before I had time to move aside I felt its light flash in my face: the next instant he had stopped, and covered me with his pistol.

"If you move I'll shoot," he said.

"I can't move," I replied, faintly, "I'm wounded."

"What is it James?" questioned a woman's voice.

"A spy!"

"A spy, James! Didn't he say he was wounded?"

"Yes, Miss," he replied, gruffly.

"Show me the light, James," she said, dropping fearlessly upon her knees beside me, "where are you hurt. Is it very bad?"

What tenderness in her voice! Oh, the infinite pity of a woman's heart!

"In my shoulder, Miss," I replied.

"Hold the light—so, James."

She gently turned back my coat until she saw the blood upon the bandage. As she did so the light was upon her face. How beautiful she was, with her great blue eyes full of wonder and sympathy.

"James," she said, "he is very badly hurt, as he says: I will go and bring help: we must take him home."

"No, no," I protested, "I can walk."

"Are you sure it won't hurt you too much?"

"I should rather walk."

"Give me your weapons," said the man.

I handed them to him, and then, with his pistol still drawn, he turned back along the path, keeping me in front of him; his mistress followed. We had not gone far before we branched off, and made our way through the woods, coming at length to the house which was our journey's end.

We entered together, and I was taken into the front room, where was an elderly lady seated knitting before the hearth, upon which smouldered a low fire.

"Auntie," said she who had brought me there, as she motioned me to be seated upon a lounge near by, "this poor man has been wounded, and I have brought him home to be nursed a little."

The old lady arose and, with much stateliness of manner, said:

"I am sure, sir, you are very welcome to our home. Is he much wounded, Margaret?"

"I fear he is," replied the other.

Her aunt came over to the lounge and carefully examined the wound. The while I was enlivened by watching James' fingers playing spasmodically with the butt of his pistol.

"I think it will not be serious," said the aunt; "bring me some water in a basin, my dear, and I will make it comfortable for the night."

Her niece did so, and when together they had dressed my shoulder with the utmost gentleness, they made the lounge into a bed, and, bidding me good night, went out, leaving me alone. I heard no bolt slide on the door, but every now and again a slight noise outside announced the fact that James was on guard there. I blew out the candle, and notwithstanding the pain of my wound, and the fact that I was a prisoner in the enemy's country, weariness overcame me, and I slept.

### III.

To cut a long story short, I spent four days in that little room without being able to devise any kind of a reasonable plan of escape. A dozen little events each day showed me that James was continually on the watch. I had no arms of any sort, and no prospect of getting any; everything of the kind was kept carefully out of my reach. My prospects were certainly of the gloomiest. No doubt Sard, the spy, had long ago discovered the farmhouse (wherever it might be), and returned with the papers to the General. In that case (and it was the only probable one), my journey back to camp would be accompanied by all the exhilarating experiences of a funeral procession. I threw myself down in a chair facing the window, and began to whistle softly the Dead March. I heard a step behind, and turning saw it was Margaret. She had found the door open, and entered.

"I came to dress your shoulder,"

she said, adding with a smile; "that was rather mournful music, wasn't it?"

"I expect to hear it before long, and am trying to get used to it," I exclaimed somewhat bitterly.

"I suppose it would make any one feel blue to be shut up here all day," she replied. "I am sure I should die if I hadn't the wide blue sky and the air."

She threw her head back impulsively, as if the very thought of being kept in bounds stifled her. It was a queenly gesture. Then the incomparable charity of her heart asserted itself. She laid down the cloth which she held, and, looking me in the face, said resolutely, while her own was dyed crimson on the instant:

"You aren't really what James says you are; are you?"

I hesitated. If I told her my real name, what would be the result? I felt it was morally certain I should be shot either on this side or the other before the affair was at an end, and no doubt she, knowing my name, would hear of it. If she did, she would at the same time learn the reason why, and some way I secretly cherished the hope that she, at all events, might never know it.

"I am an American; Lieutenant Manning of the regulars."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, and I thought I saw a look of relief pass over her face. "I felt sure from the first that James was wrong."

I have thought since that it was as she stood there before me and said those words that I first loved her.

### IV.

For the next three days I saw a good deal of Margaret, and next to nothing of James. It is perhaps needless to say I was not dissatisfied with the change. At first I occupied considerable time speculating upon what next possible turn my persistently erratic affairs could take. After a time, however, I gave over this pastime, and

settled down to a miserable ghost of a hope that they wouldn't take any turn at all. It was on the afternoon of the third day that the turn came. I was seated with Margaret at the foot of the garden. The sun was still above the horizon, but a soft blue autumn haze that slowly crept over the fields told it would soon be at rest.

There had been silence between us for some moments. I seemed to feel some way that a change was coming. Well, I said mentally, let it come; for now, short or long, all my life I would have a taste of heaven to look back upon.

"It must have been a very dangerous business that brought you over," said Margaret, wistfully.

"A business I didn't like to undertake," I replied.

"Why did you do it then?"

She was utterly innocent of all intention; I knew this. Indeed, it was the first time she had referred to my coming at all.

"I had to," I answered.

"You had to! they made you risk your life in this way!" she exclaimed incredulously.

Should I tell her all? Could I tell her, and sit and watch the contempt and scorn for me coming into her face? Could I dash our friendship—aye, and perhaps (God knows), our more than friendship, to earth at a single blow? I loved her so well! Then if I loved her I should tell her.

"Miss Margaret," I said, "what would you think of a man who had a name honored and above reproach, if he wasted his time over the gambling table and the wine cup, bringing shame upon it?"

I saw by her look she knew I spoke of myself.

"If he were brave enough to risk his life alone in the enemy's lines, and sorry for the life he had spent, might he not be forgiven?" she asked, with pity in her face.

"Perhaps—perhaps he might," I cried impetuously, "but if he had

sunk even lower than this, and when on duty, had disgraced his regiment by giving his superior officer a blow for an insult, aye, and was condemned by court martial to be shot for it, and only escaped with his life by entering the enemy's lines on a hopeless commission, what would you say to him then?"

"I should say," she replied, and her eye brightened with something like fire in it, "that he would know best what the insult was, and how hard it was to bear. Ah!" she continued, as her expression softened again with pity, "women know so little of these things, and I could not judge him, but I think, still, it might be forgiven him."

My lips trembled, and I turned my face from hers.

Ah! God, what words I might have spoken to her then, if I had not seen those pines!

"Pines! pines!" I repeated to myself, mechanically; "a large farmhouse well back from the path, in the midst of a grove of pines." My heart stopped beating for the instant; I seemed to grow dizzy. Had I heard those words centuries ago, or was it only a week since the General uttered them? "A farmhouse in a grove of pines." I could resist the truth no longer; this was the very place where the papers were hidden.

Sard, then, had failed to get them, and nothing remained but for me to do it, and redeem my promise to the General. I turned to Margaret. I must have had a strange look upon my face, for she regarded me curiously.

"You look ill," she said. "I have noticed it all day, but more now. It is the feeling that you are a prisoner that is troubling you."

I tried to speak, but she would not let me.

"Yes, I know it is, but I have arranged all that. I told Auntie and James that, to-morrow I would give you back your parole, and to-morrow night, if your shoulder is well enough,

or the night after, I will send James to guide you back to the river; they must have made some provision for carrying you across."

"Yes," I replied mechanically, "the boat will be there."

"I felt sure it would, so you will be back in your own camp again, and all will be well."

"Oh, Miss Margaret!"

"No, I won't hear a word of it," she said; "you are going to pay us one of those wickedly untruthful compliments, that you would sooner stay our prisoner than go back, and in truth you're just dying to leave us all, and return to your beloved stars and stripes."

She tried to laugh, but the laughter seemed to have forsaken her.

"If I am to go," I said, as she arose to leave me, "won't you give me some token as a keepsake?"

She drew out a sixpence with a hole in it, and handed it to me.

"I have had it ever since I was a child," she said.

Then she was gone.

#### V.

What strange fascination possessed me that night as I paced up and down the floor of my room. I made a dozen pretences to myself for doing so. I could think better; I was restless, and to walk would quiet me; I should sleep sounder for it. Ah, I did not deceive myself, for each time as I passed up and down, I knew that my foot was secretly feeling for the loose board that I felt sure was somewhere there, covering the hidden papers. Even if I had them I could not break my parole. No, and doubly so when it was to her I had given it,—that was more than even I could do. And then, besides, to take the papers; it would be as though I stole them from her. She was responsible in her brother's absence. She, herself, had said so. Still it could be no harm just to be sure they were there. It would be satisfaction, anyway, to know that

Sard hadn't managed to get them. With this thought I picked up the candle which was burning on the table. I was satisfied they were not in this room at all events. I would try the other. I hesitated a moment with my hand on the door latch. If I were found there, what could I say. I would say I was getting the book of old English songs Margaret had lent me yesterday to while away the time. I remember leaving it there.

I sheltered the candle with my coat so as to obscure the light, and hastily crossed the hall on tiptoe. It was done without a sound. I pushed the door softly shut after me. Without a moment's delay I set the candle upon the table and got down upon my hands and knees. I crept thus about the floor. Suddenly I stopped. What was that sound? I half arose, and listened intently. There was nothing but the wind among the pines. The interruption had only whetted my desire. I dropped cautiously upon my knees again, and pursued my search with redoubled eagerness. The papers were here, and I would find them. At this juncture I came upon the book of songs lying open upon the floor, where, no doubt, it had fallen from the table, I pushed it impatiently aside: as I did so a board rocked a little beneath my hand. My excitement became intense. It was the work of an instant to raise the board and disclose a bundle of papers marked with three crosses. What a tumultuous rush of feelings swept over me as I looked at them. My life hung upon those papers. I put down my hand to grasp them! As I did so, there was a swift gleam of silver and a slight rattle among the papers below. I scarce had time to think of this, for on the instant my blood seemed to stand still frozen in my veins. I heard a voice call with startling clearness:

"James! James! come quick!"

I arose at a bound, standing in the open doorway was Margaret, and as I

looked, James stood behind her with his pistol covering me.

Ah, what infinite scorn was in her face!

I forgot about the book as I looked at her, and shrank beneath the contempt of her eyes. I tried to say something.

"James," she said, "take that man to the back room, and you will answer for him."

She turned and went out as if she had forgotten my presence.

The man seized me roughly by the arm, and taking me upstairs shoved me in at an open door. As it slammed behind me I heard the bolts drop heavily into their sockets. I found, upon groping about the room, there was a bed in it, but I had no sleep that night.

I spent the long hours till dawn for the most part pacing up and down the floor. The more I turned the matter over in my mind, the more irretrievably lost I seemed to be, but it was not until the first grey light crept into the room through a hole in the wall near the roof that I finally gave up hope. It was only then that, worn out and exhausted with the anxieties of the night, I admitted that my life must pay the penalty. I threw myself down upon the bed and covered my face with my hands. My life! Yes, but my life was of little worth when I thought of all I had lost beside. I could see her eyes now looking into mine. Yes, and I remembered those womanly words that sprang from the tender pity of her heart: "I knew James was wrong from the first" And I believed she had thought well of me,—and the keepsake she had given me.

"My God!" I exclaimed, as I felt for it, and, finding it gone, was bewildered for the moment by the rush of ideas that surged upon me. The next instant I found myself upon my feet, pacing up and down the floor. The revulsion of feeling was so great I almost laughed. A plan! I had a plan! I whispered this over to my-

self like a child. I continued to walk about the room, and the more I thought of it, the surer I grew of success. My mind became relieved of the strain it had borne all night, and a great weariness overcame me. I threw myself down upon the bed and slept.

When I awoke it was afternoon. I dragged a stool over beneath the hole in the wall, and standing upon it obtained a good view outside. The sun was well down towards the west.

Margaret was seated upon the bench at the foot of the garden. Some pansies were lying at her side, and as I watched she picked one up, and began pulling it to pieces as if unconsciously. She was some distance away, but to me she seemed paler than was her wont. I must lose no time. I descended to the floor, and getting down on my hands and knees searched every part of it. If I could only find something with a sharp point. I tried the walls. At last I found a broken piece of steel lying upon a ledge. I took out a piece of paper which I had in my pocket, and climbing upon the stool, spread it out against the wall at the side of the hole. There was light enough for me to see, and patiently I scrawled with the steel point this note:

"To Miss Margaret.—I went into the room to get the song book; I stooped to pick it off the floor, and lost my sixpence down a crack; I took up the board to get it, for it was dear to me; that is all I know. C.M."

I had watched her now and again as I wrote, but she had scarcely moved, appearing to be lost in thought. If I threw it out would she see it? I had learned from her the call which she gave for her favorite pigeon, and now as I watched her I gave it.

She glanced up quickly; that instant I flung my precious paper out upon the air, and watched it flutter down till it was out of sight. Had she seen it? Yes, I felt sure she had, though she gave no sign of it.

Presently she arose, and gathering up the pansies, approached the house. I quickly lost my view of her. Perhaps she hadn't noticed it. Should I call to her? I listened; there were footsteps beneath me, then a moment's silence followed by a low cry.

I had hardly more than reached the floor from the stool when I heard her at my door. It swung open, and pushing James aside, she entered. Even that light, dim as it was, sparkled upon the tears in her eyes.

"Oh Lieutenant Manning!" she cried, "I am beyond forgiveness."

I attempted to speak, but she gave me no time.

"To think that I have treated you like a spy when you were only—"

Her words were lost in a flood of tears.

James stood behind her thoroughly nonplussed, glaring savagely at me.

I felt like the wretch I was.

"You couldn't help but think it," I said; "they must have been private papers."

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed eagerly, as she checked her sobs, "they are plans of our defence. Come. Please come, and I will show you that they are. Oh, why didn't Henry take them with him! I can't show them to you; I can never explain it."

Her voice was utterly hopeless as she said this. I had such a feeling of shame in her presence I wished I were well out of it all. Yet each word she spoke so drew me to her, I think I would at that moment, if I might have lived the hour over again, have given up my plan of escape to save her those tears.

"I understand it all," I said, as we descended the stairs together; "let us forget about it; then it will be as though it had never happened."

She looked her thanks, but made no reply.

We spent much of the day together in the garden.

She was very quiet, almost coldly so, but more than once I found her

with her eyes upon me, and at those times my love for her came upon me with such strength as almost forced from me the words which I knew in my disgrace it would be dishonorable to say.

When she left me that night she gave me my pistol and released me from my parole.

## VI.

How dimly the candle burned, and how still was all the house. I had sat for a long time pondering upon my strange position.

What an experience I had had. If I remained here till the brother came (as he might do any day), I should be shot; if I returned without the papers I should be shot. I hummed the Dead March softly to myself, it seemed so appropriate. But why not take the papers? If I did, could I ever look her in the face again? What a question for a man to ask! Was I a child to fear the scorn of a woman when my life was at stake. And what would it amount to? If I returned with the papers I at least had my life before me, and could live it down. I could risk it again when to lose it would be honorable. Yes, and I would risk it, and risk it freely; it should be as nothing to me till she should learn that if I did this thing it was not because I was a coward.

I went and blew out the light. I knew where the papers were, and needed none. Opening the door I slipped noiselessly across the hall. All was still. I had my finger on the latch when I thought I saw a faint ray of light shining through the hole. I stooped and put my eye to it. In the room, upon his knees on the floor, was a man. Who could it be? What was he doing? I watched him breathlessly. Then I caught the faint rustle of papers. So he was after them too!

On the instant I drew my pistol, and throwing open the door covered him.

"If you stir I shoot," I said.



He was motionless as stone.

I noted that his pistol was lying on the table. I moved over, all the time keeping mine well on him, and got it. Then I ordered him to get up. He did so. What was my amazement when I saw it was Sard! As he recognized me, he turned livid with fear and passion. His fingers clutched convulsively, and he looked as if about to spring.

"If you do, you die," I muttered, looking straight along the barrel of my pistol.

There was a low scream in the hallway, but I dared not look round. I heard a voice I knew to be Margaret's, calling for James. Then came the sound of heavy footsteps coming hurriedly down stairs, and James entered the room.

At sight of him the spy shrank back, and a shiver ran through him.

"Ah, Sard," said James, "at the old business once more, eh? Didn't think you'd come spying round here again after our last meeting."

"Do you know him, James?" questioned Margaret.

"Yes, Miss; he's a spy."

"If I am, he's a spy too," hoarsely cried Sard, pointing at me.

I cowered beneath his look.

"Take him away, James; take him out and let him go," said Margaret.

She turned and left the room. I heard her step on the stairs.

James caught the spy by the shoulder and hurried him out of the house.

Sick of the whole business, I returned across the hall to my room and flung myself down upon my couch. All had become quiet again. Suddenly I was startled by hearing faintly upon the wind, as if at a great distance, the sound of a pistol shot. Presently James came in softly, and went up stairs. I knew my account with Sard had been wiped out by other hands than mine.

At the same instant a new idea flashed upon me, and I knew that his death meant my deliverance. If I

took the papers now Margaret would think Sard had returned and done it. I had heard her order James to let him go, and knew he would be afraid to confess he had shot him.

I sprang up, and pulling on my cap slipped again noiselessly across the hall. It was the work of a moment to have the coveted papers in my possession, and to be out of the house. As I stumbled on along the pathway, half running, half walking, every now and again the low hanging branches swept my face, scratching and cutting it. It was very dark. I fell over roots and stumps, and verging from the path, at times bruised myself against the tree trunks. Still I hurried on, impelled by a feverish haste. I was in the enemy's country and by this time nearing their pickets. I had no fear of them. All the way down through the night I was haunted by a face.—Ah, God! what scorn and loathing was there!

I crossed the open, and slid over the edge of the bank. I had passed the pickets unchallenged. I scrambled down the bank, but upon coming in view of the boat, I halted. There it was, drawn up under cover of the bushes, and the boatmen were sitting silently beside it. I felt mechanically for the papers. They were safe. Nothing remained now but to get into the boat, and crossing the river give up the papers to the General, and live. Live! Could I live and know that forever I was unworthy to look her in the face? Were it not better to die? There came but one answer to the question. I sat for a time and listened to the roar of the waters, but the answer was always the same. Then I arose and wearily climbed the steep again.

Long and toilsome (I had no dread of its dangers) was the return journey, but for all there was gladness in my heart.

It was dawn before I reached the farmhouse. As I approached it I found a small squad of militiamen scattered

about the yard. They allowed me to pass unnoticed. I crossed the yard and entered the house. As I did so, a man's voice that seemed to me strangely familiar, caused me to hesitate. It proceeded from the room where the papers had been concealed.

"Was there no one here who could have stolen them, Margaret?" he asked.

"No one, Henry."

"Then some one must have entered in the night and taken them. It will ruin me, Margaret. By God!" he continued, passionately, "if I knew the wretch who did it, and could lay my hands upon him, I'd—"

I cut short his sentence by entering the room.

"I did it, Captain," I said.

"It isn't true, Henry: he never did it; oh! it isn't true," she cried.

I drew out the papers and threw them down on the table.

"There are your papers, Captain."

"Lieutenant Maynard?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Captain."

I had not dared to look at her, but now as they both stood there silent, scarce comprehending the matter, I cast a hurried glance at her face: there was such trouble in it I could bear it no longer.

"Captain," I cried, impetuously, "you remember I was to perform my commission or be shot—I was to get these papers. Last night I got them, and reached the river with them in safety. I saw the boatman below waiting for me, but as I crept down the bank I stopped. I could go no further. Ah God, it was the remembrance of a pure woman's face, and the thought of the scorn it would hold for me if I did this thing! I was between her face and death, but I loved her better than life."

"And what do you want now?" he asked, gravely.

"I am your prisoner, and I want to be shot."

As I said this there was a low cry that rings in my ears yet as I think of that moment.

Margaret sprang to her brother's side, and fastening her arms about his neck, clung to him.

"Oh Henry, you won't shoot him; say that you won't shoot him; he didn't mean to do it."

Her voice was choked with sobs.

He looked down at her very tenderly.

"I couldn't have shot him if I wished, little one," he said. "He is as free to go as I am, under the armistice proclaimed yesterday, but he is a brave man, and I wish him no harm."

How I thanked him in my heart for these words to her.

"Lieutenant Maynard," he continued, turning to me, "you gave me my life once, but I think, perhaps, you have taken more than you gave. You have a good name; I hope you will be worthy."

He turned, and went out without more, but I knew what he meant.

As we stood there alone together I scarcely dared to look at her, for I felt so abashed.

"Oh, Margaret;" I cried, "why have you done all this for me?"

She came over, and putting her hands upon my shoulders looked up shyly into my face.

"Because I love you, Clive," she said.

I stooped, and kissed her upon the lips. I could find no words to answer her, for God knows that ever since the world began the sweetest and best of women have given themselves to men as unworthy as I, and for no better reason than this.



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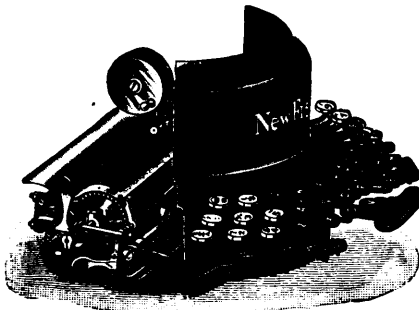
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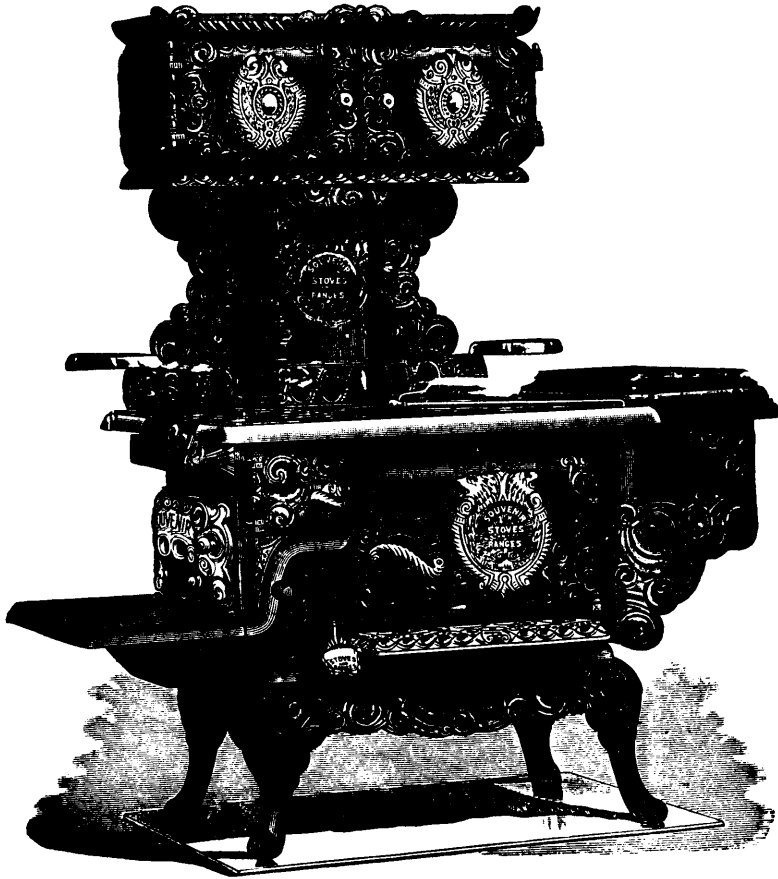
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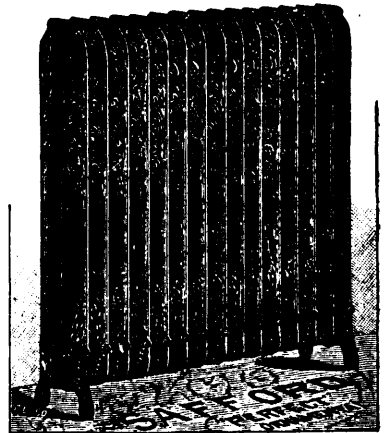
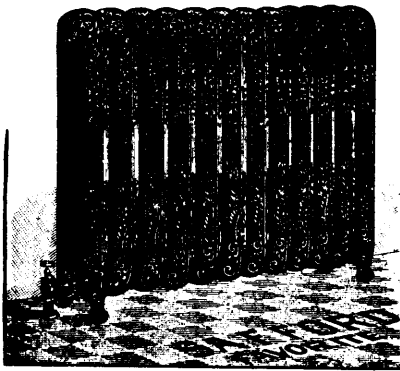
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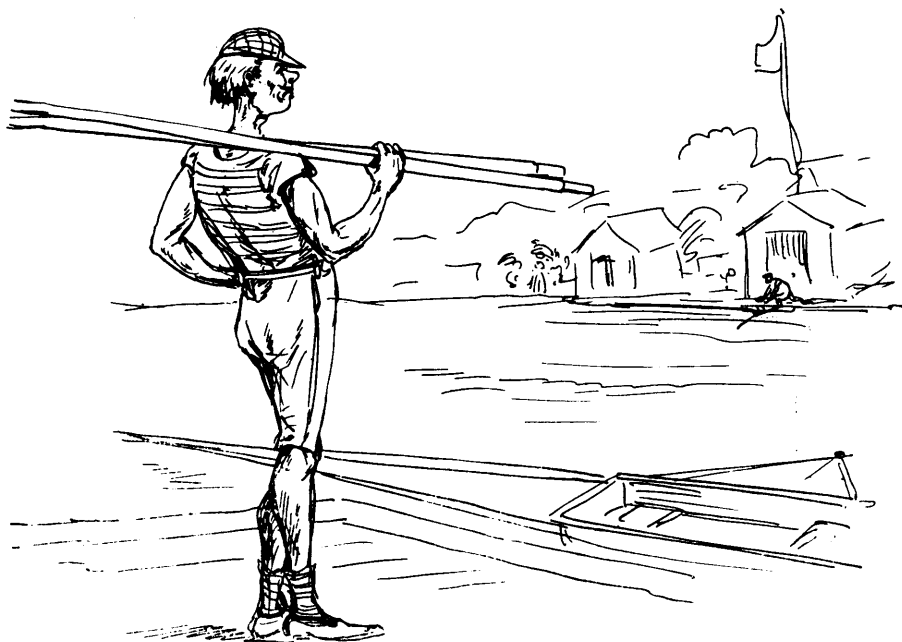
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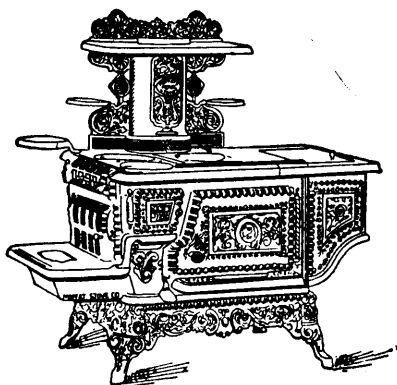


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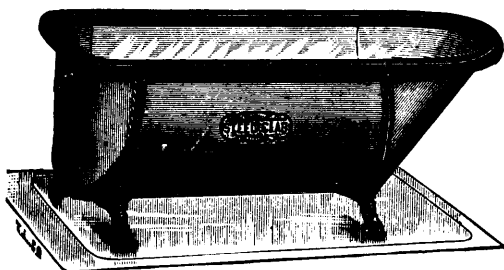
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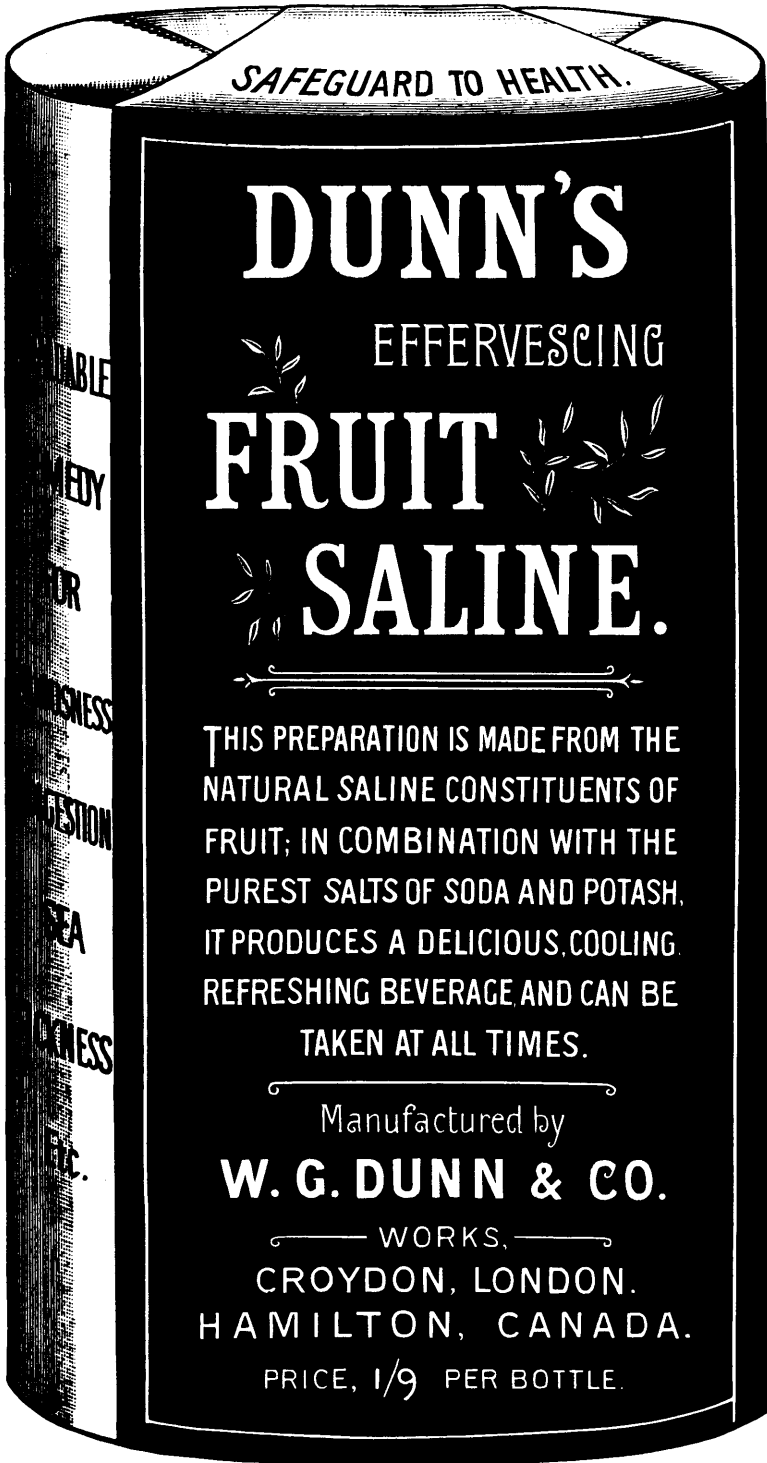
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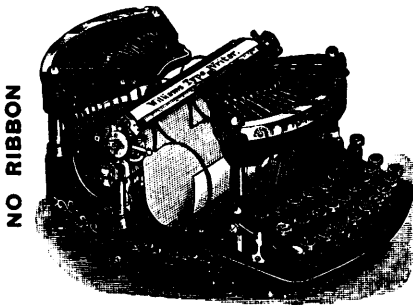
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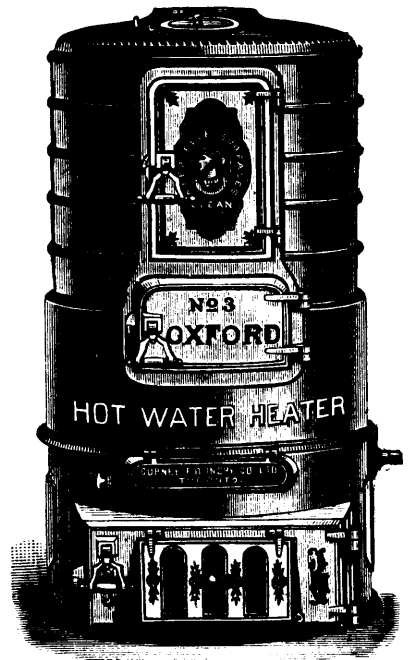
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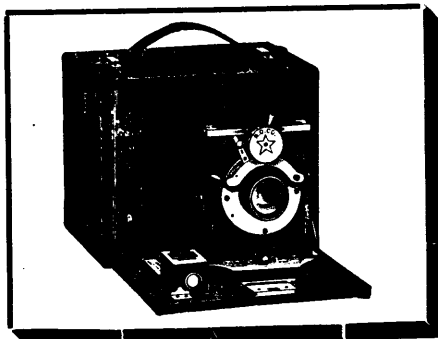
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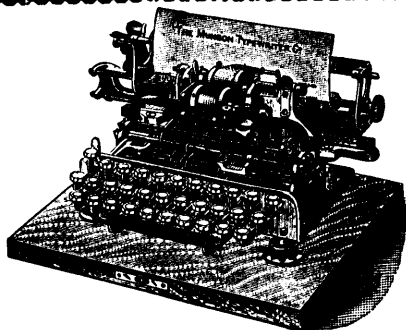
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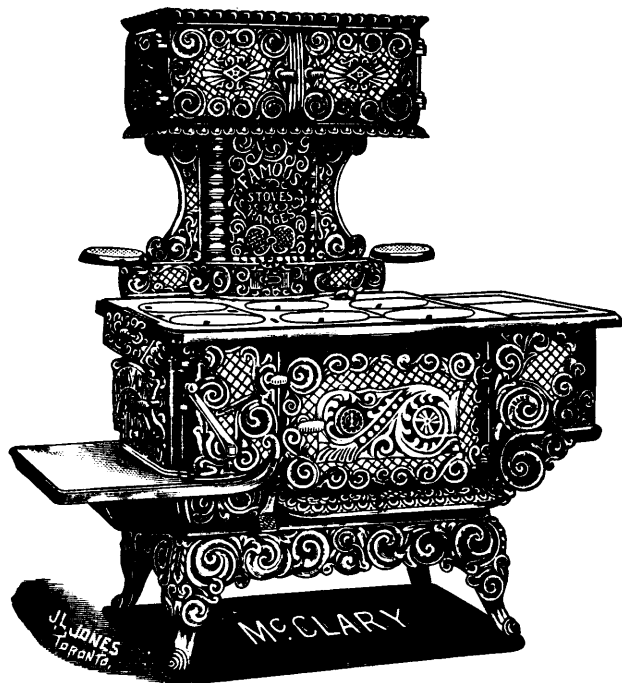
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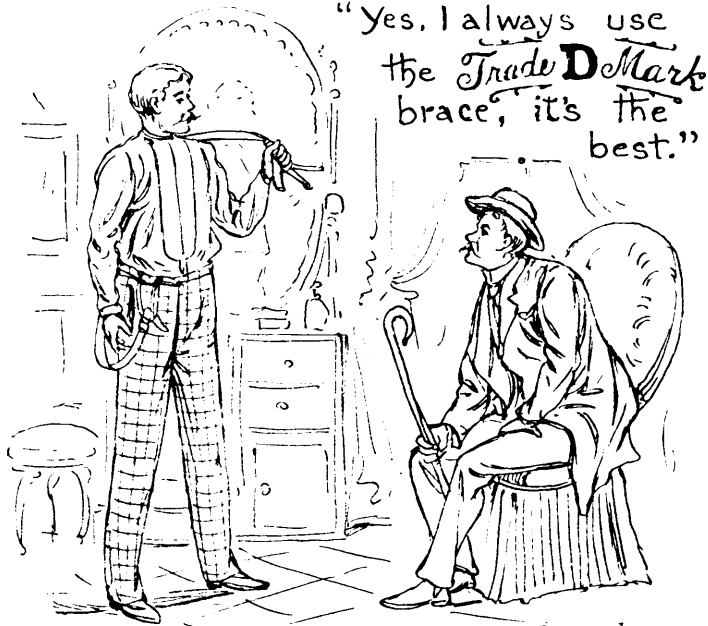
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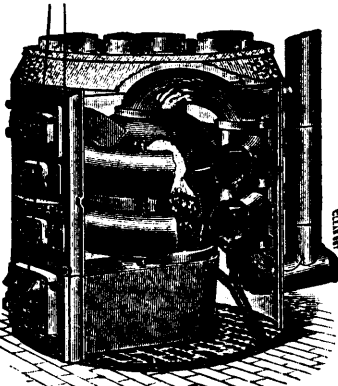
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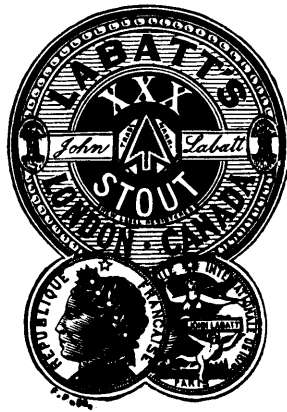
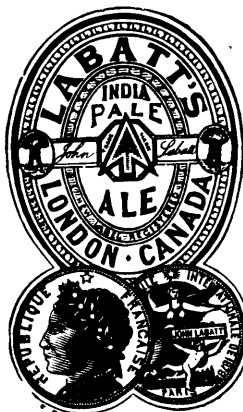
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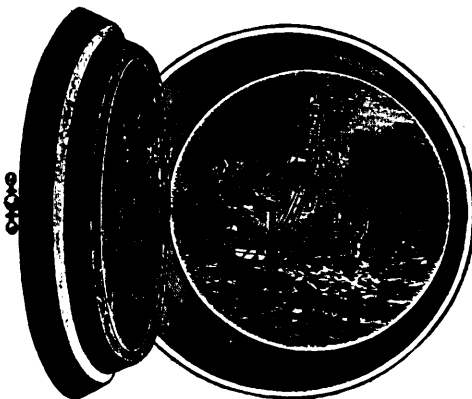
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Collingwood  
Parry Harbor  
Parry Sound  
Pte. aux Barils  
Byng Inlet  
French River  
Killarney

Parry Sound Line

Penetang  
Midland  
Sans Souci  
Rose Point  
The Islands  
Parry Harbor  
Parry Sound

Running in close connection with the

GRAND TRUNK AND CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAYS.

LEAVES

Collingwood, 3.45 p.m.; Meaford, 5.00 p.m. and Owen Sound, 11.45 p.m. **Every Tuesday and Friday**

FOR

## SAULT STE. MARIE AND MACKINAC

And all Ports on the North Shore and Manitoulin Islands.

Fare, Collingwood, Meaford or Owen Sound to Mackinac and return, including meals and stateroom berths, \$14.00. Same trip from Toronto, Hamilton, Guelph, Galt, Stratford, Woodstock, St. Marys and London and intermediate stations only \$18.50.

Leaves Collingwood every Monday and Thursday at 1.30 p.m. for Parry Sound, Pointe Aux Barils, Byng Inlet, French River and Killarney, connecting there with the Soo Liners.

Leaves Penetang 1.00 p.m. and Midland 2.00 p.m. daily (Sundays excepted), to the Islands, Sans Souci, Rose Point, Parry Harbor and Parry Sound, connecting there on Mondays and Thursdays with *City of Parry Sound* for Killarney.

Tickets, Freight Rates and full information supplied by all Railway Agents, or by applying to

**MAITLAND & RIXON,**  
AGENTS, OWEN SOUND.

**M. BURTON,**  
MANAGER, COLLINGWOOD.

**BUTTERMILK**  
TOILET SOAP

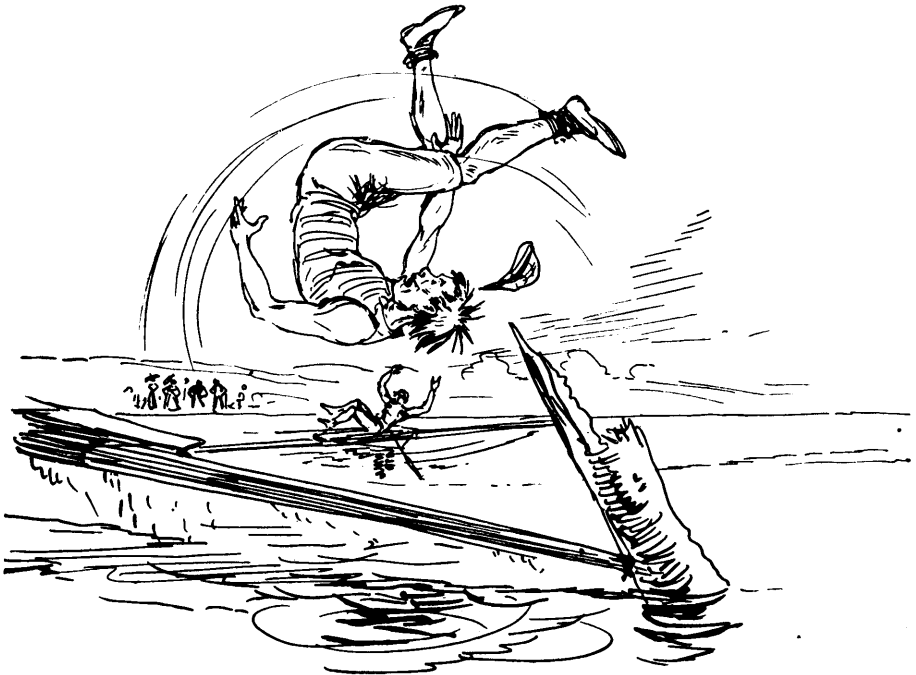
FOR THE COMPLEXION

**COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO.**  
CHICAGO, U.S.A.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

The advertisement features a central illustration of a woman in a striped dress sitting at a vanity, looking into a mirror. A basket filled with boxes of soap sits on the vanity. The text is arranged in a decorative, vintage style with large, bold letters for the product name and company information.

F. W. HUDSON & Co., TORONTO, AGENTS FOR CANADA.



More cheers.



THE  
**Karn Piano**  
 IS ON TOP

BECAUSE OF ITS—  
 Superior Tone Quality,  
 Responsive Action,  
 Perfect Workmanship,  
 Fine Finish,  
 Great Durability,  
 Brilliancy and  
 General Excellence  
 Throughout its Entire Construction.

Write for Catalogue and Prices.

**D. W. KARN & CO.,**  
 Piano and Organ Mfrs.,  
 WOODSTOCK, ONT.



# China Hall.

Banquet  
and  
Boudoir  
Lamps.

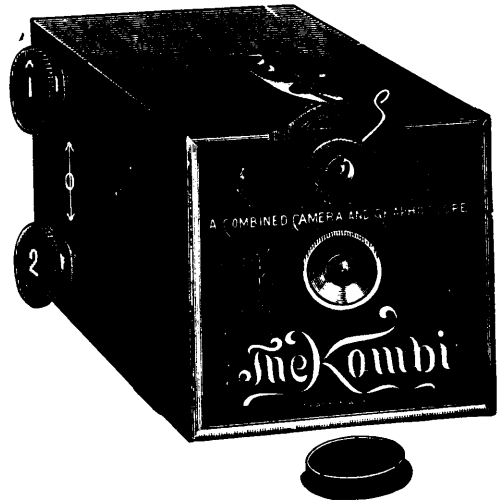
Rich Cut  
Glass.

Wedding  
Gifts a  
Specialty.

Junor & Irving,

49 King Street East - - TORONTO

# The Kombi Pocket Camera.



Send for Circular and full particulars.

**Price, \$4.25.**

If you want anything pertaining to a Bicycle send for our Cycle and Sundry Catalogue.

For \$75.00

We can supply an elegant Bicycle.

**THE STEWART CYCLE  
AND SUPPLY CO.,**

129 Bay Street, - TORONTO, ONT.



## The Neostyle Duplicating Apparatus

For Duplicating Writing, Type-writing, Drawing, Music, etc.

**FOUR HIGHEST AWARDS**

of 5 made at CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR, 1893. Sole Special Award for Duplicating Typewriting. 2,000 copies from one writing. Simple, rapid, clean and durable. Endorsed by users throughout the Dominion. Invaluable for circulars, price lists, reports, etc. Write for circulars and specimens, or call and see it at the

**NEOSTYLE CO.,**

8½ KING STREET EAST, - - TORONTO.

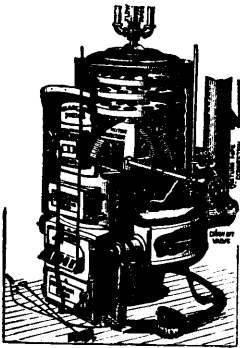
THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

**THE ECONOMY**

**FURNACES AND HEATERS**

M.F.D. BY  
**J.F. PEASE FURNACE CO.**

189 - 193 QUEEN ST. E. TORONTO.  
 SEND FOR CATALOGUE.



# Heating

BY WARM AIR, OR  
 COMBINATION  
 (HOT WATER  
 AND HOT AIR),

Our Specialty.

We have letters from all parts of Canada saying

**Preston Furnaces are the Best.**

Let us send you Catalogue and full particulars, and you can  
 JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

**CLARE BROS. & CO., - PRESTON, ONT.**

**THE GRIP CO.**

OF TORONTO

**ENGRAVERS**



ENGRAVING BY ALL PHOTO-PROCESSES.  
 HALF-TONE ENGRAVINGS ON COPPER OUR **Strong Point.**





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# Wall Paper

*Of all Grades, from the  
Cheapest Brown Blank  
to the Finest Gilts,*

**With Friezes and Borders to Match.**

---

New Samples for 1896 Issued in June.

Sole Agents in Canada for Anaglypta.

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Have Been  
Awarded  
First Prizes  
Wherever  
Exhibited.

**COLIN McARTHUR & CO.**  
MONTREAL, QUE.

N.B.—Samples to the Trade on Application.

**For Cracked or Sore Nipples**

USE

**Covernton's Nipple Oil**

When required to harden the Nipples, use COVERNTON'S NIPPLE OIL. Price, 25c. For sale by all druggists. Should your druggist not keep it, enclose 31cts. in stamps to C. J. COVERNTON & CO., Dispensing Chemists, Corner of Bleury and Dorchester Sts., Montreal, Que.

**PERSISTENT COUGHING**

Will be relieved and, in most cases, permanently cured by the use of

**CAMPBELL'S SKREI  
COD LIVER OIL.**

Pure, and almost tasteless, it has not had its essence removed by emulsifying.

**CASTOR FLUID..**

Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair-dressing for the family 25c. per bottle.

**Henry R. Gray, Chemist,** ESTABLISHED 1859.  
122 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET, MONTREAL



**PETERMAN'S ROACH FOOD.**—Fatal to Cockroaches and Water Bugs. "Not a poison." It attracts Cockroaches and Water Bugs as a food; they devour it and are destroyed, dried up to shell, leaving no offensive smell. Kept in stock by all leading druggists. EWING, HEARON & Co., Montreal, Sole Manufacturing Agents for the Dominion.

**Teaberry**

FOR

**The Teeth.**

*A Unique Preparation  
Delightfully Refreshing.  
Thoroughly Cleansing.  
Perfectly Harmless.*

Prepared by the  
**Zoposa Chemical Co.,  
TORONTO.**



PROTECT and Beautify your Lawn with one of our Iron Fences. Send for catalogue to Toronto Fence and Ornamental Iron Works, 73 Adelaide St. West (Truth Building).  
**JOSEPH LEA, Manager.**

PREPARE FOR

**SKETCHING**

By providing yourself with

**Winsor & Newton's**

**WATER COLORS,  
OIL COLORS,  
ETC., ETC., ETC.**

These Colors give the very best effects.

ALL DEALERS HAVE THEM.

**A. RAMSAY & SON, Montreal**

Wholesale Agents for Canada.

**T. FITZPATRICK,  
DENTIST.**

**Gold Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty**

54 BEAVER HALL HILL,

Telephone 3755. -:- MONTREAL.

**EYESIGHT PROPERLY  
... TESTED  
BY MY OPTICIAN**

159 YONGE ST. - - - TORONTO

CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING.

**J. T. MACPHERSON, L.D.S.,**

No. 44 Beaver Hall Hill, - MONTREAL.

**Modern Dentistry** in all its Branches.

Gold Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty,

Office Hours, 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.  
Telephone 3847

**ORIGINAL BRIDGE WORK HEADQUARTERS.**

**J. CARLOS McLEAN**

**.. DENTIST ..**

62 Beaver Hall Hill, MONTREAL

**EVERYTHING IN MODERN DENTISTRY**

The only Dentist in Montreal having the right to use the new anaesthetic, "MENTHENE," the only known absolutely uninjurious local anaesthetic for the painless extraction of teeth.

# Knowledge is Power.

BY ATTENDING

## BARKER'S SHORTHAND AND BUSINESS SCHOOL

A Practical Business Education can be obtained quickly.

### IMPORTANT TO TEACHERS.

Special Classes and Terms for Teachers, July and August.

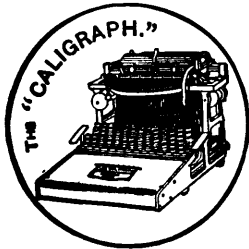
739 Yonge Street, cor. Bloor.

Branch, 439 Spadina Avenue,

'PHONE 3901

TORONTO.

## No. 4 CALIGRAPH.



LATEST MACHINE  
OUT.

Possesses all the latest improvements, and second to none.

### The Edison Automatic Mimeograph

A new device for duplicating Autographic and Typewritten Circulars, etc.

### BOOKBINDING.

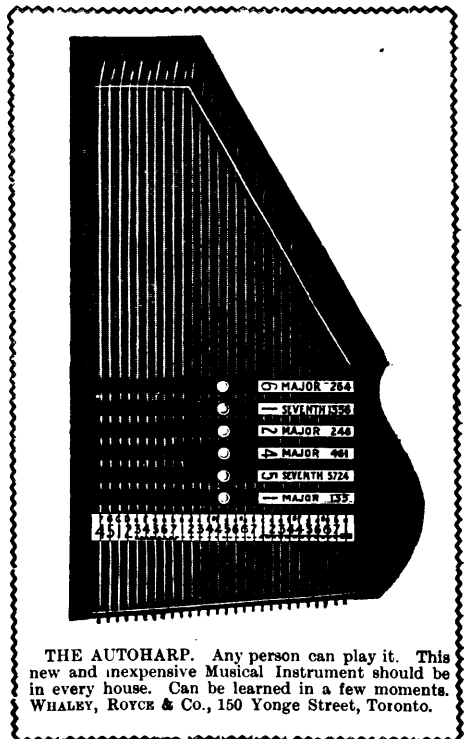
Magazines, Periodicals, Music, Novels, Newspapers, etc. bound in latest styles at closest prices.

## THE BROWN BROS., LTD.

STATIONERS, BOOKBINDERS,  
MANUFACTURERS OF

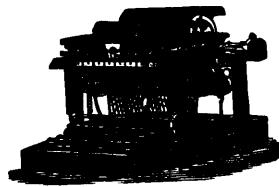
Account Books, Leather Goods, etc.

64-68 King St. East, TORONTO.



THE AUTOHARP. Any person can play it. This new and inexpensive Musical Instrument should be in every house. Can be learned in a few moments. WHALEY, ROYCE & Co., 150 Yonge Street, Toronto.

## REMINGTON - STANDARD



TYPE-

WRITER

SIMPLE

RAPID

DURABLE

Machines rented for practice or office use. Copying done. Situations procure for operators free of charge.

## GEORGE BENGOUGH

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Telephone 1207.



## Musical Critics

PRONOUNCE

### THE MENDELSSOHN PIANO

unsurpassed for purity of tone, evenness of action and delicacy of touch, combined with greatest power and general excellence. Write for beautifully illustrated catalogue.

THE MENDELSSOHN PIANO COMPANY.  
FACTORY AND WAREHOUSES  
110 Adelaide St. West, - - - TORONTO.

## CHESTER'S CURE

FOR ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH, COUGHS, COLDS.

The Great Canadian Remedy. Ask your druggist for it, or send one dollar and receive a large box by return mail, post paid.

W. E. CHESTER, 461 Lagachetiere, MONTREAL.

"KODAK" Agent for the Eastman Co.

VIEWS OF

Quebec, its Environs,  
Lake St. John,  
Saguenay, Etc.

First Prize for Views of

CANADIAN SCENERY.

AMATEUR OUTFITS.

All possible assistance given to Photo. Amateurs.

Enlargements and Printing done for the Trade.

J. E. LIVERNOIS,

Photographic Studio,

St. John Street, QUEBEC, P.Q.

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Dr. Lachapelle, the eminent French specialist on Diseases of Children, states in his work, "Mother and Child," that with the exception of

### Dawson's Chocolate Creams

I never prescribed or recommended any of the many *worm* remedies offered; as most of them contain mercury. From analysis,

*Dawson's Chocolate Creams*  
Contain No Mercury.

I have no hesitation in recommending them to my readers; they are effective, and being in the form of a Chocolate Cream, very palatable, and require no *after medicine*.

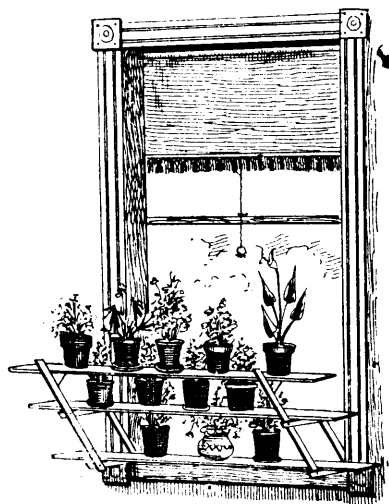
### Dawson's Chocolate Creams

are NEVER SOLD in the form of a Chocolate tablet or stick, but in the form of a delicious

CHOCOLATE CREAM.

25c. a Box of all Druggists, or from

Wallace Dawson, Chemist, Montreal



## IMPROVED WINDOW STAND FOR HOUSE PLANTS.

PATENTED JUNE 5th, 1895.

U. S. Patent Applied For

Fastened to the inside or outside. Will hold from 15 to 25 pots. Finished in natural wood.

Neat, Durable and Out of the Way.

Sent to any part of Canada on receipt of \$1.00 and width of window.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

WM. NAFE, - PRESTON, ONT.

Agents Wanted.

**THE CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. LTD.**  
**PRESTON, ONT.**

FINE BANK, OFFICE, COURT HOUSE & DRUG STORE FITTINGS

OFFICE, SCHOOL, CHURCH & LODGE FURNITURE

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

**Agents The Toronto Furniture Supply Co., (Ltd.)**  
**56 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.**

Sole Agents for TORONTO, MONTREAL and MANITOBA.

WE HAVE THE

**LARGEST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IN CANADA.**

IN PRINTING OR BINDING THERE IS

**NOTHING TOO LARGE TOO SMALL FOR US.**

WRITE FOR ESTIMATES.

The **Hunter, Rose Co., Ltd.,**

25 Wellington Street West,

TORONTO, CANADA.

# THE Monarch

KING OF BICYCLES

LIGHT,   STRONG,   SPEEDY,   HANDSOME.



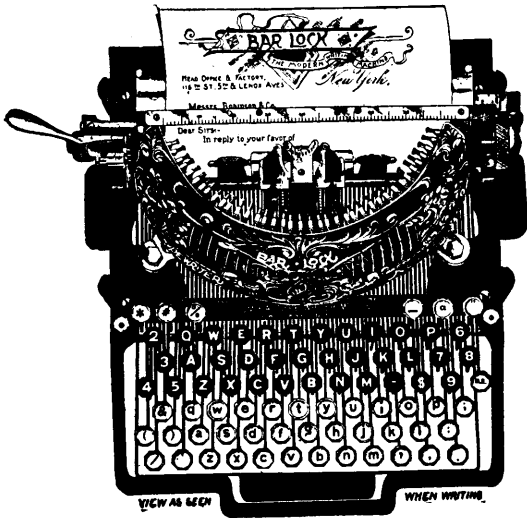
FOUR MODELS, \$85 and \$100.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

**Monarch Cycle Manufacturing Co.,**

*Lake and Halsted Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.*

CANADIAN AGENCY: 6-8 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. P. R. WRIGHT, Manager.



## No. 6 Visible Writing

The Bar-lock was the pioneer of "Visible Writing," and is to-day the only machine writing every letter in sight of the operator and *keeping it there*. The Bar-lock design is the only one allowing this advantage in connection with a practical paper feed.

This is only one of many advantages. A Descriptive Catalogue at your service.

### WRITERS' SUPPLY CO.

7 Adelaide St. E., 36 Elgin St.,  
TORONTO. OTTAWA.



IMPORTER OF

## FINE WALL PAPERS

MANUFACTURER OF

## HARDWOOD FLOORS

40 King Street East, - - TORONTO.

Mustard - THAT'S - Mustard

# Dunn's Mustard

MADE ABSOLUTELY PURE  
FROM RICH FLAVOURED ENGLISH SEED  
SOLD IN 8c. and 10c. TINS.

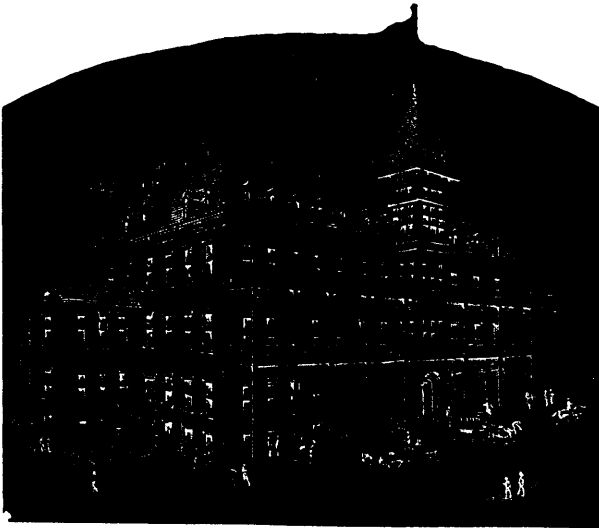
Ask for Dunn's Pure Mustard

VISITORS TO TORONTO  
GO TO



51 King E. 152 Yonge  
51 King W. 68 Jarvis  
Hot Meals also at  
51 King E., or 28½ Colborne.

# Hotel Del Monte, PRESTON SPRINGS.



**THE ONLY HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORT IN CANADA OPEN ALL YEAR.**



The Water is Recommended by all Leading Physicians.



**RATES ARE VERY LOW.**

Write for Pamphlet and particulars to

**R. WALDER, = Proprietor.**

## MENNEN'S Borated Talcum TOILET POWDER



Approved by the Highest Medical Authorities as a Perfect Sanatory Toilet Preparation

for infants and adults.  
Delightful after Shaving.

Positively Relieves Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, Etc. Removes Blotches, Pimples and Tan. Makes the Skin smooth and healthy. Decorated Tin Box, Sprinkler Top. Sold by Druggists, or mailed for 25 cents.

Send for Free Sample. (Name this paper.)  
**GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N.J.**



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**, and take no other kind.

Twenty-Five Cents a Bottle.

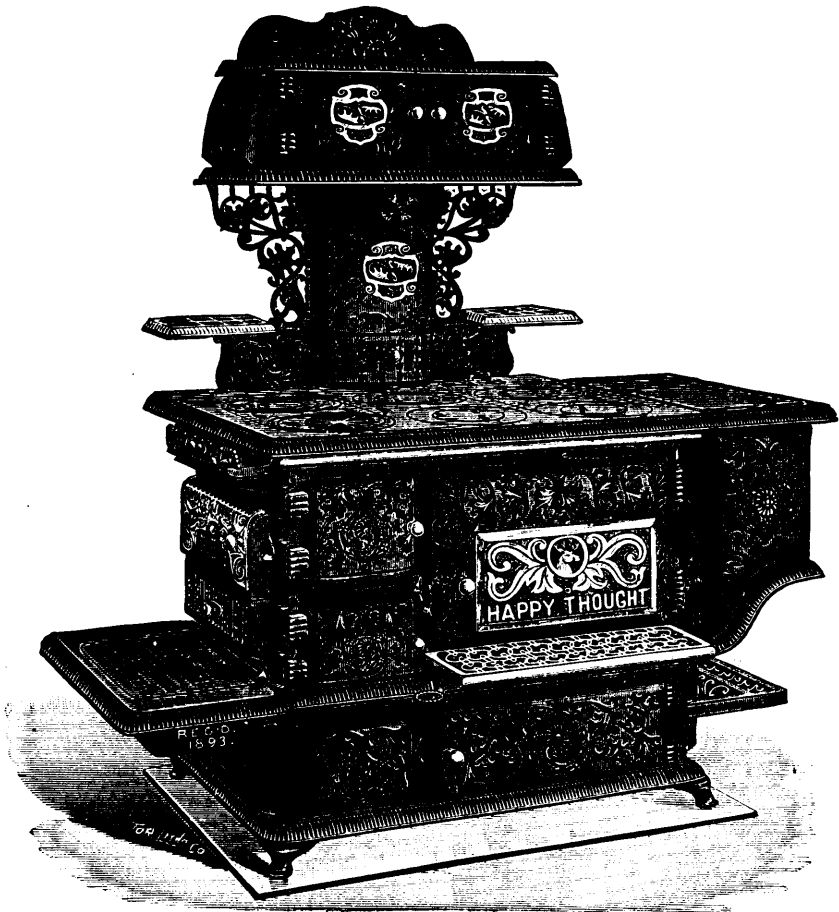
**THE "MONEY-MAKER" KNITTING MACHINE**

**ONLY \$10** ASK YOUR SEWING MACHINE AGENT FOR IT, OR SEND A 3CENT STAMP FOR PARTICULARS, PRICE LIST, SAMPLES, COTTON YARN, &c.

THIS IS GOOD FOR \$2.00 SEND TO **CREELMAN BROS. Mfrs** GEORGETOWN, ONT.



**“There is a Best in Everything”**  
*In Cooking Ranges it is the*



## HAPPY THOUGHT.

If appreciation by the public is a criterion of merit, the Happy Thought easily distances all competitors.

It is no ephemeral success, but has been before the public and growing in their estimation for fifteen years, and its reputation is now as solid and enduring as the range itself. Numerous imitations but clearly show the commanding superiority of the genuine.

The Happy Thought is now more artistic in appearance, and possesses a greater number of patented specialties than ever before. If you want the best cooking apparatus in the world, don't fail to acquaint yourself with the merits of this Range.

In everything the best is cheapest, and the genuine the most satisfactory, then get a Happy Thought and *know* you have the best.

**Made in 48 different Styles and Sizes.**

Sold by leading dealers. If you do not readily find them in your locality, write to the manufacturer, and all needful information will be given.

**MADE ONLY BY WILLIAM BUCK,**

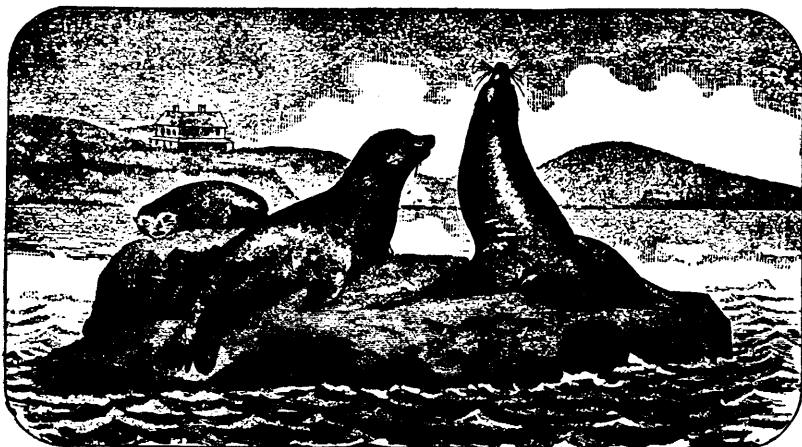
**Buck's Stove Works, BRANTFORD, ONT.**

**By Appointment.**

**Furriers to Her Majesty  
The Queen.**

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**G. R. RENFREW & CO.**



**QUEBEC and TORONTO.**

The Largest Manufacturers of

**Fine Furs**

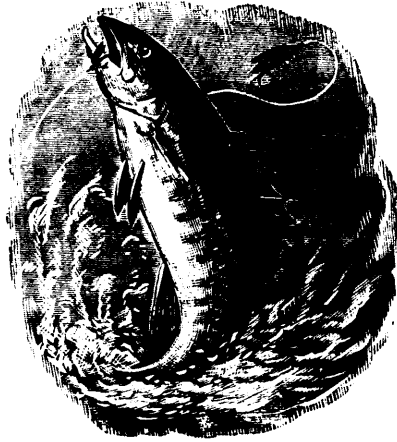
in the Dominion.

Exclusive designs in

**Ladies' Sealskin Coats and Capes.**

Write for Pattern Book.

# The SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE



## HIGH-GRADE FISHING TACKLE

FOR

Salmon, Ouananiche, Trout and Bass.

MOST COMPLETE LINE.

Sportsman's Requisites, Camp Outfits, Canoes, Bicycles, Etc.

"OUANANICHE" on view daily.

THE V. & B. SPORTING GOODS CO.,

51 Fabrique Street, QUEBEC.

LESS LABOUR

**SUNLIGHT**



**SOAP**

GREATER COMFORT

REDUCED

TO

PER

**6c.** TWIN BAR.

For 12 "SUNLIGHT," or 6 "LIFE-BUOY," wrappers, a useful Paper-Bound Book, 160 pages, will be sent post paid.

A valuable Soap for the preservation of health and prevention of sickness. It kills all germs of disease, and is most healthful in its action on the skin and clothing. No home should be without "LIFE-BUOY" Soap. It possesses the same high standard of purity as the "SUNLIGHT" Soap.

LEVER BROS., Ltd.

43 Scott Street, - TORONTO.

**LIFEBUOY**

ROYAL  
DISINFECTANT



**SOAP**

PREPARED BY ROYAL WARRANT  
MANUFACTURED BY LEVER BROS. LTD.

Celebrated for their beautiful Tone, Action, Design and Great Durability. Easy Terms.

# BRIGGS PIANOS

ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS

Manufactured by Briggs Piano Co., 621 Albany Street, Boston, Mass. Write for Catalogue and full information to B. G. Read, Brantford, Ont., Sole Agent for Canada.

Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. THE NEW ROUTE TO THE FAR-FAMED SAGUENAY. of commodious hotels. Hotel Roberval, Lake St. John, has first class accommodation for 300 guests. Parlor and Sleeping Cars on all through trains. Apply to ticket agents at all principal cities. A beautiful rated guide book free on application.

And the only rail route to the delightful summer resorts and fishing grounds north of Quebec, and to Lake St. John and Chicoutimi through the Canadian Adirondacks. Trains connect at Chicoutimi with Saguenay steamers for Tadoussac, Cacouna, Miram, Bay and Quebec. A round trip unequalled in America, through matchless forest, mountain, river and lake scenery, down the majestic Saguenay by daylight, and back to the Fortress City, touching at all the beautiful seaside resorts on the Lower St. Lawrence river with their of commodious hotels. Hotel Roberval, Lake St. John, has first class accommodation for 300 guests. Parlor and Sleeping Cars on all through trains. Apply to ticket agents at all principal cities. A beautiful rated guide book free on application.

**IMPERIAL**  
**BAKING POWDER**

**PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.**  
Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

## PIANOS

Our Business

Is making **THE HOME PIANO**

**Upright**

PIANOS

We solicit for them the critical examination of the music-loving public.

Our productions of the present season are the finest we have ever offered.

**Unpurchased Pre-eminence**

Establish them as unequalled in Tone, Touch, Workmanship and Durability.

**Heintzman & Co.**

117 King St. West, TORONTO.

You are in need of a new

## Bedroom Suite

and of course want the Best for the money.

Ask your dealer for the latest Woodstock high-class designs in Oak, Walnut and Gurlly Birch—perfect in finish and beautifully carved. Buy no others.

**ANDERSON & CO.,**

Woodstock, Ont.

### Fine French Wine.

The Bordeaux Claret Company, of No. 30 Hospital Street, Montreal, are now selling Fine French Wine at \$3.00 and \$4.00 per case of 12 large quart bottles, guaran-

The Goderich Organ

HIGH GRADE - FINE TONE  
FACTORY AND OFFICE AT

Goderich, Ont.