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MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

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SUB-DIVISION, 13TH "WINNIPEG," FIELD BATTERY.—REVIEW ORDER.
[Canadian Militia Series.—See p. 183.]

DRAWN BY A. H. HIDER.

MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. III.

MARCH, 1897.

No. 3.

ÉDOUARD DETAILLE—A PAINTER OF WAR SUBJECTS.

BY BERNARD MCEVOY.

WHEN the ill-fated Franco-Prussian war broke out in 1870, there was in Paris in the studio of Meissonier the great military painter, a young artist of twenty-two years, who was commonly esteemed to be that master's favorite pupil. He was at that time not only a pupil, but, in some measure, a successful artist, for he had exhibited at the Salon of 1868, his "Halt of Infantry" which had received much commendation; and in the succeeding year his considerable picture, "Repose during the Drill—Camp at St. Maur," had not only won him his first medal at the same place, but had brought him more orders than he could execute.

The cry of "*A Berlin!*" roused, however, his patriotic spirit, and he joined the army of his country, becoming, after a while, Secretary to General Appert, who was engaged in making plans of the environs of Paris. His secretarial duties did not prevent him from occasionally taking part in active service. Nor did his writing, planning, or fighting make him forget his art. When the sortie was over, or when there came a lull in the battle, he might be seen making rapid sketches of what had been taking place around him. This young soldier-artist, who was destined to become in his day the leading military painter of France, was Jean Baptiste Édouard Detaille.



FROM THE PAINTING BY ÉDOUARD DETAILLE.

"ATTACK ON A CONVOY."



FROM THE PAINTING BY EDOUARD DETAILLE.

"MY OLD REGIMENT."

When the war was over, and some years had passed, there were to be seen in the bedroom of the Emperor William, engravings of two pictures of military scenes, by French painters. One was painted by De Neuville, the other by Detaille. Under the latter His Majesty had written with his own hand, "Homage from the Victor to the Vanquished."

Édouard Detaille, as he signs his pictures, was born in Paris in 1848, thus coming into the world in that stormy year that saw the banishment of Louis Phillipe, the conflict between the troops and the National Guard, and the election of Louis Napoleon as President of the French Republic. The boy early displayed a taste for art, and began to draw soldiers. His parents encouraged his use of the pencil, and in due course he was sent to the Lycee Napoleon, where he received a good education, leaving school at sixteen with the honorable degree of Bachelor. In 1865 he entered the studio of Meissonier, for whom he came to entertain a great friendship. An incident that occurred some years after—in 1878—shows the respect Detaille had for his former master. He began to co-operate with his friend Vibert on a picture, very much in the French style,

of "The Apotheosis of Thiers," but, learning that Meissonier had expressed a wish that this subject might be reserved for his own brush, he at once declared that he could no longer assist his brother-artist in the work.

Detaille was in full sympathy with Meissonier in his passion for military scenes, and in his love of minute detail. Meissonier's treatment of a subject was usually microscopically faithful. His pupil followed his style with ardor and, in some cases, improved on his instructor. It has been said that his work responds to the eye like the famous general who said: "We are ready, quite ready; we do not lack a gaiter button." It will be at once seen that, in painting pictures of this kind, Detaille undertook a species of work that was most laborious and exacting. They could not be "dashed off" like the pictures of the impressionist, or poetical painter, who uses external objects as mere pegs on which to hang his work, and never troubles himself with characterization. We know the objurgations with which these gentlemen meet us if we venture to enquire what the things are that they have painted, and we have learned to temper the wind of criticism to the artist in the



FROM THE PAINTING BY EDOUARD DETAILLE.

“PRISONER! BATTLE OF REICHSHOFEN, 1870.”

grand style who paints in a frenzy, despises outline, and will have nothing to do with detail. The pictures of Detaille call for no self-repression of this kind. They answer with military sharpness to inspection, and, as we gaze, we feel as if we were looking on at the scenes he represents. A sensible eclecticism will take military pictures for what they are, and will enjoy them for their accuracy of representation. In military pictures the truth of each historical statement must be assured before attention can be given to pictorial effect. We can imagine pictures of battles painted with a breadth that would treat troops as masses of color, and make much of gunpowder smoke and suggestive shadows. Military pictures of that kind, however, would not be tolerated in France, where people require a great amount of realism in these records of war. Accordingly, the French military painters have aimed less at panoramic effects than at side issues, incidents of soldier life, skirmishes, battle-field scraps.

Detaille's early pictures, therefore, as well as those of later years, show a photographic exactness of reproduction, which misses no line and leaves out no mass of light and shade. They show, also, a great mastery of drawing horses and men. The labor of years has produced in him a facility and sureness that stick at nothing, and the most difficult foreshortenings are attacked with a courage that overcomes all obstacles. There is no timid shifting around to get his models in an easy pose. They come before the spectator as they are, alert with life, men and animals that might almost be expected to move. But the early pictures lack that skill of composition and balancing of parts which distinguish Detaille's later work. In this we find a gradation of significance that is a great advance on mere reproduction. But, lacking the laborious years of industry which went to produce his early style, it is doubtful if he would have been able to give us such magnificent paintings as those of which reproductions are given in the present article. Take his picture of 1869: "Repose during the Drill." It is simply a faithful transcript of a scene that might have been observed

almost at any time at the camp of St. Maur. During the rest the officers adopt easy postures; the strain of duty is, for a time, relaxed; they light their cigars and arrange their accoutrements. The private soldiers stand by or sit on their knapsacks, refresh themselves from their canteens or take a bite of soldier's bread. But there is no inspiration about the picture. The French people liked it, were enthusiastic over it, because they are a military people, and admired anything that would bring vividly before them the army with which their ideas of glory were bound up. But by this sort of work Detaille was only preparing himself for the pictures that came after 1870-'71. It was the Franco-Prussian war that made Detaille, so to speak. After that the people were ready for his pictures. True, they had been beaten by the superior force and genius of their enemies. But they were conscious of the heroism that had been displayed on many fields, even though that heroism had not led to victory. Our painter could not paint the French army conquering its foes with triumphant success. His patriotism forbade his painting Prussian victories. What he did was to produce a series of half-sarcastic, but truthful, pictures of exact finish, correct color and artistic composition, which brought before the minds of the spectators, when they were exhibited, the tragic incidents of the war. A note of sadness, of heroism in defeat, of a calm bowing to resistless fate runs through most of them. But they all exhibit Detaille's great qualities of sobriety, precision and simple dignity. They were war pictures, but, even so, there was no extravagant theatricalism about them. And, in this particular, it may be said that Detaille has read a lesson to French art in general; which is frequently neither sober, nor precise, nor dignified. Even when it is not brutal, as it often is, it may be said that Parisian picture-galleries frequently suggest a condition of society that is altogether unhealthy and abnormal. The sprawling nudity, the intensely sensational incidents, that are sometimes chosen for representation, would appear to show that many French painters have come to the conclusion that people will



FROM THE PAINTING BY EDOUARD DETALLE.

“RECONNAISSANCE.”

not look at anything unless it is somewhat startling or rather indecent. "Audacity is mistaken for genius, and cleverness and eccentricity are accounted the brightest parts of talent." There are French painters, of course, that paint for us the nude in a pure and artistic way that entirely refines it and lifts it

again to their arts and occupations, it was before pictures like those of Detaille that the greatest crowds were to be found and the most passionate tears of admiration were shed.

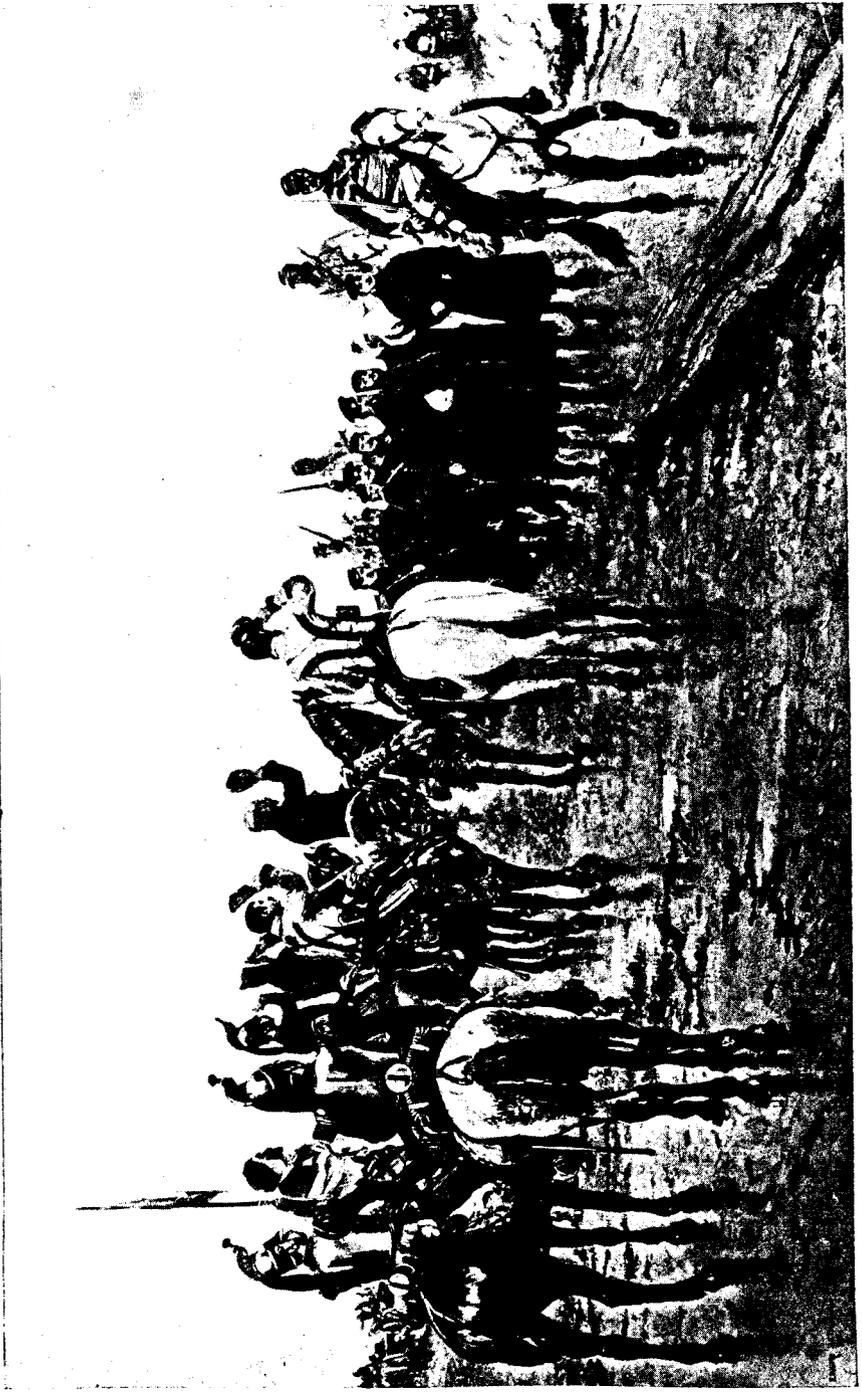
Our illustrations afford varied glimpses of our artist's genius, and they represent pictures that were among those which



ÉDOUARD DETAILLE.

out of the region of the gross and sensual. There are painters like Breton and Millet and Corot who give us the most poetic and delightful aspects of nature and mankind. But to much of French art the work of Detaille came like a purifying breeze. The war had swept its destructive course through France. When it was over, and the people turned

were received with the greatest enthusiasm. The task of the painter was a difficult one. He had keenly to characterize the nationality of the soldiers he painted, and to soothe, if he could, the bruised national pride. He chose such incidents as would display the courage of brave, though conquered, soldiers. He lost no opportunity, consistent with



FROM THE PAINTING BY EDUARD DETAILLE.

"SALUTING THE WOUNDED."

truth, of depicting the faults and foibles of the conquering army. In " 'Prisoner!' Battle of Reichshofen, 1870," he gives us an incident of a conflict in which the French were met by an overwhelming force and displayed many instances of great bravery. The composition is admirable, and the accessories of the hopfield and distant village are finely painted. The French officer, whose horse is shot under him, was a friend of Detaille's, and the picture was painted *con amore*. The dash of cavalry shown in "Attack on a Convoy" is splendidly given; the oncoming confused rush of horses and men is a convincing fact. The object of the picture, probably, is to show the courage of the handful of men who defend the convoy; who do not run away, but empty here and there a saddle. The drawing, both of horses and men, is splendidly vigorous, and the action of the officer in the centre, who half turns in his saddle to cheer on his men, could not be surpassed. There is something touching, too, about those peaceful poplars amid which this battle-smoke is blowing.

In the well-known "Reconnaissance" a far different scene is portrayed. We are in a French village, the environs of which are held by the foe, and the reconnoitering party backed by the main body of the regiment are momentarily expecting the attack of the Prussians. The eager look on the faces of the advanced guard; the dead man and horse in the foreground, and the villagers attending the wounded men are finely chosen incidents. In "My Old Regiment," we have a combination of peace and war. He had once belonged to them, this poorly clad fellow in his loose working clothes with the barrow that contains his stock-in-trade, the shovel and broom of a road-cleaner. He was once one of these fine, stalwart, soldierly cavalry men. Standing in the hollow he recognizes his old regiment as the company tramps across the bridge and turns down the road by him, and he pulls himself together to give the salute. His loose trowsers bag at the knees, his shoes may be clumsy and broken, his jacket a mere apology for a coat, but the soldier's training speaks in the whole attitude of the man, in the erect figure, the flat back, the sit of the hips.

The whole spirit is stirring keenly at the moment. And you can see that the men are interested. They are wondering what brought him to the streets, while he, with a kindly heart, is thinking of the days when he was one of the boys of the Old Brigade. Whole volumes speak in this moment of silence.

In "Saluting the Wounded," French politeness and magnanimity are the text. A little band of wounded men march stolidly on—hands, heads, limbs bandaged. Yet it is their moment of silent glory, and the French staff officers recognize it and salute them as heroes. The very horses seem to bend their arched crests as the wounded pass. One can imagine these grizzled officers almost jealous that they are not numbered with the splendid little group. Perhaps the greatest happiness of a soldier's life is crowded into such a moment as this.

"The Soldier's Dream," which won Detaille the medal of honor in the Salon of 1888, will be remembered by many. It represents a regiment sleeping on the battle-field, their arms piled, while above them in the clouds is shown the conflict in which they soon will be engaged. Perhaps the severest cut our artist ever gave the Prussians was in his picture "Our Conquerors." In this, lean horses draw a four-wheeled cart loaded with pillage—furniture, pictures, *bric-a-brac*. From this Prussian soldiers are making sales to Jewish traders who have followed them out of Paris.

Besides the numerous paintings which attest the genius and accuracy of Detaille, a collection of admirable specimens of his work is to be found in a splendid volume, the publication of which was completed eight years ago, and which is entitled "*Types et Uniformes L'Armée Française, par Edouard Detaille texte par Jules Richard.*" Turning over the handsome folio pages of this book, which was issued by Boussod Valadon et Cie., of Paris—the successors of the famous Goupil firm, one gets an impressive idea of the power of drawing, the patient research and the unflinching industry which distinguish Detaille.

Bernard McEvoy.

THE GUIDING STAR.

A Story of the Canadian Parliament.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

“LOOK out!” shouted someone. The young man addressed, turned quickly, and glanced up the street. The cause of the commotion flashed upon his vision—a runaway pair of fine horses, bearing down and almost upon him.

There were two women in the sleigh. The elder one had shrunk into a corner in a terrified attitude. The younger stood upright, grasping the back of the driver's seat, and stared over the heads of the horses, with wide and beautiful eyes. It was the expression of these eyes that caught and riveted the young man's attention for the instant, during which he mechanically absorbed the details of the situation.

The driver sat rigid, frightened and futile, jerking spasmodically at the reins which the horses now controlled. The leaping horses, the high-seated figure of the shrinking driver, and the statue-like form of the girl were silhouetted momentarily against the blood-red background of the western sky, and bound by the high buildings of the long street. As in a narcotic-given dream, to the eyes of the young man, the stone walls seemed to flow by, converging in clear-cut perspective at the end of the street, where the sun seemed setting. And over all, like a halo, was the *nimbus* of the mid-winter atmosphere, made golden by the sunshine.

Suddenly, to the corner, a car came clanging down a cross street, at a right angle to the course the runaways were taking. The sudden appearance of this electric monster, together with the loud accompaniment of its warning gong, disconcerted the horses and threw them from their stride.

It was the youth's opportunity—the chance of a moment and of a lifetime. He sprang to the horses' heads and seized the bridles with either hands. Then, as if at a signal, and seeing that the

horses were checked, a dozen other men ran to his assistance. The driver, like one loosed from his bonds, leaped down. Others surrounded the equipage with expressions of sympathy and solicitude for its occupants. In the midst of it all the young man slipped away.

. *.* *.*

On a certain February night of the famous session of 1896, George Hilton, newspaper correspondent, sat in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, alternately scribbling upon the paper before him and gazing across the chamber to the Speaker's Gallery. The Gallery was comfortably filled with fair faces, and faces that had once been fair; but Hilton's glance was not of a generally appreciative and disinterested nature. Rather, it seemed focused upon one young person who sat in the front row, and, leaning over the rail, appeared mightily interested in a bald-headed and elderly gentleman below, who was discoursing fluently upon the universal benefits to be derived from the extension of a certain waterway, possibly through his own constituency. The declining attitude of the girl annoyed Hilton, since it only allowed him a very complete view of the top of her be-feathered hat, save at moments when the bald-headed orator in the arena, paused in his talk to sip from a tumbler of water; during which brief periods the girl would raise her head and glance indifferently about, to resume her original attitude at the sound of the next word from the gentleman who held the floor.

“What the deuce can she see—or rather, hear—to interest her in the old duffer?” muttered Hilton in disgust, as he dipped his pen viciously into his allotted inkwell, and prepared to write the orator down an ass. “One can't call it a dry subject exactly, though it seems to be so to the old gentleman; but it's not the sort of thing one would imagine a woman

could interest herself in. 'Riding, of North Dutton,' whenever are you going to get through?"

At last, "Riding, of North Dutton," got through his glass of water and his speech, and sat down to the accompaniment of loud applause; whether at the fact of his sitting down, or in recognition of his remarks, Hilton could not quite decide. It was close upon midnight, and in a few minutes the House was adjourned. Hilton hurriedly gathered up his papers and went to the telegraph office with his report. He was anxious, the while he smiled to himself at his folly, to catch a parting glimpse of the fair face which had been tantalizingly opposite to him for the past two hours. The opportunity for something more than a mere glimpse was given him.

He handed his sheets to the operator, and walked back along the corridor with nervous haste. It was Friday night, and some western members had already left the House to catch their train for home. Others were standing about in groups of twos and threes in the lobbies chatting and exchanging jokes—possibly for subsequent perpetration elsewhere. And still others were busily mailing letters, or fussily tapping upon the glass doors of their respective postal boxes for the latter's contents. Pages, with marvellously nimble feet and precocious faces, were flitting hither and thither, occasionally indulging in pedal slides upon the polished stone floor, and exchanging doubtful compliments as they passed one another; then lost to view the next moment, like so many fire-flies. The air was filled with an inharmonious chatter in three tongues—English, French, and broken English; in the midst of which, it was impossible to distinguish one language from the other. Clerks and messengers, with interspersed sighs of, no doubt, heart-felt gratitude, were preparing to hasten home to their couches; pausing to bow or touch their caps as a minister or some other high dignitary came by. Fellows of Hilton's craft were running here and there, or button-holing members; and at the door of one of the corridors and glancing anxiously down the aisle, stood the pretty subject of Hilton's thoughts.

As Hilton stood in a confused and uncertain mood, a page came running up to the girl.

"I can't find him anywhere," said the lad, standing on one foot, as the girl turned eagerly to him. "I've looked everywhere: in the Reading-Room, and in Number Sixteen; and—and he isn't at the Bar."

"Of course he isn't!" said the fair one, in disgust. "Whatever made you look there? Oh, I'm sure he'll miss his train!"

Someone called the page, who executed a hop-step-and-jump and disappeared. The pretty girl looked the picture of despair.

"Faint heart never won fair lady!" quoth Hilton to himself, and he stepped forward.

"You are anxious to find someone?" he interrogated. "Perhaps I can be of service to you, if I may."

The object of his attention turned an eager glance to his, and after a moment's pleased scrutiny, exclaimed:

"I want to find Papa! He's forgotten all about his train; and I'm sure he'll never catch it if I don't catch him. I suppose all those other members have got hold of him to congratulate him upon his speech, and he's forgotten me, and that he has to go away to-night."

"I'll go and find him!" quoth Hilton, with the air of a Jason.

"Oh, will you? You know him, of course? Mr. Riding, the member who made the speech to-night, you know!"

"Oh, of course!" said Hilton, smiling. "I'll have him back in a minute!" And he strode gallantly off.

"He's only got about ten minutes to catch his train in, and it's late as it is!" called the beauty after him.

"The member who made the speech, indeed!" said Hilton to himself, with a chuckle. "I should say he did! As if there were not a hundred others making equally important speeches this blessed session! And so he's her papa, is he?" He ran into the Chamber, into the Reading-Room, into Number Sixteen, and into a dozen other quarters; but failed to find the great and forgetful Riding *père*

"The deuce!" he said to himself. "She will think me a fool! I must find him!" But he hoped he wouldn't.

He sent two pages on his own errand. Then a messenger, a sedate personage with a corrugated brow, who looked as if he were carrying the very cares of the Premier himself, instead of the Premier's messages, was interrogated.

"Why, he's gone long ago!" said this worthy. "I got a cab for him and two other gents. that wanted to catch the Winnipeg Express. One of them was a senator, Senator Humbug, I think; and they went out of the Senate door. They was all down at the bar together."

Hilton returned and retailed this information, excluding the last sentence. To his surprise, Miss Riding, though chagrined, appeared relieved.

"You were not going away yourself?" he ventured.

"Oh, dear no! I merely wished to see that he got away all right. I can't thank you enough for the trouble I have caused you; though I think we should both blame Papa."

"Trouble? It has been a pleasure, though I have been unsuccessful!" murmured Hilton. He felt as if he were treading on air. Then he thought of the faint-hearted adage again. Glancing at a list printed in large, clear type that hung nearby, Hilton saw that Riding *père*, M. P. for North Dutton, lived when at the Capital, on a quiet street some blocks away. So he said:

"Perhaps you will let me have the pleasure of being of further assistance to you, Miss Riding. May I call a sleigh to take you home? I may say that I have, in a political sense, so to speak, a right to ask the right; since I have come from your father's constituency."

"Do you, really? Then I suppose you have. But I should prefer to walk, as the night is fine and I like the exercise."

"I always take a walk before turning in," remarked the happy Hilton; which indeed, was not remarkable, since his lodgings were some distance from the House, and the average newspaper correspondent's purse is not heavy to carry.

So they stepped out of the tepid atmosphere of the great building into the crisp air of the February night.

"You must tell me what you thought of Papa's speech," said Hilton's fair companion. "It was his first; that is, his

first of real importance. Though, of course, they are all important!"

"It was remarkably clever," said Hilton, gravely. "I saw that you were deeply interested, which was, of course, natural."

"Of course, all the papers will be full of it," said Miss Riding, (aged eighteen,) with ingenuous and delightful assurance. "Oh, by the way, Mr. Hilton, what paper do you represent? You see, I know your name—I asked a page when you went to look for Papa."

Hilton thrilled. "*The Guiding Star*, of Bramley," he answered modestly.

"*The Guiding Star!*" echoed his companion, with a start. "Why, that's a terribly Grit paper! It's been desperately opposed to Papa all along. You don't—you don't mean to say you represent *that* paper, Mr. Hilton?"

"I'm afraid I do, Miss Riding," answered the Ottawa correspondent of *The Guiding Star*, in tones of misery.

"And—and you sent a report away to-night of Papa's speech, of course?"

"Oh, of course! I had to, you know!"

"Had to? Why, of course you had! How could you help it? But what did you say? You didn't dare to—to criticize Papa's speech!"

"Oh, no, really! I didn't say much!"

"Didn't say much, Mr. Hilton! As if I didn't know what sort of a report of Papa's speech the editor of *The Guiding Star* would want! Horrid old thing! Oh, I am so disappointed! I am *more* than disappointed!"

This last declaration should have been gratifying to Hilton; but he was deeply pained.

"Look here, Miss Riding!" he exclaimed with a burst of pathetic earnestness. "I assure you I didn't abuse him, or anything like that, really! And the editor of the paper isn't such a bad fellow! The paper used to be Conservative, you know!"

"Yes, but that was before Papa was elected. What good is that now? Poor Papa!" They had now reached 'poor papa's' house, and Miss Riding was standing on the lower step, her eyes a few inches above the level of Hilton's, that looked up at those of his companion with contrition.

"You shall see the paper, Miss Riding, as soon as it comes down," he said, earnestly. "It reaches here to-morrow evening. May I—"

"No, you may not. And I believe you have treated Papa abominably! Good-night!" Whereat, Hilton lifted his hat, and walked away, partly in pique and partly in despair; for he was very young. A soft musical laugh broke on his ear, and he turned quickly, to see Miss Riding's skirts disappear and hear the heavy door close with a 'click.'

"She must be either capricious or full of Old Nick!" thought Hilton; and then he quickened his step, and his face brightened. It clouded a moment later when he thought of his paper.

"Confound *The Guiding Star!*" he exclaimed aloud. "I did pitch into the old gentleman, that's a fact; but it was her fault. I wonder if the report has been wired yet? There may be time to change it a bit!"

He hurried back to the House, but the operator assured him that his matter had gone ages ago—even to the last word. So the young correspondent turned dejectedly to his rooms. He remembered now very well every word he had written about Riding *père* and his blessed speech. It would make good reading, that report; but not from Riding *père's* point of view. Undoubtedly, and oddly enough, Hilton's crabbed criticism of the father's utterances had been biased by the attitude of the daughter. Nevertheless, the young man thought well to step into the city telegraph office, ere he turned into his lodgings, and send the following message at full rates:

Wakeman,
"Guiding Star,"
 Bramley,
 Modify my report
 of R's speech to-night. Am writing.
 Hilton.

What he was to explain in writing did not present a very alluring subject for thought, to Hilton, so he dismissed it, and went to bed; where he dreamed of a chariot charging down upon him, drawn by a steed of prehistoric proportions and driven by a wild-eyed female. The steed changed to a centaur, that is, partially changed; and the centaur had the face of Riding *père*, M.P., very much dis-

torted. The driver changed to Riding *fille*, with a very much distorted face also; and she bore in her hand a copy of the *Guiding Star*, which she flourished dramatically, as the entire outfit, chariot and steed and steerer, bore down upon the unfortunate Hilton. There was a great commotion in Hilton's ears, and he awoke and found that a boy had been knocking on his door for some seconds. The boy had a telegram, which read:

Hilton,
 Ottawa.
 Modify nothing. Keep it up.
 Report capital.
 Wakeman.

Whereat Hilton swore; and the boy departed in haste.

The afternoon of the same day found Hilton an interested unit among the number of those who thronged the main promenade of the Capital. Rosy-cheeked girls, characteristically Canadian, passed and repassed him, chatting on the most trifling topics, with an earnestness of manner and a volubility that seemed marvellous and untiring. At length the young fellow's vigilance was rewarded, for a sleigh drove slowly towards him containing the dark-eyed object of his thoughts, and one other. The driver pulled his horses to a walk as they neared Hilton; so that the latter was able to give a longer, if rather flushed look, into the eyes of the daughter of Riding *père*, M.P., than that gentleman, had he been a witness, would have considered necessary and proper.

Miss Riding whispered something hurriedly to her companion, and directed the driver to stop. Hilton did not wish to flatter himself; but it seemed to him the girl's eyes grew more interested when they discovered him.

"Won't you join us, Mr. Hilton?" she said, brightly. "Annie, let me introduce you to Mr. Hilton. Mr. Hilton—Miss Morris. John, open the door."

Miss Morris said, "How d'ye do?" in a really genteel tone—it is the art of artfulness to infuse warmth into that least warm of conventional phrases—and eyed Hilton keenly. Mr. Hilton was in the seventh heaven, and walking on ether again. The stoical person upon the box descended and swung open the

door with a flourish, making Hilton feel as if he were really somebody indeed at last. The three drove merrily on.

"I had such an adventure here," remarked the M.P.'s daughter. "My aunt and I were out driving the other day, and the horses ran away. You don't look a bit sympathetic, Mr. Hilton!"

"Mr. Hilton hasn't heard the rest of the story, my dear Lily," said Miss Morris, complacently. "There's nothing to be sympathetic about, so far. The horses ran away, Mr. Hilton, and—"

"And Aunt and I were just on the point of being thrown out and dashed to pieces," continued Miss Riding with flashing eyes, "when"—

"When an electric car with one of those life-saving appliances came dashing gallantly up the cross street and stopped the horses!" cried Miss Morris.

"Annie, don't be absurd!" cried Miss Riding, with flushed cheeks. "A gallant young man sprang forward and seized the horses, and Aunt and I were—saved!" And Miss Riding brought her small palms together with an emphatic smack that caused the image of a driver to turn on his seat.

"He was such a handsome fellow, they say," added Miss Riding's companion. "The wonderful *they*, you know, Mr. Hilton, who always see and hear everything, and whom we are never quite able to locate. Nobody seems to know who he was."

"He was a most fortunate youth," said Hilton, gravely; and then he flushed, for he observed that Miss Morris was eyeing him curiously.

"Papa is most anxious to discover the brave fellow, and I know he will try and do so when he returns," said Miss Riding, with animation. "I should like at least to thank him."

"And if he is eligible, you know," continued the other girl, "Mr. Riding may give his daughter to the gallant youth, as the kings used to do in the fairy stories; only, they did that to keep the mortgage on the throne from being foreclosed. Mr. Riding comes back tomorrow, you know, Mr. Hilton; and I'm sure he'll have a copy of *The Guiding Star* with him."

Despite this reference, and the laugh

that followed it, Hilton thoroughly enjoyed the remainder of his drive, in such fair company; though, during that time Miss Riding looked a trifle melancholy and reminiscent, glancing curiously and shyly at Hilton's interesting countenance now and then. And Miss Morris was talkative and witty, if a bit sarcastic at the expense of the fashionably-dressed young civil-service clerks who promenaded the streets, whom she described as devoting nine-tenths of such intelligence as they possessed to the weighty matters of dress and parties; while the microscopic remainder they beneficently bestowed upon the departmental duties that afforded them their bread and butter.

By the time he parted with the young ladies, Hilton had progressed in a delightfully easy manner in his acquaintance with them, particularly Miss Lily Riding; and a tender, if brief pressure from that young lady's gloved hand as he said good-bye, sent the young fellow away with his heart beating several degrees faster than was normal. In his delirious sense of exaltation, he quite forgot the existence of *The Guiding Star*, and the existence—doubtless in print ere now—of his own critical efforts relating to the oratorical flights of Riding *père*, M.P.

Sunday morning came; but though he worked assiduously, Hilton thought its end never would. Unwitting and lovely woman has a great deal to answer for. But the end brought its reward: not the knowledge, indeed, of work well done, but a messenger! And the messenger brought a dainty little note, and the dainty little note brought a message, and the message brought mingled joy and consternation to the heart of Hilton. Said the note:

"Dear Mr. Hilton:—

Will you join us in a drive this afternoon, (Miss Morris and Aunt and myself) if you have nothing better to do? Papa returned this morning, and is quite eager to meet you.

Yours sincerely,
Lillian Riding."

Would he join them?

A most cordial note; a dear, cherished little note! Hilton kissed it, foolishly enough, and placed it away with tender

solicitude. You would have thought he was handling a soap bubble. Then he changed his mind, and placed it in his breast pocket.

"But I wish I was eager to meet him," murmured Hilton, as he sent the messenger away with an answer of acceptance warm with thanks. "However, I must face him bravely; though I'd rather not face him at all. I wonder what the old gentleman will say?"

The two young ladies, with unmistakable signs upon their faces of very recent mirth, greeted Hilton when he was shown into the Riding drawing-room. A moment later, Riding *père* walked in. He held out his hand to Hilton with an affable smile.

"Glad to see you!" he said with the patronizing heartiness of a very great man. "I must thank you for your kindness to my daughter the other evening. It was really most forgetful of me, most forgetful!"

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Riding!" chimed in Miss Morris from the piano-stool, "did you bring down a copy of *The Guiding Star* of yesterday, with you?"

"*The Guiding Star* of yesterday? Of course I did! It contains the ablest and best report of *my* speech of Friday night, in print!"

Hilton stared.

"You haven't seen it, have you, Hilton? The mail doesn't get in with it until to-night, I think. You can take a look at my copy! Where the deuce is it? Ah, here it is, in my breast pocket! Wakeman's sending me five-hundred copies to-morrow. I must congratulate you on your work, Hilton. Ably done! Ably done! You'll be correspondent for the Party's greatest paper, yet! Take a glance at your work; the girls won't mind. Oh, by the way, I was forgetting I have something for you! Wakeman asked me to hand you this line from him. Read it now, Hilton, if you like. The girls will excuse you!"

Hilton, not knowing whether he was standing on his head or his heels, ran his eye over the letter. It ran:

"My dear Hilton:—

Just a line to tell you that *The Guiding Star* has seen the error of its ways, and has returned to the fold. If your political principles—if you have

any—are not too rigid, I shall be glad to have you remain at Ottawa as our correspondent. As correspondent of *The Guiding Star* with Conservative tendencies, you can have twenty-five more a month than formerly. You will see by to-day's issue that I have, upon second thought, acted upon your wire and modified your report of Riding's speech, without saying anything to R. You can govern yourself accordingly in your future reports. Pay great attention now to Riding. He is a coming man, and we will yet have a Cabinet Minister sitting for North Dutton.

Yours faithfully,

Nat. Wakeman.

P.S.—I am glad of the change, as I never really believed in the trade policy of the Liberals: It didn't bring us trade.

P.S.—Keep your eye open for patronage in the way of ads."

"The turncoat!" said Hilton; smiling nevertheless.

"Turncoat, sir?" echoed the M.P. "You are right! Wakeman turned his coat once before, and he has since found that the lining does not wear as well as the cloth, so he's going back to the original condition."

"On the eve of an election?" interrogated Miss Morris. "Which means, of course, that he is at heart a Liberal."

"Never mind his heart, though lining don't make the heart—and Wakeman's heart is all right!" said the bluff M.P. "The heart has nothing to do with politics. It's what he is on *paper* that's of most consequence, eh Hilton?"

"In connection with politics, I suppose so," said Hilton, with a side glance at the M.P.'s daughter.

"So that accounts for your little trip home on Friday night, does it?" said that young lady, archly. "Well, whenever are we going to start? What is Auntie doing?"

"Here I am!" cried Miss Riding the elder. "I declare!" she exclaimed with delightful candor, as she entered the room, "I take longer to dress than you young girls! Oh!"

"Why, what's the matter?" cried the girls together; while the M.P. rushed fussily to the assistance of his sister, who had dropped into a chair and was busily fanning herself.

"Why, don't you know?" she cried. "Do you mean to say you don't know, Lily?" Hilton had walked to the win-

dow and was gazing attentively out of it. "Didn't he tell you? Why, that's the young gentleman who saved our lives!"

"Mr. Hilton!" cried the M.P.'s pretty daughter.

"What! stopped the horses?" roared the M. P.

The aunt nodded. Miss Riding walked slowly to the window, and gazed reproachfully up at Hilton.

"You," she said in a low voice.

"Tableau!" cried Miss Morris, dramatically.

"And you never told me," said Miss Riding to Hilton, two hours later when the drive was ended and the two sat

alone in the gathering twilight, at the end of the comfortable drawing-room. "Well, of course, it wasn't likely you would. But I should have known—instinctively, I mean. That is—something told me that you—that you—"

We will not record what Hilton told her *then*.

"And you won't give up the *Guiding Star*?" questioned the fair Lily after a while.

"I certainly shall," said Hilton, emphatically. "But then, politics have nothing to do with the affairs of the heart, you know; and I have another guiding star now."

Charles Gordon Rogers.

[*B-gun in October Number.*]

WITH PARKMAN THROUGH CANADA.

BY PROF. WM. CLARK, D.C.L.

PART V.*

HALF A CENTURY OF CONFLICT.

PEACE
OF
RYSWICK.

The Peace of Ryswick, in 1679, put an end to the conflict between Louis XIV. of France and William III. in England; and the result was greatly to the advantage of the latter country. For not only did the French King surrender all that he had taken during the war, but his country was left impoverished, while England was prosperous. The Peace of Ryswick lasted only five years.

QUEEN
ANNE'S
WAR.

In 1702, broke out the war of the Spanish Succession, known in the colonies as Queen Anne's war. Louis XIV. coveted the throne of Spain for his family. He placed his grandson on the throne of Spain, and recognized the elder pretender, son of James II., as King of England. In the month of May, England declared

war, and on this side preparations were made, even before the declaration, for renewing the conflict. "If war be declared," said one of the French officers, "the king will very easily be able to conquer and ruin New England." He had a poor opinion of the courage of the New Englanders, and he thought that, with five ships of war and some soldiers and Indian auxiliaries, they might take Portsmouth, and then march on to Boston, and after destroying that city, march for New York, the fleet following along the coast.

INDIAN
RAVAGES.

Such plans might be absurd, but serious times were coming for the inhabitants of Maine. The Abenakis joined the French and carried slaughter and terror into the villages and settlements of Wells, Casco, Deer-

* The next sketch will complete the series "With Parkman Through Canada;" and we wish here to acknowledge the kindness with which the publishers, Messrs Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, have placed these volumes at our disposal. If our readers are further induced to make themselves acquainted with that brilliant series, they will thank us for the introduction. We should acknowledge the receipt of a truly admirable compendium of Canadian History, by a highly qualified writer, Dr. J. G. Bourinot, of the House of Commons, Ottawa. It forms a volume of the series of the "Story of the Nations." Mention should also be made of the great work of Dr. Kingsford, providing a most complete and exhaustive "History of Canada." We are informed that the concluding volumes will appear soon. [EDITH.]

field and Haverhill. Indeed, there was scarcely a hamlet of the Massachusetts and New Hampshire borders that did not suffer at the hands of these marauding bodies of French and Indians. The inhabitants were put to an immense expense in protecting themselves; and one writer calculates that it cost Massachusetts a thousand pounds to kill an Indian. The only excuse which has been offered for this savagery, is the fear lest the Indian allies of the French might either pass over to the English, or become neutral.

It was not to be expected that the people of New England should receive so many injuries from their neighbors without some attempt at retaliation; and the French settlement in Acadia was temptingly near at hand; and, not for the first time, they determined to carry the war into the enemy's country. Port Royal, soon to receive the name of Annapolis from the reigning English Sovereign, was the centre of Acadia, and very badly governed, and matters went ill between the civil powers and the clergy. The government at home were harassed with complaints from the colony, whilst Blenheim and the other victories of their enemies were endangering the throne. Major Church was the first to make an attack on Acadia, and he was guilty of considerable cruelty, but did nothing really in the way of reprisals, although the governor, Dudley, of Massachusetts, must share the blame. At last, Colonel Nicholson was appointed by the united governors of the English provinces to take command of an expedition against Canada.

Preparations to resist his progress were made by the French, but they were ill-directed, and a great alarm spread throughout the country when it became known that the English were aiming at the conquest of the colony. The English found many difficulties in their way, a pestilence having broken out among them; they were detained by the non-arrival of the fleet expected at Boston, and they learnt at last, that the promised forces had been sent to Portugal.

After a good deal of delay, in the following year (1710), Viscount Shannon

was ordered to Boston with reinforcements; more men were raised in Massachusetts, who were promised leave to return home as soon as Port Royal should be taken. On September 24th, the squadron entered the narrow entrance to Port Royal. One vessel was lost, with twenty-six men. The others got in and landed their troops. The governor, Subercase, soon saw that there was no hope of holding the place and made proposals for a capitulation on honorable terms. The garrison were allowed to march out with the honors of war, and were sent by English ships to France. It was at this time, that Nicholson, on taking possession of Port Royal, gave it the new name of Annapolis Royal. It had twice before been taken by the New Englanders, and had been twice restored by treaty, to the French. It now passed, finally, to the English, and with it the province of Acadia.

**FRENCH
AND
NEW
ENGLAND.**

About this time began the intermeddling of the French with the internal affairs of the British Colonies. The happy thought occurred to a French officer that the English were not so much thinking of conquering Canada as of keeping down their own colonists. It was an excellent device to convey this information to the Bostonians, and to offer them complete exemption from French attacks, if they would promise to give no more assistance to England, in ships or men. But, when the emissary got to Boston, he was detained on account of preparations being then made for an attack on Canada, and the mission proved a failure. The French suggestion, however, was not entirely groundless.

**ANOTHER
ENGLISH
FAILURE.**

We have seen how designs were formed in France for the destruction of British rule on this continent, and the annexation of her colonies. It now became the turn of Great Britain to aim at the overthrow of French rule in Canada. A considerable force was prepared and put under the command of Colonel Hill, who obtained the appointment simply because he was a brother of the Queen's favorite, Mrs. Masham. He was no soldier, and had obtained his rank of

Colonel for the same reason. The fleet, for what reason is unknown, was put under the command of Sir Hovenden Walker, who was equally incompetent. The expedition was directed against Quebec. Dangers met them on the way. Walker, with stupid insolence, refused warnings coming from landsmen, when they encountered a fearful storm at the entrance of the St. Lawrence. Three days passed before they knew how serious was their loss. The ships of war all escaped; but eight transports were lost and nearly 900 men and thirty-five women perished. The disaster took place at a rocky island on the north shore, called Isle aux Oeufs. Walker and Hill had as little courage as power of administration; and seemed only anxious for some excuse for retreating. The pilots, they thought, could not be trusted, although their predecessors ascended the river with less guidance. It was altogether a very disgraceful business. Vetch, who had served under Nicholson, vehemently protested against the abandonment of the enterprise; but all in vain. Nicholson had been furnished with a command against Montreal, which he was to attack when the expedition against Quebec came in view of that city. He was beside himself with rage, when he heard what had happened; and marched back to Albany. The ladies of Quebec had made intercession with the Madonna, and now dedicated their church to *Notre Damedes Victoires*. The admiral was received with general disfavor in England, and soon afterwards retired to South Carolina, his name having been struck from the half-pay list.

PEACE OF UTRECHT. 1713. Louis XIV. had had his fill of war, and the Peace of Utrecht was the result by which France obtained terms far too favorable. Yet several concessions were made in America. The five nations of the Iroquois were acknowledged to be British subjects, a concession which has made the ground of vast territorial claims for England. Hudson Bay, Newfoundland and Acadia, were also surrendered by France.

PERILOUS QUESTIONS. It was mentioned in the treaty that Acadia was given up "according to its

ancient limits," but as these were not specified, the way was left open for endless contention in the future. For thirty years there was no settled peace. There were three subjects of dispute: (1) As to the extent of territory ceded to England, a strip of sea coast or a vast country; (2) Whether the Abenaki Indians were British or French subjects; (3) Whether France or England should hold the valley of the Mississippi and the Great Lakes. These were the problems which waited for solution in the Seven Years' War.

CAPE BRETON. Cape Breton, called by the French, Isle Royale, had been left to them. It is separated from Acadia only by the narrow Strait of Canso. It had been much neglected; but it was now proposed to occupy it, as a protection for Canada and a base for operations against New England. The fortifications of Louisburg, so called in honor of the King, cost eventually more than 10,000,000 dollars. There grew up around the fort a fishing village of about 4,000 inhabitants. It was the strongest fortress on the Atlantic Coast.

ACADIA. The French hoped their countrymen would go to Cape Breton. Those of Newfoundland were compelled to do so; but the Acadians manifested no disposition to move of their own accord; and the English were anxious to keep them. Priests were set to work to influence them, and they were induced to sign a declaration of loyalty to the King of France. Some went and some remained. The state of Acadia indeed was deplorable, the only sign of English authority being the dilapidated fort of Annapolis, so that Governor Phillips declared, in 1720, it would be more for the honor of the crown, and profit also, to give back the country to the French, than to be contented with the name only of government. Still the French population went on increasing. The Acadians had secured liberty of worship, on the condition of accepting the sovereignty of Britain, and keeping within the limits of British law. But the work of the clergy became political, as well as religious, and they did not hesitate to declare that they were there, "in the business of the King of France."

In consequence of this, two were ordered to leave Acadia. The English had their own neglect to thank for the state of things that was growing up in Acadia, which was ready to drop into the hands of the King of France. The settlement of Halifax about the middle of the century, startled the French, and made them enter into the intrigues which became the immediate cause of the removal of the Acadians in 1755. But it was long before this, in 1720, that the governor, General Philipps, issued a proclamation, requiring the Acadians to swear allegiance to the King of England, or to leave the country without their property, within four months. This term was extended indefinitely from fear of a rising; and it was not at all certain that the English garrison could get the upper hand. The Acadians, in any case, were willing to be led by their clergy in things civil as well as religious.

The case of Sebastien Role was a remarkable episode in the struggle between the English and French. A Jesuit priest born in France, coming out in 1689, at the age of thirty-two, Role was of strong frame, of a keen spirit, and of intense devotion. Disputes arose between the settlers and the Indians, as to the boundaries of their lands. Then there also arose disputes between Role and the Puritan ministers of New England, in consequence of some of the converts attending their ministrations, for which they were excommunicated by Role. War broke out between the English and the Indians, and Role fought fiercely against the former and died, declaring that he would neither give nor take quarter. One part regarded Role as an incendiary, others looked upon him as a martyr. As a matter of fact he died as a patriotic Frenchman.

WAR OF AUSTRIAN SUCCESSION. Away at Detroit and beyond, in the far West, the struggle went on, beyond the limits within which we confine ourselves. But a new exciting cause of war arose in Europe, the effects of which were manifest on the Eastern side of this continent. The War of the Austrian Succession which arose after the death of the Emperor, Charles VI., brought about combinations

of the European powers on both sides, England joining Austria in opposition to France, so that the two nations were again at war (1744).

HOSTILITIES RESUMED. When the news of the outbreak of war reached Duquesne, the French military governor, that it was a favorable time to strike a blow for France, before the English were warned. Accordingly he seized Canso, a fishing station on the north-east corner of Nova Scotia, with hardly any defence, and occupied by about eighty Englishmen who suspected no evil. The English surrendered on condition of being sent to Boston, and the place was burnt down. Having so far succeeded, the Governor took in hand the capture of Annapolis, which was still in a very bad state of defence. It was held by Major Mascarene, a French Protestant, and about a hundred effective men. There, as at Canso, Duquesne was in command of the French, but did not venture to attack at once. He hoped that the Acadians would join him; but they feared the consequences of doing so, openly. He sent a flag of truce to Mascarene, telling him that he was expecting reinforcements, but offering him favorable terms, if he would capitulate at once. This offer was declined. The expected ships were at Louisburg; but they did not appear. The truce ended, and the garrison, strengthened by the interval, welcomed a renewal of the attack. Instead of the French ships, two small vessels appeared from Boston, bringing fifty Indian rangers to Mascarene. Soon afterwards the French took themselves off. It was a rather disgraceful failure.

LOUISBURG. The English might have let the French alone but for this double provocation. But they were now so exasperated that they conceived the audacious scheme of seizing upon Louisburg, the strongest fortress in North America. William Vaughan, a native of Portsmouth, was the man who pressed it upon Shirley, Governor of Massachusetts, advising the attempt with fifteen hundred new English militia. Great difficulties stood in the way, but they were surmounted, and William Pepperrell was appointed to the com-

mand. They were all comparatively inexperienced, but they were resolute men, and many of them actuated by strong religious motives. It was said of them, sarcastically, that they had a lawyer for contriver, a merchant for general, and farmers, fishermen, and mechanics for soldiers. On March 24th, 1745, the fleet sailed for Nantasket Roads, "followed by prayers and benedictions, and also by toasts drunk with cheers, in bumpers of rum punch." They were joined on the way by two English ships of war. The garrison consisted of 560 regulars in bad condition, besides 1,300 or 1,400 militia, partly inhabitants of the town. On the 30th April, the assailants appeared in the bay, three miles west of the town. The Governor, Chevalier Duchambon, was prepared for the attack, but he was not quite equal to the occasion. Pepperrell managed the landing well. Vaughan led 400 men in rear of the guard battery and set fire to some extensive naval stores, and when they came near the battery, they found it abandoned. He waited for reinforcements, driving back a body of Frenchmen who had come in boats to drive him out. They had fled from the battery in a panic, and the English turned against them the cannon which they had abandoned. "The enemy," said one of the papers, "saluted us with our own cannon, and made a terrific fire, smashing everything within range." Here was a great beginning, but much arduous work remained to be done. "The men," Pepperrell said, "behaved with great cheerfulness under almost incredible hardships." They were very ignorant of the art of war, and sometimes exposed themselves needlessly. Their gunnery was very imperfect. One serious reverse, they experienced in a night attack. With more than their usual audacity they announced their approach by a cheer. Then the French battery opened upon them, and their own fire did little harm. They surrendered to the number of 119, some of whom died almost immediately from their wounds. About seventy had been killed. "Altogether," says Pepperrell, "we lost nearly half our party." There did not seem any immediate prospect of success when an encounter took place between the *Vigil-*

ant, a French ship of war, carrying 64 guns and 560 men, and one of the English cruises, the *Mermaid*, of 40 guns, and the *Shirley*, of 20. The *Vigilant* was drawn nearer to the English vessels, lost eighty men, and struck her colors. The French thus lost the supplies which they expected, and the English had the benefit of them. Warren, who commanded the fleet, was a little irritated by what he considered the slowness of Pepperrell; but at last, they agreed in a joint attack by land and water. When the French saw the preparations being made, they were in a bad state. The town was a ruin, the stifling air of the casemates had undermined the strength of the besieged. And then the powder was failing, and there seemed no hope of relief. On the 15th of June, the citizens brought a petition to the Governor, Duchambon, begging him to capitulate. The besiegers were about to commence operations, when they heard the drums beat a parley, and soon they saw a flag of truce. They were requested to cease hostilities, so as to give time for drawing up proposals for capitulations. Warren and Pepperrell agreed to wait until 8 o'clock next morning. At first, the proposals were unacceptable to the English officers. At last, it was agreed that the French should go out, on the condition that no officer, soldier, or inhabitant of Louisbourg should bear arms against the King of England, or any of his allies for the space of a year. The French are said to have lost not much more than a hundred men; the English about 130, nearly thirty of whom died with disease. At Boston and in England, the news of the capture was received with astonishment and joy.

Again there arose in Eng-
ALARM. land the desire for the capture of Canada by a simultaneous assault on the cities of Quebec and Montreal. A general alarm spread through the colony. In July (1746) a report came from Acadia that an army was preparing to attack Canada. The French thought that all the English on the continent must be in arms. Preparations for defence were pushed forward. Five ships were made ready, provisions collected, and ammunition distributed. But

all proved needless. The delay of the home authorities rendered the scheme unworkable. Suddenly, tidings reached New England that a great French fleet and army were on their way to recover Louisburg and Acadia, and to burn Boston. Preparations were made in Boston to put the city in a state of defence. The exultation of Canada was as great as the alarm of the English. France was, in fact, enraged at the loss of Louisburg, and made a great effort to retrieve her honor. A great fleet, under the command of the Duke d' Auville left La Rochelle in 1717, and made for Cape Breton. Storm and pestilence attacked the fleet, which found a refuge in the harbor of Chebucto, afterwards Halifax. Here the admiral died of apoplexy. The vice-admiral, D'Estournel, alarmed at the idea of assuming the supreme command, and seeing the deplorable condition of the ships and crews, killed himself with his own sword (September 28, 1746). La Jonquiere, who succeeded him, remained in the harbor until late in October. He still clung to the hope of recovering Annapolis, when he heard of a reinforcement of 1,200 men being added to the garrison of that place. Only 1,000 men remained in fighting condition, and finally the expedition was abandoned.

**EFFORTS
OF FRANCE.**

When the Canadian Government heard of the Duke d' Auville's fleet, they sent a large body of Canadians under M. de Ramesay to Acadia, to co-operate with the admiral, and to incite the Acadians to rise in arms against the few Englishmen in Annapolis (1746). When they heard of the disaster which had ruined the fleet, they fell back upon Chignecto, in the neck of the Acadian Peninsula, where they built a small fort at Baie Verte. Next year they surprised and captured Colonel Arthur Noble and his troops who had taken possession of Grand Pré, "one of the most fertile and beautiful districts of the province, afterwards still more famous in poetry and history." The English Government seemed to have very little conception of the importance of the conflict. The struggle was maintained by Shirley, the Governor of Massachusetts. He told

the Home Government plainly what was the matter. "The fluctuating state of the inhabitants of Acadia," he wrote to the Duke of Newcastle, "seems to arise from their finding a want of due protection from His Majesty's Government." But for all this the prospects of the French did not greatly improve in Acadia. This province might have been won back to France without difficulty, if its inhabitants had been as active and enterprising as those who dwelt on the St. Lawrence. The success of Ramesay was neutralized by the readiness of Governor Shirley, who immediately sent another force to occupy Grand Pré.

**FRONTIER
DEFENCE.**

The strength of the English tenure of the Eastern Provinces lay in the New Englanders of Massachusetts and Maine, who were pushing westwards, and setting up new settlements. The position of these settlements, however, was critical, and they had to build forts to protect themselves from invasions by way of Lake Champlain and Wood Creek. These fortifications were garrisoned sometimes by the owner and his neighbors, sometimes by men in the pay of the Provincial Assembly. When the report of D'Auville's projected invasion reached them, large bodies of men were ordered to Lake Champlain to protect the forts. Expeditions were organized by the French to take possession of the settlements of the New Englanders. One of these, consisting of Frenchmen and Indians, both Christians and heathens, under the command of Rigaud de Vaudreuil, town-major of Three Rivers, was ordered to strike a blow at the English border. The trouble was to get the Indians to work on any definite plan. Rigaud proposed to attack Corlaer, now Schenectady, and they joyfully agreed. Next day they had changed their minds, and wanted a council to be held. Some of them disapproved of the attack, as some of their Mohawk relatives were visiting at Schenectady. The Abenakis offered another proposal, to attack Fort Massachusetts, on an Eastern tributary of the Hudson, representing that the taking of the fort would be an easy matter, and that they would be able to make great havoc on the lands of the

English. The Abenakis were the more eager for this expedition because a chief of their nation had recently been killed near Fort Massachusetts. The expedition was accordingly resolved upon, when the Indians again changed their minds and wanted to attack Saratoga. But Rigaud would hear of no further change, and they gave in. It was a long march; but at last, avoiding Saratoga, and making their way up the Williams-town valley, they began preparations for a regular siege of the fort. Fort Massachusetts was a wooden enclosure made of beams laid one upon another and interlocked at the angles. The garrison, when complete, consisted of fifty-one men under Captain Ephraim Williams, from whom Williamstown and William's College derive their names, a brave man and an excellent commander, respected and loved by his men. The captain and several of his men had left to take part in the proposed invasion of Canada, and had not yet returned; so that the fort was in charge of Sergeant John Hawks, with an insufficient number of men for the extent of the works, and their ammunition nearly exhausted. Fourteen men had been sent out to get a supply of powder and lead; so that there were only twenty-two men, including Hawks and Norton the chaplain, and more than half of the number were disabled with dysentery. There were also with them three women and five children.

Sergeant Hawks was a man of bold and resolute temper, and although he was attacked by a force thirty times as large as his own, and there was nothing but a log fence between him and his enemy, he showed no intention of giving up. The defenders of the fort reported, besides an Abenaki chief slain, sixteen Indians and Frenchmen wounded—the work of ten farmers and a minister. Rigaud himself was wounded. But the ammunition of the defenders had got so low that they fired only to keep the enemy in check, or when they had an unusually good chance of hitting.

At last, the besiegers thought of burning down the wall, and Hawks got ready every tub and bucket full of water. It was strange to find a commander of

700 Frenchmen and Indians finding so much difficulty in subduing a sergeant, seven militia men and a minister (to which the effective strength of the garrison had been reduced). It is not quite agreed which side proposed a truce; but at any rate, Rigaud offered honorable terms of capitulation; and Hawks, finding that he had but three or four pounds of gunpowder and about as much lead left, after consulting his companions, and reflecting on the consequences of holding out to the women and children as well as the soldiers, determined to make the best terms he could. Rigaud promised humane treatment to the prisoners, and that none of them should be given to the Indians, although he had previously promised them that they should have their share of the captives. The fort was plundered and burnt to the ground. It was impossible for Rigaud to keep both promises, so some of the prisoners had to be given to the Indians. On the whole, they were not badly treated, and most of those taken were afterwards exchanged and sent home. Fort Massachusetts was soon rebuilt and was not taken again. Hawks rose to be a lieutenant-colonel; and served in the last Canadian war between the French and English.

The events connected with the taking of Fort Massachusetts may serve as a specimen of the border warfare that went on for two years afterwards, with little of importance that needs to be recorded, and with no result except a momentary check to the progress of settlement. At length, the news arrived that the contending powers of Europe had come to terms of agreement, and in the month of October (1748) the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was signed. Louis XV. demanded the restoration of Louisburg; and George II. answered that it belonged to the people of Boston, who had taken it. But policy prevailed and, in the words of Smollett, "the British Ministers gave up the important Island of Cape Breton in exchange for a petty factory in the East Indies" (Madras). At last, the colonists enjoyed, for a season, the blessings of peace.

William Clark.

LA BONNE SAINTE ANNE.

BY FLORENCE H. RANDAL.

THE trees on each side of the little branch railway from Quebec to "*La bonne Ste. Anne*" were listening; listening for the low rumble of a train which would pass that afternoon.

It was to be a heavy train, for it was carrying a pilgrimage to the shrine.

But just now all was very still where the trees swayed in the light summer wind and waited. They had seen so many trains pass with their load of suffering human souls, or light-hearted sight-seers bound for the Falls, or "the church everyone talks about so much," that you would have thought the maples and poplars would long ago have grown indifferent. But the poplars shivered in anticipation, as they felt the vibration of the rails, and heard far off in the distance a faint whistle. And then the long, crowded train with passengers from Montreal and the States, and quiet little "saints" all over the country, with *curés*, shepherds of their flocks, with lame and halt and blind, thundered past the trees that bowed themselves in homage as it went by. For even if they were not in the faith, they knew that misery, hope and trust had passed as life flits by us.

After the train had gone on its way, everything was quiet again. The sun was setting, and the trees faintly rustled in the evening breeze. A little further on, the ruins of the old bridge over the Falls looked grimly down at the depths where it had treacherously cast its victims.

For a tragedy occurred there in 1856, when Ignace Cote and his wife, Madeline, were crossing the bridge which had been built but a few months.

It suddenly gave way, and the two were dashed over the foaming waterfall, their bodies never being discovered, for the waters have kept their own. And they still sing their lament in musical tumult, and send up a ceaseless incense of spray.

The stillness was unbroken until long after the shadows had fallen and the moon was shining coldly in the sky. It made the clumps of trees and patches of grass by the railroad, mysterious, by contrasting their darkness with its light; or it silvered a poplar till it was a quivering mass of shining beauty. Far down the rails two women were walking, one but a young girl, the other about thirty.

They had started from Quebec early that evening, and had chosen to walk on the more perilous railway, rather than the longer road. They were still fresh, and their step was quick and vigorous, but Marie Blanche dared not look aside from the track which shone ghostly before them. It was her first attempt at walking to the shrine, and she thought, as she pressed nearer her companion, I am so glad Bridget is with me. I would not dare go alone. But Bridget was brave, and oh! how good! Had she not last year, walked all that weary thirty miles by road, at night, and alone, and was not her reward great?

And then a doubt assailed Marie's mind. Would she herself be as likely to merit the Sainte's good offices, if she could not walk there alone for her sake? And that wretched, withered arm that prevented her doing so much, and the prayers she would offer for little Édouard. Surely the one must be healed, and the others heard.

"Bridget," she said, timidly, breaking a long silence, "it is no good going to Ste. Anne (if you are afraid you *can't* be healed), is it?"

Bridget was a servant, very devout, sturdy and strong, full of infinite love and undying trust.

"No, you might just as well stay at home if you haven't faith," she said, shortly. "Ste. Anne—blessings on her—isn't going to help you, if you don't believe she can. And if you aren't sure and certain that she will, why, as I say, you'd best stay at home."

Having thus delivered herself, she relapsed into silence, and the two trudged on again into the dark or wierdly-lighted unknown.

Marie Blanche's pretty little face was clouded, and she fingered her beads nervously, and clasped a little token some pilgrim had given her, with the figure of *la bonne Ste. Anne* on it, and the words *priez pour nous*.

Did she really believe in her heart of hearts, that that poor wizened arm would be made straight by a miracle performed for her, poor little Marie Blanche Grenier?

Édouard might get better. Yes, she was relieved to find her faith was strong enough on that point. The doctor had said there was a chance for him—but her arm!

Still, there were so many cases of which she had heard.

Her own cousin, Gervase, who was carried there, and walked back—and Gervase wasn't very good. My!

Then she spoke to Bridget again.

"Did Ste. Anne hear you at once, last year; and were you sure she would?"

"Are you worritting that she won't hear you, then? There isn't one who comes in faith, that she doesn't heed. You know what I asked for last year, that I might keep Jim's love, and not let that mean Jennie Larose draw him from me. You know how that he left me when the small-pox spoilt me looks, left me sighing for his dear face to go with a chit like that, with her bleached hair and her starin' blue eyes. The saints forgive me, but I was wild, and I vowed Ste. Anne, I would walk alone to her at night, if she would but take the marks away, or anyway send him back to me.

"No, I wasn't afraid, nor I wasn't tired. Nothing ever hurts them as walks to Ste. Anne, not if there was tigers and lions in the path; they'd lie right down and let you walk over them."

Marie felt much better now, and she dared to look once into a grove of blackness, but she huddled closer to Bridget, who was roused now, and was saying:

"Yes, I prayed with all my might, and I knew it would be so, and I never thought but what she'd do it."

"But the marks didn't go," said Marie,

looking into the patient face with its beauty marred and its flesh pitted.

"No, they didn't, but you know I prayed for either, and when I got back, Jim came back too—and, pray the saints I keep him," she murmured under her breath.

Marie looked curiously at her, but she asked no more questions. All her little world knew that this second pilgrimage had the same object; for Jim's fancy in this springtime, had lightly turned in another direction, and poor Bridget wept her brown eyes dim.

As they passed, the group of maples and poplars whispered: "These are lonely pilgrims. Let us wish them God-speed, for they have known sorrow."

When they reached the Falls, Marie was afraid, and Bridget sang:

"The sailor, the traveller whom storms make afraid,
Find safety and calm when they call on thine aid.
O, good Ste. Anne, we call on thy name,
Thy praises loud thy children proclaim."

The journey was nearly done when the dawn had melted into broad daylight, and Sunday morning broke.

Footsore and hungry, the two pilgrims caught their first glimpse of Ste. Anne, with frowning Cape Tourmente in the distance. Everyone looked at them respectfully, as they wearily sought the hotel.

Marie Blanche was completely worn out, but Bridget looked none the worse for her long walk, and went to the Basilica almost immediately, while Marie lay sleeping softly in the big, white hotel.

When she awoke, it was late afternoon, and she was horrified to think of the time she had wasted already. Bridget, she supposed, was still at her devotions. She hurried to the church, which was filled with worshippers. She could not even catch sight of the precious relic exposed in the glass case, for one after another was constantly kissing the glass. But she knelt down in the aisle and looked at the beautiful crowned statue, and said.

"Oh, good Ste. Anne, be pleased to look upon this arm and heal it, and make little Édouard well."

Did she believe that a miracle would happen? There were the pyramids of

crutches mutely attesting that such things must once have been ; surgical appliances cast off in joy unspeakable, though, whether lasting, it is not for me to say.

And before her was maimed and suffering humanity, each with a different sorrow, and a common prayer.

There, a beautiful young woman was looking up at the statute with smiling lips, and a wonderful expression of thankfulness in her blue eyes. At this, Marie took heart and prayed earnestly and long, and at last, got near enough to kiss the precious case.

But no sign and wonder was vouchsafed, and in despair she prayed :

"Dear Ste. Anne, if thou dost not think I deserve to be healed, I know thou wilt hear me when I pray for little Édouard."

Then feeling somewhat comforted, she went to the hotel and found Bridget, who suggested that it would be a pious deed to ascend on their knees the "*Scala Sancta*" or Holy Stairs which are in a chapel of that name in the town.

The steps have relics from the Holy Land inserted in them, covered with glass. Marie was too tired to go up herself, but she watched while Bridget slowly ascended, saying a prayer at every step.

In one of her glances she noticed that at each step Bridget's petticoats were more and more "in evidence," and she laughed hysterically, overwrought as she was, and hid her face in her hands.

Bridget, who had turned round in the midst of an "*Ave*" to see what the little one was doing, was much incensed, and when she rejoined her, said angrily :

"Much good it will do you to make the pilgrimage, if this is the way you act. I don't wonder your arm is the same."

And they walked to the hotel in silence, Marie feeling that she had deserv-

ed the rebuke—and yet Bridget had looked so funny !

Later on, Marie ventured to ask if Bridget thought Ste. Anne had heard her, and she replied :

"I never think ; I know. If you have faith, it is all you want." And Marie wailed miserably to herself that night in bed. "If I only had faith ; if I only had faith."

She wondered if the fever had left Édouard. If it had, Ste. Anne would indeed have been good. It was presumptuous of her to have expected both cures. Probably her arm would need another long walk, and far more faith, before she should think of having it well. She sighed heavily, and dropped into a deep sleep.

The next day, they went home in the train, past each peaceful little hamlet that had looked so dark and sleepy when they had walked by at night. It was hardly less sleepy now—the train was waiting at *Chateau Richer*—an old, old village full of memories.

In each, the parish church dominated all. Around Ste. Anne, there are houses with miniature churches in the gardens, little toy ones, and you feel that a child would love to have her doll go to service there.

Marie could hardly wait to get home. Bridget was in high spirits, but they jarred on the young girl, who had a fear gnawing at her heart that she dared not name.

She said good-bye to Bridget with relief, and hastened to the little house she called home, and her mother met her with finger on lip. Then in answer to the girl's wild look of questioning, kissed her on both cheeks, and said :

"He sleeps, *mon petit* ; the doctor says he will live !"

And, weeping gently with joy, Marie Blanche whispered, "It was not the doctor, it was *La bonne Ste. Anne*."

Florence H. Rindal.

A YEAR AND A DAY.

M. J. HOSKIN.



A DAY.

APRIL—not a bright, fresh April, full of sunshine and blue skies, of green grass and the songs of birds, the spring month of old England; but an April of grey, leaden skies, of tall trees waving their leafless arms in the frosty air, of dull, sunless days, of chill rains—the April of the great North-Western Canada.

A small, wooden cottage, composed mostly of logs and stumps of trees, with a background of trees and mountain, rudely built, with the unfinished air to be seen about the houses in that region; places left in the walls to serve as windows, and for the purpose of ventilation; a hole in the roof in which is a pipe through which the smoke escapes in thick, black patches, leaving, however, its traces behind.

In front, a patch of uncultivated ground, partly cleared; here and there stray stumps, as if the hands that had commenced soon tired of their toil; the whole surrounded by a rude snake fence.

So much for the outside. The inside was not much better—bare walls, bare floors, the merest necessaries of life; too poor for, or grown regardless of, decorations and comfort. There is no one in sight save a man and girl standing by an opening in the fence, which served as a gateway.

“So that is your final decision?”—the voice sounded cold and hard on the listening ear—“think, Allie, is it to be yes, or no; shall I go, or stay?”

He paused, waiting for an answer; none came. It seemed to the girl as if she could hear the grass growing in the silence that followed. Suddenly, in the distance was heard the shrill whistle of an advancing train.

“Allie, for the last time, is it to be yes, or no?”

The voice was almost pleading now. It had not been Jack Harding's lot in life to plead for what he wanted; for him the gods measured with no unstinting hand.

“Allie, Allie, is it yes?”

“No;” the girl's voice came faint but clear.

The young man hesitated a moment, shot one last glance at the girl, then started running towards the train flag station, waving his handkerchief as he ran.

When the last echo had died and the faintest trace of the smoke had vanished from the sky, Alice Vanscoyne turned back into the house with a little sigh. “I wonder if I care?” she said; then she gave a little laugh. “I might pull a daisy to pieces and say, ‘I wish he had, I wish he hadn't.’” All through the day as she passed to and fro, doing the work that falls in its goodly share to the women in that part of the world, her hands and feet kept time to a monotonous refrain: “I wish he had, I wish he hadn't.”

At last the long day drew to its close, and as the shadows began to lengthen, Alice went to the door to watch for her father. As she stood there, gazing with far, unseeing eyes over the desolate landscape, for the first time in her life the awful loneliness, the oppressive stillness of that wide, wide forest burst upon her, and, with a sob, she turned back into the house. How long she sat there, Alice never knew. She was brought back to life by the sound of horses' feet and voices speaking in hurried whispers outside the door. Alice rose to her feet, and as she did so the door was pushed open, and two men entered, carrying between them a stretcher on which lay a human figure. Without a word they laid their burden down. Alice stood gazing on the only link that had separated her from the love of her life, lying dead at her feet.

A YEAR.

A hot day early in the year 18—. Past tracts of still, uncultivated land, where the kings of the forest wave their lordly heads, untouched as yet by human hands; past meadows, where the cattle, standing knee deep in the streams, lift their heads and gaze with great, patient eyes after the fast vanishing train; through sleepy towns and villages lying snugly at the foot of the hills, rushes the 12.20 express, with its freight of human souls, towards the great metropolis.

Seated at one end of the smoking-car were two men, to judge by their clothes and conversation, bent on the same errand, namely, the races then being held in the City of T—.

They had discussed the various merits and demerits of the horses, their jockeys and owners, and were touching in a desultory manner on the weather and the state of the crops, when the younger and fairer of the two said:

"You can laugh if you like, but I had a strange dream last night, and it has made a vivid impression on me. I thought I was in a large paddock, full of horses, all entries for the Queen's Plate, and as I walked about wondering which to bet on, a horse came and whispered in my ear, 'Bet on me; I am Silver-King.' I turned round, but the horse had vanished."

The other, burst out into peals of laughter. "Silver-King!" he shouted; "never heard of such a horse; some rank outsider. Cuthbert, my boy, remember your early days, and put not your trust in Silver-Kings. For my part, I intend to back Ox-eye, Jack Harding's horse; they say he has the slickest little jockey on the course."

The excitement was running high, as our two friends pushed their way into the betting ring, the heat was stifling, the noise deafening. Here, a man in frock coat and top hat, was jostled by a man out at elbows, and no hat to speak of; young and old, stripling youths, and gray hairs, pushed and jostled one another. Ox-eye seemed the favorite; the betting ran high. Next in line came Lovelace, Black Bess and others, but little mention of Silver-King.

"Behold," said Mark Jarvis, (for so the other was named) turning to his friend with a laugh, "the fulfilment of my dreams, oh, thou maker of kings; none seem to have part or lot in him save thee, and thee alone. Don't be a fool," he added, hastily, as Cuthbert pushed his way to the bookmaker, crying, "Two to one, ten to five on Silver-King." Pausing now and then to exchange greetings, the two men worked their way to the grand stand, and drew up beside a party of ladies. "How do you do, Mrs. Wilson?" said Mark, addressing a dark-eyed elderly lady. "Allow me to introduce" (with a flourish of his hand towards Cuthbert,) "my friend, a dreamer of strange dreams, a maker of kings, of Silver-Kings, forsooth."

"Don't listen to him, Mrs. Wilson!" said Cuthbert, laughing. "I gave him the tip of the season, and no thanks, either. Well, he'll sing small enough before the day's over."

"Miss Allen," said Mark, gravely, turning to a lady with fair hair and laughing, grey eyes, "Did you ever hear of a man who could make kings at his will—Silver-Kings? Would that I had his luck," and Mark sighed dolorously.

Miss Allen laughed, "Never mind," she said, moving a little; "Come and talk to me, instead; I'm sure that will be much nicer."

Mark evidently thought so, too, for he hastened to deposit his six feet and broad shoulders in the limited place accorded him, and they were soon deep in a discussion which seemed to require lowered voices, and heads that met as one.

Cuthbert, having no such refuge, made himself agreeable to the rest of the party, and put up with a good deal of mild chaffing about his dream, from his fellow-men, with a turn-the-tables-soon sort of face.

The great race of the day was about to come off. The people hurried to the edge of the course, pushing each other, in their hurry to be amongst the first.

One by one, the horses are led into the ring, beautiful creatures, all of them, with their shapely limbs, and smooth sleek skins. Conspicuous among them, was Ox-eye, a handsome chestnut, tossing his head, and arching his neck, like

some professional beauty, under the hand of his rider. If Ox-eye was conspicuous, Ox-eye's rider was more so; a small, slight figure, with a crop of black, curly hair, and small delicate features, singularly out of place in that throng of coarse, rough men.

The horses have formed in line, the jockeys lean forward, a hush falls on the air. Hark! they are off, the sound of their feet nearly drowning the voices of the people.

"Blue's ahead." "No, Red wins." "Two to one on Blue." "Ox-eye forever."

On they sweep, now out of sight, now they have rounded the curve, two horses are ahead, almost neck to neck they come thundering down the course. The jockeys are lying almost on their faces, the horses, with ears well laid back, strain every nerve in the contest; on they come—Ox-eye and Silver-King the outsider. Suddenly, Ox-eye's rider was seen to sway slightly in the saddle, and as Silver-King shot past the winning post, a riderless horse galloped down the course.

Jack Harding ran towards the fallen man, pushing his way through the crowd that surrounded him. "Call a doctor, some one. Hurry, can't you?" he shouted, excitedly.

"I am a doctor," said a grave, quiet voice, and a young man stepped through the crowd. "Stand back; give him air. That's better. Poor fellow, I'm afraid he's done for; but bring him to the Club House, and I'll see what I can do."

Willing hands soon made a stretcher, and the injured man was carried to the house and laid on the sofa, a limp, useless figure, that but a moment before, had been full of warm, vigorous life.

It seemed like hours to Jack Harding before the doctor appeared.

"Poor fellow," he said aloud, as he closed the door, "he can't live more than a few hours, at the most—back broken, and internal injuries."

Then he stepped up to Jack Harding, and whispered in his ear.

The young man started, and his face turned ghastly white.

"My God," he muttered in a hoarse whisper.

"Come," said the doctor, laying his hand on his shoulder, "you may be able to identify her; besides, she is asking for you."

Jack Harding entered the room without the faintest suspicion of the truth. "Who," he began, then suddenly a film seemed to pass from his eyes, and he saw.

"Allie!" he cried; "is it Allie?"

"Yes," she said; "I want to tell you, Jack, father died the night you left. I always loved you, Jack, but I couldn't leave father."

"But,"—he began.

She interrupted him. "I heard you were going to marry Beatrice Carson. Forgive me; I meant to win the race, Jack, but the earth swayed so, and the way seemed so far, so far."—Her voice died away, and she fell into that unconsciousness that is but the beginning of the end.

All through the rest of that day, Jack sat in that silent room watching the face of the unconscious girl. From time to time, the doctor would enter the room, step up beside him, bend down and feel the pulse of the sleeping girl. A look from Jack, and a shake of the doctor's head, was all that passed between them. Only the hoarse shouts of the people, and the distant thud of the horses' feet, broke the stillness.

So quiet was the room, that it seemed to Jack as if the ticking of the clock in the corner was like the thud of millions of steam engines; every tick seemed to beat and burn itself into his brain, till to his heated fancy, it seemed to him as if all the clocks in the world were gathered there, pointing at him with their hands, and jeering at him with their harsh, grating voices.

The hour hand pointed to eight, when Alice opened her eyes, and made an effort to rise.

Jack bent over her, "Can I do anything for you, he asked, anxiously.

"No," she answered; "but, how dark it grows, Jack, Jack"—and she began to babble about light, and green fields. Suddenly, she cried in a loud voice, "Hark, we are off, faster, faster. Ox-eye, for Jack's sake, faster—faster—faster—hurrah! The race is won."

M. J. Hoskin.

THE COMIC WRITER.

BY L. E. SCHULTE.

It was a poor, little room, utterly without any of those small comforts which go so far towards making a home. At one end stood a stove, its cold blackness seeming to add to the frosty atmosphere of the room; at the other end, was an old, turned bedstead covered with a faded patchwork quilt; beside the bed stood a rickety table, on which were arranged some medicine bottles, two cracked cups and as many plates. On the bed lay a man, worn and thin, with hollow cheeks on which burned two crimson spots, making the rest of the white face still more ghastly by the contrast. His straight, jet-black hair hung over a high, broad forehead, under which the feverishly bright eyes looked out. With long, bony fingers he toyed restlessly with the quilt, the while watching intently the only other occupant of the room.

She sat near the window busily engaged on some white sewing, pausing every now and then to breathe on her benumbed fingers.

Poor Mary Hartstone! She had once been a pretty, bright girl, but poverty and trouble had set their cold seals on her, robbed her cheeks of their bloom, and made her a careworn, sad-eyed woman. At last, the man spoke. "Mary," he said, and then it was beautiful to see her sad face light up, as she turned quickly to smile on him and say, "Yes, Tom, dear."

"Mary, why don't you have a fire? you are blue with cold."

"Why, Tom, it's not cold here, I don't mind it," said she, bravely.

Tom sighed, and turned restlessly. "Not cold?" he said, "I suppose that means the coal is all gone, and the money nearly. Oh, why am I so weak!" he cried, wringing his thin hands together. "Why must I lie here like a log! I will write something; I must write something. Take some paper, Mary, and write down what I say."

Then, 'twixt racking fits of coughing, he dictated to his sad-eyed wife, the funny tale that was to make hundreds laugh on the morrow.

Ten years before, Tom Hartstone and Mary Clifford joined hands one bright summer morning, for better or for worse, and went out to fight the battle of life together. The world seemed very bright then, for Tom was a humorous writer of some note, and the readers of many papers were wont to laugh over the witty creations of his brain. To a tiny, cosy house they went, where for the first few years, all went merry as the proverbial marriage bell. The future looked so bright, it did not seem worth while to save, to make the nest egg large. Tom was advancing rapidly, so what need to economize? Then one sad day, just when all seemed brightest, Tom got a cold. "Not much," you will say. No! but, going out at night when the chill, damp breeze from the lake, blew strong, the cold increased to a serious illness, and soon that dread thing, consumption, caught him in its iron grasp. To write, became an effort almost too much for the poor invalid; the income grew smaller and smaller; then the nest egg vanished; the pretty house was exchanged for two rooms, and these in their turn, were changed for smaller rooms; friends fell away, and now, we find them in one small garret chamber.

Mary wrote on, pausing every few moments for the racking cough to subside, and sometimes letting a not-to-be-restrained tear fall on the closely written comic pages.

At last, the poor invalid ceased dictating, and threw himself wearily back on his pillow, saying, "Well, that'll do now, Mollie. It'll keep us for a few days anyway. Better take it to them at once."

The next day, men laughed over the words of that "jolly chap." They thought he must be a droll fellow to hit things off so well. "A pity he did not

write oftener; must be a lazy chap, or he would." And no one in that city dreamed of the terrible struggle for bread in one small attic room. By many a cosy fireside was the story read, and many a merry laugh went up over its sparkling wit; everyone hoped the author would write soon again. He did, and surpassed himself, just one week later.

A feeble fire burned in the cheerless room; close by the bed, sits Mary, pencil in hand, writing rapidly, as the words fall from the lips of the dying man. Even in one short week, death has set his hand yet more plainly on his brow. But Mary does not see it—to her, he is better: his cough has stopped, his color is brighter, and he—smiles.

As the last word is written, he throws himself back on his pillow, looks lovingly at his wife, and says, "Kiss me, Mary; I feel so well to-day, better than I've been for a long time. Please God, I'll pull through yet. Don't you think that's the best I've done since I've been ill?"

With loving voice she assures him that it is, and hastens to put on her bonnet and cloak to go and find a ready sale for the manuscript.

As she leaves the room, her husband calls after her. "You ought to get something worth while for that. Suppose you bring home something for a treat. We might have a 'blow out,' eh?"

Oh, with what a joyous step she speeds down the narrow street. Tom is better! Oh, she is sure he is getting well. She has not seen him so bright for a long time. Poor woman! how many castles in the air she builds that afternoon. As she passes a pretty, little house, whose windows are gay with blooming plants, she thinks what a nice place that would be for them, when Tom gets well.

On the way home, she stops to buy a few oysters; they are dear, but then, she won't eat any, and they will be so good for Tom. He ought to have nourishing food to help him get strong. With a lighter heart than she has known for many a long day, she runs up the broken, creaking stair, opens the door, saying as she does so:

"I've been longer than I thought to be, but they kept me waiting; and see, I've brought you some oysters." No answer. "Oh, he's asleep; how careless of me to speak without being sure he was awake."

Noiselessly she moves about the room, hangs up her cloak, stirs the fire, then takes her sewing and sits down to that, for she earns bread with her needle.

Time passes on. "How quietly Tom sleeps: well, it will do him good."

More time passes, still no sound from the bed. "How very still he is, can he be sleeping?" Ah, Mary! can he be indeed.

Time goes on, something in the silence becomes unbearable. With a vague fear at her heart, softly she steals to the bed and bends over the sleeper. She takes one of the thin hands in hers. "How cold it is!" Yes, but it will soon be colder. Then softly she speaks his name, "Tom." Then louder, then louder, again. Ah, Mary, you must speak louder than any mortal voice can speak, to reach those tired ears.

Wildly she throws herself on her knees and with wild despair in her voice, cries, "Oh, Tom, dear Tom, won't you speak to me?"

But she cries in vain. Never more will those white lips move; never more will those restless hands fall or rise; never more will the pains of earth be felt by her loved one.

Humble friends may crowd around, may chafe the cold hands, but they cannot bring the spirit back. He is dead.

Weep on, Mary, while you may; the poor have not long to mourn: the battle of life must be fought for those who live. Fold his hands and close his eyes, put back the hair and smooth the brow. It is the least thing you can do.

Poor Mary! there is no one to love, no one to help you now, no one, save One above. To-morrow, as hundreds laugh over his tale, you will weep by his bier; they will little think that the writer lies dead, near him only his grief-stricken wife, and, that soon he will be laid in a pauper's grave.

L. E. Schulte.



SOME RECENT PICTURES IN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

[In this Department it is proposed to show from time to time, examples of the best work of Canadian Amateur Photographers hitherto unpublished.]

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH.

BY JOHN J. WOOLNOUGH,

TORONTO CAMERA CLUB.



I.

JUST a careless little sentence, and those castles in the air
Loose their rosy tinted splendor, in a gloomy gray despair.



II.

But a sudden gleam of sunshine breaks upon his little world,
When he hears a stifled sobbing, sees a flag of truce unfurled.



III.

Incoherent explanations—little need for much to say—
And the ruffled stream of true love, placidly pursues its way.

THE MYSTERY OF AN UNCLAIMED REWARD.

BY F. CLIFFORD SMITH.

Author of "A LOVER IN HOMESPUN," etc.

CHAPTER I.

SCARCELY had the foundry whistle begun its discordant roar when Sam Lewis, foreman of the pattern shop, thrust his arms into his coat, with almost feverish haste, and strode out of the room. He was a small, wiry looking man of about middle age with a somewhat sallow complexion and peculiarly piercing grey eyes.

One of the men, who had noted the foreman's exit, muttered to himself, as he cleaned his hands with a piece of waste, "I wonder what *is* the matter with Lewis; he used to be the last man to leave the shop at night, when the whistle blew, instead of the first. He seems all nerves this while back; something's on his mind, sure."

The object of his conjectures was already well out of the foundry yard, and with dogged air and firm, eager steps was swinging towards Dufresne Street, one of the most picturesque of the many quaint streets in ancient Quebec.

On reaching number 222, which was heralded by a huge glaring sign as being a private boarding house, he pushed open the door, and without slacking speed, mounted the flight of stairs which led to the first landing. Instead of going to his room, on the next flat, he turned into the kitchen and asked if there were any letters for him. Being told there was one in his room, he turned without further remark, and a few seconds later his firm footfalls were heard in the room overhead.

It was late in the fall and the gloom was already such as to prevent him seeing the envelope which lay on a small bureau. But, hastily lighting a lamp, which threw a yellow glare around the room, his eye caught the looked-for letter. Without looking at the address he rent the envelope apart and bending

his stern begrimed face nearer the lamp, cast his eyes with tense eagerness along the typewritten words on the official looking note-paper.

Suddenly the paper fluttered from his hands and he exclaimed in a low, fierce tone: "And this is all the news they have after two months' hunting! I can endure it no longer; the thought of him lying in his grave unavenged is maddening." Turning to the window behind him he gazed, with uncomprehending eyes, at the street below. The letter lay as it had fallen, face upward, near the bureau, the light revealing every word. It read:

"Mr. Samuel Lewis,
Dufresne Street,
Quebec.

"Dear Sir,—Despite all our efforts to capture Jack Reynolds, alias Jack Sinclair, who two months ago murdered Charles Thurston, and for whose arrest two thousand dollars have been offered, we have been unable to get the slightest trace of him. Telegrams, however, describing him, have been sent to all the large cities in Europe, and on this continent, and we hope that he may yet be apprehended."

The letter was from New York and was signed: "T. Ferguson, Chief of Detective Bureau."

Finally turning from the window, the pattern maker, with a peculiar look on his face, fixed his eyes, in a strange, hesitating way, on an old trunk in one corner of the room. Presently a decisive look flashed into his face, and hastening to the trunk he knelt down beside it, passed his hand over and over the dingy lid, and muttered in a low voice: "Events, over which I have no control, seem to be stretching out unseen hands to drag me back to the old scenes and—" He paused, and then went on in a still lower key: "And perhaps to the old life—the old life!"

With the tense look again showing on his face, he drew from his pocket a thin

steel key and inserted it in the lock of the trunk. As he was about to shoot back the lock his eyes fell upon a small bible, which lay open on a chair by his side, where he had laid it the night previous before retiring, and he read the words: "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, how can ye—"

With an exclamation, almost of resentment, he turned away from the book and said bitterly: "But surely trespasses such as murder are not to be forgiven." With lowering face he crouched in silence for several seconds, and then went on: "It can't mean this; it would be too much. I have kept right for five years, but now—"

As he threw back his hand, in his restlessness and perplexity, it encountered the chair and the bible slid from it to the floor.

In its fall it had opened at a new passage and as he stooped to pick it up he read the words: "An eye for an eye."

The words had a marvellous effect upon him; the troubled, rebellious look vanished and was replaced with one of the keenest satisfaction. Straightening out his shoulders, he said, in a tone in which there was a touch of fierceness: "It is a message to me and means that blood must not go unavenged—'An eye for an eye!'" As he carelessly repeated the words over his hands clenched.

His mind now at ease, his natural coolness and decision of character returned. Quietly rising he changed his clothes and put the room in order, as though about to leave it for some time. Then he turned to the trunk, and as he again inserted the key in the lock the peculiar hesitancy, half fear, half dread, was once more plainly visible. "How I long, yet dread to see them again. Ah, the strange fascinating days of the past!" he muttered, under his breath.

It was only when his eyes fell upon the telegram, with the light still shining upon it, telling of the inability of the detectives to arrest the murderer of Charlie Thurston, that his mood again changed—he turned the key with a resoluteness that left the dint of it in his fingers.

As he threw back the lid there was nothing strange revealed, only a slouch

hat and a nondescript suit of clothes; but down underneath the clothes there were other things. Almost lovingly he took up the suit, piece by piece, and laid it on the floor. Then he felt under some other garments and drew from the bottom of the trunk a peculiar leather case about two feet in length and nine inches deep. Touching a spring there was disclosed a revolver of unusual size and beauty of workmanship; there were also in the case several highly polished instruments. To have been the possessor of one of them, under certain circumstances, would have meant years of incarceration in the penitentiary.

He examined the revolver, and each of the pieces with the utmost carefulness and lingeringly polished the mysterious pieces with his coat sleeve. Putting them back into their hiding-place again he got a valise from under the bed and put the old suit and the leather case into it.

Before leaving the room he picked up the telegram, read it again and said meaningly: "And so, Jack Reynolds, the detectives cannot find you; but I have an idea that I can, Jack; I have an idea that I can!"—strange words from the lips of the quiet man who had been looked upon by his comrades at the shop, as being more than usually unskilled in the ways of the world.

Valise in hand he stood, a few minutes later, in the study of the minister to whom for so many years he had been such an enigma, but who honored him for the sterling upright life he had lived.

He had felt that he could not go upon his mission without, in some way, having the minister's approval.

Laying his valise on the floor, he turned to the minister and said quietly: "I am going away, Mr. Marling; I—I hardly know for how long. I thought I would like to let you know; then I have something to ask you."

Little wonder that the minister looked up in considerable surprise. Five years ago this man had suddenly appeared in Quebec, from whence no one knew, and had never once since been out of the shadow of the city. He had begun to

attend the Rev. Mr. Marling's church and had been made welcome. Never, however, did he refer to his past.

With the advent of years the curiosity concerning him had grown less, but never died out.

With a slight laugh the minister went on: "The idea of you leaving the city, Mr. Lewis, is a surprise, indeed." Growing grave, he added: "I hope you have received no bad news from—" He was going to add, "friends;" but he had not known the pattern maker to receive a letter from relations or any one else, and so paused.

Before he could complete the sentence, the pattern maker said slowly: "My news is not good news, and I wish I had not to go away." Looking down at the bag, which hid the dingy suit and the strange leather case, he continued firmly: "It is the duty of every man, is it not, to do what he can to assist the law, if he thinks he can do so?" (Of the \$2000 reward he made no mention.)

Had the minister known more about the past life of the man before him, and had his characteristics been less peculiar, he might have asked for a more explicit question. With a slight note of query in his voice, he answered: "It is the duty of all men to do what they can to see the laws are not ignored."

Appearing not to have noticed the enquiry in the minister's voice, the pattern maker took up the valise and held out his hand.

Again the wish to question his visitor came over the minister; but the fear of raising the impression that he had at last begun to doubt this strange member of his flock again closed his lips. Grasping the outstretched hand he said in a voice of deep feeling: "I shall look forward to your return with a great deal of pleasure, Mr. Lewis."

"The thought of that," answered the pattern maker, with strange emotion, "will, I think, make my return sure." Then he strode abruptly from the room, leaving the minister standing, gazing after him with a perplexed and troubled brow.

Among the passengers that left Quebec that night for New York was the pattern maker.

CHAPTER II.

WEAVING THE FIRST STRANDS OF THE WEB.

The lights were already gleaming, the following night, in the great American metropolis, when the pattern maker stepped from the train. Without exhibiting a moment's hesitation, he hurried, valise in hand, out on the streets, and choosing the most deserted thoroughfares headed for the worst portion of the whole city—Five Points.

Arriving in this quarter, he finally halted in front of a disreputable looking saloon and peered at the name over the door. "Joe Stivers," was printed in letters which long ago, under the influence of age and weather, had relinquished all claims to respectability.

"Alive yet!" There was an intonation of surprise and satisfaction in the pattern maker's voice—yet this was one of the worst resorts in the city.

He walked half a block further on and then hired a room in a dingy house on the opposite side of the street. The moment he found himself alone in the room he took the soiled, worn suit and battered hat from the valise. A look, very much akin to satisfaction, played on his features as he arrayed himself in them. It was years since he had worn them and they were connected with strange memories.

Not one in quaint old Quebec would have known him when he left the house again: besides the change the clothes had made, the walk, the expression, the very personality of the man was transformed.

He crossed the road to the saloon, and as he was about to enter it, said, under his breath: "If Reynolds is ever caught the web that is to entangle him must have its origin here."

Paying no attention to the crowd at the bar he sauntered to a long room behind it, a concert hall, and quietly seated himself in a corner. An ancient piano was making desperate and doleful efforts to make harmony to a boisterous and reprehensible song, which was being sung by a tough looking individual well under the influence of liquor.

Covertly the pattern maker ran his

eyes over the motley assembly. Now and then his gaze dwelt at some length upon some particular visage; yet there was a look of disappointment on his face as he finally leaned back and pulled his hat still further over his eyes.

The waiter came and he ordered something to drink; the absence of a glass before him he knew would attract attention to him more than anything else. Not a face that entered or left the room, from his entrance until the place closed, escaped his notice. Night after night he might have been seen in the same vile resort, apparently careless and listless, but in truth always alert, always covertly watching. In order not to create suspicion he entered, now and then, into conversation with some straggler.

It was the sixth night of his visit, and it was close upon midnight. He was sitting at the back of the hall, unmindful of the babel of tongues and the wails of the ill-used piano, with his chin resting upon his breast, and his whole attitude denoting slumber. But, suddenly, his half-closed eyes began to burn under the heavy shadow of his hat—the change had been wrought by the entrance of an old man, with a thin, shrewd face, who sat down at a small table near the pattern maker, and ordered a glass of whiskey.

Scarcely had he seated himself, when the pattern maker rose, and gliding behind his chair, said, in a low, joking tone: "Glad to see you patronize the old dive, Rand!"

There was something in the intonation of the speaker's voice which the old man must have recognized, for he was on his feet in a moment and gazing with astonishment and pleasure into the pattern maker's face. "Bill Powers, by heavens, Bill Powers!" he exclaimed, as he grasped the pattern maker's hand. "This *is* a surprise, he went on, as he sat down and pointed to a chair; "I had made up my mind that you had been sporting under a tombstone, years ago. Some of the old boys are up at the front there; they'll be glad to see you, come on and see them." He rose again.

In way of reply, the pattern maker laid his hand on the old man's arm, and

said, in a low voice: "Not to-night, Rand; I want to have a talk with you first. Where are you living, now? There's too many around here for much talking."

The old man sat with apparent good humor, but, in his keen penetrating eyes there was a dawn of suspicion, and he said, lightly: "All right, I'll take you to where I hang out in a minute. But, by the way," (artlessly) "where have you been all these years? You only were sent up for five, and now it is—is, yes, it is fully ten years since you went away." He paused, and then went on in a tone in which suspicion was plainly discernible: "You haven't turned a decoy for the detectives, I suppose, and come back here because you happen to know the ropes?" There was a smile on his face, but his listener understood.

Looking down at his seedy garments, the pattern maker answered. "Decoys that detectives use, are generally dressed better than I am; don't you think so, Rand?" he laughed, grimly.

The devil-may-care and ironical way in which the terse answer was made, convinced Rand, as no amount of elaborate explanation could possibly have done, and rising, he said, laughingly: "Well, you don't look very fashy, that's sure. Come to where I hang out."

Ten minutes later, they were in the old man's room; a well-furnished one, but, still in a disreputable part of the city. Pushing the bottle across the table to the pattern-maker, the old man said: "Now, where *have* you been since you served your five?"

The pattern maker calmly poured out some liquor, and then said, listlessly: "I tried for a time, after I got out, to live on the square; but it was hard work, and so for the past three or four years, I have been drifting from place to place, seeing things and giving the papers, now and then, something to write about. A while ago, the detectives got it into their heads that they really must see me again, and so I thought I would come back to the old place, and lay low for a while. That's the reason I don't want to see any of the old boys, yet."

Under the influence of the liquor, the old man grew quite talkative. In the

whole of the great city, there was not another man who had disposed of, without detection, such an immense amount of stolen jewelry and other valuables. Although his lust of gold was great, he was known as being peculiarly loyal to the class who hazarded so much to acquire what was not their own. He recalled the names and deeds of men who, a few years ago, were famous in the criminal world, but who were now serving long terms, as well as referred, with much pride, to many who were still in the "calling". Finally he said, with a laugh, as he looked at the pattern maker, who had listened with subtle attention: "But you were missed more than any of the others, for none of them could—"

At this juncture, the pattern maker deftly turned the conversation to some other celebrity.

It was almost morning when the pattern maker rose to go, and at last broached the subject which had made him seek the old man so patiently, and which had been seething in his mind the whole evening. "By the way," he said, as he pushed back his chair and fastened his threadbare coat, "whatever has become of Reynolds, I heard a rumor, somewhere, that he had got into bother of some kind, and that there was a reward offered for him. But, I suppose he's safe out of the country, and laughing at the detectives; he was always a great boy, that Reynolds, and not safe to fool with."

Had a bucket of icy water been dashed over the receiver of stolen goods, he could not have been more thoroughly sobered from the effects of the liquor he had taken, than this question, so abruptly put, sobered him. His outward man-

ner, however, showed but little change, but inwardly, every sense was alive with keen suspicion. "Yes," he answered, with a clever attempt at disingenuousness, "Reynolds has got into bother, too, and there's money offered for him; but, as you say, he must be safe out of the country. As you said, too, he's an ugly chap to deal with." His intonation would have deceived anyone.

But, as he had asked the question, the pattern maker had, with intoxicated good nature, looked into the old man's eyes, and in the twinkling of an eye, saw what did not deceive him. He showed no further interest in the matter, however, and pulling his hat over his forehead, shuffled out of the house, after arranging to meet Rand the following evening.

Marvellous was the change that came over the pattern maker on reaching the street. The marked carelessness which had characterized him all evening, vanished; his firmly carved mouth took on still deeper lines; his hands clenched—his whole bearing in brief, spoke of unswerving resolution: "He lied," he muttered as he strode along; "I saw it in his face, shrewd as he is. He knows where the murderer is hiding, and I could swear is in communication with him. As I thought, the villain has no more left the country than I have. The detectives have failed to find him, but I shall not, I shall not." Of the great danger which surrounded such a resolution, he was fully aware, yet his heart did not beat a whit the quicker. In some men the sleuth-hound is largely developed—it was in this man, and with it an utter ignorance of cowardice.

F. Clifford Smith.

[To be concluded.]



13TH (WINNIPEG) FIELD BATTERY, CANADIAN ARTILLERY.

BY W. L. MARSCHAMPS.

THE 13th, or "Winnipeg" Field Battery of Canadian Artillery was organized in 1871 at the request of a number of loyal citizens of old "Fort Garry," with a view to training in the science of gunnery, a specially selected number of the residents of the Red River Settlement favorable to Canadian connection, as an additional aid towards the preservation of the peace, order, and good government of the recently-established Province of Manitoba, now known as the "Bull's Eye" of the Dominion, then the recent scene of stirring events in the history of the country which had left that new community in a condition which made all law-abiding inhabitants apprehensive of the public safety. The first armament consisted of two 7-pounder bronze M.L.R. Mountain guns, without limbers, but fitted for mule or boat service, which had been brought up by Lord Wolseley in 1870, and two old smooth-bore 3-pounders which had been brought to Fort Garry overland from York Factory on the Hudson Bay

many years before by Imperial troops sent to garrison the Selkirk Settlements. These guns were fitted up, at private expense, and used by the battery until their regular equipment arrived from Eastern Canada. The battery, although not yet middle-aged on the roster of Canadian Field Artillery, has seen considerable and varied service, and distinguished itself both in the field and upon the efficiency rolls of the Canadian Field Batteries; and throughout has shown the characteristic energy that befits its isolated position as the advanced artillery unit in far Western Canada, the only organization of the scientific branch of the service between Lake Superior and the Pacific Coast. The first commander was the late Lieutenant-Colonel W. N. Kennedy, who commenced service in the Canadian forces as a bugler in the Perth Volunteers and was a retired officer of the Ontario Battalion of the Red River expeditionary force under Lord Wolseley in 1870. He held command until he became the first commissioned officer of the 90th



SUB-DIVISION IN "FIELD-DAY ORDER."

Battalion, "Winnipeg Rifles," now so widely known to fame, upon the organization of that corps in 1883. It was not his fortune, however, to lead his battalion of rifles in their glorious march with Major-General Sir Frederick Middleton in 1885, as he was then with his accustomed zeal, serving with Her Majesty's troops in the Soudan as an officer of the "Canadian Voyageurs." He never again saw either of the corps whose organization he had promoted in Manitoba, but died in London, England, on his journey home from Egypt, where he had contracted a fever that there terminated fatally. Captain G. H. Young, whose name figures prominently in the battery history, was the first sergeant-major and was subsequently appointed lieutenant. He had been prominent on the side of the loyal party during the Riel troubles of 1869-70, and in 1878 left the battery to organize the "Winnipeg Troop of Cavalry"—which was then deemed necessary on account of disturbances threatened by the Western bands of Indians—but rejoined the battery again temporarily for the campaign of 1885. Of these events Captain Young preserves as interesting relics, the rope Thomas Scott was bound with when led to his death by order of Riel in 1870, and the handcuffs he used himself upon Louis Riel fifteen years later when in command of the escort that took him to prison at Regina—both gruesome mementoes framed together upon the same shield.

On the formation of the new battalion of riflemen, the command of the battery devolved upon the late Major Edward Worrell Jarvis, next in order of seniority, who commanded

the corps with distinction through the campaign of 1885, against the rebels of the Saskatchewan led by Louis



PARADE FOR INSPECTION, 1894.

Riel, and was on several occasions specially mentioned in despatches by the Major-General commanding, during the operations at the front. The other officers then serving with the battery on the "North-West Field Force" under

Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel of the "Royal Canadian Dragoons" at Winnipeg; and Veterinary-Surgeon J. G. Rutherford, who also acted as brigade veterinary for the whole force. At an early date Captain Young was appointed



'LT.-COL. L. W. COUTLÉE, C.A.,
COMMANDING 13TH FIELD BATTERY, C.A.—IN FIELD-DAY ORDER.

Sir Frederick Middleton were, Captain L. W. Coutlée, Lieutenant and Brevet-Captain G. H. Young, Lieutenant G. H. Ogilvie (now of the R. C. A.), Surgeon Alfred Codd, who had served as Surgeon of the Ontario Battalion with the Red River Expedition of 1870, and is now

to staff duty by the general and acted as brigade-major until sent south after the capture of Riel, in command of the escort conveying him to the Regina gaol. Lieutenant Ogilvie was also transferred to complete short establishment of "A" Battery, R. C. A., when

the two corps were brigaded, leaving the major and captain as the only combatant officers with the battery and causing much extra duty to fall upon Battery-Sergeant-Major Thomas Nixon, whose name cannot be suffered to pass unnoticed in the annals of the corps. Nor would this chronicle be complete without special mention being made of the sub-divisional sergeants, Edwin Doidge and Patrick Quealy, for excellent service in action, the former being now captain of the battery.

Major Jarvis was appointed a superintendent in the North-West Mounted Police in 1886, where he served up to the time of his death, which occurred suddenly at Calgary, N.W.T., in the spring of 1895, as the result of a surgical operation. His loss was mourned by his many friends and greatly regretted by all ranks of the force, by whom he was beloved for his genial disposition and numerous virtues as a soldier and a gentleman. The present commander of the battery is Lieutenant-Colonel L. W. Coutlée, whose actual command of the corps dates back to the return from the Saskatchewan, in 1885, and to whom must, in a large measure, be ascribed the present high standard of efficiency of the corps.

The battery was on duty during the "O'Donohue" Fenian demonstration on the Manitoba frontier, in 1871, and in aid of the civil power during the Cross Lake riots in 1879 on the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Winnipeg and Rat Portage, once more at Rat Portage, in 1883, at the time of the Varennes election troubles, and again at Winnipeg during the "Miller" riots, in the fall of 1884.

On the occasion of Lord and Lady Dufferin's official visit to Manitoba in 1877, the Winnipeg Field Battery, under command of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Kennedy, fired the prescribed salute when Their Excellencies landed at St. Boniface, opposite old Fort Garry; and the battery, along with the "Winnipeg Infantry Company," commanded by Captain C. W. Allen, which furnished the guard of honor, escorted the vice-regal visitors' carriage to the Winnipeg City Hall, where public addresses were

presented. Subsequently, during the stay of the Governor-General at Silver Heights a non-commissioned officer's



BATTERY IN LINE ON A PRAIRIE CAMP, 1883.



MAJOR E. W. JARVIS.

guard from one of these two corps was alternately mounted daily at the front gate. Sergeant-Major J. N. Kennedy of the battery, brother of the commanding officer, also did duty during this period as His Excellency's mounted orderly. At the ceremonies which took place during Their Excellencies' visit, the battery band, under the leadership of Sergeant Harry Walker, ex-bandmaster of the Provisional Battalion of infantry on service in Manitoba, enlivened the proceedings. It is also worthy of record in the above connection that on Lord Dufferin's landing it was the St. Boniface College Band, in uniform, under the leadership of the Rev. Father Lavoie, that played the national anthem when Captain Allen's Company presented arms, and that they afterwards headed the infantry who led the procession to the City Hall.

When news first came of the rising of the Indians and halfbreeds on the Saskatchewan in March, 1885, the battery was held in readiness for immediate mobilization, awaiting with anxiety the arrival of official orders from headquarters at Ottawa, and it was with the first to spring to arms when the bugles sounded the "General Assembly" through the streets of Winnipeg on the

memorable night of the 23rd of that month, the commencement of their four months' campaign with Major-General Middleton, during which they saw active engagements at Fish Creek, and during the four days fighting at Batoche.

The Winnipeg Battery formed the advance guard of the flying column sent forward under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Houghton, D.A.G., to occupy Fort Qu'Appelle on the first advance of the North-West Field Force northwards from the base of supply, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and took part in the "pow-wow" with the File Hills bands of Indians, who had left their reserves and arrived at the fort shortly after the flying column had pitched their camp in the outskirts of the village. These bands were in great excitement over news they had received of the massacres which had taken place to the northward and the engagement of the halfbreed rebels with the volunteers and Mounted Police at Duck Lake, and they were undoubtedly anticipating a general rising. They were induced after some argument and explanations given by the D.A.G. as to the power and forces at the disposal of the "Great Woman Chief" to return peaceably to their reservations, and



SURGEON LT.-COL. A. CODD, R.C.D.



GROUP AT HUMBOLDT ON CARLTON TRAIL, 1885.

they promised to stay there till they were sent for by the Government.

On the march northwards from Fort Qu'Appelle the battery was brigaded with "A" Battery, R.C.A., under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel C. E. Montizambert, and also crossed the south branch of the Saskatchewan River, with the left wing, under his command, when the column was divided at Clarke's Crossing.

By this time the polytechnical composition of the Winnipeg Battery had become generally acknowledged and they were known as the "Handy Jacks" of the force. Besides the medical and veterinary staff, the officers represented the professions of law, engineering and journalism; in the ranks were doctors, lawyers, civil and mechanical engineers, blacksmiths, fur traders, accountants, bankers, saddlers, shoemakers, flat-boatmen, printers, druggists, land-guides, cowboys, farmers, etc. The corps had already supplied the general staff with a brigade-major and veterinary, and telegraph operators and linesmen to work the field telegraphs, whilst Staff-Sergeant W. R. Nursey (Provincial Auditor of Manitoba) as postmaster, with Acting-Bombardier Alex Norquay (son of the premier) were in charge of the postal service of the column "at the front."

Gunner T. A. Moore was also detached later on and transferred as assistant-surgeon to the base hospital at Saskatoon; Surgeon Z. T. Wood, R.M.C, to the 90th as a lieutenant, and Lieutenant Ogilvie to the mounted division of "A" Battery. It goes without saying that all ranks cheerfully afforded every help in their power in all cases that made their special training useful, and at this point on the route it was to a great extent through their special handiness and resourcefulness that the ferry scow was shipped and its wire cable and tackle stretched across the river so as to make the passage of the troops and their supplies possible. Again, when the general was attacked at Fish Creek it was the artillery in charge of Captain Coutlée which carried out the re-transportation of reserves from the left wing to assist the troops that were first engaged on the right back of the river, recrossing men, ammunition, horses and guns in a flat-boat skilfully handled by the gunners, in a swift current and under most difficult circumstances. With such vigor was this duty performed that, although roads had to be cut through half a mile of heavy timber on either side of the stream (which there has precipitous banks over 100 feet in height) anchor ice of five feet in thick-

ness cleared away from the water's edge on both banks, and the flat-boat unloaded of its general freight, yet the battery with its full establishment, a wagon-load of small-arm ammunition, and two companies of the Royal Grenadiers (under Captains Mason and Harstone) were enabled to arrive at the

the 9th day of May, Driver John Leitch, who had been a mail coach driver and land-guide on the old Carlton trail, did good service as guide to the column by directing it through the swamp and muskegs on a route that gained the river bank by paths little used, and avoided the more strongly entrenched



CAPTAIN GEORGE H. YOUNG, W. F. B.
OF REIL'S ESCORT, 1885.

scene of action, a mile away, in the early afternoon, where they did duty on the skirmish line and formed a rear guard when the troops retired at night-fall. The signal corps was also supplied from the artillery and proved of constant utility in the transmission of orders and messages whilst the column was divided. On the march into Batoche on

position of the rebels along the regular roadway by which they were expecting the advance.

At the opening of the first day's fighting at Batoche, the Winnipeg Battery was on rear guard; but, when sent for by the general, on approaching the upper village, rushed forward over the uneven ground with a dash that made

the stumps fly, while they were hailed with ringing cheers from the "Midlanders" and "90th," as they opened their ranks to permit the bounding guns to pass along the narrow bush path by which they were advancing. This pace was kept up steadily for about a mile, the gunners holding fast to the handstraps, the drivers lashing their horses through the scrub and underbrush, the non-commissions and officers bending low over their chargers' necks to clear the branches, till, just on the reverse of the top ridge, they came into action with grim, machine-like coolness, side by side with their comrades from the citadel at Quebec, who had led the march that morning from Manichinas Hill, the camp of the night before. It was new work for the young and untried gunners; but they fired these, their first shots fired in anger, with the traditional *sang froid* that appears to spring from the nature of the artilleryman's training. The first shells set fire to some houses where hemp was stored, and soon the upper part of the village was in flames and deserted by the rebels, who retired on the rifle pits towards the lower plateau from which the attack on the steamer *Northcote* was then being carried on.

The second position for action taken by the Battery that morning was on the brow of the lower hill in front of the church, where the advancing line had been checked by the rebels in the pits and along the second ravine. It was here that the wounded gunner, Phillips, R.C.A., was so gallantly rescued by Surgeon Alfred Codd, of the Winnipeg Battery, who carried a stretcher down the slope under a heavy fire, and, with the assistance of Captain Peters and Gunners Coyne and Baudry, R. C. A., brought him away. He was, however, struck a second time as they were carrying him up the slope, and died on the stretcher.

The Battery took their part in the whole of the four days' and nights' "pegging away," as General Middleton called it, and on the last day's engagement they were early on the scene and able to get down the lower hill under a heavy fire and bring a gun into action in support of the decisive rush upon the fortified

houses by the "Midlanders," led by the late Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, and "B" Company of the "90th," led by Captain H. N. Ruttan. This gun fired half a dozen shells into the buildings, and so disconcerted the defenders that they fled rapidly before the charging infantry. Lieutenant-Colonel Williams was specially enthusiastic in his thanks to Captain Coutlée, of the Winnipeg Battery, for this opportune aid rendered at a critical moment.

In his official report on the artillery engagements, Lieutenant-Colonel Montizambert, Commandant of Artillery, mentions the Winnipeg Battery many times for good service rendered, specially noting excellent work performed by Major Jarvis and Lieutenant Ogilvie during the last charges, and noting specially the manner in which they kept down the galling fire of the rebels from the houses and pits on the west bank of the river during the charges of the infantry, and also in preventing the enemy from communicating from bank to bank by breaking up the scow and cable ferry. Captain Young is also praised for efficient performance of duty, and particular mention is made of Captain Coutlée's action on the right of the infantry attack, "where he secured an elevated position for his guns, and took the ravines and pits occupied by the enemy in enfilade, doing splendid service, which materially assisted in the success of the brilliant charge by which the rear of the lower village and the positions beyond were finally cleared of the rebels."

In his "Reminiscences of the North-West Rebellion," Lieutenant-Colonel Boulton, of Boulton's scouts, gives the Battery great credit, and Sir Frederick Middleton, in his official report upon the campaign, gave special thanks to Major Jarvis and the battery for excellent service, and praised Captain Young for his zeal and ability, as well as for the efficient manner in which he performed his staff duties while acting as Brigade Major, and afterwards when detached for special duty in the conveyance of Riel to Regina upon his capture at Guardupuis Landing.

On reaching Prince Albert, the citizens who had armed themselves and formed

a volunteer organization for the defence of the town and vicinity, were relieved from duty, and the Winnipeg Battery was detailed to form a garrison. Here they remained until operations on the Saskatchewan closed and the main body of the troops returned from the front. During this time they took an active part in the capture of the fugitive Indian Chief, "Big Bear," and formed the mounted escort which brought him from Fort Carlton, where he gave himself up, to the Mounted Police cells at Prince Albert. The monotony of garrison duty was, as might have been expected, wearying to the men who had taken such active part in the stirring events of the past two months; but, in peace as in war, they "did their level best." They vanquished the Mounted Police and the Town Cricket Clubs with the willow, and flirted with the pretty girls of Prince Albert till general orders once more set them marching, and left "other lips their tales of love to tell."

It should not be left unsaid that the literary genius of the Battery varied the weariness of the "dull, piping times" in garrison by the publication of a Battery newspaper, entitled, *The Guard Report*, a journal now equally rare as the papyrus records of ancient Egypt, but at the time most interesting and eagerly sought after by the initiated. Contributions of original matter constituted by far the greater portion of its columns, for the very good reason that the absence of telegraphic facilities and the troubled state of the territory prevented anything but the most meagre intelligence from the outside world reaching this lonely outpost. A remarkable account in verse was published respecting the loss and later recovery of a team of battery horses. As the manner of their recovery was due to a regulation method of equine "hair-dressing," it may be interesting to quote from the "Ballad" to shew how and why they were found.

"A freighter met them on the road,
And, as their tails were square,
Quoth he, 'Forsooth, an army horse,
And eke an army mare!'"

"Next day behind a prairie cart,
The brown nag and the grey
Came humbly home, no more to roam,
From musty oats and hay."

And as no ballad is ever complete without its ethical sequence, the last stanza concludes:

"The moral is not far to seek,
Take heed, ye maidens fair,
If ye would be in fancy free,
O, never bang your hair!"

All of which is respectfully submitted for consideration by the reader. There can be no doubt that to some of the scattered survivors among the "Boys of the old Brigade," these bits of rhyme will bring back many a memory, pleasant as well as sad, of the days they spent in the service of Canada in 1885.

The Battery returned to Winnipeg overland by a route directly southwards from Batoche, arriving at headquarters on 17th July, after active duty with the fighting column for nearly four months, performed with energy, intelligence and patriotic zeal, with the loss of only one horse by wounds in action, and all its members in ruddy health and strength, which they had uninterruptedly enjoyed throughout the campaign. The only man hit on the Winnipeg guns was Gunner Carpenter of "A" Battery, who subsequently died of his wounds at the Saskatoon base hospital. This was considered a most remarkable showing at the time, in view of the services that had been performed. The itinerary of the Battery shewed a total of 1,351 miles travelled in going and returning, without including the many short excursions of which no possible account could be kept. Of this distance, 701 miles were marched, the remaining 650 miles having been made by rail to and from Qu'Appelle Station on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The present commanding officer of the Battery has served in the Militia of Canada since February, 1866, when at the time of the first Fenian troubles in that year he enlisted in the "Aylmer Infantry Company," which did active duty at Ottawa later in the season at the time of the Ridgeway affair. He also served with the corps of Military School Cadets, who volunteered for actual service in Montreal during the invasion of the frontier by the Fenians at "Eccles Hill" in 1870; and he served successively as lieutenant in the "Ottawa Brigade of Garrison Artillery" and the "Ottawa

Field Battery" up to the time of his transfer to the Winnipeg Battery in 1883. Captain Edwin Doidge is also a veteran of the Canadian Militia, who served with Wolseley in the Ontario Battalion of the "Red River Expedition" in 1870, and through the campaign of 1885, as a gun-sergeant. Lieutenant Ducharme, transferred to the Battery from the Royal School of Artillery at Kingston, where he had served for a number of years as Instructor of Field Artillery, the junior lieutenant being Mr. W. Harper Wilson, recently gazetted to the corps. All the Battery combatant officers hold qualifying certificates from the Royal School of Artillery. The staff consists of Surgeon-Major R. J. Blanchard, appointed on the promotion of Surgeon Codd to the Royal Canadian Dragoons in 1885, and Veterinary-Captain Hinman, formerly of the "Durham Field Battery."

The present establishment of the Battery gives, in addition to the officers named, another lieutenant, nine regimental and staff sergeants, six corporals, six bombardiers, two trumpeters, twenty-five drivers, and forty-seven gunners,

including a collar-maker, a wheeler, a shoeing-smith and an orderly-room clerk; in all a total of 102 of all ranks, but the service roll of the rank and file far exceeds the number allowed by the official establishment. The establishment also includes forty-nine horses, six 9-pounder rifled guns with their carriages, and six ammunition wagons, with one forge and one store-wagon for use on actual service.

Since 1895, the Battery has seen no other service than the annual drills in camp and the saluting duties provided by the Regulations and Orders upon days of national festivity, and the openings and prorogations of the local legislature at Winnipeg; but it has still preserved a high standard of efficiency in competition with the affiliated batteries of the Dominion Artillery Association, and captured, on different occasions, the "Oswald" and "Lansdowne" cups, as well as numerous battery, squad and individual prizes, its standing being at the time of last inspection, 1895, second upon the general efficiency list of the Field Brigade.

W. L. Marschamps.

RE-INCARNATION.

A MASTER-SOUL had left its house of clay;
 A soul grown great through years of patient pain
 And loving service wherein loss was gain,
 At last before the glorious Dawn of Day
 Saw Earth's long night of sorrow flee away.
 But, list! What words his rapturous haste restrain!
 "Oh, Soul! wilt tread for Me Earth's paths again
 And show men yet awhile the Living Way;
 Or wilt thou enter now My promised rest?
 Choose thou." Then Heaven was still,—and to the test
 Answered the white soul, "Master, I will go;
 How rest I here when I might work below?"
 So came a kingly teacher to our race,
 Who ever walked with God's light on his face.

E. P. Wells.

THE STRANGE CASE OF NINA VAN HOLLAND.

BY GILSON WILLETS.

EDITOR OF *Romance*.

IN the evening, a woman came stooping witch-like across the lawn to where I sat in my study-window, and handed me a note.

"Will Dr. Hale please come immediately. Van Holland."

I was a newly made M. D., a stranger in Westchester. Mr. Van Holland was the richest man in the neighborhood. With a reputation for eccentricity, he had, for twenty years, lived in the castle on the hill in unrelenting seclusion—he and his niece. The woman stood waiting. She was bony, and seemed to carry age on her back, like a burden.

"Mr. Van Holland ill?" I asked. She answered not, but jerked her hand towards the castle.

"His niece?" I ventured, on the way up. She shook her head and pointed to her ears.

"Servant?" I shouted. Still shaking her head, she opened her mouth, then closed it with a snap.

* * * *

Wild music, like the caroling of multitudinous birds, filled the castle. In a stately, brilliantly lighted room, mirrory-floored like a ballroom, a great stained-glass dome overhead, the crone jerked her hand toward the alcove and tapped her brow, as if to say—mad. The music had ceased. At the top of the steps leading to the organ loft, white-robed, and with one white hand resting on the carved balustrade, stood the person indicated as mad. As I approached, two blue eyes surveyed me, wonderingly, as a child scrutinizes an expected visitor. My medicine case in my hand, I halted at the foot of the steps and looked up at her, awkwardly.

"I am Nina," she said.

I bowed.

"Queen of Westchester," she added, with ludicrous seriousness.

I bowed lower. "Then I am Hale," I said, "physician to Your Majesty."

"Are you not my king?" she asked, coming down a step, "Uncle Van says you are."

"You are a wondrous musician, Gracious Sovereign."

"Oh, I can play any instrument," she said, descending another step. "I play only what I feel. Uncle Van had this organ built for me. And he gave me that harp and that piano and everything. He says music is only an expression of feeling, anyway. Besides, I cannot read music, or printing, or books, or write my name, or anything. Uncle Van says queens never do. I have been a queen all my life, but Uncle Van rules for me. He is my prime minister. What is that black box in your hand? Oh, Nurse!"

She glanced at the bony woman who hovered near, watching as a keeper watches a prisoner during an interview with an outsider. Now the two women conversed with their fingers, after the manner of deaf mutes. Then the crone left the room.

"Nurse cannot hear nor speak," said the young woman, "but she can see. And she is jealous."

The beautiful girl stood now only two steps above me, anticipative, hesitant, like a child who wants to make friends with a big dog.

"You are the first person I have ever spoken to," she said, "excepting Nurse and Uncle Van. Of course, I have all sorts of animals. Horses and lambs and doves and chickens. I have flowers and a garden and music. But, I am tired of these. I want something new."

Down the two remaining steps she came, and up crept two gentle arms around my neck. "I want a king," she whispered. Then suddenly she drew her arms away. Her lips quivering, she stood there like a child who has been naughty.

"You wanted to see this black box," I suggested. "Yes! Oh!" She was

examining a black powder in my case. "Why! this—" She interrupted herself by dipping her hand into the raised centre-piece of a round settee, and drew forth a black, glossy powder. "Uncle Van put it there this morning," she said, emptying the powder into my hand. "I was there in the conservatory. He did not see me, but I heard him say: 'Tomorrow, Nina will be legally of age.' What does that mean?"

"It means," I said, pouring back the powder, "that this settee is practically a cask of dynamite; that if one fire-spark should drop in there, the castle would be riven, reduced to ashes."

"Come into the conservatory," she entreated. She hurried across the room and threw open two great, glass doors, revealing a sort of indoor tropical garden. Down a palm-arched path she led me to where a fountain trickled. From a globe overhead, came a silver light, as of the moon. In aviaries, formed by the glass walls, the birds, roused by our intrusion, opened each, an eye, to see if it were day.

"Now the castle can burn, and we are safe," the girl said. "That door opens upon the lawn. But I seem not to care for anything but you, now. I feel—O—I feel that I want to be beautiful in your eyes. Again, two gentle arms crept around my neck, an exquisite face was lifted to mine, and I looked into eyes that pleaded: "Be kind to me." And as I looked, I knew that I loved her.

But, I only said: "Nina, you need a friend."

"I need a king," she said, passionately. "Oh, what is this I feel for you? I have never felt so happy with Uncle Van, or Nurse. What is it? I could describe it on the organ, or the harp, or something. I want to be always with you. Let me live where you live, let me be where I can see you, talk to you, be happy with you. You will be king, as I am queen? You will? Oh, Nurse!"

My arms were around her. I had forgotten everything, save that I loved her, and had gathered her to me, murmuring my love. Now, she started back, shrinking, among the palms. In the doorway, between the conservatory and the music-room, stood Nurse, glaring.

"She wants to take you to Uncle Van," said Nina, breathing hard. Then suddenly she flew to the nurse, and pil- lowing her head on that stooping shoulder, wept. Slowly they moved into the music room. I followed. At the steps of the organ-loft, the agitated girl turned and ran back to me. "Oh, I must kiss you," she sobbed. "Oh, I must. There! I don't care if I am a queen. I don't care for Nurse, or anyone. There! My king!"

And I went away with the hot tears from her cheeks burning on mine.

As I followed Nurse along the corridor and downstairs, that wild music again spread forth through the castle; music, now of joy, now of grief, like the moods of a woman who loves.

Glaring at me with jealous eyes, the nurse jerked her hand toward an open door. I entered the room, a book-walled library, lighted by a green-shaded table-lamp. Out-spread under the lamp, lay a document with a red seal. By the grate-fire, his back to me, crouched a grey-haired man. He seemed to be heating the fire-tongs, twisting them in the coals. Now he drew them out and held them, red-hot, close to his face.

"Mr. Van Holland?"

He sprang up as if the hot iron had touched him. Then after thrusting the tongs back into the fire, he turned to me. His eyes looked out from cavernous depths. Either he had not slept for many nights or some trouble racked his brain. "You have seen my niece? Yes! Very good! Well! All right! What is your opinion of her mental condition?"

"Monomania," I answered.

"Monomania. Yes! Very fine! Quite right! Well then sit down, please. This pen, please. If you please, sign."

The document was a physician's certificate of lunacy declaring that Nina Van Holland was of unsound mind and incapable of managing property. "Surely, sir," I said, suspending the pen over the blank left for my signature, "you do not contemplate putting Miss Van Holland in an asylum."

"No, no, no," he asserted, dancing around my chair and rubbing his hands. "She will remain right here, doctor, right here. Mere form. Certainly!"

Only form, doctor. But sign, please. To-morrow, she will be legally of age."

I listened a moment to the music of the organ above.

"No, Mr. Van Holland," I said, "not until you explain. Your niece's monomania is curable. I will not sign a document which, to-morrow, may rob her of a possible birthright."

"You are shrewd, doctor. Quite shrewd enough to accept a convincing argument, So! So! There, sir. Fill out, over my signature, the amount of your professional services. Don't undervalue, doctor. We won't dispute the amount. So! So!"

Ignoring the bank check I stepped toward the door.

"Your niece needs a friend," I said.

"Going, eh?" he snarled, intercepting me. "Want explanations? Good! You shall have them. I have lost, but I have prepared for the defeat. The doors are locked, the servants are out, and only ourselves and the two women remain. Splendid, eh? Curse that organ."

He leaned against the door, his eyes roving forth and back from myself to the fire. "Curse that organ," he shrieked, shaking his clenched fists at the ceiling. "I've waited twenty years for this night. If you will not sign that paper, I will turn this house into a crematory. If I'm a devil, I'll drag you all down to hell with me. One side, fool."

A blow hurled me almost into the fireplace. Still raving, he caught the tongs from the fire and rushed from the room. I sprang after him, shouting, but the organ music drowned my voice. At the door of the music room I overtook him and threw myself on him. I saw Nurse drag Nina from the organ-loft and carry her bodily into the conservatory. Then something red-hot and heavy struck my head.

* * *

Next day Nina lay in bed in my cottage at the foot of the hill. Nurse and I stood on either side watching for signs of returning consciousness. Aloft through the window we could see occasional flames leaping from the smoke-shrouded castle walls. Nina

and Nurse had escaped injury, but the shock had prostrated our loved one. After the explosion and before the fire made headway, I had regained consciousness and had scrambled out through the conservatory. The maniac, Van Holland, lay up there in his own crematory, probably consumed. Now Nina moved and opened her eyes. I bent over her. "My king," she whispered, smiling.

A month later, Nina was able to sit up. Neighbors in Westchester had offered to take her to grander homes. But always her answer was: "I will stay with my king."

When the snow came and I trudged forth on professional visits, she would watch by the window for my homecoming. Evenings, while Nurse sewed, Nina would kneel at my knee while I read to her. She could read a little herself now, for I gave her lessons daily. We had even planned our wedding to take place as soon as she should be strong. But the slightest hint that she was not a real queen would bring tears to her eyes and she would turn pale and cold. "Call me Your Majesty, as you did that night," she would beg.

One day, homeward coming, I espied the now rheumatic nurse, sitting on the doorstep beckoning me to hasten. I entered the cottage, but no Nina. By Nurse's sign language I gathered that a strange man had delivered a letter to Nina, that she had spent hours reading it, and then, without hat or wrap, had gone away through the snow, hillward.

I found her footprints and followed. A laborer came along. "She was crying, doctor, and saying something about being a queen. She would go back to her castle, she said, and prove that she was a real queen. And her face was like the snow."

In the fire-blackened, crumbling, roofless alcove, where her organ had stood, I found her lying outstretched, imbedded in the snow. White like the snow, indeed, was her face, and as cold. Not from exposure alone, lay she there, but from the fatal shock of learning, beyond doubt, that she was not the Queen of Westchester, that she was mentally twenty years behind others of her age.

For beside her lay a letter, marked: "To be opened after my death. Van Holland." And this is what she had read.

"If you do not develop a child's mind, do not afford her opportunities for the natural experiences of life, she will remain a child always. A woman, therefore, if she be thus reared, say from her fourth year, will have, at the age of twenty-one, the mind of a child of four. Such is the mental condition of my niece.

The mother died when Nina was born. A few months before her death she became a monomaniac, believing herself a queen, and in that belief she died. Grief soon killed Nina's father, my brother.

His will gave his wealth to Nina on her twenty-first birthday, providing she was of sound mind. If, however, she should be insane or should show signs of insanity, his entire fortune was to go to the trustee. To-morrow is the birthday, I am the trustee.

"I was a poor musician. We had quarrelled, my brother and I, and out of his great wealth he never helped me. I was surprised, therefore, to find myself sole executor of his will, sole trustee of his vast estate. Aye, and more: sole heir to that vast fortune, if, at maturity, that child should be insane. How I craved that wealth! How I hated that child who might keep it from me! Why should she not be insane, at least apparently so? Her

mother died a monomaniac, believing herself a queen. Why should not the child live as the mother died? Then I turned fiend, devil. In her crib I told the child she was a queen. It was the first word she learned. From then till now I have kept her mind a child's mind. I taught her music, because the true musician does not think, but feels. I, with my hatred and avarice, the deaf-mute hireling, with her love and jealousy, together, with different motives, we accomplished the same end. We kept her from people, knowledge of the world, from all learning and experience.

"I must have a physician's certificate of lunacy to show the lawyer to-morrow. Her mental condition must not be examined too carefully. I will call in a doctor at the last moment. There is a young fellow at the foot of the hill, a stranger, inexperienced, and new in his profession. To increase the probability of her insanity, I have told Nina he is her king. He will believe the girl insane. Yet her brain is sound, healthy. For insanity is a disease of the physical brain and not an immaterial disorder of the intellect. But the fool doctor will be glad of the fee and ask no question.

"God only knows how I have suffered. Now I care not whether the money is mine or hers. Perhaps I would rather end it all in death. Yet I will await the result of to-night's game. If I fail, so shall that brat."

Gilson Willets.

HIS CHATELAINE.

THE Squire he gave a kiss to Jane
While at the hall his chatelaine
Was waiting long for him;
But blushing, naughty Sarah Jane
Gave not one thought to chatelaine—
She liked the Squire's whim.

Oh, pretty Polly Mackalane,
With dimpled smiles and chatelaine,
And Irish eyes of grey;
But won't you catch it, Sarah Jane,
When speeds our pretty chatelaine,
With tripping feet, your way.

Oh, pretty Polly Mackalane,
Have pity on poor Sarah Jane,
Dismiss her not, for fear,
Since things may take a turn for Jane,
And she become the chatelaine,
While you must work, my dear!

Maud Tisdale.

THE CITY POST OFFICE.

BY T. C. PATTESON.

WHO ever saw a disobliging postman? And so, why should I refuse the editor's invitation to contribute some miscellaneous observations on post office work? Not an encyclopedic treatise on the establishment and growth of the institution; not a dissertation on the wonderful methods and management of the Civil Service in general; not a statistical explanation of the woful yearly deficit in the annual accounts of the Department; but just a few memoranda jotted down promiscuously. Of interest, because the postman is the connecting link between our homes and the various outside influences that beset our everyday lives: social, commercial, filial, parental, philadelphian, and what not? He strews the path of one householder with flowers, and to the next door carries tidings of ruin or of sorrow unutterable. The telegraph has shorn him of many serious and important announcements, the telephone of thousands of trivial questions and answers; but still he bears his burden, and distributes his missives in an ever-increasing ratio. And it is only twenty-one years since he was invented here, as the embodied and uniformed exploiter of the system of "free delivery," which Mr. D. A. Macdonald, P.M.G., brought into existence, as he did the compulsory prepayment of letter postage. Sir Alexander Campbell, too, did many good things for the service, chief of which was the introduction of a parcel post with Great Britain, culminating in the reception here by one steamer last Christmas of eighteen baskets, holding 626 parcels, sent by absent friends to their belongings in this city and neighborhood. Mr. Haggart, P.M.G., increased the rate on city or "drop" letters to two cents, and raised the cost of registration to five cents—two reforms which have been amply vindicated by results. What may be the

reforms which Mr. Mulock, P.M.G., will introduce, it is too early to say, but if the public prints are to be believed, the re-imposition of postage on newspapers sent to regular subscribers from the offices of publication is likely to be among them. He will surely have the Parliament at his back in so very reasonable a step towards the better equalization of revenue and expenditure in his department. It was due to the irrepressible energy of the late Senator J. B. Plumb that what was speciously spoken of as "a tax on knowledge" was first removed, and newspapers—most incontinently—became entitled to the use of the mails without charge. The privilege has been grossly abused, and it would be difficult to find one single good argument for its retention. In the United States a compromise has been effected, newspapers circulating free in the limits of the counties in which they are published. It is, at any rate, a most praiseworthy ambition that necessitates the devotion of much skilled labor and industry to the equalization of accounts; and if it can be done—or nearly done—without loss of efficiency, it can take high rank amongst those economical reforms promised by the new government. It is the same public pays the piper, whether directly in postage stamps or by general taxation towards the making up of the deficit; but every tub should stand on its own bottom, and the business view of the situation is that the departmental revenue and expenditure should balance. Ontario is, and for many years has been, self-sustaining; but in the newer provinces there is naturally an unavoidable excess of expenditure, that, under the Federal scheme of confederation, we must be content to make good without grumbling.

Of all the complaints against the post office—and the machine is best kept in order and up to date by criticism—

the most common is the allegation that we should have penny postage here as in Great Britain and the United States. Expert opinion, however, is at present a unit against this reduction of postage, unless at the same time the desire to reduce the deficit is to be abandoned. It must be admitted three cents is not thought a large sum in a country where railway passengers consent, without remonstrance to pay five cents for a one cent newspaper. Another demand is for one cent city letters, which demand is formulated by the self-same people that are asking a general reduction from three cents to two on other letters. Now, in London and New York two cents is the charge for city letters, the same as is charged for the conveyance of a letter from Penzance to Inverness or from New York to San Francisco. In Canadian cities, city letters are conveyed for a less rate than other letters; so the city letters are already the most favored class here; which is not the case elsewhere.

There is a paradox about postage. It is this: The charge for carrying is reduced to a scale. It is a matter of weight. Weight, as a general thing, means space. The charge for carrying a letter of the common weight of one ounce is three cents. For carrying a far bulkier closed parcel the charge is only six cents for four ounces. The more space, so to speak, that is occupied—and it is space on the trains and steamers that the Postmaster-General has to pay for—the less the charge. But the Postmaster-General enjoys a monopoly in the case of letters, not accorded to him in the handling of books and parcels and transient newspapers. On no other hypothesis does there appear to be any reason in a light charge for heavy parcels, and a heavier charge on light communications.

But to take leave of heavy considerations for lighter ones. Perhaps the most interesting daily task in a post office is the interpreting of illegible or insufficient addresses. Every day brings its batch of these: and the quaintness of them is often due to the address having been given *viva voce*, and the key is to be found in the sound, rather than seen in the characters traced. One of the fun-

niest passing through the Toronto office in the last twenty years was:

Miss Bridget McGuire,
St. Dyl,
Ont.,

which was duly interpreted to mean Sandy Hill, a suburb of Ottawa, and there, sure enough, she was found cooking dinners in a well-known family. A Frenchman, no doubt, had asked Paddy for his sister's address, and it was phonetically reproduced. "N. A. Smith & Co., Toronto," found its way to the Nasmith Company. "Miss Eva Smith, Centre Island, Canada," was the address of a letter from England delivered last summer to the daughter of Mr. Jas. F. Smith, Q. C., without the loss of a delivery. "J. Chambers, Esq.," was meant for a loan company in Jordan Chambers. "Messrs. G. O. Wanskent & Co.," was for Gowans, Kent & Co. "Lias Rodler Co.," was for Elias Rogers & Co. "Messrs. T. Young St., Toronto," went to Timothy Eaton & Co. And "Miss Parker, Toronto Nursery," was successfully offered at the Mercer Institute.

The field for ingenuity is enormous, and the wily acrostic, the spelling puzzle, or the solution of conundrums are not in it with this little post office diversion. Life in a post office is not altogether dull. For every one really low and abusive bully that the sorely tried official is called upon to put up with, there are half-a-dozen fault-finders for cause, and for every crank who wants the impossible, there are a dozen good-tempered critics. Most of them, however, are apt to protest too much, forgetting that the law of the land determines most matters with which a mere postmaster has to deal, and that he is powerless to change it. Hundreds of cases arise where an intelligent and educated complainant hears for the first time that it is a law which regulates this, that, and the other postal matter. He generally speaks of the postmaster's decision as an absurd regulation of the Department, or some stupid formality insisted on by the official. The ruthless iconoclast is ever with us, and no doubt many stupid things still do survive unaltered and out of joint with the times; though the evening newspapers afford their correspondents every

opportunity to reduce them to a minimum. Short of having a letter-carrier for every house, who shall also be a collector, perfect satisfaction can never be given to householders. They seldom, for instance, stop to reflect that in a city of 200,000 people, housed in squares, divided by straight streets all crossing at right angles, and altogether comprising ninety-two "walks," each carrier must, when he begins, more or less turn his back on the house where he ends. His square is intersected by dozens of streets. He soon finds the best way of walking it. He cannot always be crossing and re-crossing the street. In a crowded street he will do one side first, and perhaps not come back on the other till he is returning towards his "place of beginning." He is, you may be sure, only actuated by the very proper desire to get through his delivery as quickly as possible. There are in Toronto 103 letter-carriers engaged in the actual work of collection and delivery, and a dishonest or disobliging one is seldom met with. If the public would remember that the omission to register money letters furnishes cruel temptation to a weak man, they would more frequently invoke that absolute means of protection. A master or mistress is deservedly censured for leaving money lying about on mantelpieces or dressing tables, to the great temptation of domestic servants. Equally wrong is it to post dollar bills in an unregistered envelope. Words fail to condemn with sufficient severity the thoughtless householder or publican who treats a carrier on duty to intoxicating liquor.

The good sorting clerk is a man with phenomenal rapidity of sight. He is expected to distribute letters into the several labeled receptacles in front of him, with at least the rapidity of an ordinary dealer at whist. He has to recognize only the post town, and therefore the shorter and more concise the address and the larger the type in which the only essential feature of it for present purposes is written, the better. All post office work is but a compromise between haste and accuracy. If a primary sorter had to read the whole address on an envelope, the mails would

have to be closed about an hour before the time now set, and there is no point on which the public is more exacting. They must close at the latest possible moment. Some very much up-to-date critics have propounded the scheme of a special electric car to the station. It may safely be said that the haul is too short (less than half a mile) to justify any such experiment. Horses and wagons are not stopped by accident in a power-house, by a catastrophe to the car in front of them, or by any one of dozens of causes which must from time to time stop an electric car, travelling behind many of the public vehicles of the same sort on the same rails. In twenty years only one wagon has missed a train at the Toronto Union Station. Nor can the ordinary electric cars be advantageously used to bring matter to the post office of this city, or take it out to several carriers' depots in the suburbs, until the post office is moved to the corner of Yonge and King Streets, the spot which all cars pass in making their rounds. But if there is ever a proper public understanding of the proper location for a city post office, wherever there is a union station, that is the spot where the general post office will be, and the remainder of the city will be served by district offices and branches. The conveyance of thousands of tons of stuff hauled to and from the station, that never ought to leave it, would very soon pay for the abandonment of the present office, even supposing that it could not be sold for the price say of the Cyclorama building. The electric cars are, however, of boundless use to the post office. Active bipeds board them at every minute of the day, either bringing in or taking out letters. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the square enclosed by the Belt Line within the limits of Spadina, Sherbourne, Bloor and King Streets, four sides of one and a half miles each, is the basis of the cheapest and rapidest delivery of letters in any city on the American continent, having regard to the number of carriers employed and the cost at which it is effected. From the public accounts it may be learned that the Street Railway Company is paid \$4,800 per annum for

the conveyance of uniformed carriers whenever they choose to board the cars. This money represents less than the cost of eight carriers on full pay ; whereas, it would take nearly eight additional carriers to render the same service independent of the cars. In Philadelphia, the work is done by numerous omnibuses which take the carriers out, and wait to bring them back. There is one use of the electric cars for postal purposes which we may learn from the States, namely, the service of outlying villages by the lines running up Yonge Street and along the Kingston Road. Perhaps, some day there will be a metropolitan district formed, and the present disjointed and truly rural arrangements will pass into oblivion. It has been said that the acme of civilized city delivery has been reached when a man in the extreme north-east of the city can write to one in the extreme south-west, inviting him to dinner and get an answer the same day in time to prepare for him. This can be done in Toronto.

Toronto has not yet been furnished with electric stampers and obliterated, though they are in use in more favored Canadian cities. They are useful and ingenious contrivances; but, there are some wonderfully rapid hand-stampers in the office, and, a few years ago, there was one who played party tunes with his stamp, at the same time doing wonderfully effective work, and desperately annoying his comrades who were not of his own religious faith. On the proper and immediate stamping of an envelope, depends the power of the authorities to trace delay, and apportion blame; and hence the necessity for stamping at the branches, as well as at the general office.

One word in conclusion. Beware of private messengers who put in their pockets, letters given them to post; and who, discovering them a week later, think to escape detection at the expense

of the post office. As a general thing, the individual is in error, and the machine is right. It grinds out its tale of bricks with almost unerring accuracy, and takes the blame of thousands of omissions and commissions on the part of a careless public. Every day brings a crop of half-addressed, wrongly addressed, and wholly unaddressed envelopes to the city office. Every day, clerks and servants drop letters into a street box which they have been told to bring to the head office, and it may be added, that when inquiry is made, the stamp betrays them. There are people with very large correspondence in this city, who have never had to make either inquiry or complaint at the office, and to give your readers an idea of the amount of work done, the latest figures published by the City Board of Trade will serve as an appropriate ending to a hasty sketch.

TORONTO P. O. STATISTICS, 1896.

Number of letters delivered by letter carriers.....	16,825,756
Number of newspapers delivered by letter carriers.....	3,992,372
Postage stamps sold	\$473,025.53
Number of letters posted at Toronto.....	15,639,572
Number of postcards posted at Toronto	4,251,983
Number of books, circulars, etc., posted at Toronto....	9,879,506
Parcel post.....	393, 198
Registered letters.....	267,904
Amount on deposit (branch offices included).....	\$557,286.00
Amount of money orders issued.....	\$494,555.31
Amount of money orders paid.....	\$2,522,500.30
Number of money orders issued	53,826
Number of money orders paid.....	275,607

T. C. Patteson.

THE NORTH STAR CLAIM.

BY STUART LIVINGSTON.

"'M sick of all this rot of Billy's about the Horseshoe lead mining through our claim; I don't believe we point to within half a mile of it."

"Why don't you try and get some o' the Horseshoe fellows to give you a pointer on it; they're on the spot and oughter know."

"Tried it and can't. 'Bout all the most of 'em seems to know is, that they're diggin' under ground. Johnnie Mullin an' one or two o' the others that might know, say they ain't paid for talking 'bout what's bein' done in the mine, but ha' got to keep their mouth shut an' saw wood er get the sack. Ef I'd enough to buy one o' them, I'd know all right; but it 'ud only be throwin' good money after lead, fer I don't take any stock in it. The Star's nothing but a hole in the ground, and it's just Billy's blamed stubbornness that makes him stick to the idea. I've swung my pick in that hole fer the last time, you can bet, an' ef Billy wants to make a fool of himself, he kin do it, but he can't count me in on it."

The speaker was a tall, broad-shouldered man with dark, strongly marked features, which might well have been called handsome, had they not been marked by the effects of dissipation.

He was one of a group of four seated about the table in the rough-hewn little cabin which stood on the side of a hill a short distance from the opening of the North Star Mine.

John and Billy were brothers, and between them they owned the North Star. It was the adjoining claim to the celebrated Horseshoe Mine, which was a good, paying claim, even at the time the brothers had purchased the Star, and was now enriching its proprietors by many thousands a month. It was no secret that the brothers had only purchased in the hope of finding that the Horseshoe vein extended through the North Star claim, and now after making

a number of openings, and many a day's hard work, it seemed they were doomed to disappointment.

"Billy seems pretty cheerful about it yet," remarked one of the miners tentatively.

"Yes, it was his hanged cheerful cocksureness that dragged me into it, in the first place," said John, as he poured out a glassful of whiskey from a bottle on the table and drank it.

"Why, no, John; that can't be," exclaimed one of the group. "It was you got me in, and you said while you couldn't pay much wages I'd be rich if I'd take a share instead; 'cause we was sure to strike into the Horseshoe lead ef we stayed with it long enough."

"That's a lie," replied the other, loudly. "I never said nothin' o' the kind. I'd a sold out then fer a hundred, an' I'd sell now fer twenty-five."

"I'll take it," came from the end of the room, where Billy in the half open doorway was in the act of entering the cabin.

"Take it, and be hanged," cried the other, angrily, "but you'll pay fer it in good, yellow gold afore you get it."

The other made no reply, but closing the door after him, advanced to the table, and pulling out a leather wallet, counted out twenty-five dollars in gold pieces upon the table.

"Better have writin's to make it square," said one of the miners, and turning to another of the group; "you've hed more school larnin', Jim, than what I've hed: you draw 'em."

The man appealed to nodded his head, and with a dignified look of more importance than a classical education could possibly have given, went over to a shelf at the side of the room and took down a pen, a bottle of ink and some paper. He seated himself at the table, and began to write.

The other members of the group relighted their pipes, and lapsed into silence. The brothers sat at opposite

ends of the table, but neither looked at the other. This was not the first time there had been trouble between them, as John had been in the habit of taunting Billy with their lack of success ever since the claim had first begun to look like a failure. Billy, who was the younger by several years, and of almost girlish build, in comparison with the stout frame of his brother, had borne it all very quietly, though upon several occasions, when John was somewhat the worse of liquor, it seemed as if the trouble must end in blows.

Presently the scratching of the pen ceased, and from among the numerous heaps of torn paper, in which several unsatisfactory drafts had found oblivion, the writer picked up what he sententiously termed the "deed of sale."

"Gentlemen," he remarked, as he rose to his feet, "I hev drawed this dockiment fair and square atween this gentleman," indicating John with the point of his pen, "an' this gentleman," indicating Billy, "an' it 'ull bind them two, accordin' wen they hev writ ther names to it; it reads as the followin':—"

"I, John Wilson, Free Miner, Certificate 1201, hereby deed and hand over to Billy Wilson, Free Miner, Certificate 1402, all my share in the North Star claim from now and ever after, without any further claim by me, nor my heirs thereto, nor any jumper nor anyone else, if I kin prevent it, and this I solemnly state to be the truth, so help me God."

"That's right!" "Bully fer you Jim!" "Good as any lawyer could ha' done it!" echoed the group as he finished reading.

The brothers said nothing, but both stepped forward, and signed it; then the others signed as witnesses, and the money was handed over to John.

When the deal was completed, Billy picked up the paper, and folding it carefully, placed it in his inside pocket; he then went over, and taking down a candle and some matches from one of the shelves, made his way to the door.

"I think I'll go over an' inspect my property, just to see it's all right."

"Ef you mean ther's anything crooked about it, you young whelp," exclaimed John, "I kin show you right now that it's all right."

He made a stride towards his brother,

but someone caught him and drew him back. Billy turned up his coat collar, opened the door and went out.

As he did so, a whiff of wind blew the snowflakes in at the open door.

"Why, it's snowin'" exclaimed one of the group.

"A course it is, you fool!" growled John, "it's about time we hed snow, ef we're ever goin' to. Well, let's hev a game," he continued: "I've got some o' Billy's good stuff, an' I'm dead anxious to lose it."

They drew their chairs up to the table, and began to play.

The game had not proceeded long, when it was interrupted by a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of a stranger into the cabin.

"Is this John Wilson's place?" he asked.

"It was, an' is yet," replied John, gruffly, "ef his brother don't reckon it goes in with the deal."

"I want to talk to Mr. Wilson."

"Well, talk away, I'm your man."

"You're John Wilson that owns the North Star claim?"

"Well, sposin' I am, what of it?"

"No offence meant, but I want to buy your claim; I've got to go on to-night, and if you'll sell and sign now, so I can get along the rest of the way to-night without losing time, I'll give you five hundred dollars fer it."

"Five hundred dollars!" exclaimed John, and then with a reckless laugh, "more like five thousand, I guess."

"Well, that's a good deal of money, but I guess I'll close with you; one of you gentlemen can witness it."

He drew out a legal document from his pocket, sat down amid the most profound silence, and filled in the amount, then shoved it over towards John.

The latter's face had begun to work strangely, presently he found his voice.

"Am I sellin' t' the Horseshoe people?" he asked.

"Never heard of them," replied the stranger, laconically.

"That's a lie," cried one of the men "fer I saw you talkin' to old Rodney of the Horseshoe, last Saturday, when I was down at the Roads; you're the man I seen; I know it."

"I'm sure I don't know the gentleman you speak of," replied the stranger, trying to smile, but John sprang from his chair, his eyes ablaze.

"You lie, I tell you, and you've dug the Horseshoe into our claim till you can't go no further 'thout striking our lead, an you're 'fraid we'll strike into yours an' find how we've been robbed."

He paused, and a dangerous glitter came into his eyes; drawing a pistol from his pocket he covered the stranger with it.

"How near hev you got to our lead?" he asked

The stranger paled but made no reply.

The miner's fingers twitched nervously upon the trigger.

"How near hev you got to our lead?" he repeated slowly.

"Maybe twenty feet, maybe ten," replied the stranger with his eyes fixed on the mouth of the pistol.

The miner stood for an instant without a word, then the passion blazed up in him again.

"I'd shoot you, you thief, as quick as scat, but I want it for something else. My God!" he continued hoarsely, "I hev been robbed, and that young whelp has done it, but I'll have that paper back ef I kill him fer it."

He sprang across the room, and went out. He hurried on down the track cut through the woods till he came to the mouth of the mine. He paused for a moment, his fingers clutching tightly the butt of the pistol, and peered in. Deep in the darkness he saw the flickering of a candle. He pushed his way into the cavern; as he proceeded, the light became brighter, and he could discern the form of his brother.

"Come out, you thief, and give up that paper," he shouted.

There was no answer, but the light of the candle vanished as if blown out.

His walk in the cold air and the silence and chill of the mine had cooled him down somewhat.

"Perhaps ef I fire into the rock, it u'll scare him out," he thought.

He pointed the pistol upward and fired. A flash, a deafening report, a cry of agony, a long, low, rumbling sound followed by a heavy thud as of

the falling of dislodged earth and rock, and all was still. The smoke was almost suffocating. "The ball must hev glanced down an' struck him," he thought, and with this he shivered a little.

"Billy," he called, "it's all right, let's go out." No answer.

He waited breathlessly for a moment as if still expecting a reply, then dropping the pistol, pushed his way on towards where the light had been. He stumbled and fell over the broken rock, he scarcely knew it; he struck his head and cut it against the wall of the mine, he didn't feel it. Presently his foot struck something soft; he reached down; it was his brother's form. He shook him gently.

"Billy," he whispered, "it's all right, I didn't mean no harm; of the mine's yours, and you're rich; all of it's yours; get up old man, and let's go out."

But his brother made no move to rise. He knelt down and touched his head, it offered no resistance. He shivered all over. A thought came to him; it seemed to creep with a grasp of ice over his very soul, but he dared not say it. As he fumbled aimlessly about his fingers touched the candle, he pulled a match from his pocket and lighted it. His brother's face was very white; he held the candle down to the parted lips; surely the flame flickered a little; he breathed, then he wasn't dead. Ah, if he would only live till he could tell him he didn't mean it! that was all he would ask. At this a drop of hot wax fell from the candle into the open mouth; the figure trembled a little; a breath like a sigh came from the parted lips, and the eyes slowly opened. Then the strain was over: the great tears fell unrestrained from John's eyes till they wet his brother's face.

"What's the matter, John?" he whispered feebly.

"Ther ain't nothin' the matter, Billy, only it kind a seems as ef something had come down all of a heap on me somehow. Where air you hurted, Billy?"

"Am I hurt? My shoulder pains a little."

The cutting away of the coat and binding up of the wound was scarcely

more than the work of a moment. When it was completed John told him to lie still, and he would go and get some of the men.

"I wish you'd kick up the fire a little before you go, John, the cabin seems cold somehow."

"He don't know where he is," muttered John. "All right, old man," he continued aloud, "an' I'll be back in a jiffy anyway."

Billy closed his eyes as if tired, and John, taking up the candle, began to retrace his steps. He had only gone a few paces when he came against a wall of loose rock. "It's very strange," he muttered, "what kin hev happened." Then on the instant he remembered the rumbling sound of the earth and rock, and he knew the report of the pistol had caused a cave-in of the mine. He examined the fallen mass carefully by the light of the candle.

Well, it didn't matter much anyway; the men would hear the firing and come out to see who was hurt; they knew Billy had gone to the mine and he had followed him; they would find the cave-in and begin digging. How long would it take them to do it?

He started, for a new thought struck him; would the air last? He sat down on the ground and began to calculate the distance with painful accuracy. It must be twenty—no it would extend clear to the mouth; if any had fallen, all must have fallen; then there must be thirty feet; yes, perhaps more. He looked about him at the walls of the little cavern in which they were imprisoned. No, it couldn't last by any possibility. He had read somewhere that a light consumed air, he blew it out. Then he remembered that every breath he took used up so much of it. "I'll save it for Billy" he muttered. After that he sat for long intervals holding his breath until his temples felt as if bursting. It seemed to him as if this continued for hours, then a sense of suffocation came upon him; Billy seemed to feel it, too, for he moved restlessly in his sleep. Presently he awoke.

"John," he whispered, "I jess hed a dream that I was home again with mother on the old place; I guess we'd

oughter hear from her some of these days pretty soon.

"Yes, I guess so, Billy."

"Say John, I feel so queer and choked in my throat, I guess I wouldn't set up no longer ef I was you, you'd better turn in with me, an'—an' I wish you'd kiss me good night just like we used to at home when we was kids, you know."

His brother bent over and kissed him good night.

* * * *

"Now you'll be right as a daisy in a few minutes."

It was the doctor from the Roads who was speaking, and the words were addressed to John who was lying on his bunk in the cabin. He had just opened his eyes and was staring about him.

"What is the matter, doctor?" he asked vaguely.

"Why you and Billy got trapped in the North Star with a slide. Some of the boys heard it go, and when they found the extent they went over to the Horseshoe and dug through—only had about a shovel full of earth between. Gad, the Horseshoe people must have stolen a lot of your rock! When they heard about it this morning and knew you could prove it, they raised their limit, and have offered 50,000, but if I were you I'd—"

"Where's Billy?" interrupted the other impatiently.

"Why, he was with you at the time, and when the men—"

The doctor was continuing volubly but the other interrupted.

"How's Billy? Don't stand and chatter like an idiot. How's Billy?"

"Well, I guess he's all right" replied Billy himself as he entered the cabin, accompanied by several of the miners.

"Mornin', John" he added as he walked over to the bunk and grasped his brother's hand.

"Same here, Billy" replied the other. and, turning to the men, "What are you fellows standin' roun' gapin' at; get to the devil out er this."

But there were tears in his eyes, as he said it, and the men took no offence but turned and went out, leaving the brothers alone together.

Stuart Livingston.

A MAIDEN OF THE SHIELD.

A Viking Story.

BY ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE.

ON the eastern coast of Scandinavia, several hundred years ago, there lived a famous sea king, known as the Prince of Ostrogoth. This prince's name, alone, was a terror throughout the land, as well as on the pirate-infested seas of the North. Not, however, was this because he was a cruel or ungenerous foe, or even carried death and destruction into the abodes of the harmless or defenceless inhabitants round about; indeed, it was considered a high honor and distinction to be looked upon with kindly eyes by this northern sea king. On the other hand, he was feared as well as hated by the evil doers on the high seas, as well as by his rivals, the sea kings of Gothland and Finland, who, time and again, had vainly endeavored to humble him by defeat. The great prince of Ostrogoth appeared to be invincible. Never had his white-winged ship, the *Norrland*, been captured or even disabled, nor his intrepid followers defeated in battle. To sight the immaculate sails of the *Norrland*, with the flag of Ostrogoth flying proudly and defiantly at the fore, was always a signal for hasty and ignominious retreat, and not until her hull sank below the horizon, or they reached a haven of refuge, did the superstitious followers of his rivals feel safe from the ever victorious arms of the prince. But time went on, and the Lord of Ostrogoth became full of years, and at last died peacefully in his own castle in the Island of Bornholm, surrounded by his followers and servants, and his nearest relatives, among whom was his beautiful daughter, Olga, who so resembled him in face and nature.

The prince left no son to perpetuate his fame in further deeds of valor, and the great lords of Jemtland, of Werm-land and of Skaraborg felt a secret delight that this great rival was at last

removed from their path, and that henceforth they would have things all their own way, and would regain their lost power and prestige on both land and sea. But the viking rivals of Ostrogoth reckoned without their host. Never for a moment had they allowed their thoughts to dwell on the lovely Princess Olga, save as one whom they each and all coveted as their bride. To regard this slender maiden as a possible rival in deeds of daring, or as one whom they would have ample cause to fear and respect as surely as, in his lifetime, they did her father, never occurred to them. They would have laughed the idea to scorn as too ridiculous to be entertained. The brains of the vikings were slow in action, or they would surely have called to mind the deeds of Olga Thorwaldsen, the sea queen of Westervik, and of Olsa Hansen of Helsingford, both of whom were ancestors of the Princess of Ostrogoth, and had proved formidable rivals to the sea adventurers of sterner mould.

It was Olga Ostrogoth who brought them to their senses. In one month from the date of her father's death she had made a firm resolve, and, placing herself at the head of a band of female attendants, they became *Skjold-Meyar* or "Maidens of the Shield." In those days the wooing of a sea queen was a hazardous business, and so found young Cedric, the Lord of Wasa, who loved the beautiful girl to distraction, and would have gone any length to possess so priceless a jewel. In the prince's lifetime this young and handsome sailor had found much favor with the father, but with the daughter little or none: she was not to be won with empty words of devotion and flattery. Repeated dismissals, however, instead of discouraging the young suitor, only added fuel to the flame of his great passion, and he resolved to possess her or die in the attempt.

Shortly before the *Norrland* set sail from below the battlemented walls of Ostrogoth, Cedric applied for admission to the castle, and a last interview with its fair mistress. When, at length, he was admitted to the grand old oak-paneled halls, on the walls of which hung many relics of the chase, and of the less peaceful occupation of war, among which were interspersed portraits of the ancient lords of the Island of Bornholm, Cedric found himself alone. Patiently he waited, and remained standing until she whom he adored should enter and be seated first. He was not kept long in suspense. The heavy draperies at the further end of the room were parted and a figure entered clothed in a bright and shining suit of new chain armor, topped with a brazen helmet. At first, Cedric knew not who it was, as the face was covered, but as the figure raised its hand and carefully removed the head gear, disclosing the well beloved features and golden hair of the Princess Olga, he stood for a moment transfixed with astonishment. Then he exclaimed: "Princess Olga—is it thee?" and he sank on one knee, and taking her outstretched hand kissed it passionately, at which the princess hastily withdrew it. There was a triumphant smile on her features as she answered somewhat restrainedly:

"It is I, Lord Cedric. What wouldst thou of me?"

"I have come, fair princess, to ask again thy hand in marriage, to tell thee once again of my great love, of a devotion which will last until my days are over and shall even span the grave itself. I ask thee to be the bride of one who has ever been brave in battle, and respected and loved by his fellows when at home. Princess, hear me, I beseech!"

"Love"—replied Olga, petulantly, "what is love?—a thing that lasteth but a year—a month—a week—a day. It cometh like a summer shower to the parched earth, and is gone like a fleeting breath of wind when the ship most needs it. Words like thine, Lord Cedric, I have heard oftentimes before. It is not words but deeds that a Norse maiden must have. Leave me, my lord; it

cannot be. I have work to perform. My father's enemies must be punished; the lords of Garth and Olfson must be defeated in battle, and their bodies—alive or dead—brought to this castle. You to your own work, Lord Cedric—I to mine. Farewell!" and she turned to go.

Cedric's eyes followed her hungrily, then, after a moment's hesitation, he said with decision:

"So be it then, fair princess. If deeds can win thee, then nothing is too great for me to do. But I swear that so long as breath remains in my body, I shall never give thee up. Cedric of Wasa hath said it, so, farewell, until we meet again—as friends or enemies."

The Lord Cedric turned and left the castle, and soon after rejoined his ship, the *Boras*, which lay anchored off the coast.

Laying siege to her heart, or attempting to captivate her affections is indeed futile, thought Cedric as he sat himself down in his cabin to think. But first let me dispose of the two champions who guard her person, the lords of Nansen and Hielmar must be slain.

Even before the princess and her maidens had set sail in the *Norrland*, Cedric had met and engaged these notable champions in single combat, and slain them both. Thus were two obstacles to his successful suit removed. Nothing now remained but to capture the Princess Olga herself; but the Lord Cedric found to his cost that this was not as easy a matter as he at first imagined, for the *Norrland* was the late prince's swiftest vessel, and spread her snowy canvass and sailed away upon the glittering morning sea like a bird upon the wing. The Princess Olga was true to her word. She attacked the vessels of the lords of Garth and Olfson, and carried their commanders captive to the Castle of Ostrogoth in the Isle of Bornholm, from whence they were ransomed by their followers after first being made to sign a document abdicating all power on the seas of Gothland and Finland. Then, as a sort of pastime, the Maiden of the Shield attacked and captured two of Lord Cedric's vessels, and then for one whole year the *Norr-*

land led the *Boras* a long love chase. In and out among the thousand isles of Aland, across the mouth of the Gulf of Finland, around the Islands of Dago and Osel, away over to the mainland of Gothland, then a flying visit to Bornholm, then among the numerous isles of the Cattegat and Skager Rack—taking care always to keep in sight during the hours of day, and at night, running into some snug, secluded bay, where, in the shadow of the rocks, with sails all furled, the *Norrland* would lie in safety, while her crew, the fair Maidens of the Shield—sat or reclined on the deck and sang the sagas that told of deeds of valor done by the hardy Norseman of old. The sailors on the *Boras*, as she glided gently through the rippling water, heard this weird music wafted to them on the midnight breeze. Its import was lost and scattered before it reached their ears. To them it was the singing of the sirens, and they were sore afraid, and begged their chief, the Lord Cedric, to bear away from the fearful, yet unknown danger.

As the months went by, and the seasons too, Cedric became moody and dispirited. He was heartily discouraged, and almost despaired of ever accomplishing his mission. Then the tide turned. One evening Cedric sent his trusty lieutenant, Dirk, along with half a dozen men in the small boat, to get some fresh supplies of game and water on shore. Dirk had landed, and, procuring what he wanted, was about to return to the ship, when on the still night air there arose, quite close to them, the sound of weird, sweet singing. Instantly the men became almost paralyzed with terror, for they were sure the sirens had them under their spell, at last. But Dirk was built of sterner stuff. True, he was almost as full of superstition as his men, but he had never seen a siren, and until he had, he was not going to turn tail and run. So Dirk shouted to his men to hold their peace and listen, and he set the example by doggedly standing stock still and bending his ear to the wind. What Dirk then heard set him thinking. Sirens, or no sirens, these maidens were singing of the deeds of the Red Eric. A siren who could do that,

became a most interesting object to Dirk, and he resolved, come what might, to whet his curiosity, and see as well as hear. Those who sang were hidden from the sailors by a rocky promontory, which jutted out into the sea. Cautiously, Dirk beckoned his men to follow him, and on hands and knees, crawled up to the summit of the rock and looked over. What he saw there, caused him at first to open wide his mouth in perfect astonishment, and then as he took in the situation, to give smothered vent to a series of choice Scandinavian oaths.

Directly below him, and moored to the rocks in the snuggest little bay imaginable, lay the *Norrland*, her sails neatly furled, and her crew of maidens, clad in light summery costumes—their armor thrown aside for the nonce—reclined in easy attitudes up in the bows. The Princess Olga was easily distinguishable, for she lay upon a skin of the polar bear in the centre of the group, her flowing, golden hair falling about her shoulders and perfect face, like a halo. By the light of a fitful moon, Dirk and his men saw all this. For a moment more, they stopped and listened to the deeds of the Red Eric, which were being exploited in silvery melody by these Maidens of the Shield. Then Dirk whispered—"Come away to my Lord of Wasa! His turn has come at last."

Quickly, they regained their boat, and made the best time possible, out over the darkening waters of the *Norrland*, whose snow-white hull rolled and tossed like a bird of the sea which stops to rest before a further flight.

"My Lord Cedric," quoth Dirk, as he clambered up onto the rock. "in yonder bay, from whence comes sounds of melody, lies the ship of the Princess Olga of Ostrogoth. 'Tis the Maidens of the Shield, and not the sirens of the deep, whose voices thou hearest. My Lord, thy great chance hath come. Blockade the entrance to yonder harbor, and the rest lies in thine own hands." Then, was Cedric of Wasa jubilant, and full of gladness. The *Boras* was at once put about, and sailed easily, straight into the mouth of the bay, where she anchored for the night. The clouds were thickening in the sky, and the moon being

now overcast, all things were shrouded in the black darkness of Erebus. Thus, they could not be seen until the dawn of another day. The singing had ceased, and the maidens slept. But not so, Lord Cedric. All night he paced the deck, and when at length the first faint streaks of day appeared upon the watery horizon, he caused a shrill blast to be blown upon a trumpet, and the *Boras'* anchor was quickly raised. A commotion was at once seen upon the decks of the *Norrland*. Lithe figures were descried hurrying to and fro. The creaking of the hawser was heard as the anchor was raised, and soon the white sails of the Maidens' ship bellied out to the fresh morning breeze, and the big fabric glided out majestically to meet the foe.

The *Norrland* would fight the *Boras* single-handed.

As the ship of the Princess came nearer, and the Maidens in shining coats of steel, and armed with battle-axe and shield, were dispersed throughout the deck and in the rigging—all eager for the fray, Cedric sailed out to meet her, and soon both ships were grappled in tight embrace. Cedric sprang nimbly from the rigging of his own ship, to the deck of the enemy, and the conflict would have instantly begun when the Sea Queen herself stepped forward, and cried in a loud voice :

"Hold! — Cedric, Lord of Wasa, I engage thee in single combat. Defeat thyself!" And therewith began a terrific hand-to-hand encounter with battle-axes. Cedric was more than astonished at the dexterity with which the Princess handled her weapon, and had all he could do to ward off the blows which fell thick and fast upon his upraised shield.

He would not have hurt a hair of the head of the brave girl before him, but by the unwritten laws of tradition, he must conquer her, or lose her for all time to come. Again and again, he tried to disarm the maiden of the shield, but without avail. Her agility was marvellous. She was much more alert and active than he, and avoided his side-long blows with rarest skill. There was but one more thing to be done, and that was to deftly cleave her helmet in twain without harming her. Watching his chance, he at last managed to accomplish his design. The axe cut away a portion of the helmet, disclosing the girl's beautiful features and long, flowing hair. The sight of her beauty was too much for Cedric. Falling on one knee, he hastily presented her with his weapon, for he could fight no more. Princess Olga hesitated, looked down upon him silently for a moment, then impulsively, she held out her hand, and said :

"Arise, brave Cedric! I submit. Thy valor and generosity have conquered me. This day I will become thy bride, if such is still thy wish," and she smiled, roguishly.

"My wish, dear Princess! Why have I followed thee all these days and months, if not to win thee?"

They were married on the deck of the *Norrland*, while Cedric's bravest followers availed themselves of the opportunity to take the Sea Queen's maiden attendants to wife.

If truth be further told, for a whole year, in anticipation of some such result, the Princess Olga had carried Father Berthald on board to perform the ceremony.

Allan Douglas Brodie.

DAY AND NIGHT.

THE weary days of toil hold no such fears
 As wakeful hours of midnight do for me,
 Wherein is respite time for grief and tears,
 And haunting memory.

Charles Hanson Towne.

THREE GREY LIVES.

KATHLEEN BLACKBURN.



It was a tumble-down, rickety, old house, its grey, weather-beaten walls, innocent of paint, its solitary chimney with the lonely, grey curl of smoke, its staring, blindless windows; in fact, it altogether reminded one of an aged and solitary spinster, whose battle through life has bereft her of all but experience.

Ah, those pitiable, grey lives! Did God create you to wail through infancy, to struggle through school-days and youth, only to end in the unloveliness of neglected old age? Surely there awaits you compensation somewhere, somehow.

In the grey, old house, lived three grey lives; grey from age, hard work and agonizing dullness. Lives that had toiled and pinched and scraped and grown old in the monotony of farm labor; lives that in some inconceivable way had grown to resemble the old house. Long associations create similitude. The old house, a new one then, had welcomed the young couple, who, hand in hand, had toiled there together; it had welcomed the babies as they came, and when one by one manhood and womanhood claimed them they preened their wings for flight, it seemed to sigh over their departure. It seemed to sigh when death stole into their midst and gently kissed the weary father and mother to sleep.

Out of the nestful, only three remained. Jacob, and his two sisters, Sarah and Martha.

Jacob was the eldest. "Ah, but he's a promising lad," his father used to chuckle, as he watched his first-born guiding the plow over the rough furrows: "he's a promising lad." But the swift years and hard, unremitting toil soon blighted the promise. Jacob had grown bent, his shoulders looked out of joint,

he dragged his slow feet along with a limp at each step, while his long, unkempt hair and beard gave him the appearance of an ancient but well meaning billy goat.

Sarah and Martha, too, had lost youth's rounded outlines. They were both large, raw-boned women with bulky, muscular frames, whose undeveloped waist line had finally become lost entirely. Their faces with their pitiable creases and furrows seemed to protest against any traces of youth. Martha was thirty-five and Sarah forty. They had no relations left, their old neighbors had long since died or moved away, and all the newcomers shunned them as "queer." Life had narrowed down to the limits of four grey walls and the well-worn companionship of one another, which, from lack of ideas, lapses into that dumb stolidity which only country life can breed.

They spoke only of the domestic duties, which had become part of their existence.

"Did you feed the pigs, Jacob?" Martha would enquire every day.

"Yes, I fed 'em," came the regular answer.

"Did they eat a lot?"

"There's no satisfying pigs. Give 'em a house full of stuff, and they'll grunt for more," Jacob would reply in a reflective way, as though the idea had just occurred to him.

In the evening, as Jacob lumbered in with his milk-pail, the question would be:

"Have you milked the cow?"

"Yes, and I've got a good lot too."

"Nice cow, our cow," Sarah would remark, complacently. And then the three would sit in silent rumination around the kitchen stove for half an hour or so, until the lengthening shadows warned them it was time to exchange the half torpor of waking existence, for the absolute torpor of brutish, dreamless sleep.

So day followed day; the old day sighed out its short life in giving birth to the young day which seemed to tread impatiently on its mother's heels. Sometimes it was a happy, smiling day; sometimes a sad day with a wailing wind and pitiful tears; and sometimes a stormy, rebellious, shrieking, young day, which entered the world with a scowl for all, and left it with a curse. But let nature play as she liked, let her vary her moods, let her be sunshiny, or stormy, or happy or sad, all days seemed alike to the three dwellers in the grey, old house. They rose with the sun, ate their morning meal of porridge and brown bread, silently went about the customary round of work, paused for their dinner of pork and beans and potatoes, and then to work again, until supper and bed-time whispered that the day was done.

Such had been their life for years. Thought, sensation, feelings had stagnated to the point of lifelessness; brute instinct alone remained. But outraged nature always rebels, for her laws are fixed and inalienable. Lately Martha had wavered from the strict routine. She would wander off into the woods and fields by herself, or she would sit brooding over the kitchen stove, muttering to herself and moaning.

"I can't think what's come to Martha: she's acting awful queer," Sarah exclaimed, roused by this unaccustomed sensation to a state of feeling that bordered on excitement.

Jacob had just finished milking, and the pail full of seething whiteness stood on the ground beside him. He did not answer for a moment, as Sarah stood breathlessly before him, her ragged cotton dress flapping in the wintry wind, but passed his hand slowly once or twice over his rough beard.

"Martha acting queer?" he repeated at length, as though the idea germinated very slowly.

"Yes, she's queer," Sarah replied, her words coming out in quick jerks like a machine that has grown rusty from long disuse.

"Martha! Martha!" he repeated, as though the name was too familiar to be associated with anything strange or

out of the way. And then the two looked at one another in silence, while the nameless terror in Jacob's eyes was reflected in Sarah's, but neither of them spoke of what was in their hearts, nor gave a name to the terror which their eyes alone expressed; the habit of silence is not easily thrust aside.

Every day, though, the cruel hard facts thrust themselves indisputably upon the even monotony of their lives. Martha was growing queerer. Sometimes she would sit all day with her hands before her face, rocking to and fro and moaning as though in pain, when a restless fit would seize her, and for a whole day she would disappear, wandering off, Jacob and Sarah knew not where; or she would pace up and down the room, muttering unintelligibly to herself and gesticulating wildly.

Could this be the silent, hard-working Martha of the olden days? this restless creature, with the cruel, cunning expression in eyes which had once been heavy and stupid as a cow's?

So wonderful, however, is the familiarization, or association, that in the attitude of Jacob and Sarah towards their sister there was no element of fear.

Was not she still Martha? The same Martha who had lived with them all their lives? She was "acting queer," they knew, but perhaps before very long she would "come round again," and be herself once more. So when a neighbor, alarmed by the proximity of a maniac at large, suggested to Jacob the advisability of seeing the asylum authorities on the subject, he was rather taken aback by the manner in which his suggestion was received.

"She's my sister," Jacob retorted, his queer form quivering all over with rage and excitement; "and as long as I'm here she'll have this roof over her head, and no one 'll dare lay a finger on her, neither," and Jacob clenched his horny hands and looked so fierce that the neighbor involuntarily stepped back, and with a muttered apology hastily turned tail and fled.

Martha's freedom was now undisputed. She roamed whither she liked, and although many eyed her with nervous

apprehension, no one had the courage to act upon conviction and take the initiative step towards her arrest. "She's only a harmless lunatic," they would assert; but however bold their conversation it did not prevent scared looks and precipitate closings of doors and windows whenever Martha loomed up in the distance. "It is just as well to be on the safe side," they would say, in apologetic tones.

Sarah would remark to her brother, almost every day, "Martha's acting queer, Jacob," and Jacob would answer, stroking his beard meditatively as he spoke, "She'll come all right to-morrow, likely." But winter had worn itself away, and spring had set in, and still Martha had shown no signs of "coming all right." And still Sarah continued to remark upon her sister's queerness, and still Jacob continued to take an optimistic view of the case.

But one day in the early spring, as Jacob was plowing in the field, he was startled from his customary lethargy by an unusual event. Sarah was running towards him; running as fast as the old cow when she took an obstinate turn, and very much in the same way.

Jacob paused from his labor, and, leaning on his plow, awaited events. He had not long to wait, however; a few awkward strides, and Sarah, all panting and out of breath, had reached his side.

"Jacob! Jacob!" she jerked out between her gasps; "Martha's acting queer."

"She'll come all right to-morrow, likely," Jacob answered, as usual; but Sarah shook her head.

"No, no; she's broke into Farmer Johnston's, over there," indicating the place with a jerk of her thumb, "with an axe, and she's awful bad."

"Who?" asked Jacob.

"The wife, the wife. Martha hit her with the axe."

"Dead?" Jacob inquired.

"No, no, not dead, she's scared. Martha's acting queer."

"Martha's acting queer," Jacob repeated. He had no optimistic views to offer to-day.

"Where is she?" he asked at last, as though the words stuck in his throat.

"In there," Sarah answered, pointing to the house. "She'll be took."

"Took?" Jacob reiterated fiercely, dropping the handle of his plough as he spoke, and running towards the house. "Took, took," he muttered to himself as he tore along at a gait which was a cross between that of a kangaroo and a rocking horse. "Martha will be took. Martha took! Not while Jacob's here." All the queer, wild blood in him, which for so many years had crept sluggishly through his veins, seemed to be rushing in a stream of liquid fire to his brain, and goading him on to madness. The sound of voices, and a woman's shriek fell upon his ears, through the closed door.

"Martha'll be took. Martha'll be took," he kept repeating, as he flung the door open.

The room seemed full of men, and in the midst of them, with hands firmly bound, stood a creature, which once had been a woman. A creature with cruel, glaring eyes which thirsted for blood, a snarling, wolfish mouth, and a mass of knotted, tangled hair hanging in unwomanly disorder round her face.

This was—Martha!

Jacob paused for a moment, but, only for a moment, and then with a yell of defiance, flung himself upon the man nearest to him. He did not stop to reason. It was his sister he was fighting for; it was Martha, not a murderous lunatic, but Martha.

One blow of his sinewy, knotted hand, and the nearest man lay sprawling on the floor.

"Help!" he roared, and in response to his cry, the other six men leapt forward.

The men were all large, burly fellows, accustomed to hard work, and strong as oxen. Jacob was one against seven, and although he fought with tigerish desperation, the struggle was soon over. He was quickly pushed into a chair, and there firmly bound.

"Now, Jacob, man, do be reasonable," one of the men expostulated, as Jacob still strained feverishly at the ropes to free himself.

"We ain't agoing to lay a finger on Martha to hurt her. We're only agoing

to take her where she'll be kept all right, until she's well again." The spokesman was a big fellow with a bluff, hearty manner, and at the same time, he slapped Jacob reassuringly on the shoulder.

"They'll let her come back then?" Jacob enquired, eagerly, at the same time ceasing to struggle.

"Yes, yes, man, of course."

"Martha'll come back, then, Martha'll come back then, and we'll live together same as we've always done," Jacob said, slowly, as though talking to himself, and nodding his head as he spoke.

The fierce Jacob had disappeared, and in his place, stood the same dull, harmless, well-intentioned Jacob, whom laborious years had fashioned into a grey, twisted, tattered creature, more scarecrow than man.

"Take off these ropes," he continued, "I won't do nothing more. I promise."

"All right, Jacob, we'll trust you," one of the men answered, as he took a jack-knife out of his pocket, with which he severed Jacob's bonds.

"Good-bye, Martha. You'll come back soon," Jacob called out cheerfully, as the procession filed out.

"Martha's took, but she'll come back." Jacob exclaimed, as Sarah, with a frightened look on her placid features, stole into the kitchen.

"Martha'll come back," she repeated.

But, the ripened years have since then slipped away into the abysses of the past. Two grey lives have grown greyer with expectation, that is all. And Martha has not yet come back.

Kathleen Blackburn.



THE SUNNY SIDE.

TAKE the sunny side of the road—
Walk through the gracious light;
Yonder, heavy grey shadows stay,
But their God's yellow sunbeams play,
And make it glad and bright.

Take the sunny side of the street—
Step through the golden rain,
Perchance it's there that you will meet
The children with small dancing feet
Bringing you joy again.

He who in sunlight thus abides
Sees rainbows through his tears
And turning out whate'er betides,
A face that all its sorrow hides,
He conquereth the years.

Virna Sheard.



THE LITERARY KINGDOM

BY M. M. KILPATRICK.

DURING their recent visit to the States, Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, and Mr. J. M. Barrie made pilgrimages to many of the literary shrines of New England, and Dr. Nicoll writes entertainingly of impressions received. In Cambridge, Mass., Miss Longfellow, the poet's daughter, still lives in the old, wooden house, with its large veranda and spacious rooms, and she has retained the old furniture, which is in black, carved oak. The poet's books are, many of them, as he left them, and his library abounds in handsome, complete editions of famous authors. Many stories are still told of Longfellow's great kindness of heart, of his courtesy, which was never wearied and never broken, of his great patience in receiving strangers, and in answering letters. No man could have left a sweeter memory, and on all hands, the testimony is, that a purer and gentler spirit never breathed.

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ELMWOOD, Lowell's residence in Cambridge, is a fairly large house, surrounded by good grounds, but it has a desolate, half-ruined appearance. It was the home of Lowell's father, a Unitarian minister, and Lowell came back to it, in his lonely old age, to die. Notwithstanding the brilliancy of his career, and the frequent gaiety of his spirits, any reader of Lowell's letters and books must see that there was in him a deep vein of melancholy. There is no one living now to bear his name, and some shadow of gloom rests upon the fortunes of his house. Elmwood still contains the large and fine library in which the literature of many countries is well represented.

IN Concord, Mass., Miss Emerson now occupies her father's house. The study is much as it used to be, and contains comparatively few books. One side of the room is occupied, but the number of volumes cannot exceed, at the very most, three thousand. Among them there are many works of interest, and many of them bear traces of repeated readings. Emerson was in the habit of writing at the end of his books, the numbers of pages in which he found something especially interesting. It is clear that he did not read the classics in the original, at least, to any extent, although one or two are to be found in his library. Emerson had an early volume of Tennyson which he bought on visiting Europe in 1833. He also had the earliest American edition of Browning, but would never admit that Browning was a poet—a strange judgment in the opinion of Dr. Nicoll, who thinks that in the matter of form, the two men nearly resembled each other. Finally, there is, as might be expected, a fine collection of first editions of American authors, nearly all presentation copies, including a beautiful set of Hawthorne.

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THE people of Salem would like to buy the house in which Hawthorne was born, but the price put upon it by the owner is somewhat prohibitive, amounting to something like fifteen thousand dollars, for a very humble dwelling. Dr. Nicoll thinks the town must have been dreary enough in Hawthorne's boyhood, with its old, wooden houses, its chill east winds, and its chillier social atmosphere. In the custom house at Salem, his of-

ficial stamp is still preserved. The building is altered, but the traditions connected with his occupancy of the office have been jealously guarded, and are most politely explained by those in charge. During his later days in this office, Hawthorne gave his *Scarlet Letter* to the public, and it was at once recognized as the greatest work of imagination ever produced in America.

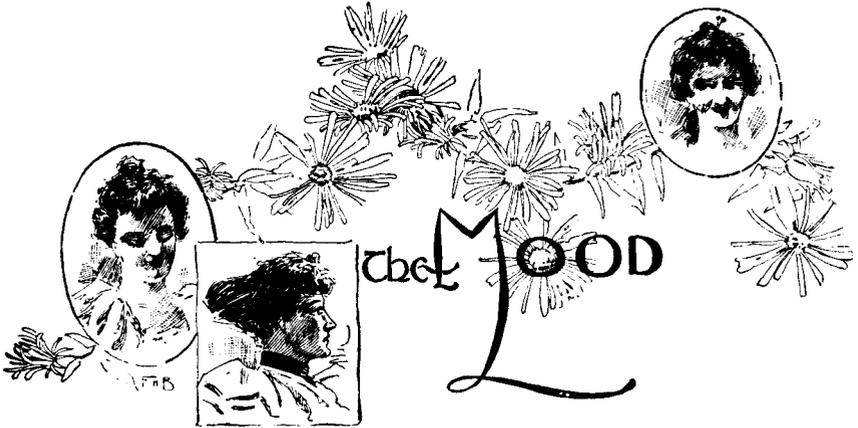
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MRS. Margaret Hungerford, known to the novel-reading public in the four quarters of the globe as "The Duchess," died at her home in Ireland, on Jan. 24th of this year. Her system had been greatly weakened by an attack of typhoid fever, and skilful medical aid was powerless to avert death in her enfeebled condition. Few novelists have attained the popularity of Mrs. Hungerford, but not one in a thousand of her millions of admirers, knew her by any other name than her patronymic of "The Duchess." In fact, up to a few years ago, she had carefully concealed her identity from all but a few of her most intimate friends. A hundred different writers of more or less degree, had been credited with the authorship of her books, and in not a few instances, no attempt was made to cast aside the implied compliment. While the speculation was being carried on among the admiring public, she smilingly refused to solve the riddle, which was only made clear by the accidental admission of one of her intimates, to whose story she was compelled to yield reluctant indorsement. Her home was at St. Brendas Brandon, County Cork. She got her title as a joke, but has written it high in the temple of fame. At a gathering of friends, she was heralded to the assembled company by that title, a tribute to her "august presence." She was a very tiny woman, slight, but well formed. Her hair was light brown, and from under it looked two large, dark-brown eyes with thick, curly lashes. Her mouth was small, but determined, and the whole expression of her face was that of wit, good temper and sweetness.

Mrs. Hungerford had been twice married. Her first husband's name was Argyle. He was convicted of forgery

and sent to jail. It was then that his wife, thrown upon her own resources, turned to literature as a means of earning a livelihood. Her first production was "Phyllis," which achieved an almost instantaneous success. Since its publication, 250,000 copies have been sold. Among the best of her many novels, may be mentioned, "Mollie Bawn," "Airy, Fairy Lillian," "Rossmoyne" and "Mrs. Geoffrey." The immense popularity of her books cannot be gainsaid. She was the legitimate successor of Miss Braddon and Rhoda Broughton, whose tales of aristocratic life are eagerly read by romantic young girls, the world over. To paraphrase a famous saying, "she touched the rock of title worship, and a stream of revenue gushed forth." It was seldom that any of her heroines married anybody under a baronet, even if it became necessary for the true-hearted English girl to discard her former lover, in order to accept a coronet. That this is quite right, no well-trained English matron will deny, and there are a great many American women nowadays, who would not, for a moment, question the propriety of such a course. Nevertheless, the advocate of these ideas, which have inflamed the hearts and fired the ambitions of so many silly girls, was, so far from being an English snob, an ardent and patriotic Irishwoman, and lived during the greater part of the year, in her charming country home among her own people.

"The Duchess" was one of those writers who do not believe in methodical work. She seldom wrote more than two hours a day, but she wrote very rapidly, and as her matter was usually prepared beforehand in her mind, her manuscript required but little correction. If the idle vein was on her, she went out into the sunshine in search of inspiration. She had a habit of lying awake at night to invent her plots, and often found material aid in this work, in the dream which came to her after she had fallen asleep. She spent at least, a portion of every season in London, where she went a great deal into society, and doubtless, found a great many details which she used in her romances.



BY KATHLEEN F. M. SULLIVAN.

THE CRITIC.

A celebrated poet once, on touring thoughts intent,
 A day or two of idleness within a city spent.
 He sought for peace, but found it not, in vain he craved for rest,
 For budding authors worried him their sprouting wits to test.
 At breakfast came a vapid youth with "just a little thing—
 "So awfully kind if you would read a dozen lines to Spring!"
 At luncheon came a wilted wight and clutched his matted hair,
 Submitting with a tragic sigh some drivel on "Despair."
 At five o'clock the poet raised from blotted sheets an eye
 That gleamed enfrenzied glances round and threatened fearfully.
 He pitched away five "Odes to Greece," and rent an epic sore,
 He cast eight sonnets in the fire, three chansons on the floor,
 He lit his pipe, I grieve to state, with twin apostrophes,
 And strewed the ground with dreams and lays, and foolish things
 like these.

And then he swore a fearful oath, ('twere sin to make it known),
 That he henceforth would criticize young lines—by telephone!
 "Hullo!—Is that 1000?" "It is."—"Is Perkins there?"
 "One moment, please"—And Perkins groaned—"Another, I declare!"
 "Yes, will I criticize? Of course—my time is not my own—
 I'll be obliged if you'll recite your lines by telephone.
 The title? What? *A Thriving Dog!*—Original, my friend!
 Eh?—Oh! *A Driving Fog!*—I see—I didn't catch the end.
Along the grey beach swept the fog and hid the waters far,
While Elsie took her milking-pail and hailed a passing car!
 Oh—tar, you say—of course—go on—Oh, very good I think!
She took a flagon from her dress and gave the man a drink—
Oh, took a flag, 't'was of distress, and waved it o'er the brink!
Her limping size—Ah!—limpid eyes—What? Pardon, sir, keep cool,
 But did you say that damsel's eyes were like a '*flacid fool?*'—
 '*A placid pool*'—I should have known, but half a dozen times
 Confounded Central has cut in and spoilt your clever lines.
 I really think there's promise there, I do assure you, sir—
 Go on—*The rabbit's tail, en masse, was all bereft of fur!*
 Don't swear, this time, I frankly state, I don't know what you mean—
 When did that rabbit first appear on this unhappy scene?

The rapid rabid hail, alas, in falling rent the air!

Of course--the beach--I should have known there were no rabbits there.
But pray"--There came across the line a single little word,
And at that sound a gentle smile the poet's visage stirred.
He gazed upon that harmless box and wiped his heated brow,
And murmured, as he touched the bell, "We're finished, Central, now."
And to this day the poet is severely let alone,
Because his business he transacts, with care--per telephone.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

TEACHER.--Teddy, define and spell "ploughed," and give example.

TEDDY.--P-l-o-w-e-d, cultivated. My sister has a ploughed voice.

Theodore Hook, while dining at a friend's house, met his publisher, who appeared to have taken as much wine as was good for him. "I see you have emptied your wine-cellar into my bookseller," remarked the wit.

INCONCLUSIVE.

There's no *end* to the cats in the Island of Man,
No shooting or poison avails;
Imagine the reason my friends if you can,
'Tis because these same cats have no *tails*

ADELE AT THE PIANO.

I heard her playing, and she stole--*dolce*--
With her white fingers my poor heart away;
And that heart, by *chromatics*, rising slow
Turned over quickly--*volti subito!*
So I will burst the *bars* and *scale* the wall
And woo, *con moto*, till the castle fall--
This Human Melody the Muses send,
And love her, *sostenuto*, to the end.



DRAWN BY BEATRICE SULLIVAN.



DRAWN BY BEATRICE SULLIVAN.

JOYIAL ENGLISHMAN.—And which of all the places you visited, Miss Gottihar, did you most admire?
FAIR AMERICAN.—Well, I liked Byrats (Biarritz) first rate, but I guess Eau de Cologne was the most satisfying.

CURRENT COMMENT.

EDITORIAL.

THE
EUROPEAN
PRESS ON
THE PLAGUE.

The plague in India has drawn attention again to the jealousy towards Great Britain of the rest of the European powers, and the position of isolation which she still holds in Europe.

The outbreak in Bombay has been seized upon as an excuse for attacking Great Britain for her alleged inability to successfully administer the affairs of the vast territories constituting the Empire. The bitterness of the attacks, and the *animus* with which the press reports bristle, lead one to believe that it is not altogether a dread of the plague that impels the present attitude of the foreign press. The German papers are particularly bitter on the subject. The *Hamburger Nachrichten*, Bismark's organ, regards the spread of the plague as an evidence that Great Britain is not competent to administer the affairs of her dependencies properly. It says :

"If those shopkeepers continue to spread the plague for the sake of the trade which might suffer if proper measures were taken, and if they cannot be prevailed upon to spend adequate funds in combating the disease, then the European powers, including Turkey, must compel England to do her duty."

The *National Zeitung*, in an article headed "Made in England," says :

"If, as the London *Times* shows, even the residence of the Viceroy of India is not what it should be, from a hygienic point of view, what must we expect of the chief cities and towns! It is a notorious fact that England, for fear of interfering with trade and shipping, does nothing for health. The French authorities only recently complained of this. English officials are always willing to 'bring the matter to the notice of their government' and to 'institute an inquiry,' and there it ends. Proud, critical Great Britain threatens the world with an evil which will be known as exclusively—'Made in England.'"

The *St. James Gazette*, London, replies to the effect that Berlin has no just reason to be so violent, as the Berlin authorities have sufficient means at hand to insure

the safety of their city. We quote as follows :

"It is perfectly idle to pretend that they [the Germans] are threatened with any danger, whatever. A city which regarded with contemptuous indifference the cholera in virulent activity on both sides of her, cannot pretend to be frightened by this present bogey. German agitation on this subject is altogether—made in Germany."

The impression is conveyed by this, that the German press, which is supposed to reflect public feeling, is inspired by other motives, than a fear of contagion in attacking England in this matter.

The views of the Russian press, always ready for a slap at Great Britain, are voiced in the utterances of the *Glasnost*, which speaks as follows :

"England acts like the dog in the manger, she will do nothing herself, and will not allow others to insist suffering "

The *Mirowy Oglosky*, another Russian journal, says :

"Italy, France and Austria have taken precautions. Russia must do the same, for history proves that Russia, on account of her close vicinity to the plague spots of the earth, is in greater danger than any other country. Russian physicians should be sent at once to the plague districts to study the character of the disease and to furnish truthful reports. English accounts are not to be depended upon in this respect. England's trade instincts prevent her from adopting the measures necessary for the welfare of humanity at large. The nations of the world should unite to isolate the plague districts."

Canadians, as well as Englishmen, understand what Russia means by sending "physicians" to the plague spots. The sudden concern and alleged disinterestedness which Russia shows is fully understood in this country. We know how Great Britain has had to contend all along with the machinations of the Russian Governments with regard to India, and the unexpected generosity on the part of that country is calculated to provoke a smile from those who have not been blind to past events. No, let

inspired by those who were jealous of the ex-premier's success and desirous of stepping into his shoes. There is something about the character of the man who built up British South Africa, and who rose from an insignificant station in the colony to the position of premier, that must remind Canadians of their Sir John Macdonald—the man who strove to build up this country and to confederate the

province of British North America into one loyal Dominion.

We anticipate, however, that Mr. Rhodes will not be lost sight of for many years. That his temporary eclipse will be of short duration, is the belief of his admirers, who think him the one man capable of advancing the interests of England in South Africa, and thus, indirectly, the interests of the Empire.

BOOK NOTICES.

Mabel Gray and other Poems. By Lyman C. Smith. Toronto: William Briggs.

The following graceful preface heralds the contents of this dainty volume:

"The soaring lark from swelling breast may sound
Exultant strains that thrill the world below;
The thrush on flute melodious may blow,
The sweet, sad tones that stir the sound profound;
But haply, too, on lonely, shady mound
The wood-bird pipes a heart-song soft and low,
That through her own breast sends a cheery glow,
Yet brightens, too, the little world around:
And may not one who feels his bosom swell,
Who loves the sweet, sad melodies that dwell
And linger in the heart's recesses long,
The while himself he cheers, attempts as well
To lighten others with his artless song?"

Here and there through the ballads and other embodiments of artless song, an occasional verse rises above its fellows and almost escapes the commonplace. But Mr. Smith's happier vein is found in more ambitious moments and in matter worthier his art. "A Day with Homer," borrows something from the dignity of its subject, and in style outvalues many pages of songs and sonnets. "The Silent City" is beautiful in conception and completion, and we wonder that the writer thereof could ever content himself with the mediocre results of smaller effort.

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An Army Wife. By Captain Charles King, U. S. Army. New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

One of the most entertaining of Captain King's clever stories of soldier life

in camp and field. The scene is laid in the far West, on the plains of Arizona and New Mexico, and the hero, Lieutenant Randolph Merriam, a recent acquisition from West Point, marries Florence Tremaine, "the pet of the regiment ever since she was born." Just as the young people have settled in their new existence, idyllic but cosy, the Eastern Express brings out Randy's old flame, one Frances McLane—"and she was a widow." One cannot but wonder at the necessity of making the widow in fiction so essentially different from the widow whom we all know. Real life is blessed with the presence of lovely widows, sweet, true, earnest women, but literature, sacred and secular, lifts warning voice against them. We all remember how Paul cautions the brethren about countenancing widows until they are proven to be "widows indeed," and every English-speaking man and woman has grown familiar with the classic: "Sammy, beware of the vidders." And so the widow in the case is a holy terror, leaving nothing undone that she ought not to have done. But the "Army Wife" was first a soldier's daughter, and being true to herself and her traditions, proves more than a match for the widow. The plot is full of color and action, and affairs move on with the swing of martial music, of which, we all know, there is never a lack in garrison life.