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MARCH
1892.

CONTENTS

The Raid from Beauséjour, Chap. III-IV.	<i>Fiction.</i>	
<i>Illustrated.</i>	CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS...	65
From Canada to St. Helena.	<i>Travel.</i>	
<i>Illustrated.</i>	A. McCOCK.....	74
To my Canary Bird.	<i>Versé.</i>	
GEORGE MARTIN.....		83
Deacon Snider and the Circus.	<i>Fiction.</i>	
<i>Illustrated.</i>	WILLIAM WILFRID CAMPBELL	84
Jamaica Vistas.	<i>Travel.</i>	
<i>Illustrated.</i>	DR. WOLFRED NELSON....	90
When Bill Came Down.	<i>Fiction.</i>	
<i>Illustrated.</i>	ED. W. SANDYS.....	96
Historic Canadian Waterways—The St. Lawrence. I.	<i>History.</i>	
<i>Illustrated.</i>	J. M. LEMOINE.....	101
Scraps and Snaps.	F. BLAKE CROFTON. <i>Comment.</i>	108
The New Quebec Ministry.	<i>Current Events.</i>	110
<i>Illustrated.</i>		
Curling in Canada,	<i>Sport.</i>	
<i>Illustrated.</i>	JAMES HEDLEY.....	116
For the Children.—“How Jack Won His Snowshoes.”	<i>Fiction.</i>	
<i>Illustrated.</i>	SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.....	124

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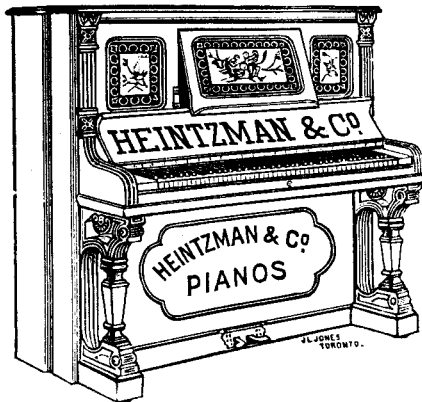
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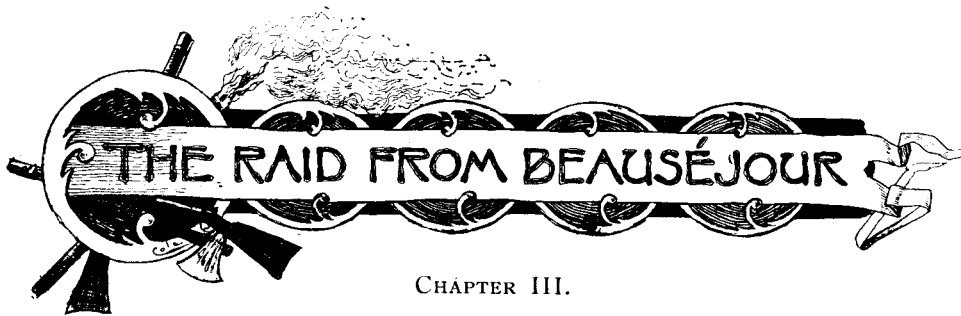


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VOL. I.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, MARCH, 1892.

No. 2.



CHAPTER III.



WHEN it was seen that the English were actually re-embarking, a fierce indignation broke out against Le Loutre for the useless cruelty and precipitancy of his action. The

French troops had some little feeling for the houseless villagers, and they were angered at being deprived of their chief and most convenient source of supplies. The fierce Abbé insisted that the movement of the English was a ruse of some sort; but when the ships got actually under way, with a brisk breeze in their sails, he withdrew in deep chagrin, and returned with his Micmacs to his village on the muddy Shubenacadie. Relieved of his dreaded presence, the Acadians set bravely to work building cabins on the new lands which were allotted them back of Beauséjour, and along the Missaguash, Au Lac, and Tantramar streams. A few were rash enough to return to their former holdings in Beaubassin, rebuilding among the ashes; but not so Antoine Lecorbeau. On the northwest slope of Beauséjour, where a fertile stretch of uplands skirt the commencement of the Great Tantramar marsh, he obtained an allotment and laid his hearthstone anew. The

burning of Beaubassin had not made him love France the more, but it had cooled his liking for the English. The words of Captain Howe, nevertheless, which Pierre had repeated to him faithfully, lay rankling in his heart, and he harboured a bitter suspicion as to the good faith of the French authorities. He saw that they professed disapproval of the methods of Le Loutre, but he began to doubt the sincerity of this disapproval. Pierre, however, was troubled by no such misgivings.

The summer, though a laborious one, skipped by not at all unpleasantly. Mother Lecorbeau soon had a roof to shelter her little brood of swarthy roysters; a rough shed, built over a hillside spring in a group of willows, served as the dairy wherein she made the butter and cheese so appreciated by the warriors on Beauséjour. Lecorbeau got in crops both on his new lands and on the old farm, and saw the apples ripening abundantly around the ruins of his home in Beaubassin. As for Pierre, in his scanty hours of leisure he was always to be found on the hill, where an old colour-sergeant, pleased with his intelligence and his ambition to become a soldier of France, was teaching him to read and write. This friendly veteran was, in his comrades'

eyes, a marvel of clerkly skill, for in those days the ability to read and write was by no means a universal possession among the soldiers of France.

One evening in the first of the autumn, where here and there on the dark Minudie hills could be seen the scarlet gleam of an early turning maple, just as the bay had become a sheet of glowing copper under the sunset, a rosy sail appeared on the horizon. The pacing sentry on the brow of Beauséjour stopped to watch it. Presently another rose into view, and another, and another; and then Beauséjour knew that the English fleet had returned. Before the light faded out the watchers had counted seventeen ships,—and when the next morning broke the whole squadron was lying at anchor about three miles from the shore.

With the first of daylight Pierre and his father hastened up the hill, to find out what was to be done. To their astonishment they learned that the troops on Beauséjour would do just nothing, unless the English should attempt to land on the French side of the Missaguash. They had received from Quebec a caution not to openly transgress any treaty obligations. To Antoine Lecorbeau this news seemed not unwelcome. He was for quiet, generally. But Pierre shewed in his face, and, indeed, proclaimed aloud, his disappointment. The old sergeant laughed at his eager pupil, and remarked:

“Oh, my young fire-eater, *you* shall have a chance at the beef-eaters if you like! His Reverence the Abbé arrived in Beauséjour last night about midnight, and *he's* going to fight, if we can't. Treaties don't bother *him* much. He's got all his Micmacs with him, I guess. There they go now,—the other side of the stream.

In a bit you'll see them at work strengthening the line of the dyke. They're going to give it to the beef-eaters pretty hot when they try to come ashore. There's your chance now for a brush. His Reverence will take you, fast enough.”

“Pierre shall do nothing of the sort, whether he wants to or not,” interrupted Lecorbeau, with sharp emphasis.

“I wouldn't fight under *him!*” ejaculated the boy, with a ring of scorn in his voice.

The old sergeant shrugged his shoulders.

“Oh, he. ‘I'm way of

very well,” said of the same thinking myself. But *all* your people are not so particular. Look now, over at the dyke. Did you ever see an Indian that could handle the shovel like those fellows are doing. I tell you, half those Indians are just your folks dressed up, and painted red and black, and with feathers stuck in their hair. The Abbé ropes a lot of you in to this business, and you're lucky, Antoine Lecorbeau, that he hasn't called on you or Pierre yet.”

At this suggestion Lecorbeau looked grim, but troubled. As

for Pierre, however, with a boy's confidence, he exclaimed:

“Just let him call. I think I see him getting us!”

Yet, for all his bitterness against Le Loutre, Pierre felt the fever of battle stir within him as he watched the preparations behind the long, red Missaguash dyke. His father, seeing the excitement in his flashing eyes and flushed countenance, exacted from him then and there a promise that he would take no part in the approaching conflict.

On that September day the tide was



“The pacing sentry stopped to watch it.”

full about noon, and with the tide came in the English ships. Knowing the anchorage, they came right into the river's mouth, in a long, ominously silent line. The mixed rabble of Le Loutre crowded low behind their breastworks; and hundreds of eager eyes on Beauséjour strained their sight to catch the first flash of the battle.

"Do you see that little knoll yonder with the poppies on it?" said Pierre to his father and the sergeant. "Let's go over there and hide in the bushes, and we can see twice as well as we can from here. There's a little creek makes round it on the far side, and we'll be just as safe as here!"

"Yes," responded the sergeant, "it's a fine advanced post. We'll just slip down round the foot of the hill as if we were bound for the dykes, so there won't be a crowd following us."

As the three sped rapidly across the marsh, Antoine Lecorbeau said significantly to his son:

"Do you see how these English spare our people? They haven't fired a single big gun, yet with the metal on board their ships they could knock those breastworks and the men behind them into splinters. They could batter down the dyke, and let the tide right in on them."

"Aye!" "aye!" assented the old sergeant, "they're a brave foe, and I would we could have a brush with them. They're landing now, without firing a shot!"

At this moment the irregular firing from the breastwork grew more rapid and sustained, and our three adventurers hurried into the knoll, eager for a better view. They found the post already occupied by half a dozen interested villagers, who paid no attention to the new arrivals.

By this time the English boats had reached the water's edge. On this occasion Major Lawrence had nearly eight hundred men at his command, and was resolved to carry his enterprise to a successful issue. The troops did not wait to form, under the now galling fire from the breastwork, but swarmed up the red slope in loose skirmishing order, pouring in a hot dropping fire as they ran. As they reached the dyke a ringing cheer broke out, and they dashed at the awkward and slippery steep.

A few reached the top, and for a moment the English colours crowned the embankment. But at the same time the painted defenders rose with a yell, and beat

back their assailants with gun-stock and hatchet. The red flag was seized by a tall savage, and Pierre gave a little cry of excitement as he thought the enemies' colours were captured. But his enthusiasm was premature. The stripling who carried the colours, finding no chance to use his sword, grasped the Indian about the waist and dragged him off the dyke, when he was promptly made captive.

Now the English withdrew a few paces, held back with difficulty by their officers, and one, whom the watchers on the knoll took for Lawrence himself, was seen giving orders, standing with his back half turned to the breastwork, as undisturbed as if the shower of Micmac bullets were a snow-storm. Presently the red-coats charged again, this time slowly and silently, in long, regular lines.

"Ah!" exclaimed the sergeant, under his breath, "they'll go through this time. That advance means business!"

In fact, they *did* go through. At the very foot of the dyke a single volley flashed forth along the whole line, momentarily clearing the top of the barrier. The next instant the dyke was covered with scarlet figures. Along its crest there was a brief struggle, hand to hand, and then the braves of Le Loutre were seen fleeing through the smoke.

The Missaguash is a stream with as many windings as the torrid Minudie; and about half a mile beyond the lines which the English had just carried the contortions of the channel brought another and almost parallel ridge of dyke. Over this the flying rout of Micmacs and Acadians clambered with alacrity, while the English forces halted where they found themselves.

To the little knot of watchers on the knoll the contest had seemed too brief, the defeat of their people most inglorious.

"As a fighting man Monsieur the Abbé makes rather a poor show, however good he may be at burning people's houses!" exclaimed Pierre, in a voice that trembled with a mixture of enthusiasm for the cause and scorn for him who had it in charge.

"You will find, my son," said Lecorbeau, sententiously, "that the cruel and pitiless are often without real courage!"

"Oh!" laughed the old sergeant, "I'll wager my boots that His Reverence is not in the fight at all. It's likely one of his understrappers, Father Germain, perhaps, or that cut-throat half-breed, Etienne Le Bâtard, or Father Laberne, or the big



“They sped rapidly across the marsh.”—See page 67.

Chief Cope himself, is leading the fight and carrying out the saintly Abbé's orders."

"Fools!" Fools and revilers!" exclaimed a deep and cutting voice behind them; and turning with a start they saw the dreaded Le Loutre standing in their midst. Lecorbeau and Pierre became pale with apprehension and superstitious awe, while the old sergeant laughed awkwardly, abashed though not dismayed.

The Abbé's sallow face worked with anger, and for a moment his narrow eyes blazed upon Lecorbeau, and seemed to read his very soul. Then, as he glanced across the marsh, his countenance changed. A fanatic zeal illumined it, taking away half its repulsiveness.

"Nay!" he cried, "I am *not* there in the battle. France and the Church need me, and what am I that I should risk, to be thought bold, a life that I must rather hold sacred. Should a chance ball strike *me* down, which of you traitors and self-seekers is there that could do my work? Which of you could govern my fierce flock?"

To this tirade, which showed them their tormentor in a new light, Pierre and his father could say nothing. Wondering, but not believing, they exchanged stolen glances. It is probable that the Abbé, in his present mood, was sincere; for in a fanatic one must allow for the wildest inconsistencies. The old sergeant, more skeptical than the Acadians, was, at the same time, more polite. He hastened to murmur, apologetically,—

"Pardon me, Holy Father! I see that I misunderstood you!"

Le Loutre made no answer, for now events on the battlefield were enchaining every eye.

Behind the second line of dyke the Micmacs and Acadians had again entrenched themselves. Major Lawrence, perceiving this, at once ordered another charge. Then the Indians resolved on a bold and perilous stroke.

The right of their position was nearest the attacking force. At this point, acting under a sudden inspiration, they began to cut the dyke. Almost instantly a breach began to appear, under the attack of a dozen dyking-spades, wielded with feverish energy.

An involuntary cry of consternation went up from the group of Acadians on the knoll, but the grim Abbé shouted "Well done! Well done! my brave, my true Laberne!" And he rushed from his

hiding-place on some new errand, leaving the air lighter for his absence.

The English detected at once the manœuvre of their opponents. They broke into a fierce rush, determined to stop the work of destruction before it should be too late. From his left Major Lawrence threw out a few skilled marksmen, who concentrated a telling fire upon the diggers, delaying but not putting an end to the furious energy of their efforts. Already a stream of turbid water was stealing through. Presently it gathered force and volume, spreading out swiftly across the marsh; and at the same time the rest of the dyke was fringed with smoke and the pale flashes of the muskets.

The tide was now on the ebb, and a current set strongly against the point of dyke where the diggers were at work. This fact tended to make the results of their work the more immediately apparent, rendering mighty assistance to every stroke of the spade. At the same time, however, it told heavily in favour of the English, for, in order to counteract the special stream, the dyke at this point was of great additional strength. Moreover, in the tidal rivers of that region the ebb and flow are so vast and so swift that the English hoped the tide would be below a dangerous level before the destruction of the dyke could be accomplished.

In this hope they were right. Ere they had more than half crossed the stretch of marsh the waters of the Missaguash were oozing about their ankles. But as they neared the dyke it had grown no deeper. They saw the diggers throw down their spades, pick up their muskets, and fall in with their comrades behind the dyke. The fire from the top of the barrier ceased, and in silence, with loaded weapons, the Indians awaited the assault. From this it was plain to Major Lawrence that the defence was in the hands of a European. He straightened out his lines before the charge.

CHAPTER IV.

"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated Antoine Lecorbeau, "they have saved the dyke!"

In Acadian eyes to tamper with the dykes was sacrilege.

"Well!" said the sergeant, with a somewhat cynical chuckle, "at last the English have got their feet wet!"

Pierre broke off his laugh in the middle, for at this moment the red lines charged. The deadly volley which rang out along the summit for an instant staggered the

assailants; but they rallied, and went over the barrier like a scarlet wave. The dyke was much easier to scale when thus approached on the landward side.

And now ensued a fierce hand-to-hand struggle. The spectators could hardly contain their excitement as they saw their party, fighting doggedly, forced back step by step to the edge of the water. Some, slipping in the ooze of the retreating tide, fell and were carried down by the current. These soon swam ashore,—discreetly landing on the further side of the river. The rest, seeing the struggle hopeless, now broke and fled with a celerity that

the English could not hope to rival. Along the flats, for perhaps a mile, a detachment of the English pursued them, till a bugle sounded their recall. Then Major Lawrence, finding himself master of the field, directed his march to that low hill where he had encamped the previous spring; and a fatigue party was set to repair the dyke.

On this hill the English proceeded to erect a fortified post, which they called Fort Lawrence; and in an incredibly short time the red flag was waving from its battlements, not three miles distant from Beauséjour, and an abiding provoca-

tion to the hot-headed soldiery of France. As for Le Loutre, after his disastrous repulse he yielded to the inevitable, and gave up all thought of preventing the establishment of Fort Lawrence. But he was not discouraged; he was merely changing his tactics.

The Missaguash being the dividing line between the two powers, he caused his Acadian and Indian followers to enrage the English by petty depredations, by violations of the frontier, by attacks and ambushes. Soon the English were provoked into retaliations; whereupon the regulars of Beauséjour found an excuse for taking part, and the turbid Missaguash became the scene of such perpetual skirmishes that its waters ran redder than ever.

Even then, there might have been ere long an attempt at reconciliation, to which end the efforts of Captain Howe were ceaselessly directed. But Le Loutre made this former impossible, by an outrage so fiendish as to call forth the execution of even his un-



"He rushed from his hiding place"—(See page 69.)

scrupulous employers. One morning the sentries on Fort Lawrence were somewhat surprised to see one who was apparently an officer from the garrison of Beauséjour, with several followers, approaching the banks of the Missaguash with a flag of truce. The party reached the dyke, and the bearer of the flag waved it as if desiring to hold a parley. His followers remained behind at a respectful distance, standing knee-deep in the heavy aftermath of the fertile marsh.

In prompt response to this advance, Captain Howe and several companions, under a white flag, set out from Fort Lawrence to see what was wanted. When Howe reached the river he detected something in the supposed officer's dress and language which excited his suspicions of the man's good faith; and he turned away as if to retrace his steps. Instantly there flashed out a volley of musketry from behind the dyke on the further shore, and the beloved young Captain fell mortally wounded. The pretended officer was one of Le Loutre's supporters, the Micmac chief, Jean Baptiste Cope; and the fatal volley came from a band of Micmacs who had under cover of darkness concealed themselves behind the dyke.

The assassins kept up a sharp fire on the rest of the English party but failed to prevent them from carrying off their dying captain to the fort. The scene had been witnessed with horror by the French forces on Beauséjour, and their officers sent to Fort Lawrence to express their angry reprobation of the atrocious deed. They openly laid it to the charge of Le Loutre, declaring that such a man is capable of anything; and for a few weeks Le Loutre did not care to show himself at Beauséjour. At last he came, and met the accusations of the French officers with the most solemn declaration that the whole thing had been done without his knowledge or sanction. The Indians, he swore, had done it by reason of their misguided but fervent religious zeal, to take vengeance on Howe for something he was reported to have said injurious and disrespectful to the Church. "The zeal of my

flock," said he, solemnly, "is, perhaps something too rash, but it springs from ardent and simple natures!"

"Ay! ay!" said the old sergeant to his companions-in-arms, when he heard of the Abbé's explanations, "but I happened to recognize His Reverence myself in the party that did the murder."

There were many more on Beauséjour whose eyes had revealed to them the same truth as that so bluntly stated by the sergeant. But the Abbé was most useful,—was, in fact, necessary, to do those deeds which no one else would stoop to; and therefore his explanation was accepted. At this time, moreover, there was a work to be done at Beauséjour requiring the assistance of the Abbé's methods. Orders had been sent from Quebec that a



"But failed to prevent them carrying off their dying captain"

strong fort should straightaway be built at Beausejour, as an off-set to Fort Lawrence. And this fort was to be built by the ill-fated Acadians.

The labour of the Acadians was supposed to be voluntary. That is, they were invited to assist, without pay other than daily rations; and those who appeared reluctant were presently interviewed by the indefatigable and invaluable Le Loutre. His persuasions, with blood-thirsty Indians in the background, invariably produced their effect. To be sure, there was money sent from Quebec for payment of the labourers; but the authorities at Beauséjour, having Le Loutre to depend upon, found it more satisfactory to put this money in their own pockets.

With his customary foresight, Antoine Lecorbeau had promptly evinced his will-

ingness to take part in the building. Either he or Pierre was continually to be found upon the spot, working diligently and without complaint,—which was a disappointment to Le Loutre. The Abbé had not forgotten the remark of Antoine which he had caught the day of the battle on the Missaguash. He was seeking his opportunity to punish the rash utterance. For the present, however, there was nothing for him to do but commend the prudent Acadian for his zeal.

Upon Pierre and his father this fort-building fell not heavily. They had a tight roof and a warm hearth close by.

among them, working in his shirt sleeves, and urging everyone to his utmost exertions. But as the winter dragged on the Acadians became so weak and heartless that even the threats of the Abbé lost their effect, and the fort grew but slowly. Upon this it became necessary to increase the rations, and even to give a small weekly wage. The effect of this was magical, and in the following spring the Fortress of Beauséjour was ready for its garrison. Its strong earthworks overlooked the whole surrounding country, and in the eyes that watched it from Fort Lawrence, formed no agreeable ad-



"The Abbé took his way to the Acadian's rude cabin."

But their hearts ached to see hundreds of their fellow-countrymen toiling half-clad in the bitter weather, with no reward but their meagre daily bread. These poor peasants had many of them been the owners of happy homes, whence the merciless fiat of Le Loutre had banished them. The hill of Beauséjour lies open to the four winds of heaven, one or the other of which is pretty sure to be blowing at all seasons; and some of the dispirited toilers had not even raw-hide moccasins to protect their feet from the biting frost. Le Loutre was continually

dition to the landscape. Across the tawny Missaguash and the stretches of bright green marsh, the red flag and the white flapped each other a ceaseless defiance.

Elated at the completion of the fort, Le Loutre concluded the times were ripe for a raid upon the English settlements. On the banks of the Kennitcook there was a tiny settlement which had been an eyesore to the Abbé ever since its establishment some three years before. There were only a half dozen houses in the colony, and against these Le Loutre decided to strike. In the enterprise he saw an opportunity of making Lecorbeau feel his power. He would make the careful Acadian take part in the expedition. To assume the disguise of an Indian would, he well knew, be hateful to every instinct and sympathy of the law-abiding Lecorbeau. As the Abbé took his way to the Acadian's rude cabin, his grim face wore a sinister gleam.

It was about sunset, and the family were at their frugal meal. All rose to their feet as the dreaded visitor entered, and the children betook themselves in terror to the darkest corners they could find. The Abbé sat down by the hearth, and motioned his hosts to follow his example. After a word or two of inquiry

as to the welfare of the household, he remarked abruptly,—

“You are a true man, Antoine,—a faithful servant of Holy Church and of France!”

His keen eyes, as he spoke, burned upon the dark face of the Acadian.

Lecorbeau did not flinch. He returned the piercing gaze calmly and respectfully, saying :

“Have I not proved it, reverend Father?”

A phantom of a smile went over the priest's thin lips, leaving his eyes unlightened.

“It is well! You shall have yet another chance to prove it. It is just such men as you whose help I want in my next venture. I have business on hand which my faithful flock at Cobequid are not sufficient for, unaided. You, and certain others whom I need not name, shall join them for little. I will bring you such dress, equipment, and so forth, as you will need to become as one of them. Be ready to-morrow night.”

As he spoke, he studied intently the face of Lecorbeau. But the sagacious Acadian was a match for him. Lecorbeau's heart sank in his breast. He was a prey to the most violent feeling of hatred toward his guest and of loathing for the task was required of him. He saw in it, also, the probability of his own ruin, for he believed the complete triumph of the English was at hand. Notwithstanding, his face remained perfectly untroubled, while Pierre flushed hotly, clenching his hands, and Mother Lecorbeau let a sharp cry escape her.

“Be not a child, Jeanne!” said Lecorbeau, rebuking her with his glance. Then he answered to the demand of Le Loutre.

“In truth, Rev. Abbé, I like to prove my zeal in some easier way. Have I not obeyed you with all diligence and cheerfulness, nor complained when your wisdom seemed hard to many? Surely, you will keep such harrassing service for younger men, men who have not a family to care for! Will you not deal a little gently with an old and obedient servant? I pray you, let young men go on such enterprises, and let me serve you at home!”

“I am too lenient to such as you,” cried the priest, in a voice grown suddenly high and terrible. “I know you. I have long suspected you. Your heart is with the English. You shall steep your hands in the blood of those accursed, or I will make you and yours as if you had never been!”

Antoine Lecorbeau held his countenance unmoved and bowed his head. “It shall be as you will, Father,” he said, quietly. “But is this the way you reward obedience?”

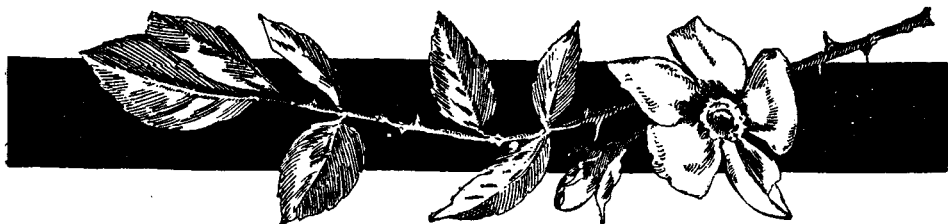
The Abbé's reply was interrupted by Pierre, who stepped forward with flashing eyes, and almost shouted :

“Our hearts are *not* with the English! We are the children of France!”

The Abbé, strange to say, seemed not offended by this hot contradiction. The outburst rather pleased him. He thought he saw in Pierre the making of an effective partizan. Diverted by this thought, and feeling sure of Antoine after the threat he had uttered, he rose abruptly, blessed the household, all unconscious of the irony of the act, and stepped out into the raw evening. There was silence in the cabin for some minutes after his going forth. The blow had fallen, even that which Lecorbeau had most dreaded.

CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS.

(To be continued.)





CONSIDERING the fact that nearly a moiety of the deaths in North America and Great Britain are caused by consumption, that most cruel of hereditary complaints, it seems more than passing strange that the historic island of St. Helena, which, like the Mecca of old, has become a veritable place of worship to many a European and American tourist on account of the great Bonaparte's tomb being here, has not been seized upon by some speculative disciple of Æsculapius as a sanatorium for people anxious to escape the winter months of their own climes in a country where snow has never been seen, and east winds are unknown.

With affected lungs, a dubious heart, and one's *affaires de famille* all knocked likewise out of gear, it was with very conflicting feelings, a chaotic mass of contradictory emotions, that the writer packed up what was left of his *impedimenta*—and, followed by a limited number of camp followers, proceeded to the C. P. R. station at Montreal for transportation to Quebec, where the SS. "Vancouver" was panting to steam off eastwards.

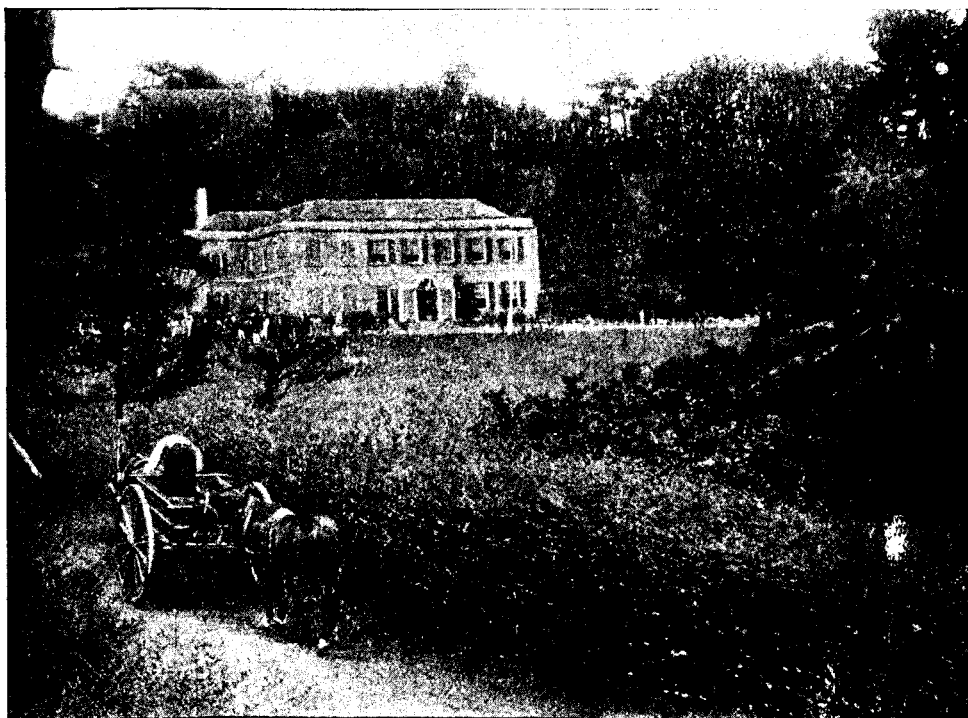
How true it is that one invariably meets more kindness at strangers' hands than from one's relations. After knocking about the world for some time, being driven hither and thither by the winds of adversity,—blown, I swear, by Dame Fortune, who must have married the star under which I was born, so as to ensure periodical ill-luck shadowing me, I have come to the very definite conclusion that it is your friends—not related by blood—who give a fellow a leg-up on his tedious way along life's decidedly thorny path, rather than those who should ever remember that "blood is thicker than water." And never was this more the

case than during my stay in dear old Canada—if I except my old school chum and quondam brother officer, Henry, now frizzling in India as a Deputy-Assistant Something-or-Other of Musketry at Bombay.

Did I not have a benefit? That demonstration of popularity has ever since been my Cross of Hope that has helped me keep alive through a long and very trying period of protracted sickness; the thousand and one kind acts of the St. George Snowshoe Club men to one who has never failed to remember them with pride and pleasure; the many courtesies from those who duty threw me amongst at the M.A.A. gatherings, at the lacrosse matches, or at the Vic's. Armory, or the Swiss chalet-like country rendezvous, the club house; all combines to prove what I assert, viz, that for kindness when you are hard put to it, give me strangers in general, and Canadians in particular, as men to help you.

I will pass over the journey by train, the sultry, bumping carriage with its hard seats that left an impression on us in more ways than one; our arrival, punctually on time—quite a weakness this of the C.P.R.—at the famous scene of Wolfe's death and Scottish valour; how after a weary wait we proceeded by tender—a veritable human offering of disjointed manhood, to the crack ship of the Dominion Line, where, as far as my party were concerned we were, under the kind auspices of Mr. Pellew of Liverpool, quickly shown to our cabins, where an active, auburn-haired stewardess without loss of time put our things straight. And then we sunk into the indulgent arms of Morpheus.

We had a big swell to sail on all the way home, and the ship had several swells on too. I can't remember their names,



Government House, St. Helena.

but two were brothers of a noted Montreal lawyer, one of whom was *en route* to France to enter the church. We had a concert on board, at which Miss Pellew distinguished herself, and the writer nearly extinguished himself, for while endeavoring to sing "Here Lies An Actor," a revulsion of feeling nearly proved too much for him.

After twelve days voyage, during which nothing of note occurred—down our way at least (*au seconde*), we duly landed the mails and sundry home-returning emigrants at Moville, and forty-eight hours after sighted Liverpool. The customs officers didn't bother us much, so we soon got to the railway station. There, our interior economies proclaimed that they were fasting, so I hazarded some ham sandwiches. Soft man that I was; better had I wandered out to seek the succulent sausage as sold by the itinerant street vendor, than risk the lives of my family at an English railway restaurant. Severe pains accompanied us during our journey all through my folly. The ham sandwich *a l'Anglaise* of to-day, is as stale and unpalatable as it was a decade or so ago!

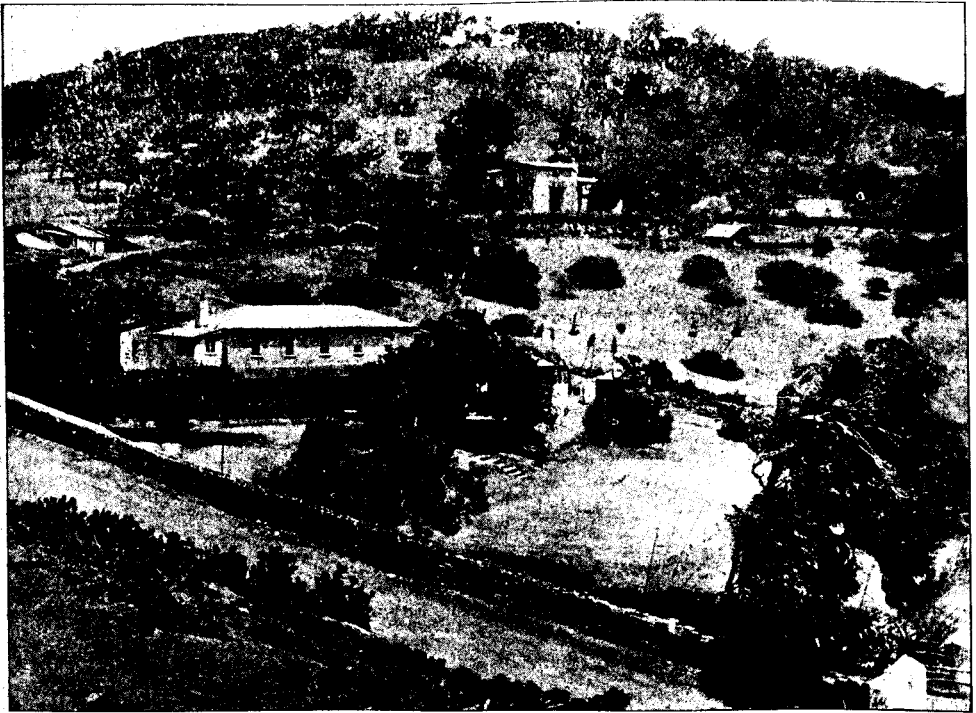
Our destination was Towyn, North Wales, and the scenery *en route* was lovely.

The only objection people have going to Wales is the frequent changing. We had to leave our warm seats to face a thorough-bred east wind four times ere we got settled for the through journey. Then the carriage was found to be very comfortable—a third-class one and with only two Welsh ladies with us—so we were not impetuously eager to get out when "Towyn" was called out by a loud-voiced boy porter.

"Echyniddon lludibh howdchlydd" and "nowystarche, n'starch" were the first words we heard as we placed our feet on Welsh *terra firma*. It was only after four attempts that I finally got hold of an English-speaking body. It was all ischy, thenthy, thlenty, owchy-wachy, etc., not a word of comprehensible matter. Finally I began "Can you tell me where is Mrs. Jones' house?" "Whatt Mrs. Jhones?" "Oh, you know, she keeps lodgings, don't you know." "Oh, putt there are twenty Mrs. Jhones here whatt effer, an' I am so pusy, so—" "Oh that's all right," said I, as I prevented the Cambrian from escaping, "she's near the sea." "Oh!" and then, just as it came on to rain, I was lucky enough to get a cab, and into it hopped everybody, including my-

self, and, through the darkness of a Welsh, rainy night, we were driven to the house of the Mrs. Jones I wanted. And lucky we were striking such an old dear. She could just talk English, but she was one of the old-fashioned kind. I broke her all up using a few Welsh words I knew, so it wasn't long before a bright fire was lit in her sitting room, some real tea—not ship Bohea—and some delightful frizzling bacon, the aroma of which I can in fancy even now enjoy, plus country butter and home-made bread, assuaged the raving appetites of the weary travellers.

a drive of four miles we pulled up in front of a fine country mansion. "Must be a mistake," said my better half, "that's not a cottage." But it was our house. The owner showed us into a dining room, where a large fire was welcome. "You'll find everything you want,—or shall I show you?" said he. "Oh, no, don't bother; I guess we'll do well enough." So Mr. Proprietor bowed himself out. We all then made a dash for the kitchen. Such a kitchen, 25 x 25 at least; stone floors, two big doors, three windows that let all the air in, no fire in the chimney—not a range, mind you, but a sort of place



Private Residence and Grounds, St. Helena.

And didn't we sleep that night! Fourteen long days without being in a comfortable bed. The country round was grandly pretty, with its lofty mountains and ever-raging sea; but we found it too cold in December, so a move was made one day to Exeter, where we had, by an advertisement, taken a furnished cottage. Devon is supposed to be warm. We left Towyn amidst the salty lamentations of old Mrs. J. and a pretty maid called Emma Jones at 8 a.m.; it was 8.15 p. m. when we got to Exeter. It was dark; it was frosty; we had our edibles with us, so we didn't mind getting home late. After

where you could roast a sheep whole. We soon got a table cloth out of a box; while my better half laid the cloth the rest skirmished around for salt, knives, etc. Drawers upon drawers were opened, but all were empty; cupboards, ditto; the scamp had not even left us a knife. Two saucepans, frying pan and three cups (one no handle), a teapot (a metal one), and four saucers (one retrieved from the dust bin); a pile of wood, but no axe; coal, but no poker or shovel; such was the accommodation below.

Stairs—A large draughty hall conducted us to a flight of stairs, up which one could

drive a tandem, and a four-in-hand sleigh, too. Ugh! how cold it was up-stairs along the passage! The bedrooms were ice-houses. No fires had been lit for years, perhaps, and the windows couldn't be made to shut. They were fine lofty rooms, about 16 feet high to ceiling, and averaged some 18 to 20 feet square. The bed sheets were positively wet, and but one blanket was on each bed. Never shall I forget that night. We were nearly suffocated in trying to get the fires to light, but that was useless; we only made ourselves cough and filled the rooms with smoke.

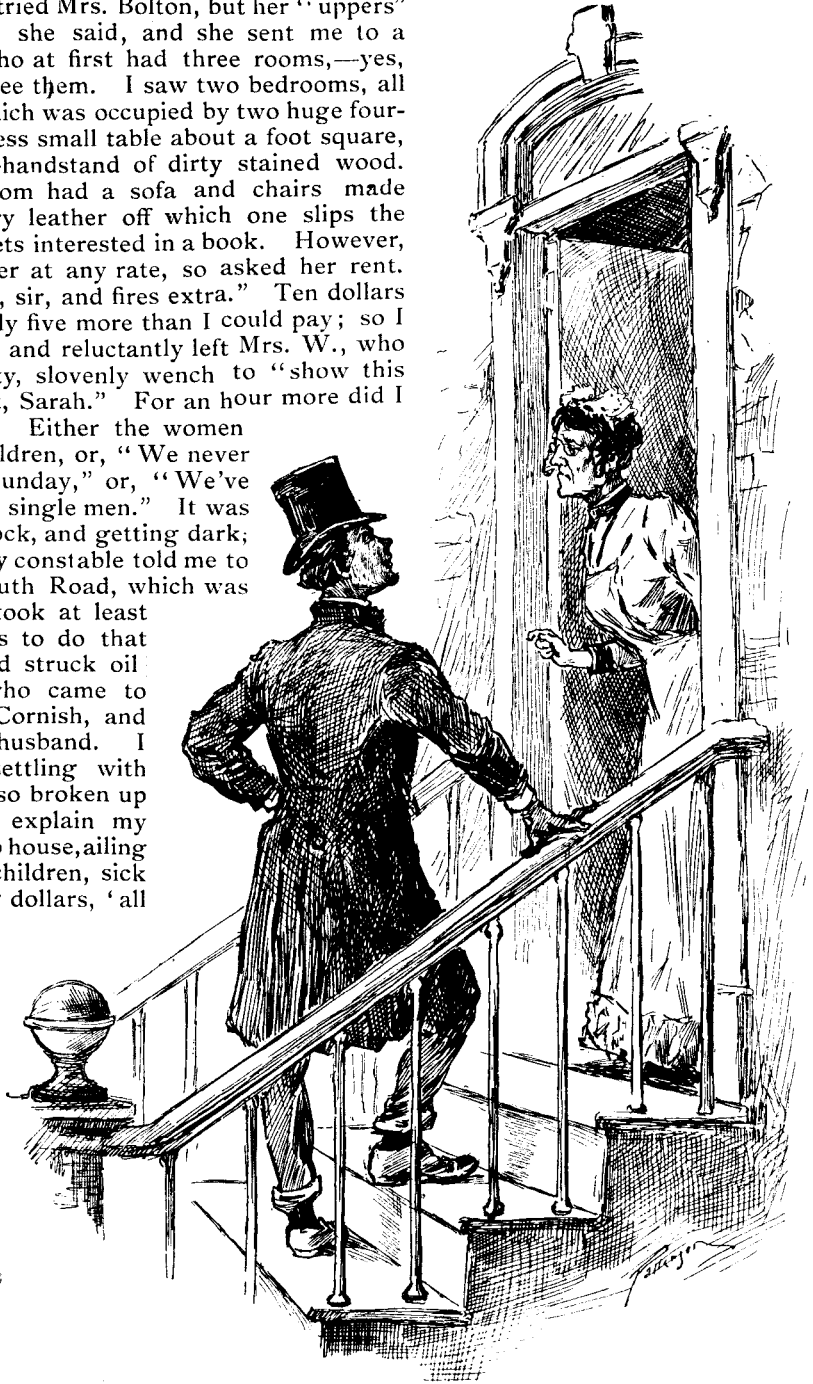
Next day was Sunday; but it was not long after my matutinal cup of tea that I sallied forth into Exeter to look for rooms.

Now Sundays, in England, are the worst days to look for private lodgings, that is, if there be a theatre in the town, as my readers will discover. After passing three or four houses with apartments cards up, but which I did not stop at because the word 'dollars' was too plainly written on the lace window curtains up-stairs, I finally struck a small street, which a stalwart policeman had directed me to. "You have rooms to let?" said I, smiling my very nicest at the first (vacant) house-keeper who came to the door. "'M; you're an actor; ain't got no rooms; never lets apartments a-Sundays;" and the door went bang in my face. So I tried a little higher up. Same question, with a still nicer—if possible—grin on at the slavey who came to the door. The girl looked first at my boots, then slowly ran up my great coat, finally stopping at my top buttonhole, where it was very frayed and the button was off. "I'll ask Missus," replied she; and I was left standing for fully ten minutes, till at last a yellow, very wrinkled face showed itself round the dining room door, surmounted by a high lace cap set on two corkscrew curls hanging from a palpably evident false front. "I never, never let my hap-partments to professionals, young man; you may shut the door Maria." Well, thought I, "the profession has got itself decidedly disliked somehow. I wish I could hire a false moustache, then I should have a better chance, I suppose." It was nearly 3 p.m.; I had walked in five miles, and wandered about the city for nearly two hours, and had only had a cup of tea to start with. My cough was worse than ever, after sleeping in that confounded "cottage,"—it was a mansion, any how—and, worse than all, I had on a pair of huge

'ammunition' hob-nailed, unblacked boots, and I felt that my feet were not looking to advantage. I began to feel decidedly *desventuroso*, as the Portuguese put it; so, turning up my coat collar and standing close in to the doorstep of the next house I tried, with my feet sideways, thus partly hid, I boldly rang. A woman, a typical lodging-house keeper, came to the door. Such a sour face; rusty black hair, smoothed down on either side of an accurately made parting, head bald at the top, and cone-like as to shape; a violet ribbon bow fastened to an imitation lace collar by an old-fashioned oval brooch about the size of a small saucer; a once-upon-a-time good silk dress, which just allowed the toes of much-worn carpet slippers to show, and two very thin hands, with short, black-tipped nails, the third finger of the left hand being ornamented with a thin, plain ring. Such was the figure I saw. Two cat-like eyes gleamed at me over a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. "Well?" commenced she. "Pardon me," I began, in my most toney English, "pawdon me, but I believe you have some rooms to let?" Those beastly eyes wandered away down to my infernal boots, skimmed me rapidly all over, and then flew over my buttonless front, which I hid by holding a sadly discoloured handkerchief over it as, if about to sneeze. "How is it you want them to-day? To-day is Sunday—won't you step in?"

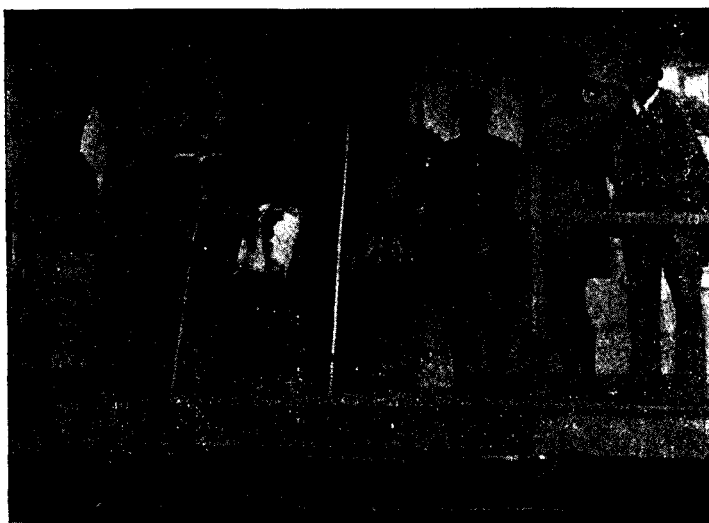
Now if I "stepped in" my boots might attract attention; but I hardened my heart, and did enter, swiftly closing the door so as to darken the passage. "Thank you," I answered, "if you'll lead the way I'll look at the rooms;" then, before she could stop me, I began, "Charming place, Exeter, such lovely scenery, you know; and, h'm—er, I—er, want rooms for some time; recommended to come here by my doctor." By this time I found myself in her parlour. "How many rooms have you?" asked I. "How many do you want, Sir?" Yes, she positively said *Sir*. "Three." "Oh, I've only two; but perhaps you have a family?" I admitted that I had two, fondly hoping that I could smuggle in little number three between my plaid shawls. "Ah, I *never* let to children; I'm very sorry, 'm sure; but Mrs. Bolton has two uppers and one small back, I know, vacant. Say I sent you; good afternoon;" and I despondently quitted, walking on the tips of my boots so that I should make no clatter on the oilclothed

hall. Well, I tried Mrs. Bolton, but her "uppers" were engaged, she said, and she sent me to a Mrs. Wrag, who at first had three rooms,—yes, and would I see them. I saw two bedrooms, all the space in which was occupied by two huge four-posters, a useless small table about a foot square, and the wash-handstand of dirty stained wood. The sitting room had a sofa and chairs made of that slippery leather off which one slips the moment one gets interested in a book. However, I wanted shelter at any rate, so asked her rent. "Two guineas, sir, and fires extra." Ten dollars a week; exactly five more than I could pay; so I shook my head and reluctantly left Mrs. W., who rung up a dirty, slovenly wench to "show this young man out, Sarah." For an hour more did I wander about. Either the women objected to children, or, "We never let rooms on Sunday," or, "We've only rooms for single men." It was about five o'clock, and getting dark; when a friendly constable told me to try over by South Road, which was a mile off. I took at least twenty minutes to do that mile, but I had struck oil. The woman who came to the door was Cornish, and so was her husband. I wasn't long settling with them. I was so broken up that I had to explain my situation: damp house, ailing wife, delicate children, sick self. For four dollars, 'all in,' I secured one big room and a sitting room, and with a light heart I set off for the 'cottage' in a cab. It was past seven then when I got home. My poor wife was in a fit nearly at my prolonged absence; she had had an awful time of it keeping herself warm in the great barrack I had taken. We packed our kit and drove off, taking the key with us. On Monday we left Exeter for the south, sending the key to the landlord from Plymouth, done up in a X'mas card box.



"A woman, a typical lodging-house keeper, came to the door."—(See page 77.)

I have mentioned these adventures as a warning to others not to strike an English town on Sunday unless you can afford to go into a hotel; and never take a furnished house or cottage without first seeing it. My experience was a sore lesson.



Zulu Chiefs and Interpreter, St. Helena.

barristers considerable annoyance, too,) that the defendant was not severely sat upon. The case was adjourned *sine die*. I should not omit to state that the counsel employed were named McGibbon, Q.C., and Purcell. After a voyage of twenty days we sighted Napoleon's last home, — "the rock," as sailors call it.

Apart from its historical renown, St. Helena, the capitol of which is James Town, should be better known as

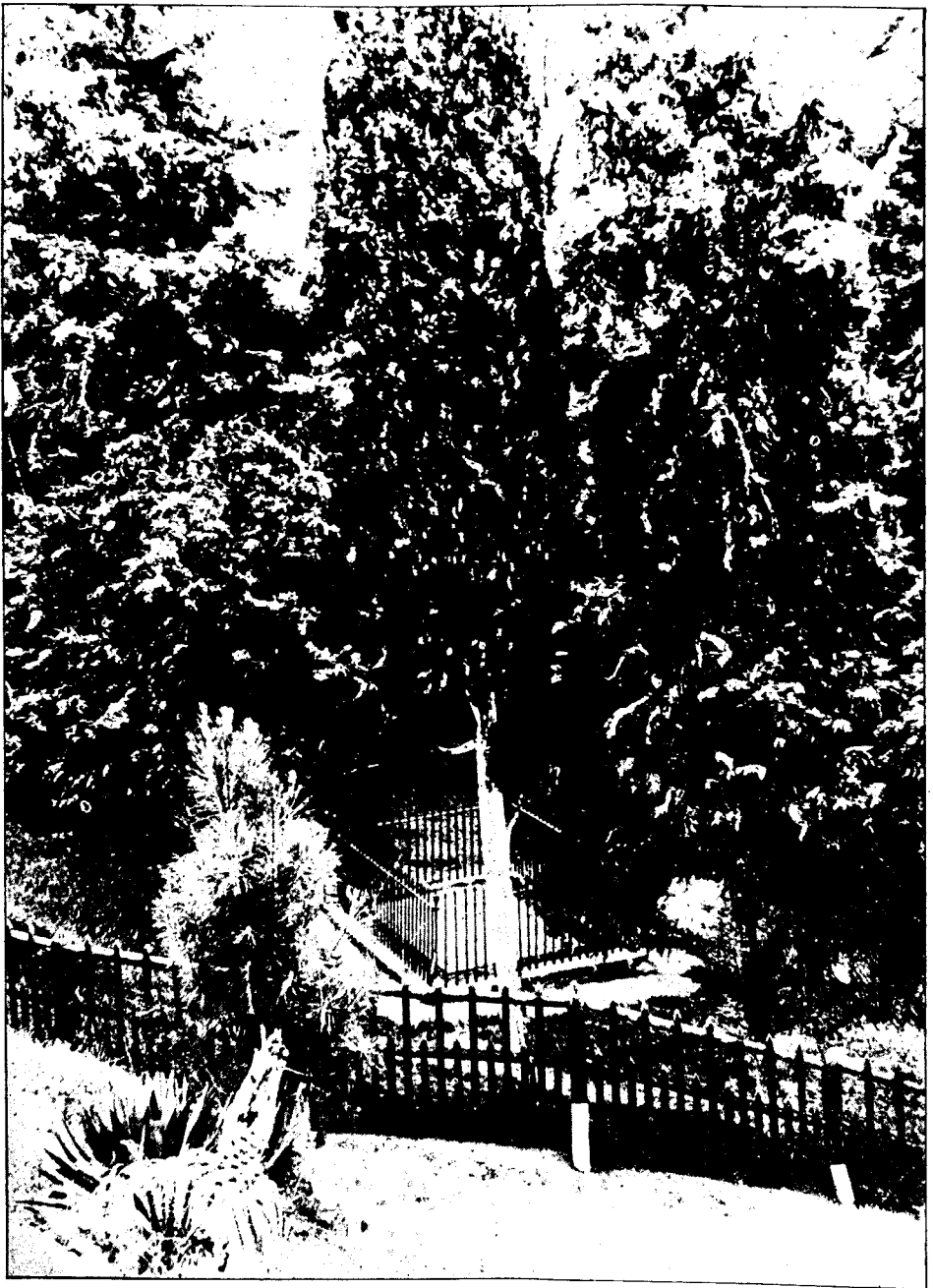
After remaining here for a time I tried Bath, where our doctor, Dr. Hugh Lane, brother of Arbrethnot Lane, sr., Physician of Guy's Hospital, recommended St. Helena, where there is no cold of greater extreme than 62°, and where the heat reaches sometimes to 78°.

I will not dwell on the voyage, suffice to say that the *Dunrobin Castle*, captained by a skipper of the first water (Captain Winder) and whose officers (Hubback, Mason, Maise and Salmon) and doctor (Smith) brought us here safely. The officers were awfully kind, and the disciple of Æsculapius knew his work well; indeed we had such a jolly time of it that it was like being among Montrealers again. There was a breach of promise case on board, one Charles McCock being judge. There was a crowded house, and it was only on the "Court" being taken violently sick by reason of the roughness of the sea (it caused the

a health resort. The accompanying illustrations hardly do the scenery justice, so varied and strikingly beautiful is the place. The magnolia, the red, white, variegated camelia and mimosa luxuriate in the densely wooded valleys; the fuschia, myrtle, honeysuckle, marigold, verbenas, and roses of many kinds perfume the air of the country roads, which all the year round are bright with numbers of beautiful flowers, most of them giving forth sweet aromas. The geranium is a weed here, and to Europeans it seems miracu-



Country Scene, St. Helena.



Tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte, St. Helena.—(See page 82.)

ous that a person can stoop and pluck huge bouquets of scarlet and white strongly scented flowers of this family and yet not be robbing some private person. Fruit, of course, does well in this tropical land, and winter (the rainy season) and summer each has its fruit offerings to

the inhabitants. Of trees we have many valuable kinds; the pine, Norfolk island pine, Bermuda cedar, red cedar, date palm trees, fan palm, bananas, oak, cork oak, silk cotton trees, white ash and walnut, the elm, mahogany and common bamboo. Of lilies we have several kinds,

viz., the Christmas, tiger, red book, St. John's and pink. All the year round, in fact, we have flowers in our rooms, and to the sick patient these beautiful presents from Dame Nature are more than attractions, they are positively very efficient aids to convalescence.

Of fish we have many kinds, but, surrounded as we are by a lovely blue sea, a fellow has to be careful when bathing, as a shark is not an unknown quantity in these parts, and a white man is looked upon, we are told, as a very enjoyable change from the native.

The islanders—or Yam Stocks—are all coloured. The people are a lazy, indolent crowd; they are ever begging, and have no idea, as a mass, of bringing up their

brightest hues. As the people do not wear stockings or shoes, one gets a peep at some decidedly pretty feet now and then, a moiety having very clean cut ankles, and nicely arched as to their in-steps. Like their darker brethren down Carolina way, the St. Helena girl and boy like effect. On Sundays, when you see a girl, who on the other six days of the week is always shoeless and stockingless, wearing very tight patent leather boots and crimson stockings, not to mention a bright dress of glossy texture, pale blue as to colour, and starting at the seams, so closely does it fit the shapely form of its owner, it is startling to recognize a familiar face on the top of this Sabbathian metamorphosis. And the hat!



Longwood Old House—Napoleon's Residence when at St. Helena.

dusky-skinned piccaninies in the way they should go. If you keep a coloured she or he servant you must look after the cupboards and stores yourself. I lost over \$12 worth of groceries in two weeks, all put down, not to the cat, but to rats. The girls are lovely; small, active, and with brilliant black eyes, and teeth that gleam when the mouth opens to grin, like the snow on a Canadian hill on a moonlit night, the St. Helena maiden combination is decidedly attractive. No two of them are alike. Some throw back to Portuguese ancestors, others to Spanish or African forbears.

It is a very pretty sight on Saturdays—market day. The town is full of girls, gayly dressed in cotton dresses, decked up too with immense straw hats, which are plentifully *garni* with ribbons of the

A fearful and wonderful thing—like the total abstainer, very extreme indeed! Going to church, most girls wear their shoes, then they take them off and carry them in their hands to their pews.

There is a City Band here! Oh what a difference between Mr. Lavigne's brilliant *musique*, or the dear old Vics! The bugle corps, too! The leader tootles on a brass clarionet, which is a half tone different from the rest of the other musical instruments!

I do not know if Canadians are aware that the ex-king of the Zulus is here, a State prisoner, with several chiefs, their wives, two royal mistresses, and a doctor and household domestics. They are under the charge of Mr. Andersen, who brought them *in chains* from the Cape. N'Udizulu, the ex-king, a son of Cetwayo,

is a very amiable young fellow, but I wouldn't like to meet either of his brothers (two of the chiefs) on a dark night in Zululand.

Their quarters are opposite Sydenham, a very pretty bungalow belonging to the Governor. His Excellency, Mr. W. Grey-Wilson, C.M.G., is a very able man, and a charming host. Mrs. Grey-Wilson, a Scottish lady, is particularly winning, and most popular with all classes of the community. "Plantation" is the country residence of His Excellency. The engraving gives a good view of it on Reception Day, when the band is playing. The tomb of Napoleon is beautifully situated. The spot was chosen by the exiled Emperor, who used to sit and read by the spring hard by, listening to the lovely strains of the hundreds of canaries and red birds that inhabit each cluster of trees. The pedestrian, when among the country lanes, can be greeted any sunny day with the notes from an ornithological orchestra, which are far more pleasing than the efforts of many a musical combination formed by human beings. As I sit writing these lines, and while winter is at its limit, the senses are gratified by the sweet perfumes of the geraniums and other flowers that surround my cottage, while above and around me are twittering and surging scores of canaries. Afar off, through the branches of the palm and loquat trees that ornament my little lawn, glitters the blue Atlantic, some 1,900 feet below the foundation of my island home. To my right, in a hammock, is my sick wife, being fanned by the *punkha* a captain of a coolie ship gave us the other day; a few doves are cooing in the distance; several red admirals and other butterflies flit from flower to flower; above us is a lovely blue sky, and a genial sun that bids not only to give me back my health and strength, but my consumptive wife's too. Is this a pleasant sketch? Well, I would exchange all to be back again in Canada, even among the dust and heat of your summer; aye, and face the cold, could I but be sure of existing.

This is a lovely climate, and work is pleasant here; but, where are the friends of years ago, *amicos meos*? Oh for a tramp with the Saints; for a sing song at Cote des Neiges; for the welcome long, deep drink at Donahue's after a hurried walk to the back of the mountain! Shall I ever see old Canada again? God knows! If any Canuck has consumption let him or her try St. Helena ere being

given up. The fare is only \$150 from London, first class, and be the sick one a stranger to all here, they need only write to the contributor of this article, and he will see them well looked after.

The best routes are by Allan Line to Liverpool, or by Dominion Line to London. From the West Indian Docks the Castle Line run to St. Helena. Tickets can be obtained at Solomon & Co., 8 London street, Fenchurch street, City, who will give every information. The voyage out is pleasant, for the boats touch at Flushing (stop 4 hours), Lisbon (6 hours), Las Canaries (6 hours), thence to St. Helena. A deck cabin should be obtained, then the heat when crossing the line will not be felt so much. Your own wine, whiskey or any other spirits should be brought, also soap, but nearly everything else can be obtained here.

There are no exports from here but ships call here for provisions, the meat and vegetables and bread all being excellent. Solomon & Co., the firm of the island, who, by-the-by, are Consuls for all the powers except the United States, (Capt. Coffin), think nothing of supplying the coolie ships with 60 tons of water and 10,000 or 20,000 pounds of provisions in four hours from anchoring.

Let me now give you last year's James Town temperatures for your winter (and our summer) months:—October, 69.7; November, 71.1; December, 74.1; January, 77.9; February, 79.9; March, 80. August was the coldest month, 68.9. In the county where I am, the difference of heat is 9 degrees.

In conclusion I would suggest the exportation here of Canadian cotton goods. Nothing else but cotton is worn by the natives, and English goods are very expensive. Canadian canned meats and butter and Canadian canned fish would all sell here if sent to beat American prices, viz, 28 cents per pound. Apples too, would find a ready sale here, as would Dow's stout if it could be sent here in barrel. Guinness' stout, by the case, costs \$3.50. Messrs. Solomon & Co. are wise men, and would be A. 1 agents for any firm. There is one American schooner calls twice a year here, and makes a heap of money. Why could not a company "float" another ship and call here too? Any surplus stock, unsold, could be got rid of at a handsome profit along the coast of Africa.

A. McCock.



BORNE on the wave-lets of thy fluent notes, Impassioned little minstrel of the cage, My spirit like a happy sea-gull floats, Unheedful of the clamour and the rage Of storms that menace ruin as they pass, Impatient for the freedom of the plain, Crusted and polished like a sea of glass, Whereon they shout their wild and weird refrain.

There is no touch of winter in thy song,
No wail of winds, my yellow-coated friend;
All beauties of the Spring to thee belong,
All bloomy charms and all the scents that lend
A drowsy gladness to the summer hours;
Again I hear swift rivulets descend
The mountain slopes, like children loosed from school,
Again I see the lily on the pool,
And hear the whispered loves of leaves and flowers.

Not only through the golden hours of day,
From early dawn till dusk, melodious sprite,
Do thy delicious trills and quavers stray
Around the quiet chamber where I write,
But often in the slumbrous hush of night,
When moonbeams silver o'er the pendant swing,

On which thy head thou pillowest 'neath thy wing,
Thou wakest, and again thy transports ring,
As if thy soul wert skyward seeking flight.

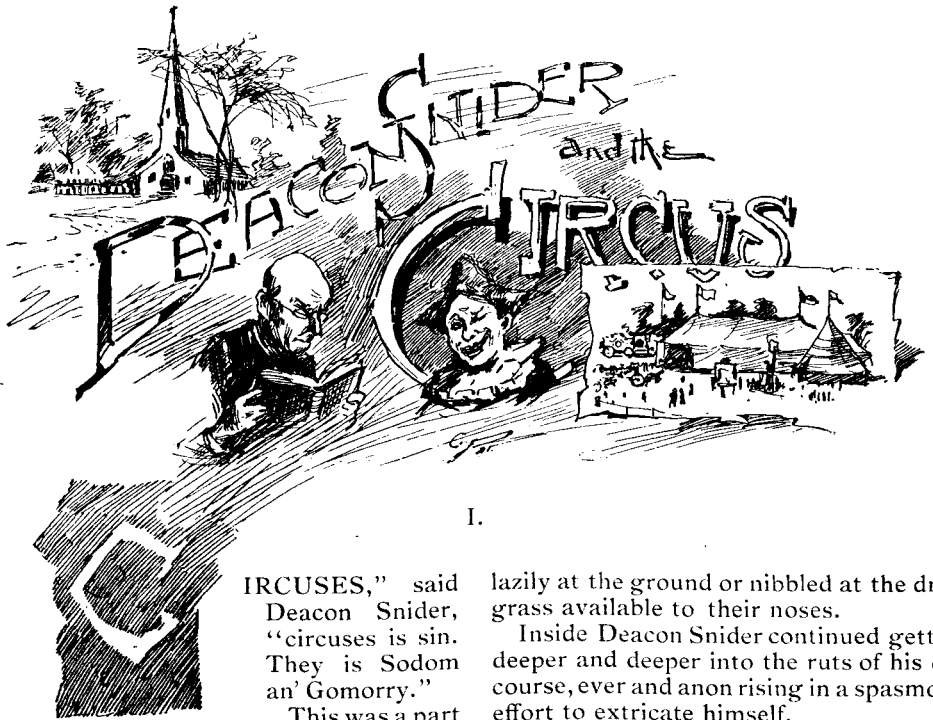
Blow, all ye winds, and at my window tap,
Like sheeted ghosts, with icy fingertips,
Press hard against the pane your whitened lips,
And at the outer portal louder rap;
My songster hears you not; a higher note,
A more reverbant, more delirous strain,
Issues exultant from his quivering throat
And reaches to the people on the street,
Who pause, look up, take step, and pause again,
Retiring slowly with unwilling feet.

O that thou couldst to me this hour impart
The secret of thy unremitting joy,
The music that dilates thy little heart,
No frost can chill, no doubt, no fear destroy.

Here, seated listless in my easy chair,
I can but yield to phantasy, and dream,
And gird my spirit with a jewelled beam
Of soft enchantment, hopeful that a share
Of thy divine emotion, happy bird,
By which my holiest thoughts are often stirred,

May slip into my verse and warble there.

GEORGE MARTIN.



I.

"CIRCUSES," said Deacon Snider, "circuses is sin. They is Sodom an' Gomorry."

This was a part of the Deacon's discourse as he led class meeting that dreamy old time Sunday afternoon in a rural Canadian lake district settlement.

A sea of faces looked up at him in a vague way of half conscious assent, for most of them were either asleep or wished that they were.

Old Deacon Purdy leaned back on his bench at the rear of the building, his straw hat, which he always wore, summer or winter, on his head, and a bright coloured handkerchief over his face, fast asleep, still holding tightly his wife's hand, and she, a funny looking little woman, with a pensive innocent face, surrounded by a few grey hairs, peeping out of an old poke bonnet, stared right ahead at Deacon Snider in a dreamy way, as if wondering if it were not heaven and he the Arch-angel Michael.

The afternoon drowsed calmly on. Not a breeze stirred on the old meeting house or out of it, where far away, north and south, a dusty, tire-worn, ancient-looking, brown road wound up hill and down, out to the ends of the world. Back of the meeting house a few bees (more toil-loving than their human fellows) stole the honey from some rose bushes that had run wild on the old deserted looking graves; and out around, under the trees, the horses, attached to the different vehicles, pawed

lazily at the ground or nibbled at the dried grass available to their noses.

Inside Deacon Snider continued getting deeper and deeper into the ruts of his discourse, ever and anon rising in a spasmodic effort to extricate himself.

Sleepier and sleepier grew the afternoon. The whole world, earth and air, seemed lazy, like the good believers who attended the South Concession meeting-house.

The pensive stare on the little woman's face gradually widened and deepened into vacancy. Her eyes drooped, and she, too, slept. There was a small boy, with a keen eye for mischief, who sat near the rusty old iron stove at the door, and whose curiosity was generally interested in the flies that kept alighting on the bald head of an old "brother," who dozed in front of him. One would alight and run over the shining surface, rub his hind legs, like a grass-hopper, for a moment, and then fly off. Then another would come and do the same thing and go off too.

Now all this was usually soporific to the small boy, but, like the deacon, he too was interested in the circus, though in another way. The words Sodom and Gomorrow and sin had no terrors for him, but, boy-like, the subject affected him to a large extent, and for once the Deacon had an alert listener, who gazed and gazed and revolved in his mind how he was going to enlarge his small hoard of cash so as to attend the side-show also.

The Deacon had droned down to a low minor key preparatory to a higher flight of denunciation, when suddenly, from among the aforesaid bees, a large gentleman of

the "Bumble" class, having loaded himself with pollen, flew, whether by mistake or from curiosity, through the open window and began circling round the dozing brother's bald head as if debating whether it were the hive or not, buzzing and mumbling to himself in an excited manner. Then suddenly he landed on the extreme dome of the shining surface.

There was a loud yell that awoke the congregation and even disturbed the horses outside, so that one of them raised his head and neighed, breaking the thread of the Deacon's discourse. He gazed in astonishment and grim silence at the bald brother for a moment, wiped his face with his cotton handkerchief and gave out a hymn, thus ending his last great philippic on the subject of circuses, which was disputed on for many a long day after, not that his hearers had followed his chain of thought, but they had heard enough to form a base of argument according to their bias.

Many were the different opinions expressed as they dispersed homewards along the old roads in the growing dusk.

"The Deacon's mighty spiritooal an' is ready for the chariot," said Sister Gosling, who was all of sixty, had never been near a circus in her life, and was utterly devoid of curiosity about anything of the kind.

"Wish I could say the same of his Thomas Henry. He's gittin' to be tolerable wild," she continued.

"Oh, the ways of the young is more worldly," said her companion, a middle-aged widow, who was resigned to the fate of looking further and perhaps faring worse. "It's a sign of the comin', that it is. My Sally's jes crazy ter go."

The opinions of Thomas Henry expressed to the said Sally, as he escorted her home by a more circuitous route, were of a very decided character.

"Well," he exclaimed, "the old man went it pretty strong this time, shore enough, but all the young ones is goin' all the same, shore enough."

II.

Deacon Snider was a tall man, big-boned and skinny, and was about sixty years of age. He was the leading light in the South Concession settlement on all subjects,—religious, social and political. He belonged to the U. E. loyalist stock of old-time Connecticuters, who managed to combine piety and worldly sharpness. He was down on all the venial sins, such as dancing, card playing, &c., and when cir-

cuses came into his vicinity, with other encroachments of a sinful civilization, he made them one of his strong points of attack. The wild beasts, he said, were "Apolyon," and the rest "damnation," and much more to that effect. He carefully kept out of the nearest town when one of the sinful exhibitions was in the vicinity, and always made a strong address the Sunday before the corrupt week, as he called the season of the stay of the circus.



The Deacon.

And so the years went; but times change. People cannot always think the same. One generation cannot bind another to its way of thinking, and so the Deacon found to his sorrow, when his children began to grow up. He thought he had put away from him all the follies and excesses of his youth till he saw them revive themselves in the person of Thomas Henry. The fact is the Deacon found his worst struggle with his own family. He had vainly attempted to restrict their amusements to a sort of social gatherings, which were prayer meetings, interspersed with kissing games; but it was of no avail. His children would break out from his authority and go

to dances and other carnal entertainments on the sly, and now the final horror was upon him. Thomas Henry, followed by the rest of his undutiful children, had boldly avowed an unfilial determination to go to the circus, their father's "Sodom and Gomorry."

The Deacon, like men of his class, had a decided horror of anything he knew nothing about, and therefore denounced it with all his soul. Such was the case with the circus. He regarded it as one of those unholy forbidden things that we are not to touch or even look at, and so he fought with all his power of ignorance and fanatic zeal, but it was a vain struggle. The circus, long the rural theatre, continued to increase in popularity, and recognizing the best mode of making itself known, it had resorted to the latest method of glaring hand-bills and great flaming posters on sides of barns and country hotels, magnifying, in all the colours of the rainbow, the wonders and marvels on exhibition. These were the delight and awe of the average school-boy, or country maiden and youth. Now that progressive person in the carnal knowledges,—the redoubtable Thomas Henry,—had been to market, and had brought home a glowing account of the coming show, how that it had fairly papered the town with lions and tigers and three-headed women, and was said to be by far the most remarkable exhibition that had ever drained that vicinity of its spare cash.

This had occurred the day before, and the family fight had begun.

* * * * *

The Deacon drove his family (those who cared to drive) in grim silence home from the meeting, and after "supper," the Sunday chores being completed, the attack was renewed.

"They say as the whole town and settlement is goin'," observed Thomas Henry.

"Even the ministers' families," echoed Sophira Ann, the eldest daughter.

But the Deacon only groaned in horror.

"Reach me down that there bible, Saphiry, an' quit yer talk. It aint fit fer the Sabbath let alone any other day."

"But it aint so bad as ye think, dad," broke in Thomas Henry. "It's fine, shore, and all the fellers is goin' ter take their girls. I tell ye the whole country's goin', an' we aint goin' ter stay home an' see nothin' cause you got them ideas."

"Ther's a 'nelephant, an' a cart of monkeys an' an injy-rubber man," put in

William James, the excited youngest, who had pumped the other small boys, who were allowed more liberties and had gazed upon the posters.

"A what?" gasped the horrified Deacon.

"An injy-rubber man," repeated the enthusiastic youngster.

"The Devil's come to this here section, fer shore!" ejaculated the Deacon, taking a couple of strides across the floor. I knowed it. I knowed "it" 'ud be the end of all this dancin' an' cyard playin' an' crokayin' an' carryin' on. The devil's come, fer shore, at last. Ter think as my youngest child should sit afore me and believe in an injy-rubber man."

"Dad," expostulated Thomas Henry, "he's jest called that 'cause he haint got no bones, least none ter speak of. He kin jest roll himself up like a ball an' roll himself along on the floor. He kin make his heels touch the top of his head an' he kin lift his leg like this and put it clean over his head. Bill Tomkins was down to the show at Bidford an' seen him do it, an' he tole me himself."

The Deacon had been listening in astonished silence. Unconsciously his curiosity and wonder were getting the better of his horror of the subject.

"What ye say! Put his leg over his head, did he? Now, that's one of Satan's lies ter begin with, fer no man kin do the like; he aint made that way. It aint anywhers in holy scriptur, which saith: "A man is made with his bones an' his parts!" but it don't say nothin' of boneless men."

"He may not be in the book, dad," insisted the heroic Thomas Henry, "but he's in the circus all the same."

"I tell ye it's a lie, boy," said the Deacon, his wrath rising. "D'ye know when I was your age I was the limberest man in two counties, an' I could do with my bones what no other man could do, though it's vanity ter speak of it now, an' I never could do that. So ye know it's a lie, which is a part of all them sinful circuses. Hand me the bible, Saphiry."

And so the discussion ended, but the Deacon felt that he was defeated, and try as he would he could not keep his mind from reverting to that horrible rubber man, who could do what the "limberest man in two counties" had never done.

"It's all a lie," he muttered to himself, but all the same, before he retired, he asked casually:

"Where's Bill Tompkins stayin'?"

"He's working at Johnson's blacksmith shop."

"Guess I'll take the mare in an' hev her shod termorrer mornin' early; git her ready fer me!" he announced after a short interval, "an' you boys kin git ready fer mowin'.

This was a surprise, but no one made any remark.

III.

As the Deacon had truly said, the devil had come "fer shore," but sad to relate the one he had taken possession of was no other than the good deacon himself.

Deacon Snider, like the rest of humanity, was prone to certain weaknesses. Although he would never have guessed it he had two strong besetting sins, which, in the eyes of the religious world of his community, were regarded as his strongest points in religion. One was an insatiable curiosity, and another an almost obstinate determination not to be beaten in anything, which amounted to absolute vanity. In fact these two qualities had made him what he was, and though he fancied he was guided wholly by religious principles, the Deacon, like the rest of us, was largely human after all.

A demoniacal possession now seized him with regard to this strange man who had outdone the "limberest man in two counties."

Next morning he arose bright and early and went to the market town. Before he went he was silent and preoccupied. The one idea still possessed him, and he was carried away by it.

The flaming posters dazzled his consciousness, and it seemed that now, for the first time, they were intelligible to him. The horse-riding and strange animals he cared little for; they had long appealed in vain to his lack of imagination, but he found himself eagerly looking for the cut showing the wonderful feats performed by the India-rubber man.

This was a new feature in the circuses which had come to the vicinity, and when he came to it he stopped his horse and gazed in astonished wonder and incredulity.

"It aint true," he muttered to himself, as he saw the pictures showing the flexible

gentleman tying and untying himself into and out of all sorts of remarkable knots.

He stopped at the blacksmith shop and got the mare shod, and while there evinced a curious interest, as Mr. Bill Tomkins dilated on the wonders, especially the feats, of the India-rubber man.

"You really saw him do it yerself. You actually saw him."

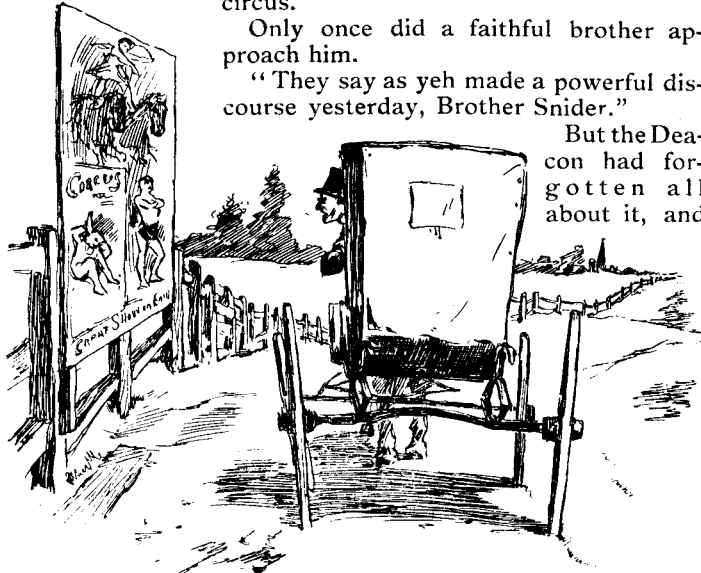
"Well, I'll be damned ef I didn't," asserted Mr. Tomkins profanely, and for once the Deacon forgot to be shocked.

The Deacon remained away all day, and of course was not protected from this strange temptation which had beset him by the general excitement of the town and country, which was on the subject of the circus.

Only once did a faithful brother approach him.

"They say as yeh made a powerful discourse yesterday, Brother Snider."

But the Deacon had forgotten all about it, and



"The flaming posters dazzled his consciousness."

could barely listen in apathy to the well meant compliments of his admirer, as his other ear was drinking in a marvellous relation, for a voice was saying:—

"They say as the injy-rubber man kin tie hisself into all sorts of knots."

The fact is the good deacon's humanity, which had been dammed up so long, was "gone on a bust," as that younger generation, to which Thomas Henry belonged, would have expressed it. He was not the man he had been the day before.

That evening, after supper, he threw another bomb of surprise into the bosom of his family.

"Seein' yer decided ter go ter that air circus, an' seein' as I cyant prevent yer, it's the duty of a parent ter perfect his offspring. Thomas Henry, leave a seat

in that rig ter morrer, fer I'm goin' too."

The Deacon further surprised his eldest son by unbending enough to relate some of his former exploits, when he was the "limberest man in two counties."

IV.

Next morning they all made an early start,—the young people greatly delighted with the prospect of the show.

The Deacon tried to put on the air of a sort of paternal sheriff, conducting his children to execution. But through all his veneer of sternness he showed as much eagerness as the youngest of the party, though he was bothered now and again by the remarks and questions of certain of his admirers, whom he now began almost to hate.

"Aint goin' ter the show, air ye, Deacon; of course not; you wouldn't be goin';" or, "Aint this awful, this goin' ter sech things! Goin' in ter town, Deacon?"

And his dignified attempt to say, "I am goin' ter look after the young uns," was truly heroic to behold.

But he was thankful that these encounters were few, for most of the people, like himself, were travelling circus-wards, without any qualms of conscience.

That was a memorable day to the Deacon. Never did he seem to have experienced so much in all his existence, but he felt sadly out of place, and the shocked look of so many of his congregation was a continual mortification to his spirit. He started as if shot when the band played or the animals roared. But the climax of his wonder was reached when the "injury-rubber" man came into the ring and performed on a carpet his astonishing feats.

The Deacon seemed like a boy again. He was entranced. The man did (it was no lie) sit down and deliberately put his leg over his shoulder with his hands. The Deacon trembled for fear the leg would refuse to be returned to its normal position, but no. It was with a sigh of wonder and relief that the Deacon saw the feat successfully performed.

After that all was tame to him. Men might walk on the ceiling with their heads down. Damsels might ride six horses at once and jump through endless vistas of papered hoops. Elephants might roll barrels up planks, stand on them and balance, but he, the once "limberest man in two counties," had seen a man do what he had never done, and it stirred his latent ambition. He felt the accumulated stiff-

ness of years leave his joints at the contemplation.

The others were riotously garrulous on the way home. They discussed the circus and its marvels from all points, but only one observation did they get from the Deacon.

"Wall, it wa'nt no lie, after all. He rally did it, didn't he?"

Late that evening Thomas Henry, on going out to the barn, discovered his dignified parent, the unworldly Deacon of South Concession, by the dim light of a lantern, with his coat off, on a wooden beam, vainly endeavouring to "skin the cat," a popular exercise with small boys.

"Was jes' tryin' if this beam was strong enough. You young uns might break yer necks on it," he explained sheepishly, when he had untangled himself and had come down.

"Damn ef dad want actin' circus all by hisself inter the barn!" Thomas Henry exclaimed to the astonished family five minutes afterwards.

But worse was to come yet before the good deacon was to be exorcised by his demon.

V.

Next day the boys went at the mowing but the Deacon, who had some late turnips to harrow in, went alone to a distant part of the farm to perform this work. He had a double reason for this, for he wished to be alone.

As the morning wore on, and he went back and forth over the black loamy field, his thoughts constantly dwelt on the feats of the rubber man, who had put his leg over his head and had got it back again. He studied and pondered on his former limberness, and wondered if what man has done man cannot do again. His main weakness, his obstinate pride in not being out-done, was touched. Yes, he, Deacon Snider, would try, would accomplish this most difficult of feats, and would use it as an illustration of how little of the marvellous there was in these circuses after all, which, like all earthly vanities, were but cheats to trap the unwary. How nicely it would fit into one of his discourses, and (his vanity whispered) also serve to demonstrate his own power to perform remarkable feats, to prove that he, Deacon Snider, could do even what, in a famous circus man, was considered marvellous.

He looked about for a suitable place in which to try his experiment, and finding a stump in a green plot, left the horses in the furrow, and sitting down with his back

to the stump the Deacon began to emulate the "injury-rubber" man. It was a hard but heroic struggle. The rheumatic joints of sixty are not those of youth, but the Deacon's vanity urged him to persevere.

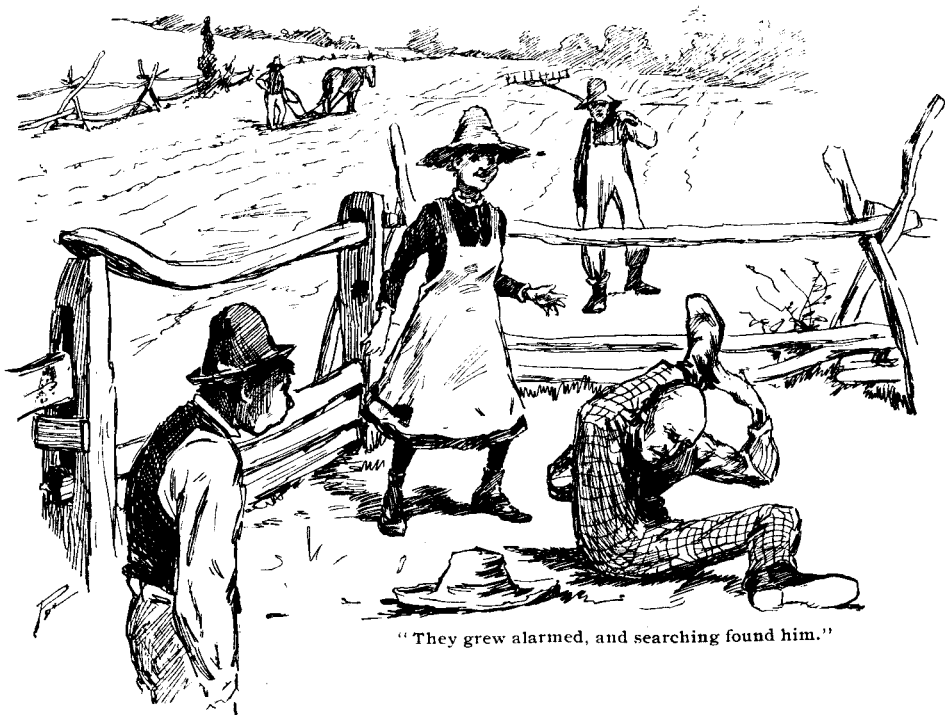
By dint of pulling and craning his neck he succeeded in getting his head under his knee, so that his knee fitted round the back of his neck, but do as he would he could not get it back. He struggled and struggled fruitlessly, but it would not come. Then he waited and thought, then prayed. After that he tried again, and *swore!* Yes, the Deacon actually swore in his madness to disentangle himself. For it was not the danger of his health, and probably his life ;

the stump, held with himself the most realistic little protracted meeting he had ever experienced.

The day dragged on and the horses still stood in the furrow. The girls blew the horn for dinner, and wondered why their father did not make his appearance. The afternoon passed, and when the supper horn did not bring him they grew alarmed, and searching found him as we have described.

They tried to get him straightened out, but had to send to town for a doctor to do it in the end.

There was a nine days' talk and sensation, in which the most speechless was the



"They grew alarmed, and searching found him."

it was not the pain of the enforced unnatural position that was his greatest agony during that terrible, long day, which seemed to have no end, but it was the thought of the horrible disgrace that he, Deacon Snider, should have been conquered by the circus, for he saw now, when too late, that the Devil had "come to South Concession, fer shore," but that he had got the man they had least expected. And probably, under all, the most suffering was caused by the thought that the "limberest man in two counties" had played circus and failed signally.

Taking it all around, there is no doubt but Deacon Snider, there in the hollow by

Deacon himself. No man realized more than he did the disgrace of the ridicule, and that his course as a public man was ended.

He was a mere shadow ever after. He was not a man you could straighten out. His pride and his vanity were gone, and with them his stubbornness, and with men of his class that is about all there is of them.

This is not a place for didactics, but the fact is the poor Deacon had allowed his natural humanity no outlet during the most of his life, and had so dammed it up that, when it broke loose, it carried all before it.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.



AMONG the many and great privileges enjoyed by travellers within the tropics, one of the greatest is that of being up early to note the beauty and sublimity of the approach of day. Early morning is cool and refreshing, and with the first streaks of grey dawn there is the twittering of birds. The light gradually increases. There are no hasty transitions, but, from the first dull grey until the sun is high, it is but a series of changes, new scenes and effects, and later a tropical day is open, one in all its grandeur.

My introductory paragraph recalls a delightful trip to the highlands of Jamaica; a special trip to Browns-Town, where I had the pleasure of accompanying Mr. Adam Brown, the Canadian Commissioner to the Jamaica Exhibition of 1891.

On our way we came in for the full benefit of a warm tropical down-pour, and when it rains within the tropics as it did on that April day, it rains in a thoroughly business-like way.

The morning following our arrival at Browns-Town all was fresh and green. The dust of the dry season had been washed off the trees, shrubbery and plants.

They stood out in all their rich tropical tints. Many of the tints of green are essentially tropical, and as such, not observable elsewhere.

As I sat on the broad porch of the Rev. Dr. Johnstone's residence, a charming mountain home, in a highland glen, my surroundings were as follows:— Just opposite the house, and about a quarter of a mile away, was a fine mountain peak, densely wooded to its crest. The latter stood out in clear relief against a cloudless blue sky. My immediate foreground consisted of a



Market-day—Half-Way Tree.

picturesque mountain valley, on one side of which was the Queen's highway, an excellent macadamized road, flanked by substantial stone fences, residences, a few shops, as well as some buildings of an architectural make half way between a rancho or hut, and a modern Jamaican building, in short, a combination of things ancient and modern.

Within the mission grounds stands the Tabernacle of the Johnston Medical Mission, the residence of the missionary, his wife and family. Beyond, a dispensary and other buildings of which more anon. The buildings taken collectively are a part of a grand and effective missionary centre.

The Medical Mission at Browns-Town and vicinity is doing a lasting work for Jamaica and her people. The whole is the outcome, pure and simple, of year's of Christian work by Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Johnston and their able assistants.

The buildings of the mission consist of several tabernacles or churches, schools, missions, etc. The mission exerts direct influence over some ten thousand people; of whom nearly four thousand are communicants. No mere word picture can convey an idea of the noble and unostentatious labour being done there. Suffice it to state that the Rev. Dr. Johnston (a graduate in medicine of Toronto) and Mrs. Johnston are doing a work, whose full and lasting good will make itself historic in the annals of Jamaica.

But to return to my starting point, my *point de vue*. The tabernacle and missionary's residence are on the upper side of the pretty valley, or on the incline opposite the highway already alluded to. Within the enclosure are tropical trees, banana plants and shrubbery. About the centre of the glen a clump of small trees conceals a number of graves—a souvenir

of "olden days"—when the property was a plantation—a sugar estate if I remember rightly. All over Jamaica the past and present blend in peaceful harmony.

Away to the left as I sat, facing the highway, were buildings buried in trees, facing the main highway leading into the more thickly settled part of Browns-Town. The Tabernacle is of stone; a strongly made building, free of debt, built under the direct supervision of the missionary and his assistants. It seats nearly one thousand. Next to it is the residence, and away to its right a dispensary and hospital. Over the main entrance to the dispensary is the following inscription, "Faith and Works." Away beyond it

and towards the highway are the stables, and back of the missionary residence the outbuildings for servants, everything having been planned and built with an object.

That pretty glen, one of Dame Nature's own poems, is surrounded by a wealth of tropical vegetation; graceful palms, whose fern

like branches seem to be in constant motion, the rich waxy green foliage of the mango tree, the huge-leaved cocoplant, and others too numerous to mention. To have seen that highland picture in all its peaceful and poetic surroundings, was indeed a privilege, a lasting and mental vista of the pleasantest, the whole impressing one with a consciousness of the beauty and fertility of the picturesque highlands of the historic "Isle of Springs."

It is an actual pleasure to travel over the public highways of Jamaica. They are kept in order by the government and the parishes, the whole being under able supervision. The result is macadamized roads of the best class, certainly unequalled within the tropics. Their construction and goodness will compare favourably with the magnificent roads of the Island of Montreal.



Market day—Half-Way Tree

Our drive to and from the railway station at Ewarton to Browns-Town was really over fifty miles—nearly two days were spent with our hospitable hostess, Mrs. Johnstone, (the Rev. Dr. Johnstone was away in distant Africa on a special mission to the inhabitants of that hot and unhealthy country), when we set out upon our return to Kingston by way of Moneague. Mr. Adam Brown had had an invitation to be present at the opening of the new hotel. Our trip to it was charming. Some idea of the picturesque scenery may be gathered from

lashed to their saddles, laden with produce, men and women trudging along contentedly, many of them with loads on their heads, varying in weight from a bottle to a large heavy bunch of bananas, their arms swinging by their sides.

At noon we stopped; the horses were taken out and fed, while we sat down in the shade of some trees and made a hearty lunch. Our charming trip, the scenery around us, and the many, many civilities extended to us, furnished ample food for thought and themes for discussion. After a nooning we again resumed our journey,



Cemetery, Half Way Tree.

the illustrations in this article, being made from my photographs taken while on the trip. Our way led over hills and mountains, skirting bold mountain bluffs to look down on peaceful and fertile valleys below. In places, the road had been cut out of solid rock, under whose shadow delicate maiden-hair ferns find the very habitat so necessary for their existence. Here and there a hamlet, surrounded by profuse vegetation, schools, churches and plantations, and the thousand and one things met with in a prosperous British Colony.

We passed mules with side panniers

and upon passing a mountain hamlet, found the schoolmaster, assisted by some scholars, putting up an inscription, welcoming Sir Henry Arthur Blake, the Governor of Jamaica, who was to pass there that afternoon. His Excellency accompanied by Lady Blake had laid the corner stone of a church beyond Browns-Town, and were then *en route* to Moneague to the new hotel that had been formally opened that day.

The schoolmaster, in the gate posts, found a starting point for his uprights; secured to them above was a cross-piece, and from the latter they suspended the

blackboard of the school. The inscription was as follows : "Ebenezer welcomes thee, Sir Henry Blake." And to the left on a paper scroll were a number of quotations from the Bible. It was quaint and novel, and as such was instantly photographed.

Travelling in Jamaica impresses one with the magnificent police discipline of the Island, and with the remarkable efficiency of that body ; perfect order obtained. The impression left upon me, as

makes the lowliest an independent being. Freeze he cannot, and as for starving, except as a voluntary process, that is out of the question. To repeat, to some their's seem to be a life of peaceful content, almost an ideal existence in a fine climate, where their every interest is fostered and protected by a truly paternal government ; one preside over by a gentleman, who has made Jamaica and her interests his own, Sir Henry Arthur Blake.

We arrived at Moneague late in the

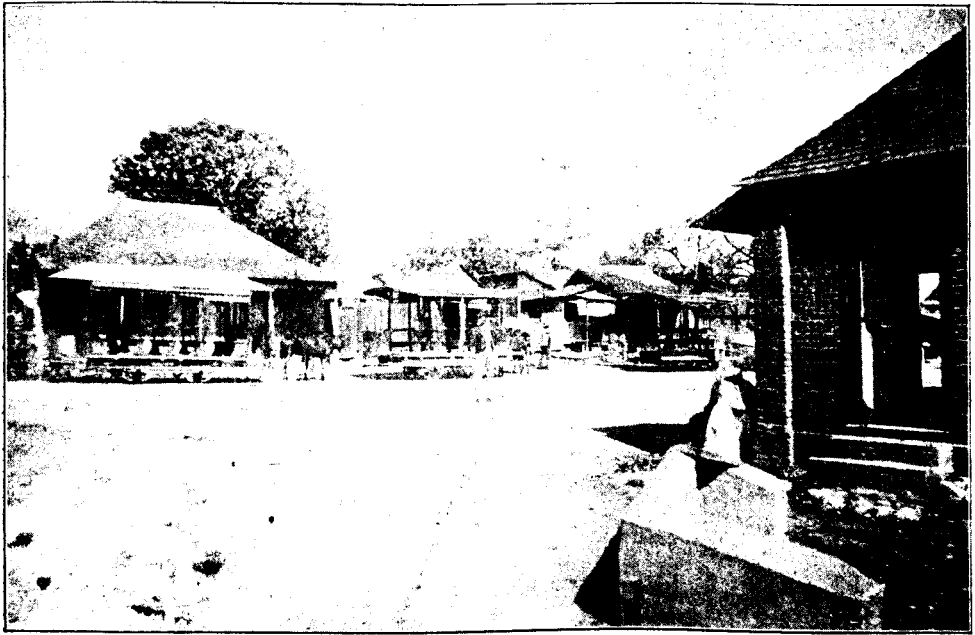


Sago Palm in Public Garden, Kingston.

an old traveller within the tropics, is that the Jamaicans are a contented, hard-working as well as a law-abiding people, and naturally a peaceful people. Much travel in nearly all the islands of the West Indies, including nearly six months spent in the Spanish islands of Cuba and Porto Rico confirms my belief that it would be impossible to find a happier people.

The cold winters of northern climates that mean so much wretchedness to the poorer classes to them are unknown. The year to the Jamaicans is but a series of changes in one long glad summer day. A mere minimum of labour in such a soil

afternoon or after the formal opening. The new hotel is built on the crest of a hill, and from its balconies one gets a fine view of the surrounding country. It is flanked by hills and woods on all sides. The location as a mountain or hill hotel is excellent ; the building is comfortably furnished. We were among some of the first to register and be allotted rooms. Following an excellent dinner, to which we did ample justice after our long ride, we retired early as we had to be up at the uncanny hour of half-past three to take a carriage and cross Mount Diabolo on our way back to the railway terminus at



Tram-cars. Half-way Tree.

Ewarton, thence to Kingston. Getting up at half-past three is simply heathenish, but there was no remedy, and at that barbaric hour we were called, had early coffee, and awaited the carriage.

The hotel and all its surroundings were enveloped in a thick mountain haze or fog. It shut out everything save the sounds of a remarkable forest concert. The noises that came out of it were simply remarkable. One could have fancied that all the insect and frog life of the mountains were having a truly tropical "High Jinks." It was about as musical as an Irish or Colombian wake. The tree toads of Jamaica have fine voices—slightly Wagnerian—but to be Wagnerian is to be fashionable—fine voices for those who like frog music. A slight amplication of their vocal cords would make them invaluable as fog horns on the coast.

Later came the carriage; it emerged from the soup-like haze, and we, warmly wrapped, embarked for our trip across the mountain—one of the finest trips in Jamaica. About half-past four the grey of dawn commenced showing itself. Our winding road led up the steep sides of the mountain, the air got cooler, and our warm coats were none too warm. Later our driver made way for His Excellency the Governor, who was accompanied by his private secretary, Lord George Fitz-

Gerald, when we exchanged greetings, and they lead the way into Ewarton.

It was onward and ever upward, amid bold and picturesque scenery, as mountains in the tropics are noted for the grand and impressive. On a turn to the left we reached the crest or "divide" of Mount Diabolo. The valleys below us were buried in masses of white fleecy clouds, for everything resembling snow-clad valleys at home in Canada. Here and there a blue peak stood up sentinel-like from the fleecy masses, rendering the snow illusion very realistic. It was a grand



Country Shops.

and most impressive scene. Once before I had enjoyed a similar experience, and it was while on a trip to one of the loftiest volcanoes of Central America, or to the extinct volcano of Aqua in Guatemala. I photographed its crater within and without. Its elevation above the Pacific is nearly eleven thousand feet, the sister volcano, or Fuego, is active.

As day approached the seas of mist and vapour were dissipated by the early sunrise; when the grand scenery for which Mount Diabolo is historic, came out de-

of palms, intersected by irrigating ditches, added to our mental note taking. We had a glimpse of the Rio Cobre, or Copper River, as we left Bog Walk, one of the stations on the railway. It is a bold mountain stream that lashes itself into foam in its mountain bed. It is spanned by two bridges.

We reached Kingston, took a carriage and drove out to our quarters at the Constant Spring Hotel, a capital place five miles out of the city of Kingston. The hotel is on a piece of *mésa* or tableland,



Rural Jamaica.

tail for detail. It was an entrancing experience alone worth a trip to Jamaica.

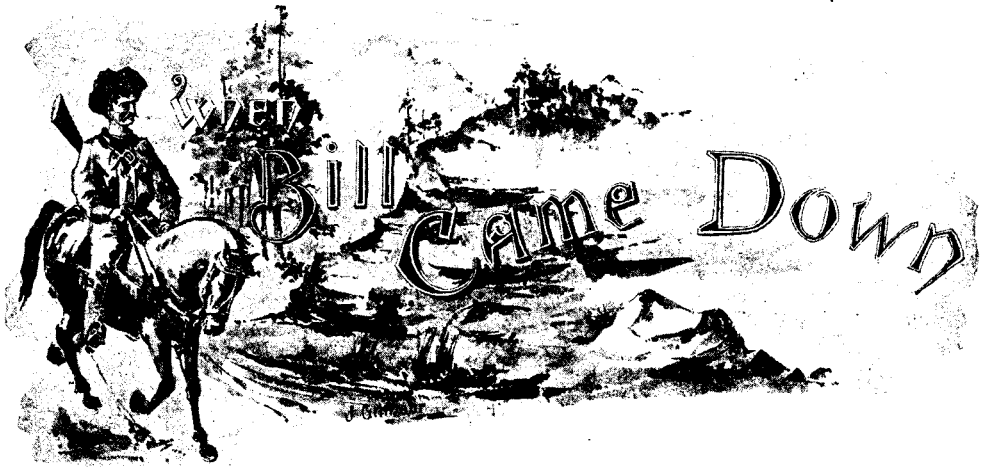
The huge trees, tropical jungle, cliffs, gorges and vistas were made doubly effective by a veritable wealth of tropical growths, ferns, climbers, mosses, huge creepers, all blended in making a perfect and lasting vista.

In due time we reached Ewarton, and booked for Kingston. The trip back was thoroughly enjoyable. The service on the Jamaica Railway is excellent, and vistas of plantations, sugar works, groves

and commands a fine view of Kingston, Port Royal and the nearer mountains. Our trip had nearly taken us diagonally across the island, or a distance of about one hundred miles, part by railway and part by carriage.

The concluding articles of this series will be two in number, one on Kingston and King's House, or the Vice-Regal residence, and the last on the Jamaican Exhibition, a theme mutually interesting to Jamaicans and Canadians.

WOLFRED NELSON



A BLAZING hot day in 186 , and a "regular roaster" on the Fraser river, wherever the sun struck fair between the grim walls of the marvellous Canyon. The higher peaks shewed blurred and undefined, and seemed to quiver in the hazy atmosphere, while the lower crags and many tinted boulders were hot to the touch, as though fresh from that fiery ordeal that half fused many of them aeons ago, when Titans wrought monuments eternal from out of earth's plastic crust.

The narrow strip of snow-white sand, marking the shoreward limit of "Sally's Bar," shone like a band of burnished metal, and where it spread far out beneath the shallow, tumbling current, there gleamed a million golden lights, as though the entire bed of the river was formed of that yellow talisman, which drew men over hundreds of miles of perilous wilds into the heart of British Columbia.

The first wild rush was long over. The pioneers of placer mining had years before scrambled through the ranges and up the river in a desperate race,—scratching the surface of one bar, scooping up gold by the thousand dollars' worth at another, only to rush on again ere half the treasure was secured, in their mad eagerness to be first.

Toiling, drinking, cursing, fighting and murdering they came; some toiled back again with fortunes; some, shattered in mind and body, crawled home empty-handed; others staid, hidden in fearsome crevices, biding the final "clean-up," when gold shall be forever separated from dross.

Years after these ruffians came others, like gleaners on a golden stubble, seeking

for what had been passed over. Among these was the redoubtable "Lucky Sally," who had piloted his partners—Old Lant, "Sloppy" and Dave—to their present camp, the only one for miles.

He had, with his usual luck, discovered the bar; it proved rich, and was promptly named after him by his admiring associates.

Lucky Sally—or Sally, as he was commonly called, was a Chinese puzzle to all men. Unmistakeably a gentleman by birth, yet really one of the hardest men on the river. A tall, graceful, golden-haired blonde moustached devil; phenomenally lucky in everything he undertook,—love, cards or prospecting,—his good fortune and womanish beauty at once marked him, and the grim humour of the camps decided that "Lucky Sally" would do for him, and so he was christened in a country where few men owned to their real names, for reasons sufficient.

Ever since the days when he, a wee tow-headed cherub, stole into the dining-room to drain the wine-glasses after dinner, he seemed to have been cursed with an appetite for liquor, and ever since he ran away, as a twelve-year old, from home he had followed his own sweet will and evil passions. His associates found him honest as the day, strangely self-reliant, and game to the last gasp, and asked no more. His one grand redeeming feature was his love for his brother, known far and wide through the camps as Black Bill. Like Sally, Bill had fled his home, and suddenly turned up on the river. He, too, was a handsome man, and every whit as bad, save that he rarely drank to excess. He had none of Sally's wonderful luck, but

possessed an iron nerve and determination that nothing could daunt nor shake, and he was the most restless and daring prospector of all the desperate crew. Between these strangely united brothers sprang up one of those enduring loves that would have been holy had they been better men. As it was, it enveloped them with a power that held them shoulder to shoulder through many a wild carousal, scorning alike odds in numbers, or all the "guns" that hands could draw, and the bravos and "bad men" let the pair carefully alone, voting them downright "pizen." No power on earth could keep Bill long in one place. He kept roving about, combining shooting with prospecting, making Sally his centre, to which he ever and again returned. A rough note, stuck in a forked stick near the camp, had been found on the morning our story opens, left by some silent mocassined Siwash following the Cariboo trail by night. It read: "Will be down on the 10th, your birthday, old boy.—Bill."

* * * * *

It was a holiday in the little camp, partly owing to the heat, partly because the proprietors were entertaining company. A noted "bad man," rejoicing in the title of Bloody Pete, had halted on his way up to a newly-started ranch to swap news and have a bit of a game to rest himself. He was a great, hulking, swaggering brute, who had dropped his man on more than one occasion. Half the men who knew him disliked him conscientiously and well, and the other half secretly, or openly, feared him; but there was no such thing as fear at Sally's Bar, and the unwritten law commanded hospitality to all men, hence he was cordially welcomed and entertained, according to custom, with whiskey and cards. As usual Sally was ahead of the game, and Old Lant grew quite cheerful as he saw Pete's goodly pile gradually making its way across the board to the nonchalant wizard, who seemingly controlled fate. The colour of Pete's glaring shirt seemed to work up into his vicious face as they gambled steadily on, never stopping save to give Sloppy a chance to "licker all round." Pete cursed and swore, and could feel the ready "gun" apparently burning into his hip, as his "stuff" melted away. Finally, with a horrible imprecation, he dashed his hand across the room and announced that he was at the end of his rope and would quit. "Ef I didn't know yer fur squar, ye wummin-faced

wulf, I'd besartin yer'd crost me," he added.

"Air yer broke, pardner? Help yerself, jest er loan, till yer happen erlong agin," remarked Old Lant, shoving a handful of Sally's winnings towards the guest, while the rest chorussed, "Right fur you, ole man."

Pete took the offering in a shame-faced sort of way, muttering, "'Bliged, pards, much 'bliged," and then a mingling of conversation and drinks followed, until voices became louder, and rougher jokes told that whiskey was doing its work. None of them were drunk, but they had reached that inflammable stage when a word might mean trouble. Sally's mind evidently was full of Bill and the note he had received, and for perhaps the twentieth time he introduced a series of remarks with, "When Bill comes down we'll,"—&c., &c.

Suddenly Pete interrupted him fiercely.

"Fer God's sake choke that slobber 'bout Bill; yer'd think a pack-train from Parrydise wuz comin' down thur trail the way yer goin' on, instead uv a sneakin' black-un-tan dogy that 'll——"

The sentence was never finished. The insulting tone in which it was voiced roused Sally like lightning, and, forgetful of weapon and all the desperate chances, he leaped to his feet and flashed his right fist against the bully's jaw with a force that lifted Pete a foot in air. The others sat stupefied for an instant, for this meant death to one or both. Pete was on his feet again, and had his gun leveled almost before Sally had regained his balance. The curly head never flinched; the blue eyes blazed a terrible wrath full into the cruel barrels, while through the set teeth was hissed, "Shoot, and be d——!" The next instant he went down with a crash on the yielding table, bearing all to the floor, where brains and cards and gold mingled hideously beneath the smoking tangle of curls.

Old Lant gave a yell of fury and grasped a rude bench with the pious intention of splitting the murderer's skull, but the weapon was long and the roof low, and the blow never fell. One strong leap placed Pete outside, half-a-dozen hurried strides carried him to his waiting pony, and, leaping upon its back, he rode like the wind up the trail. Grinding his teeth in a perfect fury Lant thrust the others aside and snatched his Winchester from the wall, drove the muzzle through the solitary pane of glass that did duty as window, and fired a hurried snapshot, then dashing out he knelt in the sand and covered the flying

horseman. The pony vanished behind a huge rock as a puff of white dust told that the aim was true, but the leaden servant of fate arrived a fraction behind time. Sally was dead and Pete was safe. Three pairs of eyes gleamed the same wish,—a horse at that moment would have brought a heavy price!

* * * * *

A mile-and-a-half up the Cariboo trail, where the dizzy pathway,—half road, half bridge,—clung to the face of a tremendous cliff, at a sickening elevation above the

stirred in response to the mystic power of the scene. At last he turned to go, and as he moved the sound of a horse's feet caught his ear, and he found himself face to face with a burly ruffian and a panting pony.

"Hello, Pete."

"Hello, Bill."

"You've bin crowdin' him, I see?"

"Naw, the blank fool bolted, that's all."

"Did you stop at Sally's?"

"Yes, thur all thar waitin' fur yer. So long."

Bill turned and looked after him curiously, muttering, "That brute has been up to some deviltry,—wonder where he's bound for?" Then moved by a sudden impulse, he



"He leaped to his feet and flashed his right fist against the bully's jaw."—(See page 97.)

tumult of the Fraser, a rider halted his pony. For minute after minute he gazed thoughtfully upon the glorious reach of the Canyon, his eyes roving from the white wrath of the waters away below to the magnificent rock-walls opposite, and thence up, and up, and up, to silent battlements, towering far above his head, and sharply defined against the cloudless sky. One of the grandest pictures in the world,—perhap's Nature's most perfect effort,—was spread before him, and his very soul

shouted, "Are they all well?" "Is Sally well?" The answer came back, "Reckon thur well ernauff, Sally's larnt sense at last. He's mighty quite jist now; yer'd hardly know him fur thur same feller."

Bill rode down the trail, turning this strange news over and over in his mind. "Sally turned quiet! Ye gods! how strange. What if he too had got sick of it? Queer if I could get him to join in on his birthday and go home." Here the pony broke into a lope and soon brought him in

sight of the camp. "Why, whatever the devil *are* they about?"

Three men were standing around a table, upon which appeared to be a body lying. As he pulled up, Old Lant sprang at him, shouting, "Thar's squariness 'bout God, yer's Bill! Yank loose thet kit, fellers,—quick, er thur chance ez gone! Luka thur, Bill, Bloody Pete dun thet fur yer. Up yer git agin. Now, ride!" and the old man jerked the pony's head round and pointed up the trail.

Bill saw it all in the one swift glance; the black patch of powder on the white, still face, the frightful hole in the forehead, and with the sight came the brutal meaning of Pete's statement that Sally was quiet now. He gave one great gasp,—“Merciful Christ! on his birthday!” then drove the rowels into the ribs of the terrified pony and thundered back over the path he had just covered, with a face as white as the dead man's, but bearing a look which mercifully a human countenance seldom wears. He did not think further. His whole brain and being were filled with one purpose, and he scanned the trail narrowly, saving his mount when necessary, and sending him along like a bolt from a bow whenever safe footing offered. Lant and the others watched him as far as they could, and the old man gave a joyful shout as he marked him steady the pony at the first rough bit.

“Looka thar, fellers, he knows what he's 'bout! Thet narve nairy quit yet. Thar'll be a squarin' of this day's job up yonner, tho' we can't git thar. Now, let's finish tidyin' up Sally fore he cums back.” Sadly and silently they busied themselves about the corpse in their own rough way till they could do no more, and then, without a word, sat down to wait.

Meantime Bill had reached the place where he had halted and met Pete. The pony was blowing hard and he checked him to recover his wind, for he expected to ride at least a mile further. Fate ruled the act, for that moment his restless eyes, following eagerly the trail ahead, caught one glimpse of a thread of scarlet, sinking down among the duller rocks, and he knew his enemy was ambushing him, not more than eighty yards in advance. Pete was too old a hand to be caught off his guard.

Some men would have dashed gallantly on, and been shot for their folly; others would have ambushed in their turn and lain patiently till night deepened the shadows and offered a chance to crawl, inch by inch, unseen and unheard, face to

face. For a moment Bill thought of this, then a more daring plan opened. He remembered passing that rock and noticing a great funnel-shaped cleft on its farther side; he knew that the glint of red he had seen was part of Pete's shirt, and that the slayer of his brother was crouched in that rock-cleft, waiting, with weapon ready, till the clatter of a pony's feet told of the avenger's approach. He guessed that Pete had already seen, or heard, him, and would understand his halting to rest the pony, and was waiting to “get the drop.” His cool nerve rapidly decided upon the thing to do. Placing his knife between his teeth and gripping his gun firmly, he led the pony a few yards, then gave it a kick that sent it leaping forward, while he ran like a buck close behind. As the pony passed the rock a figure rose, and that instant Bill fired, then threw himself headlong through the smoke of the answering shot and gripped his man, while his strong hand drove the knife to the hilt once, twice, thrice, into the writhing form below. Then he staggered out upon the trail, dragging his quivering victim bodily after. Kneeling down he tore asunder the fatal red shirt till he could see the convulsive motion of the heart, and once again drove in the knife and twisted it round and round in demoniacal hate.

The three sat waiting till the shadows thickened to a purple haze, and the sun slid down from the peaks. Suddenly Old Lant exclaimed, “Hist! I hear thur pony. Looka, yonner he comes. Boys, thar's been hell to pay sumwhars.” They looked at Bill as he halted, and Lant asked but one word,—

“Fit?”

A nod was the sole reply, then they sprang to catch him as he fell heavily from the saddle.

* * * * *

Over the marble whiteness of the moonlit trail a huge dark mass moved slowly forward, halting and advancing, with snuffing breath and clicking claws, and eager nose bent now to the path, now raised high in air, trailing on the scent of blood. At last it halted altogether and rose higher and higher, until the moonlight outlined the shaggy form of a gigantic grizzly, erect upon his hams, and still it sniffed and sniffed, while the white fangs gleamed in the hot red mouth, and the wicked little eyes flamed like rubies, staring fiercely at a prostrate figure. The king of the Canyon had come to find out

who spilled blood to taint the air in his domain. Presently with a loud "woof" of anger he charged the daring trespasser, and with his mighty fore-paw cuffed the senseless head a blow that crushed the

skull like a nut. Again and again he struck the body to left and right, half in anger, half in sport, till dull dead echoes of his blows whispered from the opposite wall. He tossed it to and fro, and finally wound his terrible arms about it, till the last bubble of air escaped the crushed lungs in a horrible lifeless groan, and then he hurled it from him over the black cliff to whiz down and down and down to the waiting bowlders.

* * * * *

Within a rough box of planks, split from a giant fir, and covered with sand and stones, the brothers wait together for the playing of the trump which shall take the last trick. Practical Old Lant, with an eye to the ponies, guns and cash, travelled afoot till he found, by the blood, the trail up the scene of the ambush. His keen eyes read the signs, and, lying down, he peered over the cliff and saw the red shirt in a crevice, four hundred feet below. Later he returned with a broken saddle and bridle, the knife and the "guns." The grizzly king had claimed the ponies as his share, said Lant to Sloppy and Dave.

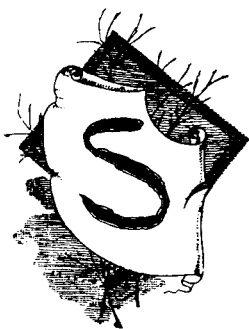
"I foun' whar they fit,—yer's a keepsake apiece of the day when Bill kem down.

ED. W. SANDYS.





“There is in North America a mighty river, having its head in remote lakes, which, though many in numbers, are yet so great that one of them is known as the largest body of fresh water on the globe, with a flow as placid and pulseless as the great Pacific itself, yet as swift in places as the average speed of a railway train. Its waters are pure and azure-hued, no matter how many turbid streams attempt to defile them. It is a river that never knew a freshet, nor any drying up, no matter how great the rain or snow fall, or how severe the draught on all its thousand miles of drainage or of flow, and yet, that regularly, at stated intervals, swells and ebbs in within certain limits, as surely as the spring tides each year ebb and flow in the Bay of Fundy—a river so rapid and yet so placid as to enchant every traveller—so grand and yet so lovingly beautiful as to enthral every appreciative soul, which rises in a great fresh water sea, and ends in the greater Atlantic—some places sixty miles wide, at others less than a mile—a river that never has yet had a respectable history, nor scarcely more than an occasional artist to delineate its beauties. It lies, for a thousand miles, between two great nations, yet neglected by both, though neither could be so great without it—a river as grand as La Plata, as picturesque as the Rhine, as pure as the Lakes of Switzerland. Need we say that this wonderful stream is the St. Lawrence, the noblest, the purest, most enchanting river on all God’s beautiful earth.”



Such the graphic tracing by a gifted writer—of our grand artery of commerce—the noble St. Lawrence. “No, indeed! It never has yet had a respectable history.” Nor shall I dare attempt fulfilling this dutiful, quasi filial

task, though on its historic shores I drew the first breath of life.

How oft, in hopeful youth—later, in mature age—and ever during the pensive days of gathering years, have I not in steamer, yacht or birch canoe, floated over thy foaming surges, loved majestic St. Lawrence, our country’s pride!

Oh! that I owned the magic pen of he of Waverly fame to perpetuate thy classic memories, retrace thy legends wild, tell all thy stirring tales of naval battles, Indian ambuscade, dire shipwrecks!

With the sweet singer of *Les Laurentiennes*, Benj. Sulte, may I not also exclaim:

“O mon fleuve admire! sur tes ondes tranquilles.
J’ai toujours promeue les regard d’un amant.”

Let me then, from my bulky Diary of travel, over the mighty stream, cull a few desultory notes and reminiscences of localities well worthy of a visit in our balmy summer months.

I may premise that such utterances will be limited to spots comprised in the estuary to the great river, known as the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and to the river itself, as far up as the ancient City of Quebec.

A haze of uncertainty still lingers over the origin and nationality of the early frequenters of our lordly stream.

Were they rude, hardy Basque or Breton fishermen eager to gather in the wealth of the sea, adjacent to our yet unexplored stream?

Were they, these sturdy wanderers over the deep, the offspring of the Northmen rejoicing in the memory of Eric the Red? This must remain a debatable point.

The first and most conspicuous landmarks, for the mariner, approaching our shores are the Bird Rocks—those *Iles aux Oiseaux*, described by the Jesuit missionaries in 1632, which they styled on account of the multitude of birds frequenting them—*Les Colombiers*—dove houses. They are two bare rocks of red sand stone, about a quarter a mile apart.

The largest, Gannet Rock, is 1,300 feet long, and 100 to 140 feet high, fringed with vertical cliffs, on the top of which, in 1872, was placed a fixed light for ships, visible twenty-one miles.

These Isles seem to have been haunted for ages by myriads of sea fowl ; gannets, guillemots, puffins, kittiwakes and razor-billed auks, furnish each spring to the spoiler incredible quantities of eggs for the American purchaser. Jacques Cartier sighted the Bird Rocks in the spring of



Jacques Cartier.

1534, during his first voyage, and called them Iles of Margaux—Gull Islands.

It is in this neighbourhood, that according to Charlevoix,* he encountered "a white bear of the size of a cow," which sprang into the sea on seeing Cartier's boats. The day after, the great discoverer captured bruin, whilst swimming near the coast of Newfoundland, fourteen leagues distant. Leander's feat across the Helle-spont was a mere joke to this ; the Artic stranger may also have been swimming for love, like the Grecian youth. Noted by the traveller Heriot in 1807, the Bird Isles are, later on, alluded to by Audubon in his ornithological explorations round the Labrador coast. In 1860, a distinguished Boston naturalist, Dr. Henry Bryant, on his way from Quebec to Labrador, visited these islands. They form part of the Magdalen Island group and consist of thirteen islands in the form of a horse shoe. An able † re-

port of the birds and animals inhabiting this distant and solitary group of islands, appeared in Boston, in 1878, by Chs. B. Cory.

The ascent to the Great Bird is effected in calm weather by the aid of a crane, windlass and chains, to which hangs a crib or bar. A young Prince Edward Island young lady, Miss A. Pope, has well described her ascent to that dizzy height, 140 feet above the seething waters. It took about half an hour to hoist her to the summit, an area of four acres of ground with one solitary family in charge "of the beacon. She quaintly adds: "Those "who possess the spirit of adventure will "find it well worth their while to call on the "lighthouse keeper in his 'sky parlour' on "Bird Rock."

Poetry, marine disasters, as well as war has invested the approaches to the St. Lawrence with a weird halo. The traveller can recall Tom Moore's stirring appeal, when on a gloomy September evening, he sailed past the dreaded shores of Deadman's Island—one of the group. It took its name from the fanciful resemblance of its lofty ridge to the contour of a corpse laid out for burial. I recollect watching it till it faded away in the distance, from the deck of Captain Le Maitre's staunch steamer the "St. Olaf," when the setting sun lent its dismal form an awful majesty :

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore,
Of cold and pitiless Labrador
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tossed.

Yon shadowy bark hath been at that wreck,
And the dim blue fire that lights her deck
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

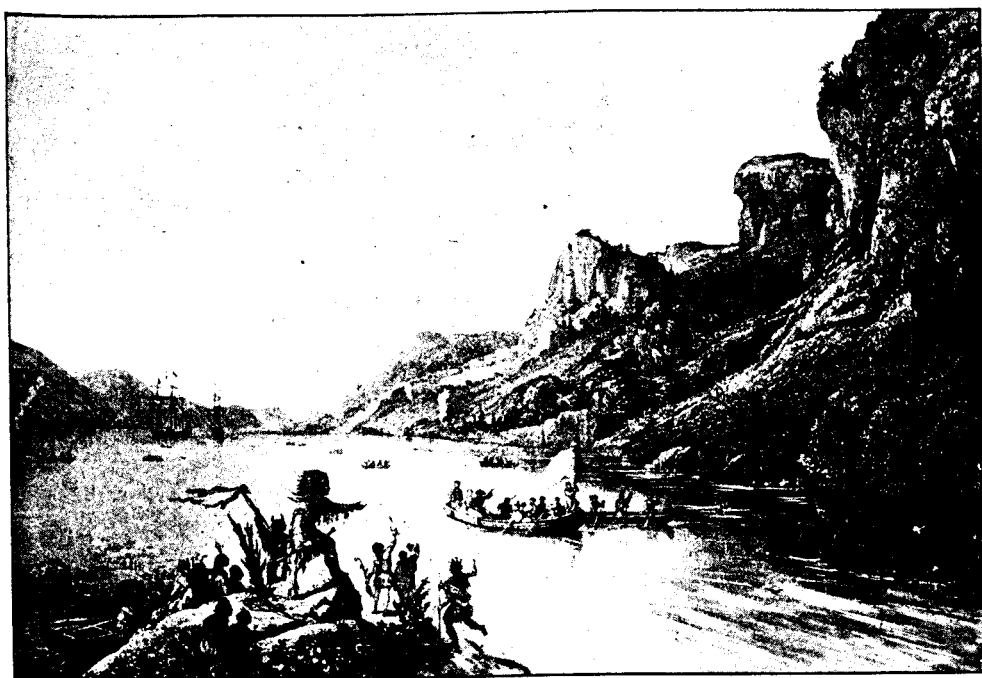
To Deadman's Isle in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle she speeds her fast,
By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this world !"

Let us, as we sail past, cast a glance on what, for years was the island home of Gamache, the pirate of the St. Lawrence—on Anticosti. This vast island, 122 miles long by 30 miles broad, lies across the course of ships inward and outward bound. It was sighted by the great St. Malo sea captain, on the 25th July, 1534, after his departure from Gaspé Basin and shortly after doubling Cape Gaspé. He again saw it in August, 1535, during his second voyage and changed its old Indian name of Natiscotec or Natashkoush into that of Assumption, on account of the day.

The pilot Jean Alphonse, in 1542, had christened it Ascension Isle. It seems to

*Histoire de la Nouvelle France. Vol. 1, p. 8

†"A Naturalist in the Magdalen Islands"



Jacques Cartier ascending the St. Lawrence, 1534.

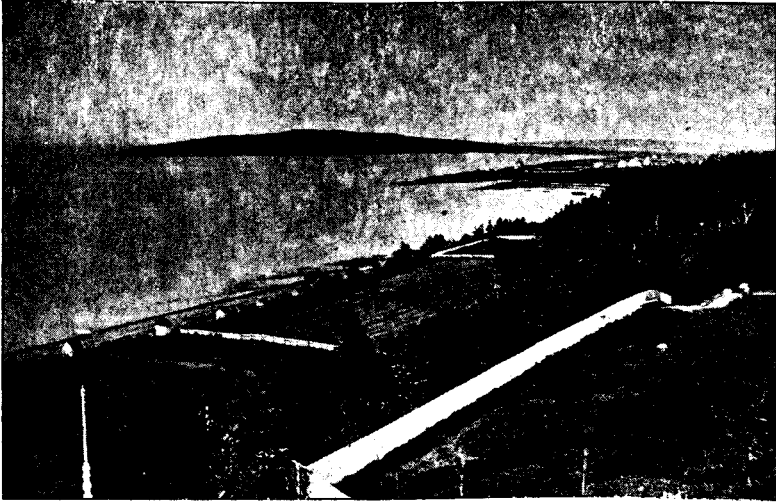
have derived its more modern name from the English. A kind providence was watching over the intrepid Laird of Limoilou Manor, for he escaped harmless from the treacherous, changing currents, blinding fogs and storm-swept shores of Anticosti, granted in 1680, by the French King to the celebrated Louis Joliet. No one has described more truthfully Anticosti, than Eliot Warburton: "The dangerous, desolate shores of Anticosti are rich in wrecks and accursed in human suffering. This wilderness has been the grave of hundreds by the slowest and ghastliest of deaths—starvation. Washed ashore from maimed and sinking ships, saved to destruction, they drag their chilled and battered limbs up the rough rocks; for a moment, warm with hope, they look around with eager, straining eyes for shelter, and there is none; the failing sight darkens on hill and forest, forest and hill, and blank despair. Hours and days waste out the lamp of life, until, at length, the withered skeletons have only strength to die."

A still darker tint might be added to this gloomy picture, cannibalism. I can vividly recall our late harbour master at Quebec, Capt. Jesse Armstrong,

relating how the bark he commanded in 1828, escaped the dire fate of the Quebec trader, the brig "Grannicus," stranded in November of that year on Anticosti. The passengers and crew of the 'Grannicus' safely reached land to meet a more hideous and lingering fate. All perished during the ensuing winter. When the government schooner, visiting the ports, called at the Island in the spring following, the bleached remains of these unfortunate men were discovered in a rude log house. They had literally starved to death. In a pot over a fire place was found human flesh, disclosing the fearful fact that in the last extremity they had resorted to cannibalism to prolong life. Among the passengers was a Montreal lady and her two children.

History has recorded many memorable shipwrecks on this desolate coast of Anticosti and Labrador.

In the autumn of 1690, one of Sir William Phipp's troopships, commanded by Capt. Rainsford, returning to Boston from the abortive attempt to take Quebec, was stranded on Anticosti, and but five of the crew survived the winter on the island. When the ice broke up, the brave fellows started in a row boat for Boston, nine

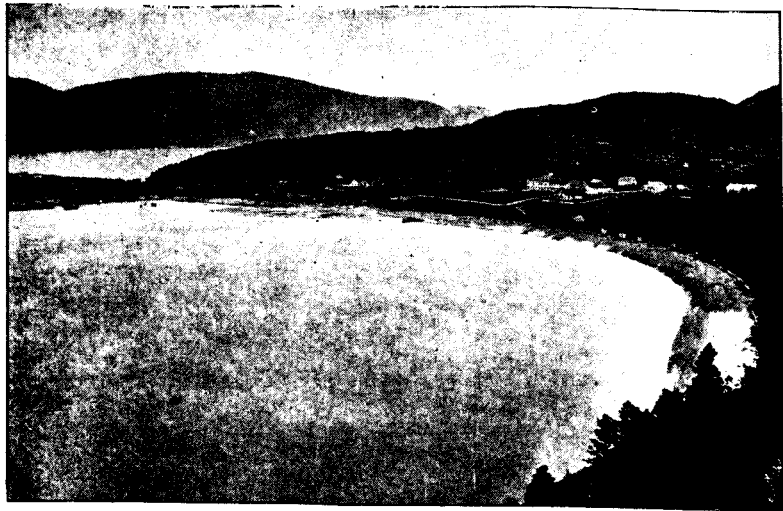


Cacouna Beach.

hundred miles distant, and after a passage of forty-four days, they reached their old home in safety.

On the 23rd August, 1711, eight heavily laden transports, the "Isabella and Catharine," "Samuel and Anne," "Nathaniel and Elisabeth," "Marlborough," "Chat-ham," "Colchester," "Content" and the "Smyrna Merchant," forming part of Sir Hovenden Walker's fleet, destined to take Quebec, were wrecked during a dense fog on Egg Island, and eight hundred and eighty-four corpses strewed the next day the beach of the island and the Labrador shore.

Father Emmanuel Crespel has related the harrowing tale of the French sloop of war, of 149 guns, "La Renommée," Capt. De Freneuse, commander, about eight leagues from the south west point of Anticosti, on the 3rd of November, 1736. Recently an ingenious light house keeper on Anticosti, Mr. David Têtu, after a careful survey of the coast and with the help of the register of wrecks, prepared a large map showing the



Bay of Tadousac.

exact location and dates of the shipwrecks which had taken place on this God-forsaken shore from 1870 to 1880; the list foots up to 58, including steamers and sailing ships.

But let us resume our task and follow the fortunes of the pioneer navigator of our great river, Jacques Cartier. We shall accompany him up that magnificent bay, which

from the tepid temperature he found them, he christened Bay of Heat, Baie des Chaleurs.

We have rounded that bleak, far outstretching point known as Pointe au Maquereau, Mackerel Point, where the "Colborne" was cast away in 1838. It is the boundary between the counties of Gaspé and Bonaventure. The silence of the forest primeval reigned here in the day of the great discoverer; now it is a thriving settlement intersected by a trout stream and provided with a splendid pier, recently built by the Dominion Government,—Port Daniel.

"Very restful," says Mr. J. Pope, "to the eyes of the storm tossed mariners must

have been the view which opened before them. The wide expanse of water sparkling in the sunshine, the sloping shores, rich in the beauty of their summer garb, the uplands clothed in the deep green of the primeval forest, crowned toward the north and west by the high hills, seemingly placed there by nature as if to shut out the fogs and storms of the northern coast from which they had just emerged, the whole fresh as it were from the hand of the Creator, formed, on that beautiful July morning, a scene which must have filled the voyagers with delight. Nor have the colours of the picture faded with the lapse of time. The noble prospect which gratified the St. Malo mariner and his companions remains to-day a source of delight to many who, like him, have come from far to dwell upon its loveliness. Near the spot where Cartier, having explored the bay in his boats, and thus satisfied himself of the non-existence of a passage such as he was in search of, turned his boat's head in order to go back to his ships, is a tongue of land on which now stands the Inch Arran Hotel, where in summer, are gathered many visitors from "countreys of Canada, Hochelaga and Saguenay," who come down periodically to breathe the fresh air, and bathe in the glorious blue water which rolls in almost to their feet."

Many are the changes which have taken place in the 357 years that have elapsed since Jacques Cartier first looked out upon this beautiful bay, but among them the frequentation by the Canadian people of it as a summer resort cannot be enumerated, for its reputation as such was even then established. True it may be, that the tourists differed as regard the objects of their visit from those of the present day, with whom freedom from the ordinary cares of life is the chief desideratum. We gather also from the accounts we have of the sixteenth century visitors that bathing dresses were then unknown,—but let Cartier tell his own story. No one acquainted with the locality will fail to recognize in the following description Tracadieche inlet at Carleton, County of Bonaventure. "We saw," he relates, certain wilde men that stood upon the shore of a lake that is among the low grounds, who were making fires and smokes; we went thither and found that there was a channell of the sea that did enter into the lake, and setting our boats at one of the banks of the channell, the wilde men with one of their

boats came unto us and brought up pieces of seales ready sodden, putting them upon pieces of wood, then retiring themselves, they would make signs unto us, that they did give them us."

"There were more than three hundred men women and children; some of the women which came not over, we might see stand up to the knees in water singing and dancing * * * * and in such wise were we assured of one another, that we very familiarly beg and trafique for whatsoever they had, but they had nothing but their naked bodies. We perceived that this people might very easily be converted to our religion. They go from place to place. They live only with fish."

Adieu, then, for the present, fair Gaspesia, the genial haunt of the lobster, the herring and the cod! To our respected forefathers thou stood as a dismal, dreaded, untrodden land of fog and shipwreck,—a veritable *terra incognita*. Our Marine Department has exorcised thy dangers, and with beacons, alarm guns and fog horns has successfully waged war on thy merciless reefs and storm-swept coast.

Steam has placed within our daily reach thy weird attractions,—all the charms of thy salmon pools!

No trace exists at present, at the mouth of Gaspé Basin, of Jacques Cartier's patriotic emblem of discovery and possession,—the historic cross, thirty feet high, planted on the 24th July, 1534, "on which he hung a shield, emblazoned with the FLEUR DE LYS, and the inscription, VIVE LE ROY DE FRANCE; three hundred and twenty-six years later, on the 12th August, 1860, another princely emblem was displayed here, from H. M.'s ship "Hero,"—the standard of Albert Edward of Wales, visiting his royal mother's transatlantic dominion.

A few fishing smacks are now visible in the offing; two or three leave the shore, offering for sale fresh mackerel and bank codfish; three hundred and fifty-seven years ago, in 1534, history tells that Domagaya and Targnaagny, with their warlike father and chieftain, "clad in an old bearskin," rowed out from the beach to protest against Cartier's invasion of their domain. Promises, alas! never to be fulfilled, quieted their fears, and "a present of a small tin bell to each of a bevy of maidens so particularly delighted the hearts of those dusky belles that they fell upon Cartier, nearly smothering him with their caresses.*"

* Jacques Cartier—his Life and Voyages—by Joseph Pope

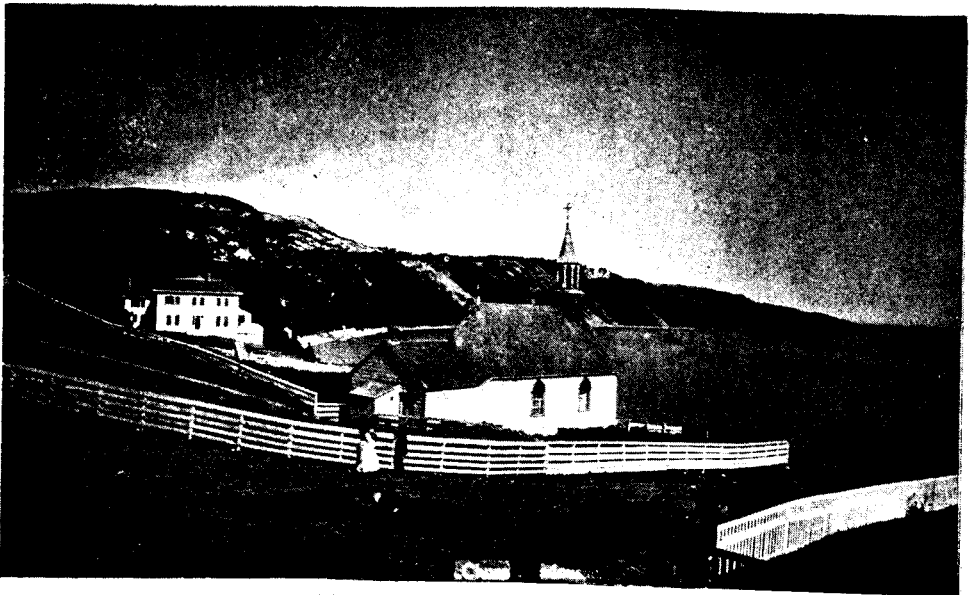
As we reluctantly turn our backs on this sunny land our eye faintly catches, over the foaming sea, the contour of lofty Mont St. Anne, rejoicing in its saintly, shining shrine—Perce Rock and its noisy feathered denizens,—Bonaventure Island, to the south, looming darkly in the distance, as an inert mass just merged from the heaving waters.

And on and on we are wafted over the whitening billows of our mighty river, casting, as we shoot past, a hasty glance at Fox River, Cape de la Magdeleine, Grand Etang, Mont Louis, until two well known land marks—Cap Chatte and Pointe de Monts—arrest our attention, both named after two notable early pioneers of the St. Lawrence,—M. de Chatte and M. de

trout streams of the neighbourhood, is then the standing order of the day.

Here is Rimouski, with its ambitious cathedral. Rimouski, founded in 1688—now an aspiring town under the name Saint Germain de Rimouski, honoured in 1867 with a court house, resident judge and diocesan bishop. Nor can we omit Bic,—called in olden times Le Pic. Cartier, who entered its sheltered, secure harbour, in 1535, on the anniversary of the decapitation of St. John, named it *Isle aux St. Jean*, whilst the pilot, Jean Alphonse de Saintange, christened it *Cap de Marbre*.

Baron d'Avaugour, in 1663, and the celebrated military engineer, Vauban, thirty years later, had included it in a plan of defence of Canada for the French power



The old church at Tadousac.

Monts, though their names are hardly intelligible on some English charts,—Cat Cape and Devil's Point.

How many localities, rendered memorable by Indian legend or naval warfare, have we yet to pass before reaching the sheltered bays and sandy, shelving beaches of Matane, Little and Big Metis, Bic,—where cosy cottages, built by wealthy Quebec, Montreal and Toronto citizens, dot the shore,—prized resorts during the summer months for visitors in quest of rest, health or amusement. Each settlement rejoices also in one or more hotels, where tourists crowd in during the summer vacation. Boating, riding, bathing, whipping with the fly the teeming lakes and

in America; they had intended to make it into a strong maritime fortress, with a harbour of refuge for the merchant and royal navy of France.

When the Trent embargo occurred in 1861 British troops were landed, in December, at Bic, on the main shore, from the ocean steamship "Persia," and then carried thence, on sleighs, to the railway at Rivière du Loup.

"The bay of Bic," says J. C. Taché, "is large enough to be majestic,—small enough to be overlooked in one glance; a shore cut into deep notches, broken with flats, capes and beaches; a back ground of mountains hewn prodigally from the world's material, like all the landscapes of



At the mouth of the Saguenay.

our Canada." The highlands, immediately over Bic, are nearly 1,300 feet high; two rapid rivers empty in the bay. The rare beauty of the scenery at Bic caused one of the heroines of Mrs. Brook's Canadian novel, written at Sillery, in 1787, to exclaim: "I wish I were Queen of Bic." But let us hie on; ascending the course of our noble river we spy, from the deck of our steamer, the thriving new town of Fraserville,—Rivière du Loup in former times. The two lines of railway,—one stopping there, whilst it is the terminus of the Temiscouata line, have, with the river pier for steamers, made of Rivière du Loup quite an important settlement; it is, in fact, the largest from Levis to Dalhousie,—a stately Roman Catholic temple of worship, as well as two Protestant chapels, adorn it, and its magnificent hotel on the heights, as well as the new hotel near the pier, at Beaulieu's point, are likely, each season, to attract a large and

wealthy class of visitors. Here we are at a famous watering place on the St. Lawrence,—Cacouna. The St. Lawrence Hall and its adjoining cottages can easily, during the season of tourists, accommodate 500 guests.

Cacouna is celebrated for its bracing sea air, which comes, laden with saline particles, from the mouth of the Saguenay river, which it faces.

A blissful place of resort is Cacouna for the *jeunesse Dorée* of Canadian cities, "in the zeazon of the year."

Tadoussac is picturesquely situated on a semi-circular terrace, fringed with mountains, on a deep and secure harbour, at the confluence of the river Saguenay with the St. Lawrence. It overhangs a sandy cove, called *l'Anse-à-Leau*, where the Quebec steamers land their passengers, at Mr. Price's pier.

J. M. LEMOINE.

(To be continued.)



THE Christian name of the present heir-apparent to the throne unduly distresses some United States journalists. If the third George was partially responsible for the great schism in our race, yet the fact that the reigns of the four kings who bore the name were brilliant on the whole shows how little the fortunes of the empire depend upon its sovereign. Besides, Prince George of Wales promises to make an excellent and popular king, at least if one may judge from his record in this country. In Halifax he was affable and genial with civilians, while the affection of the officers and men of the "Thrush" for "the captain" was extreme. A trifling incident proves his gratitude and *esprit de corps*. Just after the return of the fleet from Newport in the summer of 1890, when some American journals were circulating calumnies about the officers, a civilian wrote a paragraph in a Halifax paper warmly deprecating the reproduction in a Canadian newspaper of these false aspersions on "the premier navy of the world, a navy which is the bulwark and should be the pride of Canada as well of Britain." The desirability of such a paragraph had been suggested during a conversation at which a naval officer was present, and through him the Prince was informed of the writer's name. In the autumn, after the ships had gone to and come back from Quebec, a grand naval ball was given. The Prince represented the "Thrush" on the invitation committee. After submitting his ship's list of guests, he added: "There is one gentleman who has not called on the 'Thrush,' whom I should particularly like to be asked;" and he named the writer who had said a good word for the British navy more than a month before.

* * *

"My Canadian Leaves," by Mrs.

Frances E. O. Monck (Bentley, London,) is a book which I have not yet seen but have been curious to see ever since I read the slating which "The Observer" gave it in the *Empire*, before he finally consigned it to his waste paper basket. That the book contains many flippant comments on Canadians and betrays some refreshing ignorance of Canadian persons and places, I can well understand; but I fancy it can hardly have required the heavy guns of so formidable a critic. From what I remember of the authoress, whom I had the pleasure of knowing, I should expect her Canadian notes to be mainly the drawing-room observations of a society girl, sprightly but superficial, made without any sense of responsibility or any idea of their being printed, except for the perusal of friends. Indeed a portion of the "Leaves" was put in type some years ago, for private circulation only. Like her aunt, Lady Monck, who was a first cousin of her husband, Mrs. Monck married her first cousin once removed, Colonel the Hon. Richard Monck, brother and military secretary to Lord Monck. Before her marriage there were few young ladies better known than Mrs. Monck. Miss "Feo" Cole, as she was called by her more intimate friends, who formed the nickname from her initials, sang and acted rather well and was thought vivacious and piquant. Lady Monck and Lady Fanny Cole were the daughters of Lord Rathdowne, whose title is now extinct.

* * *

The verb "to slate" has been much in evidence lately, owing to an ingenious but unhappy guess at its derivation by Andrew Lang, who assumed that it meant etymologically to beat with a "slat." This error, which has the analogy of to "pommel," to "shingle" and to "boot," has brought Mr. Skeat and other philologists down upon him in *The Athenæum*, *The Author* and elsewhere.

The original meaning of the term, I gather from the dispute, was not to attack directly but to hound or excite another man or animal (most commonly a dog) to make an attack. To hazard another rash guess, can the "s-s-s, take him!" now used in setting a dog at anything, have been originally "s-s-s-slate him?"

Talking of conjectural derivations, here is an extremely ingenious one, which I heard proposed in apparent sincerity, for a word which had hitherto puzzled philologists -- the curious little word "hip," in the formula "Hip! hip! hurrah!" When Peter the Hermit was rousing Christendom to the rescue of the Holy City, he was soon constrained, in order to save his voice, to curtail his burning eloquence and confine himself to crying "*Hierosolyma est per-dita!*" (Jerusalem is lost!) Wasted and worn, he was forced to shorten even this formula to its initial letters ("H." "E." "P."), of which he made a syllable, "Hep!" As he strode, haggard and prophet-like, through the cities of Europe, he was greeted with pious fervour. Hardly had his cry sounded in the streets before it was followed by loud hurrahs! "Hep!" "hep!" "hep!" gasped the hoarse and holy Hermit. "Hurrah, hurrah!" responded the enthusing people. And so constantly did this occur that it fully accounts for the connection of the words "hep" (since corrupted into "hip") and "hurrah," a connection that continues to the present day. I regret to say that I have heard this etymology credited to a clergyman, who was once president of a Canadian college.

* * *

This being the age of autobiography, a few friendly suggestions may be of service to those autobiographers who wish to lie perdu, feeling that self-praise is no commendation unless it be incog. Don't edge in even an indirect advertisement of your business or you will be "spotted" at once; so seldom are a full appreciation of a man's merits and a lively interest in his pecuniary success combined in any single individual but himself. Don't insert encomiums upon yourself in quotation marks without naming the author or source of the eulogy. Uncharitable people are likely to call this too thin. Don't mention articles of yours that are accepted but not yet published. Nothing

will betray your identity more completely than this; and besides, if the editor should repent of his first hasty decision and return your offering, you may lose your character for truthfulness in addition. Don't quote from private letters of celebrities to yourself. This not only reveals your hidden hand, but also shows that you have been intruding yourself upon the notice of important personages, probably by sending them specimens of your work. Besides it is very unfair to the celebrities to publish their courteous commonplaces as their serious opinions. When you are invited to send your biographical outline to some dictionary of contemporary (and subscribing) geniuses, don't use your grand historical style in narrating minor details. Not every incident even in your momentous career is strictly historical. Don't waste a page in mentioning your distinguished ancestors. As nearly all subscribing geniuses do refer condescendingly to their forbears, your biography will be more striking without such allusions than with them. Besides any reader of a dictionary of contemporary (or subscribing) genius cannot fail to be so impressed with the truth of the doctrine of heredity that he will credit you with eminent ancestors anyhow; and he will probably infer, from your omitting to introduce them, that they are *too* eminent to be introduced to ordinary readers.

* * *

Everybody who recalls the conundrums of his youth will remember that a woman is often like a ship. Sometimes she is attached to a buoy, or is tender to a man of war, or hankers after a swell. Sometimes she goes into stays, or makes up to an old pier. Sometimes, too, she is a whaler and sails into a little cove, like good old Mrs. Trimmer. It has been further pointed out that the word for a ship is feminine in most languages, and that women have been frequently called ducks, doubtless from the natural way they take to the water externally and internally (and eternally too, it is devoutly to be hoped). Some esoteric pundits hold that St. Paul saw the resemblance between gals and galleys when he spoke of woman as the "weaker vessel." A miserable cynic in a garrison town adds that when a weaker vessel is a tender to a man of war she is often a cutter to a man of peace.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

THE NEW QUEBEC MINISTRY.

WHILE the drift of public opinion is undoubtedly towards the legislative union of several of the smaller provinces of the Dominion, it is improbable that any radical change will be made for many years to come in the system of provincial rule now in force in Ontario and Quebec; the details may possibly be rendered more simple and less costly, but such would in all probability form the extent of any change. The *personnel* and acts of the Executive of these two great legislatures are always of no little interest, not only to the section directly involved, but to the whole Dominion. Conducted as provincial matters are by the people's representatives and a Lieutenant-Governor representing the Crown, all matters of local moment, as clearly specified by the Act of Confederation, are debated and put in force by methods strictly constitutional; and, as conducted on lines largely similar to those of the Dominion Parliament, the actions of the Provincial Governments are in importance second only to those of the more national body. Recent events in the Province of Quebec have drawn all eyes to the new administration. On the dismissal of the Mercier

Government on December last, His Honour Lieut.-Governor Angers sent for the Hon. E. B. de Boucherville, and to him entrusted the formation of a new cabinet. The responsibility was accepted, and, after due consideration, the vacant portfolios were allotted as follows:—

Hon. L. Beaubien, Agriculture.

Hon. T. C. Casgrain, Attorney-General.

Hon. E. J. Flynn, Crown Lands.

Hon. J. S. Hall, jr., Provincial Treasurer.

Hon. G. A. Nantel, Public Works.

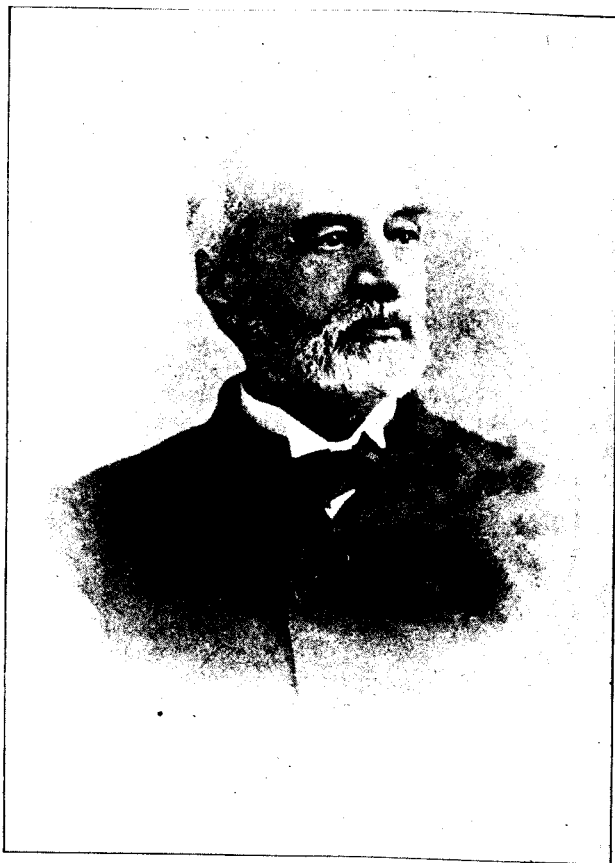
Hon. L. P. Pelletier, Provincial Secretary.

Together with Hon. L. R. Masson, J. McIntosh, L. O. Taillon, Ministers without portfolio.

Over all is the Hon. C. B. de Boucherville, First Minister and President of the Council.

The Hon. Charles Eugene Boucher de Boucher

ville represents one of the oldest and most distinguished families of Canada. The first of the name who appears in our annals came to Canada in the early part of the seventeenth century and speedily obtained prominence, being governor of Trois Rivières in 1653; he founded the Seigniorie de Boucherville, which was officially granted to him on the 3rd of November, 1672. Here, on the 4th of May,



Hon. C. E. B. de Boucherville, Premier.

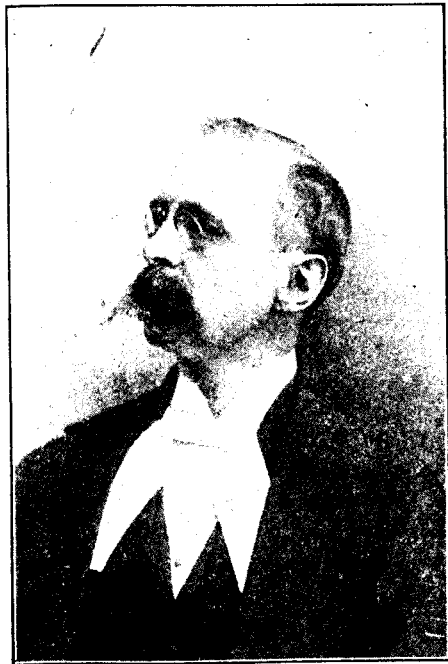
1822, the subject of our sketch was born. Educated at St. Sulpice College Montreal, he was destined for the medical profession and to that end was sent to Paris where he graduated with the highest honours. His father, the Hon. P. Boucher de Boucherville, was for many years a member of the Legislative Council of Canada, and the young doctor was thus early brought into political life. In 1861 he was elected to represent his county, Chambly, in the Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada; in this capacity he did duty until Confederation when he received the honour of an appointment to the Legislative Council of the new Province of Quebec, at the same time taking a position in the first Cabinet, that of Mr. P. J. O. Chaveau; this he held until February, 1873. In September, 1874, he again took office, this time as First Minister, and remained in power until the *coup* of 1878, when his ministry were suddenly dismissed by the Lieut.-Governor M. Letellier de St. Just—a crisis in some respects similar to that of a few weeks ago,—this time, however, with the shoe on the other foot. The Joly administration followed, and Mr. de Boucherville went into opposition. In 1879 he was called to the Senate and has since taken a prominent part in the debates and proceedings of that body.



Hon. Louis Beaubien, Minister of Agriculture.

The Hon. Louis Beaubien, the new Minister of Agriculture, should be well fitted for that portfolio, from his experience

of and interest in agricultural pursuits. His experiences of political life date back to Confederation, when he was elected to represent Hochelaga County in the Legislative Assembly. For eighteen years he held this seat, for two years of which time he also was member in the Dominion House, at a time when dual representation was permitted; he was also Speaker of the Assembly for over two years. Mr. Beaubien is, however, most generally known for his efforts to improve the breed of horses and cattle; his farm, "Haras National," has a more than local or even provincial fame.



Hon. Thomas Chase-Casgrain, Attorney-General.

The Hon. Thomas Chase-Casgrain, Q. C. the new Attorney-General, is one of the most brilliant lawyers at the Quebec Bar, and has taken part in some of the hardest forensic fights of recent years. By accident of birth he is a native of the United States; by family connection, residence and choice he is a Canadian. He was born in Detroit, Mich., on 28th July, 1852, son of Hon. Charles Eusebe Casgrain, M. D., Senator, a descendant of one of the oldest families of New France. His mother was an English lady, *nee* Charlotte M. Chase, of Windsor, Ont. Young Casgrain was educated at Quebec, passing successfully through the Seminary school and Laval University, from which latter he graduated

in 1877 with honours, and carrying off the Dufferin gold medal. He then entered on the practice of law, and was remarkably successful from the start. He came into special prominence in 1885, during the trials following the insurrection in the North-West, being appointed junior counsel for the Crown, and performed his trying duties with much skill. He was capped Doctor of Laws by Laval in 1883, and took silk in 1887. His political experiences commenced in 1886, when he was elected to represent Quebec County in the local House; he took a leading part in the debates, and developed a degree of persistent fighting power not often seen in a young member. He declined to come forward as a candidate at the last general election.



Hon. F. J. Flynn, Minister of Crown Lands.

The incoming Minister of Crown Lands, the Hon. Edmund James Flynn, is not yet forty-five years of age, but brings to his new position a considerable degree of experience in departmental rule. He is a native of the County of Gaspé, and at twenty years of age entered the service of the Government as Deputy Registrar for the Gaspé district. A few years later he entered Laval University, graduated in 1873 and was called to the Bar the same

year. In 1874 he was appointed to a professorship in his *alma mater*, and was a candidate for the House of Commons, but without success. Four years later he was elected to a seat in the Provincial Legislature, and speedily assumed a place in the Cabinet under the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, as Commissioner of Crown Lands, subsequently becoming Commissioner of Railways and Solicitor-General. It will therefore be seen that he enters the present Ministry with considerable experience, and, as one of the best speakers of the House, will be a very strong *aide* to the Premier.



Hon. J. S. Hall, Jr. Provincial Treasurer

The Provincial Treasurer is a man very popular in his constituency, and who has been prominent for several years in political and military circles. John Smythe Hall, junior, was born in Montreal in 1853, was educated at Lennoxville school and at McGill University, where he took degrees of B. A. and B. C. L. He was called to the Bar in 1876, and eleven years later was made a Queen's Counsel. From an early date politics claimed much of his attention, he taking an active interest in the Junior Conservative Club of Montreal, of which he was for a time president. In 1886 he entered legislative life, being

elected to the Quebec House as the representative of Montreal West, and has served in that capacity continuously since then. He soon assumed a prominent position among the Conservative members, and has, by his skill and pertinacity in debate, for some time been the leader of the English Protestant section of the party; his appointment to the new Cabinet was therefore a most appropriate one. Mr. Hall has held a commission in the Montreal Field Battery for many years, and is now in command of that corps, with rank of major; he has always taken a warm interest in military matters generally, as well as in his own Battery. Many of his friends hope some day to see him in charge of the portfolio of Militia in the Dominion Cabinet.

Terrebonne in the Dominion House, following which he was called to the Senate; was Lieut.-Governor of Quebec from 1884 to 1887, and in 1890 was re-appointed to the Senate. In literary circles he is known as the author of "Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest," a valuable work on the early history of the fur-traders of the West.



Hon. L. F. R. Masson.

Next to the Premier, the Honourable Louis François Roderick Masson is the oldest of the new Cabinet, having been born in 1833 at Terrebonne—a place intimately connected with the new Ministry, as the birthplace of two of them, and the constituency of another. Mr. Masson has been prominent in military matters, his service with the active force dating back to 1862; he was Brigade Major of the 8th District for five years, and was Minister of Militia and Defence from 1878 to 1880. His civil occupation is that of a barrister, but public affairs have occupied most of his time. From 1867 to 1882 he represented



Hon. John McIntosh, Jr.

The Hon. John McIntosh, Jr., is another representative of the most important interest in the Province—agriculture. He is of Scotch parentage, and was born in 1842, in the County of Laprairie; his life has been devoted exclusively to farming, stock raising, and similar pursuits. In the latter connection, Mr. McIntosh was for a number of years Manager of the Canadian Meat and Produce Company; latterly he has been especially prominent in the rapidly expanding business of shipping cattle to Britain. His political life has been comparatively short, dating back only to 1886; but while short, it has been effective, and his practical acquaintance with farming and kindred occupations has marked his utterances on these subjects as worthy of special attention.

The Hon. Guillaume Alphonse Nantel, the new Minister of Public Works, is a native of St. Jerome, P.Q., and is still under forty years of age, having been born on the fourth of May, 1852. He was educated at St Thérèse College, and after graduating came to Montreal and studied law with Mr. Ouimet, now Minister of Public Works in the Dominion Cabinet. In 1875 he was called to the Bar, and returned to St. Jerome to practise, combining his professional duties with the editing of the local newspaper, *Le Nord*; he subsequently devoted him-

The Hon. Louis Phillippe Pelletier, who assumes the important duties of Provincial Secretary, is a native of Trois Pistoles, Temiscouata County, Que., and was educated at Ste. Anne de la Pocatiere, Kamouraska county. He subsequently studied law at Laval University, was called to the Bar in 1880, and commenced practice at Quebec, where he speedily came into prominence as a skilful pleader. For some time he filled the onerous duties of Crown Prosecutor, and was also elected to the presidency of the Club Cartier of Quebec. He entered public



Hon. G. A. Nantel, Minister of Public Works.



Hon. L. P. Pelletier, Provincial Secretary.

self almost exclusively to journalism, editing, at different times, *La Minerve* and *La Presse*, of the latter of which he is now editor-in-chief. He entered political life in 1882 as member for Terrebonne, but, resigning in favour of Hon. Mr. Chapleau, was elected to represent the same county in the local House; this was in August, 1882, since when he has continuously remained Terrebonne's champion in the House. He brings to the Cabinet a reputation for a persistence in wordy combat, which makes him a formidable opponent.

life in 1887, when he was appointed to the Legislative Council; but after a year's experience of the Upper Chamber, he resigned, and was elected on the 20th of December, 1888, by acclamation to represent Dorchester in the Assembly, a seat he still holds. For some time he was editor of *La Justice*, but resigned a short time ago. He is now President of the National Conservative Association of the Province of Quebec, replacing the late Senator Trudel in that important position.



Hon. L. O. Taillon, O.C.

Of all the new Ministers, probably the man best known is the Hon. L. O. Taillon, Q.C., so long leader of the Conservatives in the Provincial House. Mr. Taillon was born at Terrebonne on the 16th of September, 1840, and was educated at Masson College. He studied law, and was called to the Bar in 1865. Ten years later he entered Parliament as a member for Montreal East, and was re-elected in 1878 and 1881. Mr. Taillon was one of the originators of the great French-Canadian demonstration which took place in Montreal on the festival of St. Jean Baptiste, 1875. In 1882 he was appointed a Queen's Counsel; the same year he was elected Speaker, and held the office for two years, when he was appointed Attorney-General. In 1887 he formed the famous two-day Administration which succumbed to the attack of Hon. Mr. Mercier, and went into opposition until the last general election, when he was defeated in Jacques Cartier County by Hon. Mr. Boyer. At the coming election he has every prospect of success, and will be a tower of strength to the new Cabinet.



The Parliament Buildings, Quebec.



HY don't you make a trial of curling, doctor? You would grow fond of it," said a Canadian one

"Now look here, my dear sir," went on the doctor. "See that fellow with the broom, sweeping and shouting and sweeping again in front of that curling stone, when any ass could see with half an eye that the ice is as smooth and clean as glass already. Why, he acts like a lunatic."

"Ah! but you don't understand—"

day to an Englishman, newly arrived, who was looking on at an Ontario match.

"Oh dear no," was the reply, "I can't see anything in it. In fact it seems to me so very absurd, don't you know—sweeping, sweeping, where there is really nothing to sweep."

"But there is some virtue in the sweeping, and then there is fun in it too," persisted the Canadian, who was imbued with the spirit of sport and had experience of the grand old game. "And there is really something besides the sweeping."

"No, and I don't want to understand.

By Jove! rather than work as hard as those fellows do, I should hire a flunkey to do the sweeping. Besides, I can't see much room for skill in the game, sliding those funny things along the ice; a kind of shuffle-board business."

His companion, nettled at such determined obtuseness, as he deemed it, made a vigorous protest at this prejudging, and expended some eloquence in describing the qualities of the model curler, the intricacies and the proverbially slippery

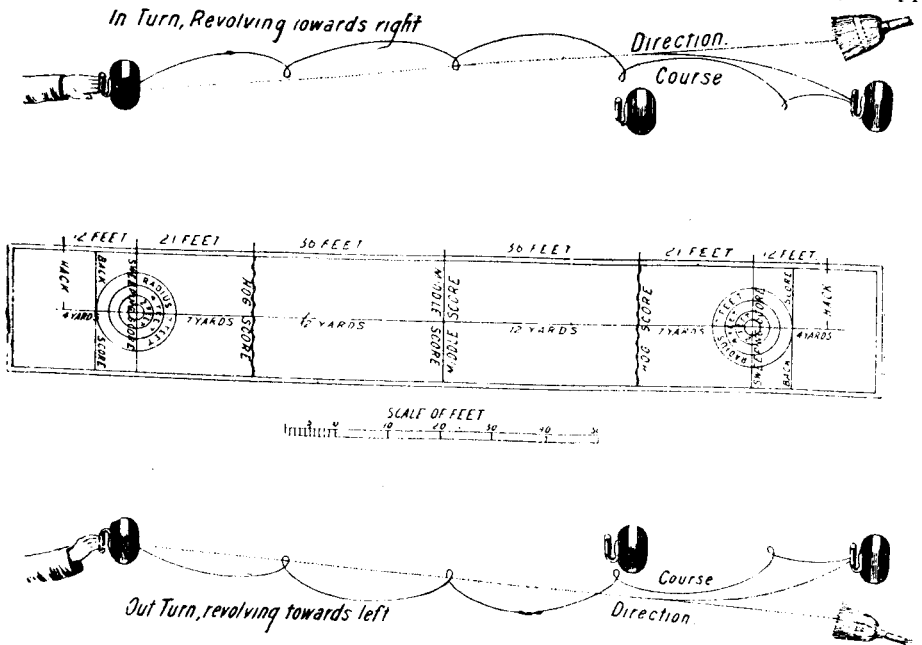


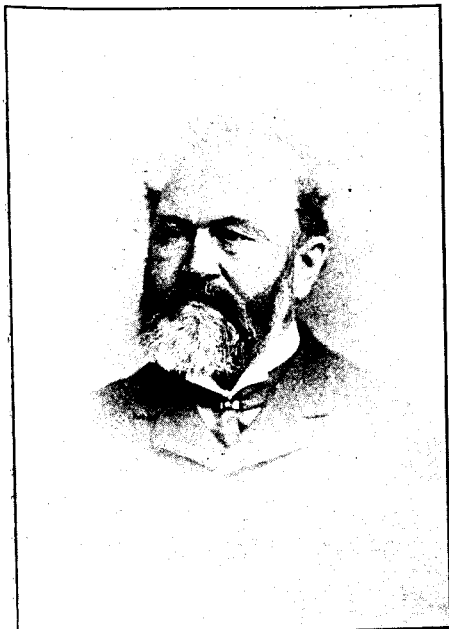
Diagram of a Curling Rink.—Aim of Stones.

chances of the game. To which the other answered only :

"Can't say that I care for it. But I say, old man, there is a Scottish game, I don't recollect what you call it, but a man

and bracing sport, free from the professional as well as the gambling element. An American curler describes curling well in saying, "One of the first and strictest rules of the game is good humour and kindly feeling under all circumstances and provocations ; and a training which results in the combination of this quality of self-control with manly strength and cool judgment cannot fail to make good men." There is another feature about curling which should commend it to the Americans ; it is a democratic game. As in the old country, according to Norman McLeod's delightful curling song, we find "the master and servants, the tenant and laird" coming together o'er the brown heather to the curler's gathering, so on this side of the Atlantic we may see the millionaire and the artisan, the banker and his clerk, the university professor and his pupil, the dominie and the clergyman, all met in fine frosty weather and, if not as loving as Norman would have them, still all civil, all gleeful, all equally free.

To describe curling too minutely would be tedious for a circle of readers most of whom have seen the game. To commend it, or to attempt to point out all its enjoyments would seem to its habitués a task which must be, as the quaint definition



George S. Brush, Montreal Thistle Curling Club.
President 1891-2 of the Quebec Branch R.C.C.C.

takes a small white ball and hits it a whack across country with a sort of hammer. Then he walks a quarter of a mile and hits it again. I could like that sort of thing, don't you know, because you get so much walking. But in this curling game I know I should take cold."

Doubtless there are those amongst ourselves who share the prejudices of our friend the doctor, and are thereby prevented from taking part in this invigorating and spirit-stirring recreation. A like class of critics would call cricket "slow," football, "brutal," tennis, "namby-pamby," lacrosse, "dangerous." But a little honest experience would convince any one that curling well deserves the name of the king of winter sports. It is simple, cheerful, healthful and not costly. Within a dozen years the discovery has been made by some thousands of people, in some scores of places in Canada and the States, that curling is a game not for elderly men alone, or for Scotchmen alone, but for young and old, for Saxon and Celt, for American and Canadian, for anyone, indeed, who enjoys a simple



William Badenach, President 1892 of Ontario Branch
Royal Caledonian Curling Club.

goes, "beyond a man's duty, yea over and above what is necessary." And yet there is much about curling that deserves and even needs both description and explanation. People often regard the amusement as "unhealthy," because played upon the ice, and as a drinking game because in its literature drams and carouses of a by-gone day are mentioned. But curlers are as a rule healthy and hardy, all the more so in the curling season; nor is there ever, in this country, drinking on the ice.

Then again, we have heard it decried as an old man's game, and one exclusively affected by Scotchmen. These long exploded notions are scarcely longer worth contradicting. Canadians and Americans of youth and middle age at least know better, for they have had a taste of its quality. It is too late in the day to assert that there is a charm in the game. If there were not, we should hardly see, as we do, 600 clubs with 20,000 members in Scotland, 40 clubs in England and Ireland, 100 clubs in Ontario and 50 in the other Canadian provinces, with perhaps 50 to 100 more in the United States, enthusiastic in pursuit of it.

People in the present day have tastes and prejudices in great variety on the subject of recreation. The yachtsman, as he bares his throat to the fresh breeze, feels an expansive contempt for the man who labours on a safety bicycle. And in like manner we have heard adepts at cricket wonder what attraction any one could find in lawn tennis, and deny strenuously that there was anything good in baseball. The quiet, sluggish-blooded whist player, on the other hand, marvels than any person should want to go snow-shoeing; and the genteel billiard player objects to the violent exertion of ten-pins. Happily the variety of our amusements corresponds in some degree to this diversity of temper or physique. But it is distinctive of Canadians, as a rule, that they are fondest of out-door games—a valuable feature of our national disposition. With our clear sky and bracing air it should be a disgrace to blanch indoors when so great a diversity of pleasure awaits us in the open.

Residents of the Dominion have many good reasons for being on friendly terms with winter, that "wide-awake old boy whose bluff sincerity and hearty ways are more wholesome for us than any charms of which his rivals are capable." Therefore we find, as Lowell says, many a good word for winter, not being of those who

take the merely thermometrical view of the frosty season. An appropriate pendant to his essay would be the lines from the Carnival poem of John Reade:

O Winter! if thy anger
Affrights the poor of heart,
Best humoured and most cheery
Of playfellows thou art,
E'en summer cannot rival
Thy many-sided glee.

Thomson, Akenside, Wordsworth, who have all written of winter from the blazing fireside point of view, were none of them curlers, else they would have found something more exteriorly cheerful to say of this delightful season than that it was one of "heavy gloom," "uncomfortable frost," demoralizing cold. Robert Chambers, in a delightful paper on winter well says that the four chief requisites to enable men to endure cold weather are food, clothing, activity and cheerfulness. Two elements out of these four are admirably furnished by the game of curling; for a curler is bound to be active and he is also sure to be cheerful. An uncheery curler is a monstrosity.

Out-door curling on a fine day, with good ice, is, as a health-giving, inspiring, exciting amusement, excelled by no sport of which we have experience. "The air you drink is *frappé*—a purer current mounts to the brain, courses sparkling through it, and rinses it thoroughly of all dejected stuff." One can understand, after he has taken part in such a scene, why it is that Burns, an eminently out-of-door poet, tells us that "to the lochs the curlers hie wi' glesome speed." That was a hundred years ago. But to the rinks or ponds the curlers hie to-day, no whit less glesome and each no whit less anxious that the sides may not be chosen till he gets there. Merrily the players sweep and scrap the ice of the pond, describe the magic ring around the 'tee,' draw the 'hog scores,' cut the 'hacks' in the ice into which the player shall put his right foot, and after choice of players the game begins.

"Give me a quiet in-turn draw," calls out the skip, placing his broom upon the ice, and the player, balancing his body on the left foot, draws back his curling stone and then slides it along the ice, giving it, by means of a turn of the elbow-joint and wrist towards his body, the circling motion to the right that his captain has desired. But the stone stops short of the "hog score" and is therefore removed from the ice. The opposing lead now plays,



Montreal curlers of twenty years ago.

obedient to like instructions, and lands within the rings, to be commended by his skip. But the first player has another chance, and this time passes the opposing stone and lies beyond it half hidden or "guarded," and close to the "tee," or centre of the rings. "Draw past or else take off the guard," shouts skip No. 2 to his player, "try the out-turn," for it happens that the stones lie so that the "shot" can best be reached from the right side but his own stone cannot with safety be "raised." Away goes the stone, circling to the left, but either he has aimed wide of the broom or his speed is too great to allow the stone to affect its course, for it glides past the guard, past the winner, past the tee.

"Missed everything, by Jove! shouts the skip, and stamps, frowning, up and down the ice, if he be a testy man, or if a considerate one giving a kindly word to the disconsolate player who is mentally kicking himself for his miss. Observant of the danger from an out-turn stone, the first skip endeavours to protect his shot by another guard. The player plays wide and lags outside the rings. Then comes a chance for the second player to do what the lead missed. And he plays with great deliberation and remains stooping on the ice to watch the effect. The first and third players, as if with one impulse, run along either side the moving stone, wishing, yet fearing, to assist its quiet progress. All at once the skips calls, "Sweep, sweep,—Oh! bring him on, stick to him boys,—*sweep!* don't let him stop, he's coming dead for it, polish him in!" And the panting sweepers polish the ice and coax the stone forward by all endearing terms as they await the expected collision. It comes; but touches the front stone very gently, without having the desired effect. Two more stones are played without altering the position and then came the turn of the third players. "Now Tom, you see what I want, and you can do it. Come up, tee-high, a little over a draw. Wick this stone on to the winner and I will give you the shot. Stand by! sweepers." Tom comes up, hits the stone almost full and drives it off the ice, lying himself nearly in its place, but the opponents still have the coveted shot, with however a chance to get at it by playing an in-turn.

"You must draw this port now, Tom. Don't make any mistake about it. There's the borrow—a full draw." Delivered fairly at the broom, the stone

leaves the player's hand an evident winner, causing the delighted skip to drop into the vernacular and make a curious mixture of the domestic with the imported language of the game. "Oh! man, Tom, you're a brick—played to a hair's breadth—don't put a cove on't! Eh! but that has the vera pith—he's the shot for a guinea." * * * Then suddenly, as the stone loses momentum he springs forward. "Help him on, sweepers; in wi' him, what ails him? Great Scott!" he continues, as the stone having stopped short, he stoops to examine it and finds that it had run over a piece of broom-corn, which adhered to the bottom of the stone and impeded its force—"That's no fault of yours, Tom; it's a dreadful pity, that's all. Hech! that was a winner as sure's death." And this little circumstance prevents his getting the "end," for the subsequent play of the skips does not alter the original position, Tom's stone leaving an unintentionally good defense for his opponent. And so this "end" is over and the next begins.

Narratives by the hundred might be had of exciting scenes of the sort from any group of curlers disposed to fight their battles o'er again conversationally. It must be remembered, as a matter which heightens the standard of judgment of distance and skill of hand that in curling the "object ball," to use a billiard term, is usually forty yards away or more, the distance from the "hack" where the player stands to the farthest "tee" being 126 feet. To strike a stone at all, at this distance, is no small feat for an un instructed person. But to so strike it that one shall "raise" it straight a yard or a foot—to so wick it that it shall carmagainst another and drive that other out of the rings—to deliver a stone, weighing forty, or an iron say sixty pounds in such wise that it shall traverse 120 feet of ice and lie as a "guard" exactly in front of a stone 124 feet distant—these are the fine points of the game that command the instant admiration of athlete or sport.

There is a difference between curling with iron "stones" and those made of granite. I do not mean that the game is different, for its rules are identical in both cases. But to illustrate—Expert granite players will tell you, with some warmth, that to play with heavy iron "stones" 50 or 60 pounds weight, is the work of navvies, not of gentlemen; that the weight of the stone is too great to admit of any delicacy of play; and that besides, the dull

deadness of the "chug" heard when one iron curling stone strikes another lacks the cheerful, inspiring traditional "clink" that comes of the collision of two granite stones. On the other hand, votaries of iron playing point out that climatic reasons make these metal stones preferable; that the greater diameter of their bearings causes them to hold the ice better than granite; that it is possible to draw narrower "ports" and to make more delicate play with them than with granites.

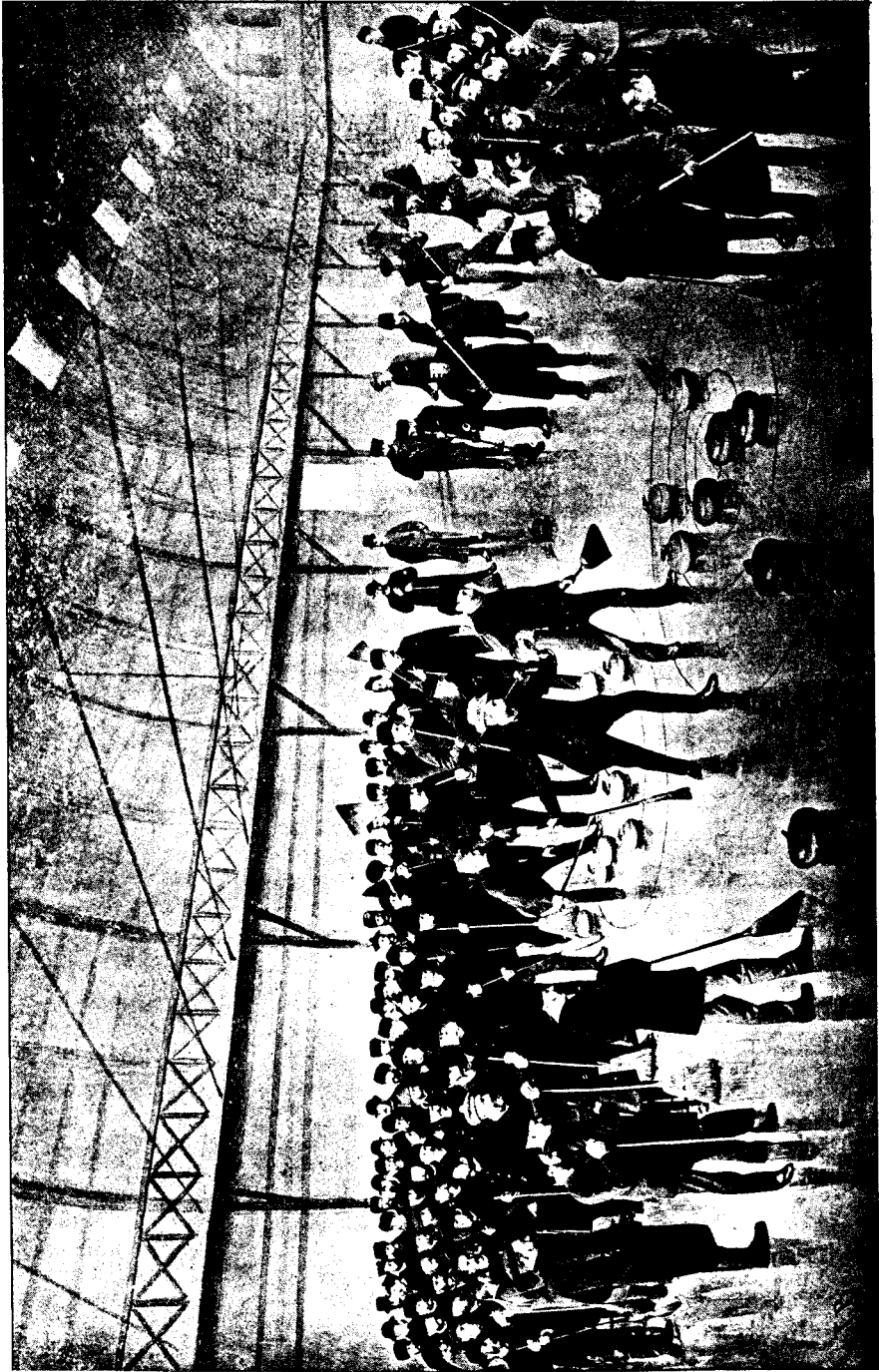
As one who was first taught to curl with irons in Montreal, and who has for a dozen years curled with stone in Ontario, perhaps I may be allowed to say that both claimants are right, in part. But I will join with any curler east of the River Trent in laughing to scorn the notion of a man who says that delicacy of play is impossible with irons. Why I have seen on the ice of the Montreal, the Caledonian, the Thistle clubs in the grand old city of the Royal Mount, shots taken that equalled in delicacy the exploits of a Roberts or a Dion on the billiard table. Draws, guards, wicks, raises, played to a fraction of an inch—the seemingly impossible performed with a nicety of skill, a steadiness of brain and muscle, an exactness of calculation and delivery that would convince any man not a Bourbon. "A clear eye and a steady hand" are pronounced by Dr. Sidey or some other curling authority to be essential in a curler. And no one who does not possess them can reach a place among the immortals in the game. These qualifications of course presuppose good physical "form," which is not compatible with excess of any sort. A good curler must be a man of steady habits. It is not a matter of temperament. Many will confirm me when I say that the cool, unimpassioned, deliberate player is often equalled in performance by the ardent, even irascible curler in whom the *perfervidum ingenium* is by a supreme effort subdued to the accuracy of aim and firmness of execution called for in an emergency. The game makes great demands, then, upon one's self-control. It is not without reason that a Scottish writer has declared:

The magic rings aroun' the tee
Frae a' ill feeling maun be free.

For a skip to lose his temper means usually that he loses his game. As in whist, a curler may not play his own hand exclusively. He must regard the rights of parties, friend or foes. It is easy to wreck an "end" by demoralizing one's players in an outburst of fault finding.

As an example of patient resolution and iron-nerved skill I think that a game between the Ottawa Club and the Montreals two rinks a side, played on the Vice-Regal Rink during the *regime* of Lord Lansdowne will live in the recollection of those who witnessed it. Geordie Hutchison and Scott were the Ottawa skips; David Williamson and Stancliffe those of the Montreal. The Ottawa men were at one time 21 points ahead, an adverse score enough of itself to dishearten any who were not of sterling stuff. But this seemingly hopeless minority was reduced point by point until the contestants tied and the score at the close showed the Montreals winners by two points. The Governor-General was intensely interested and left some function at Rideau Hall to witness the conclusion of the match.

I recall a memorable game played on the Thistle ice in Montreal, between that club and the Quebec club some time in the seventies or eighties. Those steady players, the Brodies and their friends, Edwin Pope among them, if I recollect aright, were pitted against George Kay, Alex. Mitchell and others, for, I think, the Quebec Challenge Cup. The ice was beautifully true and keen, everything trim, as "William" knew how to make it. In one end seven or eight stones had been played to rest within the four foot rings, several of them touching each other, delivered "to an ounce" and so placed that when the skip's turn came to play it was a matter of raising a stone two inches to the tee by one skip to secure the end for his side, and of the other to prevent this by guarding. So keen was the ice that a dead guard was most difficult. The situation was critical. There was no capering or shouting then. The spectators were discreetly silent, the skips grave, their men anxious. Never were four stones watched with more solicitude by fifty pairs of eyes. Down came one stone of Kay's aimed to wick off a half guard and open a port to get at his own front stone and so raise it in for a winner. This was done to a nicety—his next stone stood a chance to win if Brodie did not guard. Brodie studied the position, rubbed his chin, turned and walked slowly up the ice to the hack, looking back at the rings as he went. His third man gave him the borrow. Taking his broom the skip carefully wiped the bottom of his stone and with deliberation played out-turn for a guard, and then stood like a statue to watch its course. "Sweep,"



A match on the Toronto Granite ice.—President vs. Vice-President.

called the vice-skip as the stone came slowly down. "Polish him hard!"—and the two sweepers strained their arms and their brooms. It stopped, a half-guard, five feet from the tee. Kay fidgetted; it was his last stone. A swift shot would not do, and yet as the stones lay a narrow borrow was necessary. On consultation with his vice-skip they agreed upon "a full draw to raise," and George went smartly up the ice, beckoning to his men to be ready to sweep. The stone was played exactly to the broom, but Kay's impatience would not let him stand at the hack to watch it and he followed it down, running with broom in air. "No, no!" he roared to his lead who was essaying to sweep. "Not a cove! there's enough in it." And so there was. But alas! that guard of Brodie's was in the path. It caught the edge of George's stone, deflected it about two degrees, and the end was Brodie's, who threw his second stone fifty feet down the ice and said, with a shake of the head, "It was a close shave."

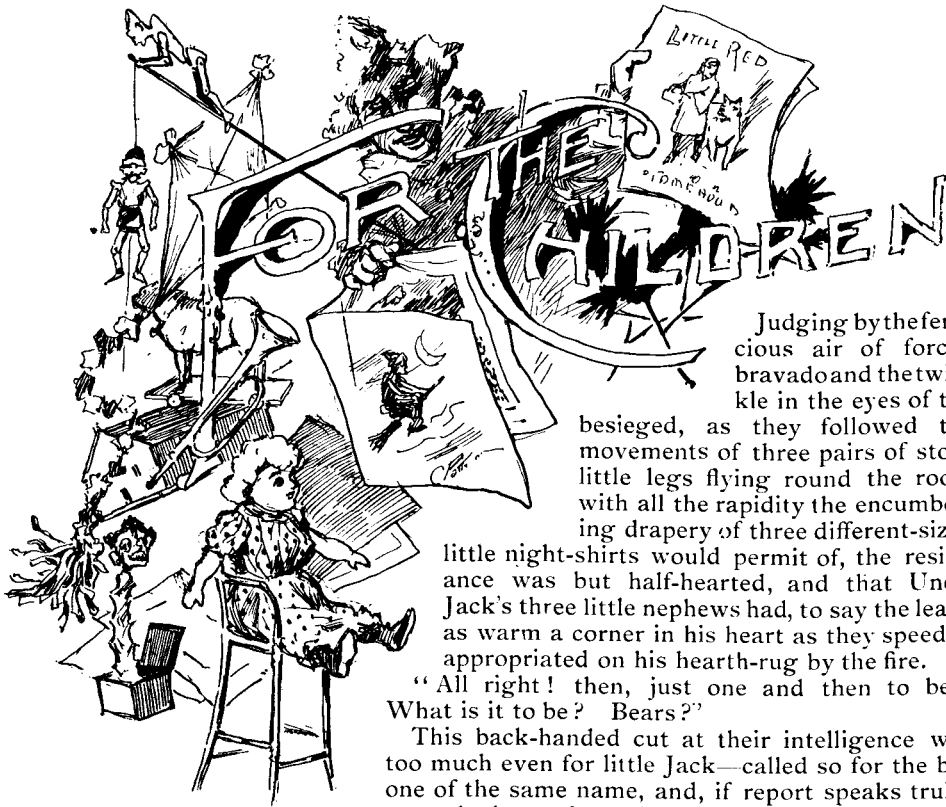
No better indication of the attractive features of the game can be found than the fact that the young men of the country are taking hold of it in increasing number. A marked change in this respect is evident to any observer of the players on the rinks in Montreal, for example. A larger proportion of young men is to be found among active curlers than was the case twenty, or even ten, years ago. The same thing is observable in Ontario, and it is true, I believe, of the United States. In the recent bonspiel at Toronto between American and Canadian curlers a much greater relative number of young or middle-aged men was present among the visitors than on former occasions of a like kind. Happily the scene was honoured by the presence of such experienced players and fine men as Paterson, of New Jersey; McClintock, George Grieve, Foulis and Nicholson, of New York; Peattie, of Utica; George Macnoe, of Buffalo; Williamson, sr., of Detroit. The last named is a typical curler; seventy years of age, erect, keen, cheery, he is clearly one of those who has observed the injunction of the old Scotch-

man who counselled a neighbour with respect to his sons: "See that ye bring them up in the fear 'o the Lord and in the love o' curlin'." Mr. Williamson has three sons, all curlers; and when they played against a rink of the Toronto Granite Club—whom they defeated—it was easily seen that the sportsmanlike spirit of the father was in the sons, for by the time the game was over they had quite won the friendship of their opponents. The Americans went home greatly pleased with their visit to Canada. It was a great week at the rinks; for in order to accommodate the restless desire of the visitors to curl on such ice and in such weather as is not so often to be had on the Hudson, the Mohawk or the Delaware, relays of players had to be provided morning, afternoon and night in the covered sheds. The original scheme of having the bonspiel on Grenadier Pond, near Toronto, was abandoned by reason of a heavy fall of snow which rendered the clearing of such a large space in time impracticable.

A writer in a local paper, referring to this International Bonspiel said:—"Whatever is the fascination of sweeping ice and slinging "stones," and shouting unintelligibly, as the rinks make or lose, those people who take delight therein do seem to have a good time. And it sweeps the cobwebs out of one's brains to hear their hearty voices, and warms the cockles of one's heart to see how much in earnest they are over their game." This writer, and many more non-curlers, fail to understand the charm of the game. In which respect they resemble the good doctor mentioned at the outset of this paper.

NOTE.—The large picture issued with the present number, a copy of Sir George Harvey's celebrated representation of the game of curling in Scotland in a past age, will commend itself to all curlers. Not only this, but the intense interest so graphically depicted in face and attitude, the life and motion of the whole scene, must command admiration from all lovers of art.

(To be continued.)



Judging by the ferocious air of forced bravado and the twinkle in the eyes of the besieged, as they followed the movements of three pairs of stout little legs flying round the room with all the rapidity the encumbering drapery of three different-sized little night-shirts would permit of, the resistance was but half-hearted, and that Uncle Jack's three little nephews had, to say the least, as warm a corner in his heart as they speedily appropriated on his hearth-rug by the fire.

"All right! then, just one and then to bed. What is it to be? Bears?"

This back-handed cut at their intelligence was too much even for little Jack—called so for the big one of the same name, and, if report speaks truly, none the less a favourite on that account—and an indignant silence was the only greeting to the ill-timed sally, till the roving eyes of Rob, the eldest, lighted on the plush trophy of glittering medals and row of cups on the mantel, sparkling with the reflected light of the dancing flames in the grate.

"Tell us a snow-shoe story! The boys of our school are going to hold their races next week, and perhaps we may get some hints from the way the boys in your day ran things—that is, if you can remember so far back, you know. We're not too proud to take pointers even from you, Uncle Jack," he added, patronizingly.

Uncle Jack swallowed this without a wink and began:

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen,—"

"This isn't a club dinner, Uncle Jack, but never mind, go on!"

"I was about to remark when Master Harold interrupted," continued the orator, "you are all probably aware that 'in days of old when knights were bold,' some eight hundred years ago, more or less—"

"Didn't think you were *quite* as ancient as that, Uncle Jack," remarked Rob.

"I appeal to the chair! have I the floor or not? If so, I demand that these inter-

HOW JACK WON HIS SNOW-SHOES.

WON'T you please tell us a story, Uncle Jack?"

"Do tell us a story?"

"Yes, a story!" was shouted by a chorus of three leather-lunged youngsters as they burst, with the rush of a whirl-

ing nor'-easter on a winter's night, into the cosy "den" where "Uncle Jack" had settled himself, in dressing-gown and slippers, in his favourite easy chair by the fire, to enjoy his after-dinner pipe and the evening papers.

The odds of three such sturdy and determined besiegers against one, whom his intimate friends were fond of joking on his rapid approach to the domain of the "sere and yellow," were too much, and the fortress surrendered at discretion.

A show of resistance had to be made, however, consisting of a shot or two of the soft chair cushions, and a volley of such epithets as: "You noisy young dogs!" "Uproarious little rascals!" and other available missiles of the same kind.

ruptions cease or I can't go on. Let me see! where was I?"

"Eight hundred years ago, more or less," prompted little Jack innocently.

"Thank you, sir! In those somewhat remote times it was customary to demand from the young man about to enter the ranks of knighthood that he should prove his mettle and show himself worthy of knightly honours by doing some brave deed that would entitle him to receive the badge of his knighthood—the spurs—worn on the heel of the horseman, even as at the present day; hence the saying, when one has proved himself worthy in any undertaking, that he has 'won his spurs.'"

"Say! Uncle Jack, if you have got down to the 'present day' don't you think you might 'let up' a little and talk 'sensible' like you sometimes do?" put in Rob again.

"I know this, young man, if I had slanged, and cheeked, *my* uncle when I was your age, as you boys do, it's not 'talking' that would have happened. However, we'll let that pass and I'll tell you how a boy I knew won *his* spurs, not on horseback on the velvet grass of the lists, under a balmy sky, clad in armour, with lance and sword, but in moccassins and snow-shoes, on the white covered snow-shoe field, in the frost-nipping air of a bright Canadian winter's day, years ago."

"What was his name?" cried all three at once.

"Jack."

"Jack *what*?" chorused the trio, with boy-like insistence of details.

"Oh! just Jack, plain Jack," replied the story-teller, uneasily.

Whereupon, amid sundry nudges and knowing winks, which were wisely ignored by him, the narrator proceeded:

"This 'Jack' was just such a sturdy, red-cheeked youngster as I hope his little namesake here will grow up to be, fairly well up in his class, buckling to his school tasks with plodding doggedness, which, perhaps, served him better than the so-

called 'cleverness' of some of his apparently more brilliant companions."

"It was in the playground and gymnasium, however, that Jack shone; his perseverance in anything he set himself to do here stood him in good stead, and the boy was easily a leader in all manly exercises and the idol of his classmates as a natural consequence."

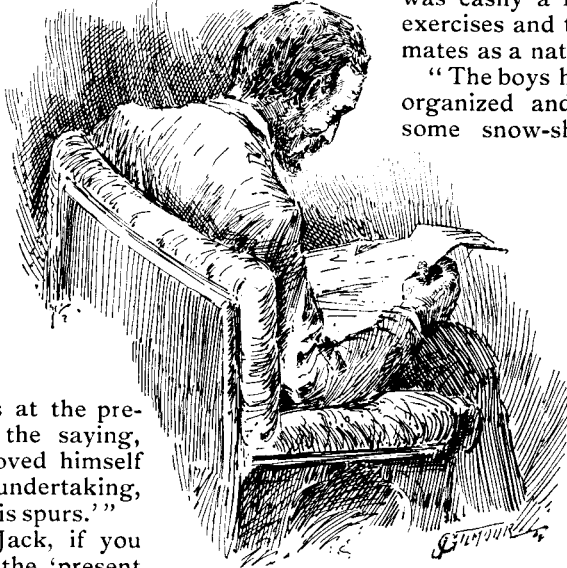
"The boys had more than once organized and carried through some snow-shoe races among themselves on the school grounds, but the coveted prize ever before their young eyes was the beautiful pair of snowshoes always given to the winner in the 'boys race' at the public meets of the large snow-shoe clubs of the city."

"Jack had just turned twelve that winter, and when he told his chums he was 'going to

have a try at the boys race' they were rather staggered."

"'Why, Jack!' they said, 'you've no chance among all that crowd; besides there's Tom Jefferson, Harry Thompson, Fred Simpson and a lot more good ones nearly up to the fifteen-year limit! You know we'd yell ourselves hoarse if you could only win, but you'd better wait a year or two and then these fellows will be out of it and you'll have a walk over.'"

"'I don't want any walk over,' said Jack, 'and I don't want any snow-shoes





“He speedily elbowed himself to the front.”—(See page 127.)

either if I can't win and wear them as a prize fairly earned."

"The boys could not but agree to that and away they all went with Jack to have his name formally entered as a competitor in the 'boys race' at the big meeting the following Saturday."

"You may be sure there were exciting times that week as Jack's chances were again and again discussed by knots of his chums after school was out, and wasn't there a delegation of them on the grounds to back him up and cheer him, winning or losing, as only boys can cheer!"

"The boys scarcely noticed the more important events, where their elders were striving their best to win the shining cups and medals that all the city had seen exhibited in the silversmith's window for a week past, and although big Bill Malsburg had just beaten the Indian champion from Caughnawaga in the mile race (that was before the days of our present fine *amateur* distinctions) they had eyes for nothing but the 'boys race' and Jack *their* champion.

"'Here they come!' was gleefully shouted as fifteen, twenty, *twenty-five!* of them straggled out from the dressing-room and huddled around the starting point before the judges, some of whom appeared bored and others amused and interested in watching the eager looks of the motley crew at the scratch.

"Even these veterans could not fail to be interested as their eyes fell upon the chunky lad, nearly head and shoulders below any of the others; from his little moccasins, up his stockings, blanket knickerbockers, close fitting jersey and on to the tassel dangling at the end of his little *tuque*, he was a *snow-shoer*, if a small one, and not a man among them but wished that the little snow-shoes showing signs of wear might be replaced by the beautiful new pair one of them held in his hand."

"'Likely lad!' they remarked to one another, 'hope he may win, but not much show among all those big fellows'"

"At last the word '*go!*' was given, and they were off like a flock of partridges with a whirr and a rush, Jack about the middle of the bunch. About half of them stumbled or were tripped in the first scramble for the 'lead'; two or three pairs of shoes were broken, and of those left on their legs a good many were practically out of it in the first twenty yards."

"The race was one 'lap,' or a quarter of a mile, and Jack had resolved on a bold

dash for the lead and a determination to keep it if he burst in the attempt. He speedily elbowed himself to the front of the straggling file of puffing boys,—the leading files viewing this as merely the rash folly of a 'green' one who did not know any better, and chuckling to themselves as they think how they will, when he has run himself out, easily catch up and pass him on the final spurt."

"'They don't know our Jack,' grinned the delighted boys at the side of the track as they saw him increase his lead on the back-stretch and gamely swing round the last corner, well ahead; heard the clatter of his shoes and watched the tassel of his *tuque* dancing up the home-stretch far in advance of his deluded rivals, vainly struggling to recover the distance they had so confidently allowed him to gain."

And didn't they yell:

"'Bully for you, Jack!'"

"'Go it, old man!'"

"'Ten yards more and you have it!'"

"The grand-stand caught the excitement of the boys and cheered the plucky little runner. The staid judges, even, clapped and smiled their approval, and when Jack plumped, dead-winded, all in a heap in the snow, over the finish, *a good five yards a winner*, didn't the distinguished and solemn referee himself pick him up and carry him off the track into the dressing-room, followed by the dancing mob of boys, shouting their mad delight at the success of their hero; and didn't the roof ring when the coveted snow-shoes were handed to Jack by the President of the club, and wasn't he a proud boy when the President patted him on the head and told him he had 'never seen a pluckier race,' and predicted for him a bright future on the snow-shoe track, and hoped he might have the pleasure of presenting him with many a cup and medal in years to come?"

Here the narrator paused,—like Jack at the finish,—short of breath, whereupon the audience on the hearth-rug again exchanged winks and nudges and pointed to the cups and medals on the mantel, till Rob put in, slyly:

"Uncle Jack! you say '*they*' not *we*; weren't you there with the boys?"

"Oh! yes, I was there," said their uncle, quietly.

"Oh! yes," chimed in Harold, "you were there, and you 'got there' often afterwards. Oh! we know you, Uncle Jack, you're '*there*' every time. Weren't you '*there*' when you went to the front with your regiment of those same 'boys'?"

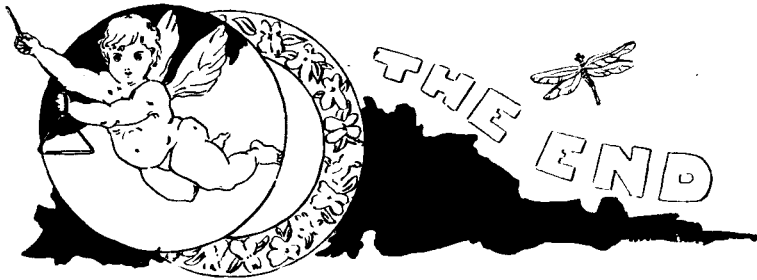
when the Fenians came, before we were born? and weren't you *'there'* again when Riel and the Indians made things ugly in the North-West not long ago? and although you don't run snow-shoe races now every one knows that when Uncle Jack's wanted he's *'there'* sharp on time."

"Well, well, boys, I didn't mean to boast, you know; I only wanted to show you that *pluck* and *grit* are capital things to carry boys and men through whatever they undertake, and now kiss me good-night, it's time for bed, and you'd better get *'there'* as quickly as you can or your mother will be after you."

The boys pleaded for "just one more,"

but Uncle Jack was firm and they trooped off, but when the shelter of the other side of the door was reached little Jack stuck his head inside and piped: "Uncles shouldn't talk slang to little boys if they don't want,"—the rest of the sentence was cut short in the effort to dodge the pillow his fond uncle shied at the curly head vanishing behind the closing door, and Uncle Jack was left to the enjoyment of his papers again, while visions of snow-shoes, cups and medals flitted through three little heads asleep on their pillows up-stairs.

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.



NOTES.

The prizes offered by the publishers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED for short stories have been awarded as follows:

First prize, \$60.—L. O. S., Brockville, Ont. Title, "The Renunciation of Grahame Corysteen."

Second prize, \$40.—E. Pauline Johnson, Brantford, Ont. Title, "A Red Girl's Reasoning."

Third prize, \$20.—Kay Livingstone, Montreal. Title, "Brough's Daughter."

Fourth prize, \$10.—Ella M. Trimble, Arkona, Ont. Title, "Elsie Lee."

* * *

Professor Charles G. D. Roberts' instalment of "Modern Instances" is, we regret to say, omitted this month, owing to the sad death of his brother, Goodridge Bliss Roberts, which took place at Wolfville, N.S., on the 4th of February.

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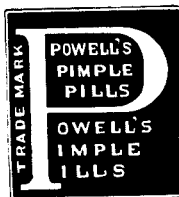
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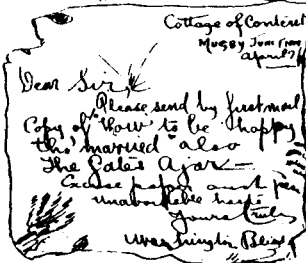
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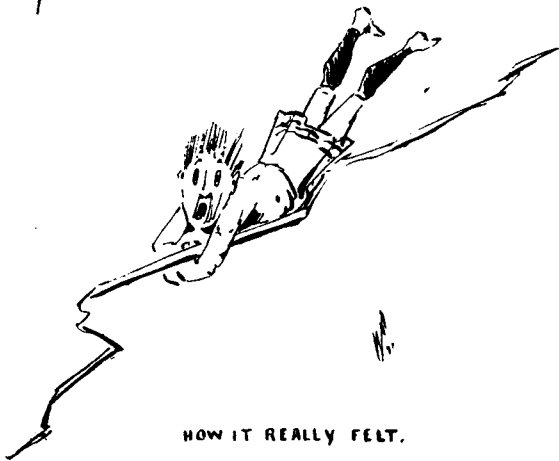
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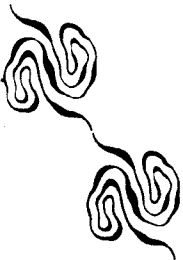
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The Allison Company has perfected a device which is very simple in construction, and is operated by the brakeman of the train, who pushes a lever, whereupon a gong is sounded, and a plate is exposed to view bearing the name of the approaching station. It consists of a frame of neatly ornamented wood, placed in prominent position at each end of the car, containing a number of thin iron plates, painted with the names of the stations in characters legible in any part of the car. The backs of these plates are utilized for advertising purposes, and as a medium of advertising is excelled by none.

This indicator has been adopted by the Grand Trunk Railway for their entire system and in conformity with the terms of the contract we have the sole right to advertise in their passenger cars.



The first instalment has been completed and is a marked success, and now the Allison Company respectfully solicits the patronage of the public. As a medium of advertising one can readily understand how much superior it is to any other, when it is remembered that no advertisement except those contained in the "Indicator" is allowed to appear in any of the Grand Trunk cars; that as the advertisement on view in the "Indicator" appears directly under the name of the station being approached, every passenger in the car can not fail to observe it; that the Grand Trunk passes through all the principal cities and towns in Canada; these and many other circumstances combine to make the Allison Railway Station Indicator the best advertising medium recommended to the public.

PATENTED NOVEMBER 21ST, 1890.

Upon application we should be glad to quote prices on any number of plates. Address,

The Allison Advertising Co. of Canada [Ltd.]

MONTREAL, CANADA.

CHOCOLAT MENIER

For Samples, sent free, write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLOU, Agent, Montreal.

HAZELTON
KRANIGG & BACH
FISCHER
DOMINION
BERLIN

PIANOS

— AND THE —

Æolian, Peloubet and Dominion Organs.

Largest stock. Lowest prices. Easy terms. No Canvassers. One price only. Old instruments taken in exchange. Pianos to rent. Repairing. Artistic tuning and regulating. Bargains and second-hand instruments at all prices.

Visits and correspondence solicited from any part of the Dominion.

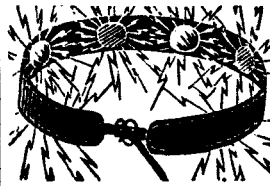
If you intend purchasing a piano or an organ, of any description, do not fail to ask for illustrated catalogues. They will cost you nothing and will certainly interest you.

L. N. PRATTE

1676
NOTRE DAME MONTREAL

PROF. BAER'S
Famous Electric Belt

AND
APPLIANCES.



Price only \$3.00
with Suspensory \$5.00.

Our new and successful Cure for Catarrh

READ OUR HOME TESTIMONIALS:

G. C. Arless, 261 St. James street, Montreal, cured of sciatica after everything else failed.

Jos. Best, 160 St. George street, Montreal, cured of Kidney Complaint and Rheumatism.

J. K. Macdonald, 762 Craig street, Montreal, cured of catarrh and sore eyes.

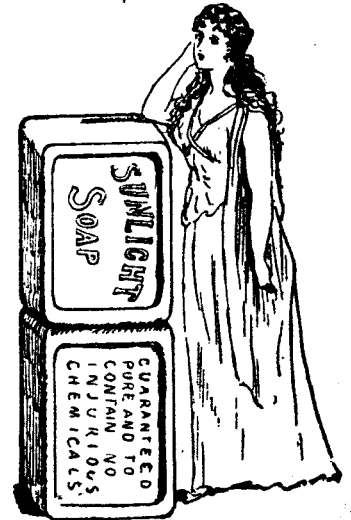
Call or write for Health Journal, Price Lists and Testimonials free by mail.

Address:

MONTREAL HEALTH AGENCY,
4 BEAVER HALL HILL, Montreal, P.Q.

P. O. Box 198.

HER SUPPORT.



Nothing in the world supports a woman in the execution of her household duties like "Sunlight" Soap. No matter whether it's washing coarse clothes or fine goods, scrubbing floors, washing dishes, cleaning anything dirty or greasy, this Soap has no equal in the world, and is the best friend a woman ever had in the house. Try "Sunlight." Beware of imitations.

The following are the

Leading Hotels

In their several localities throughout Canada:

Victoria, B.C. - - - The Drifard

Ottawa - - - - - The Russell

KUMISS FACE CREAM

... FOR THE ...

COMPLEXION.

Send 10 cents for sample.

1408 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

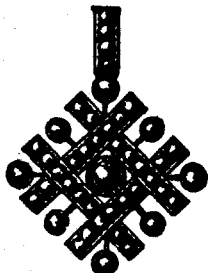
CASTOR-FLUID

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, 50c per bottle.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,

122 St. Lawrence East Street.

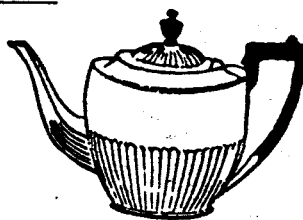
HENRY BIRKS & CO., JEWELLERS, ETC.



Pearl Pendant, \$38.00.

Invite inspection of the NEW GOODS that they are constantly receiving, the choicest and latest designs
Watches, Diamonds, Fine Jewellery, Sterling Silver, Fine Plate, China, Art Mantel Ware, Lamps, Clocks, etc., etc.

Goods sent on approval subject to return if not entirely satisfactory.



Solid Silver Tea and Coffee Set, \$165.

JEWELLERY, & CO.,
MADE TO ORDER BY SKILLED WORKMEN.

235 & 237 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

OFFICE DESKS

BY TEES & CO.,
THE DESK MAKERS,
300 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

Inlaid Flooring of every description; Elegant and durable. See our REVOLVING BOOKCASES.

BEST VALUE IN THE MARKET.
PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE CHILDREN
ARLESS & CO., 261 ST. JAMES ST.

WE MAKE CRAYON PORTRAITS. WE WANT ACTIVE AND RESPONSIBLE AGENTS IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY. Address,

PHOENIX PORTRAIT CO.,
Toronto, Ont.

POOKS FRIEND

BAKING POWDER