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JULY AUG., 1892

CANADA

A MONTHLY JOURNAL
OF HISTORY, PATRIOTISM, SCIENCE AND LITERATURE
EDITED BY MATTHEW RICHIEY KNIGHT



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Vol. II.—Nos. 7—8.

JULY—AUGUST, 1892.

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For Table of Contents see page 152.

IF Subscribers will examine the wrapper in which each number of CANADA is received, they will find plainly marked in figures the date up to which their subscriptions are paid; and, if that date has expired, they are respectfully asked to renew promptly, as the magazine cannot be made a success without attention to this matter. For example, the figures 6—92 after your address mean that your subscription is paid up to and including June, 1892: the figures 3—92 mean that your subscription is paid up to and including March, 1892.

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Address: MATTHEW R. KNIGHT,
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[FOR CANADA.]

FROM TORONTO TO MANITOBA IN 1891.

WE arrived at the station a quarter of an hour before the train left; the Union Station it is called, probably because everything is so far apart and it is only those who are adepts in the art who can find both their train and baggage on the same trip.

I being the traveller, all sorts and manner of duties fell upon me. There were people there to say farewell, some to send parcels to be dropped to relatives on the road, others because they had a morbid weakness for seeing people off. It is always an anxious time, especially when the seeing to one's own baggage at a station like the Union devolves upon oneself. I was quite prepared to be agreeable and spend five precious moments with a smile on my face promising letters and indulging in other small talk that belongs

wholly and solely to the platform of a railway station. I saw none of the numerous uncles and cousins of the sterner sex, which Providence lavished so plentifully upon me, and the question of baggage and checks grew momentarily stronger upon me until I felt compelled to tear myself away from the fair bevy and bring my mind to things more practical. I was going to Manitoba, had never been there before, and walked to the C. P. R. baggage room to check my trunks; no trunks were there, and I wandered calmly to the other end of the station, almost a block away, without any qualms as to their whereabouts. I asked an official looking man with a peaked hat and brass buttons where my trunks were, and described them—they were peculiar, with one exception, and easily described, but he told me he had never seen them; I did not believe him, I had sent them down with instructions for them to be left at one or the other of the C. P. R. baggage rooms, and at one or the other they must be; I went in and looked myself but came out without having seen them. I could not have looked thoroughly in the first room, and hurried back to look again; no trunk was left there at all, all had been carried to the far end; here was a dilemma! I walked quickly to my group of friends, only one or two of whom had accompanied me, and said I could not find my trunks; fatal mistake, I was kept fully three minutes to answer the questions as to where they were? What was in them? Who brought them down? What would I do? I rushed away to the nearest baggage room on the other side of the tracks, nothing was there, ran to the freight shed at the entrance to station, ransacked the unclaimed baggage that had been accumulating for months, away to the far end where the G. T. R. baggage is deposited, and hearing the warning bell for my train, ran over the half dozen tracks to expostulate with the ringer,—the train could not possibly go for I could not find my trunks, and upon assuring him that I had been at the station a full quarter of an hour the

man looked less severe and told me to hurry up and he would see what he could do. Excitement waxed warm, friends were running frantically from one end of the station to the other, dodging in and out among the trains in a most dangerous way, all looking for trunks, and every time a new one came in sight I was called to inspect it; the baggage men and conductors got worked up to the occasion, and the people at the car windows were glad of a little amusement to pass away the time; what an immense place that station seemed, and how many hundreds of places for stowing away luggage came to light. I was about to give up in despair and the bell ringer said he could wait no longer, when one of my aunts—a most retiring woman—shouted in loud tones from the far end of the tracks, that she had found them, the cousins waved their hands with excitement and the people at the windows leaned far out. I made one dash and landed on the other side before the engine had time to puff. I saw them, they were in a cart, the identical cart into which they had been gathered a full hour before, and the man to whom I had given such implicit instructions was calmly swinging his feet from the box, sweetly humming Annie Rooney as he gazed contemplatively over the brown-green waters of Toronto Bay. I think I told him he was stupid, it was something to that point anyway, and he stirred himself together and whipped up his horses to get to the side of the station where the train was; he was evidently a stranger in the City and gave Toronto the credit of being like other places. The engine gave a preliminary toot and I ran over and stepped on the platform, determined that I would not be left even if my baggage was; a man ran to the cart and got out my valises—three in number—two of which I intended to check; the Conductor requested me to ascend to the next step, the train started, and without a good-bye, I was whisked away. A few minutes after, when I found myself seated among my hand baggage, a man came through, and handed me some checks;

when I got to my destination, I found that they tallied exactly with the numbers on other checks, and those checks were tied to my trunks. I don't know how they got on board, but my opinion of the C. P. R. officials is very high.

For fancy skating in Summer the C. P. R. from Toronto to Orangeville is beyond comparison; the outside edge and fancy figure eight is cut with perfect grace as the engine curves in and out with electric rapidity, drawing its writhing train of cars, which swing full and free regardless to its occupants. Those who have not crossed the English Channel—as we hear about it—or gone around Cape Hatteras in a stormy season, can have the experience of both within forty miles of Toronto. If the train went slowly enough, and tradition says there was a time when such was the case, one could cut across the fields and meet it on the other side, the grade is very heavy and all steam was on, but we stuck once and had to go to the bottom and try over. Orangeville is one of those twenty minutes for refreshment places, and after the duty of eating was over, we subsided into that state of observation which seems part and parcel of railroad manners, and looked at our fellow passengers, weaving little romances or discovering awful skeletons that generally merge into nothing upon closer acquaintance. I say we, because I do not think that I am alone in this, and travelling would be most uninteresting without something to occupy the mind.

There were very few in our car—a parlour car at the extreme end of the train, in which we paid extra for the shaking. First there was myself, being the only person with whom I was on speaking terms, and opposite me was a bridal couple—spotted at a glance from their most proper demeanor of constrained circumspectness. A big American woman was making up to a Scotch maiden lady who, I learned afterwards, had just “come out” to keep house for her bachelor brother. The big American woman troubled her with attentions foreign to her bringing up, but the bachelor brother was genial enough, and discussed the price of coal and the advantages of furnaces over base burners in quite a friendly manner,—he had lived here before and had met Americans of that class. A man with a glass eye, and another man who only went part of the way, comprised us all, and when the big American woman relapsed into silence there was nothing to disturb the serenity of the hot afternoon and the qualms of car sickness that was quietly stealing over us.

We reached Owen Sound about four o'clock, where there was only time for a handshake with numerous skinfolks before we boarded the Athabasca. A splendid steamer it was, about two hundred and fifty feet long, lighted with incandescent lights and having every comfort for its passengers. After the usual commotion incident to getting off, we found ourselves standing in tiers of semi-circles around the Steward's wicket awaiting our boat tickets and state room keys. It takes a long time to get people properly distributed and the men always get first chances and move off with a waiter and their baggage supremely unconscious of the envious glances which follow them. A ticket wicket is a good place at which to view one's fellows, first come first served excepting when a powerful man with a will made after the same pattern pushes his way in and is whisked off with his key before anyone has time to remonstrate. The big American woman made a good move by securing the services of the bachelor brother, the maiden sister had nothing to worry her, nor had the bride, the glass-eyed man secured his key by a glance, but I had to wait and found myself one of those worn out and weary ones who had sunk into a seat caring little whether they got their state rooms or not. There were numbers like me; two young lady friends who were travelling together kept up a running commentary upon the people present and those they had left behind, who they were going to see and what they expected to do; they had not seen each other for some time and there was much to be talked over. The waiting people were only too glad to hear about the health of the two families, who had had La Grippe and who had escaped it, what the doctors had said and what they too had done. Little family secrets were discussed and names were mentioned that were known to some of us. It is not the best habit in the world to speak of friends by name even if they are hundreds of miles from us, the world is very small and someone is sure to know them. An English lady and her twelve year old daughter were seated too; they were taking a pleasure trip around the world, supplied with literature enough of a light kind to take their minds off the discomforts of travelling and to keep them from seeing anything that went on. Ladies with little children were there, and a crowd of those people who are never remembered when once beyond the range of one's vision. My turn came very near the last, and I was thankful to get into my stateroom and don a loose wrapper for a quiet siesta. It was nearing dinner time when I re-

entered the cabin, where I discovered mammas with restless little children conversing together upon those topics of so much interest to them, and the little ones were making advances, though in a somewhat different manner from their elders. Children on a steamer are in their element; one gives up the cabin to them and seeks the bow for a moment's quietness, when every child on board appears in the same place and begins that awful game of tag around the very chair you have selected for your meditations. You go to your room and get a book and wend your way to the stern for a peaceful read, when, in less than three minutes the benches are crowded with the little mortals climbing under, over and around them. The cabin is deserted and you take your book and select a corner where no one else will think of coming, the door opens, and with a shout the youngsters make for the supporting pillars and twirl around and around until your head aches with looking at them: they discover the corner opposite yours, the very place to play lady, and forthwith mimic the airs and tones of their elders. Servants and children are the subjects of conversation, and you are rather amused until they discover that they must have another house, and that house must be in the corner where you are sitting; you resign yourself to fate and seek your stateroom where you are lulled to sleep by the sweet lullaby of high pitched childish

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MATTHEW R. KNIGHT,
Hampton, N. B.

voices. What a blessing that they have their meals at a separate table!

The breeze through the open door felt inviting and I stepped out, the gentlemen were standing in groups of one, with caps well pulled down and coats buttoned up, holding their cigars tightly between their teeth; it was apparent that they were not as yet on speaking terms with each other. One by one they began to file into the cabin, and advancing with an air of pompous solemnity the steward gave a secret nod to the more fastidious looking individual who at once made their ways to the set tables with more haste than grace. There is nowhere where a certain class of people push themselves forward and appear at such disadvantage as on a steamer at meal time. I have never yet discovered the particular virtue of certain places that seem to be the seats, but I have known persons go without eating rather than be put out of the place which they consider theirs by right; only one can sit in a chair, and when a dozen people have made up their mind to occupy it, it makes things rather unpleasant. Remembering my early Sabbath school lessons about low places, I waited until the gong sounded for the less favoured passengers, and found myself seated at the table with the bride and groom, the two lady friends, an elderly married couple and a lone woman who looked decidedly uncomfortable. The two lady friends spoke out loud at first, but gradually their voices became more subdued and finally not a word was uttered at the table. The elderly married couple had sat down to eat and right royally they fulfilled their mission. The lone woman was not up in the art of ordering from "cards" and fared badly. The meal was excellent, but the silence became embarrassing and we did not half enjoy it.

All night the fog whistle blew, and waking in the early morning hours, one could not help the flitting of horrible thoughts across the brain, visions of fearful collisions and ghastly wrecks danced before ones eyes in fancy, and individual wonderings as to the after results were the only pleasure obtainable from the sensations. No body could be found; would a tomb-stone be placed where all could read it? How would the awful news read in the papers, and how many, many people would remember that they had known us and speak of us to their friends! Oh, that individuality, we are so much to ourselves and so little to everyone else! The morning broke bright and clear and the fog whistle ceased, our thoughts vanished with the darkness, and morbid introspection seemed less pleasing.

No word was spoken at breakfast beyond a discussion between the lady friends as to what they should eat, and the orders to the waiter, the groom took just what the bride ordered and saved the mental strain of ordering his own meals, the lone woman was hungry, I could see it, and broke the awful formality by passing her the plate with two pieces of bread and the one containing three crackers; she took them joyfully, and when I was giving my order seized the chance of sending for a steak, she had evidently understood that she must take her choice of one thing, and, after the fashion of good Scotch bringing-up, had decided upon porridge, the servings were small, but there was a little pitcher of genuine cream with each bowl, and that compensated somewhat for its scantiness.

The morning was hot and the gentlemen having spoken to each other ascended the hurricane deck, and stood like compasses across the bridge; the big American woman was talking to the English lady and her daughter; the lady friends had known a gentleman on board who brought up other young gentlemen as he spoke to them, and all were interested in Johnnie's measles and Ethel's whooping cough. The morning passed as Sunday mornings do on steamers. About half an hour before lunch no one was to be seen, but at that meal everyone appeared "washed up." The lady friends had entire different costumes; the bride wore a dainty silk waist in place of her cloth basque, the elderly ladies had left off their bonnets, and the gentlemen had brushed their hair and felt dressed. My courage began to ooze—could I sit through another whole meal and not say a word? My food would choke me, and I forgot to eat so busy was I thinking for something to say; people began to leave the other tables—where conversation had been going on—and I went too. We were passing through the docks at Saalt Ste Marie, more commonly known as the Soo Docks. I stood beside the English lady and her daughter, and ventured a few remarks—which did not seem to please her, and she looked at me as much as to say, "and who are you, pray?" I had learned my pedigree nearly off while adjourning in the States for a few years, it being expected of everyone there to have no objections to telling his family history, secrets, age and everything pertaining to himself and kindred; but my interest in the docks was too great to allow much talking, and I contented myself with drawing up to my full height and being intensely interested in all that was going on. We took a long

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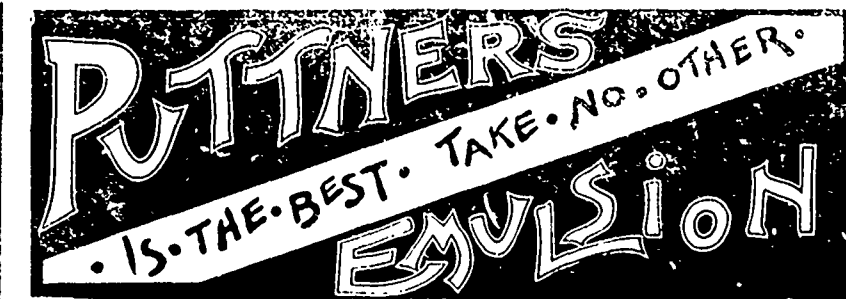
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SMITH BROS.

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time to pass "the Son," and stood out in the blazing sun, too fearful of missing the nearest approach to excitement to go in. A gentleman had come up to me in the morning, and with grave politeness had asked my name, and had then assured me that he knew some of my relatives. I saw him get off the boat grip in hand, and grieved for the one person to whom I had spoken. The rest of the afternoon was spent by most of the passengers in reading; in darkest England seemed a favourite book, but such was its binding that those reading it got no more credit than those who were pursuing the lightest literature. I had made up my mind to speak at the next meal, and my thoughts were occupied in selecting something to say. Dinner time came, and I went in, key in hand, and such lumber-some keys they were with brass placards of great dimensions to state the number of the room. My key dropped as I was sitting down, and lady friend No. 1 and I bumped our heads upon a simultaneous effort at rescue. I said, "The keys are so big," and conversation opened withal; it was not the speech I had intended to make, but it answered the purpose. The lady friends and I became almost genial, and passed each other pickles and bread and literature; we gave our experiences of other boat trips, discussed the Soo Docks and the weather, and under cover of our conversation, the bride and groom began to talk to each other, and the lone woman ordered everything on the bill of fare, while the elderly married couple made remarks about the food and asked us to pass things. We were old friends when the meal finished—the lady friends and I, and in the evening were joined by a sweet little woman with three children and an auntie, and we all watched the sunset together, the children and the auntie staying in the cabin. The little mother was going to the same place that I was, her people knew my people, and my people knew hers; we were all pleased with each other and very much in love with ourselves for being so pleased. There was to be service on the boat, a Presbyterian minister on his way from an Eastern Synod would preach; a family of emigrants undertook to lead the singing, but with that exception the service was good; indeed, I heard some of the waiters remark that it was "excellent." On Monday about noon we arrived at Port Arthur; the scenery for hours before was grand, and everyone was assembled on deck to miss nothing. Many of the passengers got off at Port Arthur, and went to the hotel to await the train; a few of us remained and



went to Fort William. The C. P. R. new station, freight sheds, elevators, etc. are being built at the latter place, and also a bridge from the wharf right over the tops of the buildings to the station, so that passengers can easily get across. The new hotel was not open, and we were invited to lunch on the boat, my table had all left and I was put somewhere else. What a hot, weary wait it was! We were literally swept off the steamer, first the staterooms were turned inside out, then the chairs were piled on the tables, and tea leaves scattered the length of the saloons; the sweeping began and there was nothing left for the mother with her three children and auntie and myself but our departure. We waited about an hour at the station, and the train came in; the other passengers were on it, lady friend No. 2 had stayed at Port Arthur, but the rest were all there. Another Pullman was added, and I found myself on a sofa beside the bride and groom, the mother and children and auntie were opposite, and the big American woman across from the bride and groom; the glass-eyed man was somewhere in the rear, but the maiden Scotch lady with her bachelor brother were in the seat just in front—and lady friend No. 1 in front of them. I looked at the bride and she looked at me. I said, "We had lunch on the boat," with a kind of rising inflection in my voice. She said, "We had dinner at Port Arthur," and being a sociable little soul launched forth. She had not been married a week, had been travelling ever since, came from far away in the east, was going to live in Winnipeg; her companionship was so pleasant, I felt aggrieved that we had not spoken before. We all grew friendly as the berths were being made up, and the gentlemen had retired to their smoking sanctum; the maiden sister alone would not have anything to do with us. The big American woman was "right" amusing; she had helped her husband to make his money and intended to help him spend it too; he had died and she was doing duty for both. We exchanged the contents of

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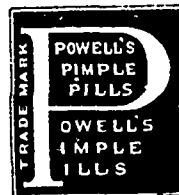
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our baskets and found out each other's tastes. Those who had been over the road before looked with indifference at the changed country, but the rest of us went into ecstasy over every lake and rivulet, mound and flat prairie land we came to, and our joy knew no bounds when we saw a wigwam with squaws and their papooses. The day seemed so long, it was scarcely ten o'clock and no lamps lighted; the sky was magnificent with heaps upon heaps of crimson and golden tinted clouds; the air was fresh and bracing after the hot day, and we were glad we lived. In the morning we passed through a North-west storm, and the wind and rain pelted with equal fury. We heard how trains had been blown off the track and tales of terrible cyclones, and were not a little alarmed until the storm abated, and we had to repack the waterproofs and rubbers we had gotten out so hurriedly. Winnipeg was reached, and we said farewell to the bride and groom. I met a forty-second cousin—or rather he met me—and went all over the city, and ended by ascending the top-most top of the Manitoba Hotel, where I was able to take in the place at one glance besides miles and miles of the surrounding country. It was a bigger city than I had expected to find it, and the buildings were beautiful; some of the noon-day residences on the banks of the Assiniboine were veritable palaces. I found that I had been transferred to another car when I went back to the station, and was seated near the English lady and her daughter, who were pleased to smile upon me. I asked if they had driven over the city. "Oh, no," with a patronising smile, "this is nothing to us." It was a funny way to see a country, I thought, but I was not quite prepared for the volley of abuse that was showered down upon this fair Canada of ours; the system of checks was unlike anything they had in England, and they would conform to no such methods of transferring baggage; one of their trunks had been broken, too—served them right, I thought, but made no such remark. The trees were not large enough, the country was too flat, the coaches were expensive, and the price of meals preposterous—even the sunsets came in for their share. "They are nothing to what we have in England." Daughter Maud had to content herself with reading all day, but the English lady herself could not help wondering if her maids were doing their duty—she had left two in her house, and a man to look after her garden, and she was fearful that a speck might get on her windows or a weed in her flower beds.

It was frightfully hot all afternoon, but as the sun neared the horizon it grew almost cold.

I reached my destination at nine o'clock, and found other interests awaiting us; memories of fellow passengers seemed like fleeting dreams, and, once having left it, no more thought was given to the train or its occupants.

DIXI.

Brandon, Man.

(FOR CANADA.)

A TALE OF '47.

FROM the green hills of Ireland where the "hunger grass" grow so thickly the starving people swarmed to the quays to embark on the vessels bound for America.

Worn and wasted specimens of humanity they were, those unfortunates who were forced to leave home and country to seek for food.

Among the myriads who thronged on board the Derry was a family of four persons, John O'Donnell, his wife and two little ones, a boy and a girl, eleven and seven years of age respectively.

Ere the ship was a week out O'Donnell fell ill with the fever, and soon his body was consigned to the sea, and his wife and two little children left to complete the journey alone.

When the ship arrived at quarantine at Quebec, Mrs. O'Donnell was lying ill, and in the confusion of disembarking her children were separated from her but not from each other.

Cold and hungry the children crouched together in a corner of the emigrant shed, and were passed by unnoticed. At length they fell asleep and grief and hunger were forgotten.

One of the doctors going his rounds noticed the sleeping children, and put a rug over them for warmth. In the morning he came to them again, and learned the story of the loss of their mother. Although Dr. Brown made many enquiries he was unable to find any trace of Mrs. O'Donnell, and finally, as soon as the children were permitted to leave quarantine, he sent them to his own home in Quebec, where he knew they would find a welcome from his mother.

Twelve years have passed away. We look not on the dismal scene at Grosse Isle, but into a cheerful room in a handsome house in Quebec. There are four persons in the room, three of whom we have seen before, but under different circumstances. They are Dr. Brown, his

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mother, and John and Mary O'Donnell. Dr. Brown is now a grey-beard, but his face is still as kindly as it was the night he first looked on the orphans whom he adopted as his own, and whom he has grown to love so dearly. They have taken his name, and have almost forgotten that he is not their father. John O'Donnell is also a physician, and is known as "young Dr. Brown," and Mary has grown up to be a handsome, healthy girl, the apple of her adopted father's eye. She is dressed in evening costume, and she and her brother are just about leaving to attend a fashionable ball.

As they leave the room the Doctor turns to his mother, and says, "I wonder what became of their mother? I often fancy that she is living, somewhere, and sorrowing for her children. I know I made all possible enquiries, and continued to make them for a long time. Poor thing, if she could only see them to-night."

Half-past twelve and the ball was at its height, when a messenger came for young Dr. Brown. A woman was dying. On his way to the patient the Doctor learned that the sick woman was a lodger who had occupied the attic in the messenger's house for five years. Her name was O'Donnell, and she was a charwoman in some public building. She was very retiring, and seemed to have no friends.

At length they arrive at the house, and the Doctor is ushered up to the attic. A priest is in the sick woman's room, and as Dr. Brown's eyes pass from him to the bed, he sees a woman's worn, wan face. Her eyes are closed, and death is evidently not far off. "I am afraid no doctor can do that poor woman any good now," said the priest. It's a very sad case. She has no friends in this country. She came out with her husband and children in the famine year; the husband took the fever and died at sea; the mother fell ill, and was separated from her children at landing by some mischance, and never found them again. She has spent her life-time looking for them. After recovering from her illness she went to Montreal, and afterwards crossed the line to New York, following a wrong clue to her children's whereabouts, but returned here a few years ago. Now she is dying."

The story of his childhood had not been forgotten by Dr. Brown, and he felt that if the woman lying there was not his own mother, the coincidence was a remarkable one. "What is her name?" he asks. "O'Donnell," replies the priest. "It must be," he murmurs.

Just then the sick woman opens her eyes, and fixes them on the doctor, and

he notes the resemblance to his sister.

"John," she calls, "I'm so tired. Are the children there?"

Down on his knees by the bedside falls the doctor, grasping the withered, toil-worn hands in his, and calling, "Mother, oh, my mother," but the dying eyes close again.

Turning to the astonished clergyman, he says: "I am one of the children she has lost. I feel, I know she is my mother." "God be praised," ejaculates the priest, "but this blessing has come almost too late."

Tearing a leaf from his note book, Dr. Brown scribbles a few words to his sister. "Come with the messenger-- do not delay an instant," and sends off the man of the house with it.

Silently the two men watch by the bedside. Only the heavy breathing reveals that life is there.

It seems hours but is scarcely half of one before Mary arrives. In surprise she views the room and its occupants, all in such contrast to the scene she has left. Her brother puts his arm around her, and draws her to the bedside. "Mary," he says, "this is our mother whom we lost long ago." Mary does not reply, but her face becomes pale, and for a moment she covers it with her hands. Then the brother and sister kneel together by the bed, silently watching the life slipping away.

Presently Mrs. O'Donnell awakes; she is quite conscious, and looks wonderingly at the young girl, and then at the doctor. He tries to speak, but the sound dies away on his lips. At last he utters, "Mother, we are your children."

"My children, my dear ones that I lost," she says, and holds out her hand towards them. "I prayed to see you before I died." Her eyes shone with happiness for a moment, and then all was over. The poor, weary body and hungry heart were at rest.

How many things come too late."

MARY CAMERON DOYLE.

Ottawa.

[FOR CANADA]

"TANTRAMAR."

BY SIDONIE ZILLA.

(Concluded.)

"RAY hated skating, I delighted in it; but she took out a season's ticket at the rink; for, of course, Lester would be there, and thus she could see him every day. It was an imperative rule that every girl who went

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to rink *must skate*; for standing, walking or sitting around in a damp rink was conducive to catching colds. So Miss Fay had to begin and try to do more than stand on skates. At first I began to teach her, but in a very little time Lester took my place, and before the winter was over, I had to look to my laurels for being the best skater among the "Sew girls."

Fay was like wax in Lester's hands, he would teach or persuade her to do anything except study mathematics, and for that she told him she had no brains.

In the meantime Fay had written to her mother asking her consent and good wishes. Mrs. Burns was a woman who thoroughly believed in love, but just as thoroughly believed in having a good reputation; and unknown to her daughter was making enquiries about Lester.

I shall never forget the day a letter came from her saying she had heard the young man was clever and good-hearted, but weak, and was said to be already engaged. Fay had better have it explained. The end of the matter was, he emphatically denied it; and went off in a huff. We soon saw how this would end; and by a little tact Herb Beverly and I managed to bring them together again. Then all went well for awhile.

It was almost the end of the term when Lester's chum told me something of the former's affairs, that disturbed my peace of mind. It appeared his father was dead, and when his college course was through he would be at the end of his resources; but could immediately better his position by marrying a wealthy cousin, otherwise it would be some years before he could think of marrying. His mother wished him to follow the first course. She knew nothing of Fay. The cousin was willing, and her father seemed more than willing to receive Lester as his son-in-law, give him a share in his business, and afterwards give it to him. What would Lester do? He was weak, weak as water. And Fay! Heaven only knew how it would go with her. I said nothing, what could I say?

Grand Reception had come, the last of the term, when all our friends had come to see the "Closing."

Fay looked like a veritable fairy. Dear little girl! I shall always remember her as she looked that evening in her soft creamy white dress, and the bunch of pink rosebuds on her bosom. Oh, she was pretty! But that sad look which that night spread over her face, never left it again. Where was Lester? In the further drawing room, seated on a couch in one corner, talking to one of the handsomest girls I ever saw. Dark as night, she was a very queen in that room. Tho'

she was a stranger, in some way I guessed this was the cousin I had heard of. Fay that evening, through some girls from the same city as Lester, learned the story I had. But through the following days I knew she was trusting and waiting for him to come back again to her.

On Lester's graduation day two bouquets were handed him. One was of superb tea-roses, the other of pure white rosebuds. The latter I knew came from Fay; for "Rosebud" had been his pet-name for her.

Surely, I thought, he will come and take her to the supper to-morrow night; but when the time came my heart was leaden heavy, as I dressed to go, and watched her sitting by the window, her hands folded listlessly in her lap. She saw him come up the path, and soon after we heard the servant come to the cousin's

room, just opposite our's, and say so very distinctly—"Mr. Dobson is waiting in the parlour for you, Miss."

I did not know until long afterwards that Fay had received a parcel and a letter that evening, asking her to release Lester from his engagement, it had been a mistake on his part, he loved someone else better.

There was simply nothing for any woman in such a time to do but gather together all letters, notes, gifts, and last, but the hardest thing of all for a woman to do, to draw his ring from off her finger, the ring that grows to be a part of herself, look at it and touch it with her lips for the last time, hide it among the other treasures, and send them back to him.

It was all done while I was gone; and when I returned she was in bed, and as

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Edited by REV. A. J. LOCKHART, ("Pastor
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"BURNSIANA."

THE homage and affection that the world has considered due to Robert Burns have found a new expression in two volumes, recently issued from the press of Alexander Gardner, Paisley, Scotland, under the editorial supervision of Mr. John D. Ross, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The first is a book of verse, the adulatory character of which is finely tempered by predominating strength and sincerity, and the genuine warmth and enthusiasm which pervade the whole. Halleck leads with his incomparable tribute, than which we have seen no finer on this subject; Campbell's ringing praise is there; Longfellow's tender invocation, and the exquisite lines of the appreciative Whittier, Lowell and Holmes are in the van of the volume, and Montgomery, whose muse furnished a neatly elegant characterisation of the Scottish bard, who was—

"At Dumfriesburn the Bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train"

The Centenary Memorial Ode, of 184 Craig Knox, is prominently placed. We saw it near the time of its first appearance, and gladly renew our impression of one of the few prize occasional poems having value and permanence as literature. Two of Wordsworth's poems are found, and the sonnet on seeing the field at Mossyiel where the daisy was plowed up. Jamie Hogg is there, with his milk-maid singing of Robin awa'. We find also the names of Robert Buchanan, of Thomas Parsons, author of some fine lines about Dante,—of Prof. Blackie, of Wallace Bruce, of Thomas C. Latté, Hew Ainslie, R. H. Tannahill, T. B. Read, and Gerald Massey, with his tenderness and prettiness. Among Canadians, we find the names of Agnes Maule Machar, Evan McColl, Dr. J. M. Harper, and John Macfarlane. We are sorry to miss the tributary offerings of John Keats, Ebenezer Elliott, Eliza Cook, Joaquin Miller, Dr. Jeremiah Rankin, and others, finding instead the somewhat wearisome succession of anniversary pieces, altogether conventional and repetitious; but for this reason may exist, as we are impressed, through the agency of these obscure minors, with a deeper sense of the peculiar, ineradicable leaven that Burns has cast into the heart of the race.

The second volume that has excited in us a pleasurable sense of past days, is one of a series. Herein are gathered a variety of literary odds and ends,—anecdote, reminiscence, quotation, verse, criticism, biography, notation, etc. If the editor shall continue the work indefinitely, as he now proposes, it must become the repository of much material, interesting and valuable to all lovers of the national poet of Scotland. For future volumes the editor requests con-

* Burnsiana: A Collection of Literary Odds and Ends, relating to Robert Burns, Vol. 1. Around the Grave of Burns: The Tributes of Many Bards. Second, enlarged edition.

I thought, asleep; but now I doubt if she slept at all those nights.

We left for home next afternoon, and I ceaselessly imagine all her thoughts were on the train that passed us at Amherst, speeding away as fast as it could, bearing with it what was to her as dear as life itself.

At Windsor Junction we parted. She went on to the city, I to the Annapolis Valley.

The next Christmas I was to be married. I had had only short notes, and those seldom, from Fay; but now she sent me a sad, sweet loving letter. She was too ill to travel; so would not be able to see me married; but loved me still, was grateful for all my sympathy, wished me all joy.

One day the next June, my husband came in with a most serious face.

"Kitty," he said, "your friend Fay is very sick, they have sent a telegram asking you to come if you can, will you go?"

Go! Of course I would go, even if she were ten times further away. We had only a few hours together; but she gave me two heartless letters to read, and told me what I did not already know of her story.

"Dear old Tarramar," she said,—"how I love it, for it was there I learned to love. But now, Kitty, it is all over. Heaven will soon be here, and that means peace, love and joy for eternity. Kiss me good-by, now, dear."

Some would say, "it is only a girl's story." Yes! but will they tell me when a girl finds her woman's heart? Is it not love's portion which works the change.

They dressed her in the same white dress she had worn last year, and filled her hand with her beloved rose-huds. And while we were laying our darling to rest, Fredericton was witnessing "an interesting and beautiful wedding."

Was Lester Dobson guilty of Fay's death? Nay, she was naturally delicate, consumptive, perhaps it would have come anyway; but not so soon; for all ambition had gone with her love; and with her disposition, loving and craving love, she was like a flower, plucked, then thrown away.

I often wonder when I see Lester Dobson, rich, honoured, influential, stirring the hearts of men by his voice and writings, if ever a pang comes to his heart, if he ever remembers his "Rosebud," if ever he wonders what became of her. Perhaps he does know, for he never mentions her.

"Oh, Auntie, why did you end the story so?"

"My dear, how could I end it otherwise, when that is the true ending?"

BURNSTON, N. S.

tributions or suggestions from all who have matters of importance to communicate.

Among the world's poets Burns certainly occupies a unique place; and in the individuality of his genius and its enkindling power, he is surpassed by none. He is Song's microcosm; and what we find at greater breadth in others, in him is felt with deeper intensity. He did not dwell with inspiration on the mountain-tops, but brought the hallowed fire down into the vales. His origin, his limitations, the forces that warred upon his life, and in spite of which he distinguished himself, all declare him to have been the triumph of nature in a more signal degree than otherwise modern time has afforded. His relation to the era about to be ushered in confirms his tacit claim to more than temporary eminence; for he is not a bard merely, amusing his time, "in most melodious unconcern"; but a prophet of humanity, insisting most powerfully on the more and more realisable things toward which the human heart is set,—especially the triumph of love in the emancipation of manhood. This appears to be the truest explanation and secret reason of that great tempest of applause that breaks over his grave, as the winds of fame blow from "a' the airts" on the 25th of each January, and by fits and starts all the rest of the year. Praise never palls; the impulse to bestow it never wanes.

That criticism which, in point of authority, is highest, has in these later years altered its base—or, at least, departed from that of the popular mind—respecting the poems of Burns that indicate his genius most effectively. The "Cottar's Saturday Night" has been found somewhat intentional and self-conscious, if not imitative and stilted. "A man's a man for a' that" is insincere, as perhaps the critic would have most preaching appear; for Matthew Arnold says: "The accent of high seriousness born of absolute sincerity" is not there. Even the matchless "Tam O'Shanter" "nods," at length, and should have finished his course less feebly. While, rather, in "Whistle o'er the Tave o' T" he is sincere, and in the "Jolly Beggars" Cantata at his loftiest, most unincumbered flight. True it is that the poet never came home quite so triumphantly as from these lyric conquests, in which, indeed, we most feel his "freedom," his "spring" and "bounding swiftness;" true it is of the "Jolly Beggars," bestial and squalid as it is, that "it has a breadth, truth and power which make the famous scene in Auerbach's cellar, of Goethe's 'Faust,' seem artificial and tame beside it," being "only matched by Shakespeare and Aristophanes." Nevertheless, the foregoing poems cannot be critically discredited; it is too late. The heart of humanity has not erred in moving at the Cottar's call, and the critic cannot well prove folly upon mankind in that it has taken this fine, indignant vindication of the claim and value of essential humanity to be one of its chief marching songs; for what "Scot's wha hae" is to Scotland, "A man's a man, for a' that," is to the world. This lay may not be in harmony with the sympathies of a grave intellectual aristocrat; but we cannot but feel the charge of

insincerity is here unfounded; and that in Burns truth had its lawful dignity and restraint, as well as its magnificent abandon.

The future generations may have little that is absolutely new to observe or reveal respecting Burns. Biography will have become complete, criticism will have exhausted itself; the last *ama* will have been handed in, and praise and blame will have become an echo of the voice of past ages. Other hands will have arisen for estimate and appraisal; and respecting him the cyclopaedists will be content with their recapitulations. But he will come just as freshly and sweetly to the heart of the world as ever. His life will not soon become a misty tradition, requiring a powerful imagination to restore his faded lineaments; nor will the common pulse thrill less easily to the magic of his touch. Whatever revolutions come, no personality or product can be more secure. The heart — "the angel-heart of man" — will but open to him more widely, as we become more in love with the nobler things of life; and it will not be forgotten that he had, not only, the most exquisite power to feel and to express

"The everlasting universe of Things,"

but that he also loved Man with a supreme and passionate devotion. There will be a response as loyal and deep as that affection is calculated to inspire. He will be of our family group; his grave among the graves of our kindred. We will remember him,

"as one

Long loved, and for a season gone;
For whom the poet's lyre is wreathed,
The marble wrought, the music breathed."

Imagination will still hold his image sacred; will mark him wandering by the Doon, or following his ploughing horses up the slope at Mossiel, or lying in the stackyard by the Nith, gazing on the star which still loves the dawning, while it melts away, as that poor Beatrice of the Highlands has done, into the kindling heavens. Still will he "haunt his native land as an immortal youth;" and only when the sights and songs of earth shall cease in its fiery apotheosis, or expire in the race's senility, will his page be neglected or its charm forgotten.

THE sympathetic reader who, opening a book of miscellaneous verse, should chance to light on a cluster of poems, such as, "The Comfort of the Fields," "The Silver Thaw," "Purple Asters," "In November," "Re Voyage," "Love," etc., might indeed glance after some favourite names, but would not by missing them be prevented from seeing that the true bounty of song was being there scattered abroad; but would close the covers with a sense of budding things, with the chiming of falling water, sounding in his ears, while in his soul must be a feeling of love's tenderness, and in his blood the chill of an evening at the advent of winter. The names gladden us because of the excellence they call up in our minds. It is vulgar taste or approbation otherwise. The strength and richness of Lammman's poem, and the quaintness and delicacy of Roberts', the realism of



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Scott's, and the tenderness of Campbell's, would not from under the imprimatur of some humbler local publisher be less pleasingly apparent than with the seal and sign manual of some lord of metropolitan fame.

THE prosperity of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Halifax is reported. "The efficiency of the teaching staff has just been increased by the appointment of Miss Frame, of Maitland, a lady of talent and education, who, though inexperienced in this particular department of teaching, evinces a deep interest in the work, and gives promise of becoming a successful instructor." Miss Christina Frame will not be unknown to readers of *The Week* and other periodicals of the Dominion, as the author of historical stories and sketches, and other literary work, of excellent quality. Miss Roberts, as we understand, has a position in connection with the Institute for the Blind.

THE "Old World Tales" of Pierce Stevens Hamilton in *The Week* are worthy of more than the cursory attention such things are liable to win from the reader of the newspaper, whose hunt is after events of the present time. The two articles on "The Expulsion of the Acadians," already given, are timely in their connection with Prof Robert's story. "The Raid from Beau-séjour," lately concluded in *The Dominion Illustrated Monthly* Longfellow's beautiful idyl, and that exquisite idyl of womanly sorrow and constancy, that has so won upon the heart of the world, will not lose their charm to us, because the historical facts are more clearly discerned, and are divested of the golden films of romance that time and genius have woven about them. This question of the justice of the decree by which the Acadians were removed from the land of their adoption, not only for lack of allegiance to the English Crown, but for active disloyalty, is one in which sympathy may sway our judgment one way, while reason points it in another. While now the romancer and chronicler disgust us with their record of belligerent enmity and duplicity, yesterday the poet made our hearts throb with pity at the misfortunes of the innocent and the hardness and cruelty of the oppressor. And still we will find these two points of view. Alas! it is a severe record of bitter wrongs on the part of both peoples. This is not indeed a perfect age, but it is one in which these old enormities and misunderstandings have lost some of their vigour.

WE find this interesting paragraph in the *Halifax Critic*. "Canadian literature is not falling off by any means, for we find another of the great Toronto dailies introducing a purely literary feature into its columns once a week. The department is entitled 'The Mermaid's Inn,' and is conducted under the rose by Lampman, Campbell, and others, we believe, who sign initials to the various paragraphs. If this department were not desired and wanted by the readers of *The Globe* we should not find it there, and its presence is a sure indication of the growth of literary culture in Canada. May its shadow never grow less!"

Home Topics.

Edited by B. A. S., Box 19, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

HOSPITALITY.

IN the early days of the world hospitality was a matter of life and death. The desert wanderer who found himself turned away from the Arab tent was consigned to suffering and peril. In the Middle Ages all travel would have been impossible if the pilgrim could not have reckoned on the open doors of castle and mansion. The same necessity for hospitality came down almost to our own day — as long, that is, as the isolation of the community continued.

Fifty years ago this country was sprinkled over with homes which were practically as remote from the great centres as they had been two hundred years before. No daily papers calloused the nerves of their inhabitants with reiterated accounts of crimes and casualties; no society column made them familiar with the social events of the world of fashion. Their long calm evenings, often, as Warrington observed to Pendennis, "devilish long and a deal too calm," were unbroken by any sound save those of owls and crickets or the rumble of a belated stage coach. In such a life the arrival of a guest was an event of magnitude. He came bringing not himself alone but the whole outside world. It was not all rustic courtesy, but a selfish and sincere desire to hear the news which drew the family circle close around the visitor. As his coming was preceded by solitude it was followed by a period of unbroken quiet during which the stranger's stay was rolled as a sweet morsel under the tongue.

Is it possible for the hospitable folk to receive a guest in exactly the spirit of their ancestors? Manifestly not, any more than they can restore the palace minstrel or the castle portcullis. "The old order changes, giving place to the new;" and if the virtue of hospitality is to survive it must be adapted to existing conditions.

There are several enemies which threaten its existence; first of all the passion for travel which has become almost a mania here in America. Our people no longer strike deep roots into their native soil. They are potted, not planted. Each year develops a new crop of such wanderers who fill the hotels and small apartments, and have neither time nor room for guests. Many indeed seek the shelter of hotel life as an escape from the burden of domestic establishments; where guests come in at the door servants fly out at the window.

The effort to keep open house in the city necessitates, in addition to the cast iron legs and india-rubber back which Mr. Warner declared essential to farming, a day forty eight hours long, and a nervous system padded with cotton batting.

The struggles to meet the calls of such a life have made many a hostess feel as a clever woman once said that her epitaph would be, not, "She hath done what she could," but, "She tried to do what she couldn't."

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which has shone for no guest, and pitiable the roof which has sheltered no stranger friend.

Let us take counsel, then, as to how we may foster this gracious hospitality, which is the chief glory of hearth and home. How shall we cherish and develop it and still reconcile it with all the duties, charitable, domestic, and intellectual, of our complex age, and still leave ourselves that broad margin of leisure which Thoreau declared as beautiful in a life as in a book!

Our Young People.

[FOR CANADA.]

DREAMS.

BY G. E. THEODORE ROBERTS.

II.

The fire burns merrily. It is a fire of hard-wood,—white birch and maple, yet it takes me back to the days of the summer as I lie and gaze into the red coals, and imagine that I can hear the voice of the river as it flows by. Yes! I begin to think it a fire of drift-wood, gathered from the long, dry sand bars. I hear a voice! a voice rich and low, as if coming from under a heavy moustache, and I hear the story of the man who sold his shadow. The smoked birches at the back of the fire-place have become a background of dusky elms, standing like a great black cloud against the star-lit night.

On the other side of the fire someone is making beef-tea; ay, making it in a handleless cup, but with a silver spoon which clinks expressively against its sides. Now the logs are all burnt to bright coals, and the camping party around the fire get up to sing a hymn. The last log breaks and falls among the dying embers, and they all leave to go to their tents. The dog stays, and after settling himself with his curly black head on a cedar block, he goes to sleep with his feet to the fire, like any good camper. The last spark has smouldered into nothingness, and all the lights in the tents have disappeared, yet they ask not where I am,—I, a fellow-camper. I open my eyes and feel the soft head of the camp-dog against my face, and in the little fire-place there is no fire. A lady, she was a camper in the summer time, comes into the room and asks me why I have let the fire burn out.

III.

Forty differently tinted flames leapt up in the little fire-place, and forty different odours,—all savoury, and all telling of the coming Christmas, wound their shadowy

way along the passage, and up our noses. A dream of turkey bones and stray pieces of candy stole through the brain of the house-dog, and he wagged his tail in his sleep. We lay on the hearth rug; the dog in a peaceful sleep, and I criticising the many spicy odours as they floated, one by one, up the kitchen stairs, along the passage and through the curtained door-way. At first they were not visible, but came and passed me unseen, tempting us two on the rug for a moment, and then sinking away. But by degrees they stole up as little shapeless clouds of vapour, which slowly formed and compacted themselves, and drifted by in a procession of smoking turkeys, smoking chickens, and great jolly mince pies. Doughnuts and lemon-tarts danced between, and the house dog parted his eye lids the eighth of an inch and watched them from under his deceiving lashes, as if they were a line of stray cats parading a garden fence.

In the kitchen the slamming of the oven door, and the hissing of the things therein, kept on, and so I knew that these were but their spirits, flying away so as not to be eaten inside their unfortunate bodies. At last, at the very tail of the procession, the plum-pudding skipped in. His jolly red face was half hidden by the savoury steam arising from it, and I put my hand on the house-dog to keep him down.

"Hullo," said the plum-pudding. I bowed, and the house-dog struggled to get free.

"Did you two gentlemen ever hear of a plum-pudding that was of any use to anybody except as food," he continued. The house-dog said he didn't think they were any good for anything else, and his mouth watered dreadfully.

"Well, I will just show you that they can be," said the pudding, and he struck an attitude in mid-air, and spoke thus: "In the year 1870 the schooner 'Bonny Mary,' got stuck fast in the ice a few miles off the eastern coast of Greenland. She had on board a small brass cannon used for saluting other vessels, and a quantity of powder, but no shot. While they were still in the ice, Christmas drew near, and the captain ordered two large puddings to be made, so that the officers and men could have a good dinner. When Christmas morning came, the captain went on deck to see how the weather was, and to his amazement he saw the ice to leeward swarming with greasy Esquimaux, who flourished seal-spears and numerous other articles in his direction. The captain was rather taken back at the sight, but he managed to tell the boat-swain to load the brass cannon, and the cook to ram one of the puddings which

had accidentally been frozen over night, down after the charge. The first mate aimed it, and the larboard watch set it off with the cook's poker, and the crowd of Esquimaux took to their heels with half of a Christmas dinner in their midst." The plum-pudding stopped talking and looked well pleased.

"That's no proof," I said, "for perhaps it wasn't a plum-pudding after all."

"What other kind of puddings do they make at Christmas," asked the spirit contemptuously.

"Mince-meat puddings," said the house-dog knowingly.

I laughed, and the plum-pudding vanished.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

A TRENTON MIRACLE.

A REMARKABLE CURE IN A CASE PRO-
NOUNCED HOPELESS.

An estimable young lady raised from a death-bed after being given up by several doctors.—A simple statement of facts.

Trenton Courier.

At intervals during the past year the proprietor of the *Courier* has been publishing newspaper reports of miraculous cures occurring in various parts of Canada and the United States. Perhaps among the most notable of these were the cases of Mr. John Marshall, of Hamilton, Ont., Mr. C. B. Northrop, of Detroit, Mich., and Mr. Chas. A. Quant, of Galway, N. Y. Mr. Marshall's case was more prominently fixed in the public mind by reason of the fact that after being pronounced incurable by a number of eminent physicians, he was paid the \$1,000 disability claim allowed by the Royal Templars of Temperance, and some months afterward was announced his almost miraculous restoration to health and active life. The case of Mr. Northrop created equally as profound a sensation in Detroit, where he is one of the best known merchants in the city. Mr. Northrop was looked upon as a helpless invalid, and could only give the most desultory attention to his business on days when he could be wheeled to the store in an invalid's chair. In his case the same simple (yet wonderful) remedy that had cured Mr. Marshall, restored Mr. Northrop to a life of active usefulness. The case of Mr. Chas. Quant is perhaps the most marvellous of all, inasmuch as he was not only perfectly helpless, but had had treatment in one of New York's best hospitals under such eminent medical scientists as Prof. Ware and Dr. Starr, and in Albany by Prof. H. H. Hun, only to be sent out as incurable, and looked upon as one who had but a few months before death would put an end to his sufferings. Again the same remedy which restored Mr. Marshall and Mr. Northrop was resorted to,

with the same remarkable results, and today Mr Quant, restored to health, anticipates a long life of usefulness. The remedy which has succeeded, where the best physicians had failed, is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and a name that is now a familiar household word throughout the continent and a remedy that apparently stands without a rival in the annals of medical science. Having published, among others, the cases above alluded to, the curiosity of the publisher of the *Courier* was aroused and he determined to ascertain if anyone around Trenton had been benefited by the use of Pink Pills. In conversation with Mr. A. W. Hawley, druggist, he was told that the sale of Pink Pills was remarkable, and steadily increasing. And Mr. Hawley gave the names of a number within his own observation who had been benefited by the use of this remedy. Among others Miss Emma Fleming, granddaughter of Mr. Robert Young. It was stated that Miss Fleming had been raised from what was supposed to be her death-bed, after all other remedies and physicians had failed, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This statement was so startling that the *Courier* determined to investigate it further, and if true set the facts before the public for the benefit of other sufferers. Mr. Robt. Young, grandfather of the young lady was first seen, and in a reply to an enquiry said it was a miracle the manner in which these pills had restored his grand-daughter. As a last resort, and with a prayer in his heart, he had purchased a box of Pink Pills at Mr. Spaulsbury's drug store, and so much good resulted that the remedy was continued until his grand-daughter was as well as ever she had been. Miss Fleming's aunt was next seen, and she corroborated what had already been told the *Courier*, giving as well some additional particulars. Miss Fleming was next seen, and we must confess to being surprised, and at first somewhat incredulous that this young lady in the bloom of womanhood and health was the person whom we wanted to interview. Miss Fleming, however, soon convinced us that it was she who was so miraculously saved from death, and cheerfully consented to give a statement of her case. Her father, she said, was for years miller under Mr. Spence, and afterwards at Gordon's mills, near Trenton, and is now miller at Union. Three years ago Miss Fleming's mother died of consumption. Up to four years ago Miss Fleming stated that she had enjoyed good health, but taking a severe cold then she had not had a well day since, until she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last December. She was reduced in weight to 90 pounds, but now weighs 111 pounds; a gain of 21 pounds. She consulted a number of doctors and took their remedies, but never obtained more than temporary relief. A physician at Newmarket whom she consulted said she was going into a decline and that he could do nothing for her. Her Trenton physician said that a sudden cold would go to her lungs and he had no hope of her ever getting better. She felt very misera-

ble, strength continually failing, suffered so much distress from food that she had no desire for it and lost all appetite. She kept continually growing worse until last fall she was not able to stand without support, and gave up all efforts to help herself. In December she was taken with inflammation of the bowels, and Dr. Moran was called in. He gave medicine that relieved her and cured the inflammation, but her strength was gone and she had to be lifted in and out of bed and could not sit in a chair at all. She had taken her bed expecting never to rise again, and this was the opinion of all her friends. It was at this juncture that her grandfather, having read in the *Courier* of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as a last resort purchased a box, and urged his grand-daughter to take them. Miss Fleming had been before this recommended by a friend in Toronto to try Pink Pills, but declared she had no faith in them. Now, however, to please her friends she consented to take the Pink Pills; on the seventh day after beginning the use of the Pink Pills, she was able to walk down stairs, and has not gone back to a sick bed since. The effect upon her system was truly marvellous. Her appetite was gone, strength gone, prostrate upon her supposed death bed, in seven days she was able to walk down stairs, feeling renewed strength and a better appetite than ever before. Miss Fleming continued the use of Pink Pills, daily gaining health and strength, until she was able to take part in the household duties without the least injurious effect. Miss Fleming still continues to take one pill after each meal, and now feels as well as she ever did in her life. She feels truly grateful for what this great remedy has done for her, and only a sense of gratitude enables her to overcome her modest scruples in giving this testimony to the wonderful virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Miss Fleming has recommended Pink Pills to a number of lady friends, who say they are doing them much good.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but are a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an untailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape,) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.



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A Monthly Magazine for Canadians at Home and Abroad.

EDITED BY

MATTHEW R. KNIGHT, A. B.

Associate and Contributing Editor :

REV. A. J. LOCKHART ("Pastor Felix").

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July -- August, 1892.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

On account of the labour connected with moving and getting settled in a new place, we have been compelled to issue the July and August numbers together. Our subscribers will not lose by the delay, as their subscriptions will be dated one month ahead. The subscriptions which were paid up to December, 1892, will now be paid up to January, 1893. We trust that those who are in arrears will encourage and help us by remitting the amounts due without delay, to our new address, Hampton, New Brunswick.

SUBSCRIBERS in arrears who pay up to date and one full year in advance, will receive free a year's subscription to either *The American Farmer* (\$1), *Womankind* (50c.), or *The Medical Adviser* (50c.), all excellent monthlies and cheap at their subscription price. Any two of the above will be furnished with CANADA for \$1.20, or all three with CANADA for \$1.40.

It never rains but it pours. When CANADA was started on January, 1891, there was no publication of the kind in the Dominion. We thought there was an open field. Immediately the *Dominion Illustrated*, having failed to achieve as a weekly the success which it deserved, was transformed into a monthly, and a good one too. Then the *Manitoba*, more local in themes and aim, appeared in Winnipeg. Next, *Arcadia*, intended for the inner circle of the cultured, unfolded its glimpses of musical, artistic and literary landscape in Montreal. This took the world for its scope, and Canada occupies only a corner in its pages. And now we have the *Lake Magazine*, hailing from Toronto. The initial number is of considerable merit, and it promises to be a popular monthly. There may be room for all these; we hope there is. The only hope of success, however, lies in each occupying a field and cultivating an individuality of its own.

The usual instalment of "Montcalm and French Canada," as well as editorial and other matter, has been crowded out this month. We hope that the liberal prizes and premiums we offer will have the effect of so largely increasing our subscription list that we shall be able to issue a larger number every month, but at present we are giving our readers as much as we can afford to give regularly.

Do you want the Sewing Machine we offer, or the Webster's Dictionary? They are first-class in every respect. If you enter the canvass for subscribers, you

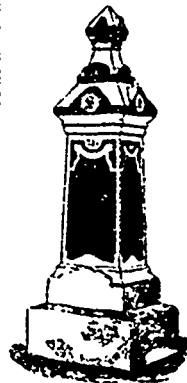
may get one of these prizes; if you do not, you still get a liberal cash commission, enough to pay you well for your work.

Some of our friends may already possess a copy of "Christ before Pilate," and yet desire a picture as a premium. To please them we will substitute "The Russian Wedding Feast," or "An Old-Time Story," either of them a beautiful imitation oil painting, about the same size as "Christ before Pilate," and sure to give satisfaction.

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Literary Notes.

Arcadia for August 1st, number seven of this very creditable semi-monthly, contains a sweet little French Canadian sketch from the masterly pen of Mr. Wm. McLennan.

The Week loses nothing in vigour and interest, and continues to furnish an amount of healthy, high-toned literature that should excite pride in the souls of Canadians.

The Manitoban for July presents an interesting variety of reading matter. It is a special exhibition number, and of course a considerable amount of space is devoted to exhibition themes and advertisements.

We know of no more ably edited magazine than the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It is always seasonable, and the August number is a treasury of the things most interesting to women.

We are glad to see that the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* promises to fill permanently a place that was vacant until it appeared, that of a really good illustrated literary magazine.

The Land We Live In may not be as well known as several other Canadian publications, but for sportsmen, and for summer reading, we have nothing equal to it at the price, only a dollar a year.

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Every month the *Eclectic Magazine* brings us a rich and rare selection of the best things in the English magazines and reviews. Other publications of an eclectic character are of more recent origin, but we think this one stands at the head still.

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QUATRAINS.

THE love that hope must feed,—
That ever lives hope's thrall,—
That dies when hope is dead,
I count not love at all.

No glory crowns the deed
Which has no danger in it;
Worth nothing is the meed,
If anyone can win it.

Each noble heart agrees,
In virtue's category
Glory is more than ease,
And duty more than glory.

"Credo" will never meet
Our Master's last demand,
If idle be the feet
And unemployed the hand.

"Sing not thyself," says one;
"Narrow not so thy pen!"
But what, when all is done,
Know I of other men?

One day in service spent
For God and man exceeds
Long years to study lent,
And weighing of the creeds.

Men ask not of the great,
Whence came they; they alone
A whole race incarnate,
And need nor sire nor son.

The thought so tame in prose,
Too meagre to rehearse,—
To what a size it grows
When put in simple verse!

Who gives excessive praise
Where t'ne desert appears,
That merit doth not raise,
But at all other sneers.

Who seeks one thing in life,
That one thing will attain;
But who divides his strife,
Will seek all things in vain.

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Have never a fear ;
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No herald appear :

The price of thy labour,
Thy prayer's full return,
Thy Bethel, thy Tabor,
All thy service doth earn.

No work, no endeavour
Will lose its reward ;
The attempt is forever
The act with the Lord.

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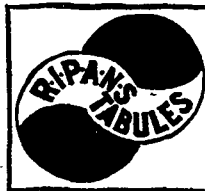
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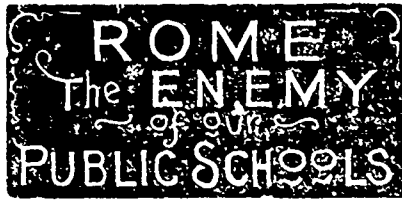
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