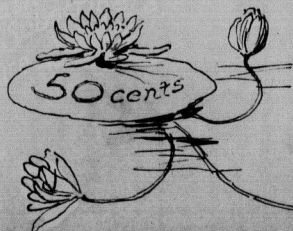


# CANADIAN ANNUAL 1894

Devoted to  
ARTISTIC  
Illustration-  
STORIES-  
HUMOR-  
STATISTICS-  
and  
Valuable  
Information

Published  
as a  
Supplement  
to-



## THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

DUNDAS ST., NAPANEE, ONT.

JOHN POLLARD,  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER



F9684

# Confederation Life Association

CAPITAL AND ASSETS  
**\$5,000,000**

INSURANCE AT RISK  
**\$25,000,000**

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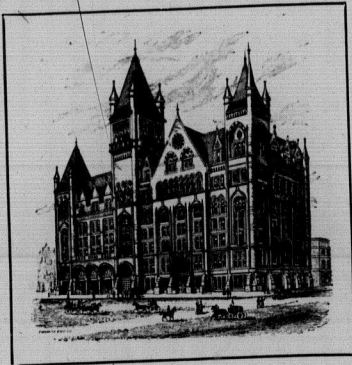
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## SALIENT FEATURES

...OF THE NEW...

## UNCONDITIONAL ACCUMULATIVE POLICY

ISSUED BY THE ASSOCIATION

It is a simple promise to pay the sum insured in the event of death.

It is absolutely free from all restrictions as residence, travel and occupation from the date of issue.

It is entirely void of all conditions save the payment of the premium.

It provides for the payment of the claim immediately upon the acceptance of the proofs of death.

It offers six modes of settlement at the end of the dividend period.

It is absolutely and automatically non-forfeitable after two years, the insured being entitled to:

- (a) **Extended Insurance**, without application, for the full amount of the policy, for the further period of time definitely set forth in the policy, or, on surrender, to a
- (b) **Paid-up Policy**, the amount of which is written in the policy, or after five years to a
- (c) **Cash Value** as guaranteed in the policy.

**EXAMPLE—20-Payment Life-Age 35 at Issue, \$10,000:**

If the insured pays ten premiums and fails to pay the eleventh premium when due he will be entitled to an Extended Insurance for \$10,000 for the further period of fourteen years and four months, or on surrender to a paid-up policy for \$5,000.

Rates and full information furnished upon application to the Head Office or to any of the Company's Agents



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THIS OUT REPRESENTS

# THE POPULAR DRY GOODS HOUSE

THE LARGEST, LIVEST BUSINESS  
IN THE BAY SHORE COUNTIES

THE FAVORITE BUYING PLACE for careful purchasers of  
Dresses, Mantles, Furs, Flannels, Blankets, Under-  
wear, Men's Clothing, Boys Clothing, Dressmaking,  
Custom Tailoring, Hosiery and Ladies Furnishings,  
Hats, Caps, and Men's Goods, Linens and House Furnish-  
ings, Carpets at Wholesale Prices.

WE ARE

**DIRECT IMPORTERS AND CASH BUYERS**

And therefore possess every buying advantage OBTAINABLE BY ANY HOUSE. A large trade and a carefully handled business enable us to do with the smallest possible margin of profit. We offer no baits but ask the trade of discerning buyers in the certainty that our values will satisfy the most exacting. We have extra and unusual values in

NOVELTIES FOR THE CHRISTMAS TRADE

Which will have a money saving interest for every purse.

ALWAYS UP TO DATE. ALWAYS GAINING BUSINESS.  
FAIR METHODS AND COURTEOUS SERVICE.

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Rev. Richmond.

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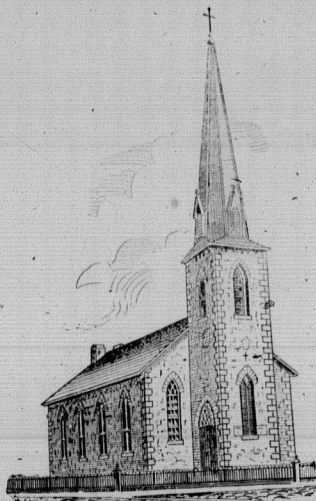
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CHAS. RILEY, Deputy Rev. S. Frederickburgh.

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Sunday services—Mass at 9.30 a.m. Vespers and Benediction at 7 p.m.  
 Sunday School at 2 o'clock p.m.

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Sunday services—Mass at 11.30 o'clock a.m.  
 Sunday School at 2 o'clock p.m.

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**DRUGS, MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS**

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**FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES**

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Medicines warranted genuine and of the best quality. Consumers will find our stock complete comprising many articles it is impossible to enumerate, and all sold at moderate prices.

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**CONFECTIONERY AND**  
**OYSTERS GO TO**  
**BRUTON'S.**



THE CANADIAN ANNUAL



**M. S. MADOLE**



SIGN OF THE GOLDEN AUGER

The best stock of Paints and Oils, Glass and Putty, Coal Oil (Canadian and American Waterwhite.)

SAWS OF THE BEST MAKES

which we guarantee. These are some of the kinds kept in stock LEADER, ECLIPSE, SILVER STAR, PINE CONE, FOREST BEAUTY, BEAR TOOTH, DISSTONS, IMPROVED CHAMPION and one man Crosscut Saws. A full line of the best makes of Axes kept. The Axle Axes down to them all.



We have the LUMBER KING, DEERLESS, KEEN CUTTER, PINE TREE and OHIO GLEANER, all of which we can recommend. Patent Fence Wire we put in stock by the car load. Headquarters for carriage makers supplies. Iron and Steel.

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**McALISTER & COY**

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Full range of Gentlemen's Goods.

Neckwear bought specially for the holidays.

Silk Handkerchiefs, direct from China, large selection at low prices.

Gloves, Mufflers, Suspenders, Half Hose, Linen Handkerchiefs, Collars, Cuffs and other useful goods very suitable for presents.

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REINHARDT & CO'S

CELEBRATED LAGER BEER

**J. FENNEL & SON.**



**CUSTOM WORK**

A SPECIALTY

**REPAIRING**

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Provisions, Flour, Feed, Seeds, and Raw Furs

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**ROYAL HOTEL**

—Dundas Street Napanee—

**W. A. Hunter - Proprietor**

This Commodious Hotel is centrally situated, having every convenience for the Travelling and Business Public. Large yard and shed for the Farmers. Good Table, best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Billiard room in connection.

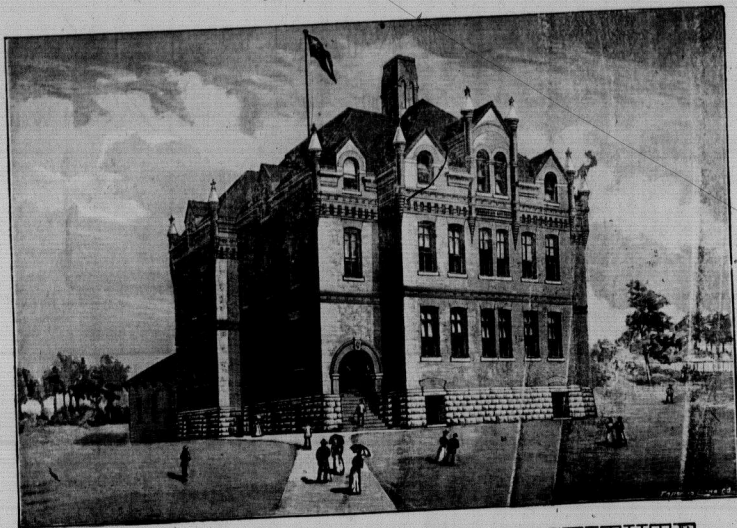
THE COMFORT OF GUESTS IS MADE A FIRST CONSIDERATION.

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ALL REPAIRS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.



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This Building is acknowledged to be one of the very best in the Province. It is large and commodious, splendidly heated, lighted and ventilated. It is supplied with all modern requirements. The grounds are beautifully graded and watered and comprise 3½ acres. In accommodation and equipment the school is in every respect up to the departmental requirement for Collegiate Institutes, and is therefore graded 1 in every particular by the High School Inspectors. The Library consists of over six hundred dollars worth of the best selected books on the work taught. The Chemical and Physical Laboratories contain about seven hundred dollars worth of apparatus.

Classes are so arranged as to give the students a good general and

commercial education and prepare them for any of the following examinations: Primary, Junior and Senior Leaving Pass and Honor Matriculation into the different Universities of Ontario. First year University Pass, Preliminary in Law, Medicine, Civil Engineering, School of Practical Science or Royal Military College.

The School is free to all residents of the County of Lennox and Addington. Others are required to pay four dollars for the autumn, three for the winter, and three for the spring term.

In the examinations for 1893 the school met with the following success. 1 It took the Bronze Medal for the highest standing in the Province in the Primary Art Course. 2 It won the highest places in Classics and in Mathematics at the Queen's Matriculation Examination. 3 It gained the sixth place in the Matriculation Scholarship competition of the Provincial University. 4 It took six first class honors and four second class at Matriculation. 5 One passed first year examination into Toronto University. 6 One passed Senior Leaving. 7 Eleven passed Junior Leaving. 8 Twenty two passed the Primary and 9 one hundred and forty took Proficiency Art School Certificates.

The PEOPLE of the town and county are justly proud of having in their midst an institution which is acknowledged by the High School Inspectors to have no superior in the Province, when the building, its accommodation and equipment, the excellence of the staff, and the extent and quality of the work done are taken into consideration.

**KNIGHT & DEY.**  
TANNERS

—AS DEALERS IN—  
LEATHER, HIDES,

SKINS AND WOOL

2,000 Deacon Skins Wanted this Spring.

HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID.

**N. WAGAR.**  
DENTIST

Graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto

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OVER HUFFMAN'S DRUG STORE, NAPANEE.

# ROBINSON & CO.

We recommend all persons that visit Napanee to walk through our Two  
Large Stores and examine our Stock.



WE ARE NOTED TO HAVE AND  
KEEP THE LARGEST AND BEST  
ASSORTMENT OF



DRY GOODS

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AND FURS.

WE CANNOT AND WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD  
IN ANY LINE. YOU WILL BE SUITED EVERY  
TIME.

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Following examination  
at the University of  
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## County of Lennox & Addington

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

Local and County Judge.....	W. H. WILKINSON.
Local Master.....	S. S. LAZIER.
Sheriff.....	O. T. PREYX.
Deputy Sheriff.....	W. P. DEROCHE.
Local Registrar and Clerk of County Court.....	A. L. MORDEN, Q. C.
County Attorney and Clerk of the Peace.....	STEPHEN GIBSON.
Registrar.....	F. BURROWS.
Inspector of Public Schools.....	W. G. WILSON.
County Treasurer.....	Z. A. VANLIVEN.
Quartermaster.....	LEWIS M. CLARK.
Turnkey.....	

The different Reeves and deputy-Reeves, members of the County Council, will be found on the frontispiece, a picture which has been highly commended, photographed by J. S. HELETT, Esq., engraved by the Toronto Photogravure Company, and printed at the office of the NAPANEE EXPRESS.

### ADOLPHUSTOWN.

This is what may be termed a small and wealthy township in the County of Lennox. It contains 11,450 acres, the whole of which were taken up many years ago. It fronts on the Bay of Quinte or rather it is surrounded on all sides but the northeast by the Bay, and divided by a branch of it "Hay Bay," which also runs up into Fredericksburgh. This township was settled about early date.

Post OFFICES.—Adolphustown, J. F. Chalmers, Postmaster; Dorland, R. Hawley, Postmaster; Gosport, Jno. J. Soley, Postmaster.

### AMHERST ISLAND

This is a truly beautiful gem of the lakes. It is situated at the estuary of the Bay of Quinte, and forms the principal breakwater between the lower bay or that part of the bay between the lower and upper gulfs and the lake. It contains 14,015 acres, the whole of which was taken up long since. The island was called by the French the island of Tanti, a name which it still occasionally bears. The soil is rich and productive, and a great many farms are cultivated here, and some of the best and choicest stock raised.

Post OFFICES.—Emerald, R. A. Fowler, Postmaster; Stella, T. S. Neilson, Postmaster.

### BATH.

An incorporated village, on the margin of the Bay of Quinte, which was laid out at an early date, when the township was first settled, in 1874. It is a port of entry, and during navigation a steamer calls here daily up, and down between Kingston and Belleville. The Episcopal Church in Bath was built in 1793, and it is said to be the oldest connected with the Church of England in Canada West, except one at Sandwich. The Roman Catholics, Methodists, and Presbyterians have churches here likewise, and there is abundant school accommodation. The village has one foundry, carriage factory, and other manufactories, good hotels, and an ample supply of stores. An extensive grain trade is carried on at Bath, many thousands of bushels being exported annually to the United States. It is a singular fact that the first Canadian steamer that plied on Lake Ontario was built here in 1817.

Postmaster.—H. Armstrong.

### CAMDEN.

This extensive and important township in the county of Addington, lies inland at the back of Ernestown; It contains some 86,000 acres. Varty and Mud Lakes are situated in the eastern part of the township. Salmon River, on which there are numerous mills, runs through the northwest corner and the Napanee river along the front of the township through the first concession. Varty Lake is about six miles long and three miles wide; the land in the neighborhood of this beautiful sheet of water is rich and productive, while the scenery is varied and pleasing, the land rising gently from the shores of the lake. In this lake the water is clear and fish are abundant. Mud lake as its name denotes, is less clear than Varty lake.

Post OFFICES.—Camden East, Jas. S. Haydon, Postmaster; Cowansville, Jno. Reid, Postmaster; Colebrook, Geo. Shangraw, Postmaster; Croydon, M. A. Williams, Postmaster; Desmond, Wm. Irvine, Post-



## DENTISTS

C. D. WARTMAN, L.D.S.

C. H. WARTMAN, D.D.S.

Graduates of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario, and graduates of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario, and graduate of Toronto University.

### Office—Leonard Block.

Visits made to Napanee the first Monday in each month, remaining over Tuesday. Rooms at Wheeler's Hotel. All other Mondays C. D. Wartman will be in Napanee. Offices open every day.

## THOS. JAMIESON

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER

Dundas Street, Napanee.

The Leading Place for Wedding Cakes. The very best brands of Oysters always on hand. The largest and most commodious Lunch Rooms in Town.

## ROBERT DENNISON

Centre Street, North

DEALER IN—

### FINE GROCERIES

### FLOUR OF ALL GRADES.

Selected Teas, Pure Coffee and Spices, Butter, Cheese, etc., from the best dairies. Choice Canned Goods.

FLOUR AND FEED AT LOWEST PRICES.

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.

## MONEY TO LOAN

### LIFE INSURANCE

Special Lines in Season.

Watch my ad. in your Express and Beaver each week as I want all of your

DRIED APPLES, HEN, TURKEY, DUCK, & GEESSE FEATHERS.

Be sure and call and see my

BUGGIES, CARS, WAGONS, CUTTERS, and SLEIGHS.

before you buy, as they are all first class, and the prices right.



Buy only the best makes of

IMPLEMENTS & MACHINES HARROWS, CULTIVATORS, LAND ROLLERS, PLOWS,

WASHING MACHINES, WRINGERS, CARPET

STRETCHERS Keystone CORN HUSKER and FODDER

CUTTER GRINDERS, STRAW CUTTERS, CHURNS,

DRY BATH CLOSETS.

I will secure any kind of machine at the least possible cost for any customer. Repairs secured for all kinds of machines promptly. Shares for all kinds of Plows.

Opposite Brisco House, Napanee.

## MILES S. PLUMLEY

Manufacturers' Agent.



master; Enterprise, J. D. Wagar, Postmaster; Hinch, M. Hinch, Postmaster; Missip, E. J. Missip, Postmaster; Moscow, Zara Vanluven, Postmaster; Napanee Mills, J. R. Scott, Postmaster; Overton, G. W. Fox, Postmaster; Reddsville, R. J. Reid, Postmaster; Yarker, Hugh Cambridge, Postmaster; Centreville, John Hinch, Postmaster.

### ERNESTOWN.

Is one of the most fertile, best settled and wealthy townships in the County of Lennox. It is one of those first settled by the United Empire Loyalists, and in it have sprung up several important villages, including Bath, Odessa, Wilton, Linksville, Violet, Mill Haven, Morven, and Switzerville. The township contains 68,644 acres of good arable land, nearly all of which is under cultivation. The soil in some measure differs from that in other townships in being more sandy. In most part it consists of fine sandy loam, not light enough, however, except in a few places, to effect its fertility, and is underlaid with limestone. Many of the farms in this township, with their fruitful orchards and substantial, and in some cases, elegant residences, have commanded a high price when offered for sale.

POST OFFICES.—Asseltine, M. Asseltine, Postmaster; Ernestown Station, Mrs. C. Barton, Postmistress; Fellows, D. Shea, Postmaster; Mill Haven, Jas. Franklin, Postmaster; Morven, Miss M. J. McEwan, Postmistress; Switzerville, P. E. R. Miller, Postmaster; Thorpe, C. B. Peters, Postmaster; Violet, W. H. Perry, Postmaster; Wilton, L. L. Gallagher, Postmaster.

### NORTH FREDERICKSBURG.

Is a fine agricultural township, many of the lands lying beside the Napanee river on the one side and on Hay Bay on the other side. The farms are laid off consequently in long strips. It contains over 20,000 acres, in a high state of cultivation. Hay Bay is a sportsman's paradise, both fish and duck being plentiful in season.

POST OFFICES.—Bartolph, S. N. Woodcock, Postmaster; Chambers, W. J. Chambers, Postmaster; Greta, W. J. Mellow, Postmaster; Hay Bay, N. Woodcock, Postmaster; Macdonald, H. Goodfellow, Postmaster.

### SOUTH FREDERICKSBURG.

South Fredericksburch has some fine farms, there are also a number of fishermen resident in the township. One side is bordered by Hay Bay while the other faces the Bay of Quinte. Along the margin of the bays there are some comfortable residences, while orchards and meadows beautify the scene.

POST OFFICES.—Conway, W. T. Hann, Postmaster; Hawley, Jno. Hilditch, Postmaster; Parina, D. Griffith, Postmaster; Sundhurst, Thos. Garren, Postmaster; Silsville, S. H. Mellow, Postmaster.

### NEUBURGH.

Stands on the Napanee River. It possesses an almost unlimited supply of water power, which immense natural advantage has induced the establishment of several extensive manufactures, including paper mills, grist mills, tannery, and other lives of industry. There are likewise some excellent stores, hotels, and good residences.

The following are some of the principal merchants and citizens:

H. R. DUFF, M. D.  
C. H. FINKLE, Undertaker, Manufacturer of Carriages, Wagons, etc.  
PEIRCE & CO., Hay Merchants.  
HENRY PAUL, General Store.  
M. RYAN, General Merchant.  
E. W. STICKNEY, Manufacturer of Mowers, Self-raking Reapers, Plows, Shares, Mill gearings, etc.

### ODESSA.

Is a flourishing village at the outlet of Meadow Lake on the macadamized road leading from Kingston to Napanee and is distant about three miles from the Grand Trunk Railway at Ernestown Station. It contains several manufactures, mills, carriage works, and other places of industry, with some first class shops, hotels, town hall and drill shed. There are also three churches and a good public school.

The following are some of the prominent merchants:

MABEE & DERBYSHIRE, General Merchants.  
ROBERT BENNETT, Royal Hotel, every accommodation for the travelling public.

N. P. SNIDER, L.D.S., General Store.

WATT & JONES, Carriage Factory, Undertaking, Repairs of all kinds.  
JOS. SPROULE, Dominion Hotel, twelve years in Odessa, every convenience for travellers.

S. J. WALKER, General Store.

JOHN W. BABCOCK, Babcock's hotel, fitted with every convenience for the travelling public.

## BOYLE & SON

—THE LARGEST DEALERS IN—

STOVES.

FURNACES.

TINWARE.

SHELF HARDWARE

—AND—  
HOUSEFURNISHINGS

—IN TOWN—

MAKE THE BEST MILK CAN IN THE WORLD.

You are invited to visit our December display of  
MODERN BISSELL CARPET SWEEPERS made  
in twelve rich woods, Foreign and Domestic, specially  
for Christmas Presents.

Respectfully Yours,

BOYLE & SON.

Opposite Brisco House.

## THE CHICAGO FAIR

Was a big show, and it cost this country a lot of money to see it. Another great show to be seen free of charge is the elegant stock of holiday goods at

## HENRY'S BOOKSTORE

As far as it was possible to do so, entirely new lines have been purchased, and we have no hesitation in saying that our stock is not only large, but embraces more novelties than any ever shown here before. Nearly every article was ordered in early summer, either for importation or manufacture, and a large saving is thus effected. Our stock is too well known to render enumeration of the different lines necessary. The assortment is complete. We have a new stock of Decorated Window Shades, purchased just before the advance in prices, and we are now offering same at present wholesale prices. Orders for Picture Framing and Bookbinding promptly attended to. Wall Papers at any price to make room for next season's stock. Window Poles, regular sizes and odd sizes made to order. We ask an examination of goods and prices before purchasing.

HENRY'S BOOKTORE.

**RICHMOND.**

This township adjoins Tyendinaga in the County of Hastings, a spot named after the great Indian warrior whose tribe still partly people it. Richmond contains about 50,000 acres, all of which is settled. In this township there are two villages, Selby and Rodlin, the former four and the latter ten miles from Napanee.

Post Offices.—Forest Mills, W. M. Fox, postmaster; Leinster, Mrs. E. E. Starr, postmistress; Rodlin, Wm. Paul, postmaster; Selby, J. Wartman, postmaster; Westplain, Mrs. C. Sedore, postmistress.

**SHEFFIELD.**

This township at the back of Camden in the County of Addington contains 83,000 acres. It is of more recent settlement than some already named. The land is broken in several parts of the township; yet there are many capital farms with orchards and modern dwellings and outbuildings to be seen all over the township. It is enriched with numerous pretty lakes, the principal of which are Beaver, White, and Long lake, connected by streams. On the margin of these lakes a portion of the land is uneven, but much valuable timber for lumbering purposes has been here. There are four villages of these lakes and are adorned with churches, great schools, town hall, grist mills, excellent stores, well conducted hotels, and various other places of business.

Erinsville is another village some three miles from Tamworth, which is in a thriving condition. There is near this village a land some Roman Catholic church, school, priest's residence, and extensive grounds.

Post Offices.—Clareview, Alex. McDonnell, postmaster; Gull Creek, J. H. Jones, postmaster; Erinsville, B. Murphy, postmaster; Tamworth, D. E. Rose, postmaster; Trafford, G. King, postmaster.

**TAMWORTH.**

Is a thriving village in the Township of Sheffield, on the Salmon River and is a good business centre. There is good fishing near the village, Beaver Lake being celebrated as a sporting haunt. The business men of the village are enterprising, consequently Tamworth possesses fine lumber and grist mills.

W. D. MACE, Tamworth Roller Mills, manufacturer of Flour, Feed, Lumber, and dealer in all kinds of housefurnishings.

HENRY JONES, dealer in Drugs, and agent for the C. P. R. Tickets sold to the west of the world.

J. A. DOUGLAS, Douglas House. Every accommodation for the travelling public.

**BACK TOWNSHIPS.**

The back townships of the county are Denbigh, Aldinger and Ashby, united for municipal purposes; and Kadilar, Angleson, and Effingham. There are some prosperous settlers in these townships but the roughness of the country and consequent scarcity of settlers makes road making and repairing a serious difficulty.

Post Offices.—Denbigh, Jno. Lane, postmaster; Cole Lake, G. W. Killins, postmaster; Godfrey, R. R. flows, postmaster; McLean, D. C. McLean, postmaster; Parham, A. C. Vagar, postmaster; Wilkinson, P. Finn, postmaster; Flinton, J. N. Alkenbreck, postmaster; Glastonbury, W. S. Boman, postmaster; Kadilar Station, C. Kellar, postmaster; Northbrook, Wm. Roth, postmaster; Maybarn, Thos. Buckley, postmaster; Venacher, G. W. Sweetnam, postmaster.

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**THE NAPANEE EXPRESS**

Dundas Street, Napanee.

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# The Canadian Annual

<div> <div>CALENDAR</div> <div>1894</div>  </div>																											
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## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"I don't know what day of the month it is?" said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I've been among the spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer, ding, clang, bell, bell, ding, ding, hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious, glorious!

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?" returned the boy with all his might of wonder.

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"To-day!" replied the boy. "Why, Christmas Day."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge enquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize turkey; the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "It is a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk-ix!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge. "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes and I'll give you half a crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's!" whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands and splitting with a laugh. "He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went downstairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye.

"I shall love it as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face! It's a wonderful knocker!—Here's the turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you? Merry Christmas!"

It was a turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short-off in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax.

"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," cried Scrooge. "You must have a cab!"

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again and chuckled till he cried.

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thought he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open that he might see him come into the tank.

His hat was off before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy, driving away with his pen as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I'm very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I am behind my time."

"You are?" repeated Scrooge. "Yes, I think you are. Step this way, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the tank again, "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strat-waitcoat.

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob!"

"Make up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

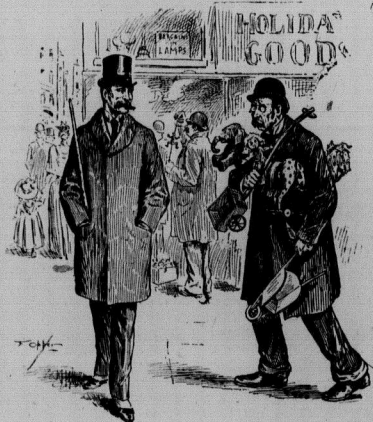
Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town or borough in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe for good at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind any way, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed; and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with spirits, but lived upon the total abstinence principle ever afterwards; and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and of all us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us, every one!—*Charles Dickens.*

## CHRISTMAS AT TIMMINSES.

Thackeray describes a little dinner at Timminses. A modest couple make themselves miserable and spend all their little earnings in order to give a dinner to people for whom they do not care and who do not care for them. It is a series of mortifications, and the young pair make themselves needlessly miserable and at a most damaging cost. They know it. Their good sense accuses them of it. But other people do so, and they cannot do otherwise. What would Mrs. Grundy say? Awful thought! She might tell the truth, and say they could not afford it. They cannot afford it. Timminses and his wife cannot live as the Duke of Westminster lives, nor even as the water-tax collector. But instead of living pleasantly as they can live, they must needs pretend to do as their richer neighbors do, and ludicrously fail in their pretence. Christmas is made miserable to the Timminses because they feel that they must spend lavishly to buy gifts like their rich neighbors. They thank God with warmth that Christmas comes but once a year. It is becoming a vulgar day, a day not of domestic pleasure, but of ruinous rivalry in extravagance, a day to be deprecated rather than welcomed. Are not the Timminses legion? Is there not reason in their dread of Christmas because of the sordid and mercenary standard by which it is measured? The same good sense that sees the folly of Timminses' little dinner and avoids it can stay the abuse and regenerate Christmas. It is essentially a day of human good-will. It commemorates the spirit of the brotherhood of men. You cannot buy Christmas at the shops, and a sign of friendly sympathy costs little. If the extravagance of funerals is such that a great society is organized to withstand it, should not the extravagance of Christmas cause every honest man and woman practically to protest by refusing to yield to the extravagance?—*George William Curtis.*

## NOT EXACTLY A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH.



Popleigh hurrying for his train with a few belated Christmas purchases, meets Singleton, who was his unsuccessful rival for the hand of the present Mrs. Popleigh.



THE BELLE OF THE CARNIVAL.

## WHY HANK JONES OBJECTED TO PREACHERS.

So you're comin' to live amongst us, to follow our work and ways.  
Well, I wants no flamed young tenderfoot a-teachin' me prayer and praise.  
If I wants to climb to heaven and knock at the golden gate,  
I guess I can do the climbin' withouten your help, mate.

The missus is shoutin' for ever and sayin' the selfsame thing,  
"You've never him to church, Hank, since yer give me my weddin' ring,  
And the saints and devils is rastlein' with many a prayer and cry  
For the lasin' care of yer sinful soul!" Well, let 'em rastle, says I.

She says as I'm gettin' an infidel, 'cos I gets on a bit of a tear,  
Which every man as is a man is don't the same, I'll swear;  
Are yer goin' to gibe at a man for that and hold him up to scorn,  
'Cos he lets his angry feelin' bust and take an honest horn?

What's that yer say 'bout the "glory of the circumambient air,"  
That I shouldn't delfe with cussin' what's made so bright and fair?  
And yer'd like to live for ever on sech enchanted ground?  
Well, wait till the skitters is buzzin' and the blackkies waltzin' round!

Wait till the crops is growin' and the cattle is raisin' cain,  
And yer chasin' 'em out in yer sho't at night in a peltin' storm o' rain!  
And yer side yer toes in the fallin' at every possible chance,  
Why, the hull ten plagues of Egypt, they wasn't a circumstance.

Wait till the frogs is croakin' and coughin' to bet the band!  
Wait till the crows is roamin' all over the blessed land!  
Wait till you're drivin' oxen and the critters is fightin' shy!  
You won't be quotin' 'texes—you'll be cussin' as had as I.

Why don't I like the preachers? Well, I've seen but a precious few;  
And the most on 'em hustled for Number One and kicked up a how-de-do,  
Turnin' the wench's heads and hearts w' thinkin' of marriage vows,  
When they'd derped side better be feedin' the hens or tendin' the sheep and  
COWS.

"Parsons are not like that, my friend. Your views are quite astray.  
They strive to do their duty in their own imperfect way;  
Your fault it is, who set them up as passive stock and stones,  
To find, alas! that like yourself, they're mortal flesh and bones."

Yer happy right! I've found 'em out—a dandy from Dandytown,  
Come hoodin' it here thro' the woods last year, a-seedin' the Gospel down.  
"Convertin' the Sons of Belial!"—Yes, them was the words he said,  
And though he called me a "child of sin," I gave him board and bed.

I was up in the mornin' early, but blamed if ever a sight  
Could I get of the hustlin' preacher chap I'd boarded over night.  
His coat and pants was hangin' up at the back of the kitchen door,  
And y'd think the pigs of the township had bin rootin' up the floor.

There was dresses here and fallals there, and the drawers was opened wide,  
Danged if ever I thought we had sech a heap o' things inside.  
But he'd stole my city coat and pants and he'd got right clear away,  
For he hadn't forgot in his haste ter leave to borrow my boss and sleigh.

I was ragin' mad but I had ter laugh till I almost took the heaves,  
Dyer see the family Bible yon? Well, right amongst the leaves,  
There was eighty or ninety dollars a'yin' cosy and flat,  
And yer bet the pious verminut never dreamt of openin' that!

I got my boss and sleigh again, but if ever I meet that cuss,  
There's gon' to be a massacre or some'at a derned side wuss;  
There may be some as is honest, and some like you, that's green,  
But, like teeth in a Shanghai rooster, they're few and far between.

F. M. DELA FOSSE.

## HOW HANK JONES RETURNED TO THE FOLD.

They'll be sayin' I'm 'fraid of a judgment and shakin' a bit at the knees,  
Though I've heard the older a man gets, he's a derned side harder to please;  
But, missus, I've took religion and I've started to climb the stair,  
By-tonguin' that blamed young cub, McGee, till I fairly raised his hair.

I was waitin' to get the grass seed down to Finucan's store,  
And a grist of the boys was settin' around, there was twenty I guess, or more;  
We were takin' of Parson O'Malley for want of better or wuss,  
When Jimmy McGee rips out with a sneer, "He oughter be put to nuss."

The boys they started laughin', but I sized up master Jim,  
"Fair plays a jewel d'ye see," says I, and he squirmed as I looked at him.  
"It's amazin'," says I, "but the Lord of hosts has given us most ecal powers,  
He ain't forgotten the shadow and shine to comfort our workin' hours."

"He's give you a toguess as is allus oiled and runs like the rollin' tide,  
But He's give me a powerful heft'y leg, which is some'at diversified;  
Now, Jimmy McGee, you can use yer tongue, but if ever it slips a peg  
And starts cavortin' and foolin' round I'm agoin' to use my leg."

"I mind the time when yer missus, Jim, was dyin' for want of bread;  
While others was huntin' for honest work you was loafin' around instead,  
Cusin' this wooden country as the cause of all yer woes,  
And little yer cared how yer got yer keep or trod on yer neighbors' toes."

"And the man you've just been sniggerin' at was the man as helped you through,  
As sent you physic and sent you clothes and I virtuals enough for two,  
And yer know, yer selfish villain, how yer played yer game of cheat,  
How you gave your side the physic—how you gave yourself the meat."

"I caught him, boys, I was passin' along and giv' him a friendly call,  
And there was his missus with arms outstretched, on a trestle against the wall,  
Lookin' appealdly, bathed in tears, at this thing as is called a man,  
Who was boltin' the hull of the parson's meat, which he'd fried in a fryin' pan!"

"She died—but God in His mercy, Jim, still keep yer goin' along,  
Though I guess no saint would assess your soul at the worth of one gospel song.  
It ain't that I claim to be righteous, for I ain't no kind of a dude,  
But dang it, if there's a thing I hates, it's dammed ingratitude."

Well, Jimmy he lit from off his stump now, quicker than you could wink,  
And the boys looked kind of foolish like, not knowin' just what to think,  
But whether they're rich as Vanderbilt or whether they're fed and found,  
There's no man guys the parson, leastways when I'm around.

I've took to him proper, missus; he's a man as is free from grime;  
He's a man as is square and honest, and yer see it every time.  
He says what he thinks and goes along in the same old wear and tear,  
Though he ain't had fifty dollars from the hull blamed crowd this year.

And you bet he's grand at the prayin' and singin' and like of that;  
The words just comes as clear as a bell or beer from a brewer's vat.  
And it's great to hear him preachin' and say we should all forgive  
And forget, cos why, the Bible says it's the properest way to live.

He calls it humanity's treasure house—that it's got more riches hid  
In a page of its sacred writings than an ancient pyramid.  
"You may search," says he, "over earth's broad breast, in valley and cave and 'ill,  
Possess the wealth of a thousand worlds, but the Bible's richer still."

So rain or shine, I'm goin' to church, and I guess there'll be some surprise,  
And p'raps the parson himself, lass, will be rubbin' his blessed eyes  
When he sees the man as has wandered so far on the road to sin,  
Come footin' it up to the sheep-fold a-leadin' his missus in.

F. M. DELA FOSSE.

## THE PLAIN OF A PESSIMIST.

Nothing to do but work,  
Nothing to eat but food,  
Nothing to wear but clothes,  
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,  
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;  
Nowhere to fall but out,  
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,  
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,  
Nothing to weep but tears,  
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,  
Ah, well, alas! alack!  
Nowhere to go but out,  
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,  
Nothing to quench but thirst,  
Nothing to have but what we've got;  
Thus through life we're cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;  
Everything moves that goes,  
Nothing at all but common sense  
Can ever withstand these woes.

## OLD ENGLISH CHRISTMAS SONG.

Come, help me to raise  
Loud songs to the praise  
Of good old English pleasures;

To the Christmas cheer,  
And the foaming beer,  
And the buttery's solid treasures;

To the stout sirloin,  
And the rich spiced wine,  
And the board's head grimly staring;  
To the funnily  
And the hot muncie pie  
Which all folks were for sharing.

To the holly and bay  
In their green array,  
Spread over the walls and dishes;

To the swinging sup  
Of the vassal-cup,  
With its toasted healths and wishes,  
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## The Dance at Deadman's Crossing.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

By EDMUND E. SHEPPARD.

AUTHOR OF "FARM SERTCHES," "DULY," "WIDOWED JONES," "A BAD MAN'S SWEETHEART," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY—FIVE YEARS AGO.



WAY up among the foothills, where the Bow river, scarcely emerging from the dark canyons and glacier-covered caverns of the Rocky Mountains, flows through gorge and glen, there is a little valley glorious in summer with the bloom of gay roses, wild peas, honeysuckle, columbine and trailing vetches. Its undulating sward is skirted by the pines, whose deep green marks with graceful curves the low-lying mountains to the west and mingles with the foliage of the poplar and cotton-wood which line the margins of the Lone Spirit river as it sweeps down from the north with eastern curve to empty its waters in the larger stream. In the good old days, before the Canadian Pacific Railway had been thought of, and when no time-serving engineers and surveyors had given the names of politicians to the mountains and waters of the glorious west,

this valley took its title from the herds of bison which fed on the rich grasses at the meeting of the waters, and was known to the *voyageurs* and wandering hunters at Buffalo Forks. There was a trading-post there, and a couple of little farms nestled under the protecting rocks of the foothills. The farmers, however, following the fashion of the *habitant*, built their houses by the river over a mile below the post, in the natural little fortress created by one volcanic eruption which had lifted a natural wall of almost perpendicular rocks on the three sides not protected by the river. The same wall of rock uplifted in the stream had made it the most accessible ford for many miles down the Bow River or up the steep banks of the Lone Spirit. Even in the season when the melting snow made the river rush through its rocky banks, roaring and foaming with impatience, its black waters eddying and surging in treacherous depths, a crossing could always be effected there, for stout ropes ran from bank to bank, and a rude ferry-boat kept hidden from the sun through the summer by boards and boughs, was ready to be launched when the water rose.

Such twenty years ago was Deadman's Crossing, though there was but one cabin there, and it had not yet acquired the name it now bears. So it was ten years ago with but little change, except that people had begun to pronounce it "Deadman's Crossing." There were houses farther up the river and a large ranch had been built among the foothills five years ago, the trading post had changed into a store and the people at the ford called it "Deadman's," and had you asked any of the new comers they would have told you the place took its name from Bill Deadman, who keeps the tavern at the crossing. It was just about five years ago I made my third and last visit to Buffalo Forks, and it is of this time I write. I could not keep away any longer. Five years before, impelled by the same infatuation, I had brought a friend from the east on a hunting expedition, and had lingered for a week with the agent at the post restless, helpless, and unhappy, until, thoroughly disgusted, my companion insisted on going home. My third trip was a more insane journeying than the second, but as in the former one I had induced a friend to accompany me. Dick Rushton was an artist, and did not know the terrible rigors of a Rocky Mountain winter or he would have never consented to be my companion in that northward pilgrimage which could not end until November. I did not know whether we would be able to retrace our steps before the heavy snows came. I didn't care. An anxiety unreasonable in its feverish disquiet made it impossible for me to rest anywhere. An influence I could not resist dragged me blindly over the

undulating prairies towards Deadman's Crossing. I was my own guide. I remembered the trail too well to make a mistake, how many thousand times I had wished I could forget it. We had camped one evening and my friend and I were just beginning our supper when we were joined by an elderly man who promptly dismounted at our invitation, to join in the repast. As he sat on the provender box he began to enquire of our destination.

"Going up to Deadman's is you? Well, yeh hain't far off. 'Taint more'n ten mile from here. I'll be there afore I sleep if my pony don't break down, but like enough he will fer I've ridden him hard to-day. Beenshere afore have yeh? Must a been er yer wouldn't be trailin' it along alone."

I admitted a previous visit.

"I know yeh hain't travellin' fer fun this time a year. Hain't peddlin' nuthin', by the looks of yer freight," he continued, glancing at the light wagon. "Hain't inspectin' th' post be yeh?"

"No."

"I reckon I must a guessed right first. Goin' out to meet a survey party? If yeh've got a mouthful of lickin' with yeh they'll be terble glad to see yeh too! Danged hard gettin' a drink round here, 'cept river wet."

The hint having failed to excite our hospitality to the point of producing the demijohn he renewed his inquiries without eliciting any very definite information.

"I suppose yeh'll stay to Bill Deadman's, won't yeh? I heerd strangers say he keeps as good a house as there is this side of St. Paul. It's quite a spell atween here and there too, hain't it?"

The last feeling failed to make us admit having been at St. Paul but the hotel-keeper's name struck me as a queer coincidence, and I inquired who Bill Deadman might be.

"Why, him as the crossin' was named after."

I started violently and the pannikin of tea I had been cooling fell to the ground.

"What do you mean," I demanded.

"Nuthin'," retorted the visitor, eyeing me curiously, "only Bill Deadman keeps a tavern at the crossin' and they've named the place after him."

"Why," I cried, "the one they named the place after is dead. Dead for fifteen years."

"No, he hain't nuthin'. His name's Deadman, but he's the liveliest critter hereabouts, an' makin' money too, Bill is, and well liked, spite of his queer ways."

I said no more. After our visitor had cantered away with his weary pony and disappeared in the growing darkness of the chill November night, we renewed the fire and, wrapped in our overcoats, sat gazing at the eager flames as they seized upon the scanty wood.

"Brent," inquired my friend after a long pause, for conversation had lagged between us, "perhaps it is none of my business, but I have often felt curious about this trip of ours. You appeared in such a fever to undertake it, and every day has seemed to make a change in you. You are depressed and it is almost impossible to get a word out of you any more."

I did not answer for a moment and the silence seemed to hurt him.

"Don't think I am trying to pry into your affairs, Brent, you needn't tell me anything unless you feel like it. I thought maybe it would ease your mind if you took me into your confidence, but I'm sorry I spoke."

"I am not sorry, Dick. I have been at the point of telling you the story a half-a-dozen times, but somehow I couldn't do it. Five years ago when Webster came up here with me, I didn't tell him anything about it till we had started home, and then only in self-defence, for he was so disgusted with my melancholy that I could hardly keep him from quarreling with me."

The life had gone out, but the handsome face of my companion, brightened by the moonlight which shone over the river and plain, was full of eager interest which never abated, and now that the strange sequel which gives name to this little story had cleared away the mystery, I am encouraged to tell the tale again.

## CHAPTER II.

TWENTY YEARS AGO—MY FIRST JOURNEY.

Phillip Ullman belonged to one of the best and oldest families of his native State—an only child of wealthy parents, few men begin life with advantages such as fell to his lot. He was tall, of muscular build, dark, with hair of raven blackness and his handsome face was full of vivacity and good-nature. At twenty-five he married Estelle Woodward, the daughter of a senator and the belle of the proud circle in which she moved. After five years of married life his fortune began to diminish, and reckless speculation, in desperate efforts to retrieve what he had lost, was rapidly bringing them to poverty. His own parents were dead, and father-in-law Woodward had spent so much of his time and money in politics that little help could be expected from that source. But before the severity of his losses became generally known he received the nomination of his party and was elected city treasurer. Two years later the city rang with the news that Treasurer Ullman was a defaulter and had fled the country. There was no one to tell the particulars; the treasury vaults were empty, and Ullman had been missing for a fortnight before his flight was discovered. The news killed old Senator Woodward, and poor Mrs. Ullman was frantic with the double grief, but, despite the most conclusive evidence that Phil was a defaulter, she insisted that he had met with foul play and her loyal heart upheld the honor of her missing husband, even though it added the fresh pang of a belief in her widowhood. Though two years his junior, I had been his college mate and trusted friend, and four months after his flight I received a

letter which told me he had fled to the wilds of the Canadian North-West and begged me to break the news to his wife, and as soon as the detectives had relaxed their watchfulness, to bring her and his little daughter to him.

The letter was full of heart-breaking anguish, but it told nothing of the causes of his ruin. It was a cry of despairing loneliness, and in nearly every line it implored me to see that no evil came to his wife and baby, and that I should consider them my special charge until they were restored to his arms. Flossie, he assured me, would yet be forthcoming that he had been the victim of a villainous conspiracy, but time alone, he said, could clear his name, and I must offer no defence lest his enemies would know he had been heard from and he wanted them to think him dead. He warned me not to be too hasty in starting for his place of concealment, lest the detectives, still on the watch, should discover his whereabouts. His letter concluded:

"Though every day will be an age without my darlings, don't heed my sufferings. Be wary; take six months—if need be a year—before you and they disappear, and manage it so that not for a month at least will your absence be noted."

I gave Mrs. Ullman the letter he had enclosed to her after having first let her read the message to me. Never will I forget her passionate sobbing, her entreaties that at once we should set out on our journey to the wilderness. Ah, Dick, there are few so loyal and loving hearts as that of Estelle Ullman! With what rapture she kissed the loved handwriting; how the tears rained down on that unfortunate letter; how she pressed it to her bosom and caressed it as if it were the face of her darling!

I persuaded her to be patient and to wait till I had conceived some plan by which we would be certain to elude pursuit. Nothing was to be said of the letter she had received; not even her three-year-old Flossie was to know of it, lest in her childish prattle she might betray the secret. Lawsuits resulting from Ullman's absconding were pending in the courts and in several cases she had been subpoenaed as a witness, as they involved property which had only been hers. We could not leave until vacation, and that was nearly three months distant. Then she came to my father's house to spend the summer, and I was careful to announce the fact in the daily newspapers. Another month had nearly gone by before I thought it safe to undertake our journey. It was given out that I had gone to England, and rumor said that both she and her little daughter were ill, a deception to which our old family doctor cheerfully lent himself.

I need tell you but little of the terrors of our journey to the North-West. I met her at Denver, as much disguised as possible, and from there we plunged into the wilderness, at first by stage, until even that method of communication had ceased, and then with a driver and a guide, our small baggage, Mrs. Ullman and her child being carried by the most comfortable conveyance I could procure. I traveled the whole day on horseback, acting as scout and using every possible effort to discover if we were followed. After forsaking our camps in the mornings I would linger in the rear watching for imaginary pursuers, but discovered nothing to reward my alertness, and we were becoming almost cheerful when little Flossie was taken ill. This cost us a month spent in nursing the child at a lonely little ranch in Montana. Poor Mrs. Ullman, terrified lest she might yet lose her little girl, watched night and day, her anxiety being made more unendurable by fears lest her husband, who had been notified of our departure from the coast, might imagine we had been followed or that some accident had happened. At last the baby had sufficiently recovered to warrant us in resuming our journey. By this time it was October, and our guide hurried us forward lest winter would set in before our arrival. Our discomforts increased, but we had become accustomed to our camping life, and Mrs. Ullman was cheered by the thought of soon seeing her husband.

But I am in advance of my story. While we were at the ranch in Montana a stranger came there who by professing he understood something about the child's illness had found excuse to linger for several days. His presence worried me exceedingly. I tried to find out his business and destination and got but little satisfaction. He told me he was an army contractor and agent of a trading company. He was not only suspiciously reticent concerning himself, but further excited my fears by asking no questions about us, seeming entirely devoid of curiosity. He was exceedingly attentive to Mrs. Ullman, who was traveling under the assumed name of Bates, and his interest in the child seemed to win her confidence. I advised her to be cautious; she assured me that not even the pains of the rack could make her utter an unguarded word. He was friendly with our driver and guide, and must have found out something from them, though even they had no definite information as to our destination. However, in her eagerness to know how long she would be separated from her husband, Mrs. Ullman, by frequent inquiries, had betrayed my estimate of the number of miles, and this, together with the direction of our pilgrimage in the past must have been imparted to the sallow stranger who seemed to take the slightest interest in nothing and no one except Mrs. Ullman. When leaving home I had suggested that we bring with us some faithful woman to act as Mrs. Ullman's companion, but she, fearing detection, had insisted that I should not do so, and I accounted for our odd companionship by saying she was my widow sister who was following my fortunes as a fur trader. The stranger, taking advantage of this alleged relationship, had no reason to recognize the interest he took in my presumed sister. I asked her if she could recall his face and to think of him among the passengers to Denver, she could recall that odd look in his eyes or the resolute closing of his lips. This thoroughly frightened her and though it may have been her imagination, the more frequently she observed him the more certain she became she had seen him before she left the

railway. In her anxiety to avoid suspicion and if possible to ingratiate herself she used him kindly and his stay at the ranch was still further prolonged. When we started away he proposed to accompany us for a few days as his room lay in the same direction. Then I became certain he must be a detective, and all sorts of schemes floated through my mind, but I knew that if I was right in my surmise that nothing but murder or something violent would rid us of this unwelcome presence. A week, ten days, passed by and he was still with us. Mrs. Ullman was growing weak and absolutely ill from anxiety, and at last I resolved on desperate measures. In my medicine case I had a powerful drug which I secretly poured into his coffee, and we left him at a cattle camp, not far from us, but too sick to mount a horse for several days. After that we again pushed forward with the greatest possible speed, our tired horses were traded for fresh ones and not a minute was lost. You remember where we camped last Sunday; well, just fifteen years ago we camped at that same place, and not twenty yards from us there was another camp, consisting of three Indians and a white man, who were seemingly journeying in the same direction as ourselves. While our driver was taking care of his horses and the guide was getting supper, I went over and apparently made arrangements for joining their party, and half an hour later came back and informed our men that we would have no further need of their services and that they might return whence they came. Next morning they mounted their horses, after they had been paid, and rode away while the Indians were piling our baggage into the wagon. Then I climbed upon the seat and we continued our journey northward, being joined half an hour later by the white man, who had carefully avoided having any communication with the men who had just left us. He was Phillip Ullman, and for six weeks he had been on the lookout for us.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A REUNION AND A TRAGEDY.

I had not informed Mrs. Ullman of the point where I had agreed to meet her husband, but had led her to believe that it would be nearly a week later on lest she might betray her secret to our attendants.

When the two horsemen had disappeared over the long sweep of prairie I stopped the wagon and she alighted, just as Phillip Ullman, blackened by exposure until you could scarcely distinguish him from his Indian companions rode up. He sprang from his horse and in an instant she was sobbing with joy in his arms. Rarely are there such reunions. A life of toil and loneliness was before them and yet to be together was joy enough. She kissed him and kissed him again and again; with his arms about her he looked into her lovely face and tears rolled in streams into the raven beard through which streaks of gray were rapidly creeping. And Flossie! With what tenderness he carried her in his arms, kissing her soft cheeks, still pale from her illness and again and again begging her to call him "papa." Out of her little life that name had gone for many months, and the first sorrow of the re-united couple was her failure to welcome her father with any enthusiasm.

"I could not tell her about you, Phil," whispered Mrs. Ullman, remorsefully, "as we came along, for fear the men might know that I was coming to meet you, and it is so long since she saw you she has forgotten."

"Kisses Untel Bent best," cried Flossie coquettishly extending her arms as I jogged along beside the wagon.

Poor innocent little thing; she did not know the wound she inflicted. The father, almost crazed by months of loneliness and mental torture, hugged her all the closer to his heart, but she cried to be let go, and insisted with loud warnings that she must come on the pony with me. Ullman's face darkened and he gave me a look which at the moment I could not understand. With Flossie on the horn of the saddle before me I cantered away and left the husband and wife to whisper their endeavours, talk over the past and make plans for the future. An hour later when I came back the cloud had passed away, though at times it returned and in his periods of moodiness he no longer seemed himself.

Fifteen years ago to-night we camped here and our camp fire was built on the spot where we sit, and that knoll over there was where the Indians put up the tent for Phil Ullman and his wife. We sat by the fire, as we do now and I am sitting, and he told me of his plans for the future. With the little money he had brought with him he intended to buy some cattle and start a ranch at Buffalo Forks, and hoped in a few years to make enough to pay off his liabilities, when he would be able to return to his old home a free man. They were so happy that night it made me feel lonely to see them, and I began to wonder how I should pass the winter at his ranch, as I had promised, with two people so absorbed in one another.

It was nearly noon the next day before we started. The weather was gloriously bright with not yet a suspicion of the awful cold of the winter we shall see in these parts. At night we forded the stream where we will ford it to-morrow, and were at the ranch which was to be the home of Phil Ullman and his family for perhaps ten years.

We had just had our supper and were sitting by the door of the cabin, when the sallow stranger, who had been left behind us, rode up and politely enquired if he could find entertainment for the night. Mrs. Ullman gave a cry of terror and clung trembling to the arm of her husband. I started from the stool on which I was sitting with the exclamation, "Why, how the deuce did you get here? I thought we had left you in Montana."

Phil, who had been told all the circumstances, at once guessed the identity of the new-comer, and with his hand on his revolver stood ready to defend himself.

"I am glad to see you looking so well," said the stranger, with a polite bow.

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Ullman's face, first pale with fear and then black as a thunder-cloud with passion, confronted the stranger, who had dismounted, with the fierce demand, "What do you mean by following my wife here?"

"I beg your pardon," apologized the stranger, suavely, "but I understood from her brother that Mrs. Bates was a widow. However, I am very glad to meet her husband, and I can assure you that I am pursuing no one. I traveled with your wife and brother-in-law until I was taken ill, because our routes lay together. Since then I have been journeying alone in the direction of the trading post at the Forks. If I am unwelcome I can only apologize for my intrusion and endeavor to reach my destination to-night."

Ullman, who, while listening to the stranger, had decided on the course he would pursue, with a muttered apology invited Mr. Pratt inside to have supper. Poor Mrs. Ullman and I looked at one another in helpless terror. Our worst fears were evidently to be verified.

She rose to follow her husband into the cabin, but, fainting with weariness and fright, would have fallen had I not caught her in my arms. I was trying by whispered arguments to persuade her to remain in the open air, when Ullman appeared in the door with the enquiry:

"Where is that demijohn of yours, Brent?"

He saw the position in which we stood, and that terrible scowl, which had never been seen on his face in the days of prosperity, came again to distort his countenance.

"Stella is fainting," I cried, compelled, as almost any one would, to apologize to the husband for having his wife in my arms.

Her wide-open, terror-stricken eyes belied my assertion as she started from me with the exclamation, "O Phil!"

With a slow and cruel look at us both he answered in fierce excitement, "Put her in a chair, Brent, and get that whisky if you can spare the time."

I brought the liquor and tarried long enough to see him pouring a bumper for the stranger and helping himself still more copiously. An angry look from Ullman dismissed me from the room.

"What does he mean?" whispered Mrs. Ullman, tremulous with the agony of anxiety, when I rejoined her.

"I don't know," I answered, "unless he is trying to become confidential with that fellow Pratt."

"Not that, Brent, but by speaking to us and looking as he did just now."

"He is distraught with fear," I replied, with a poor effort to conceal my uneasiness.

A few moments later they came out of the door and strolled towards the bank of the river, perhaps a hundred yards distant. They were smoking, and as the twilight deepened their slow march up and down was like that of two shadows, the coal of their cigars appearing and disappearing as they passed the patches of scrubby alder between us. It grew very cold, and we went indoors, where the tired Flossie lay on the red bed sound asleep. Nothing disturbed the quiet of the wilderness. The Indians who had been with us during the day had gone to the post.

Poor Stella Ullman, how I pitied her. She crouched by the little window looking out upon the river, straining her ears to catch some sound which might indicate the safety of her husband.

"I can't stand this another moment," she cried. "I must go to him. Perhaps that man has made him prisoner, and he is already on his way back to the States!" Then, turning fiercely on me, she demanded how I, as her friend and the trusted friend of Phil, could stand by and see him captured.

I told her he had as much as dismissed me from the room, and I had refrained from rejoicing him as I supposed he desired to be left alone.

"I will go and see."

I opened the door for her. The night air which blew in upon us brought with it the sound of frenzied curses and the report of a revolver, then another and a third.

"He is killed, he is killed! My Phil has been murdered!" she shrieked, sinking in a heap at my feet. I caught her up, carried her to the bed and dashed some water in her face. A bright fire was burning on the wide hearth, and in the uncertain light I saw her eyes open. She was trying to rise when Phil Ullman dashed through the door, revolver in hand.

"For God's sake, what is the matter, Phil?" I cried. "Where is the man?"

"He is dead, and you would be too, you damned scoundrel, if I gave you your dues."

His face was absolutely awful as he spoke, and when he raised his revolver I felt that my hour had come. His blazing eyes were fixed upon me as if he would have read my very soul. I am not a brave man, Dick, but in my conscious innocence I do not believe I flinched before that frightful scrutiny. Mrs. Ullman's strength returned in the presence of this incomprehensible danger, and she sprang towards him and catching his arm clasped it to her breast.

"Phil, Phil," she implored, "are you mad? Would you kill your best friend?" With a vicious stroke of his powerful arm he pushed her from him and she staggered back towards the bed.

"Madman!" I cried, "vent your rage upon me, but do not strike your wife." Again he raised his weapon, but the shrill screaming of poor little Flossie, who had been awakened, for an instant diverted his attention. The big stick of cottonwood on the hearth had been eaten through by the flames and broke in two, sending up a shower of sparks, and in its bright light revealing every object in the room—a scene burned into my memory, a picture that haunts my waking thoughts and terrifies me in my dreams.

"No," he muttered slowly, "I won't kill you. Take the woman and the

baby and go back from whence you came. If I kill you I will have to kill her," and he pointed with deadly directness at the trembling woman around whose neck the screaming Flossie was clinging for safety.

"I know the story of your shame and of my last dishonor. Dishonor!" He gave the harsh grating laugh of a madman. "Yes, dishonor! For eight months, driven like a wounded wild beast into solitude, my ruin had eaten into my heart, leaving but one chord untouched—my trust in you. I would have killed myself had it not been for the hope of seeing you and the baby again. All this while you have been playing the arts of the coquette, and you," he cried, again turning those wild eyes on me, "have been acting the traitor and scoundrel!"

"It is a lie, Philip Ullman!"

I retorted, undismayed by the gleaming barrel of the revolver pointing in my face. "Your wife has been true to you in every thought and word and action. Shoot if you like. I would be glad to prove her guiltless by dying with the oath of her innocence on my lips." His hand wavered. I thought I saw a softer look come into his eyes, but at that moment his wife, with Flossie in her arms, rose with all the stately dignity of her proud father.

"Do not argue with the madman. If he is crazy for blood let him kill us all."

Catching at his heart with one hand his burning eyes devoured the beauty of her face, and slowly the pistol arm sank to his side.

"So you come to his rescue, do you, madam?" he sneered, with indescribable bitterness.

"Yes, as many times I came to your rescue and defended your honor, when everybody called you a defaulter and a thief. I believed in your innocence till now, but no man can have your shameful thoughts and have a clean soul."

The child had hushed its frightened cries, still clinging to her mother's neck, Flossie's big wondering eyes were fixed upon her father.

"I would not have believed it," he answered wildly, "though while I was waiting for you the dreadful suspicion sometimes fell upon my mind, but you man who lies dead down there by the river has told me all, and his hellish proposal cost him his life. At first he believed the story about you being a widow, and being without a home he resolved to follow you and offer you himself and his wealth in marriage. He questioned the returning cowboys who brought you here, and they told him that you had been fooling him, that you and the man were man and wife, or at least you had so lived while with them. What else could I have expected? How could I hope that my wife would cling to her honor when mine had gone? And you, scoundrel, did not love her well enough to wait for a divorce, but made her the plaything of your summer's pleasure, thinking such as you brought to me would be good enough for the defaulter and the thief. I will harm neither of you. Take her back and be as happy as you can with the memory of my curse." He raised the revolver to his head as if to shoot himself, but I sprang forward and seized his arm. "Phil, for God's sake do not commit suicide. Listen to reason."

The touch of my hand seemed to bring back the flood of the madman's fury. "No!" he shouted, "I will not kill myself. I will live to make you remember the ruin you have wrought," and turning the revolver in his hand he struck me on the head with the butt of it, felling me insensible to the floor.

When I returned to consciousness poor Stella Ullman was bathing my head and with passionate cries imploring me not to die, and at last when I staggered to my feet, she begged me to go in search of Phil. I stumbled out to the corral, but his horse was gone. I knew it would be insanity for me who had no knowledge of the country to endeavor to follow him through the darkness, and still dizzy from the blow, I made my way back to the cabin, where the deserted wife, with little Flossie in her lap, was sitting on the floor weeping piteously.

With the unreasonableness of a woman she insisted that I should try again, even if it was only to go down to the river and see if he were not there. Again I groped through the darkness, which began to be relieved by the rising moon. First I went to the ford, and standing on the shelving bank I shouted till my dizzy brain re-echoed with the cry, "Phil, Phil, come back!" No answer came, and none has come to this day.



## CHAPTER IV.

The moonlight had grown brighter while I called, and when in despair I was turning away I saw by the trail the prostrate body of a man. I ran towards it, thinking it might be Ullman, but the ghastly face looking up at the quiet sky was that of Pratt, the man who had followed us from Montana. I







## CHAPTER

## THE NEWCOMERS AT SWEETGRASS CREEK.

At noon next day we halted before the log structure which had been recommended to us as the "best tavern between St. Paul and British Columbia," and we had no reason to complain of the dinner served to us, but the proprietor, Mr. "Bill" Deadman, was absent at the "round-up." The old cabin where I had spent such a night of terror was still standing, but now it was used as an outhouse, the enterprising Mr. Deadman having erected quite a commodious building in front of it. I pointed out to Dick Rushton the grave of poor Mrs. Ullman, and in the clump of underwood by the river could be found traces of the burial place of the murdered man. On Rushton's sympathetic nature the surroundings had almost as depressing an effect as they had upon me, and towards evening we moved on to the post at Buffalo Forks, where my old friend the agent gave me a cordial welcome.

"Do you know," said he, "I was talking to my wife about you just last night, and for the matter of that, every day for a fortnight."

"What," cried I, "have you news for me? Has some trace been found of the missing ones?"

"I don't know," he answered thoughtfully, "whether it will amount to anything, but a couple of weeks ago a French Canadian family passed through here on their way to Sweetgrass Creek. He had an odd dozen of his children with him and an odd one which, after some questioning, he confessed was his niece. They had three wagons, and seemed to be better off in chattels, as well as in children, than most of the settlers hereabouts. What struck me was the 'niece.' She was an educated young lady of about eighteen, fair haired, and as unlike the balance of the Rochelle family as one could imagine. She was treated, too, with a deference not usually accorded a niece, and bossed the whole outfit as if she were a lady to the manner born. Mons. Rochelle called her La Fleur, and in every respect her obedient slave, notwithstanding the fact that he had twelve of his own which required more or less parental attention."

"Did you question him?" I inquired anxiously.

"Voluntarily? I expect I made the mistake of asking too many questions, for at first he became reticent and later on untruthfully communicative."

"Had he ever been here before?"

"He said he had not, but in an unguarded moment I heard him remarking to his wife how many new houses had been built and how the place had changed."

"Where did you say they were going?"

"Up to Sweetgrass Creek, a narrow little valley about ten miles west of here. There are two roads to it, one running direct to it from the Crossing through a little pass slightly to the south, and this one leading around the point of rock there and then turning west and following Lame Deer Creek. Can't miss it. This is much the better road, and, by the way, that was another proof I had of Jean Rochelle's untruthfulness, for he betrayed a considerable knowledge of the route."

I wanted to start at once, but the agent detained me.

"There is no hurry," said he; "they have gone up to visit the Rochelle brothers, who have ranches there, and have had for sixteen or eighteen years. Rochelle said he intended to settle there himself if he liked it. This is a dangerous time of year to do any traveling, even if you are well acquainted with the country, but especially perilous for strangers. Snowstorms set in with very little notice, and sometimes continue for a week at the time."

Early next morning we were off. Dick Rushton's handsome face full of excitement and expectancy, while I was almost unable to keep from flashing forward and leaving our baggage wagon to take care of itself. No wonder they named it Lame Deer Creek. The roads through the foothills, which crossed and recrossed the stream two score times, was rough and precipitous enough to lame a rabbit. "All day long we discussed our prospects, inventing theory after theory as to what became of Phil Ullman and his child, and guessing at the adventures Flossie had met with since her departure from the Crossing fifteen years before. The afternoon was wearing to a close before we reached the valley, and then a most abominable snow storm set in, and the trail was soon lost to view. The wind blew with a vengeance, and we determined before things got too bad to camp and start a fire. After our meal the storm had not abated, and our companion suggested that we might be nearer human habitation than we imagined, and it might be well to make some signals of distress. We emptied our revolvers, three shots in succession, then a pause, and three more, and half-an-hour later a couple of half-grown lads rode into our desolate little camp, helped us pack up, and just as night was settling down deep and dense, a welcome light from the windows of the Rochelle ranch shone across the snow drifts to our left. When the welcome doors were thrown open we thought we must have struck an orphan asylum. At least a score of youngsters were romping around the spacious room chatting and shouting in the merry Canadian *patois*.

"Entree, entree, messieurs," cried the burly ranchman, grasping our hands and leading us into the room with the graceful hospitality of a chevalier. We thanked him in English, and, with a friendly laugh he replied, "You no parley Francais. I not speak Anglaise. Not vare mooch. Jean, comma here. Spak les messieurs Anglaise."

Jean, who had been lying on a rough lounge in the corner, came forward and, in very good English, bade us welcome, and as I took his hand eagerly scanned his face to see if I could find some resemblance to the Jean Leroux of other years.

"By what name shall I call you, Monsieur?"

"Jean Rochelle, Monsieur."

"Have I not had the pleasure of meeting you before?"

"I think not, Monsieur. I but two weeks ago arrive from Montreal. Perhaps you live near?"

"No," I answered; "I am from Ohio. My name is Brentford. This is my friend and traveling companion, Mr. Rushton, and I am afraid we shall have to trespass on your hospitality for to-night, and add to the deep obligation we owe to the young men who came out and found us camped in the snow."

"No trespass, Monsieur. It is no trespass! My brother Antoine has great heart. He tak in all re world. He tink nothing of tak in me and my wife and fifteen children, and he tak ten of his own. I introduce you."

With a wave of his hand he directed attention to the score of youngsters who had ceased romping about the room and stood in a semi-circle gazing with open-mouthed wonder at Dick and myself. I bowed to them, shook hands with the Mesdames Rochelle, while my eyes were seeking the fair odd one of whom the agent spoke. She had been standing at a little window by the door, and Dick with his usual aptitude at discovering pretty faces had seen her at once. His gaze of undisguised astonishment and admiration had brought a blush to her pretty cheeks and she had turned from him to resume her inspection of the storm, but Dick had eyes for nobody else, and while I had been doing the polite he had been watching the graceful outlines of the tall and beautiful girl whose bright brown hair but lately released from confinement, streamed like a wave of silk over her fair shoulders and sharply waist.

"Madam Rochelle, Monsieur," exclaimed Jean, sharply, at the same time touching Dick's elbow.

This recalled him to a sense of his rudeness, and with his most engaging manner he shook hands with the women of the household and elder children.

"My niece, Monsieur."

She turned and gave me a stately bow. I was becoming an old man and the trouble of the last few years had turned my hair and whiskers gray and I could afford to adopt a fatherly air. I held out my hand. She glanced at me with a look of anxious scrutiny and then gave me her hand. Those dark eyes were her mother's; the laughing mouth with the full red lips were those of the Phil Ullman I had known in my boyhood. Everything in the room swam before me. I felt her disengage her hand. I knew it was not the time to disclose her identity but I could not move away. I reached out my trembling hands for support and could hear the kindly voice of Jean Rochelle crying out, "Monsieur is ill. The storm has overcome him." He gently led me to a seat and rubbed my hands and face to see if they were frozen.

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur," I stammered feebly, "it was but a momentary faintness." I sat erect and looked towards the window. The beautiful girl was gone. Dick Rushton was standing beside me whispering a caution he had not himself displayed. "Don't make a scene, Brent. She is gone off in anger. It must be she."

Hot pea soup, pancakes and some fried meat were served for us. The warm meal and the delightful sense of having at last found the one I had sought for so many years exhilarated me, and I insisted on opening the door, and the two lads who had come to our rescue the Mesdames Rochelle and the brothers were forced to drink a bowl of steaming toddy with us. The children were mysteriously stowed away in an adjoining room, and at last the heads of the families and Dick and I were alone sitting by the ample fire place smoking our pipes. I sat next to Jean, and looking up at him quickly I thought I detected a suspicious glance.

"Do you remember," I asked, "this night fifteen years ago?"

The question startled him.

"No," he answered hesitatingly, "I do not remembre. Fifteen years is vair long time."

"Why, Jean?" exclaimed his brother Antoine in French, "it was fifteen years ago to-day you left for Montreal." Jean answered him with a scowl.

"Yes," said I, "and it will be just fifteen years to-morrow that in a snow storm like this you arrived at Deadman's Crossing, and I left you in charge of a sick woman while I went to hunt for her husband."

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Jean springing up, beads of perspiration starting out on his blanched face.

I held out my hand to him saying, "Don't you remember me?"

He took the proffered hand flatteringly. "Do you come as a friend?"

"Yes, Jean Leroux, I come as a friend. For these fifteen years I have been seeking you without avail. I see you have the little Flossie, who has grown to be a young woman even more beautiful than her mother. Sit down and tell me the whole story. Where is her father?"

Like one moving in a dream he returned to his seat.

"Her fazeur," he cried, "I have not seen him. Did you tind him no?"

"No, I did not find him. When I returned to the cabin at the Crossing after weeks of searching, it was deserted. That grave by the river—"

"That was of La Fleur's mozarre, ze beautiful, ze angel woman. In one week she die, and we bury her zair."

"But why did you leave without waiting for my return?"

"It was her dream," cried Jean, clapping his hands together. "One night she dream zat you no more, zat you seek for her husband in ze mountain and was killed. Next night she dream again zat her Felipe had gone to Montreal. Zat day she weep and weep, and at night again she dream zat me and Louise had tak ze baby to Montreal and find him zair. Angzair night she dream again zat we all come back and stand by her grave and Felipe pour out his tears and



"Didn't the man come back?"

"No; he didn't come back. He wouldn't dare to meet your mother after the shameful lies he had told."

"Then how did you know he had gone away?"

"I must have guessed that he went away; at least he didn't come back?"

She grasped my arm with both her mittened hands, and, holding me fast, she peered into my face with the same soul-rending look in her eyes which made it impossible for me to evade the truth. "Did he kill him?" she whispered.

"Yes, mademoiselle, he did kill him, and the scoundrel well deserved his punishment."

Her self-possession deserted her. She covered her face and broke into hysterical sobbing. I tried to comfort her, but in vain. The darkness was rapidly deepening, and passing her arm through mine, I sought to hurry her forward.

"Don't hurry me," she implored; "I cannot bear again to look into the face of any one. Uncle Jean must have known this. Why did he not tell me when I was young, and it would not have broken my heart?"

"He didn't know, mademoiselle. He does not know now; no one knows but you and I."

She hushed her sobbing for a moment, as she turned her tear-stained face towards me and whispered: "Doesn't he know?"

When I saw that look I would have given my whole fortune if I hadn't told Dick Rushton the terrible story. I could see she loved him; that in the short week he had become a part of her life. Fresh from the convent, unused to society, love had come quickly, and hers was a nature to which it would come but once.

"Whom do you mean by 'he'?" I murmured, in my confusion.

"Mr. Rushton," she answered directly, her lips drawn tightly together and lines of pain marking her blanched face.

"Yes, he knows. I was so distraught with nervousness and anxiety that he insisted on knowing the reason, and I told him everything."

"Then he knew it when he saw me first?"

"Yes, and more than that, he loved you from the first. It will make no difference to him what your father may have done. His is too noble a soul to be turned from his love by the action of others."

She walked by my side in silence, leaning heavily upon my arm as if overcome by emotion. "It would not be right," she said at last, in a choking voice, "for him to love the daughter of a murderer. I must go back to the convent and hide this disgrace which has come upon me."

I argued with her, and told her that she would not only blight her own life, but that of her lover.

"It has been but a little time; he will soon forget."

At this moment we met Dick in search of us. "I thought you were lost," he cried, cheerily. "Lean upon me, Mademoiselle La Fleur; you must be tired after your long walk."

"Thank you," she answered, but we walked in silence to the ranch, and saw her no more that night.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Dick was eager to know the result of our interview, and when it came to the point where it concerned himself I asked him if I had mistaken his feelings. "No indeed, Brent. I would have told her myself, but it has been so short a time that I dare not broach the subject. What did she say?"

"She loves you I know; but she said it would be impossible to permit you to couple yourself with her disgrace."

"But good Lord, man!" he cried; "I knew it before, long before, she did, and if I can love her in spite of her father's history, why should she make us both miserable by refusing to accept my name and drop her own. No one need know—I don't care if the world knows—but she is sensitive on that point she can be known to the world as the daughter of Jean Leroux, and for her sake I would be proud of him and old Aggutte as my father and mother-in-law."

Next morning she looked pale and sad, and her eyes showed traces of the night of weeping through which she had passed. Jean Leroux and his wife tried to comfort her, but in vain. I told them that we would have to leave it to my friend; that if he could not bring happiness back to her face none of us could. Dick persuaded her to go sketching with him, and when they came home in the evening her face was hardly more despairing than his. Day after day he urged his suit, but she still positively refused. Then he fell and sprained his arm, and while he lay on a settle she read to him, and I began to see that it was only a matter of time when he would prevail.

Fall had grown into winter and the holidays were at hand, when an invitation was received from Mr. "Bill" Deadman, soliciting the pleasure of the company of the Rochelles at his hotel on Christmas eve, and I persuaded them to accept. After the messenger had gone I made it my special task to induce La Fleur to be one of the party, and when at last she yielded I knew that the fight had been won.

Merry-makings in a scattered settlement are events of such unusual occurrence that they assume an importance which cannot be appreciated by residents of the effete East. The two big wagons were loaded down with the young people who were old enough to dance, and there were half a dozen horsemen besides. Dick's arm was better, and he was in the gayest spirits. It took us nearly all day to get there, and it was the intention to literally fulfil the old dictum:

"We'll dance all night till broad daylight,  
And go home with the girls in the morning."

I closely watched the face of La Fleur as we approached the Crossing, and I could see that the memory of the tragedy enacted there fifteen years ago was ranking in her bosom. Still that she was there at all, and that she had promised to join in the dance, made me hope that the worst agony of her grief and shame was over. It was too dark to see the face of the brawny ranchman who welcomed us at the door and ushered us into the spacious rooms which already contained two score guests. When we were seated at the rough tables, partaking of more choice cookery than I had expected, I seized the opportunity to study our host. His hair and beard were nearly white, but the heavy black eyebrows were almost unmissed with gray. A scar ran transversely across one cheek and somewhat disfigured the eye, while another wound across the nose and left eyebrows gave his face a peculiar sinister look. He seldom spoke, but his voice and words suggested education, refinement and melancholy. When after a while I drifted near enough to him to engage in conversation, he was standing with his back to the fireplace gazing intently at La Fleur. In answer to a question from someone on the other side of him, he said, "I don't know, she is with the Rochelles." I touched his arm and began to thank him for his hospitality, which I had accepted under the wing of the Rochelles, but he swung around so suddenly, his face white, his scars standing out like livid streaks across his face, that he frightened me into silence. With one hand he clutched at the neckcloth fastened around the collar of the heavy woollen skirt, tugging at it as if he were choking, his eyes were fixed on me with a look which some how recalled my last experience with Philip Ullman, and as Bill Deadman seemed so eccentric, I began to be sorry I had introduced myself.

"Excuse me, sir," muttered Deadman, thickly; "I feel as if I were choking; I'll go into the open air."

A perky young *habitant* began to scrape on the violin. The dance began, and I led the opening cotillon with Lisette Leroux, who, by the way, was a gentle and winning girl of twenty, dark-eyed, black-haired, frolicsome as a kitten, and withal educated and unusually pretty. The young ranchman and cowboys clattered gaily up and down the uneven floor, now and then emitting an encouraging "whoop" when they wanted the music to brace up and give them a chance to prance and show their "steps." These steps were introduced as varieties sometimes are in a play to enliven the proceedings, as well as to show off the accomplishments of the young gentlemen whose trowers legs were tucked inside their boots.

"Bell-lance a' you paidrair," shouted the fiddler, and bless me how those energetic young men pounded the floor. Leaning back, with their hands on their hips, often on their cartrid belt and six-shooter to keep it from bobbing out—they cut their pigeon-wings, back steps, flyaways and bow-downs with wild hilarity and tremendous assault upon the floor. Dick and La Fleur danced together continually, though, at my suggestion, we made an exchange when resuming the exercise after the midnight meal, in consequence of remarks I had heard exchanged to the effect that we were too proud to mix with the rest. I told Dick we would get ourselves into trouble if we didn't do the agreeable, but he was too madly in love to heed my warning, and insisted on having La Fleur as his partner for the balance of the evening, after exerting himself twice in entertaining two of the Rochelle girls.

Bill Deadman had just returned from Washington Territory, and in anticipation of the Christmas merry-making had smuggled in a couple of barrels of whisky, the contents of which were dealt out with altogether too much freedom.

It was nearly three o'clock in the morning before I noticed the effects of the drink; then I could see not only that others were becoming unconvictionally hilarious, but felt that the drums forced upon me were making me gayer than was my wont. In order to appease the boys I had abandoned Lisette with an explanation of the reason, and was dancing with every girl I could induce to join me. In a pause, when the cow-boys were all jammed in the room where the whisky was being dealt out, I felt a hand clutch my arm, and turning around stood face to face with Bill Deadman.

"What name did you tell me was yours?" he enquired with an affected boisterousness.

"Brentford," I answered.

His face whitened, but he made no further sign than to insist on my drinking with him. Then he asked for an introduction to La Fleur and Lisette, which I granted him as a matter of course. The next dance was a waltz and the majority of the boys were unacquainted with the "step." Bill Deadman had La Fleur on his arm, Dick who had waived his claim had taken a younger Leroux and I had the pretty Lisette as my partner. The floor was ours and a cheer rang out when our host proved himself the lightest dancer in the room.

"You dance well, Mr. Deadman," remarked La Fleur.

"Yes? Well, though I look rough and tough I have danced before."

"You have not always lived here?" she asked.

"No, not always, but it seems like always—like an eternity."

His strange manner frightened her and she became silent.

"You have not lived in Sweetgrass Gulch very long?" said he.

"No, only for two weeks."

"Oh, you come here with Mr. Brentford?" he asked.

"Do you mean to your party or from Montreal?"

"To the dance."

"Yes, to the dance. I never saw you until a month ago."

"Ah, I see. A chance acquaintance?"

"Not exactly. He knew my parents long, long ago."



The spectators who were applauding the performance of their host, at that moment saw a strange sight. Bill Deadman dropped his partner, and again clutched desperately at his loose neckcloth, staggered and would have fallen had he not been caught by a brawny ranchero.

The incident led to another visit to the whisky barrel, but when the festive cowboys were leaving the room Bill Deadman closed the door and announced that no more liquor would be served until the company were starting for home.

"I am getting full myself, and I reckon I can stand as much as the rest of you! I don't want any fighting, and so you can go to work now and dance off the frog that's in you and take no more. There are ladies here, you know, and you've got to have some style about you."

The warning came none too soon, nor was it given in the best judgment, for many of the boys thought Dick and I had spoiled the dance and began to be ill-natured.

Two tall and bearded rancheros, inflamed by unaccustomed drink, seemed determined to create trouble, and twice asked La Fleur and Lisette to dance and were refused. Then the two men danced together, and insisted on being in our set. When they balanced to the corners they caught hold of our partners and refused to release them. Dick, with the reckless courage of a man, who does not know the danger he incurs, struck one of them.

Instantly a revolver was drawn, but before a shot could be fired Bill Deadman sprang into the melee, and with a six-shooter in each hand covered the two offenders:

"Scum!" he hissed, with the sudden and seething rage of a demon.  
"Drop!"

They understood him, and down went their weapons; it was not the habit of Buffalo Forks to dispute with Bill Deadman, when, revolver in hand, he undertook to quell a row.

"Get up and tramp!" he commanded, and they rose and marched toward the door, all the spectators marking time with their feet while the fiddler played "Good-bye, Honey, Don't ye Cry for me!"

They picked out their caps, blankets and saddles from the heap, the door slammed behind them and Bill Deadman turned to apologize to his guests for the unseemly interruption of the dance when two pistol shots rang out, the glass in the window crashed in and Bill fell to the floor shot twice through the body.

The men rushed through the door in ineffectual pursuit of the drunken cowboys and left Dick and me to take care of the wounded man. We carried him to his room.

"Tie a sheet around me," he gasped, "and twitch it up tight. I'm done for, but I want to live an hour, and then I'll be glad to die. Bring Flossie, Brent, and tell me all!"

She was at the door anxiously awaiting news of the rescuer of her lover, and when she came in he reached out his arms to her crying like a child.

"Flossie, come to me and say good-bye, and 'I forgive you.' I am your wretched father!"

She stood in terrified amazement, looking from him to me.

"Tell her I am her father, Brent; don't let me die like this," he implored.

"Phil," I cried, "have we found you at last?"

"Yes, at last, but thank God you find me dying. I will disgrace you no longer. Where is Stella?"

"Dead," I whispered, "she could not live without you, and a week after you left she died and was buried by the river."

"Is that her grave with the cross over it?" he whispered, "I thought it was Pratt's."

"Yes; that is where she sleeps."

"Bring me a glass of whisky, and then tell me how came you here."

The whisky revived him, though he was gradually bleeding to death, and with Flossie sitting by his side holding his hand, I told him the story you have all read.

"Oh, my God, forgive me," he sobbed, "how I have sinned. To me the way has been hard. I was almost killed by a fall in the mines in British Columbia, but I have gone on living with a torment of misery eating my heart out. I have made money, and you will find my will in that box, leaving it all to the city of —, twice over paying my defalcation. I must change it and give enough to Flossie to keep her from want, and then I can die and meet my God; will He forgive me? Flossie, pray for me."

Down by the bedside she knelt and told her beads, while with his hand in hers he slowly weakened unto death.

"You need not change your will," said I, "Flossie will marry Dick Rushton here, and he is rich enough for both. Feel that you have fully compensated the city of — for their loss!"

"But Pratt?" he whispered, with a shudder.

Remembering the package of papers, I ran to the outhouse, and while Dick held the lamp I dug up the box I buried there and brought them to the dying man.

"Denby," he cried; "was his name Denby? He was the man who ruined me. He trapped me and raised my paper, then blackmailed me. I never saw him; all the work was done by mail and wire. If I killed him I did no wrong, God forgive me for saying so. All he had was rightfully mine. Give his money to the poor, and — Rushton be good to Flossie. Do you forgive me, my baby?" he whispered, faintly.

With her arms around his neck, she blessed him in the name of the Church in which she had been reared, blessed him as his daughter, and kissed the death dew from his lips.

#### FAREWELL.

Now there are three graves at Deadman's Crossing, and the man who assumed the name of the place he could not stay away from, lies under the little mound which nestles beside that of his wife, but the people thereabouts do not know the history I have given you here.

A week later we said adieu to the Leroux and Rochelle families at the wedding in the little Catholic Church at the Post, when La Fleur and Dick were made man and wife, and we came back to our home in the East.

This was five years ago. Every Christmas since has been passed in the happy home of Dick and his wife in Boston, where we are always welcome.

I say "we" — I had almost forgotten to tell you that "we" means Lisette and I, and a little fellow we call Phil. At the wedding at the Post at Buffalo Forks, we were married when Dick and Flossie were. I am getting old and silly, maybe, but I loved her and she loved me, and we have been so very, very happy.

This is my only excuse if any be needed, and, as far as the world knows, Dick and I married sisters, and the sweetest, most loving sisters the world ever saw.

THE END.



A FRUGAL MEAL.



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COME ALONG, DO I

## THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

It is surely most fitting that I should reverse the memory of the village doctor. A deep debt of gratitude impels me to think and speak gratefully of him, for you may as well know it was the doctor who found me and allotted me a home. That estimable woman, my grandmother, in response to my childish enquiries explained the entire mystery to me, with cautions to speak of it to none, as it was the kind, good doctor's desire not to have his deeds made the subject of gossip. It seems that one beautiful September morning, when all earth slept except the birds and the fishes and the angels up in the air, the doctor was awakened by a little bird at his window who told him to arise and follow and it would show him where there was a teeny-tiny baby all alone and crying. So he arose, followed the bird and came to the village mill dam, and there he found me sitting in the cup of a pond-lily with my little toes dipping and splashing in the water, just as happy as could be. I hadn't a thing on me at first, but, seeing this, a squirrel had swum out and put a nutshell on my head for a cap, and a mother-robin had bitten off a pond-lily leaf and wrapped it around me like a baby blanket, just as warm and cosy as anything. Before taking me away in his satchel the doctor asked the birds how I came there, but they did not know and were trying to guess, when up spoke a little, quiet bird that hadn't said a word before, and it (after kissing the book, I suppose) testified that it had risen early that morn with a toothache, and saw an angel fly down and put me on that lily and then fly up as hard as it could pelt for fear it would hear some body say I was dead. You know if an angel hears a bad boy swear it cries for seven days. Well, the doctor took me with him, and in passing through the village he saw smoke coming out of our stove-pipe and knew our folks were up, so he called and asked them if they wanted a little baby boy.

"How much does he weigh?" they asked.

"Ten pounds," answered the doctor.

"Is he a white-head or black-head?" said they.

"White head," said the doctor.

"Is he good-looking?" said they.

"Looks are only skin deep," replied the doctor, "and you shouldn't care about such things. But he'll be a good boy, for an angel brought him down from the sky."

"We'll take him," said they, and so the doctor took me out of his satchel, plumped me down on a chair by the stove and away he went.

The remarkable developments in electricity and certain other scientific discoveries of recent years would seem to throw at least a shade of discredit upon this story of my origin, but I would believe my grandmother's word and the village doctor's word in preference to that of all the moonstruck scientists in creation. What do they know about angels, and do you suppose a bird would talk to one of them? No, for it wouldn't say three words before the scientist would grab it and cut it open to see what it was talking with. He would have his larynx sealed up in a jar of alcohol in five minutes. That's what they are like—they spoil everything God makes to see how he makes it. When Mars in a neighborly way drew near recently, they tried to lay the greedy fingers of their comprehension upon that beautiful orb. Down with knowledge and facts and up, up with love and faith! I see hang our savants and sages and install our dear grandmothers in the chairs of logic, anatomy, philosophy, theology and all the other 'ics and 'ologies in all our universities and colleges and schoolhouses, and then we shall hear by day and night the rustling of angel and fairy wings, and life will be a poem of peace and love and innocence?

But the doctor.

He was continually doing works of philanthropy, such as bringing little boys and girls around to the houses in his satchel. He was pretty fair about it, too, showing favors very seldom, but he seemed to have a falling out with the village blacksmith, for he brought him none, although he left an awful lot at the wagon-maker's next door. I liked the doctor, although I used to sometimes think that he might have left me somewhere else, where I could have had more candies and hand sleighs and toy guns. But I couldn't think of any other house where I liked the people so well as in the one where he had left me, so contentment came to me. We used to tease a neighbor's boy whom the doctor had found in a hollow tree in January, but it was my private opinion that it was a pretty mean angel that would bring a boy down into this country in the winter time, anyhow. That one episode considerably modified my opinion of angels.

The doctor was the great man of the village, but one day a student came to town and opened up an office. I did not know at the time what a student was, but I gathered from the conversation of my elders that he was a lunatic for one thing, and a scoundrel whom all honest men should shun, for another thing. I watched a long time for a glimpse of the maniacal villain, and when finally he appeared I knew he was even worse than I had supposed, for he came out of the village hotel, which all good children thereabouts had been taught to regard as the workshop-house of the devil. Those were animated days in the village, for the blacksmith got in the student, and the Caseys and the Adamses got him in, and I then learned from the excited talk of my grandmother that these people were using that student, that idiot, that execrable scoundrel whom

I had seen coming out of that awful hotel—these people were actually using him as a doctor! It was profane. It was madness. Somebody ought to be arrested. Those people would all die. The villainous idiot would poison them, —not that it wouldn't serve them right when they could have called in the kind, good doctor to look at their tongues and give them some hot senna in a saucer. That student ought to be run out of town—my grandmother said so, and everybody's grandmother came in, out of breath, with dancing eyes, and said so.

Do you know what that student did? He met the good old doctor on the street and he had the impudence to speak to him, but of course the doctor walked right on and never looked at him. And then he did another thing which I myself saw, and which my grandmother saw and said she never would do for until her dying day—that student walked into church on Sunday as though he owned the place and sat down four rows in front of the doctor. He took out his hymn-book and bible, the hypocrite, and sang as though he wasn't afraid the sacred building would fall in and crush him. Grandmother was all of good from that service, although it was specially intended to impart grace to the aged. And then, when meeting was over, the preacher—with eyes each as big as the headlight of an engine, I saw him do it—came down and shook hands with that student. And so did the class-leader and my Sunday school teacher and others whose gray hairs I had been wrongly taught to honor. Well, the doctor never went to church again so long as that preacher was there, nor did my grandmother, nor did anybody's grandmother. I used to think the student had made the church as bad as the hotel.

It was strange how some very nice people forgot the kind old doctor and had daughters old enough to marry, and (would you believe it!) daughters whom the doctor had taken around in his satchel and left at those very houses. Such is gratitude!

One day we heard that the doctor had taken suddenly ill and was confined to his bed. He would scarcely allow anyone to see him—just a few grandmothers. For two years he lay there, and then one morning he jumped out of bed and moved away. Some said that nothing ailed him but wounded vanity at losing his practice to the student; that in fact he ate roast beef like an English farm pupil, and had been seen by a neighbor night after night and hundreds of times walking around his little garden, smoking his pipe or cigar.

After my grandmother died I found out that that student was a real doctor, like the others, only newer and younger. Students are doctors to the same extent that eggs are hens. A little practice hatches them and a little time entitles them to a place on the professional roster. It is not for me to say that some of them are added.—*Mac, in Toronto Saturday Night.*

## COURTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

They were courting under difficulties. It was a room through which the members of the family were continually passing to and fro.

"Dear Alice," he said, "I can no longer labor under this sus—" (the old man appears)—"pension of banks is due to the unwise policy—" (old gent passes on). "I was going to say, my dear girl, that I hope you will promise to be mine, and name an early day for the bonds—" (old woman comes in) "—should never be paid in gold alone." (Exit old girl).

"Name the happy day when I may call you my own, for I cannot believe that you will think it pre—" (old man slides in again)—"sumption cannot be too soon accomplished." (The intruder retires). "I say I can't believe you are entirely indifferent to me, but will soon grant me the privilege of calling you wife—" (old lady on deck)—"—fe given the financial question much study." (Old lady strides off).

"If you love me, just nod your head. You, and, oh, one sweet kiss to seal it—one sweet—" (prospective father-in-law)—"—according to eminent divines is a myth, a superstition." (They were again left alone). The old folks conclude that Alice is safe enough in the company of a young man who can talk nothing but finance and theology, and so relax their vigilance.

## HE REALLY WAS LOOKING FOR ONE.

Everybody knows how curious the average pedestrian is and how easy it is to collect a crowd. Going home up Regent street a few evenings ago, our friend Dan McCord suddenly stopped, and lighting a match, began searching carefully on the edge of the pavement. He soon had half-a-dozen people round him, one of whom asked:

"What are you looking for?"

"A sovereign," replied Mac, curtly. Thereupon the questioner pulled out a lot of matches, lighted one and assisted in the search, an example which was quickly followed by two or three others, while the crowd rapidly increased.

"Whereabouts did you lose the pound?" again asked the first speaker. "I didn't lose it—I'm only looking for one; it's so long since I possessed one," was Mac's stolid reply, and then the crowd melted more quickly than it had gathered.

## REMARKABLE TWINS.

In Vienna twins have been registered as having been born in different years. The first was born on December 31, 1892, the second on January 1, 1893. Both being boys they will have to do their military service in different years, as the one will be considered to have reached the age of twenty-one in 1912, the other in 1913.



THE DOCTOR.

# GIVING UP BUSINESS

## \$30,000 WORTH OF

# DRY GOODS

# AND CARPETS

TO BE GIVEN AWAY AT COST AND UNDER AT

209 DUNDAS STREET, HENRY BLOCK, NAPANEE

—THE STOCK HAS ALL BEEN REMARKED FOR THIS—

# GREAT \* SLAUGHTER \* SALE

Commencing Friday Morning December 1st

and will continue till after stock taking when the balance of the stock will be offered for sale en block.  
Many lines of goods will be offered at about half price. First to come will get first choice.

## OUR CARPET STOCK

THE PRICES WILL BE ALMOST CUT IN TWO

\$1.25 and \$1.35 Brussels Carpets now 60 and 75c.

75c and \$1 Tapestry Carpets now 40 and 50c.

Mats and Rugs at about half price.

Borderings and Remnants of Carpets at about your own prices.

Henriettas and fine Dress Goods at cost

Many lines of Dress Goods at about half price.

Silks, Surahs and Satins at a great bargain.

Flannels, Sheetings, Grey and White Cottons.

Shirtings, Flannelettes, Prints, Blankets.

Tie Downs, Underclothing, at mill prices.

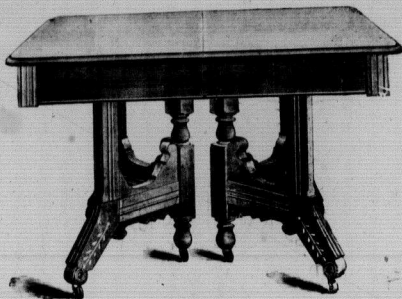
This is a bona fide sale and all who patronize us will find bargains unheard of in this county before.

# THE SHAW CO'Y,

209 DUNDAS STREET, HENRY BLOCK, NAPANEE.

# THE GIBBARD MANUFACTURING CO

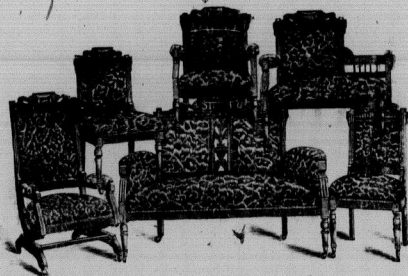
## OF NAPANEE



are now commanding one of the largest trades in Canada and are selling

### FURNITURE

at prices that no other house can compete with, and a great advantage in getting your goods at the factory is you have a large stock to select from.



They are showing the finest line of

### FANCY ROCKERS

this Xmas ever offered in Ontario, and to make room for to show them they have engaged the store next to Grange building for two months. Don't fail to get a bargain while they are going.



### MEDICAL HALL

## DETLOF & FULLERTON

### DRUGGISTS

We have a Fine Line of ELEGANT PERFUMES, Suitable for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

BRUSHES, COMBS, HAND MIRRORS, PURSES, CARD CASES, and TOILET SOAPS.

We are showing a fine line of these goods.

### LAMPS

If You want a Lamp call and get our prices. We can save you money.

### THE

## RATHBUN Co

— THE LEADING —

### LUMBER, WOOD AND COAL MERCHANTS

— IN NAPANEE. —

ALWAYS KEPT IN STOCK AT OUR STORE, DUNDAS STREET THE BEST BRANDS OF

Family and Fancy Flours, Bran and Shorts Cracked Grains, Breakfast Goods, Salt, Water Lime, Portland Cement, etc.

LUMBER, AND COAL YARDS  
S. S. SWING BRIDGE.

J. J. TAYLOR,  
Agent.



# NAPANEE SOAP WORKS

USE

VANLUVEN &amp; CO'S

BRANDS OF VANHORN'S SOAPS

They contain the purest of Tallow, and are not filled with Talc, Ground Stone, Clay, or other injurious ingredients, as many other makes are. Try them and know for yourselves,

Z. A. VANLUVEN,

A. PRUYN,

G. E. MAYBEE.

A. W. GRANGE &amp; Co.

## DRUGGISTS

Pure Drugs and Medicines,

Perfumes, Sponges, Combs and Brushes

Paints, Oils and Glass.

A large assortment of Parlor and Library

Lamps.

Trusses, Spectacles etc., etc.,

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully  
Compounded.



**C. A. ANDERSON**  
Napanee, Ont.

### LIVERY AND 'BUS LINE

HACK AND 'BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS AND BOATS.

Special attention given to the requirements of Commercial Men.

GOOD LIVERY RIGS.

Stable, Centre Street, West side Market Square.

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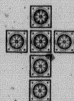
GROCERIES

THE BEST FLOUR, FEED,

AND PROVISIONS

at Lowest Living Prices at

## BELL & HAWLEY'S,



CHURCH OF S. MARY MAGDALENE

(CHURCH OF ENGLAND) Corner of Bridge &amp; Robinson sts

S. Andrew's Mission Chapel.

ROBLIN'S HILL.

RECTOR—REV. ARTHUR JARVIS, M.A.

Churchwardens—G. F. RUTTAN, J. E. HERRING.

Delegates to Synod—R. G. WRIGHT, JUDGE WILKISON, G. F. RUTTAN.

Sidemen—E. CHECKLEY, JUDGE WILKISON, H. SMITH, G. F. RUTTAN.

O. L. HERRING, R. G. WRIGHT, T. E. MERRITT.

Treasurer—HANLEY BAINES.

Vestry Clerk—O. L. HERRING.

Sexton—JAS. MINCHINTON.

Superintendent S. S.—O. L. HERRING.

Guild of S. Mary Magdalene—Hon. President—MRS. JARVIS.

Pres. of Guild—MRS. JOHN STEVENSON.

Secy Treas.—MRS. T. S. HENRY.

\* Vice President Diocesan Fund Branch—MISS WILKISON.

" Junior Branch—MISS GRANGE.

" Visiting and Relief Branch—MRS. C. McCREER.

" Needle work branch—MRS. G. F. RUTTAN.

" Ministering Children's League—MRS. N. WAGER.

" Altar Guild—MRS. WRIGHT.

" Woman's Auxiliary—MRS. LOCKWOOD.

" Educational Branch—MISS SHIRLEY.

Brotherhood of S. Andrew—Director—G. F. RUTTAN; Secretary—H. SMITH.

Sisters of the Parish—Superior—MISS SHIRLEY.

The hours of Sunday Services are as follows:—Holy Communion, 1st and 3rd Sundays of month after Matins. 2nd, 4th, and 5th Sundays, 8 a.m. in the basement Chapel. Litany, S. Andrew's Mission Chapel at 9.30 a.m. 1st and 3rd Sundays of Month. Matins 11 a.m. Sunday School and Bible Class for young women, (Parish Church) 3 p.m. Bible Class for men, 4.15 p.m. Evensong\* (S. Andrew's Mission Chapel) 5 p.m., on the 2nd and 4th Sundays of the month. Evensong, (Parish Church) 7 p.m.

On the principal Festivals and Holy Days there is a celebration at 10.30 a.m.

During Lent Evensong is said daily at 5 p.m. in basement Chapel.

STANDING PAROCHIAL APPOINTMENTS: 2nd and 4th Mondays of the month, 8.30 p.m., meeting of Chapter of S. Andrew's Brotherhood in Guild room. 1st Tuesday of month, 3 p.m., Guild meeting in Guild room. Wednesdays, 7.45 p.m., meeting of Sisters of the Parish in Guild room. Fridays, 8 p.m., Choir practice. Saturday afternoons, meeting of Ministering Children's League.

\*2nd Sunday of month, Corporate Communion of S. Andrew's Brotherhood and Sisters of the Parish, 8 a.m.

\*At these services a leaflet is provided for the use of strangers, which contains the whole service, including Psalms, Prayers, and hymns, printed in extenso.

ALL SEATS FREE AT ALL SERVICES.

# NO CHARGE FOR THIS ADVICE

If you want Boots and shoes cheaper than you ever bought them in your life, try HAINES & LOCKETT.  
If you want better Boots, than you ever wore in your life, try HAINES & LOCKETT.  
If you want to deal where a second price is never made or accepted, try HAINES & LOCKETT.  
If you want good boots at low prices, whether in Belleville, Napanee, Kingston or Trenton, try

## HAINES & LOCKETT.

### C. A. GRAHAM,

MANUFACTURER OF

### HORSE FORKS, CARS AND SLINGS

DEALER IN

CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, CUTTERS, HARNESS, ROBES, HORSE  
BLANKETS, PUR COATS, MITTS, ETC.

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF CUTTERS IN THE COUNTY.  
PRICES RIGHT. A CALL SOLICITED.

### YOU ARE INVITED TO VISIT



Our store when you come to Napanee. What we say is that you will be made heartily welcome whether you come to buy or just to look around. We have a good stock of WATCHES and CLOCKS and everything usually found in a first class Jewellery Store.

Our Prices are right, cheaper than anywhere else in Napanee, and Goods guaranteed to be as represented.

SPECTACLES A SPECIALTY.

### F. CHINNECK,

JEWELLER, NAPANEE.

### TO OUR FARMER FRIENDS

We desire to extend to our customers and friends our hearty greetings for a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year and to thank them for their patronage during the past season.

It is our aim to endeavor to merit a continuance of that patronage and to that end we are now bending our resources, in producing for the farming community implements of Agriculture which are abreast of the times in Construction, Material, Finish and Merit of Work.

We are now busy manufacturing for next season and will show up a line of goods unsurpassed in this section.

We, therefore, again solicit your patronage, and when you are requiring any farm implements, remember it should be your duty first to patronize Home Industry; that our implements are A1, and that we should be pleased to secure your orders.

Again we wish you the Compliments of the Season.

THE NAPANEE AGRICULTURAL WORKS

### JNO. HERRING.

## Opportunities Lost by Skipping This

The very best brands of Strong Bakers, Pastry and Family Flour, Buckwheat Flour, Corn Meal, and all kinds of mill produce to be had in the county of Lennox and Addington, is that manufactured at the Napanee "Big Mill" by



### J. R. DAFOE.



Flour and Feed Jobbers consult their own interests by getting prices before purchasing elsewhere, and the Big Mill is the place where the farmers can always rely upon getting the best value in exchange for their wheat and the highest cash price paid for all kinds of grain. Gristing done on the shortest notice and weighed in an out. Feed ground fine.

### DAFOE'S COAL YARD

Is the only place in town where you can buy the Celebrated Lehigh Valley Coal, which has no equal in America. Try it and you will be convinced.

THE

LOCKETT.

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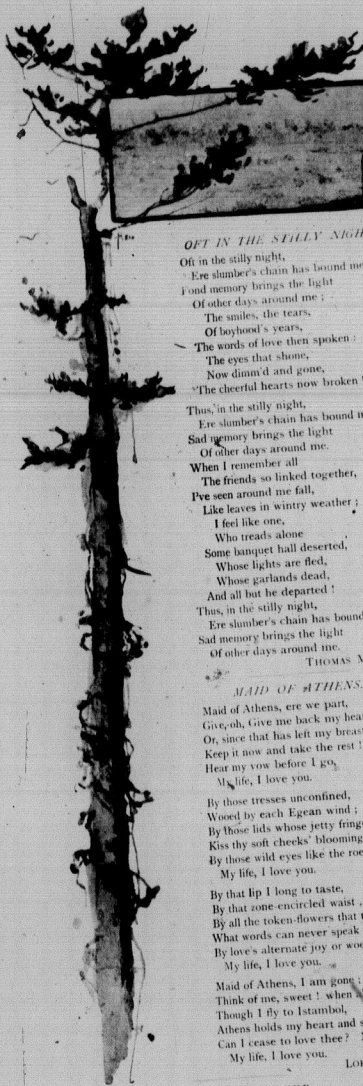
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## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Fond memory brings the light  
Of other days around me ;  
The smiles, the tears,  
Of boyhood's years,  
The words of love then spoken ;  
The eyes that shone,  
Now dimm'd and gone,  
'The cheerful hearts now broken !

Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

When I remember all

The friends so linked together,  
I've seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in wintry weather ;

I feel like one,  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed !

Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE.

## MAID OF ATHENS.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh, Give me back my heart !  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now and take the rest !  
Hear my vow before I go,  
My life, I love you.

By those tresses unconfined,  
Woo'd by each Egean wind ;  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge ;  
By those wild eyes like the roe,  
My life, I love you.

By that lip I long to taste,  
By that zone-circled waist ;  
By all the token-flowers that tell  
What words can never speak so well ;  
By love's alternate joy or woe,  
My life, I love you.

Maid of Athens, I am gone ;  
Think of me, sweet ! when alone—  
Though I fly to Isthmopol,  
Athens holds my heart and soul ;  
Can I cease to love thee ? No !  
My life, I love you.

LORD BYRON.

## ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,  
Make me a child again just for to-night !  
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,  
Take me again to your heart as of yore.  
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,  
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair ;  
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep ;  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep.

Backward, turn backward, O tide of the years !  
I am so weary of toil and of tears,  
Told without recompense, tears all in vain,  
Take them, and give me my childhood again !  
I have grown weary of dust and decay,  
Weary of flinging my soul wearily away ;  
Weary of sowing for others to reap ;  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep !

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,  
Mother ! O mother ! my heart calls for you !  
Many a summer the grass has grown green,  
Blossomed, and faded our faces between,  
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain  
Long I to-night for your presence again.  
Come from the silence so long and so deep ;—  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep !

Over my heart in the days that are flown,  
No love like mother-love ever has shone ;  
No other worship abides and endures,  
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours ;  
None like a mother can charm away pain  
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.  
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep ;  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep !

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long  
Since I last listen'd to your lullaby song ;  
Since, then, and unto my soul it shall seem  
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.  
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,  
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,  
Never hereafter to wake or to weep ;—  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep.

E. A. ALLEN.

## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollections presents them to view !  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,  
And every loved spot which my infancy knew !  
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it ;  
The bridge, and the rock where the cataraet fell ;  
The coat of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,  
And even the rude bucket that hung in the well !  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure ;  
For often at noon, when returned from the field  
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.  
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,  
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell !  
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
And dipping with coolness, it rose from the well ;  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it ;  
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips !  
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it  
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.  
And now far removed from the loved habitation,  
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well ;  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.



SOME OF THE ROYAL CHILDREN OF EUROPE.



PRINCE ALFRED OF EDINBURGH.



PRINCE HAROLD OF DENMARK.



ALFONSO XIII, KING OF SPAIN.



KING ALEXANDRIA OF SERBIA (1891).



LADY ALEXANDRA DUFF.



KING ALEXANDRIA OF SERBIA (1881).



ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE CROWN PRINCE OF AUSTRIA.



PRINCE ERIK, YOUNGEST SON OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDAN AND NORWAY.



PRINCE MANUEL OF PORTUGAL.

# THE CANADIAN ANNUAL

## SOME OF THE ROYAL CHILDREN OF EUROPE.



PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG.



PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BATTENBERG.



PRINCESS INA OF BATTENBERG.

PRINCE ERNEST OF HESSE  
DARMSTADT.THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND  
AND THEIR FAMILY.QUEEN WILHELMINA OF THE  
NETHERLANDS.

PRINCE CARL OF DENMARK

PRINCES GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AND WILLIAM  
SONS OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF  
SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.

SOME OF THE ROYAL CHILDREN OF EUROPE.



THE CZAR AND CZARINA WITH  
THEIR CHILDREN.



PRINCESS PATRICIA OF EDINBURGH.



THE DUKE OF ALBANY.



PRINCE GUSTAV AND PRINCESS DAGMAR  
OF DENMARK, WITH THEIR MOTHER.



THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY  
WITH HER SONS.



PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL.



THE CHILDREN OF THE DUKE AND  
DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.

## SOME OF THE ROYAL CHILDREN OF EUROPE.



PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH, BRIDE OF PRINCE FERDINAND OF ROUMANIA.



PRINCE ALBERT OF FLANDERS.



PRINCESS VICTORIA OF EDINBURGH.



PRINCESS HENRIETTE.



PRINCESS ALEXANDRIA OF EDINBURGH.



PRINCESS JOSEPHINE OF FLANDERS.



PRINCESS LOUISE OF DENMARK.



PRINCESS INGEBORG OF DENMARK.



PRINCESS THYRA OF DENMARK.

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## HISTORY OF CANADA IN BRIEF.

It is convenient to possess for easy reference a list of the leading events of Canadian history. Few are endowed with the capacity to remember dates and names for any length of time after leaving school, and it is a fact that there is no edition of Canadian history in general circulation for library use. The small volumes used for school purposes are not attractive to men of advanced English history as related by the masterly pen of Macaulay. So it happens that Canadian history is imperfectly understood by Canadians, a thing to be regretted. The average reader has nothing to reinforce his indistinct recollections of those historical facts that were dig-dug into his youthful ear except occasional references to past events made by the newspapers. And the newspapers, in turn, when they do refer to events of the stirring past usually pretend to think it would be a slight upon the intelligence of their readers to enter into explanations. They merely make a passing reference, though were the truth known, the editor to do that much generally requires to consult a friendly schoolmaster. For these and other reasons we give the following table of the leading historical events in the history of Canada:

1534—June 19—Landing of Jacques Cartier in the neighborhood of the Miramichi River. The Bay of Chaleurs was so named by him, on account of the great heat of the weather.

1535—July—Second visit of Cartier. August 10, Cartier anchored in a small bay at the mouth of the St. John River, which, in honor of the day, he named after St. Lawrence. The name was afterwards extended to the gulf and river. Cartier made his third visit in 1540.

1542—The Sieur de Roberval and his party wintered at Cap Rouge.

1563—First visit of Samuel de Champlain to Canada.

1605—Founding of Port Royal (Annapolis), Acadia (derived from an Indian word *Cadie*, a place of abundance), by the Baron de Poutrincourt.

1608—Second visit of Champlain. Founding of Quebec, the first permanent settlement of Canada. The name is said to be an Indian one, *Kebece*, a strait. 28 settlers wintered there, including Champlain.

1611—Establishment of a trading post at Hochelaga.

1613—St. John's, Newfoundland, founded.

1615—Champlain sailed up the Ottawa River, crossed Lake Nipissing and descended French River into Georgian Bay and Lake Huron, returning by Lake Ontario. 1620—Population of Quebec, 60 persons.

1629—July—Capture of Quebec by the English under Sir David Kirk. 117 persons wintered there.

1632—Canada ceded to France by the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye.

1634—July 4—The town of Three Rivers founded. August 13—Fort Richelieu (Sorel) founded.

1635—December 25—Death of Champlain at Quebec.

1642—May 18—Ville Marie (Montreal) founded by Maisonneuve.

1642-67—Frequent and serious wars between the French and the Iroquois Indians. 1667—White population of New France, 3,018.

1670—April 21—Hudson's Bay Company founded.

1672—Count de Frontenac appointed governor. Population, 6,705.

1673—June 13—Catawaqui (Kingston) founded.

1680—August 5—Massacre at Lachine by Indians, and capture of the fort at Montreal, which they held till October.

1690—Capture of Port Royal by Sir Wm. Phipps, and unsuccessful attack upon Quebec. 1692—Population of New France, 12,431.

1698—Death of Frontenac. Population, 13,355.

1713—Treaty of Utrecht, by which Hudson's Bay and adjacent territory, Nova Scotia (Acadia) and Newfoundland were ceded to the English.

1720—Population of New France, 24,434, and of St. John Island (Prince Edward Island) about 100. 1739—Population of New France, 42,701.

1745—Louisbourg, Cape Breton, taken by the English.

1748—Restoration of Louisbourg to the French in exchange for Madras by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.

1749—June 21—The City of Halifax founded by Lord Halifax. 2,544 British emigrants brought out by the Hon. Edward Cornwallis, the first English governor of Nova Scotia.

1752—March 23—Issue of the Halifax *Gazette*, the first paper published in Canada.

1755—Expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia, about 6,000.

1758—July 26—Final capture of Louisbourg by the English.

1759—July 26—Capture of Fort Niagara by the English under General Mifflin, who was killed during the assault. June 25—Commencement of the Siege of Quebec. September 12—Battle of the Plains of Abraham and defeat of the French by General Wolfe, who was killed on the field. Loss of the English, 700, and of the French, 1,500. September 13—Death of General Montcalm, commander of the French forces. September 18—Capitulation of Quebec to General Townshend.

1760—April—Unsuccessful attack on Quebec by General de Lévis. September 8—Capitulation of Montreal, and completion of the conquest of Canada. Population of New France, 70,000.

1762—British population of Nova Scotia, 8,104.

1763—February 10—Treaty of Paris signed, by which France ceded and granted to His Britannic Majesty in full right "Canada with all its dependencies." General Murray was the first Governor General of the Province of Quebec.

1764—June 21—Issue of the Quebec *Gazette*. (This has generally been

considered as the first paper published in Canada, but the Halifax *Gazette*, though lasting barely two years, has undoubtedly the claim to priority.) In this year Pontiac, Chief of the Ottawas, organized a conspiracy for a simultaneous rising among the Indian tribes, and a general massacre of the British. The plan was successfully carried out in several places, where not a soul was left alive, but finally the Indians were forced to succumb.

1766—General Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, appointed Governor General.

1770—St. John's Island (Prince Edward Island) made into a separate Province, with Walter Patterson the first Governor. The first meeting of the House of Assembly took place in July, 1773.

1774—The Quebec Act passed. This Act gave the French Canadians the free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, the enjoyment of their civil rights, and the protection of their own civil laws and customs. It annexed large territories to the Province of Quebec, provided for the appointment by the Crown of a Legislative Council, and for the administration of the criminal law as in use in England.

1775—Outbreak of the American Revolution, and invasion of Canada by the Americans; every place of importance rapidly fell into their hands, with the exception of Quebec, in an attack upon which General Montgomery was defeated and killed on December 31.

1776—Reinforcements arrived from England, and the Americans were finally driven out of Canada.

1778—June 3—First issue of the Montreal *Gazette*. This paper is still published.

1783—September 3—Signing of the Treaty of Paris, and definition of the boundary line between Canada and the United States, viz., the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence, the 45th parallel of north latitude, the highlands dividing the waters falling into the Atlantic from those emptying themselves into the St. Lawrence and the St. Croix River.

1784—Population of Canada, 113,012. (United Empire Loyalists in Upper Canada not included.)

1785—May 18—Date of Charter of St. John, N. B., the oldest incorporated town in Canada.

1784—British population of Nova Scotia, 32,000 (about 11,000 Acadians not included). Separation from Nova Scotia, and erection into a new Province of New Brunswick; population, 112,357. About this time began the migration into Canada and Nova Scotia of the United Empire Loyalists, as they were called, that is, of those settlers in the American States who had remained faithful to the British cause. This migration lasted for several years, and though it is not possible that the number altogether was not less than 40,000, the Loyalists were well treated by the British Government, and large grants of land were made to them in various parts of the country. The banks of the St. Lawrence and shores of Lake Ontario in particular were settled by about 10,000, on lands allotted to them by the Government.

1785—Re-introduction of the right of *habeas corpus*.

1791—Division of the Province of Quebec into two Provinces, viz., Upper and Lower Canada. Each Province to have a Lieutenant Governor, and a Legislature composed of a House of Assembly and a Legislative Council. The members of the Council were to be appointed by the Lieutenant Governor for life, those of the Assembly to be elected by the people for four years. Population of the two Provinces, 161,311.

1792—September 17—First meeting of the Parliament of Upper Canada at Newark (Niagara), under Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe. The House of Assembly consisted of sixteen members. December 17—Opening of the Legislature of Lower Canada, at Quebec, by General Clarke. The House of Assembly consisted of fifty members.

1793—Abolition of slavery in Upper Canada.

1797—The seat of Government of Upper Canada removed from Niagara to York (Toronto).

1798—The name of St. John's Island changed to that of Prince Edward Island, in honor of the Duke of Kent, the change to take effect in 1800. Population, 4,500.

1800—November 22—Issue of *La Canadien*, the first newspaper printed entirely in France. Population of Upper Canada, 70,218, and of Lower Canada, 250,000.

1812—War declared between Great Britain and the United States. August 11—Surrender of Detroit by the Americans under General Hull to General Brock. October 13—Battle of Queenston Heights, and defeat of the Americans.

Death of General Brock. November—Defeat of General Dearborn by Colonel de Salaberry at Lacolle River.

1813—April 25—Capture of York by the Americans. June 3—Battle of Stony Creek and defeat of the Americans. September—Battle of Moravian town. Retreat of the British, and death of the Indian chief Tecumseh.

October 26—Battle of Chateaugay. Defeat of three thousand Americans under General Hampton by Colonel de Salaberry and four hundred French-Canadian militia. November 11—Battle of Chrysler's Farm, defeat and rout of General Wilkinson and the Americans by the Canadian militia under Colonel Morrison.

1814—July 25—Battle of Lundy's Lane, and defeat of the Americans.

December 24—War terminated by the Treaty of Ghent. Population of Upper Canada, 95,000, and of Lower Canada, 335,000.

1818—October 30—Convention signed at London regulating the rights of Americans in the British North American fisheries.

1821—Commencement of the Lachine Canal. First vessel passed through in 1825.

1831—Population of Upper Canada, 236,702; Lower Canada, 553,134.

1833—August 5—The steamer Royal Waiat left Quebec and arrived at Gravesend on September 12th following. This boat was built at Quebec during 1830-31, and was the first steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic.

1836—July 2—Opening of the railroad from La Prairie to St. John's—the first railroad in Canada.

1837-38—Outbreak of rebellion in both Provinces. It was suppressed in Upper Canada by the Militia, and in Lower Canada by British troops.

1840—Death of Lord Durham, to whose exertions the subsequent union of the Provinces was mainly due.

1841—February 10—Union of the two Provinces under the name of the Province of Canada, and establishment of Responsible Government. The Legislature was to consist of a Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly, each Province to be represented by 62 members, 42 elected by the people and 20 appointed by the Crown. Population of Upper Canada, 455,686. May 17—Land-slide from the Citadel Rock, Quebec, and 32 persons killed. June 13—Opening of the first united Parliament at Kingston, by Lord Sydenham.

1842—August 9—Settlement of the boundary line between Canada and the United States by the Ashburton Treaty.

1844—Population of Lower Canada, 607,084.

1845—Large fires in the City of Quebec; 25,000 people rendered homeless.

1847—Telegraph line established between Quebec, Montreal and Toronto.

1848—The St. Lawrence Canals opened for navigation.

1849—April 25—Riot in Montreal over the passage of the Rebellion Losses Bill, and burning of the Parliament Library at Montreal.

1850—The first sod of the Northern Railway turned by Lady Elgin. The road was opened from Toronto to Bradford on June 13, 1853, and was the first locomotive railroad in operation in Upper Canada.

1851—Transfer of the control of the postal system from the British to the Provincial Governments, and adoption of a uniform rate of postage, viz. three pence per half ounce. The use of postage stamps was also introduced. Population of Upper Canada, 525,004; of Lower Canada, 890,261; of New Brunswick, 193,800; and of Nova Scotia, 27,853.

1852—Commencement of the Grand Trunk Railway.

1852—The number of members in the Legislative Assembly was increased from 84 to 130, being 65 from each Province. May 9—First ocean steamer arrived at Quebec.

1854—January 27—Main line of the Great Western Railway opened for traffic. Abolition of Seigneurial Tenure in Lower Canada, and settlement of the Clergy Reserves question. June 5—Reciprocity treaty with the United States, signed at Washington. It provided for mutual rights of fishing in certain Canadian and American waters, for the free interchange of the products of the sea, the soil, the forest and the mine; it allowed Americans the use of the St. Lawrence River and Canadian canals on the same terms as British subjects, and gave to Canadians the right to navigate Lake Michigan. This treaty was to last ten years.

1856—The Legislative Council was made an elective chamber.

1857—March 12—Desjardins Canal railway accident, 70 lives lost.

1858—Adoption of the decimal system of currency. Selection by the Queen of the City of Ottawa as the Capital of the Dominion and permanent seat of Government. April—Gold found in British Columbia. September—Gold found in Tangier River, N. S.

1860—August 25—Opening of the Victoria Bridge by the Prince of Wales. This bridge crosses the St. Lawrence at Montreal on the line of the Grand Trunk Railway. It is the largest iron tubular bridge in the world, is sixty feet high in the center and nearly two miles in length. September 1—Laying of the corner stone of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa by the Prince of Wales. These buildings, together with the Department Buildings, have been erected at a total cost, up to June 30, 1890, of \$4,884,678.

1861—Population of Upper Canada, 1,396,091; of Lower Canada, 1,111,566; of New Brunswick, 252,047; of Nova Scotia, 330,857; of Prince Edward Island, 80,857; of Vancouver's Island, exclusive of Indians 5,024.

1866—March 17—Termination of the Reciprocity Treaty, in consequence of notice given by the United States. June 1—Invasion of Canada by Fenians, battle of Ridgeway and retreat of the volunteers. June 3—Withdrawal of the Fenians into the United States. June 8—First meeting of Parliament in the new buildings at Ottawa. At this meeting the final resolutions necessary to effect the Confederation of the Provinces were passed.

1867—February 10—The British North America Act passed by the Imperial Legislature. July 1—Union of the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick under the name of the Dominion of Canada. The names of Upper and Lower Canada were changed to Ontario and Quebec respectively.

Lord Monck was the first Governor General of the Dominion, and the first Parliament met on November 6, Sir John A. Macdonald being Premier.

1868—April 7—Hon. T. D'Arcy McGee, M.P., murdered at Ottawa. July 31—The Rupert's Land Act passed by the Imperial Government providing for the acquisition by the Dominion of the North-West Territories.

1869—June 22—Bill passed providing for the Government of the North-West Territories. October 20—Hon. Wm. Macdougall appointed Lieutenant-Governor. Red River Rebellion. November 19—Deed of surrender signed, Hudson's Bay Company to Her Majesty.

1870—March 4—Thomas Scott shot at Fort Garry. September 24—

Arrival at Fort Garry of the expedition under Colonel (Lord) Wolseley, when the rebels were found to have dispersed. May 25—Fenians crossed the frontier at Trout River in Quebec, but were driven back by the volunteers. July 15—

Addition of the North-West Territories to the Dominion and admission of the Province of Manitoba into the Confederation. This Province was made out of a portion of the newly acquired territory.

1871—May 8—Signing of the Treaty of Washington. July 20—Admission of British Columbia into the Confederation. Population of the four Provinces, of British Columbia, 18,994; of British Columbia, 32,224; and of Prince Edward Island, 94,021; total 303,500. November 11—The last regular troops left Quebec. 1872—Death of George E. Cartier, in London. July 1—Admission of Prince Edward Island into the Confederation.

1873—May 2—Abolition of dual representation.

1876—Opening of the Intercolonial Railway from Quebec to Halifax.

1877—June 20—Great fire in St. John, New Brunswick. November 23—Award of Halifax Fisheries Commission of the sum of \$5,500,000 to be paid by the United States to the Imperial Government.

1879—Adoption of a Protective Tariff, otherwise called the National Policy.

1880—Death of the Hon. George Brown. October 21—Contract signed for the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. This contract was subsequently ratified by 44 Vics. c. 1 (1881).

1881—April 4—Population of the Dominion, 4,315,810. May 2—First sod turned by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

1882—June 22—Legality of the Canada Temperance Act confirmed by the Privy Council. August 23—The seat of Government for the North-West Territories received the name of Regina.

1883—March 26—Outbreak of rebellion in the North-West; commencement of hostilities at Duck Lake. April 2—Massacre at Frog Lake. April 14—Fort Pitt abandoned. April 24—Engagement at Fish Creek. May 12—Battle of Batoche, and defeat of the rebels. May 26—Surrender of Poundmaker. July 1—Termination of the fishery clauses of the Washington Treaty.

July 2—Capture of Big Bear, and final suppression of the rebellion. Total loss of the Militia and Volunteers under fire: killed, 38; wounded, 112. The rebel loss could not be ascertained. November 7—Driving of the last spike of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

1886—May 4—Opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition in London. June 13—Town of Vancouver totally destroyed by fire. June 28—First through train left Montreal for Vancouver.

1887—April 4—Important conference in London between representatives of the principal Colonies and the Imperial Government. Canada was represented by Sir Alexander Campbell and Mr. Sanford Fleming. June 14—First C. P. R. steamship arrived at Vancouver from Yokohama. November 15—Meeting of the Fisheries Commission at Washington.

1888—March 15—Signing of the Fishery Treaty at Washington. August—Rejection of the Fishery Treaty by the United States Senate.

1889—September 19—Landslide (second) from Citadel Rock, Quebec. 43 persons killed.

1890—May 6—Longue Pointe Lunatic Asylum, near Montreal, destroyed by fire; over 70 lives lost. The buildings had been erected at a cost of \$113,232. October 6—McKinley Tariff Bill came into operation in the United States.

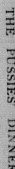
1891—Sir John Macdonald died.

## LIST OF THE GOVERNORS GENERAL OF CANADA.

CANADA.		BRITISH.		TITLE.	
1791	John Graves Simcoe	1791	H. Hamilton	1791	Gov. and Com. in Chief
1792	James Carleton	1792	H. Hope	1792	President
1793	Marquis de La Roche	1793	Lord Dorchester	1793	Governor General
1794	Sir Charles Mordaunt	1794	Lord Prescott	1794	Lieutenant Governor
1795	Captain Sir John B. B. Milnes	1795	Sir J. Craig	1795	Governor General
1796	Captain Sir J. B. B. Milnes	1796	Sir J. Prevost	1796	Governor General
1797	Lord Mordaunt	1797	Sir J. Prevost	1797	Governor General
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1878	Lord Mordaunt	1878	Sir J. Prevost	1878	Governor General
1879	Lord Mordaunt	1879	Sir J. Prevost	1879	Governor General
1880	Lord Mordaunt	1880	Sir J. Prevost	1880	Governor General
1881	Lord Mordaunt	1881	Sir J. Prevost	1881	Governor General
1882	Lord Mordaunt	1882	Sir J. Prevost	1882	Governor General
1883	Lord Mordaunt	1883	Sir J. Prevost	1883	Governor General
1884	Lord Mordaunt	1884	Sir J. Prevost	1884	Governor General
1885	Lord Mordaunt	1885	Sir J. Prevost	1885	Governor General
1886	Lord Mordaunt	1886	Sir J. Prevost	1886	Governor General
1887	Lord Mordaunt	1887	Sir J. Prevost	1887	Governor General
1888	Lord Mordaunt	1888	Sir J. Prevost	1888	Governor General
1889	Lord Mordaunt	1889	Sir J. Prevost	1889	Governor General
1890	Lord Mordaunt	1890	Sir J. Prevost	1890	Governor General
1891	Lord Mordaunt	1891	Sir J. Prevost	1891	Governor General

## UPPER CANADA—FROM THE DIVISION IN 1791 TO THE UNION IN 1858.

NAMES.		TITLES.	
1791	Col. John Graves Simcoe	1791	Sir F. Philippe Robinson
1792	Hon. Peter Russell	1815	His Excellency F. Gore
1793	Lt. Gen. Peter Hunter	1817	Hon. Samuel
1794	Sir Isaac Brock	1820	Sir Perrin Maitland
1812	Sir R. Hale Sheaffe	1821	Sir John Colborne
1813	M <sup>rs</sup> . J. R. Clark	1822	Sir Francis Bodd Head
1814	Sir Gordon Drummond	1823	Sir George Arthur
1815	Sir George Murray		



THE PUSSIES' DINNER

	TITLE.
Robinson	Prov. Lieut. Govern
F. Gore,	Lieutenant Govern
Smith	Administrator,
W. Smith	Lieutenant Govern
W. Smith	"
W. Smith	"
W. Smith	"
W. Smith	"

## THE SHORTEST DREAM ON RECORD.

We were discussing the wonderful short time in which a very long dream may be dreamed by a dreamer whose dreamery is in good working order and geared up for fast work.

The printer editor had worked off the ancient Egyptian chestnut of the philosopher who accidentally tipped over a small water bottle just as he dropped asleep, and after dreaming a forty-eight column nonpareil dream, awoke to find the water not yet all run out.

I had told my famous story of the man who was overcome with slumber just as the clock was striking midnight, dreamed a long, complicated dream that it took him half of the next day to tell to his junior clerk, who couldn't get away, and awoke to hear the last three of the twelve strokes.

One of our interviewers had sat silently listening, but now he braced up manfully, and with a look of desperate resolve he began:

"I had an even more wonderful experience than those you have been relating, gentlemen, myself. I had been out interviewing strikers, and when I got into the office, and handed in my last bit of copy, I was dead beat out. I came over here to my corner and dropped into this chair, and was asleep before I struck the cushion. I straightway began to dream. I lived a whole lifetime, from a little babe to old age. Every step of my education, every difficult lesson, was received in detail, even into intricate geometrical problems. I fell in love, courted and married three different girls, committed a murder, lived through every incident of a long trial, and served a sentence of twenty years, every day of which was distinct and full of minute incidents of prison life.

"Sailed on a three years' voyage around the world, and in the last month of the last year was wrecked on a desert island; captured by cannibals; nearly crushed by a boa constrictor; rescued by the Russians, only to be sentenced to Siberia, from which I escaped and wandered through the Arctic regions for months. Did splendid work as a reporter on a morning newspaper for several years, and the editor was just about to make me his assistant, when I suddenly awoke. Someone had placed a pin in that chair, and I had dreamed that entire dream between the moment when I had started to sit down and when I struck that pin."

After the puzzle editor and I arose, put on our coats in beaten silence, and went home to bed.

## SHE'S NEVER BEEN JEALOUS SINCE.

Mrs. Bellefield is very jealous of her husband, and her friends know of her failing. One of them had a little fun at her expense the other day in consequence of this trait.

Toward the close of an afternoon call Mrs. Dukane said to her:

"Oh, by the way, I saw your husband to-day at the conversation."

"Yes? He seemed to be enjoying himself, I suppose?"

"He did, indeed. Was he ever in love with Miss Dinwiddie before he married you?"

"I'm sure I don't know, but it's quite likely. Was she at the conversation?"

"Yes; and I saw her benighted towards your husband and say something in a confidential low voice."

"You didn't catch any of the conversation?"

"No."

Mrs. Dukane took her departure, and Mrs. Bellefield waited impatiently for her husband's return home that evening.

"Oh, you shameless man!" she exclaimed, as he took off his overcoat and hung it on the hall rack.

"What's the matter now?" he asked, in deep surprise.

"There you are, putting on an innocent face, as if the whole town wasn't talking about your flirtations with the Dinwiddie girl."

"Flirtations!" he repeated, in a dazed sort of way.

"Yes, flirtations! Now, don't pretend she wasn't at the conversation to-day."

"Yes; she was there."

"Oh, you'll admit that much, will you?"

"Certainly."

"Then what were you and she talking so confidentially about?"

"We weren't talking confidentially."

"I suppose she didn't even speak to you?"

"Yes, she did."

"Ah! Now I've got you. Tell me what she said?"

"She was one of the waitresses, and she asked me if I would take coffee or tea."

## LABOR DAYS IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

It is quite appropriate just now to compare the number of labor days of different places in the world. The inhabitants of Central Russia labor fewest days in the year—to wit, 207. Then comes Lower Canada, with 270; followed by Scotland, 275; England, 278; Portugal, 283; Russian Poland, 288; Spain, 290; Austria and the Russian Baltic Provinces, 295; Italy, 298; Bavaria, Belgium, Brazil and Luxembourg, 300; Saxony, France, Finland, Württemberg, Switzerland, Denmark and Norway, 302; Sweden, 324; Prussia and Ireland, 305; United States, 309; Holland, 308; and Hungary, 312.

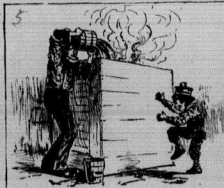
## VERY MUCH PUT OUT.



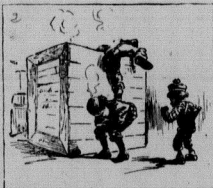
A pack of paper cigarettes is found by Tim O'Hare, which little Brother Willy knows they will not let him share.



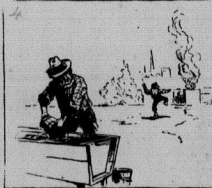
"Now just you sneak!" says Tim O'Hare, "and don't you start here crying! I'll get out for de here boys, I'll see 'em home a'-guin."



Thus you may see how Willy has a chance to vent his fire. As on their hands, by proxy, he keeps watery coals of fire.



Into an empty packing box then each one helps the other, Tim O'Hare and all the boys, except the little brother.



Then Willy has a happy thought, the while the smoke curls higher. He goes and tells the stableman his boxes are on fire.



"You may be old enough," says Bill, "to smoke a cigarette; but den, you see, I'm smart enough to keep out of der wet."

## THE CONVERSATION FIEND.

They were in a first-class coach of one of the Grand Trunk express trains running from Montreal to Toronto. The question was asked by a long-nosed, thin-lipped man with pointed chin, scanty whiskers, a sloch-shat, and a hungry expression of countenance. He was resting his feet on the opposite seat of the coach, which seat was partially occupied by a passenger in a gray check suit. The passenger addressed turned partly round and took a look at his questioner.

"Yes, I am going to Oshawa," he replied. "My business there is to sell four shares of bank stock, dispose of my interest in a farm of eighty acres, ten miles from the town, and invest the proceeds in a clothing establishment. I am from Alexandria, in Glengarry county. I got into the train at Cornwall at 9:35 this morning. It was forty-five minutes behind time. My ticket cost me \$13.30. Had my breakfast about an hour ago. Paid thirty-five cents for it. This cigar cost me five cents or six for a quarter. I have been a smoker for thirteen years. My name is Thomas Williams. I am thirty-nine years old, have a wife and four children, and am a member of the Congregational church. I was formerly a druggist, but sold out to a man named Treadway, and I am not in any business now. I am worth, perhaps, \$10,000. My father was a cooper, and his father was a sea-captain. My wife's name was Carr before I married her. Her father was a surveyor. The children have all had the mumps, chicken-pox and measles. When I reach Oshawa I expect to stop at an hotel."

He stopped. The long-nosed man regarded him a moment with interest, and then asked, in a dissatisfied way:

"What did your great-grandfather do for a livin'?"



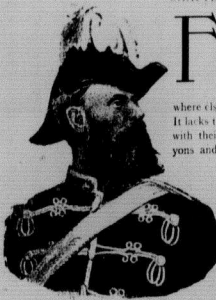


OUR GIRLS.

## Episodes of the Reil Rebellion.

By GEORGE B. BROOKS

### CHAPTER I.



GENERAL STRANGE.

**F**AR north of the north branch of the Saskatchewan river is a locality of surpassing loveliness. Grand scenery can be seen in several other portions of the Dominion of Canada, but it is doubtful if anywhere else the general landscape is so pleasing. It lacks the stupendous features of the Rockies, with their snow-covered peaks, glaciers, canyons and waterfalls; the weird sublimity and loneliness of the Sauguey river, but for pastoral beauty and for pretty peeps of scenery that portion of the Dominion east of the Rockies, west of Lake Winnipeg and the Nelson and Churchill rivers, north of the Saskatchewan and bounded on the north by the Bad Lands, and that portion of territory which is under the shadow of the Arctic Circle, has a beauty of its own not surpassed in England or in beautiful Prince Edward Island. It is a rolling country of deep black soil, rising in places to the dignity of hills, well wooded and full of clear lakes, rivers and streams. Game, large and small, abounds—moose, caribou, elk, antelope, bear, deer, all kinds of fur-bearing animals and wild fowl of every description. Scattered throughout it, but miles apart, are the forts and trading posts of the Hudson Bay company around some of which the Indians and their first cousins, the Half-breeds, have made their encampments and which are their hunting headquarters—a primitive people as yet, innocent of the trickery, cunning and wiles of their brethren further to the south of them. It is the last spot in all Canada where one would suppose the passions of men would urge them to deeds of violence, to murder and wholesale massacre, to robbery and arson, yet it was in that peaceful, lovely stretch of country that occurred, in 1885, one of the blackest deeds and subsequent thrilling incidents that have blackened the annals of Canadian history.

I am not going to discuss the causes which culminated in the Canadian North-West Rebellion of 1885. They have been made the subject of party political discussions, and can be left to the party politicians to decide. It is sufficient to state that, urged on by Louis Reil, Gabriel Dumont and others, a number of the Indians and Half-breeds of the North-West took up arms against the authority of the Dominion Government early in 1885 and declared themselves in open rebellion to its authority. The first conflict between the forces of the Government and the rebels, as they were then and have since been called, occurred at Duck Lake, near the south branch of the Saskatchewan river, where a number of mounted police and mounted volunteers from Prince Albert were fired upon by an amass of Indians and Half-breeds, were defeated with nine killed and half as many more wounded, and were forced to beat a hasty retreat to Prince Albert, setting fire to Fort Carlton on the way to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. All this occurred early in the month of March; and when the news was flashed to Winnipeg and from there to eastern Canada, the excitement was intense. Event succeeded event in rapid succession. No sooner was the defeat of the Mounted Police at Duck Lake confirmed than reports came of the massacre of white settlers at Frog Lake, the seizure of Battleford, the stampede of frightened settlers into the fort at Edmonton, the concentration of rebels at Batoche and the dissatisfaction of the Blackfeet in the west, the Chippeways in the north and their rumored revolt. News of a definite character was hard to obtain, the one solitary telegraph wire which penetrated the disturbed section of the country having been cut by the rebels, creating a suspense which intensified the excitement and which magnified the rumors of their awfulness.

The Dominion Government, parliament being then in session at Ottawa, acted promptly. By agreement the rival politicians refrained from acrimonious arguments and squabbles regarding the cause of the rebellion, leaving that question to be settled at a later date, and united in taking vigorous measures to put down the uprising. A call to arms was issued and from the Atlantic to the Pacific it was responded to with alacrity. The Government wanted five thousand men—ten times that number expressed their willingness to go, and every Canadian militia regiment held itself in readiness to execute the order for active service at the front, which it was hoped would be sent to it. Recruits offered their services by hundreds; there was a general furnishing up of arms, a careful perusal of the military manuals and text books, and lucky indeed were the regiments considered which received the order to march.

At that time I held a first lieutenant's commission in the 91st battalion of Canadian Militia, or the Winnipeg Light Infantry, a regiment of seven companies, 375 strong, and under the command of the late Col. Osborne Smith, with headquarters at Winnipeg. To go into any details

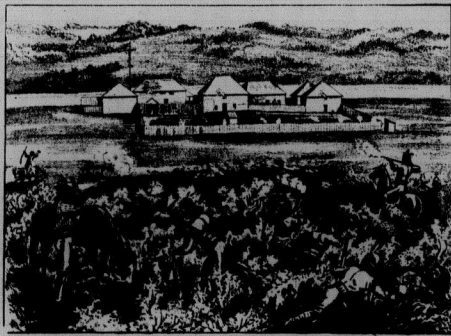
of the plan of campaign is unnecessary at this late date; it is sufficient to say that the command in chief of the Government forces devolved upon Sir Fred Middleton, at that time the Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian Militia, and that he divided his forces into three parts, one of which, under his own immediate command, was to proceed from Qu'Appelle north-west to the relief of Prince Albert; the second, under command of Lieut.-Col. Otter, to proceed to the relief of Battleford; and the third, under the command of General Strange, a retired officer of the Imperial army, to the relief of Edmonton, and thence to Frog Lake and Fort Pitt, all three places at that time believed to be surrounded by rebels and in a state of siege. The 91st battalion was ordered to report itself to General Strange and to take part in the expedition under his command for the relief of Edmonton.

Never did a regiment of volunteers leave a city with more alacrity and enthusiasm for active service, than did the 91st leave Winnipeg. Every company in it was up to its full strength, and as the boys marched down the main street of Winnipeg one glorious spring afternoon in early April to take a special train to Calgary, they were the recipients of hearty cheers and thousands of warm handshakings from a crowded multitude, the Lieut. Governor of the Province wishing them a hearty good-bye and God-speed at the depot. On arriving at Calgary the regiment went into camp for ten days, a delay made necessary owing to the difficulty experienced in obtaining teams for transportation purposes, but a delay turned to good account in drilling and practicing military evolutions. At last all was ready and the column, consisting of the 66th regiment of Montreal or Mount Royal Rifles; four companies of the 91st, the other companies having been sent to Gleichen, Fort McLeod, and one left at Calgary; twenty-five mounted police with a field gun under the command of Captain Perry and about eighty mounted scouts, under command of Inspector Steele, started on its long journey of over two hundred miles to Edmonton.

Just what had actually occurred at Edmonton at that time was not known. As already stated there was no telegraphic communication with the district and the rumors flying about were sensational, to say the least. The stage from there had not arrived in Calgary for some weeks, and the worst was feared. What was believed to be true was that the settlers in that district had sought refuge and were imprisoned in the fort; that Fort Pitt had been captured by the rebels and the Mounted Police driven away, and that all the settlers in the Frog Lake settlement had been cruelly massacred. To find out the truth of these ugly rumors and to put matters to rights again, was General Strange's duty.

After a tedious march of eleven days, a march rendered more tedious by the swollen condition of the rivers and creeks to be crossed, the column reached Edmonton one fine Sunday afternoon, and went into camp on the Hudson Bay flats, immediately under cover of the fort. Everything was quiet at Edmonton, not an Indian having been seen in the neighborhood for days; but what had occurred at Fort Pitt and Frog Lake was still doubtful. After two days' rest the four companies of the 91st, two companies of the 66th, with the field piece, embarked on flat boats and proceeded down the Saskatchewan to Fort Victoria—half way between Edmonton and Fort Pitt—the Mounted Police and mounted scouts proceeding to the same place by land.

Fort Victoria had been looted by a band of Indians just ten days before the column reached there. Properly speaking, it is not a fort, merely a Hudson Bay Company trading post, a few small log huts surrounding one of larger dimensions which is used as a store. The store had been broken into and the factor and his assistants driven away, several hundred dollars' worth of furs stolen, together with bags of flour and sugar, sides of bacon, canned meats and packages of tea. The furs, some of the flour and bacon and other truck had been carried away by the Indians, but a great portion of it had been cached in a large hole in the bank of the river and this was secured and appropriated for the use of Her Majesty's loyal forces. Strict military discipline was once more enforced at Fort Victoria. No straggling, no wandering away from the camp,



THE ATTACK ON FORT PITT.

was permitted and both day and night a strong picket both on shore and on the river was told off. For two days the force remained at the Fort and then the journey eastward to Frog Lake was recommenced, the two companies of the 65th proceeding by the boats and river to Fort Pitt.

It was Queen's Birthday, Sunday, the 24th of May, 1885, when the column halted for the night about a mile from the Frog Lake settlement. Not a living soul had been met since Edmonton had been left, and the truth or untruthfulness of the rumors regarding the massacre was still in doubt. That morning broke raw, wet and cold, after a night of heavy rain, lightning and thunder. It was a cheerless task turning out at daybreak, to don wet clothes, pack up wet tents, and resume a march with sore feet, and not a few in the 91st concluded that soldiering at the front in a hostile country was not the pleasant affair it is on the streets of a city.

At church parade Sunday morning, when the men formed in hollow square under a leaden sky, they were addressed by General Strange. He alluded to the hardships of the journey and to the cheerfulness with which they had borne them. He pointed out that the column was only a few hours' march from the Frog Lake settlement and that the fate of the settlers there would be known in a short time before the sun set again; and he concluded by calling on all to give three cheers for the Queen in honor of her birthday. The cheers were given with heartiness, and onward once more the column proceeded, very cautiously, with a strong advance guard. As the sun mounted higher and higher, the clouds rolled away, the wind lulled and the day turned out beautifully fine, and when the force halted for the night, about a mile from the settlement, the evening was as glorious as anyone could desire.

After the evening meal the General had a consultation with his staff officers, the result of which was that a troop of scouts and one company of the 91st were ordered to reconnoitre in the direction of the settlement, about a mile and a half distant, and report what they saw, but in no event, if Indians were seen, to engage them, but in that case to fall back on the main body. It was my duty to accompany the company of the 91st sent out for this purpose, and it resulted in a sight so horrible that the remembrance of it is painful, even after so long a time has elapsed.

Frog Lake is a small but very pretty sheet of water, clear as crystal and studded with small islands, some of them mere points of rocks, others an acre or more in extent. The settlement of the same name is a good five miles from the lake, situated on Frog Creek, which flows out of the lake and finds its way into the Saskatchewan. There are few spots in Canada as pretty as the country around that settlement. It reminds one of English park scenery, plenty of trees but no underbrush; soft grass, plenty of wild flowers, principally roses, and everything green and fresh-looking. The country is not flat; on the contrary, it is hilly, some of the hills rising to a very respectable eminence, something like the wolds of Lincolnshire in England or the combes of Devonshire. At the settlement a dam had been built across the creek, making a mill-pond, and just below a saw-mill had been erected, not far from which was the Roman Catholic church and mission house, the center of the settlement, and around which were some twenty cabins, each having its small garden plot in front. It was a pretty place and when the advance party sent forward by General Strange to reconnoitre, first came in sight of it and halted, there was but one opinion, that no lovelier spot had been seen since Winnipeg had been left.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening when the settlement was first sighted, the sun still high, the birds still singing, and altogether a beautiful, warm, balmy spring evening. But what a cruel sight the settlement itself presented. Every cabin in it bore the marks of fire. Doors were off and windows broken. In some instances the roofs were gone and the gable ends torn out, and in the little garden plots were to be seen the remains of hacked and broken furniture, farm utensils and agricultural implements; the mill was a complete ruin, more than half burnt down, the circular saws twisted, broken and scattered about. The church had not been spared. Its roof was gone, one end of it was a mass of charred timber, the bell that once swung in its little belfry was broken and lying in the church-yard almost hidden in the grass; even the few wooden crosses and grave-stones had not been spared, but had been torn from the ground and were strewn about the mounds marking the graves. But perhaps the most pathetic sight and remembrance of what had once been a peaceful settlement, peopled by industrious Ontario and Quebec yonians, was the torn books, scraps of letters and dilapidated pictures lying around the burnt cabins. Many of the books, or rather what remained of them, were of a religious char-

acter, some in English, some in French; others were school books, and on the fly-leaves were the names of those who had once moved and perished there. Not a living soul was to be seen about the place, the only welcome the soldiers receiving being from a poor half-starved collie dog, which stood in the doorway of one of the cabins wagging his tail, but apparently afraid to trust himself further. That poor brute was subsequently adopted by the 91st, was christened Riel, became a great pet, accompanying the regiment to Winnipeg. But the saddest sight, and one which made strong men weep, was to be seen inside the ruined church. On the fence around the building were a number of hawks, kites and eagles, and other birds of prey, so fat and lazy, so gorged with food that they were scarcely able to rise and fly away when disturbed. The church had a basement, and in it was revealed the secret of the Frog Lake massacre.

In one corner of that basement, lying one upon the other, and evidently thrown there after death, were the bodies of four dead men, all terribly decomposed. It was a shocking and sickening sight. Every head had been scalped, the features were unrecognizable, having been saturated in oil and then set fire to, for they were all charred and burnt. The hands and feet had been cut off and the arm and leg bones protruded. The hearts had been cut out and other indignities had been practised of the most savage kind. By what remained of their clothes it was evident that two of the victims were the Roman Catholic priests who once had charge of the mission; the other two were evidently laymen. It would be impossible to adequately express the indignation and horror which all felt when the ghastly find was seen. Strong men, men who wore medals honorably won in the Imperial Army, men who had seen and faced death in hard-fought battles, men who were not given to sentimental weakness but were more reckless than soldiers—those men as they viewed the horrible sight broke down and blubbered like babies. As the day-

light waned and darkness set in, lanterns had to be lighted and lowered into that basement, and by their dim glare the horror of that scene was intensified that was possible. There was no furniture in the basement, not the wrecked or broken remains of any, and the floor was the hard-ened soil. To what particular use that basement had been put was hard to determine, but it was not destined to be the grave of those four victims of Indian cruelty and treachery.

Word of what had been found was sent to General Strange and just before dark a strong fatigue party arrived from the camp having with it shovels, picks, ropes, tarpaulins and carpenter's tools. It was not an easy matter getting those bodies out of the basement to the surface. Working in a disgusting atmosphere and by the dim light of a few lanterns, with great trouble tarpaulins were eventually passed

slowly hauled up to the surface, when the bodies had been engaged in this unpleasant operation, others had dug four graves in the little churchyard, others had taken boards from the ruined cottages and had constructed four rude coffins, while others had fashioned four wooden crosses. Just at break of day all was ready for lowering the bodies into the graves, a rite solemnly and decently performed, the liturgy for the dead of the Roman Catholic church being read over the corpse of the two priests by a Roman Catholic officer of the 91st, and the beautiful service of the Anglican church over the other two corpses, by Colonel Osborne Smith. It was a sad party that stood around these four graves that bright, beautiful morning, and no four men were more reverently interred by strangers than were those four victims of the rebellion. After the service had been read, the graves were filled in, the crosses were planted at the head of them, roses and other wild flowers were strewn on the mounds, and as the birds carolled their morning hymns those who had been engaged in a sad duty returned to camp, vowing vengeance on the perpetrators of the massacre if the chance was ever afforded them, a vengeance that they took afterwards and which was life for life, seven of the Indians engaged in the terrible crime at Frog Lake being hung on the same scaffold at Battleford, singing their way and death songs to the very last.

#### CHAPTER II.

At last the doubts and mysteries which had for so long hung around the Frog Lake massacre were cleared up, the finding of the four bodies in the basement of the Roman Catholic church proving that a terrible tragedy had been enacted. The people of Canada were slow to believe that the "wards of the nation" had been guilty of so grave a crime, and the truthfulness of the reports which from time to time came from the North Saskatchewan district were



THE FROG LAKE MASSACRE.

questioned and denied. It was on April 17th that the newspapers of Canada published the first rumors of the outbreak—meagre in detail, but giving a list of the chief victims of the tragedy were the two Roman Catholic priests, Revs. Father Adelard Fafard and Father Felix M. Marchand, both belonging to the order of Oblates.



BIG BEAR.

again in this life. It is a curious contrast to find in that far distant, lonely land men of culture and high mental excellence devoting their lives to the civilization of wild Indians. I care not what particular form of belief the onlooker may hold, he is but a poor man who can witness such devotion and abnegation of self through the narrow glass of sectarian feeling and see in it nothing but the self-interested labor of persons holding opinions foreign to his own.

From those who were made prisoners at Frog Lake and who for long weary weeks were compelled to accompany their captors through muskeg and swamp, half-starved and in daily fear of their lives, the following particulars of the massacre were gleaned on their liberation from captivity after the fight at Frenchman's Butte, the latter end of May. Big Bear, a worthless, discontented Indian, had been prowling about the country between Battleford and Fort Pitt with his band for some months, stirring up discontent wherever he went. Partly by threats and partly by persuasion he induced the bands of Crees at Pitt, Onion Lake, Saddle Lake, Fort Victoria and Fort Chipewyan to join him, and together they went on the warpath, as motley and ill-favored a gang of vagabonds as ever defied government authority. On April 2 they visited the settlement at Frog Lake and invited the Indian agent there, T. T. Quinn, and others to a conference in their camp, the stated reason of the desired pow-wow being the insufficient quantity of provisions served out to the Indians. Quinn and his friends went to the camp and were immediately shot. Hearing the firing, Rev. Fathers Fafard and Marchand went over to the Indian camp and it was while they were administering the last rites of the Catholic Church to the wounded and dying, and while kneeling, that they were treacherously shot in the back, their bodies being burnt and mutilated afterwards. Those murdered, in addition to the two priests and the Indian agent, were John Delaney, M. Gowanlock (brother of ex-Ald. Gowanlock of Toronto), Charles Gossin, William Gilchrist and two others. Mrs. Gowanlock and Mrs. Delaney, at first reported murdered, were taken prisoners together with several others.

The Indians in the North Saskatchewan district were a motley crowd, some of them fine, manly fellows and thoroughly loyal; others a depraved, worthless lot, chronic grumblers and loafers. The leaders of the rebellion in that district were Big Bear, Red Phasant, Little Poplar, Dressy Man, and Wandering Spirit; the first mentioned a notorious vagabond and a coward to boot, the last named brave and crafty. In the days

before the Mounted Police were formed, the aboriginal races of the North Saskatchewan held a foremost place among the inhabitants of the North-West, and in point of numbers and in power were able to commit numerous depredations without punishment. That power was curtailed by the Mounted Police, but more or less there had always been discontent among the bands around Fort Pitt. The trouble was largely due to the influence of free-traders, mostly Half-breeds, men whose object was to obtain possession of all the furs the Indians might have to dispose of at the least cost to themselves, and to gain that end they spared no efforts. It was those traders who circulated the idea among the Indians that they suffered injustice at the hands of Government with alcohol and who prophesied the downfall of the company and the influx of settlers into the territory to occupy the hunting grounds and drive out the Indians. It was those men who were at the bottom of the trouble; men who traveled from band to band, from reserve to reserve, with their Red River carts and store of fire-water and cheap finery, and by mis-statements stirred up Indian discontent and by their trickery in barter led the way to Indian animosity against the whites. Again and again one can hear it said in the Territories, "The only good Indian is the dead Indian." If there are any who are disposed to deny this, I answer I have heard it said hundreds of times by men who in courage, honesty and self-respect were beneath the Indian. It is the same story from the Great Lakes to the Rockies, from the Arctic Circle to the Gulf of Mexico. First the white man was the welcome guest, the honored visitor, and he too often repaid his hosts by cheating them in trade barter; by dealing out to them fire-water and poison; by dishonoring their daughters and by introducing among them loathsome diseases. Terrible deeds have been committed among the Indians; deeds of cruelty, deeds of perfidious robbery, of rapacious infamy, committed by so-called civilized men more brutal by nature than the red men. No wonder that all this injustice bore bitter fruit and that the generous nature of the Indian, warped and distorted by a sense of wrong, was ready enough to be led astray and that neither missionaries nor Government agents were able to convince him of his error. The wonder is, not that a mere handful of Indians should have risen in rebellion, but that the vast majority of them should have remained loyal.

After the melancholy task of burying four of the victims of the Frog Lake massacre had been completed, those who had been engaged in it returned to camp to snatch a few minutes' well earned sleep and rest, but in that they were disappointed. A good hour before the usual time of sounding the reveille the buglers were at work, scouts sent out in advance having brought the news that they had sighted a strong band of Indians between the camp and Pitt and journeying towards the latter place. It was "strike tents, pack up and after them as fast as possible." All was hurry and bustle for a short time, and then the column resumed its march with strong guards in rear and advance, the ammunition and provision wagons in the center, covering the thirty miles between Frog Lake and the Fort between 3.30 a.m. and 5 p.m., as fast a bit of forced marching as was done during the campaign.

The country between Frog Lake and Pitt maintained its rich and beautiful appearance. Everywhere nature had written in unmistakable characters the story of the fertility of the soil; everywhere the eye looked upon panoramas filled with the beauty of lake and stream, grassy slope and undulating woodland. The country resembled one vast park and all day we marched through the beautiful land, with one brief halt at noon, arriving in the neighborhood of the Fort towards evening. During the day evidences were not wanting that Indians were about. A stray, gaunt yellow dog or two were observed, a



THE FIRST THREE PRISONERS—MEMBERS OF WHITE CAP'S BAND.

disabled cart was passed, and on the banks of one stream were the marks of a recent encampment of teepees with some of the fires near them still smouldering. Pitt is situated on the north bank of the Saskatchewan, ninety-eight miles west of Battleford, and two hundred and four east of Edmonton, on a low, rich flat



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about fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the river, and extending from it several hundred yards. At one time it was a strong post containing several blockhouses with watch towers, the whole surrounded by a strong and high stockade. But when the rebellion broke out its glory had departed. As the fur-bearing animals gradually disappeared, so the importance of the post and its trade diminished, and of late years Fort Pitt had been used principally as a Mounted Police station, the Hudson Bay Co.'s interest in it being of secondary importance. On the 15th day of April the place was surrounded by over one hundred Indians under the leadership of Big Bear and Little Poplar, and Inspector Dickens, a son of the famous novelist, was ordered to surrender with his twenty-five troopers and to give up the settlers who had taken refuge within the walls of the fort. Inspector Dickens refused, and the Indians attacked the place, but were defeated, having four killed and several wounded. They did not retire, however, and the next day shot and killed Trooper D. G. Cowan, who was returning to the fort from Onion Lake. Mr. McLean, the Hudson Bay Co.'s factor for that district, his wife, four daughters and five sons were in the fort, and with the consent of Inspector Dickens Mr. McLean went outside and had a parley with Big Bear. That interesting scallawag stated that if the police would be allowed to proceed to Battleford in peace, terms which Mr. McLean urged the Inspector to accept, which he did, and for which he has been severely censured since. The police floated down the river in a flat boat, reaching Battleford in safety, and the settlers, the Hudson Bay Co.'s factor and his family went into the Indian camp as prisoners. The next day the Indians burned the fort and destroyed the stockade around it.

Such were the bare facts of the evacuation of Pitt, but what had occurred in its neighborhood for over a month was not known. As we drew cautiously near the place we found it in ruins, all the block houses except one having been burnt, the fire still smouldering. A zeriba was formed by the wagons on the high land about a mile or less from the fort and overlooking it; the horses and mules were placed inside, and that done, attention was paid to putting out the smouldering timbers. Water was passed from the river in water pails, and before the sun set what remained of the place was safe. Another melancholy sight was seen that evening. Lying on the flat, stripped, burnt, mutilated and horribly decomposed, was the body of poor Trooper Cowan and near him was the body of his horse. All the indignities practiced upon the bodies at Frog Lake had been repeated in this case, every feature of the murdered man being unrecognizable. A

grave was dug close to the remains, the body was reverently lowered into it, and just as the sun sank behind the western hills three volleys fired over the grave awoke the echoes of the place and told to all who heard them that the deceased had at last received the honors given to the military dead. Subsequently a neat picket fence was erected around the grave and a wooden slab placed at its head.

That night no tents were pitched, no camp fires lighted, everybody bivouacking as best he could, depending upon the vigilance of sentries and picket for safety. About an hour after dark Inspector Steele with a guard of mounted scouts stole out of the camp and followed the trail of the Indians. Nothing was heard of him until about an hour after daylight, and then the sentries reported that they thought they had heard the distant rattle of musketry in the east. Their ears had not deceived them, for shortly afterwards one of Steele's scouts galloped into the camp with information from the Inspector that he had come across the Indians, had shot and killed one of them, was following the band, about four hundred of them, and with a request for the infantry to follow at once. There was no breakfast that morning; in lieu thereof every man had all the hard tack served out to him he could carry, and to every two men was served out a tin of preserved meat. Leaving a force to protect Fort Pitt, the remainder of us, taking along the field-piece drawn by six horses, were very soon proceeding eastward, close to the bank of the river.

Everybody, from the General down, was in high spirits, the only discontented ones being those told off to remain at the fort. Without tents, without overcoats, with only such provisions as each man could carry about him, all knew there would be some privation, but everybody was elated at the thought of having a brush with the rebels, their superior numbers not being taken into consideration. While only a few, comparatively speaking, had seen the mutilated bodies at Frog Lake, every man in the force, teamsters and herders included, had seen the body of poor Cowan lying on the prairie and the sight had not provoked softened feelings towards the Indians. Those composing the column had had a hard, weary time of it since leaving Calgary. There had been long marches day after day, through creeks and swamps, over rough trails

and through dense bush. Many a foot was sore, clothes had become ripped and torn, provisions had not been over plentiful since leaving Edmonton, but the fact that we were close upon the Indians, that our scouts had come across and killed one of them, and were then close behind and following them, at the same time being in communication with the main body, caused all hardships to be forgotten and the men stepped out with as much vim and spirit as if they had been on a parade.

For about five miles the trail was close to the river. It then turned sharp to the north and a steep hill had to be climbed, and it was on the brow of that hill that the Indian—the chief of the Saddle Lake band—had been shot dead by our scouts. His body lay close to the trail and was that of a finely built man, quite six feet tall. There was no time to be wasted in burying him, and he was left lying just as the scouts left him and as he had been shot down. Again the trail turned to the south and followed the river, but now on high land, at least a couple of hundred feet above the level of the water. For twelve miles we marched along, passing numerous traces of the Indians but seeing nothing of them. About noon, scouts brought the intelligence that the rebels were making a stand on the brow of a heavily timbered hill and were not more than a couple of miles away. After a brief rest, during which the tins of preserved meat was considerably lightened, we proceeded eastward in fours, and at attention, not walking at ease, and with the ranks well closed. Then there was another halt, and then the troops were formed into line with the front to the east. The field-piece was brought into action, was loaded and a shell sent into the trees on the brow of a hill, exploding just above them. There was no reply on the part of the Indians and the column again advanced. Again the field-piece was fired and this time was answered by a volley of musketry, the bullets whistling over our heads. The next order was to advance in skirmishing order and the next, after about a hundred yards had been covered, to lie down. While lying down the

gun kept shelling the brow of the hill, the shells passing over our heads. After about an hour of this kind of work the command "Forward" again came and we went in skirmishing order. It was no easy task climbing the hill and pushing through the trees, and just exactly what was being done was hard to say, it being almost impossible, and quite so at times, to see your right and left man. Then there came a cheer, followed by another, and still another, and somehow we were on the top of the hill and had in some manner or another driven the Indians from their position. We bivouacked that night without fires, without food, without tobacco, right where the Indians

made their stand, and at three o'clock the next morning were again after them and had another and a more satisfactory day's work.

#### CHAPTER III.

Bivouacking that night was not a very pleasant affair. We had neither tents, blankets nor overcoats and the only rug was hard tack. Warm and pleasant as the day had been, the night was chilly, though it was the last week in May, as they always are in those high latitudes, and to add to the discomfort the lighting of camp fires was forbidden. But matters might have been worse, at least for some of us. About midnight, when things were looking blue and the chilly air was making itself unpleasant, Dr. Penefather, of the 91st, passed the word to some of the officers of the regiment that he had a bottle of "medical comfort" left. It proved to be strong, overproof Hudson Bay Company's stuff, stuff that would stand plenty of dilution and then bring the water into one's eyes—altogether, "medical comfort" at the time and under the circumstances most acceptable. It and some hard tack were discussed with relish and the doctor was voted a brick and a thorough soldier.

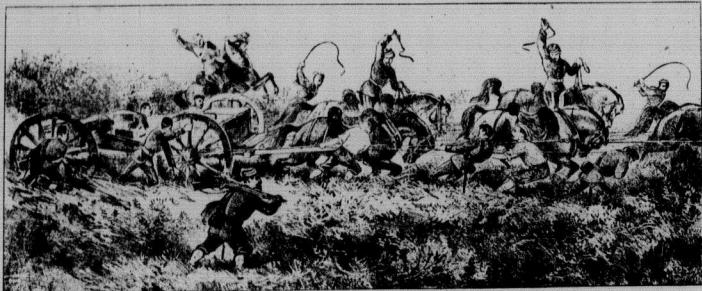
Nothing unusual occurred during the night, the only noise being the subdued conversation of the soldiers who vainly tried to snatch a little sleep, the tooting of whistles and other night birds, and the tramp of the sentries. During midsummer, the nights are very short in those latitudes, dawn commencing as early as two o'clock. At three o'clock everybody was on the alert, the horses were hitched to the field-piece and to the ammunition wagon and the order to advance was momentarily expected. About four o'clock General Strange gave it and the force moved forward anticipating another scrap with the rebels. Shortly after leaving camp and the trail, we passed a number of poles to which were attached streamers of dirty calico and drier looking blanket, evidently the spot where, at some earlier period, the Indians had celebrated their sundance and made their braves. A mile further east we camp up with them on the banks of the Little Deer Creek, near to where it empties into the Saskatchewan.

The Little Deer is a very small stream, but it has cut for itself a passage



ARIELSON FOR STEAMER PHOTOGRAPH

between high, well wooded bluffs, and in the valley it has made, and on either side of it for more than a hundred yards, is a muskeg partially concealed by long grass. The sides of the bluffs which form the valley are steep and bare of trees, though their brows and summits are thick with them. It was on the brow of the east bluff of this valley and hidden by the trees that Big Bear made his stand, and, but for his management of his party, he could have annihilated us. It was hardly expected he was so near, and nothing could be seen of him or any of his band. His ambush was perfect, but he stupidly failed to utilize it.



ALLIATIONS—HOW THE SIXTY-FIFTH WON THAT NAME.

Halting on the brow of the west bluff, in full view of those concealed amid the trees on the brow of the east bluff, we proceeded to lock the wheels of the gun carriage, the descent into the ravine being very steep. It was just at that critical moment, just as we were about descending into the valley without cover, and presenting a splendid target for our foes, that one of them, either accidentally or by design, fired his rifle, the ball from it whizzing over our heads. The Indians' chance was gone. Had we descended into that ravine and got into the muskeg, where the field-piece would have been useless, and where every red-coat would have been a capital target fully exposed, the rebels themselves concealed among the trees and firing down, nothing could have saved us. But the report of that one rifle, the puff of smoke from it, the whiz of the ball over our heads, told plainly enough where the rebels were, and we halted on the brow of the west bluff and prepared for the fray.

The field-piece—big gun, as it was called—was run to the very brow of the hill, was unlimbered, brought into action, and began shelling the position where the rebels were. The first shot went high above and far beyond the mark aimed at; the second shot was better placed; the third shell hit the mark, bursting right among the trees which were sheltering the Indians. Two companies of the 91st and the only one of the 66th then with us, were ordered to extend in skirmishing order and to descend in that formation into the ravine, and as soon as the edge of the muskeg was reached to lie down and conceal themselves as well as possible in the grass and await further orders. The remaining company of the 91st was held in reserve on the brow of the hill; the Mounted Police were sent north along the edge of the ridge to ascertain what chance there might be of turning the rebels' flank, and the mounted scouts were sent south on a similar mission. All these orders were executed to the very letter. At first the rebel firing was rapid, the bullets whizzing overhead, and then it slackened. Then it became more rapid again, and some of our men were hit. John Nargate of the 66th was shot through the left lung and was reported killed. General Strange dismounted, descended into the ravine, picked up the wounded man and carried him to the rear. He ultimately recovered. Sergeant Fleury of the Mounted Police was shot in the right knee. Sergeant McKay of the 91st, who was lying down in the grass close to myself, had a bullet sent through his Gleanery bonnet, which lifted it off his head. He picked up his bonnet and coolly remarked: "A—close call." Another man had his right wrist shattered by a bullet, and another got one through his cheek. All this time we had been peeping away at the rebels, but with what effect was unknown, it being impossible to see them. This kind of business went on for a good two hours, sometimes the firing on both sides being very rapid, at others almost dying away. Dangerous as lying in the grass was, it had its humorous side. One man, tired of firing at nothing, as he said, callously lit his pipe and composed himself for a short sleep; others taking off their tunics and caps elevated them or their rifles, as they said, to fool the Indians, and nearly every man in the skirmishing line was smoking. The big gun was hit several times; sometimes it was the brass gun itself, sometimes the bullets buried themselves in the woodwork, but strange to say not a man around the gun was touched. A bullet struck the horse General Strange was riding in the fore near leg and the disabled animal was subsequently shot, and there were several hairbreadth escapes.

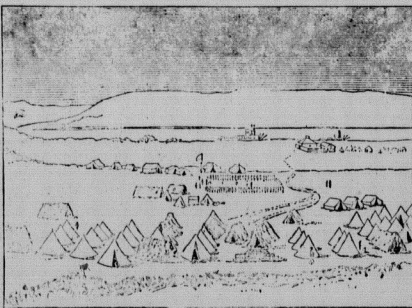
Firing at an unseen enemy became monotonous and the rank and file expressed the wish to take chances and charge across the muskeg and up the east side of the ravine. General Strange refused and doubtless he was right.

Our force was very small in numbers. Of the seven companies which left Winnipeg only three were engaged, and of the 66th only one, the other companies of both regiments having been left behind at various places to do garrison duty. There were only thirty rounds of ammunition for the field-piece when the firing began and the scouts and Mounted Police had divided in numbers. All told, not more than one hundred and fifty men were engaged on our side and the rebels were estimated at from five hundred to six hundred. General Strange decided to await reinforcements, and about ten o'clock the

skirmishing line was ordered out of the ravine and a return to Fort Pitt was commenced. Arriving there a scout was sent down the river in a canoe to Battleford, to General Middleton, with particulars of the affair and a request for aid. He met the General with the 96th, the Royal Grenadiers and the Midlanders aboard a steamer before he got to Battleford, and with them returned to the Fort. In the meantime General Strange had again left Pitt and we had revisited the scene of

our scrimmage two days before to find the Indians gone.

We climbed to the brow of the hill they had occupied, and it was perhaps well for us we had not tried to take it by storm. It was dug over with rifle pits, three, four and six feet deep, extending half a mile in length and just within the edge of the trees. No one hundred and fifty men could have crossed the muskeg in that ravine, have climbed the steep hill off the other side of it and successfully carried those pits manned by a far superior force. It would have been madness to have attempted it and our not descending into that ravine was a lucky mistake. Everything about the camp recently occupied by the Indians showed they had beat a very hurried retreat. Bags of flour, bales of furs, provisions of all sorts, red river carts, a large stolen wagonette, cooking utensils, harness and a number of other things were scattered about, abandoned because too cumbersome to carry off. To these we helped ourselves, the furs being a specially valuable haul. We camped on the bank of the Little Deer, about a mile from where Big Bear made his stand, and for two days waited the arrival of General Middleton and the troops from Battleford. The first night we camped just as darkness set in, and a party quietly stole out of camp, taking with them the wagonette retaken from the Indians. They returned about ten o'clock next morning, bringing with them Rev. Mr. Quinney and Mrs. Quinney, Church of England missionary and his wife at Saddle Lake, Mrs. Gowanlock, Mrs. Delancy, John Pritchard and several others, whites and English-speaking Half-breeds who had been prisoners of Big Bear, and who, when the Indians made their hurried retreat from Little Deer, had escaped and been hidden in



SUNDAY PARADE AT FORT PITT.

the bush ever since. They presented a very woe-begone, bedraggled appearance, with clothes ripped and torn, shoes and hats gone, and were mighty glad to reach our camp, returning the cheers with which we greeted them as heartily as their half-famished condition permitted.

To shorten a long story, it can be briefly said that General Middleton when

he arrived from their further no would take remaining march to The trail numbered worst of a they were biting. T against u terrible to the comm scarcity of served out quantity. meats was Worst of i 'comfort' b ing from i column be deep until rivers and constantly the 66th w all. They by main st unhitched. gallant Fr After Chippewa been on the five of their back to the Col. Smith Lake. All had jo be shore invi of a king, and living drill, merel week we re to Pitt, wh body Guar heard all a of White C and the col Pitt, taking 91st who w until Augu suicide of V of Fort Pitt starting o steamer Ni who were Current, th the month on active plished by A few visional reg banded an company I Manitoba. Lieut. Colo distinction; junior mije latter being natured. He and himsel by Dr. Mc Tupper, qu adjutant; a peg jail se whom had Zealand, ar regiment w only needi body of me Englishmen make their expected re time. Oth

he arrived ordered General Strange and his column back to Frog Lake, and from there north to Beaver River and the Chipewyan reserve, and then further north to Cold Lake. It was believed that was the direction Big Bear would take, going in a roundabout direction and carrying with him the remaining prisoners, and the object was to intercept him if possible. The march to Beaver River was as rough a piece of work as anyone could desire. The trail was very faint in places; every creek and slough, and there were numbers of them, was swollen high; the forest was thick, the hills steep and, worst of all, the flies by day and the mosquitoes by night were as vicious as they were plentiful. They came upon us in clouds, humming, buzzing and biting. They went with us, they met us, they were before us, behind us and against us, dense swarms of them as active at night as during the day; a terrible torment to man and beast, and the cause of much breaking of out of the commandments on the part of the former. Another hardship was the scarcity of provisions. Not since leaving Edmonton had a full ration been served out, and after Fort Victoria was left each day had brought a smaller quantity. Sugar, vegetables and beans we had none; the supply of canned meats was exhausted and we lived on bacon, tea and a little flour per day. Worst of all, the supply of tobacco—black-strap—gave out, and the "medical comfort" had been consumed. It was a long, tiring, disagreeable task marching from Frog Lake. Beaver River, especially one night when the entire column lost the way and brought up in a lake, where they floundered waist-deep until daylight. How the big gun was ever got through the swollen creeks, rivers and sloughs is hard to say. With eight horses to drag it along, it was constantly getting bogged and had to be literally dug out. To the members of the 66th was due the credit of getting that venerable piece of artillery along at all. They tugged at it, pushed at it, harnessed themselves to it with ropes, and by main strength forced it through huge mud holes when the horses had to be unhitched. Never did men work harder or more cheerfully than did those gallant French-Canadians, and the respect of its christened them The Alligators.

After great hardship, much discomfort and not a little profanity, the Chipewyan reserve was reached and the Chipewyans themselves, who had been on the war path, came in and surrendered, some one hundred and twenty-five of them. They were a motley-looking crowd, half-famished and glad to get back to their old home. Leaving the main part of the column at the reserve, Col. Smith with fifty men of the 91st was sent north another forty miles to Cold Lake. All trails end at Beaver River and from there to the lake pack horses had to be taken. The lake itself is a large, deep sheet of water, the opposite shore invisible. It is full of fish, salmon trout and such fish; fit for the table of a king. We camped there a week, enjoying the cold, clear waters of the lake and living principally upon the magnificent fish we caught. There was no drill, merely a morning muster, and we had a glorious rest. At the end of the week we returned to the Chipewyan reserve and the whole column returned to Pitt, where the 90th, Royal Grenadiers, Millanders, Governor-General's Body Guard and a number of scouts and police were in camp. From them we heard all about Fish Creek, Batoche, Cut Knife, the surrender of Riel, capture of White Cap and his braves and the gauntlet run by the steamer Northcote and the collapse of the rebellion. On the first of July General Middleton left Pitt, taking with him all the troops, except one hundred and twenty men of the 91st who were left in garrison, much to their disgust, and who remained there until August 1st. Beyond the surrender of several Cree Indians, the attempted suicide of Wandlung Spirit one night, the trial of the prisoners, the rebuilding of Fort Pitt and being rejoined by the other companies of the regiment, nothing startling occurred during our spell of garrison duty. We left there on the steamer North-West for Battleford on August 1st, taking with us the prisoners, who were handed over to the police. From Battleford we marched to Swift Current, where we took special train to Winnipeg, arriving there on the 15th of the month, after four months' as hard work as was performed by any regiment on active service, and so far as marches were concerned, more than accomplished by any other.

A few words regarding the 91st may not be out of place. It was a provisional regiment, raised in Winnipeg at the outbreak of the rebellion and disbanded and its name removed from the militia list a few months ago, only one company being retained and that being merged into the new regiment of Manitoba Dragoons recently organized. The colonel of the regiment was Lieut. Colonel Osborne Smith, C.M.G., a Canadian volunteer officer of some distinction, and who died at Swansea, South Wales, in 1887. The senior and junior majors were respectively Major J. Lewis and Major W. Thibeaudeau, the latter being nicknamed "Sugar-plum" by the rank and file, he was so good-natured. Dr. Pennefather, a nephew of General Pennefather of Crimea fame, and himself at one time in the Imperial army, was chief surgeon, assisted by Dr. McAdam; Mr. E. P. Leacock, M.P.P., was paymaster; Mr. La Touche, Tupper, quartermaster; Mr. Constantine, late chief of the Manitoba police, adjutant; Rev. Canon McKay, chaplain, and Mr. Lawlor, warden of the Winnipeg jail, sergeant-major. There were twenty-three company officers some of whom had seen service under Lord Wolseley at the Cape Colonies, in New Zealand, and during the Fenian raids into Canada. The men composing the regiment were stout, athletic fellows, eager for service, tried of citizen life, and only needing the toil of a campaign to weld them into as tough, and resolute a body of men as ever leader could desire. Not a few among them were young Englishmen of good education and gentle birth who had gone to Manitoba to make their own way in the world, had squandered their resources, and the expected remittances from home not turning up were glad to do anything for a time. Others in the regiment were old British pensioners who had seen service

and hard fighting all over the world, wherever, in fact, there was any of it knocking around. These men had left farms and situations directly they knew their services were required. The trouble in recruiting the regiment was not in obtaining volunteers but in deciding who were ineligible, the ultimate result being a body of men fit to do anything and go anywhere.

Major-General Strange, who was in chief command of the Edmonton relief column, was a thorough soldier and as brave a man as ever won and wore a British medal. Tall, bronzed, broad-shouldered, with brown bushy beard and moustache, he was rough to look at but was gentle as a child. Many years of his life had been passed in India, where he saw some severe fighting, having been in thirteen general engagements, and where he obtained his rank as Major-General. Coming to Canada, he was for a time inspector of artillery, subsequently withdrawing from the service and engaging in cattle ranching near Calgary. To look at General Strange in camp or on the line of march he was the last man who would have been singled out as "the General." He seldom wore coat or vest, and always a long pair of boots, which had not been blacked since leaving Calgary; the only bit of uniform about him was a broad-brimmed soft felt hat, turned up on one side and fastened with a large, bright brass button. That single bright button was the one bit of uniform. But if not much to look at, it was not long before everybody learned that he possessed all the qualities of a thorough soldier. Nothing escaped his notice; no man under went more fatigue or fared more scantily; no one in command could have been more considerate in his orders, at the same time more determined that they should be carried out to the letter; and no commanding officer could have been more courteous to those under him or have been so free from jealousy and self-esteem.

As for that portion of Canada east of the Rockies and west of the Great Lakes, its name of Great Lone Land is not sensational. It is indeed a great lone land lost in its own magnitude. There is no other portion of the globe where loneliness can be said to live so thoroughly, and if vastness of plain and magnitude of lake, mountain and river can mark a land as great, then no country has better claims to the distinction.

## THE BUILDING OF FORT BROOKE.

BY G. J. ASHWORTH.



THE left half battalion of the York-Simcoe provisional battalion, commanded by Lieut. Col. O'Brien M.P., who has since then gained the well-known sobriquet of "Jeune Bill," from the stand he took as one of the leaders of the "Noble Thirteen," reached Fort Qu'Appelle on the afternoon of April 17, 1885, after a most fatiguing march of twenty miles through snow and mud reaching considerably above our ankles. We were joined a day or two afterwards by the right half battalion, who were under the command of Lieut. Col. Richard Tyndal, M.P., our acting senior major. Their delay was caused by a little excursion in the direction of Swift Current, during which they had tried to make a connection with the enemy, but unfortunately the said enemy, owing to unforeseen pressure of business, had been unable to accommodate them with a "scrap," and consequently they were not in the best of temper when they reached us without the expected supply of scalps. We, however, received the bedraggled heroes with open arms, the men falling on one another's necks by half companies and sections, while we officers, who had our dignity to preserve, felt none the less that it was an occasion for rejoicing and promptly addressed to the only "lotted" to "smell a cork." They soon plucked up their former cheerfulness, however, on being assured by us that we were well supplied with provisions and had a very fair assortment of Indians and Half-breeds on tap.

I was attached to the York-Simcoe at that time as an acting lieutenant of No. 6 Company, which was made up from Yorkville and Seaton Village companies of the 12th York Rangers, both of the above places being at that time in the County of York, although now within the city limits. It was commanded by Capt. G. H. C. Brooke, who used to be, and for that matter is yet, a well known figure on the sunny side of King street where, when school and beauty give themselves and their habilliments an airing. He has since then, like myself, retired and is now practicing law in Toronto. He was somewhat of a military dandy in his way, but with a good officer and a gallant gentleman. My fellow subaltern, Lieut. J. T. Symons, still sticks to the old 12th and is now captain of No. 8 Company.

At the time we reached the Fort affairs were in a most critical condition. A general rising of the Indians was momentarily expected, and as Fort Qu'Appelle was close to three large reserves, one of them governed by the notorious Pia-pot, and a considerable settlement of Half-breeds, who of course were in close sympathy and correspondence with their belligerent compatriots, it was a most important position.



"White's troop of scouts were under canvas at a little distance from us, but as a rule very few of them were in camp, as they were engaged in poking round the neighboring country, presumably looking up news and scouting round among the settlers for rebels and spare meals. We were reinforced on April 22 by the Winnipeg Troop of Cavalry, Capt. Knight, who were really a splendid looking, soldierly lot of men, excellently mounted. On the 24th the Governor-General's Body Guard marched in, under Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison, and on the 25th the Quebec Cavalry School corps, Lieut.-Col. Trimball.

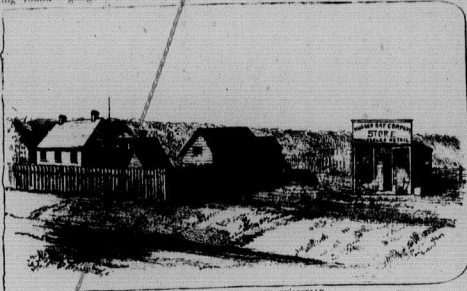
Col. Denison, being the senior officer in the garrison, took command of the whole brigade and measures were then concerted for the further strengthening of our position. Earthworks were thrown up, rifle pits dug, and among other precautions it was decided to establish a permanent post on the Touchwood trail towards Prince Albert for the protection of the stores depot which was being established at the top of the hill about two miles from camp. It is in connection with this Touchwood trail guard that the incidents that I am about to relate occurred.

The reason for the necessity of this somewhat isolated post was as follows: The hill was a tremendously steep and long one, as we often found to our cost when marching up it, and the transport wagons found difficulty in summiting it with full loads, consequently it was thought advisable to make the top of the hill a starting point for a fresh lot of teams, thus requiring a new transport section. This scheme necessitated a depot at the top of the hill, which was accordingly formed and placed in charge of an official of the transport service, who doubtless, if at sea, would have been called a supercargo, whose duties consisted of keeping track of the stores and incidentally consuming large quantities of tobacco. He had one or two assistants to do the work and at the same time to add an air of grandeur and responsibility to his otherwise peaceful position. The trio doubtless were well armed with Winchester and revolvers, but lacked the military hereness of appearance which the scarlet coat is everywhere acknowledged to give to Britain's warlike sons. Shortly after its formation, reports were brought in that an attack was contemplated on this exposed position and measures were accordingly promptly taken for its more adequate protection by our prudent brigadier.

On the afternoon of the 23th of April a detail consisting of one captain, one lieutenant, one sergeant, one corporal, a bugler, and twenty-two rank and file, were ordered to parade in heavy marching order with one day's provisions for detachment duty. Our company was fixed upon to furnish the first guard, with Capt. Brooke in command and myself as subaltern. Lieut. Symons had left early that morning for the File Hills, with a detachment of one hundred men and twenty troopers of the Body Guard under Col. Tyrwhitt, to settle some horse-stealing troubles and overawe the discontented File Hills Indians by a show of force.

After having been supplied with reserve ammunition and duly inspected and found correct, we marched out early in the afternoon with as imposing a military appearance as we could command, with two troopers of the Winnipeg Cavalry, who were attached as scouts in front, and two large tea-kettles which were attached for culinary purposes of war bringing up the rear—it is needless to say that the rear guard was in command of the cook, the latter individual audibly suggesting the advisability of hitching the cavalry to what he facetiously termed the "cannon." After exchanging civilities with the quarter guard, and smiles with the two waitresses of Fort Qu'Appelle's only "Hotel," which we were compelled to pass (alas) at close quarters, we crossed

After a pretty stiff climb we reached the "Depot," the appearance of which was by no means creditable to the architectural designing powers of the various gangs of teamsters who had respectively contributed to the ungainly-looking



MURDOCH'S BAY FORT AND STORE, QU'APPELLE

pile. Bales of compressed hay, bags of oats, boxes of hard tack, sides of bacon, and barrels of dried apples and sugar were scattered around in indescribable confusion over a space of several hundred feet square.

Our instructions were to place the "depot" in a state of defence and order, and a sort of plan had been suggested by Colonel Denison for us to carry out. In accordance with these instructions, Captain Brooke, the sergeant and myself, leaving the detachment standing at ease in charge of the corporal, proceeded to select a site for our fort and draw up the plans and specifications for the building thereof.

We pitched on a slightly elevated plateau, about fifty yards from the trail, and sufficiently far from the nearest bush to insure us from an enemy creeping up too close and taking us unawares. By the time we had laid out the plan and driven in the necessary stakes for future guidance, the sun was getting low and we felt that there was no time to lose if we wished to get matters in proper shape that day. The order was accordingly given to pile arms and take off accoutrements, including tunics, and we all set to work with a will to build our fortification. Three sides of it were composed of compressed hay in two tiers, with an interval of an inch or two between the spring and yet compact nature of the material forming an excellent and almost, if not quite, bullet-proof defence. The fourth side was constructed of bags of oats laid lengthwise, with their mouths towards a possible enemy, in imitation, as one drill private remarked, of cannon.

By dint of hard and systematic work for a couple of hours, chaos began to disappear and our fort to assume most elegant proportions, or as the captain, who was given to ornate and grandiloquent expressions, observed: "We were giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name. However, as Sergeant Jack Foote remarked, the local habitation was there all right, but we had not as yet chosen the name. As this was a matter of the first importance and would necessarily require consideration, and as in addition the cook just then reported supper ready, the order was given to strike work and investigate more closely the contents of the kettles than we had hitherto been able to do with our noses.

During the discussion of the meal, the discussion also of the name was carried on with almost equal ardor. Many were suggested, but we all finally agreed on Fort Brooke, notwithstanding the strenuous protests of that distinguished officer whose modesty was only equalled by his valor. After much argument he was at length persuaded to withdraw his opposition and take possession with a flourish of his sword. We wound up the meal by drinking an cup full of tea apiece to Fort Brooke with destruction to our enemies, adding as we generally did on all occasions "The Girls We Left Behind Us" to the toast. The above toast does not appear to read exactly as it sounded at the time, as it seems to convey a sentiment with regard to the fair sex which was by no means present in our manly-breasts—at least not at that time.

The ceremony concluded, we proceeded to finish the work, and all hands worked so hard and in addition took such an intelligent interest in the job that before the twilight had waned everything was shipshape. Sentries were posted, reliefs told off, tents pitched, a fire lighted within the fort, and everything made snug for the night.

As we filled our pipes and assumed comfortable positions, the desire began to be expressed from all quarters that the enemy might only give Fort Brooke a trial. We felt that we were not particular how many of them came on (of course within reason), for we were so pleased with our arrangements for their reception that we felt it as a personal grievance that



HERALD, CHIEF OF THE CORPS.



THE BUILDING OF FORT BROOKE.

the river. The order was given to "march at ease," and pipe and song were brought into requisition to enliven the short but arduous march which lay before us.



they didn't appear to rise to the occasion, bestir themselves, and give us a bite. The suggestion was even made that we send them word that they were urgently wanted, but then the difficulty arose that we didn't exactly know where to find them. This difficulty, I may observe, bothered us more or less during the whole of the campaign, as the country was a fine large expanse and the walking was good. However, as darkness settled over the scene, we officers began to realize that if an enemy thought fit to attack in force, we would have our work cut out for us, and decided to keep the men under arms till the moon rose, which would be about 11 p.m., in the meantime sending out a patrol every quarter of an hour to make thorough of the sentries.

Just as the moon began to peep above the horizon one of the sentries reported that he had caught sight of a figure dodging round among the bushes about one hundred and fifty yards away; the other sentry on that side corroborated him but added that he had seen two or three. Hope now began to animate the minds of all that the slippery beggars were going to give us a chance for glory after all, and every man sought his post. However, when a quarter of an hour had passed by without any further developments we began to get a little anxious, and fears began to be expressed that the enemy had unfortunately missed their way. Brooke then decided to send out our two cavalry scouts to make a reconnaissance, and accordingly those two brave troopers sallied out. Starting from opposite sides they galloped off at full speed, skirting the edge of the scrub within a few yards. I considered at the time, and

happen it was likely to turn up within the next few minutes, and redoubled my watchfulness accordingly. Just then a cock-rack went a branch in the bush, and almost simultaneously I heard a distinct rustling in the sage bush (which was about eighteen inches high), coming from a direction which I diagnosed as being about ten feet to my left front. I lost no time in putting my rifle, revolver and ears at full cock. Another rustle, this time to my right—well, business was getting brisk. Rustle, rustle, rustle—this time, by thunder, it was behind me—and my hair straightway rose to the occasion. It struck me like a flash that I had been foolish enough to make it will before, I had left home (I had nothing to leave, but that's neither here nor there, and this was the result. What for did I dare to tempt Providence by such an ill-advised act? Oh, 'Lord! some more rustling. They must be there in dozens. D—n the lawless anyhow! To think that I should have that awful document rising on judgment against me in the shape of forty or fifty painted heathens, with their claws reaching for my scalp, their ugly mouths puckered for a howl, four kinds of torture up every scabbard, and bloody murder in each boot. I could stand it no longer, I was a goneer anyhow but felt that it was better to be killed or wounded than to turn up missing, so setting my teeth hard I laid down my rifle, gripped my revolver and prepared to spring up and have at least a couple of cracks at something before I hopped off the twig. Just at this critical moment in my affairs the rustling immediately in front of me redoubled—ah! ha! I'll have you anyhow, my friend!—when out rushed a couple of big jack rabbits chasing one another over the barrel of my rifle.

That settled it; I had had enough of it for one night. I had been nearly scared into an early grave by common "orpery" jack rabbits. It did not take me long to put everything down to half cock, including my hair. I felt that if I stayed there any longer I might have an encounter with a stray coyote or perhaps be worsted in a bloody battle with a wandering skunk, and my nerve was gone. When I got back to the fort I did not report all the circumstances of my lonely watch, but simply said that the enemy had apparently gone home, and that rabbits seemed to be pretty thick thereabouts.

We lay under canvas in the lovely Qu'Appelle Valley for nearly a month, during which time, by dint of steady drill and constant out-post duty our regiment acquired a high state of proficiency in all military duties. A generous rivalry existed between the right and left half battalions. The right half was composed of the 35th Battalion, Simcoe Foresters ("O'Brien's lads"), many of them from the lumbering regions of Muskoka, before whose gleaming axes the tall pines had many a time surrendered at discretion. Their muscles hardened by stern toil, and the wild, free life of backwoodsmen accustomed to look for relaxation to the pleasures of the chase, with an occasional "logging-bee" thrown in, they were splendid material for soldiers. Fighting was greatly favored by many of them, and "forty-rod" was about their only medicine. Good nature proverbially goes with muscle, and of both they had a generous share. The left half was made up from the different companies of the 12th York Rangers, men of a brand rather more accustomed to the feverish life of town and the amenities of modern civilization, but nevertheless an aggregation not one whit inferior to their comrades in the trifling matter of muscle, and fully as well ballasted in the more important item of "sand." Although vying with one another in matters of drill and discipline, their relations were most harmonious.

The fishing in the river and lakes was simply phenomenal. The shallower waters swarmed with huge pike, which were so plentiful that the men could actually wade in the water, armed with stable forks, and spear as many as they wanted, while the deeper waters were thick with pickerel. For a day or two after we reached Fort Qu'Appelle the atmosphere of the camp was heavily impregnated with the odor of fish. The odor at first was merely that of ordinary fried fish, but as time rolled on, complications set in and the smell became that of extraordinary (poor) fried fish, and in addition to having Indians hovering round the camp fires, fires and carrion crows began to darken the clouds. Fishing operations on the extended scale were promptly put a stop to by the commanding officer, and the men on the camp fatigue duty were given an



THE NOBLE RED MAN'S IDEA OF A DIVISION OF LABOR.

It was settled that our little missionary enterprise to the heathen should be composed of the sergeant and six men, with myself in command, having first discarded my regulation sword and accepted the loan of Brooke's "sporting buller" rifle, as I did not wish to scare the enemy too badly, and besides was not satisfied with the limited range of my exaltibur. My instructions were to advance in extended order till within twenty-five yards of the scrub, and then rush it; in case an enemy was there to use my best judgment about advancing or retreating, but in case of the latter to clear the front as quickly as possible. This was all very imposing, and as I extended my squad under cover of the fort my pent-up excitement was intense, and all the men were loaded for bear.

We advanced twenty yards at a time until close to the scrub, when I gave the word and at we went with a cheer, but the enemy weren't there, much to our disgust. They evidently had found out that they had some important business engagement elsewhere and consequently found themselves unable to keep their appointment with us. We were constrained to admit that proceeding might be justified by them on the score of prudence, but considered it at the same time most unimportant, particularly as we had understood that they were in need of scalps and other anatomical curiosities of a similar nature, and we were prepared to supply a long felt want. After thoroughly raking the adjacent scenery for fifty yards or so in all directions, I decided to return to the fort and report everything quiet at the seat of war. But suddenly the idea struck me that perhaps they might after all be playing us some Indian trick, and be still hidden somewhere in the vicinity, in which case they would be sure to travel back as soon as we had left and be in a position to take us off our guard. So I directed Sergt. Foe to march the men back to the fort while I would lie down quietly in a convenient patch of wild sage for a short time and in case they should come back I could catch them napping. We unto them, think I!

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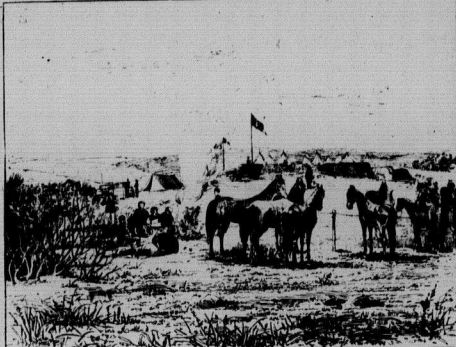
opportunity of catching their fish over again on dry land, a most exhilarating, pleasing and satisfying sport, cheerfully undertaken and carried out amid delightful and soothing volleys of well chosen, original and elegantly ascribed imprecations.

The society at the fort was somewhat limited, but what there was of it made us most heartily welcome. Every evening all the young officers of the regiment who happened to be off duty, rushed with an ardor worthy of all praise to the attack of a certain piano-forte. This forte was garrisoned by two pretty girls who carried on their delicate operations with tact, discretion and success. They shot glances at us, and every shot told; fired smiles in our direction, and before this heavier metal we fell in heaps. By the time the bugle sounded "lights-out" from the camp and we were obliged to retire in disorder, there were generally so many wounded that we were greatly encumbered on the homeward march with quivering fragments of what had once been fine young men but now were wrecks. Up to the time we left the fort no sign of a practicable breach had yet appeared even in their out-works, and as for their donjon keep "the round tower of their hearts," it was plainly never touched by the maulers of the York-Simco. Since then, however, I have noticed by the papers that one at least of them has waved the white flag and surrendered at discretion to a plain, ordinary, blamed civilian. Hey ho!

Meanwhile stirring events were happening. While we were lying quietly at Fort Qu'Appelle with nothing but an occasional night alarm or an excursion into the surrounding district on detachment duty, to vary the monotony of mounting guard, the force under the immediate command of General Middleton was fighting the battle of Fish Creek and losing some of their best and bravest. I shall never forget the day that the bodies of Lieut. Swinford and Private Ferguson of the 90th came in on their way to Winnipeg. We did them what honor we could. The funeral party was under command of Lieut. Charles D. Spry of the 35th, and I was one of the pall bearers. Poor Charley has since then gone to join Swinford among the majority, a victim of typhoid fever the year after the rebellion. He was the youngest officer in the regiment, being not quite eighteen, but one of the best, ever ready to the call of duty, a good soldier, a trusty comrade and a faithful friend. Ferguson's father had come so far to meet his son's body and thanked us heartily. Poor man, I am sure he had our sincere sympathy in his affliction.

The continual reports of fighting that were fast following one another from the front made us most impatient and anxious to get a chance to show what we were made of, and everyone was delighted when, on the tenth day of May we received orders to advance to the support of the General, who was then approaching Batoche. These orders were coupled with the information that the Winnipeg Light Infantry were marching over from Troy, to take our places

them. However, I guess between ourselves that their bones was nearly as sore as their hearts were light, wherefore all the more honor to them. We did what we could to make them comfortable, supplying them with hot tea and cooked



GOVERNOR GENERAL'S BODY GUARD AT HUMULDT.

rations, and helping them up with their tents, and then after putting the finishing touches to our packing lay down to get some sleep preparatory to an early start.

Next morning the reveille roused us at three o'clock and we proceeded to strike tents. By half-past four we were ready for the march. The 91st and Winnipeg Cavalry gave us a parting cheer, and wished us lots of fighting and a safe return. The girls had promised to be up and wave a rag to us, and when we got about half way up the hill to a point whence we could see the house that contained the darlings, about twenty pair of expectant eyes were turned in that direction (on the sly). Sure enough, there was a white cloth being waved from the window, and twenty handkerchiefs were immediately brandished in reply and numerous kisses thrown (we knew they had a field glass). The cloth was still waving as we wound over the hill and out of sight, and possibly continued to wave till about 7.30 when they woke up and removed it, for we heard afterwards that they had carefully nailed their table-cloth to the mast the night before so that the poor boys should not be disappointed of the send-off which before so they had promised us individually in a tearful voice, and with a gentle, oh, so gentle, pressure of the hand. Oh, woman! woman, thou art sly and artful! Why do we love thee still?

We had two hundred and fifty miles between us and the seat of war at Batoche, but we were bound to get there in time if we possibly could, or bust, the understanding being that the General was waiting for us to reinforce him before attacking. Our commanding officer figured on twenty-five miles a day for ten days, and we were not the kind of men to disappoint him in such a small matter. We stepped out right bravely, and by one o'clock arrived at Skunk Bluffs, eighteen miles out, where a detachment of No. 8 Company was stationed. This company, in my humble estimation, was the best in the regiment, being composed of picked men from the Newmarket and Sharon companies of the 12th, and had a great record.

Captain James Wayling is now colonel of the Rangers, 1st Lieut. John Knox Leslie is now captain of No. 6 Company of the same battalion, alderman of the city of Toronto; 2nd Lieut. John Alfred Walker Allan now commands No. 4 company, Newmarket, and neither himself nor his company take back water from anything on top of earth.

"My father feared not shot nor shell,  
Nor cared for death nor dangers;  
He'd storm the very gates of Hell—  
With a company of the Rangers."

Of course the above quotation does not apply strictly, but it is there or thereabouts.

We halted here for a couple of hours to take a rest and some refreshment, and also took advantage to nurse (and curse) our feet, which were beginning to freckle with blisterous appearances of decidedly dropsical promise. We had expected something of this nature, of course, and most of us, acting on the advice of some old campaigners, had greased the insides of the heel of our socks with brown soap. This precaution doubtless saved the socks from getting blisters on them, but was a decided failure so far as the feet were concerned. In fact, so much were the men troubled with their boots during the next few days of heavy and continuous marching, that many of them discarded them entirely, notably No. 1 Company, from Penetanguishene and Coldwater, who set the pace with big Jack

Landrigan at their head.

I have not space enough at my disposal by several columns to describe the events of this march in detail, but will simply give a few of the prominent



HARD TACK AND TEA.

at Fort Qu'Appelle. They marched in about nine o'clock that night singing most lustily, as they wound down the hill and along the level, Roll the Old Chariot Along, and looking as if their twenty-mile march sat but lightly upon

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incidents. We caught up with the cavalry on the second day out, they having halted for the night, but in seeing us stray past them about five o'clock p.m. they decided to keep up with the procession, and consequently remounted and came on. The day we passed through the Touchwood Hills it rained from morning till night with hardly a pause, and when we halted for the night the ground was soaked. The Touchwood Hills are not very high but they are the greatest place apparently for mosquitoes, black flies and leeches that I know of. We found the latter sweet reptiles most companionable and greatly given to sudden friendships. They were perfectly harmless but decidedly unpleasant bedfellows, and lucky was the man who had to bunk with more than one. Major Ward, the adjutant, woke up to find one sitting on his chest and several more snugly coiled up in the blankets. Our batman, private Jack Brady, had a rather unpleasant experience with one; he had had his hair cut with horse-clippers, which operation left him with nothing worth mentioning on his scalp. While soundly sleeping, a leech crawled slowly over his cranium, which it had doubtless taken for a boulder, with somewhat startling effect. Poor Brady emitted a yowl worthy of a leading soprano in a banshee chorus, and it took the united efforts of the whole quarter guard to pull him off the remains of the leech, which in his excited state he had imagined to be at least ten feet long.

We crossed the salt plains during hot weather, and the alkali dust was very satisfying, filling our eyes, mouths, noses and insides to such an extent that every time I think of it I feel like calling for a beer.

Towards the evening of the third or fourth day out we got the news that the fight was over and Barthele taken. Next day we rested during the morning and only marched twelve miles in the afternoon. Our average up to this time had been thirty miles a day. By this time our blisters had pretty well turned into callouses, and we were feeling much more comfortable in consequence. Our genial surgeon, McCarthy of Barrie (a brother of D'Alton of that ilk), had been bothered a good deal by complaints of these blisters, and had evolved a sure specific. He would ask the patient which foot was worst; if the patient complained of the right foot, the doctor would solemnly prescribe a "left hand pill"; if of the left foot, then a "right hand pill." These pills I have been credibly informed since were compounded of plaster of Paris and pepper, with a little baking powder thrown in to make 'em rise. I never took any myself, but can't resist giving away the receipt, even at the risk of a suit for damages.

To make a long story short, we reached Humboldt, two hundred and ten miles from Qu'Appelle, on the evening of the eighth day, which gave us an average of twenty-six and a quarter miles per day, including half a day's halt, which I consider fully justified the name which Col. G. T. Denison bestowed upon us of The Foot Cavalry. Humboldt, by the way, isn't any settlement at all, but is simply a telegraph station, which was in charge of one Anderson, a very jolly chap popularly known as "the General," who came originally, I believe, from Eglington, just out of Toronto.

The Body Guard had built a fortification which was a perfect model in its way, with bastions, etc., and a powder magazine. The design, I believe, was Col. G. T. Denison's own, and as that officer is the author of a standard book on Cavalry Tactics, and besides is far and away the best cavalry officer in the Dominion, he naturally took considerable pride in having everything just so, and the result reflected great credit on all concerned.

The notorious old scallawag, Whitecap, who made himself so detested by his fiendish atrocities in the great Minnesota massacre some years before, had been captured with the principal members of his band, and was in duress vile at Humboldt being closely looked after by the Body Guard.

We stayed at Humboldt over a month, but as the fighting was all over we took it pretty easy. The prairie was absolutely covered with flowers and alive with rabbits, ducks, prairie chickens, gophers, foxes, coyotes, with an occasional badger or sandhill crane. Our acting junior major, Col. Wyndham, was our most indefatigable sportsman. He rode forty miles one day after a sandhill crane and saw some tracks, returned that night to camp and off again next day forty miles to bag "long legs." This was only one hundred and sixty miles for one crane! I merely give this as an instance of his perseverance, not that it was by any means his best effort.

We marched back to Fort Qu'Appelle in detachments, and finally left there about July 18 and heard a locomotive whistle for the first time for months that evening, whereupon we all cheered lustily. Then commenced the long series of triumphs that marked our return to home and friends.

#### THE SULTAN'S EXPENSES.

The yearly expenses of the Sultan have been estimated at no less a sum than six millions sterling. Of this a million and a half alone is spent on the clothing of the woman, and £800,000 on the Sultan's own wardrobe. Nearly another million and a half is swallowed up by presents, a million goes for pocket money, and still another million for the table. It seems incredible that so much money can possibly be spent in a year by one man, but when it is remembered that some fifteen hundred people live within the palace walls, and live luxuriously and dress expensively at the cost of the civil list, it appears a little more comprehensible.

#### AWKWARD OCCURRENCES.

A gun loaded with shot was fired into the carriage of a newly married couple who were returning from church in Cornwall. The shots passed through the window of the vehicle, close to the faces of the occupants, and entered the back of the driver. The gun was fired as a sign of rejoicing.

A singular cigarette accident occurred in Paris. An elderly gentleman received a blow on the back, the cigarette he had in his mouth disappeared and two months later pneumonia developed. At last the cigarette was coughed up, but the pulmonary symptoms did not disappear for some time afterwards.

At Eastbourne a tradesman was charged with attempting to commit suicide by driving four long nails into his head. The medical men who gave evidence in the case produced four nails which he had, with difficulty, withdrawn from the prisoner's head. The prisoner said he felt better after he had driven them in.

A party of farmers in Wales once set out in search of a bear which had escaped from a traveling menagerie, and roamed their lands with considerable detriment to their live stock. In the course of their quest, one of the farmers observing a brown animal of considerable size lying apparently asleep under a tree, discharged his gun at it with fatal effect. The victim of his zeal, however, turned out to be a common donkey. The bear was ultimately tracked.

At Colchester police court a woman who was charged with using threats illustrated in a very practical manner the quality of her character. She leaned over the witness box and seeing the hair of the nearest reporter, tugged at it with such vigor as to lift the unfortunate man from his seat.

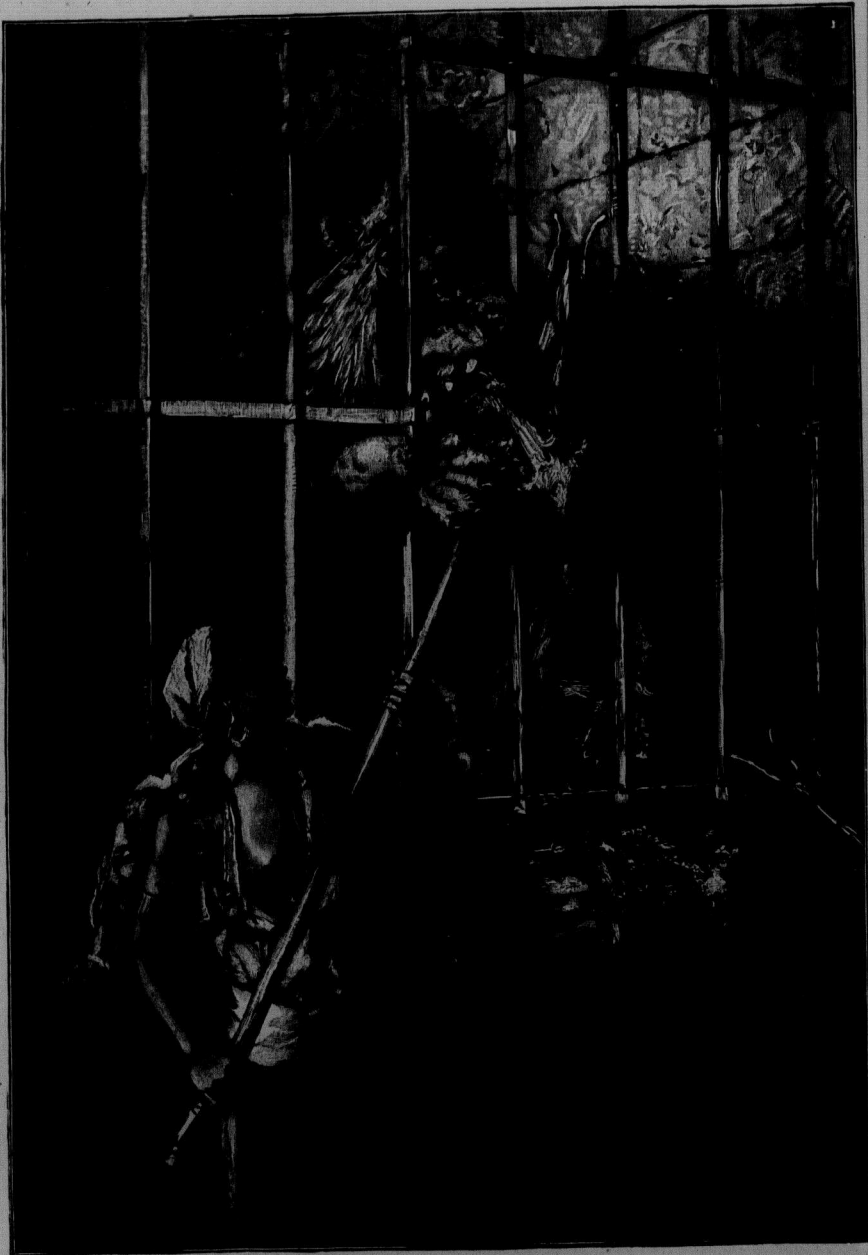
This story is told about the captain of a vessel who had a flock of sheep on deck. As he was attending to his duties an old man, who headed the flock, came up behind him, and with one fell swoop butted him over. The enraged captain seized his woolly assailant and threw him overboard, when, presto! away went the whole flock, popping over the rail one after another, much to the dismay of the mariner.

#### PRODUCTION OF GOLD.

The United States in 1891 produced 1,604,840 ounces of gold, valued at £6,880,000; the world's production for that year being 6,033,000 ounces. The two countries coming next in order in point of largeness of gold production are Australasia, with a production of 1,469,300 ounces, valued at £4,800,000, and Russia, with 1,019,000 ounces, valued at £4,680,000. In the returns of the world's gold production the several Australian colonies are given as one country. The production of the Transvaal gold field, in South Africa, has been increasing in the past few years by leaps and bounds. In 1887 the production was only 34,897 ounces, while in 1891 it had reached 836,250 ounces, while for 1892 the estimated output was 1,250,000 ounces. In 1888 the Transvaal only produced 4½ per cent. of the world's yield, but in 1891 the proportion had risen to 8 per cent., and 1893 is expected to reach 21 per cent. It has been computed that the world's gold is increased to the extent of 450,000 every year, and that the total output amounts to twenty-six and a half millions per year. The largest gold mines in the world are at Lead City, Colorado. It was there the largest gold nugget on record was found, weight 4,000 ounces, and valued at £18,000. The richest gold mine is the Gold Hill Bonanza, Nevada. It is so extensive that it has to be divided into twenty-eight separate branches for working purposes.—*The Brit.*

#### A BRUTAL OUTRAGE.





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## ORDER OF SUCCESSION TO THE BRITISH THRONE.

The following is the order of succession to the British throne (January, 1893) to the last of the living descendants of George III. Failing all these the succession would fall to the other descendants of the preceding British kings going backward in regular order. Every future new birth among the descendants of Victoria and George III. in the line below takes its relative place therein.

## DESCENDANTS OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

1. The Prince of Wales, son.
2. The Duke of York, grandson.
3. Duchess of Fife, granddaughter.
4. The Lady Alexandra Duff, great-granddaughter.
5. Princess Victoria of Wales, granddaughter.
6. Princess Maud of Wales, granddaughter.
7. The Duke of Edinburgh, son.
8. Prince Alfred of Edinburgh, grandson.
9. Princess Marie of Edinburgh, Crown Princess of Roumania, granddaughter.
10. Princess Victoria Malta of Edinburgh, granddaughter.
11. Princess Alexandra of Edinburgh, granddaughter.
12. Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh, granddaughter.
13. The Duke of Connaught, son.
14. Prince Arthur of Connaught, grandson.
15. Princess Margaret of Connaught, granddaughter.
16. Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught, granddaughter.
17. The Duke of Albany, grandson.
18. Princess Alice of Albany, granddaughter.
19. The Empress Frederick of Germany, daughter.
20. The German Emperor, grandson.
21. The Crown Prince of Prussia, great-grandson.
22. Prince William Frederick of Prussia, great-grandson.
23. Prince Adalbert of Prussia, great-grandson.
24. Prince Oscar of Prussia, great-grandson.
25. Prince Oscar of Prussia, great-grandson.
26. Prince Johann Franz Humbert of Prussia, great-grandson.
27. Princess Victoria of Prussia, great-granddaughter.
28. Prince Henry of Prussia, grandson.
29. Prince Waldemar of Prussia, great-grandson.
30. The Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, granddaughter.
31. Princess Feodora of Saxe-Meiningen, granddaughter.
32. Princess Frederika of Prussia, granddaughter.
33. The Crown Princess of Greece, granddaughter.
34. Prince George of Greece, grandson.
35. Princess Margareta of Prussia, granddaughter.
36. The Grand Duke of Hesse, grandson.
37. Prince of Battenberg, son of the preceding, great-grandson.
38. Princess Victoria Alberta of Battenberg, granddaughter.
39. Princess Victoria Alice of Battenberg, great-granddaughter.
40. Princess Louisa Alexandra of Battenberg, great-granddaughter.
41. The Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia, granddaughter.
42. Princess Henry of Prussia (wife of No. 28), granddaughter.
43. Princess Victoria Alice Helena of Hesse, granddaughter.
44. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, daughter.
45. Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, grandson.
46. Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, grandson.
47. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, granddaughter.
48. Princess Franziska of Schleswig-Holstein, granddaughter.
49. The Marchioness of Lorne, daughter.
50. Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg), daughter.
51. Prince Alexander Albert of Battenberg, grandson.
52. Prince Leopold of Battenberg, grandson.
53. Prince Donald of Battenberg, grandson.
54. Princess Victoria Eugenie of Battenberg, granddaughter.

## DESCENDANTS OF KING GEORGE III.

55. The Duke of Cumberland, great-grandson.
56. Prince George of Cumberland, great-grandson.
57. Prince Christian of Cumberland, great-grandson.
58. Prince Ernest of Cumberland, great-grandson.
59. Princess Mary of Cumberland, great-granddaughter.
60. Princess Alexandra of Cumberland, great-granddaughter.
61. Princess Olga of Cumberland, great-granddaughter.
62. Princess Frederica of Hanover (Baroness von Pawel Rammigen), great-granddaughter.
63. Princess Mary Ernestina of Hanover, great-granddaughter.
64. The Duke of Cambridge, grandson.
65. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, granddaughter.
66. The Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, great-grandson.
67. Prince Frederick George of Mecklenburg, great-grandson.
68. Princess Victoria Mary of Mecklenburg, great-granddaughter.
69. Princess Augusta of Mecklenburg, great-granddaughter.
70. The Duchess of Teck, granddaughter.
71. Prince Adolphus of Teck, great-grandson.
72. Prince Francis of Teck, great-grandson.
73. Prince Alexander of Teck, great-grandson.

74. Princess May, who was betrothed to the late Duke of Clarence, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, great-granddaughter.  
[The above has been corrected to January, 1893.]

## PRECEDING SUCCESSION TO THE THRONE.

In the year 1066, Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, being slain in battle, William the Conqueror, as he was afterward called, seized the throne by right of conquest, and the succession passed from him to his second son, William, and then to his third son, Henry I. On the death of the latter a war ensued between his granddaughter Matilda and his nephew Stephen, which resulted in favor of the latter. On Stephen's death the crown reverted to Matilda's son, Henry II, who was succeeded by his son, Richard I. He dying without children, Henry's fourth son, John, succeeded, who was followed by his son, Henry III. He in turn was followed by his eldest son, Edward I, who was in succession followed by his son and grandson, Edward II and Edward III. The son of Edward III, dying in his father's lifetime, a grandson, Richard II, succeeded, and in his reign were sown the seeds of the Wars of the Roses, which were afterward to bear such ill fruit.

Richard II. was deposed by Henry IV., who was the eldest son of a younger brother of his father. Henry IV. was succeeded by his son, Henry V., and he by his son, Henry VI., who was deposed by Edward IV., who claimed the throne by right of descent from Lionel, third son of Edward III., and who was an older brother of John of Gaunt, the father of Henry IV. Edward IV. was succeeded by his son, Edward V., who died an infant, and then by his brother, Richard III., who was slain in the battle of Bosworth Field, fought between him and Henry Tudor, great-grand-son of John of Gaunt, by his third wife, Katherine Swynford. Henry ascended the throne under the title of Henry VII., and married Elizabeth, the daughter of Edward IV., and thus united the two houses of York and Lancaster and put an end to the War of the Roses.

Henry VII. was followed by his son, Henry VIII., who succeeded in turn by his three children, Edward VI., Mary I. and Elizabeth, at whose death the crown fell to James VI. of Scotland, who was great-grandson of Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry VII. of England, and who ascended the throne of England under the title of James I. On his death his third son, who ascended as Charles I., but he was beheaded in 1649 by Cromwell, who was made Protector until his death in 1660, when the eldest son of Charles came to the throne as Charles II., and he was followed by his brother, James II. The latter abdicated in 1688, and was succeeded by a nephew, who had married the eldest daughter of James, and the two reigned under their joint names as William III. and Mary II.

On their death James II.'s second daughter, Anne, ascended, and she dying childless the crown fell to the Elector of Hanover, who was grandson of Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England. This prince, George I., was succeeded by his son, George II., who was succeeded by his grandson, George III. After a longer reign than any previous English monarch, this king was succeeded by his eldest son, George IV., and by his third son, William IV., both of whom dying childless, the crown fell to the present sovereign, Victoria, only child of Edward, fourth son of George III., who ascended the throne in 1837.

## COST OF THE BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY.

The annuities paid by the British people to the royal family for its support are as follows: The Queen, \$1,025,000; Prince of Wales, \$200,000; Princess of Wales, \$50,000; Crown Empress Frederick of Germany, \$30,000; Duke of Edinburgh, \$125,000; Princess Christian, \$30,000; Princess Louise, \$30,000; Duke of Connaught, \$125,000; Princess Beatrice, \$30,000; Duke of Cambridge (the Queen's cousin), \$20,000; Duchess of Teck (the Queen's cousin), \$25,000; Duchess of Albany, \$30,000; Duchess of Macklenburg-Strelitz (the Queen's cousin), \$10,000; children of the Prince of Wales, \$70,000. Total, \$2,895,000. The Queen also receives the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster. During recent years these have amounted to about \$250,000 per annum. When the royal children marry dowries are usually provided for them. The last of the Queen's children to marry, Princess Beatrice, received \$150,000 as dowry from the British people, by parliamentary grant.

## THE BRITISH MINISTRY.

THE PRESENT LIBERAL MINISTRY.	JANUARY 1, 1893.	THE LATE CONSERVATIVE MINISTRY.
William Ewart Gladstone	Prime Minister	Marquis of Salisbury
William Ewart Gladstone	First Lord of the Treasury	Arthur James Balfour
Lord Herschell	Lord High Chancellor	Lord Halsbury
Earl of Kimberley	Foreign Secretary	Viccount Cranborne
Sir William Harcourt	Chancellor of the Exchequer	George J. Goschen
Herbert Henry Asquith, Q.C.	Home Secretary	Henry Matthews
Earl of Russell	Colonial Secretary	Marquis of Salisbury
Earl of Kimberley	Secretary for India	Viccount Cross
Sir G. O. Trevelyan, Bart.	Secretary for Scotland	Marquis of Lonsdale
William Ewart Gladstone	Lord Privy Seal	Earl Cadogan
Earl Spencer	First Lord of the Admiralty	Lord George Francis Hamilton
Anthony J. Mundella	President Board of Trade	Sir Michael E. Hicks Beach
Harry H. Fowler	President Local Government Board	Charles T. Ritchie
James Bryce	Postmaster-General	Duke of Rutland
Arnold Morley	Chief Secretary for Ireland	Sir James Fergusson, Bart.*
John Morley	Lord Chancellor for Ireland	William Lawson Jackson
Samuel Walker	President Board of Agriculture	Lord Ashbourne
Herbert C. Gardner	President Board of Agriculture	Henry Chaplin

\*Not in the Cabinet.



QUEEN VICTORIA AND ONE OF HER GRANDCHILDREN.

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## SHORT FACTS FOR FARMERS.

The clean hog needs a clean manure.  
 Low trees are less liable to sun scald.  
 A change of feed makes fat, healthy pigs.  
 Keep hogs away from the watering tanks.  
 Make your farm productive and it will pay.  
 A daily inspection of stock often saves loss.  
 Neglect is sometimes as serious as a crime.  
 The soil in the garden can hardly be too rich.  
 Blue grass is excellent for permanent pasture.  
 In otherwise waste places let sunflowers grow.  
 Hauling green manure will some day pay out.  
 A common mistake is the setting out too thick.  
 A crop of kindness is a good thing to cultivate.  
 Boil your drinking water and kill the microbes.  
 Arrange so you can frequently change pastures.  
 Mutton hams can be smoked the same as pork.  
 Never hoe while the soil is wet enough to crust.  
 An occasional bran mash is good for all animals.  
 In dry weather keep the surface of the soil loose.  
 A good pedigree is a good thing in a good animal.  
 Do not abandon land but turn a few sheep upon it.  
 There is nothing better than sound wheat for hens.  
 The more pigs a sow has, the more feed she needs.  
 Never make sudden changes of feed with the stock.  
 Prepare some kind of slide for stock in the pasture.  
 Avoid any food, however cheap, if musty or spoiling.  
 Waste of trifles eats little interest money in hard times.  
 There is no objection to shrubbery along the roadside.  
 Run your rain water pipe to the bottom of your cistern.  
 Sheep kept on wooden floors will have ill-shaped hoofs.  
 Begin to feed grain as soon as the pastures begin to fail.  
 Do not plow the ground too deep near the growing trees.  
 Mature sires and dams are best and safest to breed from.  
 The best food makes the stock and the best manure.  
 A farm without a tool house is like pants without pockets.  
 Clean earth is a good absorbent; foul earth breeds disease.  
 All things considered, wire fence is cheaper than stone wall.  
 Unless land is low and wet, set strawberries on level ground.  
 When his stock is not improving the farmer is falling behind.  
 Skimmed milk and flaxseed gruel mixed make good calf feed.  
 Make the farm a home—the pleasantest place in all the world.  
 Best breeds do not insure most profit without proper treatment.  
 It does not pay to feed \$100 worth of corn to \$50 worth of hogs.  
 Give to no king stock frequent but moderate draughts of water.  
 Horse slops make a valuable fertilizer for the garden or orchard.  
 A good male for one herd might not be a good male for another.  
 Let the little ones help, they will be the happier and better for it.  
 The male is half the herd, and should be kept in good condition.  
 Start the hog on milk, grow it on grass, and finish it off on grain.  
 Pickled feet are none the sweeter for being grown in hog manure.  
 The size of the flock should be adapted to the room allotted them.  
 Poultry manure is a splendid fertilizer to apply to strawberry plants.  
 When tired and hungry, eat some thing easily and quickly digested.  
 Deep-rooted crops require deeper plowing than shallow-rooted ones.  
 Blood tells in hogs as well as in horses. Good blood brings the best results.  
 Harrow, hoe or mulch immediately after a rain, before the ground gets dry.  
 The latter part of summer or early fall is a good time to manure the lawn.  
 White hellebore dusted over the foliage is the best remedy for currant worm.  
 Are not ten hours work a day on the farm enough, with improved machinery.  
 Unless you have a special reason for leaving, stick to the farm and be a man.  
 The profit comes in making the most pork in the least time at the smallest cost.

Hogs are certainly preferable in the orchard to a blue grass sod around the trees.  
 Removing currant bushes and cutting back, severely tends to increase the vigor.  
 In shipping fruit any considerable distance, remember that bruises hasten decay.  
 Putting the dish and wash water around peach trees gives a healthier growth.  
 No uniform rules for orcharding or small fruit growing can be given for all localities.  
 A planting of currants given reasonably good care will last from fifteen to twenty years.  
 Overfeeding weakens the offspring; underfeeding does the same. Here extremes meet.  
 Generally for fruit trees one pound of poison to two hundred gallons of water is sufficient.  
 As far as possible resort to rain water properly saved for drinking and domestic purposes.  
 All of the fungus diseases of plants, such as mildew, scab, blight, rot and rust, are contagious.

Spring is more conducive to the health and thrift of the young sow with her first litter of pigs.

So far as is possible no weeds should be allowed to grow in the strawberry bed set out last spring.

It is claimed that only ten per cent. of the apple trees that are planted out ever come into bearing.

One ounce of Paris green to six pounds of flour is sufficient to use in destroying the cabbage worm.

Sheep that are kept in a good, vigorous, thrifty condition are not liable to become infested with ticks.

Generally a sow does her best service with her second litter, and from that on until she is six years old.

No matter what oats are worth in the market, if you grow them yourself you can afford to feed them.

Even a poor farmer can give sheep a trial in a small way and increase as experience and profit warrant.

Four pounds of rosin, one pound of beeswax and a half pint of linseed oil makes a good summer grafting wax.

If you go into fruit growing for market, go into it systematically and energetically, but not on too large a scale.

In nearly all cases the best time to sell hogs is when the price realized is sufficient to give a fair return of profit.

Keep the sheep off the timothy sod. They bite it so closely as to destroy its bulbs, when it cannot sprout again.

In nearly all cases it is best to separate the farrowing sows from the stock hogs that are being fattened for market.

Nothing short of persistent care and scrupulous cleanliness will eradicate that wretched and insidious disease—thrush.

Pork from a well developed and fattened pig, at eight months, is far preferable to one fattened and killed at eighteen months.

It is best to take up the lamb bucks and put in a separate pasture and keep them separate until after the breeding season is over.

Pears should be picked before they are mellow. Whenever they will come off easily without breaking the stem they are ready to pick.

Whether early or late, after the hogs have reached a certain stage, it is not profitable to feed them longer. Sell as soon as possible.

Applying a little water and often is a bad principle in watering plants, and should be avoided. If watering is needed, water thoroughly.

Sweep off the feeding floors sufficiently often to keep them clean. The hogs should not be compelled to eat their food in dust and dirt.

A great many kicking cows might be cured and more prevented by simply trimming the finger nails often enough to keep them from cutting the teats of the cows.

There is no economy in allowing a ram to become poor or run down during the breeding season; in fact, in nearly all cases it will pay to give him a little extra attention.

Commence feeding new corn gradually, increasing the amount daily until they are put on full feed, and then see that they are given all that they will eat up clean daily.

If goats are to be fed out to stock on the farm, it is adding to the expense to thresh them. They make a better and more wholesome feed to run through a cutting box, while there is little or no waste.

Nothing comes so near taking the place of milk for young pigs as sweet corn just passed the roasting-ear stage. No feed is better for starting the shoots to fattening than the corn and stalks fed together at first, and after two weeks snap off the ears and feed ears to the hogs and stalks to the cattle.

Keep the two-year-old sows unless they have defects that should send them to the barrel. Sows are at their best at this age, giving more milk and having stronger powers for digesting food. As a result their pigs are stronger, healthier and make more rapid growth than pigs from very young sows.

In selecting a range for sheep care should be taken to remove from it, as completely as possible, all briars or burrs which would attach themselves to the wool. An ounce of preventative is worth more than a pound of cure, and this will save picking burrs from the wool afterward. It helps to avoid tangles and dirt and saves time and trouble in clipping and cleaning, increasing also the value of the wool.

It cannot be wondered at that farming is despised by farmers' sons, when every one of them who displays a little bit of more than average brightness is pronounced too good to follow the plow and is sent off to college, whence he occasionally swoops down upon his native settlement, wearing silk hats, canes and a cockney accent. The boys who stay at home affect to laugh at the airs of this gilded creature, but in their hearts they envy his clothes and his cane, his easy time and that profanity of his, compounded with all the modern improvements and flavored with a spice of classicism. Nine fathers put of every ten possessing the means educate their sons for a profession, and although vast numbers of them go to the United States, still Ontario is swarming with lawyers and doctors, so that it may be said that there is but an average of half a practice for each practitioner. I believe that only ten per cent. of those who secure a special education are competent to succeed in specialties.

It is better to give a boy a solid foundation of industry than anything else. If he has something in him it will mount up and carry him up. It is easier for a grown man to acquire a neglected education than for an educated and indolent man to acquire habits of industry. If you have a smart son don't give him up to a profession; let him become the smartest farmer in Canada.



EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY AND HIS SON.

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## THE TYPE-WRITTEN LETTER.

WHEN a man has battled with poverty all his life, fearing it as he fought it, feeling for the skinny throat to throttle it, and yet dreading all the while the coming of the time when it would gain the mastery and throttle him—when such a man is told that he is rich, it might be imagined he would receive the announcement with hilarity. When Richard Denham realized that he was wealthy, he became even more sobered than usual and drew a long breath as if he had been running a race and had won it. The man who brought him the news had no idea he had told Denham anything novel. He merely happened to say: "You are a rich man, Mr. Denham, and will never miss it."

Denham had never before been called a rich man, and up to that moment he had not thought of himself as wealthy. He wrote out the check asked of him, and his visitor departed gratefully, leaving the merchant with something to ponder over. He was as surprised with the suddenness of the thing as if someone had left him a legacy. Yet the money was all his own accumulating, but his struggle had been so long, and he had been so hopeless about it, that from mere habit he exerted all his energies long after the enemy was overcome—just as the troops at New Orleans fought a fierce battle not knowing the war was over. He had sprung from such a hopelessly poor family. Poverty had been their inheritance from generation to generation. It was the invariable legacy that father had left to son in the Denham family. All had accepted their lot with uncomplaining resignation, until Richard resolved he would at least have a fight for it. And now the fight had been won. Denham sat in his office staring at the dingy wall paper so long that Rogers, the chief clerk, put his head in and said in a deferential voice:

"Anything more to-night, Mr. Denham?"

Denham started as if that question in that tone had not been asked him every night for years.

"What's that, what's that?" he cried.

Rogers was astonished, but too well trained to show it.

"Ah, quite so. No, Rogers, thank you, nothing more."

"Good night, Mr. Denham."

"Eh? Oh, yes. Good night, Rogers, good night."

When Mr. Denham left his office and went into the street, everything had an unusual appearance to him. He walked alone, unheeding the direction. He looked at the fine residences and realized that he might have a fine residence if he wanted it. He saw handsome carriages; he, too, might set up an equipage. The satisfaction these thoughts produced was brief. Of what use would a fine house or an elegant carriage be to him? He knew no one to invite to the house or to ride with him in the carriage. He began to realize how utterly alone in the world he was. He had no friends, no acquaintances even. The running dog with its nose to the ground sees nothing of the surrounding scenery. He knew men in a business way, of course, and doubtless each of them had a hope in the suburbs somewhere, but he could not take a business man by the shoulders and say to him, "Invite me to your house; I am lonesome; I want to know people."

If he got such an invitation, he would not know what to do with himself. He was familiar with the counting-room and its language, but the drawing-room was an unexplored country to him, where an unknown tongue was spoken. On the road to wealth he had missed something, and it was now too late to go back for it. Only the day before, he had heard one of the clerks, who did not know he was within earshot, allude to him as "the old man." He felt as young as ever he did, but the phrase so lightly spoken made him catch his breath.

As he was now walking through the park, and away from the busy streets, he took off his hat and ran his fingers through his grizzled hair, looking at his hand when he had done so as if the gray, like wet paint, had come off. He thought of a girl he knew once, who perhaps would have married him if he had asked her, as he was tempted to do. But that had always been a mistake of the Denhams. They had all married young except himself, and so sunk deeper in the mire of poverty, pressed down by a rapidly increasing progeny. The girl had married a baker, he remembered. Yes, that was a long time ago. The clerk was not far wrong when he called him an old man. Suddenly, another girl arose before his mental vision—a modern girl—very different indeed to the one who had married the baker. She was the only woman in the world with whom he was on speaking terms, and he knew her merely because her light and nimble fingers played the business sonata of one note on his office typewriter. Miss Gale was pretty, of course—all typewriter girls are—and it was generally understood in the office that she belonged to a good family who had come down in the world. Her somewhat independent air deepened this conviction and kept the clerks at a distance. She was a sensible girl who realized that the typewriter paid better than the piano, and accordingly turned the expertness of her white fingers to the former instrument. Richard Denham sat down upon a park bench. "Why not?" he asked himself. There was

no reason against it except that he had not the courage. Nevertheless, he formed a desperate resolution.

Next day, business went on as usual. Letters were answered and the time

arrived when Miss Gale came to see if he had any further commands that day. Denham hesitated. He felt vaguely that a business office was not the proper place for a proposal; yet he knew he would be at a disadvantage anywhere else. In the first place, he had no plausible excuse for calling upon the young woman at home, and, in the second place, he knew if he once got there he would be stricken dumb. "It must either be at his office or nowhere."

"Sit down a moment, Miss Gale," he said at last. "I wanted to consult you about a matter—about a business matter."

Miss Gale seated herself, and automatically placed on her knee the shorthand writing-pad ready to take down her instructions. She looked

up at him expectantly. Denham, in an embarrassed manner, ran his fingers through his hair.

"I am thinking," he began, "of taking a partner. The business is very prosperous now. In fact, it has been for some time."

"Yes?" said Miss Gale interrogatively.

"Yes. I think I should have a partner. It is about that I wanted to speak to you."

"Don't you think it would be better to consult with Mr. Rogers? He knows more about business than I. But perhaps it is Mr. Rogers who is to be the partner?"

"No, it is not Rogers. Rogers is a good man. But—it is not Rogers."

"Then I think in an important matter like this Mr. Rogers, or someone who knows the business as thoroughly as he does, would be able to give advice that would be of some value."

"I don't want advice exactly. I have made up my mind to have a partner if the partner is willing."

Denham mopped his brow. It was going to be even more difficult that he had anticipated.

"Is it, then, a question of the capital the partner is to bring in?" asked Miss Gale, anxious to help him.

"No, no. I don't wish any capital. I have enough for both. And the business is very prosperous, Miss Gale—and—has been."

The young woman raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"You surely don't intend to share the profits with a partner who brings no capital into the business?"

"Yes—yes, I do. You see, as I said, I have no need for more capital."

"Oh, if that is the case, I think you should consult Mr. Rogers before you commit yourself."

"But Rogers wouldn't understand."

"I'm afraid I don't understand either. It seems to me a foolish thing to do—that is, if you want my advice."

"Oh, yes, I want it. But it isn't as foolish as you think. I should have had a partner long ago. That is where I made the mistake. I've made up my mind on that."

"Then I don't see that I can be of any use—if your mind is already made up."

"Oh, yes, you can. I'm a little afraid that my offer may not be accepted."

"It is sure to be, if the man has any sense. No fear of such an offer being refused. Offers like that are not to be had every day. It will be accepted."

"Do you really think so, Miss Gale? I am glad that is your opinion. Now, what I wanted to consult you about, is the form of the offer. I would like to put it—well—delicately, you know, so that it would not be refused, nor give offence."

"I see. You want me to write a letter to him?"

"Exactly, exactly," cried Denham, with some relief. He had not thought of sending a letter before. Now he wondered why he had not thought of it. It was so evidently the best way out of a situation that was extremely disconcerting.

"Have you spoken to him about it?"

"To him? What him?"

"To your future partner, about the proposal."



DENHAM HESITATED.



MISS GALE.



"YOU WANT ME TO WRITE A LETTER TO HIM?"



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"No, no. Oh, no. That is—I have spoken to nobody but you."

"And you are determined not to speak to Mr. Rogers before you write?"

"Certainly not. It's none of Roger's business."

"Oh, very well," said Miss Gale shortly, bending over her writing-pad.

It was evident that her opinion of Denham's wisdom was steadily lowering.

"How much shall I say the annual profits are? Or do you want that mentioned?"

"I—I don't think I would mention that. You see, I don't wish this arrangement to be carried out on a monetary basis—not altogether."

"On what basis then?"

"Well—I can hardly say. On a personal basis, perhaps. I rather hope that the person—that my partner—would, you know, like to be associated with me."

"On a friendly basis, do you mean?" asked Miss Gale mercilessly.

"Certainly. Friendly, of course—and perhaps more than that."

Miss Gale looked up at him with a certain hopelessness of expression.

"Why not write a note inviting your future partner to call upon you here, or anywhere else that would be convenient, and then discuss the matter?"

Denham looked frightened.

"I thought of that but it wouldn't do. No; it wouldn't do. I would much rather settle everything by correspondence."

"I am afraid I shall not be able to compose a letter that will suit you. There seems to be so many difficulties. It is very unusual."

"That is true, and that is why I knew no one but you could help me, Miss Gale. If it pleases you, it pleases me."

Miss Gale shook her head, but after a few moments she said, "How will this do?"

"Dear sir—"

"Wait a moment," cried Mr. Denham; "that seems rather a formal opening, doesn't it? How would it read if you put it 'Dear friend?'"

"If you wish it so?" She crossed out the "sir" and substituted the word suggested. Then she read the letter:

"DEAR FRIEND.—I have for some time past been desirous of taking a partner, and would be glad if you would consider the question and consent to join me in this business. The business is, and has been for several years, very prosperous, and, as I shall require no capital from you, I think you will find my offer a very advantageous one. I will—"

"I—I don't think I would put it quite that way," said Denham, with some hesitation. "It reads as if I were offering everything, and that my partner—well, you see what I mean."

"It's the truth," said Miss Gale defiantly.

"Better put it on the friendly basis as you suggested a moment ago."

"I didn't suggest anything, Mr. Denham. Perhaps it would be better if you would dictate the letter exactly as you want. I knew I could not write one that would please you."

"It does please me, but I'm thinking of my future partner. You are doing just what I want to do. But just put it on the friendly basis."

A moment later she read:

"\* \* \* \* \* join me in this business. I make you this offer entirely from a friendly, and not from a financial standpoint, hoping that you like me well enough to be associated with me."

"Anything else, Mr. Denham?"

"No. I think that covers the whole ground. It will look rather short, type-written, won't it? Perhaps you might add something to show that I shall be exceedingly disappointed if my offer is not accepted."

"No fear," said Miss Gale. "I'll add that, though. 'Yours truly,' or 'Yours very truly?'"

"You might end it 'Your Friend.'"

The rapid click of the typewriter was heard for a few moments in the next room, and then Miss Gale came out with the completed letter in her hand.

"Shall I have the boy copy it?" she asked.

"Oh, bless you, no," answered Mr. Denham, with evident trepidation.

"The young woman said to herself, 'He doesn't want Mr. Rogers to know, and no wonder. It's a most unbusiness-like proposal.' Then she said aloud, 'Shall you want me again to-day?'"

"No, Miss Gale; and thank you very much."

Next morning Miss Gale came into Mr. Denham's office with a smile on her face.

"You made a funny mistake last night, Mr. Denham," she said, as she took off her wraps.

"Did I?" he asked in alarm.

"Yes. You sent that letter to my address. I got it this morning. I opened it, for I thought it was for me, and that perhaps you did not need me to-day. But I saw at once that you had put it in the wrong envelope. Did you want me to-day?"

It was on his tongue to say, "I want you every day," but he merely held out his hand for the letter, and looked at it as if he could not account for its having gone astray.

The next day Miss Gale came late, and she looked frightened. It was evident that Denham was losing his mind. She put the letter down before him and said:

"You addressed that to me the second time, Mr. Denham."

There was a look of haggard anxiety about Mr. Denham that gave color to her suspicions. He felt that it was now or never.

"Then why don't you answer it, Miss Gale?" he said gruffly.

She backed away from him.

"Answer it?" she repeated faintly.

"Certainly. If I got a letter twice I would answer it."

"What do you mean?" she cried, with her hand on the door knob.

"Exactly what the letter says. I want you for my partner. I want to marry you, and—financial considerations—"

"Oh!" cried Miss Gale in a long-drawn, quivering sigh. She was doubtless shocked at the word he had used, and fled to her typewriting room, closing the door behind her.

Richard Denham paced up and down the floor for a few moments, then rapped lightly at her door, but there was no response. He put on his hat and went into the street. After a long and aimless walk he found himself again at his place of business. When he went in Rogers said to him:

"Miss Gale has left, sir."

"Has she?"

"Yes, and she has given notice. Says she is not coming back, sir."

"Very well."

He went into his room and found a letter marked "personal" on his desk. He tore it open and read in neatly type-written characters:

"I have resigned my place as typewriter girl, having been offered a better situation. I am offered a partnership in the house of Richard Denham. I have decided to accept the position, not so much on account of its financial attractions, as because I shall be glad, on a friendly basis, to be associated with the gentleman I have named. Why did you put me to all that worry writing that idiotic letter, when a few words would have saved ever so much bother? You evidently need a partner. My mother will be pleased to meet you any time you call. You have the address. Your friend,

"MARGARET GALE."

"Rogers!" shouted Denham joyfully.

"Yes, sir," answered the estimable man, putting his head into the room.

"Advertise for another typewriter girl, Rogers."

"Yes, sir," said Rogers.—*Robert Barr in Detroit Free Press.*

#### A NARROW ESCAPE FOR BLONDIN.

Blondin, the renowned rope-walker, usually carried a man upon his back when walking the tight-rope. Formerly he was wont to bargain with some one to accompany him on this dangerous journey. On the occasion of a performance in Chicago a man offered his services gratis. Blondin accepted them, and ascended to the rope with his living burden. When the pair had reached the middle of the rope the man began to laugh heartily.

"What is it that amuses you?" the rope-walker asked, with astonishment. "Oh, a comic idea has just struck me. I was thinking what sort of a face you would pull if, during the next half-minute, both of us were to fall down upon the audience?"

"But we shall not fall," replied Blondin, reassuringly.

"But I have determined on this occasion to take my life."

At the same moment the man began to wriggle about, so that the rope-walker nearly lost his balance. He, however, soon composed himself, dropped his balancing-pole, and gripped the man so firmly with his hands that the latter was unable to move.

Then continuing his walk, although in a state of great trepidation, he arrived safely at the end of the rope, and, allowing his living burden to slide from his shoulder, he administered a box on both ears with such force that the would-be suicide fell down unconscious. Since that terrible journey Blondin has carried only one man, his true and faithful son, on every occasion.

#### THE WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Fifth year,	Wooden Wedding
Tenth year,	Tin Wedding
Fifteenth year,	Crystal Wedding
Twentieth year,	China Wedding
Twenty-fifth year,	Silver Wedding
Thirtieth year,	Pearl Wedding
Fortieth year,	Ruby Wedding
Fiftieth year,	Golden Wedding
Seventy-fifth year,	Diamond Wedding

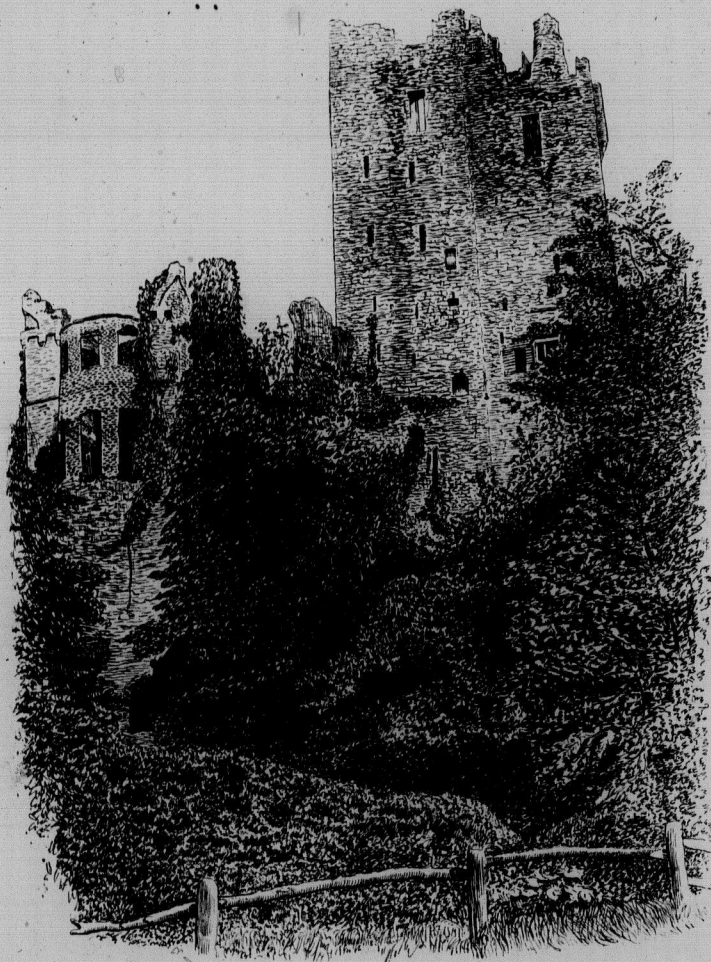
The proportion of the human figure are six times the length of the right foot. The face from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the end of the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the end of the middle finger, is also one-tenth of the total height. From the crown to the nape of the neck is one-twelfth of the stature.



"YOU SENT THAT LETTER TO MY ADDRESS!"







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## PENITENTIARIES IN CANADA.

There are five Penitentiaries in the Dominion, situated at Kingston, Ont.; St. Vincent de Paul, Montreal, Que.; Dorchester, N. B.; Stony Mountain, Man.; and New Westminster, B. C., and the total convict population of Canada (that is, the total number confined in the above penitentiaries) on 30th June, 1889, was 1,195, being an increase of 101 as compared with the same date in 1888, when the number was 1,094. This large increase is to be regretted, as it cannot be taken to indicate anything but a larger amount of crime, the number of convicts received having been 434, as against 360 in 1889, an increase of 74. Still, however, in proportion to population, the figures, in spite of the unsatisfactory increase, may be considered small, the proportion in 1889 having been 1 convict in every 4,247 persons; in 1888, 1 in 4,639, and in 1887, 1 in 4,206. The convicts comprised 1,470 males and 25 females. The proportion of females to males was about the same, viz.: a little over 2 per cent.

To give an idea of the great field for crime presented by the immensity of London, England, we might here say that in 1889 there were 1,782 cases of burglary and housebreaking in the Metropolitan police district; the value of property stolen was £14,156, and the amount recovered £11,280. In a large number of cases the burglars gained an entry through windows or doors left open or insecurely fastened. Pocket-picking is slightly on the decrease—2,516 in 1889 against 2,975, in 1888. In the previous year, 1889, there were 10,544 cases of felony reported to the police. The amount stated was £114,960, but of this £20,124 was recovered, leaving the net loss £94,836. The number of persons apprehended was 12,946. The felonies were at the rate of 3,425 per thousand of the population.

## HANDY ITEMS OF LAW.

A note made on Sunday is void. A note obtained by fraud, or from one intoxicated, is void. If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker—he must pay it. An endorser of a note is exempt from liability, if not served with notice of its dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non-payment. A note by a minor is void. Notes bear interest only when so stated. Principals are responsible for their agents. Each individual in partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of a firm. Ignorance of the law excuses no one. It is a fraud to conceal a fraud. It is illegal to compound a felony. The law compels no one to do impossibilities. An agreement without consideration is void. Signatures in lead pencil are good in law. A receipt for money is not legally conclusive. The acts of one partner bind all the others. Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced. A contract with a minor is void. A contract with a lunatic is void. Written contracts concerning land must be under seal.

## SALARIES PAID TO KINGS.

There is a big difference in the salaries annually paid to heads of governments in different countries. In Canada of course we pay our Governor-General \$50,000 per annum, with a house and perquisites that each year amount to about \$10,000 more. Other countries pay as follows: United States, \$50,000 a year; Persia, \$30,000,000; Russia, \$10,000,000; Siam, \$5,000,000; Spain, \$3,000,000; Italy, \$3,000,000; Great Britain, \$3,000,000; Morocco, \$2,500,000; Japan, \$2,300,000; Egypt, \$1,575,000; Germany, \$1,000,000; Saxony, \$700,000; Portugal and Sweden, each \$600,000; France, \$200,000; Hayti, \$240,000; Switzerland, \$3,000. Some of these salaries are pretty big for these hard times. One is particularly amazed at Persia paying such an enormous sum with a population of only 7,652,600, and Siam paying \$10,000,000 a year to its king with only a population of 5,750,000 and an army of only 2,000 men. It would require a bigger army than that to spare such a salary out of the same number of Canadians nowadays.

## POPULATION OF CANADA—CENSUS 1891.

Provinces, Districts, Territories.	Entered Confederation or Organized.	Square Miles.	Population Census 1891.
Manitoba, Province.	Entered Confederation 1870.	74,000	154,448
Saskatchewan, District.	Organized 1882.	266,000	99,000
Assiniboia, District.	Organized 1882.	266,000	99,000
North-West Territories.	Organized 1882.	1,400,000	99,772
Alberta, District.	Entered Confederation 1871.	183,000	92,767
British Columbia, Province.	" " " 1871.	222,000	91,727
Ontario, Province.	" " " 1867.	100,000	231,074
Quebec, Province.	" " " 1867.	160,000	430,521
New Brunswick, Province.	" " " 1867.	28,000	129,000
Prince Edward Island, Province.	" " " 1867.	2,000	14,536
Quebec, Province.	" " " 1867.	160,000	1,438,536
Territory east of Hudson's Bay.	Organized 1876.	390,000	18,000
Islands in Arctic Ocean and Hudson's Bay.	" " " 1876.	18,000	25,000
Keewatin, District.	" " " 1876.	18,000	25,000
Territory east of Keewatin and south of Hudson's Bay.	" " " 1876.	18,000	25,000
Great Lakes and River St. Lawrence east to Long, 50, and portions within United States, not included in above areas.	" " " 1876.	47,400	—
Totals.		3,438,400	4,839,411
Labrador.		40,000	4,000
Newfoundland.		40,714	137,441
French Shore from Cape Kay to Cape St. John, say.		—	10,000
			5,093,851

The Department of Education for Ontario reported that in 1889 there were 5,750 educational institutions of all kinds in operation, attended by 515,000 pupils, and supported at an expense of over \$5,000,000. Of these schools 5,718 were Public (or Common) and Separate schools, with an attendance of 496,543 pupils. In 1890 the Department received reports from 31 Collegiate Institutes and 89 High Schools, with 16,393 pupils.

## COST OF CHILDREN.

The average cost of bringing children to maturity is \$600. To bring a child to the age of five years requires on the average \$300. In the United States thirty-five per cent. of the males fail to reach the age of twenty years. Of course the mortality among infants is much higher than among older children or adults. For every person dead there are two persons sick. It costs less to develop a Norwegian than to raise to adult years an individual of any other nationality. There is less general sickness in this century than in the centuries past. Where the average age of a citizen is now fifty years, in the days of ancient Rome the citizen lived but thirty years. As many live now to be seventy years old as three centuries ago lived to reach the age of fifty years.

## PUBLIC WORKS OF CANADA.

Statement of expenditure on construction and improvement of the Public Works of Canada, from their commencement to June 30, 1889:

Name of Work.	Total Government Expenditure.	Expenditure other than Government.	Grand Total.
Railways.	\$17,375,237 22	\$17,375,237 22	\$34,750,474 44
Canals.	\$1,061,180 71	\$1,061,180 71	\$2,122,361 42
Totals—Railways and Canals.	\$18,436,418 93	\$18,436,418 93	\$36,872,837 86
Public Buildings.	\$10,066,137 41	\$10,066,137 41	\$20,132,274 82
Harbors and Breakwaters.	\$1,447,971 37	\$1,447,971 37	\$2,895,942 74
Improvement of Rivers.	\$1,026,481 75	\$1,026,481 75	\$2,052,963 50
Bridges.	\$72,411 17	\$72,411 17	\$144,822 34
Slides and Booms.	\$24,220 37	\$24,220 37	\$48,440 74
Roads and Bridges.	\$1,076,139 15	\$1,076,139 15	\$2,152,278 30
Telegraph Lines.	\$70,373 61	\$70,373 61	\$140,747 22
Lighthouses.	\$114,000 00	\$114,000 00	\$228,000 00
Damming Streams.	\$70,000 00	\$70,000 00	\$140,000 00
Monuments.	\$1,445 12	\$1,445 12	\$2,890 24
Ottawa, Major & H. H. Park.	\$1,111 58	\$1,111 58	\$2,223 16
Carter Street.	\$2,500 00	\$2,500 00	\$5,000 00
Totals—Public Works.	\$42,772,500 59	\$42,772,500 59	\$85,545,001 18
Grand Totals.	\$61,208,919 52	\$61,208,919 52	\$122,417,839 04

## GIRLS AND BOYS.

The year of greatest growth in boys is the seventeenth; in girls the fourteenth. While girls reach full height in their fifteenth year, they acquire full weight at the age of twenty. Boys are stronger than girls from birth to the eleventh year; then girls become physically superior until the seventeenth year, when the tables are again turned and remain so. From November to April children grow very little and gain no weight; from April to July they gain in height, but lose in weight, and from July to November they increase greatly in weight, but not in height.—Statistics.

## THE EARTH'S POPULATION.

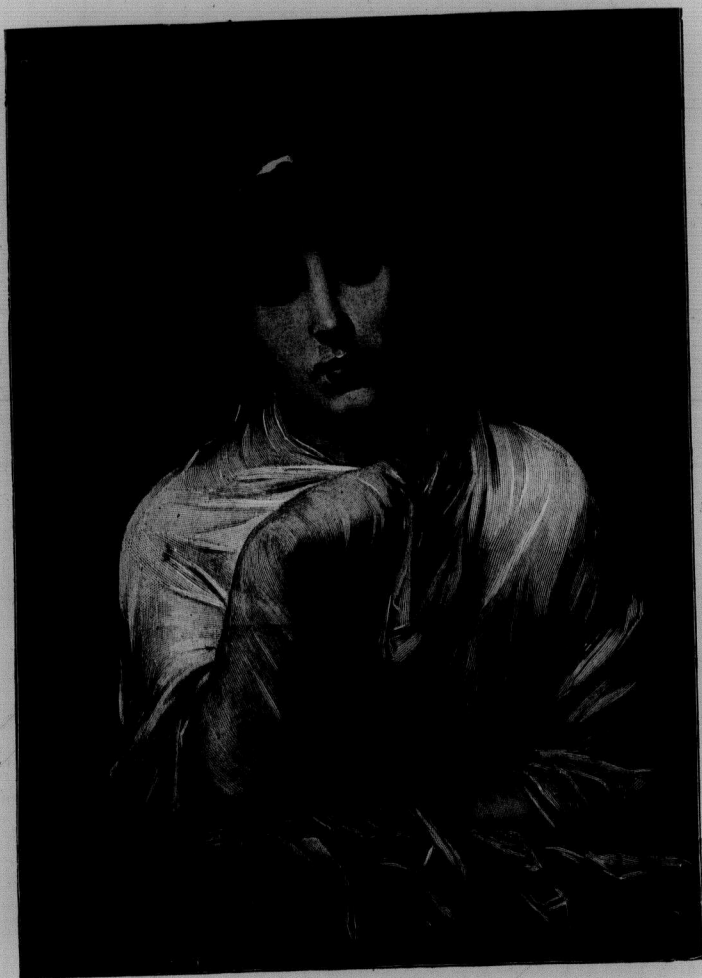
The human family living on earth to-day consists of about 1,450,000,000 souls, not less, probably more. These are distributed literally all over the earth's surface, there being no considerable spot on the globe where man has not found a foothold. In Asia, the so-called cradle of the human race, there are now about 800,000,000 people, densely crowded, on an average about 250 to every square mile. In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 150 to the square mile, not so crowded as Asia, but everywhere dense and in many places over-populated. In Africa there are, approximately, 210,000,000, and in the Americas, North, South and Central, 110,000,000, these latter, of course, relatively thinly scattered over broad areas. On the islands, large and small, there are probably 10,000,000 more. The extremes of the blacks and whites are as five to three; the remaining 700,000,000 intermediate brown, yellow and tawny in color. Of the entire race 500,000,000 are well clothed—that is, wear garments of some kind that will cover nakedness; 250,000,000 habitually go naked, and 700,000,000 only cover the middle parts of the body; 500,000,000 live in houses, 700,000,000 in huts and caves, the remaining 250,000,000 virtually having no place to lay their heads.

## A REMARKABLE DINNER.

"I have eaten apples that ripened more than 1,300 years ago, bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, spread with butter that was made when 'Elizabet was Queen of England, and washed down the repast with wine that was old when Columbus was playing barfrow with the boys of Genoa," said a gentleman of a Chicago club the other day. This remarkable "spread" was given by an antiquary named Gorbet, in the city of Brussels, in 1871. "The apples were from a jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii, that buried city to whose people we owe our knowledge of canning fruit. The wheat was taken from a chamber in one of the smaller pyramids, the butter from a stone shelf in an old well in Scotland, where it had lain in an earthenware crock in icy water, and the wine came from an old vault in the city of Corinth. There were six guests at the table, and each had a mouthful of the bread and a tablespoonful of the wine, but was permitted to help himself liberally to the butter, there being several pounds of it. The apple jar held about two-thirds of a gallon, and the fruit was as sweet and the flavor as fine as though put up yesterday."

## THE HEALTHIEST SPOT IN THE WORLD.

This is said to be the site of the little French hamlet named Amoué, a town of forty inhabitants, of whom twenty-eight are over eighty-five years of age and three are over 100. There are no graves in the local cemetery; and it looks now as if the people must depart this town in order to depart this life.



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## THE GREAT THINKERS.

Shelly wrote *Queen Mab* at 18.  
 Gray published his *Elegy* at 34.  
 Luther wrote his 95 theses at 34.  
 Disraeli wrote *Vivian Gray* at 21.  
 Mohammed began the *Koran* at 35.  
 Swift wrote the *Tale of a Tub* at 37.  
 Alexander Dumas wrote plays at 22.  
 Heine published his first songs at 23.  
 Poe wrote *The Raven* in his 36th year.  
 Butler wrote *Hudibras* after he was 60.  
 Owen Meredith published *Lucile* at 29.  
 Confucius began his religious works at 30.  
 Shakespere wrote his first play at about 30.  
 Sterne published the *Tristram Shandy* at 46.  
 Sir Thomas More finished his *Utopia* at 73.  
 Spenser published the *Fairie Queene* at 38.  
 Calvin published his *Psychopannychia* at 25.  
 Cornelle wrote *Melitte*, his first drama, at 21.  
 Livy is said to have finished his *Annals* at 50.  
 Sheridan wrote *The School for Scandal* at 29.  
 Lord Bacon wrote the *Novum Organum* at 41.  
 Thackeray was 36 when *Vanity Fair* appeared.  
 Goldsmith finished *The Deserted Village* at 42.  
 It is said that Horace wrote his first odes at 25.  
 Baxter wrote the *Saint's Everlasting Rest* at 34.  
 Josephus wrote his *Wars of the Jews* at 35.  
 Tacitus finished the first part of his history at 50.  
 Dante finished the *Divina Commedia* at about 51.  
 David is said to have written his first psalm at 18.  
 Bryant was 19 when made famous by *Thanatopsis*.  
 John Bunyan finished the *Pilgrim's Progress* at 50.  
 Homer is said to have composed the *Iliad* after 60.  
 George Eliot was 39 when *Adam Bede* was printed.  
 Samuel Johnson published *London* when he was 29.  
 Lamartine's poems appeared when the poet was 30.  
 Solomon is said to have collected the *Proverbs* at 50.  
 Adam Smith published *The Wealth of Nations* at 55.  
 Thomas à Kempis wrote the *Imitation of Christ* at 34.  
 The *Bucolics* of Virgil were written between 43 and 34.  
 Robert Browning wrote *The Ring and The Book* at 57.  
 Joseph Addison's first essays appeared when he was 29.  
 Hannah More wrote *The Search After Happiness* at 28.  
 The *Pleasures of Hope* appeared when Campbell was 22.  
 Voltaire's first tragedy came out when the author was 22.  
 Hugh Miller published *The Testimony of the Rocks* at 55.  
 According to tradition Buddha began his revelations at 35.  
 Burns wrote songs in childhood, and published some at 16.  
 According to Talmud, Daniel wrote his first prophecy at 50.  
 Lamb's first printed poems came out when the author was 22.  
 Jane Eyre was the work of Charlotte Bronte when she was 22.  
 The early Christian writers says Paul wrote his first epistle at 46.  
 Bulwer-Lytton was 29 when he printed *The Last Days of Pompeii*.  
 Mill's *Logic* appeared at 37, his *Principles of Political Economy* at 42.  
 John Locke finished the *Essay on the Human Understanding* at 58.  
 Cicero is thought to have written *De Officiis* after he had passed 40.  
 Buckle brought out the first volume of the *History of Civilization* at 36.  
 Isaac Newton wrote the last of the *Natural Philosophy* when he was 45.  
 Ariosto began the *Orlando Furioso* at 32 and finished it 10 years later.  
 Carlyle published *Sartor Resartus* at 38, and the *French Revolution* at 42.  
 De Quincey published *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater* at 36.  
 Hours of Idleness appeared when Byron was 18, his *Child of Harold* at 28.

Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* at 48.  
 Little Poems, the first work of Thomas Moore, appeared when he was 23.  
 Chaucer is thought to have written the *Canterbury Tales* after he was 50.  
 Miss Sedgwick wrote her first novel, *The New England Tale*, at the age of

33.  
 Emanuel Swedenborg's *Arcana Coelestia* was printed when the author was

61.  
 Immanuel Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* appeared when the author was

57.  
 Elizabeth Barrett Browning produced *An Essay on Mind* and other poems

at 18.  
 When Victor Hugo was 20, he issued his first volume—a collection of

poems.  
 The first volume of the *History of England* appeared when David Hume

was 43.  
 According to tradition, Moses wrote the book of *Job* at 70 and finished *The*

*Law* at 120.  
 Xenophon is supposed to have finished the *Retreat of the Ten Thousand*

when about 50.  
 The first volume of *Indian tales from the pen of Cooper* appeared when

the author was 30.  
 Macaulay was 47 when he began the brilliant fragment known as the

*History of England*.  
 At the age of 41 Milton issued the *Paradise Lost*, which had been in pre-

paration for 20 years.  
 Alexander Pope was 45 years old when he wrote the immortal *Essay on*

*Man*, and about 25 when he began the translation of the *Iliad*.  
 Alexander the Great, the conqueror of the world, died when he was 32

years old. Maurice of Saxony, the greatest captain and statesman of his time,  
 died at the same age. The Duke of Weimar, one of Adolphus' generals, died

at 36, while Gustavus Adolphus died when he was 38. Pascal, the great French  
 writer, and Raphael, the great Italian artist, both died at 37.

## WHAT ANIMAL CAN LEAP THE GREATEST DISTANCE.

The galago, or flying lemur. This singular animal is a native of the Indian Archipelago. It is from two to three feet in length, and is furnished with a sort of membrane on each side of its body connecting its limbs with each side of its body connecting its limbs with each other; this is extended and acts as a parachute while taking its long leaps, which measure about three hundred feet in an inclined plane. The kangaroo can leap with ease a distance of between sixty and seventy feet, and can spring clean over a horse and take fences from twelve to fourteen feet in height. The animals that can leap the greatest distance in proportion to their size are the flea and the grasshopper, the former being able to leap over an obstacle five hundred times its own height, while the grasshopper can leap for a distance measuring two hundred times its own length. The springbok will clear from thirty to forty feet at a single bound. The flying squirrel, in leaping from tree to tree, often clears fifty feet in a leap. This animal also has a broad fold of skin or membrane connecting its fore and hind legs. A steeplechase horse, called *The Chandler*, is reported to have covered thirty-nine feet in a single leap at Warwick some years ago. Some species of antelopes can make a leap thirty-six feet in length and ten feet in height. A lion and a tiger each clear from eighteen to over twenty feet at a bound while springing on their prey. A salmon often leaps fifteen feet out of the water in ascending the falls of rivers.



She—I don't believe you love me as you used to.  
 He—That's just like a woman. Do you suppose that I would be staying at home boring myself to death night after night if I did not love you?



THE PROMISE TRUE.

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## WHO CAN BEAT THIS?

A touching instance of insect instinct has just been published. A writer says: "I found a cockroach struggling in a bowl of water. I took half a walnut shell for a boat. I put him into it, and gave him two wooden toothpicks for oars, and left him. The next morning I visited him, and he had put a piece of white cotton thread on one end of the toothpicks, and set the toothpick on end as a signal of distress. He had a hair on the other toothpick, and there that cockroach sat fishing. The cockroach, exhausted, had fallen asleep. The sight melted me to tears. I took that cockroach out, gave him a spoonful of gruel, and left. The animal never forgot my kindness, and now my house is full of cockroaches."

## BOOTS WOULD NOT BIND HIM DOWN.

Among the converts from Methodism in a certain Church of England was an old blanket weaver, who, whenever particularly touched by anything in the prayers or the sermon, could not refrain from giving vent to his feelings by such ejaculations as "Amen!" "Hallelujah!" etc.

The rector had frequently spoken to him about this, and the old man had as frequently promised that he would try and give up the practice, but as sure as the next Sunday came his feelings were certain to get the better of him.

The congregation, at length becoming impatient at this ever-recurring disturbance to their devotions, requested that the old man should be forbidden to enter the church. Not wishing to resort to so summary a measure, the rector told him that if he would keep quiet for the next six Sundays he would give him a pair of boots.

All went well till the sixth Sunday, when an unusually stirring sermon was preached by the bishop. The old man was roused to fidget about and mutter to himself a good deal during the discourse, till at the close, being unable to contain himself any longer, he shouted, "Boots or no boots, the Lord be praised!"

## THE LAWYER OF FICTION.

Much has been said about the shopkeeper of fiction, with his sordid meanness and bad grammar; but for downright dishonesty and want of principle, I think the lawyer of fiction has attained to "that bad eminence" long ago.

It is not easy to understand why so many novelists choose a lawyer to represent one of the worst characters in the plot; even the dignity of being the chief villain is seldom allowed him. He is more frequently represented as an unprincipled scoundrel, the cat's-paw of some more fastidious villain, who takes care that he shall make good use of his legal adviser's professional knowledge if anything has to be done in the way of forgery or tampering with a deed. Of course, the lawyer is always eager to offer his professional assistance for a consideration.

The teeth of this obnoxious individual are always described as "white" and "shark-like," his eyes are "restless" and "shifting," and he is distinguished by a cringing, hypocritical suavity of manner.

This is all very good for a novelist, but it seems rather strange that the members of a respectable and learned profession should be called upon to furnish material for the shady side of the story.

When will writers of fiction learn to depict men as they exist in actual life, instead of inflicting the literary world with the unnatural creations of their own distorted imagination?

## A SMART CLERK.

In a dry goods store, noted for its severe rules and discipline, a lady asked to see some dresses. The manager politely bowed her to a chair, calling a clerk to serve. Piece after piece was displayed before her, yet still the lady evinced no desire to purchase. In vain did the young man expatiate upon the richness of the materials and the splendor of their colorings, the wonderful value and doubtless wear, but all to no purpose. With many expressions of regret for the trouble given, and a request for patterns to show her husband, she was about to depart. Seeing the gravity of his position, which meant the displeasure of his employer and possible discharge for failing to sell, he addressed the lady thus:

"Madam, before you leave allow me to give one word of caution: You observe that man walking up and down the store, unfortunately he is slightly deranged, and probably as you pass out he will attempt to speak to you. Don't be alarmed, but if you would avoid a scene get out of the store as quickly as possible."

Thanking him in a whisper she departed at once. The dreaded one approached her:

"Madam, have you been served?"

With his eyes fixed on the door, she endeavored to avoid him. Again he added:

"Madam, I hope you have what you require?" but with a frantic rush she made for the exit, feeling much relieved at her escape from the imaginary madman.

Returning, the manager inquired who the lady was. The salesman was of the opinion she was a lunatic at large.

"Indeed," said the manager, "I thought so, too," and with a smile on his face he left the salesman, who congratulated himself upon having outwitted both.

## NOTABLE RECORDS.

Handkerchiefs were first manufactured at Paisley in 1743.

The first geographical map of England was made in the year 1520.

Surnames were first adopted in the reign of Edward the Confessor.

Linen was first made in England in 1253, and only worn by the luxurious. Books in their present form were first made by Attalus, King of Pergamus, in 837.

The first bread was made by the Greeks and the first windmills by the Saracens.

The first dictionary was compiled by Panshi She, a Chinaman, who lived about 1,100 B. C.

The model of the first English steam vessel was laid before the Board of Admiralty in 1789.

The first idea of electricity was given by the friction of two globes of quick silver, in the year of 1467.

The first navigable canal in England was made in 1154, when Henry I. joined the Trent to the Witham.

The first balloon was made by a Jesuit about 1620. The idea was revived in France by M. Mongolfier in 1783.

Crickets were first played about the year 1300. It was then, and for a long time afterwards, known as "club ball."

The first London directory was printed in 1677, and contained 64 pages, with the names of 1,790 persons or firms.

The first book containing musical characters was issued in 1495 from the press by the celebrated Wyken de Worde.

Turnpikes were originated in 1267, the sum of one penny having to be paid for each wagon passing through a certain manor.

The first record of a judge's salary gives £184 13s. 4d. as the stipend of Thomas Littleton, Judge of the King's Bench, 1466.

The first Italian lady who sang in public in England was Francesca Margherita de l'Epina, who appeared in various operas in 1693.

The Earl of Arundel (temp. Charles I.), was the first person who brought over to England from Italy the new way of building with bricks.

The first voyage round the world was made in the Victoria, a ship which formed part of the expedition that sailed under Magellan in 1519.

The first English almanac was brought out at Trinity College, Cambridge, 1347, and their first printed almanac appeared about a hundred years later.

Woolen cloth was first made in England in 1331, though its making is one of the most ancient arts. It was not dyed or dressed in England until 1667.

The first toll for the repair of English highways was imposed in the reign of Edward III., and was for repairing the road between St. Giles' and Temple Bar.

Postoffices were first known in England as early as 1581, and exactly a hundred years later a penny post was introduced for London and the suburbs by an upholsterer named Murray.

The first striking clock was imported into Europe by the Persians about the year A.D. 800. It was brought as a present to Charlemagne from 'Abdella, King of Persia, by two monks of Jerusalem.

The first English newspaper was the *English Mercury*, issued in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was in the shape of a pamphlet. The *Gazetta* of Venice was the original model of the modern newspaper.

Spectacles were first used in the latter part of thirteenth century. There is no certainty as to who was the inventor of them, but the distinction is generally claimed for Alessandro di Spina, who is said to have made some about 1285.

The first record we have of coal is about three hundred years before the Christian era. Coal was used as fuel in England as early as 852, and in 1234 the first charter to dig for it was granted by Henry III. to the inhabitants of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Pens were first used early in the seventh century. They were, of course, quills, and steel pens did not come into use until 1820, when the first gross of them was sold wholesale for £7 4s. The quality of these pens was greatly inferior to those now made.

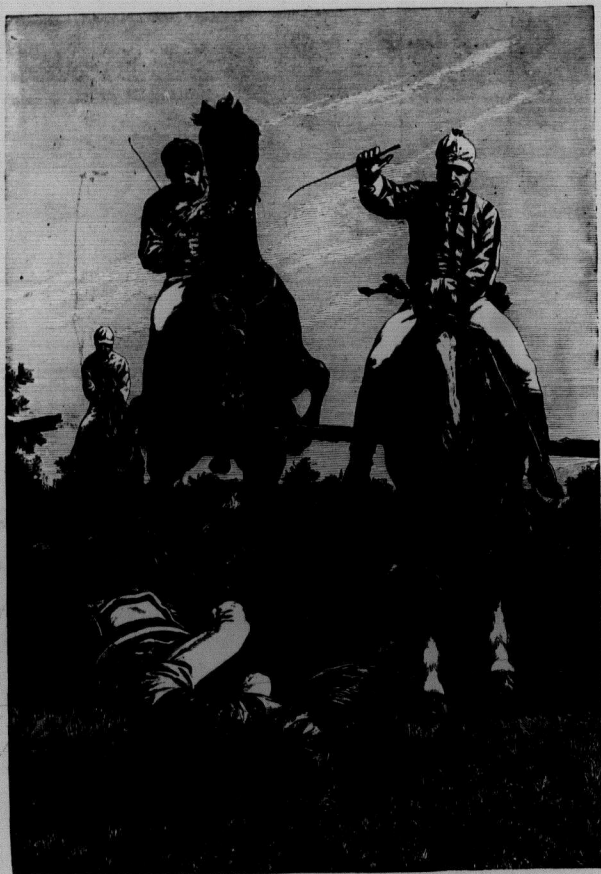
The first glass window in England was one put up in an abbey about the year 680. Glass windows, however, did not become general for many hundred years, and as late as 1577 the glass casements at Alnwick Castle, the Duke of Northumberland's seat, were regularly taken down when the family was away from home.

The first coining of money is attributed to Pheidon, King of Argos, in 805 B.C. Coined money was first used in England twenty-five years before the Christian era, but gold was not coined there until the eleventh century, and money was not given the round form, to which we are accustomed, until the lapse of another hundred years or so.

Carriages were first introduced in England in 1380, and were for a long time used only for the conveyance of the sick and of ladies. It was made a crime under the English law for an able-bodied man to ride in them, and many were fined and imprisoned for violating this remarkable statute. To ride, other than on horseback, was declared by law to be effeminate and unworthy of a man.

Canada lacks only 237,000 square miles to be as large as the whole continent of Europe; it is nearly thirty times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and is 500,000 square miles larger than the United States, without Alaska.

A colored woman in Missouri only recently discovered that slavery was abolished more than a quarter of a century ago. Her master, it is said, had kept the fact from her, and continued to make her work as a slave without remuneration. She is now suing her master for twenty-five years' wages.



A CRITICAL MOMENT.

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## DORA.

One night after his step-father, Squire Halstead, whipped Harold Burr for a thing he had not done, Harold ran away. No one knew it but I, and I was nobody. But I thought as much of Harold as ever a human being could think of another. And I knew that he was wronged and I felt that Mrs. Robbing had done a dreadful thing when she took Squire Halstead for her second husband and let him rule her, take possession of her money and ill-use her handsome boy.

I had had my share of it, too, for while Mr. Robbing lived and while she was a widow I was like a daughter of the house. But no sooner had she come back from her honeymoon trip than all that was altered. The squire looked at me coldly and I heard him ask Mrs. Halstead who I was.

"Her mother died when she was born," Mrs. Halstead said, "and I took the baby to my own nursery, where Harold lay in the cradle."

"More food you, my dear," said the squire.

"The father went away," said Mrs. Halstead, "and was lost at sea—so they said—and I kept the little girl."

"You must remember that she will need to earn her own bread," said the squire. "She is not a lady. Let the servants keep her in their part of the house and teach her her duties as waitress."

"Oh, Mr. Halstead!" cried the bride, "I cannot do that."

"My dear," said Mr. Halstead, "I am master here."

The poor lady was helpless. She had no longer any control of her own child. She had no longer any control of her own money. I was six years old, Harold the same age, and a terrible life we had of it. I was very well used in the kitchen, but I felt cast down and degraded. I wore big crash aprons that covered me from head to foot, instead of my pretty muslin and silk dresses. I was delicate and waiting is hard work when your wrists are slender.

Mrs. Halstead did all she could for me. I used to hear her pleading with the squire to let her send me to a boarding school to learn to be a teacher, but he called her "a little goose," and she fancied him very wise.

But for Harold I should never have known anything, as after school he used to come to me and teach me what he had learned himself.

Cook would whisper:

"That's right, Master Harold. It's a good deed you are doing. God spare you. I was never taught to rade missus, on account of an evil-minded step-father is me own that put me to servise before I could get schoolin', an' I know the loss."

And not a servant but would have waited in my place, for they said I was too small to carry dishes, but the cruel squire would have me come in to make sure that he was obeyed.

Mrs. Halstead really felt bad about it, I know. But two little girls came and then a little boy, and soon she cared nothing for her own splendid boy, and why should she care for me?

But I am wandering away from the morning when Harold Robbing, just eighteen that day, walked down the garden path in the gray morning light and I with him, choking down my sobs. For now the one being I loved was going away from me, perhaps forever.

It was only five o'clock and no one was up. The grass was wet with dew and there were only a few pink streaks in the sky to tell that day was coming. We did not dare to speak until we got out of hearing of the house, but then I said:

"Oh, Harold! what will you do, with no money and no friends—alone in the world?"

"Many a young fellow has done the same sort of thing," Harold said. "No man with his limbs and senses need to starve, and I mean to make my fortune. But I'd rather work in the trenches for my daily bread than live in Squire Halstead's house, and with a mother he has bewitched into doing what he wishes, whatever it may be. It was a crime to make a servant of you, little sister. But remember, the moment I have power in my hands all that shall be altered. I will write to you, and you shall know just how I get on."

But now we had got to the wharf where he was to take a little market boat to New York, and I was obliged to leave him, for he did not want the squire to find out what he had done until he was fairly out of reach, and then he put his arm about my waist and kissed me.

"Good-by, little sister," he said, "good-by, Dora, my pet. Keep up a good heart and never forget to answer my letters." And he was off, and I went home weeping as though my heart would break.

There was a terrible time at the house when they found he was gone, and the squire swore he would never enter his doors again. But the squire's daughters, who hated Harold as their father did, though he was their own mother's child, said they were glad he was gone. And only I remembered him, I think, very long. A weak woman was Mrs. Halstead, and her husband had got her under his power. The way he managed her has always made me think that there must be something in magnetism or hypnotism. She seemed to have lost her senses or to have grown mentally blind, and he led her where he would.

Just about this time I fell very ill and when I grew better the squire, knowing I was good at my needle, made a seamstress of me. I was ashamed to say why but it was because I looked rather stylish and was called pretty and so many questions were asked about me by guests. As a seamstress I could stay in my upper room and work. I was so thankful for the change. Now I could read a little and be more to myself. I made the finery for the young ladies of the family and no one troubled me.

Once, indeed, a rich old gentleman, having somehow got my story from good old cook, sought me out and made me a proposition of marriage, saying it was a shame that such an elegant woman should live as I did. But I thanked him and declined his offer. I was not unhappy now, except that I pined for news of Harold, for in all these years no word had come from him—none of those letters he had promised.

I was sure he was not dead and it was very natural that he should forget to write, but my heart had no rest. He was twenty-six years old by this time and in all that time much might have happened.

My pillow was often wet with tears from thoughts of him—fancies of what he had suffered and longed to meet him, or only see him from afar but once again.

At last news came. Mrs. Halstead came running into my room wild with joy.

"News of my boy!" she said, holding a letter toward me.

"I thought you had forgotten all about him, madame," I said.

I was sorry the next moment, for she burst into tears and faltered through her sobs:

"You don't know what it is to be the wife of a man who dominates your will! I have never forgotten or ceased to regret other things." Then she wiped her eyes and said: "But, as far as Harold goes, it is all over. He has written to me. He is rich—really rich. He has made a fortune in California, and he is coming home to see me. He is in New York and will be here to-morrow. The squire is pleased; the girls are wild to see him; my little brother is delighted."

She ran out of the room again, looking young and happy, and I sat down to my machine, swallowing a great lump that had risen in my throat.

He had not written to me. Well, I was only a servant, and he was a rich man now. They were rejoicing in his coming for that reason—the squire and his children. He was a very different person from the poor Harold Robbing who went away.

"I expect he will give us lots of presents," I heard one of the girls say. "An older brother who is rich is a great thing to have. We must pet him and make him good-natured."

"Oh, yes," said the other. "When girls have as stingy a father as we have, a generous older brother is a godsend!"

And I—oh! If he returned in rags, begging his bread, I should have welcomed him. I cared for him, not for his money. And if he had returned poor it was I to whom he would have written, I knew well. But I tried to put the selfish thoughts away and rejoice for his sake that he had prospered, even if he had forgotten his little sister Dora.

The morrow came. As I sat at my machine I heard the sounds below that told he had arrived. I heard his mother cry out and the squire say heartily, "Welcome home, my boy!" and his sisters squeal and giggle after a way they had. Then the great drawing-room doors were closed, shutting me out.

I, who loved him so dearly, went back to my room alone, uncared for, wretched! I felt as though my heart would break. I could no longer keep back my tears. Half an hour passed; then some one came to the door—a servant—who told me briefly that I was wanted in the parlor.

Trembling, quivering, feeling as I had never felt before, I obeyed the summons. I opened the drawing-room door.

The squire stood before the fire, important as usual, one hand in the breast coat, the other waving toward me as he uttered these words:

"Dora, I have sent for you because Master Harold has returned and wishes to meet a faithful servant of the family."

But before the words were out of his mouth Harold, handsomer and larger, but the same for all that—the very Harold that I knew—rushed forward and took both my hands and bent down and kissed me.

"I told you, sir," he said, "that I wanted to see Dora—the dearest being alive to me! Such words as you utter I cannot permit you to speak as though they were mine. You have never received any of my letters, Dora, but I have guessed why."

"I never have received a letter, Harold," I answered.

"So I thought," said he. "We will not ask who kept them from you. I have no wish to quarrel with anyone, but you were my only friend years ago when I went out into the world homeless and penniless, and I have come now to ask you to share with me the home that I can now offer to you."

"Share your home, Harold?" cried the squire. "The girl is not your sister. It can't be done. It would be improper!"

"I am glad, sir, that the girl is not my sister," replied Harold, "for she is the girl I want for my wife, and here, before you all, I ask her for her heart and hand, and pray shall I be if she will give them to me."

I could not answer, but he saw all I felt in my face and led me away with him.

Perhaps the biggest and most costly wedding present ever given is now in course of manufacture. It takes the form of a massive silver table service ornamented with gold, and will accommodate no fewer than sixty-eight persons. There will be 796 plates and 131 dishes, and each piece will bear the entwined monogram of the King and Queen of Greece, who will receive this magnificent gift jointly from the Czar and Czarina, the King and Queen of Denmark, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland on the occasion of their silver wedding.



FAIR JULIET.

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## THE AREA AND DEBT OF CANADA.

The area of Canada is estimated to be 3,459,383 square miles. It is the largest of all British possessions, embracing very nearly one-half of the whole empire. The continent of Australia is the next largest, having an area of 2,939,771 square miles, and the area of Tasmania and New Zealand added to this makes the total area 3,616,457 or 29,076 square miles less than that of Canada. The total area of the British Empire, according to official figures, is 8,116,489 square miles. The combined area, therefore, of Canada and the Australasian colonies, exclusive of New Guinea, comprises rather more than eighty per cent. of the whole Empire. The area of the whole continent of Europe is 3,756,002 square miles. It is therefore only 29,619 square miles larger than the Dominion of Canada. The area of Great Britain and Ireland is 121,115 square miles, so that Canada is nearly twenty-nine times as large as the whole of the United Kingdom. It is 488,766 miles larger than the United States without Alaska. The area of the world is estimated at 51,258,800 square miles, and Canada therefore covers one-fiftieth part of this surface.

Now that we have shown the comparative area of Canada let us turn to our national debt. It is a habit for politicians to afflict us by stating the amount per head of debt we carry. To intelligently understand our position it is necessary to compare our liabilities and assets with those of other countries, even though we can only guess at the comparative wealth of different countries. In these tables the multiple of revenue shows the number of years and the decimal part of a year that would be required to pay off the national debts of the various countries if the total revenues were applied to that purpose until the entire amounts were wiped out, thus it would take 5 years and .56 of a year to wipe out the national debt of Canada. Here is a table showing the total and per capita debt of the various portions of the British Empire:

PUBLIC DEBTS IN BRITISH POSSESSIONS.

COUNTRIES.	Year.	PUBLIC DEBT.		
		Amount.	Per Head.	Multiple of Revenue.
EUROPE.				
United Kingdom.....	1890	\$3,337,725,593	\$89 75	7.71
Malta.....	1889	85,284	2 35	0.32
ASIA.				
India.....	1889	1,005,548,320	47 81	2.53
Ceylon.....	1889	10,734,049	3 77	0.40
Straits Settlement.....	1889	76,407	1 44	0.60
AFRICA.				
Mauritius.....	1889	3,759,352	10 09	0.58
Natal.....	1889	24,944,250	47 23	2.68
Cap of Good Hope.....	1889	199,453,772	73 95	5.80
Serra Leone.....	1889	24,426	1 79	0.71
AMERICA.				
Canada.....	1890	\$17,513,512	45 81	5.65
Newfoundland.....	1889	4,159,564	21 44	3.03
Bermuda.....	1889	15,137	0 71	0.34
British Guiana.....	1889	3,588,675	15 79	1.67
WEST INDIES.				
Bahamas.....	1889	694,546	8 41	1.80
Jamaica.....	1889	72,999,207	12 38	2.68
Windward Island.....	1889	1,696,870	2 19	0.71
Leeward Islands.....	1889	311,832	0 57	0.27
Trinidad.....	1889	2,656,717	13 46	1.80
AUSTRALASIA.				
New South Wales.....	1889	\$27,612,218	899 89	5.14
Victoria.....	1889	983,119,295	191 79	4.44
South Australia.....	1889	98,451,766	36 50	3.03
Western Australia.....	1889	6,676,294	12 80	3.03
Queensland.....	1889	1,299,144,132	317 73	2.53
Tasmania.....	1889	44,470,041	104 81	7.39
New Zealand.....	1889	100,550,493	298 88	9.93
SOUTH SEAS.				
Fiji.....	1889	1,018,364	9 71	3.91
Total.....		\$5,622,002,573	\$21 21	5.09

The total public debts of Great Britain and her possessions amount to \$5,622,002,573, of which Great Britain owes 59 per cent. India 17 per cent., the Australasian Colonies 15 per cent., and Canada 4 per cent. With the exception of the Australasian Colonies, the amount per head in the United Kingdom was higher than in any of her possessions, and with the exception of South Australia and New Zealand the multiple of revenue was also the highest. At the time of Confederation five years and six months of the revenue would have been required to pay off the net debt of Canada; in 1890 it would have taken a little less than six years.

The proportions of debt to population in the Australasian Colonies and also in Cape Colony are very large, but while, as in Canada, the whole amounts have been incurred in the construction of public works, by far the largest portion has been expended on railways, which in those colonies are almost altogether the property of the State, and there is consequently a very much larger revenue available for the payment of interest derived directly from the expenditure of loans, than there is in this country, where the money has been spent on works directly productive to the country, but only indirectly so to the State revenue. In proportion, moreover, to the wealth and general trade, more particularly of the Australasian Colonies, their populations are very scanty.

It is doubtful whether the calculations as to the amount of debt per head of population really possess as much value as is generally ascribed to them; what may seem an enormous amount per capita for a country to carry may be relatively a far smaller burden than a much reduced amount in another country, and therefore, if possible, the debt of a country should be compared with its wealth and resources, which would afford a far more accurate, in fact, the most accurate idea possible, of its actual financial position; but unfortunately the

wealth of a country can only be estimated approximately, and in no two cases can such an estimate be expected to agree, the absence of certainty therefore doing away with the value of such calculations. If the value of the enormous resources of the principal colonies could be put into figures, the present debts, large as they appear to be, would seem justified by the assets set against them, and it must be remembered that the development of natural wealth in this or any other country is absolutely impossible without an expenditure, more or less large, first being made, in order to provide the means of bringing that wealth within reach of its proper markets. Mr. Mulla calculates that the debt of the United Kingdom is 8 per cent. of the Australasian Colonies 20 per cent., and of Canada 6½ per cent. of the national wealth of each country respectively. If these figures are at all correct, Canada's position is a very favorable one.

The public debts of some of the principal foreign countries are given below:

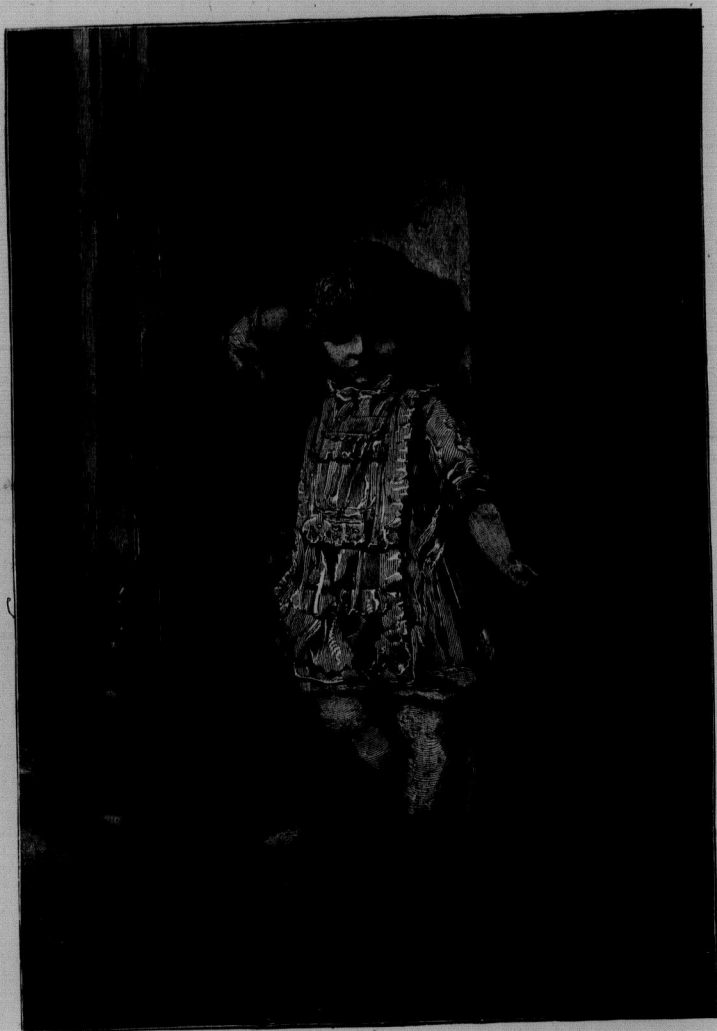
PUBLIC DEBTS IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

COUNTRY.	YEAR.	PUBLIC DEBT.		
		AMOUNT.	PER HEAD.	MULTIPLE OF REVENUE.
EUROPE.				
Austria-Hungary.....	1889	\$1,599,892,000	\$40 35	5.08
Belgium.....	1889	274,397,000	54 34	5.08
Denmark.....	1888	5,774,133	34 77	5.08
France.....	1888	3,743,397,000	130 14	9.04
German Empire.....	1888	719,299,000	74 34	5.08
Greece.....	1889	101,449,200	61 23	6.08
Italy.....	1889	8,439,000,000	73 90	6.08
Netherlands.....	1889	441,431,000	100 83	9.00
Norway.....	1888	20,445,474	13 10	6.08
Portugal.....	1889	271,384,105	101 35	13.74
Roumania.....	1889	195,141,841	20 93	4.70
Russia.....	1889	8,749,427,000	31 06	6.33
Spain.....	1889	1,001,186,168	70 90	7.14
Sweden.....	1888	71,619,107	31 06	3.04
Switzerland.....	1889	5,071,140	4 37	6.40
Turkey.....	1887	539,931,130	36 30	7.09
China.....	1886	84,333,331	1 06	0.65
Japan.....	1889	301,060,180	7 89	2.79
AFRICA.				
Egypt.....	1889	516,040,011	73 74	10.81
AMERICA.				
Argentine Republic.....	1889	24,385,060	34 90	4.73
Brazil.....	1889	61,363,114	41 40	7.50
Chile.....	1889	99,000,000	35 61	1.90
Mexico.....	1887	1,000,000,000	17 79	6.00
Peru.....	1888	259,000,000	56 90	6.07
United States.....	1889	1,649,000,000	64 80	6.40
Uruguay.....	1889	76,180,044	132 36	5.71

The national debt of France is the largest in the world, and it is possible that it even exceeds the enormous total given above, as it is difficult to ascertain its exact amount. The debt of the German Empire is the Federal debt alone, exclusive of the debts of the several States, which amounted in 1887 to \$1,813,623,148. Though the amount per head of debt is larger in France, the Netherlands and Portugal, yet the country of Peru is actually in a worse financial position than any other on the list; it would take more than 41 years of its revenue to pay off the debt, while it owes for unpaid interest the sum of \$11,926,768. Of European countries the least burdened with liabilities is Switzerland, as hardly six months of revenue would suffice to discharge its liabilities; it, moreover, possesses assets amounting to \$13,785,993. Persia is the only recognized country in the world which has no public debt. The debt of the United States decreased \$145,348,859 during the fiscal year 1890, but if the cash in the Treasury on December 1890, be deducted, the amount of debt is reduced to \$873,435,040.



Deacon Johning—Don't you fink it cruel to keep dat dog tied up all de time?  
Farmer Smithers—Oh, I let him play around the hen-house at night.



POUTING.

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## HIS LONELY CHRISTMAS

I, JONATHAN GRIGGS, am not a sentimental man, yet the way I won my wife has a tinge of the romantic about it. There was only two days in the year I grew homesick, Ash Wednesday and Christmas day. On Ash Wednesday cricket commenced, and Christmas had so many associations—well, the man who has no recollections of that festival is worse than the brutes. A little sentiment in our lives helps to make all things brighter, and colors the pervading grayness of all our existence with enough of the roseate to make sadness now and again forgettable.

I was peculiarly gloomy that Christmas. You get such unaccountable fits when you least want them. In the first place, it was rainy and damp, and my detestable friend Muggins had wakened me early, and declared I must dine with them. Now Muggins and his family did contrive to get a great deal of enjoyment out of Christmas. There were so many little Mugginses, and there was so much real happiness in the bosom of that family, so much and real contentment that I, dismal and disgruntled on festal days, was always more so when I had assisted at their little festivities. So I briefly said:

"No, Muggins, I'll be hanged if I'll come. Give my love to all—wife and all—and don't be annoyed and jealous—but I'd rather be alone, thank you."

"Oh, that's all nonsense," cries Muggins. "You must come. There'll be no strangers, old man, just ourselves, and my wife now will be awfully put out if you refuse. It will dampen her spirits to think of you alone and disconsolate to-day."

"Don't worry me, old chap. I ain't in the humor to go out. Now, accept my apologies."

And Muggins went.

Well, what to do with oneself all day? Reading was out of the question, and as to walking! It is not particularly soul-exhilarating on fine days, but when the rain is coming down in a fine sheet, I defy you to find any comfort anywhere. Other homeless wretches like myself were stretched out in the big chairs by the hotel office, and every now and again started for the saloon across the street, drinking successive toasts to each other, grumbling at the condition of trade, and wondering whether they were thought of, and where they should dine.

The evening had settled fine. I had dined far from the hotel, with its unmeaning, chattering guests, and its assumption of gaiety, which is as dismal as the forced laugh and joyous bearing of a man about to be executed. Why will American hotels put on this hideous mask of frivolity when the face of business peeps through? It is about as bad as those vulgar arrangements they call "hops," given by the "guests" of a distinguished boarding-house.

The hours must be killed. I hated to go to a theater. It was such an exhibition of loneliness, unfriendliness or contrariness. But I went. I sat as in a dream through the play, when a voice, sweet and clear, penetrative, and yet of sympathetic timbre, attracted me. I was sitting in the front row, and our eyes met. I don't know what it was, but you may have perhaps experienced the same sensation when meeting a congenial soul wearied with the same trouble.

No longer was the performance a dream. I watched not its progress, but the girl—a light, winsome body, with the sweetest of blue eyes, the most golden of hair, and that peculiar *chic* which alone is the heritage of the Canadian woman.

I returned in somewhat a disconsolate mood to my hotel, and was in the passage leading to my room, when there flashed past me the heroine of the play. Our eyes met. I don't know what impulse prompted me, but I said, bitterly:

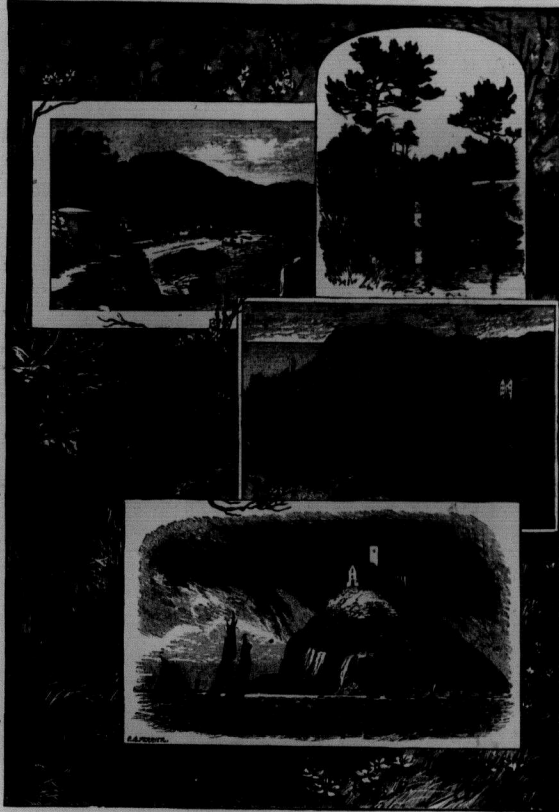
"This is a cheerful Christmas for us?"

"Well—no, not for me. I have been playing, you know," and she laughed.

"May I walk to your door?"

"Certainly."

"Look here," I said, desperately; "we are about as happily situated as Robinson Crusoe."



VIEWS ON THE SOUTH COAST OF ENGLAND.

"Are you in search of a Friday?"

"No, not exactly; but some one as miserable as I am, and I believe you are, despite your forced gayness. My name is Griggs, and your name is Miss St. John. Now, Miss St. John, let us make each other a trifle more dismal. You can't go to bed at 10.30."

"Is there any prevention for such a crime?"

"Yes, you duty."

"My duty—what duty?"

"A solemn one."

"Pray explain?"

"Is it not woman's duty to alleviate distress, smooth the crumpled brow of sorrow?"

"Well, Walter Scott said so, and somebody else, too. But what application has it here?"

"Much. You see a man with every signal of distress flying, sinking, you may say, and yet you won't give him the tip of your little finger to uphold him from the abyss."

She had reached her door, and was putting in the key.

"One turn more," I begged; "the hall is quiet and we disturb no one."

"Will it be a putting out of the little finger?"

"Yes," I said, "two fingers."

And we paced the gallery again.

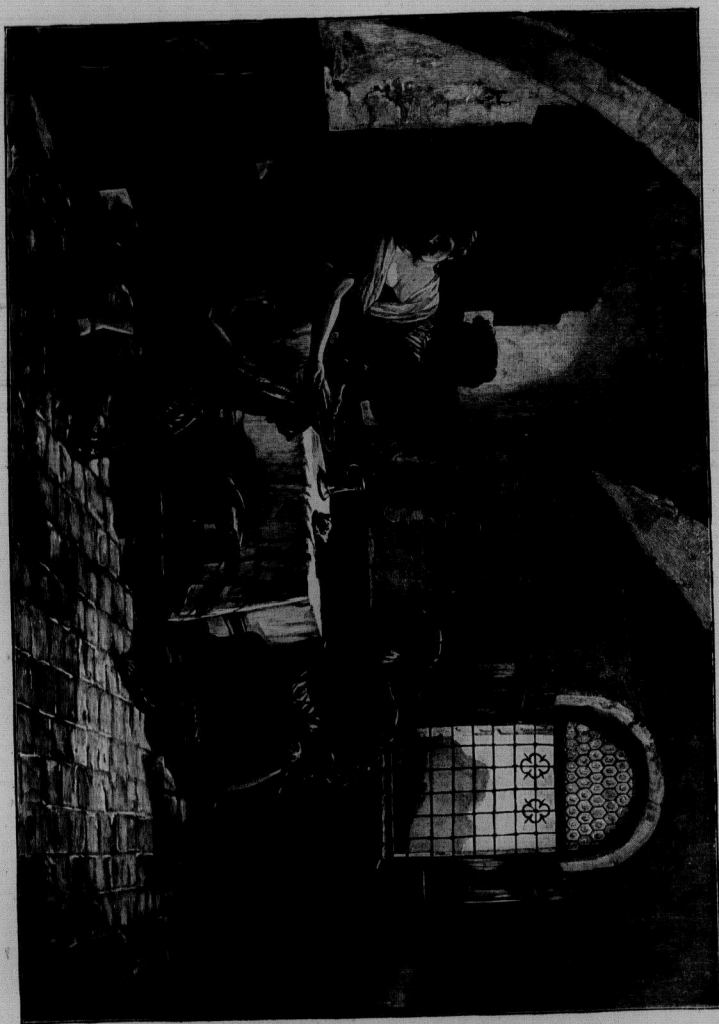
"But one more turn?" I pleaded. "Put out your hand this time."

"I am not offering my hand."

"But if I offer mine. Would it be accepted?"

"I am not in the abyss. It is only you," she rejoined.

"Well, we are on the ledge now. I have been saved."



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"Ah! And you wish to show your gratitude?"  
 "No, my devotion. There is too much of the give and take proposition about gratitude."  
 "Would it last?"  
 "Forever."  
 "Which—the hand, or the devotion?"  
 "Both."  
 "You are gallant to-night. You know we must accept declarations on Christmas night with reservation."  
 "But I am terribly in earnest."  
 "How terribly terrible you must be. Our friendship has lasted but one half-hour."  
 "The play commenced at eight and lasted till ten. And now it is eleven."  
 "Good night," and she vanished through the door.

Mrs. Griggs has promptly set her foot down on our visiting the theaters on Christmas night.

"Jonathan," she says, "you are too susceptible! You might next be adopting a soubrette who looked unhappy—and I positively am in no mood to open a foundling hospital."

#### THE TREMOR OF BATTLE.

In the last year of the war, when immense bounties were offered and the draft forced men into the army, the coward was caught in the net with the brave man, but for the first two years cowardice in the face of the enemy was a thing unknown. The coward knew himself and refused to enlist. He did not appear until forced to by avarice or the provost marshal. Then he was an object of pity as well as of contempt.

The tremor of battle is a queer, strange thing. Had it not been so general it would have been mistaken for cowardice. It came not only with the first battle, but with the second, third, fourth—with each and every one down to the last. The veteran was afflicted as strongly as the raw recruit—the officer as well as the private. And yet men knew not of themselves that they were afflicted. They saw it in others—others saw it in them.

Here is a regiment of cavalry on the left. On the right is a battery, with infantry supports lying down. Beyond the battery infantry are lying behind a breastwork. Beyond ~~they~~ <sup>there</sup> is heavy fighting. We have been sitting on our horses for an hour or more. We have lost five or six men and as many horses by stray bullets and fragments of shell. When we were wheeled into position here men were joking and laughing. We have not been under fire, but the suspense has been eating away at the nerves. We know why we are here. The enemy's right flank is opposite us, sheltered by the woods. It is flank against flank. We are watching each other.

The horse catches the tremor first. They clomp their bits and foam at the mouth. They toss their heads and paw the earth. The sweat starts out on the neck, the eye of every animal has a sullen, baleful look, and here and there a horse either tries to lie down or rears up and paws the air. We speak to them soothingly and kindly and stroke their necks. A dig of the spurs would render them uncontrollable. A harsh word might excite them to fury.

I am not afraid. This is my ninth battle. I have been twice wounded. I have been promoted for bravery in the face of the enemy. If the colonel should ask me to ride to the rear with an order I would beg that someone else be selected. And yet, I am apparently suffering that mental and physical agony endured by a constitutional coward. My teeth chatter. My chin quivers. I feel so weak in the knees that I know I should fall down if out of the saddle. I am trembling from head to heel, and my breathing is hoarse and labored. Is it fear? No! It does not occur to me that I am in the slightest danger. The suspense has simply relaxed my nerves, and my mind cannot control them. The trooper on my right is as pale-faced as a dead man—the one on my left shakes like a man

with the ague. It is so with all the others. We are waiting. It is the suspense.

"Attention!"

Ah! that's a relief to both men and horses! A body of the enemy's cavalry appears on the edge of the forest. Each man draws a long breath. The suspense is broken!

"Draw saber!"

Better and better. My teeth no longer chatter, but I find my jaws hard-shut. The fingers gripping the hilt of my saber have found their strength. I can feel my horse pulling himself together under me.

"Forward—trot!"

At last we have something to do! The enemy are forming to charge the battery. We are moving out to fall upon him. The terror has vanished. I feel the strength of a giant in my sword arm, and my horse moves as if on springs.

"Gallop—charge—hurrah—rah!"

Five minutes ago one might have looked us over and decided that we were a regiment of polo-rooms waiting for a chance to bolt to the rear. There are no laggards as we charge. Every man is using the spur—every voice cheering. We are thundering on to certain death for some, but there is no fear—no care. With naked sabers flashing in the cloud of dust—with every horse at full gallop—with every trooper bending forward in his saddle, we strike the enemy as a wave rushes against a shore, and only brave men will be lying dead when the noise is ended. Afraid? Why man, those of us who return to the flank curse the enemy that he did not give us a longer fight—curse our own officers for checking the pursuit before it led us into ambush and annihilation! That was to be expected. Tremor comes before the charge—exultation after it. The soldier has no control over either.—  
*Detroit Free Press.*

#### A HAPLESS FLY.

Diner—How comes this dead fly in my soup?

Waiter—In fact, sir, I have no positive idea how the poor thing came by its death. Perhaps it had not taken any food for a long time, dashed upon the soup, ate too much of it, and contracted an inflammation of the stomach that brought on death. The fly must have had a weak constitution, for when I served up the soup it was dancing merrily on the surface. Perhaps—and the idea presents itself only at this moment—it endeavored to swallow too large a piece of vegetable; this, remaining fast in the throat, caused a choking in the windpipe. This is the only reason I can give for the death of that poor insect!

#### A FORGIVING BOY.

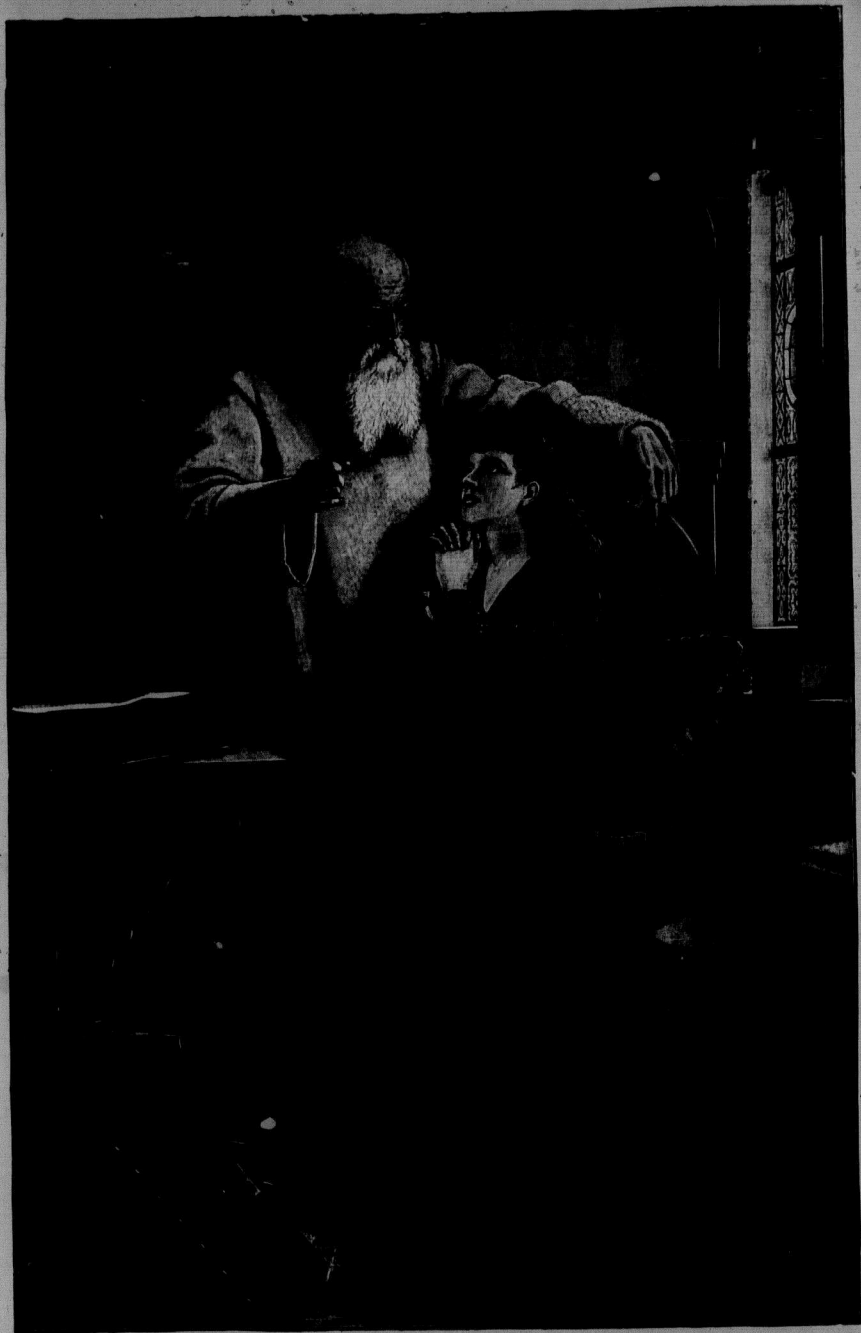
A little boy had been extremely naughty at dinner, and had been sent away from the table just as his favorite dish—cabinet pudding, with sweet sauce—was being served. About nine o'clock that evening, when the other children had gone to bed, and his parents were alone in the sitting-room, a tearful little face and a white-robed figure appeared at the door. "Mamma," it said bravely, between sobs, "you told me never to

go to sleep when anything wrong had been done until it was all put right; so I came down to tell you that—that—I forgive you and papa for what you did to me at the dinner table."

When Dr. Nansen sets out for the Arctic regions he will carry several phonographs with him. One will be entirely filled with his favorite songs as sung by his wife, while another will contain a charming collection of "baby's cries" as uttered at all times and seasons by the explorer's only child.



SITTING BULL.



JULIET AND FRIAR LAWRENCE

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## HE FOUGHT THEM.

WILLIAM JOHN THOMPSON said he'd be jiggered if he knew what he ought to do about the matter. He did not like the idea of getting mixed up in such a queer business, nor did he like to be contrary where the good of the congregation was concerned. The church at the corners, like many others in all parts of the country, was really owned by Mammon, although devoted to the worship of a finer and better God. A retired housekeeper, who believed in nothing but pork dinners and ten per cent. interest on his loans, held a mortgage on the building, which the people could not pay, for could they induce any other person to carry the investment. And now old Mooney declined to renew on previous terms. Until he could get some better security than the building, which was decreasing in value with the passage of years, he threatened to foreclose and make the place of worship into an hotel. Anyhow, he swore he would get his own out of it if he had to insure "the sanctimonious old barn and set it afire." When the minister pleaded and referred to the celestial mansion which would be his in exchange for generous treatment of the church, Mooney offered to hitch up his old mare, drive to the registry office and examine the deeds and titles of the mansion in question and make a deal if he found everything square. The minister signed a prayer for the grasping old sinner—a prayer that may perhaps stand like a fence around that mansion if Mooney ever tries to enter it.

The old fellow had heard somewhere of an ingenious arrangement whereby churches saved up or paid debts by life insurance, so he suggested that the congregation insure one of its members, pay the premiums and make the policy payable to him. Thus the matter was arranged, and all that was now required was to have a suitable person examined and the policy put in force.

"It's just like this, Brother Thompson," said the minister, who had called at the house. "Mooney wanted the insurance placed on James Brown, who cannot live more than a year, but the insurance people will not insure him. That would have relieved us of the debt in only one payment, but the company has its rights, I suppose."

"Well, I ain't agoin' to die, am I?" exclaimed William John. "Why don't you get somebody who'll drop off kinder soon and hot have to go on payin' for twenty years?"

"Brother Thompson, we know not the day nor the hour when one of us may be called. Remember how your brother, a stronger man than you, dropped off last summer with fever."

"Oh, so that's what you folks are building up your hopes on! You think them quick drops run in the family, and that there's fever water on this farm."

"Now, William John, be reasonable," urged the minister suavely. "Someone has got to be insured. I would gladly offer but that I may remove to some remote portion of the vineyard at any time, which would complicate matters. The person chosen must be in sound health or the company will not insure him; and on going around, do you know, there is hardly a man but yourself who has sound lungs, heart and liver and who at the same time has neither cancer, consumption nor inflammatory rheumatism in the family. That is why I come to you, and that is why the board have unanimously chosen you as the man to be insured."

Thompson was talked over and the policy made out and delivered to Mooney. It made a big change in William John's nature. He felt that his life was not his own any longer. It may have been fancy, inspired by his constant brooding over his singular situation, but he believed people took a particular and business like interest in his health from that time forward. Driving to church one morning, he met old Mooney proceeding in an opposite direction.

"Good morning," said that unpopular person. "How are you?"

"Oh, I'm all right."

"You are, eh! You haven't got this cold that's goin' around, then?"

"No, I haven't, I don't catch colds, though some people seem blamed anxious for me to catch anything that's got death in it. Don't ye speak to me at all or I'll break yer mean old neck," spluttered William John, for he was in a bad humor that morning.

At church he was warmly welcomed, for he was a simple and well-liked fellow, but it was by the greatest effort of self-control and reverence for the place of worship that he kept his anger down as the folks asked him how he found his health. Every one of these friendly enquiries he interpreted as feelers for the encouraging news that one of his lungs had disappeared or that typhoid was beginning to work on him. As ill-luck would have it, a tickling came into his throat during the service and made him cough at intervals, and every time he coughed every eye in the place was turned upon him.

"Gosh, they think they've got me," he said to himself in a fury, and his agitation set him coughing harder than ever. "Such an onchristian, murderin' crowd! I never thought it was in them. They're not payin' a bit of attention to the minister, and I'll be they're all jiggerin' whether they'll be to pay that next premium or not. Gosh, they'll find out. I'll start wearing an extra pair of socks this afternoon and get some slippery elm bark to make tea out of."

This resolution did him good and the cloud faded from his face. The moment service was over he hastened out and drove rapidly homewards before anyone could ask to feel his pulse or see his tongue.

For three weeks he kept to himself, but he got all around the neighborhood that he was not well, that he never went to the village without buying some new patent medicine. Just what ailed him no one could tell for sure, the druggist least of all, for William John furiously denied being sick when questioned by

the apothecary. An old lady, prominent in the church, found it part of her mission to visit the young man at his house, where he lived alone, save for the presence of a hired laborer, and she said afterwards that Thompson was the most violent and abusive person she had ever met, and chased her off the premises. The druggist was seen by everyone, from the minister to Mooney, and said that William John would one day buy some blood purifier, next day some cough syrup, next some liniment, then something for inhalation, then something to make him sleep, which he had not sooner carried home than he would return for something to keep him awake. And so it went on, the fellow becoming taciturn and moody, dismissing his hired man and shutting himself in his house when any person approached.

The second premium was due and the annual board meeting of the church was to be held within the hour as the minister drove up and forced William John to accompany him. It required great tact and persuasion, but the preacher succeeded at last. Naturally, everyone looked with intense interest at the young man who, within a year, had become a melancholy hermit. The ordinary business proceeded for a while, but every time a look came Thompson's way he would writhe and his face would blacken with the violence of his feelings. At last he could contain himself no longer.

"What show hev I got against everybody, I'd like to know?" he yelled. "I just want to tell you fellows that I won't hev anything more to do with your church or your debts, and I won't have my life insured. Now, you keep quiet, Tom Anderson, and let me say what I've got to say and then I'll climb out of here. I ain't blind. I can see a house if it's a big one. Ever since my life was insured I've been watchin' the congregashun and more'n half of them hev been half prayin' unbeknownst to themselves for me to die off and clear the church debt. Yes, you hev, I tell you—you've been prayin' to the Lord in a sneakin' way so. He'll take me without lettin' on you asked Him; and on the other side old Mooney he's been prayin' to the devil to take me in, and what can I do with heaven and hell and this settlement all agin me?" cried Thompson in a rage.

The minister turned pale at this impious speech and his lips twitched. Anderson and another arose eagerly to say something, but William John had not finished.

"Sit down," he yelled. "When I'm gone you fellows can talk. Yes, you've all been prayin' agin me, the congregashun and old Mooney, but that's all the good it done you, for your prayers ain't been answered and ain't gon't to be. I ain't sick and ain't got nothin' wrong with me, but I'm taking medicine for every blame disease a man can ketch in this country, so if anything gets the drop on me it's got to be pretty slick and sudden, and don't you forget it. So you can go on sneakin' around and prayin' and lookin' at me to see if I'm gettin' thinner and askin' me, 'How are you this mornin', Mr. Thompson?' 'Quite well I ope,' says you, Mr. Anderson. Keep it up, and he struck down the aisle to the door, 'but you'll find me at all your funerals, see if you don't.'"

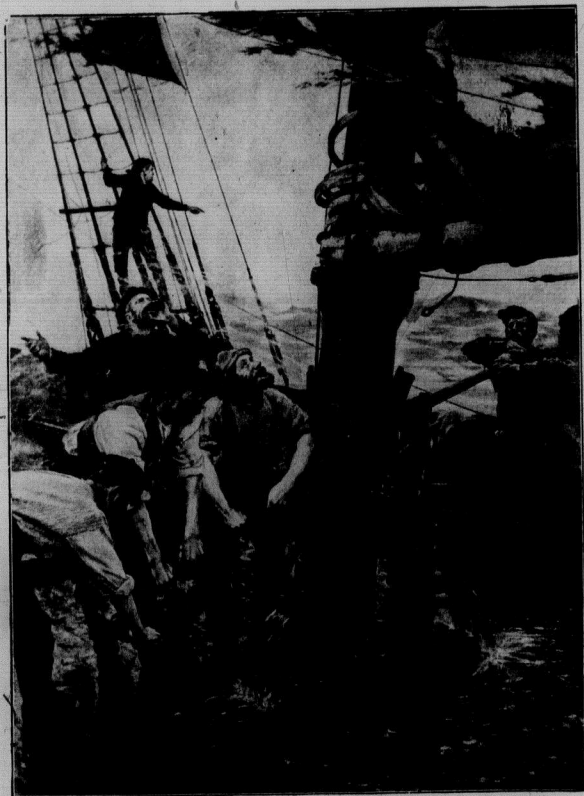
Ten days later Mr. Mooney, the minister, the members of the church board and the agent of the insurance company gathered at the house of Mr. Thompson; the mortgage against the church was paid in cash to Mr. Mooney; it having been raised by subscription among the farmers, and a policy on the life of William John Thompson, together with all receipts and documents relating thereto was burned to ashes in the presence of those aforementioned persons assembled. The minister read a passage of scripture and offered up a short prayer, after which all cordially shook hands with the owner of the house and departed.

William John is regular at church and a good-living man, but eccentric. He has a new patent medicine for every month in the year; he loves his neighbors, but is the first man to arrive at the funeral of anyone in the congregation and people half shudder as they make way for his solemn figure at the graveside.—*Mac, in Toronto Saturday Night.*



irate Passenger—Madam, what do you mean by letting that brat snatch off my wig?

Mother (with a sigh of relief)—Oh, it's a wig, is it? I was afraid for a minute that he'd scalped ye alive.



ALL HANDS TO THE PUMPS.

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## THE MILITIA AND DEFENCE OF CANADA

**P**REVIOUS to the confederation of the provinces, the defence of this country was entirely in the hands of the Imperial Government, who for that purpose maintained troops in each province, supported by various local volunteer militia corps. The volunteer militia had, when called upon, rendered most efficient service in times of trouble. After Confederation the British Government gradually withdrew all the Imperial troops from this country, and at present only maintain a garrison at Halifax, and a naval establishment there and on the Pacific coast.

By the British North America Act the command in chief of all naval and military forces of and in Canada was vested in the Queen, and the control of the same was placed in the hands of the Dominion Parliament. A Department of Militia and Defence was at the same time established, the first minister being Sir George E. Cartier, and the first Militia Act was passed in 1868, 32 Vic, chap. 49.

The Act was subsequently amended in various ways, but is practically embodied in the Militia Act to be found in the Revised Statutes of 1886. By that Act the Militia of Canada is declared to consist of all the male inhabitants of Canada of the age of eighteen years or upwards and under sixty, not exempt or disqualified by law. The pleasant fiction that ours is a civil and not a military country may be dispelled by a reference

to the large volumes containing our law. In an emergency we could be called from our farms and our offices in an imperative tone as that employed by rulers in European countries. Our safety lies in this that here the people, being their own rulers, have to a great extent full choice of peace or war, and experience tell us that when it is necessary to take the field for the preservation of the country the people are so fully in harmony with the authorities that no call need be made nor no command issued so spontaneous and general is the volunteer movement to arms. It was so 1812 when our grandfathers and great grandfathers formed into awkward but valiant squads and offered by regulars of the line bore the brunt of that long campaign, winning many battles against heavy odds. It was so in 1837 when everybody hurried forward to aid or suppress the rebellion—a rebellion that might have amounted to serious proportions but for the early victory of the militia over a half-arranged up-rising. It was so at the time of the Fenian raids, when every village in Ontario became an armed camp. It was notably so in Louis Riel's rebellion when every battalion in the Dominion almost, got into battle array and rivalled each other for Government orders to go to the front. Toronto will not soon forget the excitement there when in the early morning buglers of the 10th Royal Grenadiers and of the Queen's Own Rifles paraded the silent streets calling the men to parade for active duty. The Grenadiers, the Rifles and the York Rangers (a semi-city battalion) turned out almost to a man, and hundreds, perhaps even thousands of undrilled civilians, besieged the militia head-quarters for permission to join for service or to substitute any members who through sickness or absence failed to report for duty. For every substitute this required ten men stood forward, jealous of each other's rivalry, and nine retired in serious disappointment. The Midland battalion had the same experience and so had many others. All over the Dominion the county battalions assumed a war footing and waited a call to the front. In many towns where volunteer companies did not exist the young men got together, appointed officers and commenced to drill, sending in a muster roll and an offer of service to the Colonel of the county battalion. All this we know well. It shows that in a right cause, for the defense of home, there will never be occasion for the government to do more than express its need of men, and so long as the supply lasts it will be given. Even the age limit would not delay, for among those slain at Batoche was a Toronto boy named Moore, aged sixteen, who substituted a friend in the 10th Royal Grenadiers; and men over sixty years of age would have gone to the front but were shouldered aside by sturdier recruits. War may never again come and we trust it never may, but it is neither indicative nor untrue to say that if it does, Canada will do herself no discredit in the time of trial.

Those required to drill in the Militia are divided into four classes, the first of which comprises those aged 18 or upwards and under 30, being unmarried or widowers without children; the second, those between 30 and 45, being unmarried or widowers without children; the third, those between 45 and 60, being unmarried or widowers with children; the fourth, those between 45 and 60.

The following persons are exempt from enrolment and active service at any time: Judges, clergymen, and ministers of all religious denominations, professors in colleges and teachers in religious orders, the wardens and officials of all penitentiaries and lunatic asylums, persons physically disabled, and any person being the only son of a widow and her only support. Certain other persons are exempt from service except in case of war.

The number of men to be trained and drilled annually is limited to 40,000,

except as specially authorized, and the period of drill is to be sixteen days and not less than eight days each year.

The Militia is divided into Active and Reserve land and marine forces. The Active land and marine force is composed of men raised either by voluntary enlistment or by ballot, and the Reserve force consists, practically, of the whole of the efficient men not serving in the Active Militia of the time being. The period of service is three years.

The strength of the Active Militia (including a Permanent Force, limited by the present Militia Act to 1,000 men) was in 1890, as follows: Cavalry, 2,006; Field Artillery, 1,440; Garrison Artillery, 2,352; Engineers, 1,791; Infantry, 31,733. Total, 37,710. The total expenditure for the year 1889-90, on the Militia, amounted to \$1,287,013.50.

At the time of Confederation a Department of Militia and Defence was constituted by an Act of Parliament which was assented to on May 22, 1868, with a Minister of Militia and Defence at its head. This minister is charged with the administration of all militia affairs on land and water, and has initiatory power in all matters involving expenditure of public money for military purposes. The following have been Ministers of Militia: Sir George E. Cartier, M.P., appointed July 1, 1867, died May 20, 1873; Hon. Hugh McDonald, M.E., appointed July 1, 1873, resigned with cabinet November 6, 1873; Hon. William Ross, M.P., appointed November 7, 1873, resigned September, 1874; Hon. W. B. Vail, M.P., appointed September 30, 1874, resigned January 23, 1878; Hon. A. G. Jones, M.P., appointed January 23, 1878, resigned with cabinet October 16, 1878; Hon. L. F. R. Masson, M.P., appointed October 16, 1878, became President of Council January 16, 1880; Sir A. Campbell, Senator, appointed November 8, 1880, became Postmaster General November 8, 1880; Hon. (now Sir) A. P. J. Caron, M.P., appointed November 8, 1880, became Postmaster General, January 25, 1892; Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, appointed January 25, 1892.

## ON THE HAWAIIAN QUESTION

A few facts concerning the history of the, at present, much-talked-of Hawaiian Islands will probably interest our readers. The group of the Hawaiian or as they were once familiarly called the Sandwich Islands, lies some two thousand miles south-east of San Francisco. In the year 1527 a couple of Spanish ships were wrecked near by, the survivors from the crews being rescued by the Islanders, who they thought to be of Malaysian origin. These men intermarried with the natives, and their descendants are found to this day in many parts of the twelve islands that compose the kingdom. The islands, properly speaking, were not discovered until the year 1542, when a Spanish navigator, Gaetano, found not only the islands but also his long lost fellow countrymen. Captain Cook's claim to be the discoverer of the islands is ill-founded. It was not until the year 1778 that he made his first visit, when he re-christened them the Sandwich Islands out of compliment to Lord Sandwich of England. The natives of that time were reported to be cannibals, although on other respects a moderately high tone of civilization seems to have obtained. The system of native government has been most complicated. Sometimes a half dozen monarchs have reigned at the same time and kept up a constant struggle for pre-eminence. It was not until 1820, after a thirty years' war, that King Kamehameha succeeded in consolidating the kingdom. The dynasty thus founded lasted until 1872, when the royal line being extinct, recourse was had to electing a ruler. The ex-Queen Liliuokalani is the sister of King Kalakaua, who died in 1891, and the widow of John O. Dumaia, an American citizen. Her tenure of the royal office is thus not assured by the custom of her people, for she is only a relative of an elected officer, nor is it assured, for by the affection and trust of her subjects. The kingdom was placed under British protection in 1846, and in 1842 it was provisionally ceded to Great Britain. By a treaty of 1889 the control of the foreign relationship of the islands was given to the United States. Although the past history is full of interest the future of the islands promises great advancement. Honolulu, the chief harbor, is, because of its geographical position, of vast importance to all Maritime nations, and by the time that the Nicaragua canal is completed, it will be in the direct route of all steamers plying between China, Japan, and the American ports. The islands will also become the great cross-roads of the North Pacific trade, and their value will be materially enhanced by the fact that the new cables across the Pacific will have to be laid so as to intersect at Honolulu. When we consider the probable future of the kingdom, we cannot wonder at the eagerness which our American neighbors are displaying regarding them, or at the diplomatic action of the British government in the matter. Beyond doubt the native government of the islands is doomed.

## RULES FOR RESTORING THE APPARENTLY DROWNED.

First place the patient face downward for a minute with one of his wrists under his forehead. Draw out the tongue and keep it forward by tying a strip of handkerchief over the tongue and under the chin. Secondly, place him on his back with head and shoulders raised with a folded coat; remove all tight clothing from about the neck and chest. Grasp the patient's arms just above the elbows and draw the arms gently and steadily upward, until they meet above the head; keep the arms in that position for two seconds. Then turn the arms down and press them for two seconds against the sides of the chest. Repeat these measures alternately, deliberately, and perseveringly fifteen times in a minute. Do not tire; remember there have been cases of recovery after suspended animation for five hours, and you feel it a glorious reward when you see the dead returned to life through your exertions. As soon as a spontaneous effort to breathe is perceived, proceed to induce circulation and warmth.



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## NATIONALISM.

The following statement of the principles of "Nationalism," public interest in which was awakened by Mr. Bellamy's novel of "Looking Backward," is from the pen of Edward S. Huntington, Secretary of the Boston Nationalist Club:

"The Nationalists, seeing the inevitable evolutionary inclinations toward association and combination in all business enterprises, as illustrated in the huge trusts and syndicates of our present age, believe in the wisdom of forging, eventually, one grand industrial association for the benefit of the whole people. The Nationalists advocate the gradual assumption by the municipal, State and national governments of all public duties now performed by private corporations. They demand that the load of oppression by monopolies shall be lifted from the shoulders of our American citizens.

"Nationalism offers for public consideration the following measures of reform: 1. The governmental control of all telegraphs, telephones and express companies. 2. The nationalization of all railroads. 3. The public ownership of all coal-mines, oil and gas wells now in operation or hereafter discovered. 4. The municipal control of all lighting, heating and street car service, or such other town or city duties as are now discharged by private companies.

"It is understood, of course, that all these monopolies and large industries which come into national, State or municipal control shall be carried on for use and not for profit. The hours of labor will be more reasonable, and a more humane treatment of all workers established.

"In the change of industries from private to public control, the Nationalists aim at no confiscation. The holders of valuable securities in any property taken by the public shall either receive fair dividends on such investments, or they shall be reimbursed outright at a fair estimate of the real value of such possessions.

"One of the chief reforms insisted upon by the Nationalists is that children shall be given an education until they are 17 years of age, and this education shall be compulsory. They propose that the present limit of the school age (14 years) shall be raised year by year, as rapidly as public sentiment will allow, and in cases of poverty partial State support shall be given to such children while attending school; child labor in factories and mines shall be absolutely prohibited by the most stringent laws.

## A NEW COMPASS FOR THE FRENCH NAVY.

The Lephay compass (*compas a repere lumineux*), which was experimentally fitted on board the battleship Hoche, is henceforward to be supplied to every battle ship in the French navy. The inventor, M. Lephay, a French naval lieutenant, contrives, by the adoption of a combination of lenses and mirrors to throw upon the binnacle lamp of his compass a vertical line of light upon the interior side of the compass box, between the card and the glass. This line, although it may be produced upon any desired point of the inside of the periphery, is, for the time being, a fixed line, and bears a known relation with the line of the ship's keel. It thus marks the course of the vessel. From another combination of lenses and mirrors above the center of the card there is thrown upon the interior side of the compass box a second ray of light, which when the apparatus has been properly adjusted, moves as the card moves. All that the helmsman has to do is to keep the two lines in one. The navigating officer sets the course by so moving the rays that, the ship being on her course, both are in one; and thus it is not even necessary for the helmsman to know what course he is steering. The advantages of the invention are that it greatly diminishes the strain upon the helmsman; that, owing to the rays of light having a longer radius than the radius of the card, deviations from the true course are doubly evident and proportionately easy to counteract; that the suppression of the visible light from the binnacle lamp is beneficial to the night sight of those on the bridge; and that it does away with all danger of the helmsman misapprehending orders, since his functions are rendered purely mechanical. The French Naval Commission appointed to consider it reported unanimously in favor of its adoption in all large war ships.

## WOODEN RAILWAYS.

There are several wooden railways in Canada and the United States. One of them in the Province of Quebec is thirty miles in length. The rails are of maple, 4 in. by 7 in., and trains are run over them with remarkable smoothness at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. This road is used for the transportation of timber, and the rolling stock consists of one engine and thirty-five cars. Another wooden track railway, fifteen and a half miles in length, has been constructed in South Carolina, at a cost of \$1,500 a mile. Some years ago a locomotive on sled runners was constructed in Glasgow, and sent to Russia, where it was employed between St. Petersburg and Cronstadt in drawing passengers and goods over the ice. The two driving wheels in the rear were studded with sharp spikes. The front part of the engine rested on a sledge, which was swivelled and turned to the right or left by wheels working in connection with an endless screw and segment rack. The locomotive is said to have run eighty-one miles an hour over the ice. A rough-and-ready kind of railroad is in use at Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, for the purpose of carrying timber from the woods to the river. The rails are made of spruce poles joined end to end, and spiked down to sleepers of the same material, and the rolling stock consists of an eight-horse power engine and a couple of light cars. The tires of all the wheels have a flange on both sides, and are wide enough to accommodate themselves to the varying thicknesses of the wooden

rails, which vary from six to four inches in diameter. The little engine is placed between the two cars, so that shunting and alteration of position are obviated. This railway is probably the cheapest ever constructed.

## COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

A story used to be told at Cairo of the late Sir Richard Owen during one of his sojourns in Egypt. The great naturalist was seated in the shade, on the veranda at Sheppard's Hotel, as is the post prandial wont of visitors to that famous hostelry, when the inevitable snake charmer came to him and produced from his bag a lively specimen of the horned asp—the deadly cerastes. The professor gazed, and, nothing daunted, stooped and plucked the horns from the head of the reptile, wriggling at his feet, remarking to a bystander that the man would probably think twice before trying to palm off upon anyone else a harmless snake as a cerastes by the aid of a couple of fish bones. With anybody else the charmer would probably have succeeded. He had tried it on the wrong man.

Two wealthy brothers, well known to London society, not long since had £200,000 left equally between them by a departed relative. Both being very much displeased that so large a sum should have been "willed" to them exclusively, invited nine less favored members of the family to a quiet dinner, and presented each of them with £20,000 worth of Government Consols.

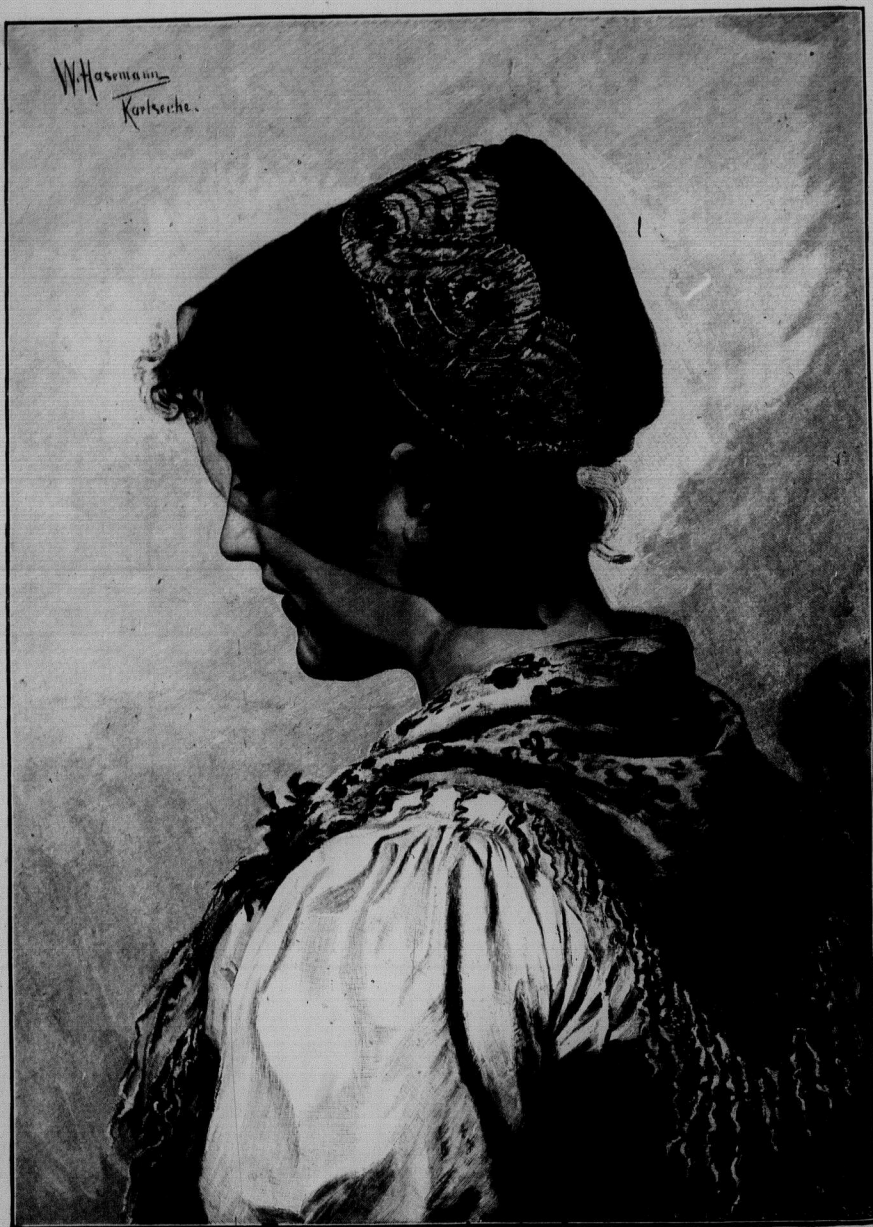
## THE TAME PELICAN.



Auntie Gungroo—Wonder whar dem ornery chillern is? Hope ter massey dey yain't strayed away!



Ruby Gungroo—Here we is, mammy. Done playin' hammick wiv Brutus.



THE MAID OF THE BLACK FOREST.

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THE CANALS OF CANADA.



EVER since the geography of the North American continent became known it has been a subject of remark that Nature wonderfully watered it with lakes and rivers. The most notable of these waters is the limpid highway for trade and travel that extends from the Atlantic Ocean to Lake Superior, nearly in the center of the continent. This highway, forming for its length the boundary line between Canada and the United States, the Dominion is particularly interested in it, and from the nature of things has a greater proportionate concern in these navigable waters than the greater people who possess the southern half of the continent. Yet great as were the gifts of nature in this regard, the enterprise of man was needed to make navigation safe, suitable and continuous for the distance mentioned. The St. Lawrence River was marked at intervals from the gulf to the vessel of loads of freight, and said that made it difficult and almost impossible for vessels of large draught to send their way inland. At other points rapids were encountered, some miles in length, like the Lachine, and others smaller but equally perilous of passage. Greater than all other obstacles was the Niagara Falls. These difficulties made it necessary to build canals, and between 1821 and June 30th, 1859, the sum of \$5,688,571.32, was expended on the Canadian canals, which may be said to number thirteen separate ones in all. During the entire period since the first population of the country there has been a more or less definite purpose entertained by those in authority to make the inland streams navigable to ocean vessels. This end has never been intelligently set about to accomplish, when the Government of the Dominion began to study the interests of the country as a whole. Since then a steady purpose has marked all legislation effecting the canals, and the object is to secure a uniform depth throughout the entire stretch of fourteen feet, or perhaps eighteen. It is thought that in time ocean vessels will ride into Toronto harbor without breaking bulk. In 1891 a triumph was secured when an American whaleback boat carried a cargo of grain from the upper lakes to Liverpool, and now about a dozen other boats of the same design are about repeating the experiment. These vessels may so revolutionize the carrying of ocean freight that it will seem unwise to deepen canals for larger craft. It costs immense sums of money to build and maintain canals, and if these lighter-draught boats will answer the purpose, why get along very well with the canals as they are. Here is a table showing the expenditures since 1821, divided into periods:

NAME.	Expenditure prior to July 1, 1967.	Expenditure from		Total Expenditure to June 30, 1968.
		July 1, 1967, to June 30, 1968.	July 1, 1967, to June 30, 1968.	
Bushbarrens	\$ 1,611,147.13	\$ 18,799.45	\$ 1,731,714.55	
Chambers and Grenville	48,757.75	3,677,095.50	4,064,853.25	
Chamby	61,537.56	175,464.00	236,991.56	
Comber	1,113.19	48,474.38	150,713.39	
Cornwall	1,113.19	1,495,118.60	1,496,231.79	
Culture	—	43,372.48	43,372.48	
Edithville	46,689.59	6,488.77	53,178.36	
Murray	—	7,941,408.41	7,941,408.41	
North York	6,565,274.97	—	6,565,274.97	
St. Ste. Marie	—	43,374.00	43,374.00	
St. Anne's	118,416.51	1,027,275.00	1,145,691.51	
St. John's	195,553.33	530,743.25	726,296.58	
T. V.	—	677,275.00	677,275.00	
Trinity	—	530,743.25	530,743.25	
Washington Bay	396,377.31	751,358.36	1,147,735.67	
West	43,374.00	1,606,696.79	1,650,070.79	
Willingboro	7,245,379.33	16,490,770.41	23,736,149.74	
Wilmot	—	3,946,000.00	3,946,000.00	
St. Lawrence Canals not appraised	248,851.31	—	248,851.31	
— chain vessels and improvement of navigation	—	16,512,191.76	16,512,191.76	
Rate Verte Canals surveys.	—	331,473.76	331,473.76	
—	—	44,337.33	44,337.33	
Total expenditure	\$11,144,028.00	\$33,676,781.91	\$44,820,714.37	

The Canadian Sault Ste. Marie Canal has a depth of eighteen feet at lowest, and is about a mile long; the seven canals between Lake Erie and Montreal have an aggregate length of 70½ miles. They were at first designed for vessels drawing only nine feet of water, but it was since deemed expedient to deepen them to fourteen feet. The Welland, 20½ miles long, connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario, and the Lachine, 8½ miles long, have been enlarged to the new scale, but the five canals between them have only a depth from nine to ten feet, and in two of them the depth is reduced to seven feet in low water. Mr. Watson Griffin of Montreal, in his well-known paper on Canada: The Land of the Waterways, said: 'So sure as any two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third side, vessels from Michigan and Superior will not always circumnavigate the three sides of the peninsula of Ontario to Montreal. The head of Georgian Bay is less than the peninsula of the Ottawa River. Between them stretch French River, Lake Nipissing, and the St. Lawrence, Lake Taron, Lake Trout and the Mattawan River. Less than eight miles of sailing, and the route is a continuous waterway, but to enable large vessels to reach Montreal the five Canadian canals would have to be enlarged. From Montreal to Sault Ste. Marie by this route would be 620 miles, as compared with 1,000 miles by the lakes and St. Lawrence. From Montreal to Chicago would be 971 miles, and ocean ves-

islands in port at Montreal would be practically as near to the elevators of the great western metropolis as the Erie canal near by Buffalo. Another advantage of this route is that it would avoid the navigation of Lakes Ontario, Erie and Huron, and shorten the distance between Montreal and Georgian Bay is known as the Trent Valley Canal in which it is proposed to utilize the series of bays, rivers and small lakes which stretch across Ontario almost continuously from the Thousand Islands to Lake Huron, beginning with Quinte Bay, which extends from near Kingston to Trenton at the mouth of the Trent River, and ending with the Severn River, which flows out of Lake Couchiching into Georgian Bay. The distance between Quinte and Georgian Bay by this route would be 235 miles. On this considerable route there are expended, and soon payable for vessels drawing five feet of water will be opened. A canal 2½ miles long connects Quinte Bay with Lake Ontario.

The people of Toronto for many years discussed a proposal for a canal connecting Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario at Toronto, but this scheme seems to have been displaced by a project for a ship-railway which Mr. Kinniburgh is engineering. The distance from the mouth of the Hamilton at Toronto, to the mouth of the Nottawasaga River, Georgian Bay, is 66 miles. The grades are said to be very favorable, and it is estimated that a ship-railway with three tracks, capable of transporting a ship weighing 2,000 tons, including vessel and cargo, at the rate of ten miles per hour, could be constructed for twelve million dollars. The ship-railway would save hundreds of miles of dangerous lake navigation and 28 miles of travel. Messrs. Kinniburgh and McLeod, and its promoters claim that a vessel from Chicago, Port Huron and Montreal, taking this route, could reach Montreal before one going around by Lakes Huron and Erie could reach Buffalo, and that even vessels bound for Buffalo would find it advantageous to pass through Toronto and the Welland Canal rather than go around by Detroit. This ship-railway is figured to cost \$12,000,000.

While the people of Prince Edward Island have always been anxious to reach themselves to the mainland, they were for many years almost equally anxious to make Nova Scotia an island by cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Chignecto, thus enabling their ships to reach the Bay of Fundy without going around Nova Scotia. But <sup>in 1825</sup> H. G. C. Ketchum, a New Brunswick civil engineer, proposed a ship-railway across the isthmus would serve all the purposes of a canal, while it cost less and would be more easily constructed. The project cost little or nothing in expense. Mr. Ketchum's proposal was approved by the Dominion of New Brunswick and a large subsidy was granted. This ship-railway runs from Tignish to Amherst, a distance of seventeen miles in a straight line, and is so level that a person standing at one end can see the masts of the ships at the other end. It carries ships of one thousand tons, and is so designed that with slight alterations it can carry the larger vessels. Mr. Ketchum does not anticipate that the railway now being constructed will ever be supplanted by a canal. Vessels of more 1,200 tons, but he thinks another track will be required to accommodate vessels for larger vessels. The Bay of Fundy, at the terminus of the ship-railway would admit, at ordinary high water, vessels of the largest draught, but at the other terminus the limit would be only eighteen feet draught at high water, and a very long dredged channel would have to be made for the approach to the high water mark. The proposed canal would be three-quarters of a mile long and would admit of only fourteen feet draught. By the ship-railway, instead of passing through Canso Strait, vessels bound to St. John, N.B., from all points in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, will save five hundred miles.

Newfoundland, the sentinel island of British North America has not yet joined the Canadian Confederation, but is expected to do so before long. It is twelve miles from the mainland of Labrador, from which it is separated by the Strait of Belle Isle, and its eastern point is only 1,640 miles from Ireland. It was suggested that Newfoundland might be made a part of the mainland, and the oceanic voyage reduced to two or three days, by closing the Strait of Belle Isle and extending the railway to the Gulf of St. John's, Newfoundland. The project has had the support of several eminent engineers and there are said to be no great difficulties to be overcome in carrying out the scheme, as the filling in material lies close at hand. A ship-railway would be constructed across the new isthmus above the railway tracks, so that vessels bound for St. Lawrence could still take the short route. It is claimed that the closing of Belle Isle would turn the Arctic current quite away from the Gulf of St. Lawrence and marvellously moderate the climate of the western coast of Newfoundland, the Maritime Provinces and the part of Quebec lying along the Gulf.<sup>6</sup>

7. The total number of vessels remaining on the register books of the Dominion on the 31st December, 1893, was 6,991, measuring 1,024,974 tons register tonnage, being a decrease of 162 vessels and a decrease of 15,507 tons register, as compared with 1889. Assuming the average value to be \$30 per ton, the value of the registered tonnage of Canada on the 31st December, 1893, would be \$307,490,220. The number of new vessels built and registered in the Dominion of Canada during 1890 was 285, measuring 52,378 tons register tonnage. Estimating the value of the new tonnage at \$45 per ton, it gives a total value of \$2,357,010 for new vessels.

Canada's Merchant Navy stands forth on the list among the nations, those above her being Great Britain, with 7,428,000 tons; Norway and Sweden, with 2,035,000 tons; and Germany, with 1,234,000 tons.

Many years ago a proposal was made that the canals along the St. Lawrence and along the rivers joining the lakes should be maintained at the joint expense of Canada and the United States as they were necessary to the united commercial interests of the two countries. Hon. George Brown opposed the scheme as did Sir John Macdonald at a later day. The suggestion was recently revived

and was argued in a pamphlet issued (November, 1861) by Mr. James Fisher, M.P.P., of Manitoba. His line of argument was this. Take for instance the Niagara Falls which form an impassable barrier to navigation between the lakes which are international waters and constitute the boundary lines. Because Canada provided for the necessities of international commerce by building a canal, why should this impose upon her the burden of maintaining that expensive accommodation for all time? By treaty England has guaranteed to the United States freedom free use of those canals on the same terms of tolls that Canadian ships pay. This would probably cause the United States to decline to assume any ownership or joint control, which would involve expenditures from time to time. Yet despite that treaty, which was ill-advised and too generous on the part of Great Britain, Canada possesses opportunities for placing disabilities upon American shipping going through the canals, opportunities that Washington statesmen accuse our Government of already using. To escape these the United States might assume a joint control with its attendant expense if accorded the chance. Mr. Fisher contends that if such an arrangement were made the canals would be safe in case of war, while now, the moment hostilities should commence the Americans would seek to demolish the canals to prevent British gunboats from finding entrance to the upper lakes. Unless the canals are made joint property and unless the passage they afford is made neutral this danger will always exist, and each Government will require to keep up a rival system, insufficient for the need of each. There is food for reflection in this matter.

On the other hand the American mind is not at rest on the Canadian canal question. In a now celebrated letter to the *Illustrated American* of January 9, 1862, a gentleman well up in the confidence of his nation wrote showing how the late ports of the Republic were at the mercy of British gunboats:

"It is quite true that the provisions of the Treaty of 1817 prohibit Great Britain from maintaining a naval force on the Great Lakes; and the same conditions operate to prevent the organization on our side of the line of a State Naval Reserve. But it seems to have been lost sight of by most people that, in the construction of a magnificent system of canals throughout those portions of the Dominion of Canada that lie strategically contiguous to our exposed lake frontier, Great Britain has practically abrogated the treaty. This of itself is ample reason why the United States should not hesitate to give the necessary notice (six months) with a view of making this treaty a thing of the past. But we might go still further. It is advanced, as an offset to the charge of uneasiness that must always be a standing reproach to our people that there are nearly one hundred fine vessels afloat on the lakes that can easily be armor-plated and equipped with guns, and that thereby we should be able to oppose a powerful front to the foe as soon as he could appear in the inland seas. Without going into the question of the adaptability of the craft referred to, let it be asked, How long will it take to make them fit for such a purpose? It is generally understood that a declaration of war does not always nor even frequently come like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, but that it usually follows on the heels of controversy. Now, while this would give us time to prepare materials for refitting the vessels that are to constitute our Lake Navy, if would not in the face of the existing treaty warrant a single plate of armor being affixed to any of them. And while diplomatic notes were being exchanged, would the enemy delay? It has never been the policy of Great Britain to give her antagonist much advantage in the way of time for preparation. Witness the steps she hastened to take in the Trent affair in 1861. She made ready to strike as soon as the diplomats should lay down their pens. So, at the first hint, would she not collect a fleet of light-draught, swift, and powerful gunboats at Halifax, which, by means of the St. Lawrence and the canals, could appear in the Lakes, and practically seal up our ports long before we, with the present means at disposal, could interpose to prevent? Her canal system not only opens into Lake Ontario by means of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers as feeders, but also by means of the Welland Canal connects that lake with Lake Erie. Besides this, it is designed to utilize the Ottawa and French Rivers in the constructions of a waterway into Georgian Bay, which will allow a passage from the St. Lawrence northward and westward into Lake Huron above Detroit, whence access may be had through the Straits Mackinac to Lake Michigan. With the exception of Lake Superior, the narrow approach to which by way of the St. Mary's River may easily be sealed up by our people, all of the Great Lakes are now exposed to prompt action on the part of the enemy."

After showing the strength the Canadian canal system would lend to British naval operations in case of trouble the writer proceeds to outline a plan for overcoming the disadvantage of the American situation. He says: "The Mississippi and Illinois Canal, when completed, open water communication between the Mississippi River and Lake Michigan, but a depth of water should be insured which would suffice for the passage of light-draught armored vessels. In Ohio are two canals which connect the Ohio River with Lake Erie—one from Cincinnati to Toledo, the Miami and Erie Canal, and another from Portsmouth, on the Ohio, to Cleveland, the Ohio and Erie Canal. The capacity of these should be correspondingly increased. A ship canal from west to east, through the southern portion of Michigan, has been talked of; and a project for the construction of a similar waterway from a point on the southern shore of Lake Ontario, in the State of New York, to a point at or near Buffalo, on Lake Erie, has received consideration. With such a system, the depot-reminders for our Lake Naval Reserves would be on the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, and the restrictions of the Treaty of 1817 cease to be troublesome."

He recommends that this be done although the outlay would be vast, for

immense interests are at stake. In his opinion the menace offered by the canals of the Dominion is such as to warrant a great outlay, for the destruction of one large American lake port would entail a greater loss than the cost of his proposed scheme.

But the tendency of the time is strongly set towards peace, and canals nowadays are built for commercial and not for strategic considerations. "It is improbable that the United States will go to the great expense suggested merely to equip for a war that need never come save by its own seeking."

#### THE LARGEST SHIPS AFOAT

The largest sailing ship under any flag is the five-masted vessel *La France*, which recently took coal from Newcastle to San Francisco. She is 375 feet in length, 49 feet in breadth, and 33½ feet in depth, measured from the upper deck to the bottom of the hold. Her net gauge is 3,600 tons and her burthen 6,100 tons. The principal dimensions of the vessel are as follows: Bowstirrup, 50 feet long and 11 inches and 30 inches in diameter; mainmast, in a single piece, 140 feet long; main boom of the mainmast, 46 feet long; upper throat, 21 feet; lower throat, 23 feet. The lower and top mast are in a single piece, and of the following dimensions about deck: Foremast, 159 feet; foremainmast, 166 feet; aftermainmast, 167 feet. The diameter of the mast varies from 30 inches to 17 inches; that of the topgallantmast is from 16 inches to 10 inches. The length of the lower yards is 82 feet, that of the upper yards from 75 feet to 77 feet, under special supervision of the Bureau Veritas. She was built on the Clyde by D. & W. Henderson, and is owned by Ant. Dom Bords et Fils of Dunkirk. It may be interesting to mention that on her first voyage from Cardiff to Rio de Janeiro the trip was completed in thirty-three days, and although only moderate winds prevailed a speed of 12½ knots was attained, the vessel being laden with 6,000 tons of coal. The fifth mast "very much facilitates the working of the ship, which tacks about with wonderful ease," said the captain at the conclusion of the voyage. Referring to big sailing ships calls to mind the monster Yankee clipper, the *Great Republic*, built in "the fifties" for Law and launched, but she was too big for her time, and she ended her days as a French transport and then as a coal hulk. But in her prime she made the run from New York to Scilly in thirteen days.

The largest British ship is the *Liverpool*, of 3,300 tons, built of iron by Messrs. Russell & Co., on the Clyde. She is 333 feet long, 48 feet broad, and 28 feet deep. Her four masts are each square rigged, but she is far from clumsy aloft, is easily handled, and has run fourteen knots an hour for a whole day. We were much impressed by her exceptional size, but for beauty she compares unfavorably with such a ship as the *Thermopylae*, or a large wooden ship of America, having bright lofty spars, and decks as white as a hound's tooth. Iron decks do not lend themselves readily to adornment. Next in size is the *Palgrave*, of 2,978 tons. The United States ship *Shenandoah* of Bath, Maine, built by Messrs. Sewell & Co., of that port, is the largest wooden vessel in existence. She is 3,258 tons register, and will carry about 5,000 tons of heavy cargo. She carried from San Francisco, California, 112,000 centrals of wheat, worth \$175,000. This is the largest grain cargo on record. Another wooden vessel, the *Rappahannock*, also built at Bath, Maine, is 3,053 tons register, cost \$125,000, and 700 tons of Virginia oak, together with 1,200,000 feet of pine timber were used in her construction. The largest British wooden ship is the *Three Brothers*, of 2,693 tons register, built at Boston, United States, in 1855. She is 353 feet long, 48 feet broad, and 31 feet deep. A further conception may be formed of the carrying capacity of such ships when we mention that the *Liverpool* brought 20,000 bales of jute from Calcutta to Dundee, and the *Rappahannock* took 125,000 cases of petroleum from Philadelphia to Japan.



Kind old gentleman (who is helping poor boy out of the gutter with his load)—I don't see how you manage to get that barrow up the gutters alone.  
Poor Boy—I don't. There's always some old jay standin' around what pulls it up for me.

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THE SLEEPING SENTINEL



## BOGUS BUTTER AND BAD CHEESE.

In the manufacture of butter and cheese Canada is becoming famous. Our cheese is specially good and firmly established in the markets of the world and in time, through the establishment of creameries, our butter will certainly attain a like reputation. The present position of our dairy products should be clearly understood by all interested in the country's welfare. From the trade and navigation returns we take the following statement of exports:

	1890	1891
	lbs.	lbs.
Cheese, produce of Canada, . . .	94,260,187	106,202,140
Cheese, not the produce of Canada, . . .	1,122,690	9,538,860
Butter, produce of Canada, . . .	1,051,515	3,758,101
Butter, not the produce of Canada, . . .	1,237,426	1,967,443

The gradual annual increase in our export of domestic cheese, the fact that our butter trade seems to be once more regaining its feet, and the large amount of United States produce shipped by way of Canada clearly show that we should all be well informed in regard to the conditions and causes that may improve or set back our dairy trade.

The United States exports of cheese have gradually decreased since 1881. From 148,000,000 pounds in 1881 they dropped to 85,000,000 pounds in 1889. The partial explanation is given in a letter from the Liverpool Provision Trade Association & Exchange Co., an extract from which we here give: "The directors of this association respectfully wish to draw the attention of your government to the exportation from the United States to the United Kingdom of what is termed filled cheese. This article is a compound of skim milk and grease, such as old butter, oleomargarine or lard, etc." Filled cheese has been manufactured in Ohio, Illinois and Wisconsin, but we believe an effort has been made to control the business in some parts of the States.

The Departments of Agriculture at Washington reports that the production and exportation of oleomargarine injured the genuine butter export to the amount of about \$5,000,000 a year, this being offset by an export of the substitute to the amount of only about \$2,000,000 a year.

And now appears another "substitute" for butter, a process that bears the mark of fraud upon its face. It is appearing in different forms in different parts of the States and is attracting capital to its support. It may be advisable to give our Canadian readers some information and some warning.

Dr. H. W. Wiley, chemist to the Agricultural Department of the United States, in January, 1892, published a report on the subject, Examination of a Butter Adulterant. The method proposed claims to enable one to make a much larger quantity of butter out of milk than is ordinarily done. The directions are to take a pound of butter and a pint of fresh milk, add a few grains of a compound furnished, and by gently churning all together two pounds of butter may be obtained. Dr. Wiley gives the analysis of a sample of genuine butter, and also of the counterfeit made as directed, which at once shows the fraud of the method:

	Genuine Butter.	Substitute.
	per cent.	per cent.
Water, . . .	15.92	49.55
Butter fat, . . .	80.53	45.45
Curd, . . .	3.17	3.66
Ash, . . .	0.38	1.34

The compound used, therefore, simply emulsified the milk, retaining a large portion of water and ~~and~~ giving a substance resembling butter in appearance but being much softer and of poorer keeping quality. On examination the compound furnished proved to be anhydrous sulphate of soda, pepsin, and some coloring substance. The article produced is therefore not genuine butter; the method is productive of fraud, and, like all methods of producing extraordinary results, should be carefully investigated. Canadians will no well be prepared for all such frauds whereby it is claimed that more butter can be got from milk than is really contained therein.

## CURIOUS DEFENCES.

Prisoners on their defence for minor misdeeds are often very ingenious in the way of excuses. Any epidemic, like the influenza, is eagerly seized upon by miserable men who have drunk not wisely, and often there will be a perfect fashion, with variations, in the way of defences, Royal weddings and so on coming in most servicable.

Not very long ago an Edinburgh domestic, who was charged with stealing cheques, pleaded that she had "contracted insanity" from her mistress. A pickpocket, caught in the act on a cold day, pleaded that his right hand was so benumbed with the frost that he did not know but what it was in his own pocket; and a burglar, who was caught behind a chimney-stack on a roof, said that his favorite canary had escaped, and he was looking for it. Sonnambulism, too, has been cited as a good defence on such occasions.

## NINETY-TWO YEARS IN A WORKHOUSE.

The death has been reported to the Sheppey Board of Guardians of Eliza Humphreys, who has been an inmate of Sheppey Union Workhouse, Sheerness, for ninety-two years. The deceased was born in the establishment, and remained chargeable until her death, a somewhat weak intellect debarring her from earning her own living. She was affectionately known as the "mother" of the house. Frequently she would ask the visiting guardians whether her long residence had not entitled her to a pension.

## WEIGHING CATTLE WITH A STRING.

Whitaker's Almanac, that valuable English annual, gives the following method of determining the weight of cattle in the absence of scales. We confess that in this country, where an averagely-conditioned animal intended for the meat market nearly doubles in weight the one used below to illustrate the method, we have doubts, and await curiously to see it tested. The plan is as follows, and is worth experimenting with: "Measure the girth close behind the shoulder-blade along the back to the bone at the tail, which is in a vertical line with the buttock. Multiply the square of the girth, expressed in feet, by five times the length, and divide the product by 21; the quotient is the weight, nearly, of the four quarters, in imperial stones of 14 lb. avoirdupois. For example, if the girth be 6 feet, and the length 5 1/4 feet, we shall have 6 x 6 = 36, and 3 1/4 x 5 = 16 1/4; then 36 x 16 1/4 = 584, and this, divided by 21, gives 27.8 stones exactly. It is to be observed, however, that in very fat cattle the four quarters will be about one-twentieth more, while in those in a very lean state they will be one-twentieth less than the weight obtained by the rule."

## SHEEP THE WORLD OVER.

Gustav Jovanovich is the greatest cattle breeder in Russia and possesses more dogs than any man in the world. He owns six hundred thousand acres of land, possesses more than a million sheep, and thirty-four thousand shepherd dogs. The latest return for sheep were made in 1887. It was then estimated that in England there were about eighteen and a half million sheep, Scotland six and three-quarter millions, Ireland about three and a half millions. In France were found twenty-two and a half millions, in Germany sixteen, in Russia, forty-seven and a half, and in Italy about ten millions. In Great Britain there are seventy-six sheep to every one hundred inhabitants, in France sixty, in Germany forty-two, in Russia fifty-five, and in Italy twenty-eight. The countries relatively richest in horses and horned cattle are the Argentine Republic and Uruguay, while Australia leads in sheep, and Servia and Roumania in pigs. The poorest in horses are Italy and Spain; in cattle, Portugal; in sheep Belgium; and in pigs, Greece.

## HARVEST TIME OF THE WORLD.

The following shows the months of wheat harvest in the different wheat growing sections of the world. It will be seen that in the great economy of nature wheat is being harvested somewhere in the world every day of the year:

January—Australia, New Zealand, Chili and Argentine.  
February and March—East India and Upper Egypt.  
April—Lower Egypt, Syria, Cyprus, Persia, Asia Minor, India, Mexico and China.

May—Algeria, Central Asia, China, Japan, Morocco, Texas and Florida.  
June—Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, South of France, California, Oregon, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, Kansas, Arkansas, Utah, Colorado and Missouri.

July—Roumania, Bulgaria, Austro-Hungary, South of Russia, Germany, Switzerland, France, South of England, Nebraska, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, New York, New England and Ontario.

August—Belgium, Holland, Great Britain, Denmark, Poland, Quebec, Columbia and Manitoba.

September and October—Scotland, Sweden, Norway and North of Russia.  
November—Peru and South Africa. December—Burmah.

## WHY EASTER IS SO IRREGULAR.

The apostolic age had scarcely passed before discussions occurred and dissensions ensued as to the proper time of celebrating Easter. It was early held by the great majority of Christian churches that much importance should be attached to the day of Christ's resurrection, and it is easy to understand how the violent controversies were brought about when differences of opinion grew in reference to the time of year when the feast should be observed. The question was brought before the Council of Nice, and finally settled for the whole church, by adopting the rule which makes Easter day to be always the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon, or next after, March 21, and if the full moon happens on Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday after; so that by this arrangement, Easter may come as early as March 22, or as late as April 25.

The people of the United States expend \$80 per head on drink each year. The length of new railway built in the United States in the first four months of the current year was 1,084.

In 1717 the exclusive right of making molasses from Indian corn was granted to a Connecticut farmer.

Last year Scotland drank three times the quantity of spirits per head of population that was consumed in England.

It is estimated that there are 1,000 forms of religion practiced in the world at the present time, and that 3,004 languages are spoken.

Sir Isaac Newton's nephew, a clergyman, always refused a fee when he married a couple, saying, "Go your way, poor wretches, I have done you mischief enough already."

The Austrian Minister of War has issued orders for dogs to be trained for service as messengers and sentinels, and also to assist in discovering the wounded on the field of battle.



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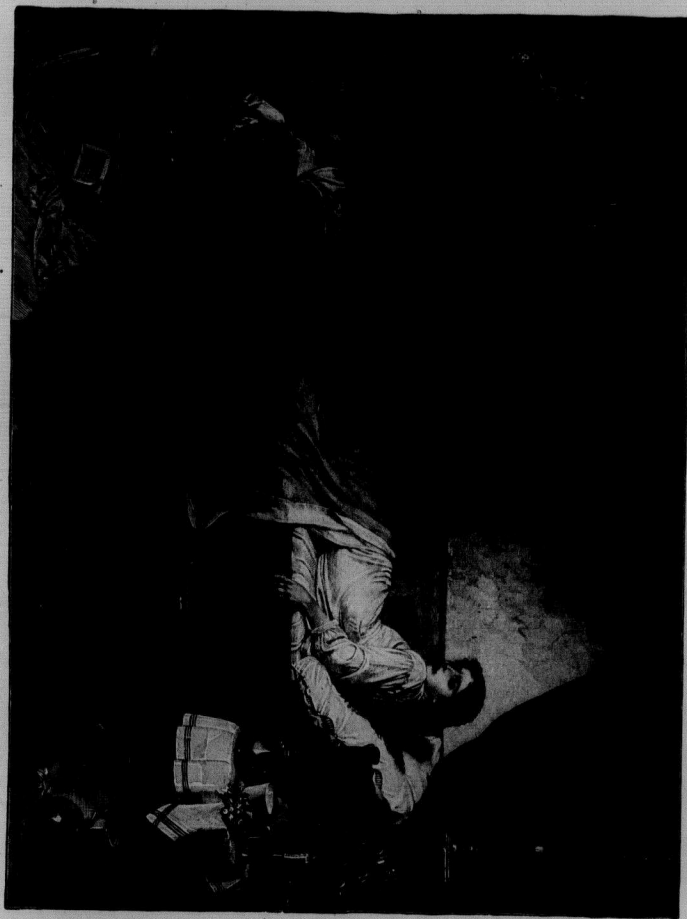
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## THE PUBLIC DEPARTMENTS AT OTTAWA.

**DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.**—Organized, 1868, by Act of Parliament, with a Minister of the Crown at its head. It was given control of the following subjects: Agriculture, Immigration and Emigration; Public Health and Quarantine; Marine and Emigrant Hospitals at Quebec; Arts and Manufactures; Census, Statistics and Registration of Statistics; Patents of Invention; Copyright; Industrial Designs and Trade Marks. (Its powers have since been enlarged.) The Bill was introduced in the Senate by Hon. J. C. Chapais, who acted as Minister from Confederation, and became first Minister of Agriculture under the Bill. The principal opposition in that House was by M. Rensel and others, who objected to the Department as unnecessary. In the House of Commons, on third reading, Mr. Mackenzie moved an amendment to the effect that agriculture was intended by the British North America Act to be placed under control of the Provincial Governments, and the other subjects proposed to be given in charge of this Department could be less expensively performed by being assigned to other Departments. Amendment lost—yeas, 45; nays, 91, and Bill read a third time and passed. The following have been Ministers of Agriculture: Hon. J. C. Chapais, Senator, appointed 1st July, 1867, made Receiver-General 16th November, 1870; Hon. Christopher Dunkin, M.P., appointed 16th November, 1870, appointed Judge of Superior Court, Que., 25th October, 1871; Hon. John H. Pope, M.P., appointed 25th October, 1871, resigned with Cabinet, 6th November, 1873; L. Letellier de St. Just, Senator, appointed 7th November, 1873, made Lieut.-Governor of Quebec, 13th December, 1876; Hon. C. A. P. Pelletier, Senator, appointed 26th January, 1877, resigned with Cabinet, 16th October, 1878; Hon. J. H. Pope, appointed 17th October, 1878, became Minister of Railways September 25, 1885; Hon. John Carling, appointed 25th September, 1885.

**DEPARTMENT OF INDIAN AFFAIRS.**—Constituted by Act of Parliament, assented to May, 1869, and given full charge of matters relating to Indians. The Department was given a deputy-head, but it was provided that the Minister of the Interior should also be Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. By Act passed in 1883, it was provided that any Minister might be also Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. Up to that time the Minister of the Interior had been Superintendent-General, but then Sir John A. Macdonald became President of the Council and Superintendent-General; died June 5, 1891; Hon. J. C. Abbott, Senator, took charge on assuming the Presidency of Council.

**PRESIDENT OF PRIVY COUNCIL.**—An office created at time of Union. The following have been Presidents of the Privy Council: A. J. F. Blair, Senator, appointed 1st July, 1867, died 29th December, 1867; Joseph Howe, M.P., Hans, appointed 30th January, 1869, became Secretary of State for Provinces 16th November, 1869; Sir E. Kenny, Senator, appointed 16th November, 1869, became Administrator of Nova Scotia 13th May, 1870; Hon. (now Sir) Charles Tupper, M.P., appointed 21st June, 1870, became Minister of Inland Revenue 1st July, 1873; Hon. John O'Connor, M.P., appointed 2nd July, 1873, became Minister of Inland Revenue 4th March, 1873; Hugh McDonald, M.P., appointed 14th June, 1873, became Minister of Militia 1st July, 1873; Hon. N. Gibbs, M.P., appointed 1st July, 1873, resigned with Cabinet; Hon. I. S. Huntington, M.P., appointed 20th January, 1874, became Postmaster-General 9th October, 1875; Hon. J. E. Cauchon, M.P., appointed 7th December, 1875, became Minister of Inland Revenue, 8th June, 1877; Hon. E. Blake, M.P., appointed 8th June, 1877, resigned 31st January, 1878; Sir John Macdonald, M.P., appointed 17th October, 1878, (also Minister of Interior), died 5th June, 1891; succeeded by Hon. J. C. Abbott, Senator.

**OFFICE OF RECEIVER-GENERAL.**—This office was established at Confederation. No separate Department was ever assigned to the Receiver-General, and the office was merged in that of Finance Minister, by Act passed in 1880. The following have been Receivers-General: Sir E. Kenny, Senator, appointed 4th July, 1867, became President Privy Council 16th November, 1869; Hon. J. C. Chapais, Senator, appointed 18th November, 1870, resigned 30th January, 1873; T. Robitaille, M.P., appointed 30th January, 1873, resigned with Cabinet, 6th November, 1873; Hon. T. Coffin, M.P., appointed 7th November, 1873, resigned with Cabinet 16th October, 1878; Sir A. Campbell, Senator, appointed 8th November, 1878, became Postmaster-General 20th May, 1879.

**DEPARTMENT OF SECRETARY OF STATE.**—The office of Secretary of State was established at Confederation. The Department was constituted by Act of Parliament, assented to 22nd May, 1868, and was given charge of all State correspondence, records not specially transferred to other Departments, and of Indian Affairs. By Act assented to 3rd May, 1873, the Department of Interior was created, and charge of Indian Affairs transferred to it. The following have been Secretaries of State: Hon. (now Sir) H. L. Langevin, M.P., appointed 6th July, 1867, became Minister of Public Works 8th December, 1869; Hon. J. C. Aikens, Senator, appointed 8th December, 1869, resigned with Cabinet 6th November, 1873; Hon. D. Christie, Senator, appointed 7th November, 1873, became Speaker of the Senate 6th January, 1874; Hon. R. W. Scott, Senator, appointed 9th January, 1874, resigned with Cabinet, 16th October,

1878; Hon. J. C. Aikens, Senator, appointed 19th October, 1878, became Minister of Inland Revenue 8th November, 1880; Hon. John O'Connor, M.P., appointed 8th November, 1880, became Postmaster-General 20th May, 1881; Hon. J. A. Mousseau, M.P., appointed 20th May, 1880, resigned 29th July, 1882; Hon. J. A. Chapleau, M.P., appointed 29th July, 1882, became Minister of Customs January 25th, 1892; J. C. Patterson, M.P., appointed 25th January, 1892.

**DEPARTMENT OF MARINE AND FISHERIES.**—The office of Marine and Fisheries was established at Confederation. The Department was constituted by Act of Parliament, assented to 22nd May, 1868, which gave it control of all matters relating to fisheries and navigation, inland or ocean. By Act assented to 19th April, 1884, the Department of Marine was divided from the Department of Fisheries, each having a deputy head, but one Minister to preside over both. This Bill was opposed by the Liberals, claiming that it would lead to unnecessary increased expense. The following have been Ministers of Marine and Fisheries: Hon. Peter Mitchell, Senator afterwards M.P., Northumberland, N. B., appointed 1st July, 1867, resigned with Cabinet 6th November, 1873; Hon. (afterwards Sir) A. J. Smith, M.P., appointed 7th November, 1873, resigned with Cabinet 16th October, 1878; Hon. J. C. Pope, M.P., appointed 19th October, 1878, resigned 10th July, 1882; Hon. A. W. McLean, M.P., appointed 10th July, 1882, became Minister of Finance 10th December, 1885; Hon. G. E. Foster, M.P., Kings, N. B., appointed 10th December, 1885, became Minister of Finance, 1887; Hon. C. H. Tupper, appointed 1887.

**DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.**—Created by Act of Parliament, assented to 22nd May, 1868, and placed under charge of Minister of Justice. This Minister is the official adviser of the Governor-General and the legal member of the Privy Council. It is his duty to see that public affairs are administered according to law, and he superintends the administration

of Justice in matters not within the jurisdiction of the Province, and advises upon the Legislative Acts of Provincial Legislatures, in view of the Federal power of disallowance. The following have been Ministers of Justice: Sir John A. Macdonald, M.P., appointed July, 1867, resigned with Cabinet 6th November, 1873; Sir A. A. Dorion, M.P., appointed 7th November, 1873, became Chief Justice of Quebec 1st June, 1874; Hon. T. Fournier, M.P., appointed 8th July, 1874, became Postmaster-General 9th May, 1875; Hon. E. Blake, M.P., appointed 9th May, 1875, became President of Privy Council 8th June, 1877; Hon. R. Laflamme, M.P., appointed 8th June, 1877, resigned with Cabinet 16th October, 1878; Hon. J. McDonald, M.P., appointed 17th October, 1878, became Chief Justice of Nova Scotia 20th May, 1881; Sir A. Campbell, Senator, appointed 24th May, 1881, made Postmaster-General 25th September, 1885; Hon. J. S. D. Thompson, M.P., appointed 25th September, 1885.

**SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE PROVINCES.**—This was one of the offices to which a Minister of the first Cabinet was appointed. Bill was passed in Senate in the session of 1870 to constitute the Department of Secretary of State for the Provinces, and it passed that House; but in the House of Commons Mr. Mackenzie (14th April) moved in amendment to the amendment to the second reading, that the exigencies of the public service did not require such a Department. The debate was, on motion of Sir John A. Macdonald, adjourned, which came into force in 1873, the office of Secretary of State for the Provinces was abolished. The following have been Secretaries of State for the Provinces: Hon. G. Archibald, appointed July, 1867, resigned January, 1868; Hon. Joseph Howe, M.P., appointed 16th November, 1869, made Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia 13th May, 1870; Hon. T. N. Gibbs, M.P., appointed 14th June, 1873, became President of the Privy Council 1st July, 1873.

**DEPARTMENT OF CUSTOMS.**—Constituted by Act of Parliament, assented to May, 1868. Its head is a Minister of the Crown, and it has control and management of the collection of Customs and of matters pertaining thereto. The following have been Ministers of Customs: Hon. S. L. (now Sir Leonard) Tilley, M.P., appointed 1st July, 1867, became Minister of Finance 22nd February, 1873; Hon. (now Sir) Charles Tupper, M.P., appointed 25th February, 1873, resigned with Cabinet 6th November, 1873; Hon. Isaac Burpee, M.P., appointed 7th November, 1873, resigned with Cabinet 16th October, 1878; Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, M.P., appointed 19th October, 1878, became Minister of Militia, January 25th, 1892; Hon. J. A. Chapleau, M.P., appointed 25th January, 1892.

**DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS.**—Constituted by Act of Parliament, assented to 21st December, 1867, under control of the Minister of Public Works. The Act gives the Department wide control over Dominion public works, all of which are placed under its control, unless definitely transferred to some other department. The Minister has power to examine on oath to expropriate necessary lands upon terms to be fixed (if appeal is desired) by Board of Arbitrators. The Minister was empowered also to collect tolls on public works, to be fixed by Governor-General-in-Council, and to enforce regulations to be made in the same way for the management, proper use and protection of public works. By Act assented to 15th May, 1879, the Department of Public Works was divided, by the creation out of it of the Department of Railways and Canals,



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DEPARTMENT OF INLAND REVENUE.—Constituted by Act assented to 22nd May, 1868, under a Minister of the Crown. It was given charge of Excise, stamp duties (except postage), weights and measures, timber cutting, slide and boom duties, bridge and ferry tolls. The following have been Ministers of Inland Revenue: Hon. (now Sir) W. P. Howland, M.P., appointed 1st July, 1874, made Lieut.-Governor of Ontario 14th July, 1868; Hon. A. Morris, M.P., appointed 16th November, 1869, became Chief Justice, Queen's Bench, Manitoba, 2nd July, 1872; Hon. (now Sir) Charles Tupper, M.P., appointed July, 1872, became Minister of Customs, 22nd February, 1873; Hon. John O'Connor, M.P., appointed 4th March, 1873, became Postmaster-General 1st July, 1873; Hon. T. N. Gibbs, M.P., appointed 1st July, 1873, resigned with Cabinet, 6th November, 1873; Hon. T. Fournier, M.P., appointed 7th November, 1872, became Minister of Justice, 8th July, 1874; Hon. F. Geoffroy, M.P., appointed 8th July, 1874, resigned 9th November, 1876; Hon. R. Lafamme, M.P., appointed 9th November, 1876, became Minister of Justice, 8th June, 1877; Hon. J. E. Cauchon, M.P., appointed 8th June, 1877, appointed Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, 1877; Hon. W. Laurier, M.P., appointed 8th October, 1877, resigned with Cabinet, 16th October, 1878; Hon. L. F. G. Baby, M.P., appointed 26th October, 1878, became Judge Superior Court, Quebec, 26th October, 1880; Hon. J. C. Atkins, Senator, appointed 8th November, 1880, resigned 23rd May, 1882; Hon. John Costigan, M.P., appointed 23rd May, 1882.

DEPARTMENT OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS.—Constituted by Act of Parliament assented to 15th May, 1870, which divided Department of Public Works into two, one of them being that of Railways and Canals: Sir Charles Tupper, M.P., appointed 20th May, 1870, became High Commissioner in England, 1885; Hon. J. H. Pope, appointed 25th September, 1885, at his death Sir John Macdonald assumed control of the department. Hon. John Haggart, appointed 25th January, 1892.

DEPARTMENT OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE.—Constituted by Act of Parliament assented to 22nd May, 1868, with Minister of Militia and Defence as its head. This Minister is charged with the administration of all militia affairs on land and water, and has liability power in all matters involving expenditure of public money for military purposes. The following have been Ministers of Militia: Sir George E. Cartier, M.P., appointed 1st July, 1867, died 20th May, 1873; Hon. Hugh McDonald, M.P., appointed 1st July, 1873, resigned with Cabinet 6th November, 1873; Hon. William Ross, M.P., appointed 7th November, 1873, resigned September, 1874; Hon. W. B. Vail, M.P., appointed 3rd September, 1874, resigned 21st January, 1878; Hon. A. G. Jones, M.P., appointed 21st January, 1878, resigned with Cabinet 16th October, 1878; Hon. L. F. R. Mason, M.P., appointed 16th October, 1878, became President of the Privy Council 16th January, 1880; Sir A. Campbell, Senator, appointed 8th November, 1880, became Postmaster-General 8th November, 1880; Hon. (now Sir) A. P. J. Caron, M.P., appointed 8th November, 1880, became Postmaster-General 25th January, 1892; Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, M.P., appointed 25th January, 1892.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE.—Constituted by Act of Parliament assented to 22nd June, 1869, with Minister of Finance at its head. To this department are committed all matters relating to the financial affairs of the Dominion, public accounts, revenue and expenditure, not specially committed to other departments. In 1867, an Act was passed relating to the Collection of Public Revenues, etc., which prohibited, among other things, for the establishment of a Board of Audit, to consist of the Deputy Inspector-General, Deputy Postmaster-General, Commissioner of Inland Revenue, Deputy Receiver-General, Deputy Minister of Militia, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and an Auditor, to be appointed by the Governor-General, who should be Chairman, and should have the review of accounts, cases of difference to be settled by the Board, subject to the approval of the Finance Minister. The Act mentioned above, constituting the Department of Finance, provided that the Auditor and the Deputy Inspector-General should be officers of the Finance Department. It provided also for the appointment of The Treasury Board, to consist of the Minister of Finance, Receiver-General, Minister of Customs, and Minister of Inland Revenue, as a Committee of the Privy Council with wide powers as to demanding documents and information from the Public Departments. An Act, assented to 12th May, 1879, abolished office of Deputy Receiver-General, and provided that the Auditor-General should be Deputy Minister of Finance and Deputy Head of the Department. Act assented to 10th May, 1878, established a new system of audit by the appointment of an Auditor-General, to hold office during good behaviour, and removable only by the Governor-General, on address to be passed by Senate and Commons—like a judge. This Act provided also that the Treasury Board should consist of Minister of Finance, Minister of Customs, Minister of Inland Revenue, and Receiver-General. It authorized also the appointment of a Deputy Minister of Finance, to be appointed under the Great

Seal, to be *ex-officio* Secretary of the Treasury Board. Under this system an elaborate system of checks was provided to prevent public moneys being spent except in regular and authorized ways, difficulties to be finally settled by the Treasury Board, the Auditor-General to report directly to Parliament on all matters coming before him, including those in which he had differed from the Treasury Board. By Act, assented to 14th May, 1870, the Receiver-General's Department was merged with that of Minister of Finance, and Minister of Justice made a member of the Treasury Board. By Act, assented to 20th July, 1885, it was provided that the Secretary of State, and one other Minister, to be nominated by the Governor-General, should be added to the Treasury Board, and Minister of Finance should be the Chairman of the Board. The following have been Ministers of Finance: Sir A. T. Galt, M.P., appointed 1st July, 1867, resigned 4th November, 1867; Sir John Rose, M.P., appointed 18th November, 1867, resigned 9th October, 1869; Sir F. Hinks, M.P., appointed 9th October, 1869, resigned 22nd February, 1872, made Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick 5th November, 1873; Hon. R. J. (now Sir Richard) Cartwright, appointed 7th November, 1873, resigned with Cabinet 16th October, 1878; Sir L. Tiley, M.P., appointed 17th October, 1878, made Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick October, 1878; Hon. A. W. McLelan, M.P., appointed 10th December, 1885, became Postmaster-General in 1887; succeeded by Hon. George E. Foster, M.P.

DEPARTMENT OF INTERIOR.—Constituted by Act of Parliament, assented to 1873, with a Minister of the Crown at its head. This Department has charge of the North-West Territories, Crown Lands in every part of the Dominion, Indian Affairs, and Geological Survey. By Act passed in 1880, the Department was divided, the "Department of Indian Affairs" being specially constituted, but with the Minister of the Interior as "Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs," and head of both Departments. This change was objected to by Mr. Mills on behalf of the Liberals, on the ground that it would lead to greater expense, which was unnecessary. In 1885 an Act was passed providing that any Minister of the Crown might be Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. The following have been Ministers of the Interior: Sir A. Campbell, Senator, appointed 1st July, 1873, resigned with Cabinet 6th November, 1873; Hon. D. Laird, M.P., appointed 7th November, 1873, appointed Lieutenant-Governor of North-West Territories 7th October, 1876; Hon. David Mills, M.P., appointed 24th October, 1876, resigned with Cabinet 16th October, 1878; Sir John A. Macdonald appointed 17th October, 1883, became President of the Council 17th October, 1883; Sir D. L. Macpherson, Senator, appointed 17th October, 1883, resigned August, 1885; Hon. T. White, M.P. (Cardwell), appointed 5th August, 1885, succeeded at his death by Hon. E. Dewdney, M.P.

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.—Constituted by Act of Parliament, assented to 21st December, 1867. The following have been Postmasters-General: Sir A. Campbell, Senator, appointed 1st July, 1867, became Minister of Interior 1st July, 1873; Hon. John O'Connor, M.P., appointed 1st July, 1873, resigned with Cabinet 6th November, 1873; Hon. D. A. Macdonald, M.P. (Glenagary), appointed 7th November, 1873, appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario 18th May, 1875; Hon. T. Fournier, M.P., appointed 9th May, 1875, appointed Judge Supreme Court of Canada, 8th October, 1875; Hon. L. S. Huntington, M.P., appointed 9th October, 1875, resigned with Cabinet 16th October, 1878; Sir H. L. Langevin, M.P., appointed 19th October, 1878, made Minister of Public Works 20th May, 1879; Sir A. Campbell appointed 20th May, 1879, made Minister of Militia 16th January, 1880; Hon. J. O'Connor, appointed 15th January, 1880, became Secretary of State 8th November, 1880; Sir A. Campbell appointed 8th November, 1880, became Minister of Justice 20th May, 1891; Hon. J. O'Connor, appointed 20th May, 1881, resigned 23rd May, 1882; Hon. John Carling appointed 23rd May, 1882, became Minister of Agriculture, 25th September, 1885; Sir A. Campbell appointed 25th September, 1885, became Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario in 1887; Hon. A. W. McLelan, M.P., appointed 1887, became Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, 1889; Hon. John Haggart, M.P., appointed in 1890, became Minister of Railways and Canals, 25th January, 1892; Sir Adolph Caron, M.P., appointed 25th January, 1892.

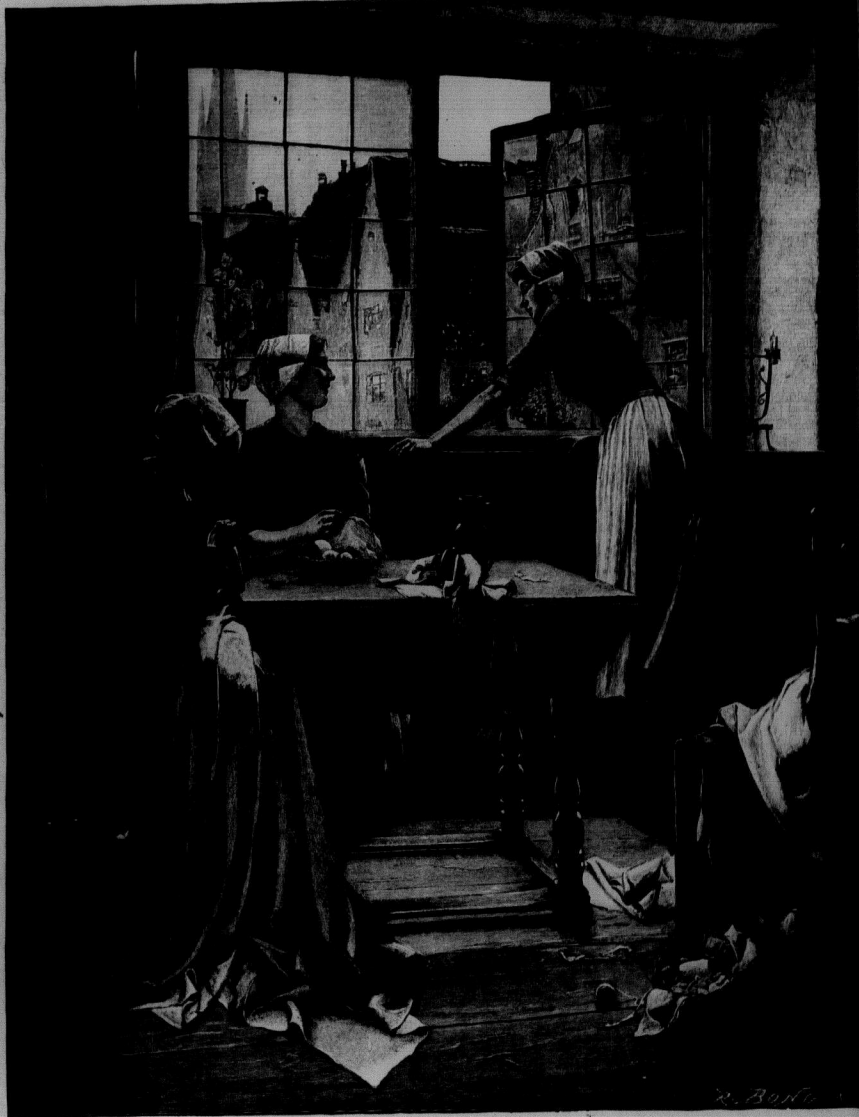
## THE PRESENT DOMINION CABINET.

Premier and Minister of Justice	Hon. Sir John S. D. Thompson
Minister of Finance	Hon. George E. Foster
Trade and Commerce	Hon. Mackenzie Bowell
Militia and Defence	Hon. J. C. Patterson
Agriculture	Hon. A. R. Angers
Public Works	Hon. J. A. Oulmont
Marine and Fisheries	Hon. C. H. Tupper
Interior	Hon. Thos. Mayne Daly
Railways and Canals	Hon. John G. Haggart
Secretary of State	Hon. John Costigan
Postmaster-General	Hon. Sir Adolph Caron
Minister Without Portfolio	Hon. Sir John Carling
"	Hon. Frank Smith

## NOT IN CABINET.

Solicitor General for Canada	John J. Curran, Q.C., M.P.
Comptroller of Customs	N. Clarke Wallace, M.A.
Inland Revenue	John Fiske Wood, M.P.

"They tell me Miss Leigh has been studying vocal music in New York for the past six months. Is there any improvement?"  
 "Yes; very great. Her teacher doesn't allow her to sing at all now."



THE POSTMAN'S CALL

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## BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING.

*Being Two Equally Candid Opinions of Jeremiah Bolton, Expressed by his Neighbor, Hiram Stiggins.*

BY LUKE SHARP.

"Is there a person living in this village by the name of Jeremiah Bolton?" asked the stranger in Hiram Stiggins, who was sitting on the top rail of the fence.

"He doesn't live here," said Hiram, a good deal of emphasis on the word.

"I have a letter from him and he gave this place as his address."

"Oh, it's his address all right enough. We don't call Jerry's existence living, you know. He vegetates. And if you want to collect any money from him, let me give you a pointer or two that'll save you some trouble. You just go back where you came from and wait till Jerry sends it. You'll get the cash just as quick that way as by bothering him about it. Jerry's—'alfredest feller in the hull country, and that's saying a good deal, for I know most of the folks in the neighborhood. I've lived here myself goin' on twenty-four year. Some of em are spunky enough, and these times a man has to be up and doin' ef he wants to pay his debts, let alone gittin' credit for makin' more. Times ain't what they used to be. I remember nineteen year ago this spring when—"

"What is Mr. Bolton's business? He is a mechanic, isn't he?"

"Jerry? He ain't got no business—never had. I tell him he's got no business to live. Beats me what such men are made for in the first place. Natural born loafer, Jerry is. Ya, sir. Work? When you see Jerry Bolton table honest work, you look out for the judgment day the week after. The world will be comin' to an end, sure. Why last harvest—I own this farm joinin' the village—and men were mighty scarce, I come over to get Jerry to help me with the hayin'—offered him good pay—a man can get anything he likes in hayin' nowadays. 'Taint like what it used to be. Seems as ef the more machinery we got on a farm the more work there is to do. Labor savin', they call them. Labor makin' is more like it. I remember sixteen years ago last harvest that we—"

"Wouldn't Jerry work?"

"Not by a long chalk. Needed the money, too. His wife was doin' the washin' for the village to keep the children and Jerry alive. As fer the rent, they never thought o' payin' no rent. I own the house he lives in and I suppose Jerry thought I wouldn't take it out in rent ef he came to work. Still, that's flatterin' Jerry. He hain't sense enough to be afraid I'd apply his wages on his rent. He's just good for nothin'. He's a tinkerer, Jerry is. Allus workin' at some new fangled thing that ain't no good to any livin' creature. Jack of all trades and good at none, I tell him. Trusts Providence and his wife mostly. Jerry would have starved long ago if it wasn't for that woman. She's a sight too good for him. But she's just as big a fool as Jerry, for she believes he'll do somethin' some day. She's the only one creature on earth that does, but that don't make no difference to her. She's a fabled, washed-out creature, and the only time she flares up is when some one tells the truth about Jerry and she hears it. Jest like a woman, you know. There's no accountin' fur 'em. Many a woman with a good, hard-workin' husband don't appreciate him. There's my wife, fur instance—"

"What does he tinker at, principally?"

"Who? Jerry? Oh, Lord knows. Some fool thing or 'nuther. Deacon Swipes says it's perpetual motion, but I tell the deacon there's no motion, perpetual or otherwise, about Jerry. Perpetual dum foolishness, I call it. Tryin' to get a livin' by the sweat of somebody else's brow. I tell 'em down in the village that Jerry's a smarter man than any of us 'cause he can live without work and we can't. Time was in this country that a man had to work or starve. Things ain't what they used to be with the young folks all wantin' to clerk in the city. I remember twenty-one years ago when—"

"Then how does he manage to live?"

"I tell you he don't live; he vegetates, and on my vegetables, too, mostly. Only the other day Miss Bolton, she came to our place with a basket and said she wanted to borrow a basket of potatoes. I says to her, Miss Bolton, you can't borrow nothin'. I'll give you a basket of potatoes, if you go out and dig 'em. But I'm no such a dum fool as to lend anythin' to the Bolton family. Then she ups and cries and my wife she says—well, that's neither here nor there. Some women don't know when they're well off and other women can't bear to hear the truth. I went down to Jerry's and gave him a piece of my mind. Had to do it to somebody or bust, for my wife's a plain spoken woman—and then a man shouldn't be a tyrant in his own family. Well, Jerry he just looks at me and says nothin'. I believe the man's crazy. He didn't seem to hear a word I said, but just looked past a person as if some one had hit him with a club. He'll go to a insane hospital yet, and be kept at the county expense—his family, too. Hanged if I can see the sense of lettin' a man like that have a family. I remember years ago when—yes, the first house you come to, right on the edge of the village. No, it ain't much of a house; more of a shanty, as you say, but it's a mighty sight bigger'n any rent I ever get fur it. Good-bye, stranger."

TEN YEARS LATER.

Hiram holds forth to a crowd of listeners on the veranda of the village tavern.

"Know Mr. Bolton? Well, I should rather say I did. I can remember

the time when Jeremiah Bolton didn't have a second shirt to his back, and I know some people who had doubts about the first shirt. Poor? Joly's turkey wasn't in it, with Jerry—I allus used to call him Jerry an' he used to call me Hiram. There wasn't no Mist'ers between us then days. Some of you be a think yourselves smart but there's none of you can hold a candle to Jeremiah Bolton. No, sir. Last election, when there was talk of runnin' Jerry fur Gynor, I knowed Jerry wouldn't take no nomination. What did he care about being Gynor? Why, Jerry Bolton could buy the hull state ef he wanted to."

"Most of the Governors have to do that," said a by-stander.

"Well, Jerry agn't that kind of man. Fact is, they don't build men like Mr. Bolton nowadays. Why, I remember eleven years ago, before Jerry took out his patent, an' he was feelin' kind o' discouraged, I says to him, 'Never you mind, Jerry, your time's a-comin'. You'll be able to buy out the county some of these days.' Why, there wasn't a man in this town believed in Jerry but me. There was old Deacon Swipes, him that's dead and gone. He used to say to me, 'Hiram, I can't imagine what the devil you see in that worthless cuss, Jerry Bolton.' The deacon, he used to swear just a little, 'cause he'd been a lumberman once, and a man has to swear when he's bringin' down a raft, but he never knew he swore, and nobody liked to tell him, and him a deacon. Why, the preacher, he used to—"

"What did you say to the deacon about Bolton?"

"Oh, I says to him, 'Deacon, you're all right at seeing anything that's right under your nose, but you're no good at dealing with the future.'"

"The preacher attended to futurity, I suppose."

"Jes so, jes so. But the deacon could never see why I took such trouble with Jerry, but I knowed he wouldn't no common kind of a man. He had a way of lookin' past you and ef not hearin' what a person was sayin' to him that—"

"Lucky man."

"Exactly. He was always a studin' and a studin' in his mind. We used to talk about his patent, and though he never'd tell what he was figurin' on you could tell which way his mind was turned. 'Hiram,' he used to say to me, 'great inventions, like the air brake and the telegraph, and the Standard Oil Company, they's only thought out once in a life time. It takes a big man to invent them sort of things, and I'm only a small man, Hiram.' He was always a modest man, was Jerry."

"That was because he was so much in your company."

"Well, anyhow he used to say that what he wanted to invent would be some little thing that everybody would want to have and couldn't do without once they had it, and that wouldn't cost much, and wouldn't last long, and yet would pay fifty per cent. to the maker of it. 'Hiram,' he used to say to me, 'if soap wasn't invented, that's what I would like to invent and get a patent on.' He never could have lived, ef it hadn't been for me. Lived in a house I owned at that time, and most they got to eat come off my farm. I never bothered him about no rent nor pay, and when he was troubled about it I used to slap him on the back and say 'you wait till your ship comes in.'"

"Didn't he pay the mortgage on your farm, Hiram?"

"Well, that's neither here nor there. That's a private matter 'twixt him and me. Besides, it was like this. I put that mortgage on to get the money for his patents—"

"Why, it was in the papers that the man from New York put up the cash."

"Now young man, you keep your shirt on, and don't be too smart. I didn't need to use no money for that, because I brought Jerry the man from New York. 'Twas me introduced 'em. The man from New York made a good enough thing out of it, and he can thank me fur it, not that he's ever done it."

"But Jerry was grateful."

"You bet he was. And he didn't want to hurt my feelings nuther. His wife she came to my wife with the papers that Jerry had bought up and she says to my wife, 'Hiram was good to us when we was poor, and so you give him these 'ere papers for a present.' Then Jerry's wife, thinkin' of the hard times, I suppose, she breaks down and cries, and my wife she keeps her company, and them two women had a good cry together."

"Over your goodness, Hiram, I suppose."

"Well, that's neither here nor there. Jerry knows who backed him up when it was hard 'steadin' fur him, and now, by gum, he's rich enough to buy us all out and never feel it, and has a big house in New York. I allus said that's what he would come to, and ef the deacon was alive, he'd tell you the same thing."

## THE FIRST MANUFACTURER OF LEADEN SOW.

About the year 1783, a Bristol plumber named Watts dreamed that he was out in a shower of molten lead. He observed that the metal came down in spherical drops, and afterwards, to find whether it would be so, he went to the top of a church and poured melted lead into a vessel of water below. To his great delight he found that the lead had gathered into beautifully-forged globular balls, and he at once took out a patent.

## PIG IRON.

The name "Pig iron" is a mere play upon the word "sow." When molten metal runs off into a channel called a sow, the lateral branches of which are called the pigs. Here the iron cools and is called pig-iron. Sow has nothing to do with swine, but is from the Saxon "sawan," to scatter. Having sow for the parent channel, it required no great effort of wit to call the lateral grooves little pigs.



CHARON AND PSYCHE.

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PUBLIC DEPARTMENTS OF THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

FROM CONFEDERATION TO THE PRESENT TIME.

**DEPARTMENT OF THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.**—The following have been Attorneys-General: Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, M.P.P., appointed 16th July, 1867, resigned with Cabinet, 20th December, 1871; Hon. Adam Crooks, M.P.P., appointed 20th December, 1871, became Provincial Treasurer 25th October, 1872; Hon. (now Sir) Oliver Mowat, M.P.P., appointed 25th October, 1872.

**DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.**—The following have been Commissioners of Crown Lands: Hon. Stephen Richards, M.P.P., appointed 16th July, became Provincial Secretary and Registrar 25th July, 1871; Hon. (afterwards Sir) Matthew Crooks Cameron, M.P.P., appointed 25th July, 1871, resigned with Cabinet 20th December, 1871; Hon. Richard William Scott, M.P.P., appointed 21st December, 1871, resigned to accept the Presidency of the Privy Council at Ottawa, 1873; Hon. Timothy Blair Pardee, M.P.P., appointed 4th December, 1873, died 21st July, 1889; Hon. Arthur Sturgis Hardy, M.P.P., appointed 18th January, 1889.

**DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS.**—The following have been Commissioners of Public Works: Hon. John Carling, M.P.P., appointed 16th July,

July, 1867, resigned with Cabinet 20th December, 1871; Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, M.P.P., appointed 21st December, 1871, withdrew to the House of Commons on the abolition of dual representation; Hon. Adam Crooks, M.P.P., appointed 25th October, 1872, became Minister of Education 14th February, 1876; Hon. Samuel Casey Wood, M.P.P., appointed 19th March, 1877, resigned 2nd June, 1884; Hon. James Young, M.P.P., 2nd June, 1884, appointed resigned 2nd November, 1884; Hon. Alexander McLagan Ross, M.P.P., appointed 2nd November, 1884, resigned 16th September, 1890; Hon. Richard Harcourt, M.P.P., appointed 16th September, 1890.

**DEPARTMENT OF MINISTER OF EDUCATION.**—The office of Minister of Education was created in 1876. The following have been Ministers of Education: Hon. Adam Crooks, M.P.P., appointed 14th February, 1876, died 20th December, 1885; Hon. George William Ross, M.P.P., appointed 3rd November, 1885.

**DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.**—The Commissioner of Public Works had control of Agriculture from Confederation to 1875, when it came under control of the Provincial Treasurer. In 1888 the Department of Agriculture was created. The following have been Commissioners of Agriculture: Hon. Charles Drury, M.P.P., appointed 1st May, 1888, resigned 16th September, 1890; Hon. John Dryden, M.P.P., appointed 16th September, 1890.



LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR GEORGE A. AND MRS. KIRKPATRICK.

1867, resigned with Cabinet 20th December, 1871; Hon. Archibald McKellar, M.P.P., appointed 20th December, 1871, became Sheriff of Wentworth county 1875; Hon. Christopher Finlay Fraser, M.P.P., appointed 5th November, 1875.

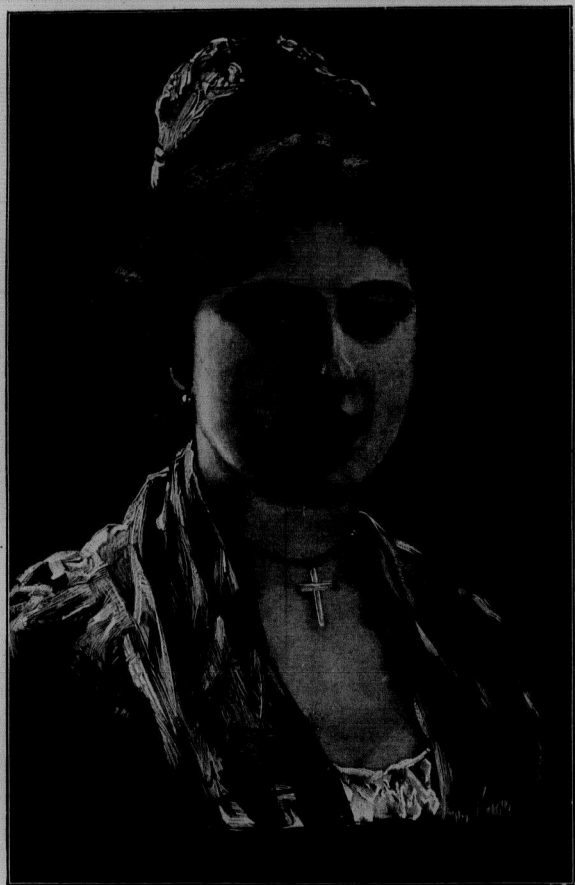
**DEPARTMENT OF PROVINCIAL SECRETARY AND REGISTRAR.**—The following have been Provincial Secretaries and Registrars: Hon. (afterwards Sir) Matthew Crooks Cameron, M.P.P., appointed 16th July, 1867, became Commissioner of Crown Lands 25th July, 1871; Hon. Stephen Richards, M.P.P., appointed 25th July, 1871, resigned with Cabinet 20th December, 1871; Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, M.P.P., appointed 20th December, 1871, became Provincial Treasurer 21st December, 1871; Hon. Peter Gow, M.P.P., appointed 21st December, 1871, became Sheriff of Wellington county, 1872; Hon. Timothy Blair Pardee, M.P.P., appointed 25th October, 1872, became Commissioner of Crown Lands 4th December, 1873; Hon. Christopher Finlay Fraser, M.P.P., appointed 25th November, 1873, became Commissioner of Public Works 5th November, 1875; Hon. Samuel Casey Wood, M.P.P., appointed 23rd July, 1875, became Provincial Treasurer 19th March, 1877; Hon. Arthur Sturgis Hardy, M.P.P., appointed 19th March, 1877, became Commissioner of Crown Lands 18th January, 1889; Hon. John Morison Gibson, M.P.P., appointed 18th January, 1889.

**DEPARTMENT OF PROVINCIAL TREASURER.**—The following have been Provincial Treasurers: Hon. Edmund Burke Wood, M.P.P., appointed 16th

**SPEAKERS OF THE LEGISLATURE.**—The following have occupied the position of Speaker: Hon. John Stevenson, from 27th December, 1867, to 15th February, 1871; Hon. R. W. Scott, from 7th December, 1871, to 21st December, 1871; Hon. J. G. Currie, from 21st December, 1871, to 26th March, 1873; Hon. R. M. Wells, from 7th January, 1874, to 21st December, 1874; re-elected 24th November, 1875, to 12th March, 1879; Hon. C. Clarke, from 7th January, 1880, to 1st February, 1883; re-elected 23rd January, 1884, to 15th November, 1886; Hon. Jacob Baxter, from 16th February, 1887, to 26th April, 1890; Hon. Thomas Ballantyne, from 11th February, 1891.

**LIEUTENANT-GOVERNORS.**—The following have been Lieutenant-Governors: Hon. Major-General Henry William Stisted, C.B., appointed 1st July, 1867; Hon. (now Sir) William Peavoe Howard, appointed 14th July, 1868; Hon. John Crawford, appointed 5th November, 1873; Hon. Donald Alexander Macdonald, appointed 18th May, 1875; Hon. John Beverley Robinson, appointed 20th June, 1880; Hon. Sir Alexander Campbell, appointed 1st June, 1887; Hon. George Airey Kirkpatrick, appointed 28th May, 1892.

The woman who possesses the longest head of hair in the world is said to be Mercedes Lopez, a Mexican. Her height is five feet, and when she stands erect her hair trails on the ground four feet eight inches. The hair is so thick that she can completely hide herself in it. She has it cut very frequently, as it grows so quickly, enabling her to sell large tresses to hair dealers every month. She is the wife of a poor sheep-herder.



AN AUSTRIAN BEAUTY.

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Billy F.  
Miss B.  
Billy F.

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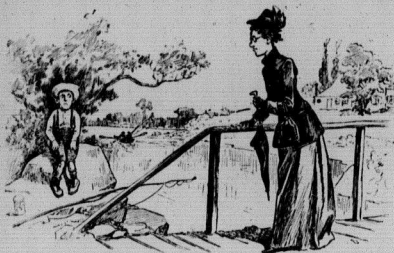
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Miss Birch—Why didn't you come to school this morning?  
 Billy Fisher—I had to go on an errand.  
 Miss Birch—But you didn't come this afternoon either!  
 Billy Fisher—Oh, well, you see I haven't got back yet.

## ON THE STREET CAR.

It was just six o'clock and the car was packed with people going home. She carried some bundles, and in her efforts to handle them and save them from crushing she dropped her mitten. She saw it go, but was powerless to stay its descent, and it went down in successive stages in a triangular space between herself, a man who looked over her head and an individual who was deaf.

"There goes my mitten!"

The deaf man leaned over and said:

"Eh?"

"My mitten—mitten—it fell down."

"Well, ye can't get it, mum. Ye'll have to wait till the car gets to the end of the line, so that the conductor can pull up the floor."

"I'll do nothing of the kind. Besides, I ain't goin' to have all these people walking on it for half an hour."

"Haven't ye got another one?" said the deaf man.

"Course, I've got another one," and she wiggled the hand encased in her other mitten.

The deaf man saw the movement, and knowing that woman often carry car fare inside their hand covering, reached over and pulled her mitten off for her. Then she screamed.

The conductor was the only man who could edge his way to the scene of trouble.

"What's the matter here?"

"Lady dropped her nickel and can't pick it up," said the deaf man.

"Didn't drop my nickel—dropped my mitten," said the lady with the packages.

"Said she had another one," pursued the deaf man, "but she lied."

"You're an old door post," said the woman with one mitten.

"Queer flow folks go travelin' about town with one nickel," said the deaf man.

"They get along better'n people with no ears," said the woman who didn't drop her nickel.

"Was that all the money yer husband gave ye?" asked the deaf man in a tone of sympathy. "He must be a regular brute."

"If he was here now he'd eat you up."

"I s'pose them collars and cuffs she's been doin' up and goin' to deliver 'em," said the deaf man to the passengers.

Then the conductor said, "Fare, please," and the woman gave up a nickel that she had been carrying in her mouth.

"Thought it was in yer mitten," said the deaf man.

"You don't know how to think," said the woman.

"Wonder why she didn't carry them both in her mouth?" said the deaf man.

"You ought to stuff both of your own mittens in yer mouth," said the woman.

"Ain't ye afraid ye'll swallow yer nickel that way some time?" asked the deaf man.

"If I do I reckon it won't injure my hearin'," said the woman.

Then the conductor got down on the floor and recovered the woman's mitten, and she got off at the next crossing, wondering why some people didn't carry ear trumpets.—*Chicago News-Record.*

## HIS OWN GRANDFATHER.

The complication of relationship brought about by marriage is the cause of many a family squabble, but it is seldom one hears of fatal results attending such matters. According to a contemporary, a resident of Titusville, Pennsylvania, committed suicide a few days ago from a melancholy conviction that he was his own grandfather.

The following is a copy of a singular letter he left: I married a widow who had a grown up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in

love with my step-daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterward my wife had a son; he was my father's brother-in-law, and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife—i. e. my step-daughter—had also a son; he was, of course, my brother, in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of the person's grand-mother. Thus he died, a martyr to his own existence.

## MAKING A RAISE.

There's a certain business man in Chicago who is as cranky as he can well be and is at the same time very careless in his business affairs. But he is very rich and has a big establishment, and not an employe likes him. About a year ago one of his clerks, getting \$1,000 a year, approached him on the subject of an increase in salary. The old man got hot in a minute.

"How much are you getting now?" he asked.

The clerk was about to tell him when a happy thought struck him.

"Two thousand a year," he replied firmly.

"Um-um," he said, "you are a good clerk and I'll see what can be done for you."

Then he dismissed the clerk and called in the manager.

"Make Jones's salary \$1,800 a year," he said.

The manager was about to offer an explanation.

"Do as I tell you," said the old man. "I'll teach the young upstart to come in here dictating to me how much money to pay my people."

By this time the manager had comprehended the situation, and he forthwith put Jones on the \$1,800 list, and six months later, when the old man found how he had been worked, he called Jones in and told him he would restore him to the \$2,000 list, and Jones was shrewd enough to take the twinkle in the old man's eye in good faith and say nothing.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## HIS RUDE.

A man entered a New York house one day while the woman of the house was out taking some dinner to her husband. He appropriated all the valuables in the place, cut open a feather bed, put the booty into the mattress, and carried it off. On the way downstairs the thief met the woman on her way back.

"Does Mrs. Smith live here?" he asked her.

"No," she replied.

"Well, said the thief, 'I've carried this mattress up and down the steps of nearly every house on the block, and I'm getting tired of it. I didn't know there were so few Smiths in New York.'"

The woman laughed, and ten minutes later found that the man had run away with all of the portable articles of any value in the flat.—*New York Sun.*



Sally—Ethel and I are so interested in you.

Jim—Kind, certainly, but why?

Ethel—We had our fortunes told. One is to marry you and the other is to be bridesmaid.



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## DURABILITY OF DIFFERENT WOODS.

Experiments have been lately made by driving sticks, made of different woods, each two feet long and one and one-half inches square, into the ground, only one-half an inch projecting outward. It was found that in five years, all those made of oak, elm, ash, fir, soft mahogany, and nearly every variety of pine, were totally rotten. Larch, hard pine and teak wood were decayed on the outside only; while acacia, with the exception of being slightly attacked on the exterior, was otherwise sound. Hard mahogany and cedar of Lebanon were in tolerably good condition; but only Virginia cedar was found as good as when put in the ground. This is of some importance to builders, showing what woods should be avoided, and what others used by preference in underground work.

The duration of wood when kept dry, is very great, as beams still exist which are known to be nearly 1,000 years old. Piles driven by the Romans prior to the Christian era, have been examined of late and found to be perfectly sound after an immersion of nearly 2,000 years.

The wood of some tools will last longer than the metals, as in spades, hoes, and plows. In other tools the wood is first gone, as in wagons, wheelbarrows, and machines. Such wood should be painted or oiled; the paint not only looks well but preserves the wood; petroleum oil is as good as any other.

Hard wood stumps decay in five or six years; spruce stumps decay in about the same time; hick stumps in eight to nine years; cedar, eight to nine years; pine stumps, never.

Cedar, oak, yellow pine and chestnut, are the most durable woods in dry places.

## SEASONING AND PRESERVING TIMBER.

For the purpose of seasoning, timber should be piled under shelter, where it may be kept dry, but not exposed to a strong current of air. At the same time there should be a free circulation of air about the timber, with which view slats or blocks of wood should be placed between the pieces that lie over each other, near enough to prevent the timber from bending.

In the sheds, the pieces of timber should be piled in this way, or in square piles, and classed according to age and kind. Each pile should be distinctly marked with the number and kind of pieces, and the age, or the date of receiving them.

The pile should be taken down and made over again at intervals, varying with the length of time which the timber has been cut.

The seasoning of timber requires from two to four years, according to its size.

Gradual drying and seasoning in this manner is considered the most favorable to the durability and strength of timber, but various methods have been prepared for hastening the process. For this purpose, steaming and boiling timber has been applied with success; kiln drying is serviceable only for boards and pieces of small dimensions, and is apt to cause cracks, and to impair the strength of wood, unless performed very slowly.

Timber of large dimensions is improved by immersion in water for some weeks, according to its size, after which, it is less subject to warp and crack in steaming.

Oak timber loses about one-fifth of its weight in seasoning, and about one-third of its weight in becoming dry.

## FACTS FOR BUILDERS.

1,000 shingles, laid four inches to the weather will cover 100 square feet of surface, and five pounds of nails will fasten them on.

One-fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet of surface to be covered, because of the lap in the siding and matching.

1,000 laths will cover 70 yards of surface and eleven pounds of lath nails will nail them on.

Eight bushels of good lime, sixteen bushels of sand, and one bushel of hair, will make enough good mortar to plaster 100 square yards.

A cord of stone, three bushels of lime, and a cubic yard of sand, will lay 100 cubic feet of wall.

Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height on a chimney, sixteen bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and twelve inches long, and eight bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen inches long.

Cement one bushel and sand two bushels will cover 3½ square yards, 1 inch thick, 4½ square yards, ¼ inch thick, 6½ square yards ½ inch thick. One bushel cement and one of sand will cover 2½ square yards 1 inch thick, 3 square yards, ¼ inch thick, and 4½ square yards, ½ inch thick.

## THE LONGEST SPEECH ON RECORD.

\*The longest speech on record is believed to have been made by Mr. De Cosmos, in the Legislature of British Columbia, when a bill was pending the passing of which would take from a great many settlers their lands. De Cosmos was in a hopeless minority. The job had been held back till the close of the session; unless legislation was taken before noon of a given day, the act of confiscation would fail. The day before the expiration of the limitation De Cosmos got the floor at 10 a.m., and began a speech against the bill. His friends cared little, for they supposed that by two o'clock he would be through, and the bill could be put on its passage. One o'clock came, and De Cosmos was speaking still—had not more than entered upon his subject. Two o'clock he was saying "In the second place." Three o'clock he produced a

fearful bundle of evidence and insisted on reading it. The majority began to have a suspicion of the truth—he was going to speak till noon the next day and kill the bill. For a while they made merry over it, but as it became dusk, they began to get alarmed. They tried interruptions, but soon abandoned them, because each one enabled him to digress and gain time. They tried to shout him down, but that gave him a breathing-space, and, finally, they settled down to watch the combat between strength of will and weakness of body. They gave him no mercy—no adjournment for dinner, no chance to do more than wet his lips with water, no wandering from his subject, no sitting down. Twilight darkened; the gas was lit; members slipped out to dinner in relays, and returned to sleep in squads, but De Cosmos went on. The speaker, to whom he was addressing himself, was alternately dozing, snoring and trying to look wide-awake. Day dawned, and the majority slipped out in squads to wash and breakfast, and the speaker still held on. It cannot be said that it was a very logical, eloquent or sustained speech. There were digressions in it, repetitions also. But still the speaker kept on, and at last noon came to a baffled majority. Amid with rage and impotence, and a single man who was triumphant, though his voice had sunk to a husky whisper, his eyes almost shut and were bleared and bloodshot, his legs tottered under him, his blacked lips were cracked and smeared with blood. De Cosmos had spoken twenty-six hours, and saved the settlers their land!

## THE FIRST STEAM WAR SHIP.

It is generally known that the first steam-driven vessel to cross the Atlantic was built in Canada. The information is not so general, however, that this same craft was subsequently converted into a cruiser, and was the first steamship engaged in actual war.

The facts in the case are stated in Johnson's Alphabet of First Things in Canada. The ship was the Royal William. She was built at the Cove Gasquet, in the winter of 1830-31, and during the season of 1832-33 pined between Quebec and Halifax. In the latter season she was sent to London, and there chartered by the Portuguese Government to transport troops intended for the service of the late Dom Pedro to Brazil. Returning to London, she was sold to the Spanish Government, by the latter converted into a cruiser, and employed against Don Carlos in the civil war of 1836, thus being the first steamer to fire a hostile shot.

There is still another curious fact that may have been overlooked—that troops withdrawn from Canada, upon the close of the American war, were intended to crush Napoleon after his return from Elba, were transported down the St. Lawrence by a Canadian steamer. This was probably the first occasion on which a steam vessel was used for purposes of military transport.

Canada, therefore, not only furnished the world with the first steam war vessel, but she almost certainly provided the first steam troop ship as well.

## LONGEVITY OF ANIMALS.

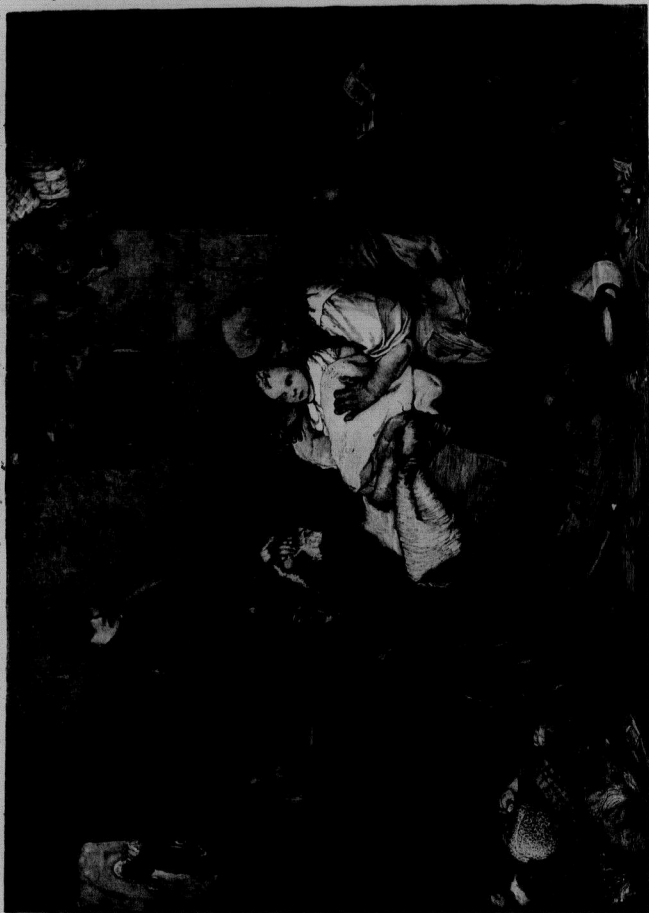
Elephants live 100 years and upward; rhinoceros, 20; camel, 100; lion, 25 to 50; tigers, leopards, jaguars and hyenas (in confinement) about 25; beaver, 30; deer, 20; wolf, 20; fox, 14 to 16; hares, 15; chamois, 25; monkeys and baboons, 16 to 19; hare, 8; squirrel, 7; rabbit, 7; swine, 5; stag, under 50; horse, 30; ass, 30; sheep, under 10; cow, 20; ox, 30; swans, parrots and ravens, 200; eagle, 100; geese, 80; hens and pigeons, 10 to 15; hawks, 30 to 40; crane, 24; blackbird, 10 to 12; peacock, 20; pelican, 40 to 50; thrush, 1 to 10; wren, 2 to 3; nightingale, 15; blackcap, 15; linnets, 14 to 25; goldfinch, 20 to 24; redbreast, 10 to 12; skylark, 10 to 30; titlark, 5 to 6; chaffinch, 20 to 24; starling, 10 to 12; carp, 70 to 150; pike, 30 to 40; salmon, 16; codfish, 14 to 17; eel, 10; mud-dog, 100; tortoise, 100 to 200; whale, estimated, 1,000; queen bees live 4 years; drones, 4 months; working bees, 6 months.

## THE MANUFACTURE OF GLASS EYES.

In Thuringia there is a whole district which is dependent for its support on the manufacture of artificial eyes, husbands, wives, and children all working together at this means of livelihood. And yet, though these simple German village people turn out their produce by the dozen, no two eyes are ever the same. No artificial eyes has its exact fellow either in color or in size on the whole world. The method of the manufacture is not a very complicated art. They are firstly glass plates, which are blown by gas jets, then moulded by hand into the form of an oval-shaped cup. The coloring of the eyes is effected by means of tracing with fine needles, the tints being left to the taste of the individual worker, though the scope of their taste is necessarily limited to grays and blues, and browns, and blacks, which colors are assorted together before being eventually despatched to their various destinations.

M. Camille Flammarion, the distinguished French astronomer, recently received a curious token of admiration from a young lady pupil. She, being much interested in scientific subjects, bequeathed him the skin of her back to form the binding of the last volume of his works. The binding presents the appearance of the best white morocco leather.

Baron Ascento, a wealthy Spaniard, has just arrived in Odessa. His remarkable peculiarity is that he can only sleep in a railway carriage, the cabin of a steamer, or a coach in full motion. For the last four years he has never closed traveling; by night in order to obtain sleep; and during that period he has never spent a single night in a house.



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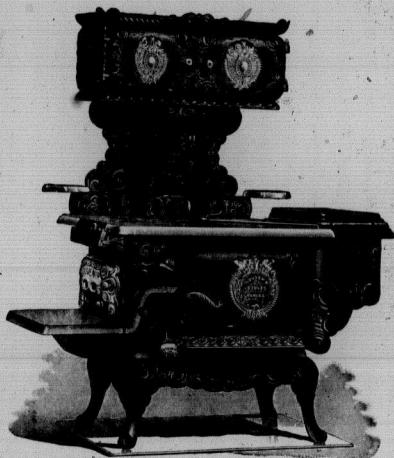
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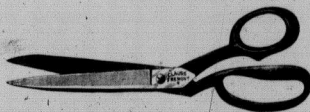
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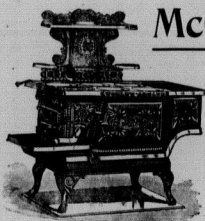
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## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT THEN AND NOW.

From an abridged volume of Hepworth Dixon's biography of John Howard, the great English prison reformer of the last century, we make the following extracts. The volume from which we quote was published in 1856 and is not very widely circulated. Not enough is known about Howard and his work and few realize the evils that he reformed, but the object here is chiefly to show how light a thing life was held to be in law in the England of George III.

The sanguinary measures of the English government for the repression of offences, data from about the middle of the eighteenth century. At that epoch, the Jacobite troubles had just been brought to a close—armed opposition to the House of Hanover was final, put down—and, in consequence of these events, a vast number of idle and profligate adventurers, for whom the distractions of the times had found military employment, were turned loose upon society, without occupations and without resources. War had accustomed them to license and made labor distasteful. The natural result ensued—they took to the roads, and robberies became more and more frequent. To repress these disorders the executive power adopted a system of terror. The safeguard of the public services obtained its first attention; a provision was introduced into a bill (3 Geo. II. c. 25) making it a capital crime to rob the mail—in those days, it should be remembered, carried by a single horseman—whether violence was used or not; as also the robbing of any house, office, or place used for the reception or delivery of letters.

Another enactment (originally 9 Geo. I. c. 22, but enlarged and draconized by 6 Geo. II. c. 37, 10 Geo. II. c. 32, 31 Geo. II. c. 42), called the Black Act, rendered capital the offences of hunting, wounding, stealing, or destroying any red or fallow deer in any park or forest; killing, maiming, or wounding any cattle; breaking down the head of any fish-pond, so that the fish might be destroyed; cutting down, or otherwise destroying any trees planted for profit, ornament, or shelter, in any garden, avenue, or orchard; and a still more reprehensible law (6 Geo. II. c. 37) denounced the penalty of death against any person who should be found guilty of cutting a hop-band in any hop plantation! A little later on, the legislature—as if, like the lion which has once lapped blood, it longed for it more and more—passed other acts (14 Geo. II. c. 25, and 15 Geo. II. c. 34) making it capital to drive away, steal, or wilfully kill any sheep or cattle with intent to steal any part of the carcass, or to be found aiding and abetting therein! Nor were these severities in any way exceptions to the general course of legislation. They were only parts of a uniform system. Every department of our punitive law was gradually and rapidly assimilated to the spirit which actuated these changes. Not only were forgery, smuggling, coinage, and uttering base coin made capital, but likewise shop-lifting, stealing from a barge or vessel on the river to the value of  $s.$ , or from a bleaching ground to the value of  $10s.$  These diabolical laws were in existence in the time of Howard—many of them in daily process of execution. Tyburn had its weekly victims.

George the Third—determined to walk in the bloody path of his predecessor (when he ascended the throne)—is said to have expressed his resolution never to exercise that prerogative of mercy which the Estates of Great Britain have confided to the sovereign, and his subsequent conduct did little to shame this act of his virgin royalty. The valuable table published by Janssen shows us the working of the sanguinary code, then in full force, in the number of persons tried and convicted capitally, in London only, during the twenty-three years, 1749-71, both inclusive:

Crime.	Number of persons actually tried.	Executed in jail, or pardoned.	Annually executed.
Murder	81	9	72
Attempt to Murder	17	2	15
Sedition	2	—	—
Bestiality	9	—	—
Rape	3	—	—
House Breaking	9	7	2
Breaking the Dwelling	30	20	10
Highway Robbery	74	40	34
Private Robbery	60	53	7
Horse Stealing	10	10	—
Shop Lifting	21	17	4
Forgery	15	14	1
Counterfeiting	15	14	1
Returning from Transportation	31	1	30
Refusing to Perform Service	4	—	—
Robberies on the Thames	3	—	—
Sauvageage	20	4	16
Defrauding Bank	2	—	—
Defrauding Creditors	2	—	—
Sacrilege	1	—	—
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Of the 678 executions, 72 only were for murder; the remaining 606 persons were put to death by the law for offences which the more enlightened spirit of the age pronounced to be unworthy of so terrible a punishment, in one single city of the empire! What a startling comment these horrible lines of figures make upon the "bloody letter of the law" as it then stood! What an awful vista they open up into the arcanæ of the social history of that vaunted era, when George the Third was king! But that inauspicious reign was, in fact, of one dark, uniform, and sanguinary texture. By laying aside his most royal and revered prerogative, the young monarch had taken, at his accession, the initiative of his rule—had prepared his mind to deluge two great continents with blood in a senseless struggle against the progress of the world, in a futile attempt to put down liberty in America and France! Of the 413 persons who died in jail, were transported, or received pardons, 401 were transported—the

separate numbers of those who died in jail or were pardoned are unfortunately not given; the last of these *grues* would otherwise, we suspect, have been found miserably small; for with the demerical disregard for the holiness of human life which then characterized the councils of St. James's, it would be in vain to expect clemency for legally convicted offenders.

It has been remarked before that the difficulty of rendering any system of secondary punishments effective was one of the chief causes of this reckless use of death sentences. The administrators of the law were often at a loss what to do with their culprits—so they hanged them out of the way. According to the notions of that day, it was at once the easiest, cheapest, and quickest method of escaping from a troublesome charge; for even then they had had some experience of the cost and difficulty of governing a convict population. Judge Heath the great judicial doomsman—used boldly to avow the principles on which he pursued his victims to the halter. "If," said he, "you imprison at home, the criminal is soon thrown back upon you hardened in guilt. If you transport, you corrupt infant societies, and sow the seeds of atrocious crimes over the habitable globe. There is no regenerating a felon in this life. And, for his own sake, as well as for the sake of society, I think it better to hang." Here the assumption is as gratuitous and the logic as false as the inference to which they are made to lead is unjust; we cannot stay, however, to argue with his lordship—and will leave his dictum to the moral sense of the reader. If he can admit the force of the reasoning, the practice will of course be intelligible and consistent—not else. And we may fairly suppose that some such sophism impressed upon every mind then advocated severe punishments a conviction of their political necessity. We must assume that the question was considered by statesmen entirely apart from its morality. No sense or sentiment of justice could however indwell in such legislation; for it is impossible to believe that any man in a healthy state of mind could conceive of the idea of death as a moral equivalent for breaking a hop-band or cutting down a tree! Under the peculiar circumstances of the time, rigor was considered a political necessity. Society was thought to be in peril, and the philosophy of statesmen suggested nothing but terror as the restraining agent. It failed however—failed signally. The completest evidence of this is to be found in the rapid augmentation of the offences against which these rigorous enactments were directed. The criminal returns for the first few years of the reign of George III. are very striking as illustrative of this remark. In 1760, there were only 14 capital convictions; 1761, there were 22; in 1762, 25; in 1763, 61; in 1764, 52; in 1770, 41; in 1776, 39; in 1769, 49; in 1768, 54; in 1769, 71; in 1770, 91. The results are not a little curious; and without assuming, that there was in this case a distinct and necessary connection between the increasing stringency of the law and the fearful accumulation of crime—for we all know how much local and incidental causes tend to prevent uniformity of effects, even under general uniformity of conditions—(considering the changes in the amount of criminality thus indicated year by year, we are certainly led to adopt the converse of the proposition as an indisputable truth; that is, if the increased amount of terror employed did not create crime, as the first inference would naturally be, it utterly failed to check it. Some go beyond this, and maintain the first proposition—not without reason either: the whole history of jurisprudence suggests that disproportionate punishments produce the offences which they are enacted to prevent. The human mind revolts at injustice. When the law itself assumes an unjust form and expression, it cancels the sense of guilt in the lower order of mind—sets the example—furnishes the type and the pretext of violence and wrong. The first forged note upon the Bank of England was presented almost immediately after the crime of forgery had been declared capital.)

Enough has been quoted to show the condition of things in the days of John Howard and those other reformers who rallied to his aid. The whole theory of criminal justice in England, and in fact in the whole civilized world has undergone a revolution since 1770. It may be interesting to give a table showing the mode of execution yet practiced in every country:

COUNTRY.	W. use.	PUBLICITY.
Austria	Gallows.	Public.
Bavaria	Gallows.	Public.
Belgium	Gallows.	Private.
Denmark	As.	Public.
France	Sword or cord.	Public.
Germany	Gallows.	Public.
Great Britain	Gallows.	Public.
Hanover	Gallows.	Private.
Italy	Gallows.	Private.
Netherlands	Capital punishment abolished in 1808.	Public.
Norway	Gallows.	Public.
Portugal	Gallows.	Public.
Prussia	Sword.	Public.
Russia	Execution by sword.	Public.
Saxony	Gallows.	Public.
Spain	Gallows.	Public.
Switzerland	Fifteen Cantons. Two Cantons. Two Cantons.	Public.
United States (other than New York)	Gallows.	Public.
New York	Electricity.	Public.

In all those countries, with the exception of China and Russia, capital punishment is now only inflicted by what may be called capital offences. In Italy it may be seen that capital punishment has been altogether abolished as also is the case in three or four States of the American Union, not mentioned in the above table. Statesmen and students are watching the effect of its venture with anxiety, and studying its bearing upon the criminal statistics of Italy and those portions of the United States where it has been on trial for ten or fifteen years. Deductions disagree, opinion conflicts with opinion, but the important experiment is still pursued and safe ground will one day be reached.



**"You'll Feel Better"**  
Everybody does after using

**AMMONIA SOAP**

Every woman knows the value and effective properties of ammonia in cleansing and brightening colors. For general use in the household Ammonia Soap will surpass all others in economy and effective work.

TRY IT NEXT WASH DAY

If you send us 75 Ammonia soap wrappers we will mail you a hand-tinted coloring. The same would cost you 30c. to buy in the regular way.

Manufactured by **W. A. BRADSHAW & CO., Toronto**

## WM. BARBER & BROS.

### PAPER MAKERS

Georgetown - - - Ont.

MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS AND COLORED PAPERS

The paper in this edition is a sample of one of our special grades. For other samples see

Saturday Night	St. John, N. B., Progress
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Samples and prices mailed on application.

## THE J. D. KING CO. LIMITED

Manufacturers  
Importers and  
Wholesale Dealers in

### There are Three Things

About a boot or a shoe that are worthy of consideration, and of great value to the wearer.

## Fine Boots and Shoes

**1st** The wearing qualities; and to obtain this the leather must be of 1st quality, and must be all leather.

**2nd** They must be cut and manufactured by parties who thoroughly understand their business and know something about the anatomy of the foot, and how it should be treated to avoid corns and to preserve its natural shape.

**3rd** A boot and shoe should be made to fit the foot perfectly when first worn, and not compel the foot to be shaped in part to the boot or shoe. It should so fit the foot that it can be worn at first continually and without pain or change, fitting smoothly and without wrinkles; tight, yet feeling loose and comfortable.

122, 124 and 126  
WELLINGTON  
STREET  
WEST

Such Boots are manufactured by the J. D. KING CO., Ltd., in all the latest styles, running from one to six different widths and half sizes. This enables them to fit any foot (except deformed), giving great comfort and satisfaction. If you want business and good value ask for J. D. KING'S Footwear, and

Toronto

... Take no other

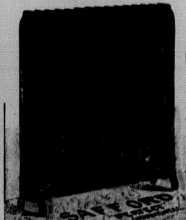
### THE LATEST INVENTION

SAFFORD  
RADIATORS  
(PATENTED)

For Hot Water

and Steam

Heating



NO { BOLTS  
PACKING  
LEAKS

ALL { IRON  
WELL DEFINED  
GUARANTEED

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

The Toronto Radiator Manufacturing Co.  
LIMITED

TORONTO, ONT

BRANCHES:

Montreal, St. John, Quebec, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Victoria, B. C.

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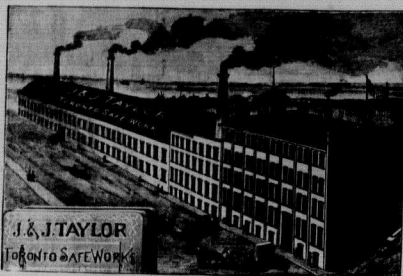


IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

ESTABLISHED 1855

## TAYLOR'S

Double Tongue and Groove



FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF

## SAFES

145 &amp; 147 Front Street East - - TORONTO

THOMAS WEST

ROBERT MCCLAIN

J. H. TAYLOR, Pres. and Treas.

JAS. PEARSON, Secretary.

JAS. A. YOUNG, Selling Agent.

## The Toronto Rubber Shoe M'fg Co.

--- MAKERS OF ---

Limited

## STAPLES AND SPECIALTIES

--- IN ---

## Rubber Boots and Shoes



We are now turning out goods second to none in

## STYLE, FIT AND WEAR

The increasing demand for these goods tells its own story.

## Tennis, Lacrosse and Yachting Shoes

Best selling line in the Canadian Market.

## The Toronto Rubber Shoe Man'fg Co., Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE: 76 BAY STREET, TORONTO

Factory

Port Dalhousie, Ont.

## CORSETS...

MANUFACTURED BY THE CROPTON CORSET CO.

Are unequalled in their elegance of style, comfort of fit, superiority of material and workmanship.

## THE LEWIS MAGNETIC CORSET

Is Superior to All Others.



It is stayed with strips of highly tempered spring, without steel, which is superior to any other staying material owing to its flexibility, smoothness and durability. Each steel (for stay) is nickel plated, highly polished and guaranteed not to rust. The stays are slipped to prevent the ends from cutting through the fabric, and electro magnetized, thereby transmuting a mild galvanic current throughout the body.

The steel (or stay) is incased in separate pockets and can be removed or replaced at pleasure, and are so distributed as to afford the necessary support to the spine, chest and abdomen, while at the same time so pliable that they yield readily to every movement of the body, thus assuring constant comfort to the wearer.

**THE VASEL CORSET.** Owing to the peculiar diagonal ribbing of the fabric, will fit the waist perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style or make in either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to look tight and not feel uncomfortable at the waist or hips they are indispensable.



## 555 French Model Coraline Corset

The body of this corset is made of a single thickness of cloth, is therefore lighter and softer than our regular Coraline Corset. It is elegant and graceful in shape, very serviceable, and lined with our improved Coraline bone.



## 556 Extra Long Waist Coraline Corset

This is a Strip Corset designed from the latest Fashion, is light and long waisted, giving the wearer a graceful and graceful appearance, and is lined with our improved Coraline bone.



Standard Dress Bone

Unequalled in quality or price. The steel is of extra quality, non-corrosive, metal-tipped, securely stitched and fattened in a covering of superior satin.



## INFORMATION FOR STUDENTS OF THE BIBLE.



THE Temple was built by Solomon, assisted by Hiram, King of Tyre, in the fourth year of his reign, B. C. 1012. Finished, B. C. 1003. This Temple, destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, B. C. 586. A larger Temple, but not so costly, built by the Jews after their return from captivity, B. C. 520. This Temple was built by Zerubbabel, with the help of Cyrus, king of Persia.

After the decay of five centuries the Temple was restored by Herod, B. C. 20, who employed eighty thousand workmen for nine years, and spared no expense to render it equal, if not superior, in magnitude, splendor and beauty to anything among mankind. Destroyed (as foretold by our Lord) by Titus, A. D. 70, in the same month and on the same day on which Solomon's Temple was destroyed by the Babylonians.

The Romans had used much of the precious metals and ornaments for the restoration and adornment of Rome. It is a singular fact that the flames of war consumed, almost at the same time, the Temple of Jerusalem and the Capitol of Rome.

Julian the Apostate, Emperor of Rome, in order to cast contempt upon our Lord's prophecy, attempted to rebuild the Temple A. D. 263. Money was plenty, but Julian failed. Gibbon says: "An earthquake, a whirlwind, and a fiery eruption, which overturned and scattered the new foundations of the Temple, are attested, with some variations, by contemporary and respectable evidence."

## MIRACLES OF JESUS.

- The centurion's servant healed, Matt. 8: 5-13.  
The tempest stilled, Matt. 8: 23-27.  
The demoniacs of Gada cured, Matt. 8: 28-34.  
A man sick of the palsy cured, Matt. 9: 1-8.  
Jairus' daughter raised, Matt. 9: 18-26.  
Two blind men restored to sight, Matt. 9: 27-31.  
A dumb demoniac cured, Matt. 32-33.  
A man with a withered hand cured, Matt. 12: 10-13.  
A blind and dumb demoniac cured, Matt. 12: 22-23.  
Five thousand fed, Matt. 14: 15-21.  
Christ walks on the sea, Matt. 14: 22-23.  
Canaanitish woman's daughter cured, Matt. 15: 21-28.  
Four thousand fed, Matt. 15: 32-39.  
A lunatic possessed of the devil cured, Matt. 17: 14-21.  
Procures tribute money from a fish, Matt. 17: 24-27.  
Two blind men restored to sight, Matt. 20: 30-34.  
The fig tree blasted, Matt. 21: 18-21.  
A demoniac cured, Mark 12: 22-28.  
A leper healed, Mark 1: 40-45.  
A man both deaf and dumb cured, Mark 7: 31-37.  
A blind man restored to sight, Mark 8: 22-26.  
Great draught of fishes, Luke 5: 1-11.  
Widow's son raised from the dead, Luke 7: 11-17.  
A crooked woman cured, Luke 13: 11-17.  
A man cured of the dropsy, Luke 14: 1-6.  
Ten lepers cleansed, Luke 17: 11-19.  
Malchus' ear healed, Luke 22: 50-51.  
Water turned into wine, John 2: 1-11.  
A nobleman's son cured, John 4: 46-54.  
A cripple at Bethesda cured, John 5: 1-9.  
A man born blind restored to sight, John 9: 1-12.  
Lazarus raised to life, John 11: 1-46.  
Surprising draught of fishes, John 21: 1-14.

## THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

- (Mark 3: 16-19.)  
1. Simon Peter.  
2. James.  
3. John.  
4. Andrew.  
5. Philip.  
6. Bartholomew.  
7. Matthew.  
8. Thomas.  
9. James.  
10. Thaddeus.  
11. Simon.  
12. Judas.  
Afterward God chose Matthias in the place of false Judas. Acts 1: 15-26.

## CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE.

The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters, 773,746 words, 31,723 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. The word and occurs 46,277 times. The word LORD occurs 1,855 times. The word REVEREND occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet, except the letter J. The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 3rd chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John. There are no words or names containing more than six syllables.

## ESTIMATE OF RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS AMONGST ENGLISH SPEAKING COMMUNITIES IN THE WORLD.

Episcopalian 1,000,000. Free Thought, various 2,000,000.  
Methodists of all descriptions 1,000,000. Unitarian, under several names 1,000,000.  
Roman Catholics 1,000,000. Minor religious sects 1,000,000.  
Presbyterians of all descriptions 1,000,000. German, or Dutch, Lutheran, etc. 1,000,000.  
Baptist of all descriptions 1,000,000. Of no particular religion 1,000,000.  
Congregationalists, etc. 1,000,000. English speaking population 1,000,000.

English bids fair to become the universal language; already it is more widely spread and more freely spoken than any other tongue. In Europe it is regarded as the language of polite society. On the vast Australian and North American Continents it is the one speech; and in the East fully 15,000,000 of Hindus, Mohammedans, Buddhists, and others, read and speak English. In point of numbers at the present time, it is exceeded by the Chinese alone.

## DIMENSIONS OF HEAVEN.

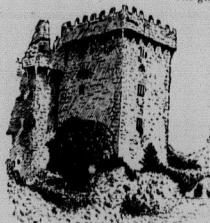
And he measured the city with a reed, twelve thousand furlongs: the length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal.—Rev. xxi, 16. Twelve thousand furlongs, 7,200,000 feet, which being cubed,  $497,737,388,000,000,000,000$  cubic feet. Half of this we will reserve for the Throne of God and the Court of Heaven, and half the balance for streets, leaving a remainder of  $124,108,721,000,000,000,000$  cubic feet. Divide this by 4,096, the cubical feet in a room sixteen feet square, and there will be  $30,321,843,750,000,000$  rooms. We will now suppose the world always did and always will contain 930,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts for 33½ years, making in all 297,000,000 every century, and that the world will stand 100,000 years, or 1,000 centuries, making in all 297,000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there were one hundred worlds equal to this in number of inhabitants and duration of years, making a total of 297,000,000,000 persons and there would be more than a hundred rooms sixteen feet square for each person.

## SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND.

Blest they who seek,  
While in their youth,  
With spirit meek,  
The way of truth.

To them the sacred Scriptures now display;  
Christ as the only true and living way!  
His precious blood on Calvary was given,  
To make them heirs of endless life in heaven;  
And e'en on earth the child of God can trace  
The glorious blessings of His Saviour's grace!

For them He bore  
His Father's frown;  
For them He wore  
The thorny crown;  
Nailed to the cross,  
Endured its pain,  
That His life's loss  
Might be their gain;  
Then haste to choose  
That better part;  
Nor dare refuse  
The Lord the heart,  
Lest He declare:  
"I know you not;"  
And deep despair  
Shall be your lot!  
With Jesus plead—  
He'll help your need;  
Christ crucified—  
For you He died.



## THE JEWISH YEAR.

Month of		Jewish Name.	Corresponding to our	Products.	Jewish Festivals.	
Sacred Year.	Civil Year.	No. of Days.				
I.	VII.	Abib or Nisan	30	March, April.	Barley ripe, Fig in flower.	Pancake.
II.	VIII.	Ishir or Zif	30	April and May.	Barley harvest.	Unleavened Bread.
III.	IX.	Sivan or Sivan	30	May and June.	Wheat harvest.	Pentecost.
IV.	X.	Thammuz	29	June, July.	Early vintage.	
V.	XI.	Ab	30	July, August.	Ripe figs.	
VI.	XII.	Eblul	29	August, Sept.	General vintage.	
VII.	I.	Tisri	30	Sept., October.	Ploughing and sowing.	Fest of Trumpets.
VIII.	II.	Bul	30	October, Nov.	Later vintage.	Fest of Tabernacles.
IX.	III.	Chislev	30	Nov., December.	Snow.	Dedication.
X.	IV.	Thabeth	29	December, Jan.	Grass after rain.	
XI.	V.	Shebat	30	January, Feb.	Winter fig.	
XII.	VI.	Adar	29	Feb., March.	Almond blossom.	Purim.
XIII.		Adar, Inter-				

N. B.—THE SACRED YEAR was reckoned from the moon after the vernal, or spring, equinox. The Civil year began in September (the fruitless part of the year.)



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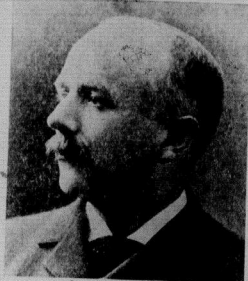
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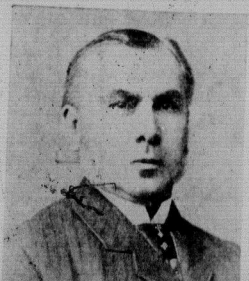
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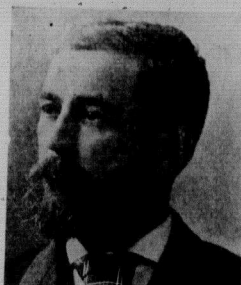
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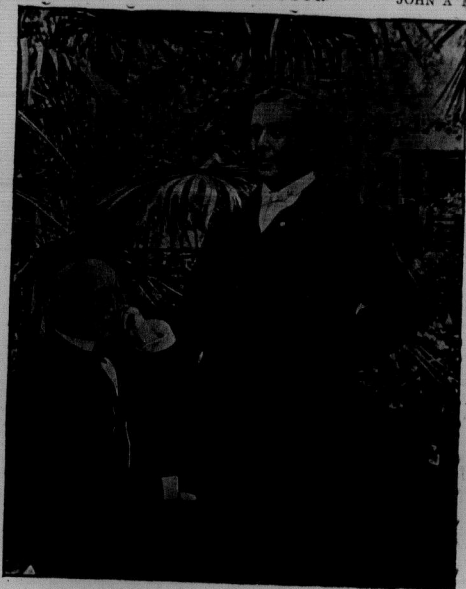
JOHN A. MCGILLIVRAY, Q.C. S.S.

## UNEXAMPLED PROGRESS and PROSPERITY.

Look at the following figures, showing the progress of the Order during the last ten years:—

	NO. OF MEMBERS.	BALANCE IN BANK.
Oct., 1882	800	\$ 1,145.07
Jan., 1883	1,134	2,769.38
July, " "	1,737	7,582.84
Jan., 1884	2,216	13,070.85
July, " "	2,360	19,813.28
Jan., 1885	2,558	20,962.30
July, " "	3,046	28,036.93
Jan., 1886	3,648	31,082.52
July, " "	4,628	44,220.75
Jan., 1887	5,804	60,325.02
July, " "	6,921	71,284.40
Jan., 1888	7,811	86,102.42
July, " "	9,858	96,104.53
Jan., 1889	11,618	117,599.88
July, " "	14,286	160,110.76
Jan., 1890	17,026	188,130.86
July, " "	20,459	204,814.86
Jan., 1891	24,466	283,067.20
July, " "	28,894	337,718.71
Jan., 1892	32,303	408,798.18
July, " "	38,500	462,083.45
Jan., 1893	43,024	580,597.85
July, " "	50,849	710,562.90
<b>Nov., "</b>	<b>53,000</b>	<b>766,594.90</b>

At date all benefits have been paid within a few days of filing the claim papers, amounting in the aggregate to the princely sum of One Million Seven Hundred and Eighty-Four Thousand Four Hundred and Six Dollars. Notwithstanding the payment of this large sum, as well as all the management expenses, including large sums for planting the Order in new territory, there remains the handsome cash balance in the treasury of over Three-Quarters of a Million Dollars.

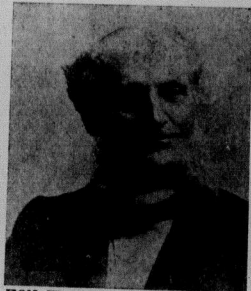


SIR HENRY ACLAND.

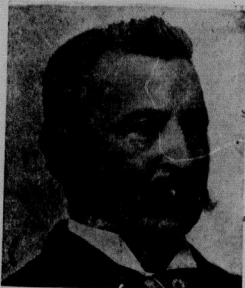
Right Honorary M. Medicine, Oxford

ORONHYATEKHA, M.D.

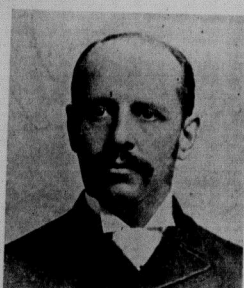
Supreme Chief Ranger, I.O.F.



HON. W. WEDDERBURN, Q.C. S.C.



T. G. DALY, S. Treas.



T. MILLMAN, M.D. S. Phys.

It only costs \$8.50 to \$11.00 to join the I.O.F., depending on the amount of Insurance taken. It costs only \$8.20 and upwards per year, according to age, for a \$1,000 of Insurance.

For further information apply at the Head Office, Dominion Bank Buildings, corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto, Canada.

JOHN A. MCGILLIVRAY, Q.C., Supreme Secretary.

ORONHYATEKHA, M.D., Supreme Chief Ranger.

## NO ASSESSMENTS ON DEATH.

Look at this list of Benefits which you may obtain for yourself by becoming a Forester.

### FOR YOURSELF

1. The fraternal and social privileges of the Order.
2. Free medical attendance.
3. Total and Permanent Disability of \$250, \$500, \$1,000 or \$1,500.
4. A Benefit for your old age of \$50, \$100, \$200 or \$300 a year.
5. A Benefit payable on reaching your expectation of life of \$500, \$1,000, \$2,000 or \$3,000.
6. Sick Benefits of \$3 to \$5 per week.

### FOR YOUR FAMILY

1. Funeral Benefit, \$50.
  2. Mortuary Benefit of \$500, \$1,000, \$2,000 or \$3,000.
- The cost of admission to the Order in most Courts is only \$7.00 to \$9.00, besides medical examination fee, which is only \$1.50 if you are taking only \$500 or \$1,000 of insurance, and \$2.00 if taking \$2,000 or \$3,000.

## Only One Assessment a Month

At 18 years of age the Assessments are only 60 cents per month for each \$1,000 dollars of insurance.

For the six months ending 30th June, 1893, there were 10,976 applications for membership received at the head office, of whom 10,002 were accepted, and 974 rejected.



## DR. E. A. ROSE

A Prominent Physician of Eastern Ontario

### CURED OF DIABETES

Six Physicians, in Consultation, Said He Would Die

BLOOD POISONING HAD SET IN

Other Remedies Failed—He was Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills

#### THE STORY AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

Sensations have not been few during the past few months and those who read the newspapers have found many interesting and exciting items of news to occupy their attention. Of all the sensations that have claimed public attention for some time back, none was greater than that created by the publication, in some of the leading newspapers, of a letter from Dr. E. A. Rose, of Portland, Ont., in which he stated that he owed his life and his recovery from diabetes to the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

That a physician of many years' standing should acknowledge that any virtue existed in a proprietary medicine, was enough to arrest attention. People stared open-mouthed at the *fa. simile* of his letter that was published. The fact remains, though, that Dr. Rose made this acknowledgment, and a more important fact still remains, that Dr. Rose is to-day a healthy, hearty and thoroughly well man, although in April, 1893, six doctors told him that he was dying of diabetes and that his life could only be measured by hours.

Dr. Rose's acknowledgment was an unusual one for a medical man, but the gravity of the case demanded it. He had been under treatment for months and finally was told, by competent medical men, that nothing could save him and that his end was near. At this point, even in spite of his own judgment, he is induced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. From the first, he begins to improve and in three weeks he is cured. Up to to-day, no sign of any return of the disease can be discovered. Is that not sufficiently wonderful to justify Dr. Rose in what he says, and to arrest the attention of thousands of people as this case has done?

The substance of Dr. Rose's story of his cure will, no doubt, be interesting. Dr. Rose says that for many years back he suffered occasionally from pains in the back. In July, 1892, he discovered that he had diabetes. These pains in the back were in his case, as in many others, a neglected warning. He was, of course, thoroughly alarmed when he realized that he had the much-dreaded diabetes. He prescribed for himself all the remedies for this disease known to the profession, but no improvement manifested itself after their use. He consulted a specialist in Toronto, who could tell him nothing more than he already knew and could suggest nothing new as a remedy.

In April, 1893, the doctor was unable to leave his bed. He lay on his back for four weeks, and during that time he lost by actual weight, thirty-three pounds, or over a pound per day. Uremia, or blood poisoning, always considered fatal in cases of diabetes, appeared. His legs, as far as the thighs, and his arms, nearly as high as the shoulders, were devoid of all power of feeling. The blood circulated only in his body, and his extremities were truly lifeless. Six doctors consulted on his case at this date, and their verdict was that death was surely coming and was not far off.

Just about this time an aunt of the doctor's called to see him. She told him that she knew of the case of a lady who had been cured of diabetes by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

She implored her nephew to try this remedy and only left him when he had promised to do so. He had no confidence, or even hope, that the pills would cure him, but only consented to use them in consequence of the importunities of his aunt. The pills could not be had in Portland, and Dr. Rose had a friend, Mr. T. K. Scovill, go to Brockville for some. This was in May, 1893. From the time he commenced using them he began to get better, and in about three weeks he was on his feet and moving around, perfectly cured. Never since then has any symptom of diabetes manifested itself, although Dr. Rose has had many tests made of his urine, and he is now a perfectly healthy man.

Towards the end of October, Dr. Rose reached Toronto on his way home from the World's Fair, and called at the office of Dr. L. A. Smith & Co., to tell them that Dodd's Kidney Pills had saved his life. He came unsolicited and unexpected, and, as he himself put it, to fulfil what he considered a duty to the public by making known what the pills had done for him. It was, at this time, five months since he had been cured and Dr. Rose expressed himself as satisfied that the cure was a permanent one. The doctor stated that during these five months he had not confined himself to the diet always ordered for patients afflicted with diabetes, but had eaten whatever his appetite prompted and had suffered no ill results from doing so.

Should any one desire further confirmation of these facts, we have no doubt that Dr. Rose would reply to any letters on the subject, addressed to him at Portland, Leeds Co., Ontario.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are now recognized by both the medical profession and the public as a sure cure for all forms of kidney disease. The small cost places them within the reach of all. They are for sale by all druggists or will be sent by mail on receipt of price—50 cents per box or six boxes for \$2.50. Address Dr. L. A. Smith & Co., Toronto, Canada.

#### THE JEWS AND THEIR RELIGION.

In their religious observances modern Jews adhere to the rules of the Mosaic dispensation. Their service consists chiefly in reading the law in their synagogues, together with a variety of prayers. They abstain from the meats prohibited by the Levitical law, and they continue to observe the ceremonies of the Passover, as nearly as possible. They offer prayers for the dead, because they believe that the souls of the wicked go to a place of temporary punishment, where they remain under trial a year, and they think that very few will be condemned to suffer eternally. We give a summary of the confession of faith, in which all orthodox Jews must live and die. It is made up of thirteen articles, and was drawn up in the eleventh century by a celebrated rabbi named Maimonides. These articles declare in substance: (1) That there is one God, creator of all things, who may exist without any part of the universe, but without whom nothing can maintain existence; (2) that God is uncompounded and indivisible, but different from all other unities; (3) that God is an immaterial being, without any admixture of corporeal substance; (4) that God is eternal, but everything else had a beginning in time; (5) that God alone ought to be worshipped, without mediators or intercessors; (6) that there have been inspired prophets, and may be more; (7) that Moses was the greatest prophet that ever appeared; (8) that the law of Moses was, in every syllable, dictated by the Almighty, not only in its written letter but in traditional exposition; (9) that this law is immutable, neither to be added to nor diminished; (10) that God knows all our actions and governs them as He will; (11) that the observance of the law is rewarded and its violation punished in this world, but in a greater degree in the next; (12) that a Messiah is yet to appear, the time of whose coming may not be prescribed or foretold; (13) that God will raise the dead at the last day and pass judgment upon all.

The seventy years captivity of the Jews began 606 before Christ; they about Cyrene, headed by one Andree, murdered nearly 100,000 Greeks and Romans; they ate their entrails, and covered themselves with the skins of those they assassinated, 115 after Christ; above 380,000 destroyed by the Romans, 135; first arrived in England, 1079; every Jew who lent money on usury, was commanded to wear a plate upon his breast, signifying that he was a usurer, or quit the realm, 1274; 267 were hanged and quartered for clipping, 1277; the same year the Jews crucified a child at Northampton, for which fifty were drawn on horses' tails and hanged; all the synagogues were ordered to be destroyed, 1282; all the Jews in England were apprehended in one day, their goods and chattels confiscated to the king, and they, to the number of 15,660, banished from the realm, having only sustenance money allowed, 1287; they remained banished 364 years, till Oliver Cromwell restored them; a general massacre of them at Verdun by the peasants, who, from a pretended prophecy, conceived the Holy Land was to be recovered from the infidels by them; 500 of these took shelter in a castle, and defended themselves to the last extremity, when, for want of weapons, they threw their children at the enemy, and then killed each other, 1317; driven out of France, 1394; driven out of Spain, to the number of 150,000, 1492; they retired to Africa, Portugal and France. It was against them that the Inquisition was there first established. There was not a Jew in England from 1610 to 1664. Act passed to naturalize them, 1753, but repealed on the petition of all the cities in England in 1754.

The average term of human life is said by one authority to have been increased by eight years in the latest half-century, being forty-two instead of thirty-four.

There are more women in British India (124,000,000) than there are men, women and children in Great Britain, France and Germany put together, with the population of several minor European states cast in as well.



McPhagus (whose hat has blown off)—So—ho—now! Sh—now—aisy—that's a good horse. Whoa, now—whisht now—so—ho darlin', so—ho-o—Oi hav' it, yez contrairy ould divil.



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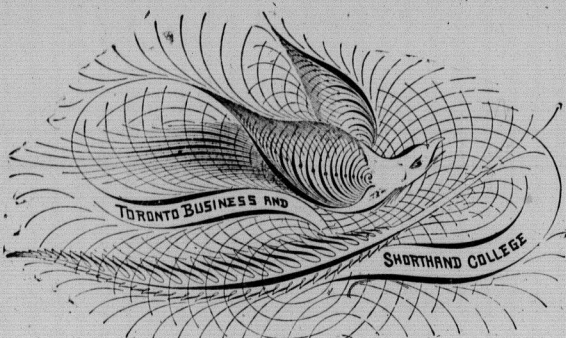
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S.



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so—ho-o—Oi



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Our original system of business theory and practice enjoys the admiration and endorsement of practical business men on account of its superiority. A new **System of Business Practice from the Beginning** has been added to the curriculum, virtually forming another department. This new work is one of the perfections of the age. No theoretical text books used. Students commence business practice with fellow-students and with the Office Department, assisted by an "Expert Guide" and under the personal guidance of a teacher.

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*H. W. Henry*

President

## ST. PETER'S AND COLOGNE CATHEDRALS

The dimensions of St. Peter's at Rome, the largest cathedral in the world, are as follows : Length of the interior, 613½ English feet; of transept, 40½ feet; height of nave, 152½ feet; and the diameter of cupola, 103 feet. The height of the dome from the pavement to the top of the cross is 448 feet. Cologne Cathedral is 511 feet long, and 231 feet broad. This famous building founded by Archbishop Conrad, designed by Architect Gerhard Von Kiehl, and commenced August 15, 1248, was not completed until August 14, 1880. It was solemnly opened, with august ceremonies, October 15, of the same year.

BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF LIBERTY

The figure of this statue, which is made of repousse, or hammered work—that is, thin sheets of copper beaten into shape and fastened about an iron skeleton—is 110½ feet high and weighs 100,000 pounds. The uplifted torch, however, is raised 26 feet, adding to this the pedestal, the tip of the torch is raised 220 feet from the ground. The pedestal is of stone, 82 feet high. Some idea of the enormous proportions of the statue may be given by the fact that the forefinger is 8 feet long, and 4 feet in circumference at the second joint. The head is 14 feet high and 40 persons can stand in it.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF  
THE WORLD.

The Pyramids first, which in Egypt were laid;  
 Next Babylon's Garden, for Amytis made;  
 Then Mausole's Tomb of affection and guilt;  
 Fourth, the Temple of Dan, in Ephesus built;  
 The Colossus of Rhodes, cast in brass, to the

Sixth, Jupiter's Statue, by Phidias done ;  
The Pharos of Egypt comes last, we are told  
Or the Palace of Cyrus, cemented with gold.

HISTORY OF THE LEAN-  
ING TOWER OF PISA.

The Leaning Tower of Pisa is one of the oldest and most famous cities of Italy, is a bell tower, commenced in 1174. It is cylindrical in shape, 50 feet in diameter, 179 feet high, and leans about 13 feet out of perpendicular. It is divided into eight stories, each having an exterior colonnade of gallery. The top is reached by 330 steps. It is not purposely built to lean. The foundation settled more on one side than on the other, until it reached the present inclination, which it has maintained with scarcely any perceptible increase for hundreds of years. The defect in the foundation was discovered before its completion, and the upper part of the structure was built in a manner to counteract in part the inclination; and the grand chime of bells, seven in number, of which the largest one weighs 13,500 pounds, is mounted with reference to counteract this fault still further. This magnificent tower is justly regarded as one of the wonders of the world.

*THE EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS.*

There are in all seventy of the Egyptian pyramids. Seven of these are at Gizeh, five at Abusir, eleven at Sakkarah, five of Dasher, and the remainder are scattered throughout Egypt. Some of these are built of stone, and others of brick. The principal ones, including the great pyramid of Cheops, are at Gizeh. The great pyramid was erected as a mausoleum for Khufu or Cheops, of the fourth Egyptian dynasty, who reigned about 3,800 B. C. It is constructed of granite, as reported, for the most part, over a causeway eight miles long, extending from the Nile to the site, and some of the stones were brought 700 miles from the quarries in Arabia. The construction of the causeway itself is said to have occupied 100,000 men for ten years. Two years more were consumed in the building of the pyramid itself, which is 481 feet high, 746 feet square at the base, and is estimated to contain 8,800,000 tons of stone. The interior contains what is called the king's chamber and the queen's chamber, in which sarcophagi the bodies of the sovereign and his queen were found, and numerous small chambers. An eminent English architect has estimated that

## HIGHEST BUILDINGS IN THE WORLD

The people of Canada are not generally aware that the spire of St. James Cathedral, Toronto, comes twentieth in the list of the highest monuments and towers in the world. At the time of its erection it stood about tenth on the list and at the present moment is the second highest on the American continent, being overtopped only by the Washington Monument, which was the highest in the world until the Eiffel tower was built at Paris, France. Here is a list of the thirty-one highest structures in the world:

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High Grade

**ORGANS**

PIANO CASE  
NEW EMPRESS

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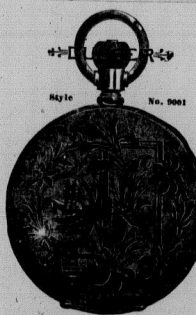
**A Full Line of Piano and Organ Stools**

In Rosewood, Walnut and Mahogany finish. Also in Natural Walnut,  
Oak or Ash.

UPHOLSTERED IN FIGURED PLUSH AND HAIRCLOTH

CATALOGUES MAILED ON APPLICATION

SAMPLE ORDERS SOLICITED FROM RELIABLE DEALERS



**A Duerber-Hampden 16-karat "Champion" or "Gold Filled Watch."**  
This exquisitely designed Ladies' 16-karat Gold Filled Hunting Stem-Wind Duerber-Hampden Watch (style No. 9004) is superior to any other watch of equal cost in the world. It must be seen carefully adjusted, and warranted by written certificate to run and keep accurate time for ten years. The case we guarantee to wear for 25 years. Never before has a first-class, genuine American Gold Filled Watch been sold at so low a price. On receipt of \$12.50 we will send you watch No. 9004.

Style No. 9001 represents the Duerber-Hampden 16-karat "Champion" Gold Filled Watch, made in either Hunting Case or Open Face Stem-Wind and Stem-Set. Warranted by us to wear for 25 years. The movements tried in these cases are the Duerber-Hampden full plate nickel (4 pair ruby jewels in settings), compensation balance, patent safety pinion. Movement accurately adjusted, guaranteed by written certificate to keep time for 10 years. Mailed post paid to any address on receipt of price. Price in Open Face \$13.50; price in Hunting Case \$14.75.

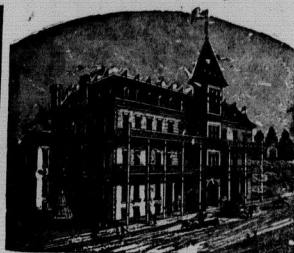
To make the price to suit everyone, we will sell WATCHES or ELEGANT 3 jewel, full plate, American movement—in Open Face \$10.50; in Hunting Case \$11.75. The best time keeps the Duerber-Hampden Watches.

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KID  
CALF  
COLT  
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SHEEP, LAMB AND SAKA-NAC

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SUPERIOR MERIT.  
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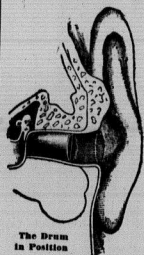
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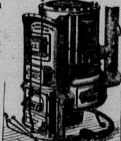
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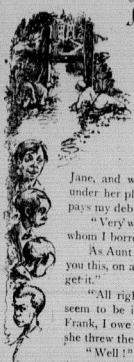
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RIAL

## THE CANADIAN ANNUAL

103

### DEBT'S EASILY PAID.



A PARTY of us were seated at the table one evening when my friend, Mr. Baker, absentmindedly feeling in his vest pocket, found a five-dollar note, which he had no recollection of putting there.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, that is no place for you. I should have put you in my pocket-book.

"Here, wife, don't you want some ready money?"

"Thank you," she replied, folding the note and putting it under the edge of her tea-tray.

"Money is always acceptable."

As Mrs. Baker was pouring out the tea, it occurred to her that she was in debt to her Aunt Jane, and when the opportunity offered, she pushed the note under her plate, saying: "Here, auntie, this five dollars partly pays my debt."

"Very well," she replied, "I will use it to pay Mary, here, of whom I borrowed fifteen dollars last Saturday."

As Aunt Jane handed Mary the note, she added, "I will give you this, on account, and the balance of the money as soon as I get it."

"All right," answered Mary, laughing, "and since we all seem to be in the humor of paying debts, I will follow suit. Frank, I owe you something for music; here is part of it," and she threw the bank note across the table to her brother.

"Well!" said Mr. Baker, "I wish somebody owed me, and that I owed somebody, so that I might come into the ring."

"You can," said Frank. "I owe Mrs. Baker or you—it's all the same—for my board. I herewith pay you part of it."

Amid general laughter, Mr. Baker took the note and playfully threw it again to his wife saying:

"It's yours, Lucy; what belongs to me, belongs to you. It's completed the round, and we all had the benefit of it."

"And now it must go around again," replied she gaily. "I like to see money circulated; it should never lie idle. Aunt Jane, you take it. Now I have paid you ten dollars."

"Mary, here is another five dollars on my account," said Aunt Jane, handing the money to Mary.

"And you, Frank, this is ten dollars for the music you bought me," said Mary, handing it to her brother.

"And I pay you ten dollars for my board," said Frank, and the note once more rested in Mr. Baker's hand.

"Was there ever so wonderful an exchange?" exclaimed Mary.

"It's all nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Baker.

"Not in the least," answered his wife. "It's all right."

"Certainly," said Frank. "When money belongs to you, you dispose of it as you please. I have the same right; it's a fair exchange, though very uncommon."

"It shows the use of money," said Aunt Jane. "It makes the circuit of the world and brings its value to every one who touches it."

"This note has not finished its work yet, as I will show you, if you give it to me again," said Mrs. Baker to her husband.

"I present you with this five-dollar note," said Mr. Baker.

"And I give it to you, Aunt Jane. I owed you fifteen dollars, and have now paid my debt."

"You have, and now Mary, I pay you my indebtedness."

"I take it with thanks, Auntie," replied Mary, "and now the time has come when this note must be divided, because I do not owe Frank five dollars more. How much have I to pay you?"

"Two dollars and sixty-two cents," replied Frank.

"Can you change it?"

"Let me see; sixty-two, thirty-eight, yes, there is the change; the spell is broken, Mary, and you and I divide the spoils."

"How much has this bank note paid?" said Mary. "Let's count up. Mrs. Baker paid Aunt Jane fifteen dollars, which Aunt Jane gave to me. I gave Frank twelve dollars and sixty-two cents. Frank gave Mr. Baker ten dollars—altogether fifty-two dollars and sixty-two cents."

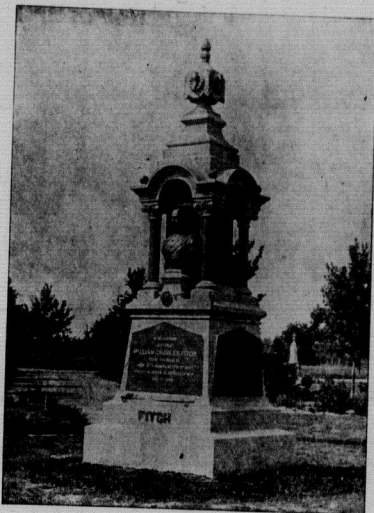
"It's all nonsense, I tell you," cried Mr. Baker again. "You all owe each other what you owed before."

"You are deceived, my dear boy, by a rapid, unbroken race, this little sum has made; to me it is as clear as daylight," replied Mrs. Baker.

Mr. Baker did not see it very clearly, but the rest of us did.

The Russians have discovered an underground city in Bokhara, which dates back to two centuries before Christ. While examining some caves the explorers came upon the city with its labyrinth of streets and squares, surrounded by houses two or three stories high.

The oldest lawsuit on record perhaps is one now being tried in the highest Russian court at St. Petersburg; it was brought five hundred years ago against the city of Kamenez-Podolsk, by the heirs of a dead nobleman, to recover many thousand acres of his estate, confiscated by the municipality; the written testimony is said to weigh 45 tons.



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Mr. Gullett's place of business is on the corner of  
Church and Lombard Streets - TORONTO.

## THOSE WHO CAN VOTE AT DOMINION ELECTIONS.

With the exception of the North-West Territories, the qualifications for voting at elections for members of the House of Commons are uniform throughout the Dominion, and are as follows: A vote is given to every male person (including Indians, but excluding persons of Mongolian or Chinese race) who is of the full age of 21 years, is a British subject by birth or naturalization, and is the owner, tenant or occupant of real property of the actual value, in cities, of \$300, in towns of \$200, and in villages or elsewhere of \$150; or is the tenant of any real property within the electoral district of the yearly value of not less than \$2 per month, \$6 per quarter, \$12 per half year or \$24 per annum; or is a resident within any electoral district, having an income derived from earnings or investments of not less than \$500 per annum; or is the son of a farmer or any other owner of real property which is of sufficient value to qualify father and son, or sons as the case may be, or is a fisherman and owner of real property and boats, nets and fishing tackle, or of shares in a registered ship, which together are of the actual value of \$150; or is a person in receipt of a life annuity secured on real estate in Canada of not less than \$100. Possession or residence for one year is necessary, in most cases, for qualification. Indians in

Territories are not entitled to vote; in other parts of Canada only those Indians who, not being qualified, or possessed of land on a reserve, with improvements of not less value than \$150, are entitled to vote. In the North-West Territories every person, other than aliens or Indians, is qualified to vote who is a *bona fide* male resident and householder of adult age, and has resided within the electoral district for twelve months previous to the election. By special provisions, votes are given to persons in British Columbia and Prince Edward Island, who not coming within the Dominion franchise, were at the time of the passing of the Act (20th July, 1885), entitled to vote according to the then existing provincial law, but only so long as they shall be so qualified. In addition to the Indians mentioned, the judges of every court, whose appointments rest with the Governor General, are disqualified and incompetent to vote at elections for the Dominion Parliament. Revising officers, returning officers and election clerks, and all counsel, agents, attorneys and clerks of candidates who may be paid for their services are disqualified from voting in the district in which they have been so engaged, but not elsewhere.

Below is given a list of the constituencies and their representatives in the Provincial Parliaments:

## NEW BRUNSWICK.

CONSTITUENCIES.	NAME.	P. O. ADDRESS.
Albert	William L. Lewis, M.P.	St. John's
Carleton	John H. R. Lamer, Esq.	St. John's
Charlotte	John H. R. Lamer, Esq.	St. John's
Gloucester	John H. R. Lamer, Esq.	St. John's
Kent	John H. R. Lamer, Esq.	St. John's
Kings	John H. R. Lamer, Esq.	St. John's
Madawaska	John H. R. Lamer, Esq.	St. John's
Northumberland	John H. R. Lamer, Esq.	St. John's
Quebec	John H. R. Lamer, Esq.	St. John's
Restigouche	John H. R. Lamer, Esq.	St. John's
St. John, City and County	John H. R. Lamer, Esq.	St. John's
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Hon. Thomas Balch, Speaker (C.P.O.).

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Algoma, West	Alex. F. Campbell	St. John's
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Brant, S. R.	Alex. F. Campbell	St. John's
Brantford	Alex. F. Campbell	St. John's
Brimley, N. R.	Alex. F. Campbell	St. John's
Brimley, S. R.	Alex. F. Campbell	St. John's
Brimley, C. R.	Alex. F. Campbell	St. John's
Carleton Place	Alex. F. Campbell	St. John's
Chatham	Alex. F. Campbell	St. John's
Dundas	Alex. F. Campbell	St. John's
Elgin, W. R.	Alex. F. Campbell	St. John's
Elgin, N. R.	Alex. F. Campbell	St. John's
Frontenac	Alex. F. Campbell	St. John's
Glengarry	Alex. F. Campbell	St. John's
Greenville	Alex. F. Campbell	St. John's
Grey, S. R.	Alex. F. Campbell	St. John's
Grey, C. R.	Alex. F. Campbell	St. John's
Haldimand	Alex. F. Campbell	St. John's
Hastings	Alex. F. Campbell	St. John's
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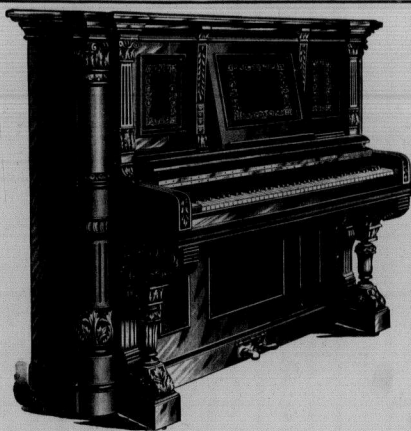
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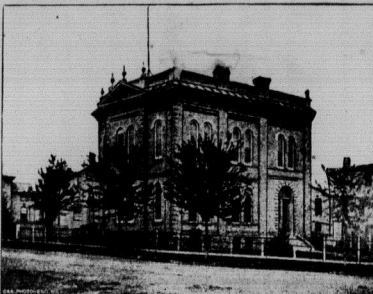
ISSUES THEM ALL

Our 20 Year SURVIVORSHIP DISTRIBUTION POLICY embraces all the newest features and is the best form of PROTECTION and INVESTMENT money can buy. It has no equal. Guaranteed values, attractive options, and liberal conditions.

OUR ANNUITY ENDOWMENT POLICY ensures a certain annual income to yourself during 20 years after maturity of the Policy or to Your family at earlier death; and the Annuity Life Policy guarantees a sure income to your family during 20 years after your death; first payment immediate. The rates are lower than on ordinary plans.

### FEATURES OF THE BUSINESS FOR 1892:

Assurance in force, January 1, 1893	\$16,122,195
New Assurances taken in 1892	2,676,259
Cash Income for 1892	615,956
Cash paid to Policy-Holders in 1892	214,320
Assets, December 31, 1893, over	2,500,000



### BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

I. E. BOWMAN, M.P., *Pres.*.....Waterloo  
 C. M. TAYLOR, *1st Vice Pres.*.....Waterloo  
 ROBERT MELVIN, *2nd Vice Pres.*.....Guelph  
 ALFRED HOSKIN, Q. C. ....Toronto  
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 FRANCIS C. BRUCE, .....Hamilton  
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 JOHN MARSHALL, .....London  
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 E. P. CLEMENT, .....Berlin  
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 STUART HENDERSON, B.A., LL.B., Ottawa

### OFFICERS:

ALEX. MILLAR, Q. C. ....Berlin  
 J. H. WEBB, M. D. ....Waterloo  
 W. S. HODGINS, .....Waterloo  
SUPV. OF AGENTS.

### LIBERAL CONDITIONS OF POLICIES:

1. Cash and Paid-up Values guaranteed on each policy.
2. All Dividends belong to and are paid to Policy Holders only.
3. Premiums payable during the month in which they fall due.
4. Policies are incontestable two years from date of issue.
5. No Restriction whatever on travel, residence or occupation.
6. Lapsed Policies may be revived within six months after lapse.
7. Death claims paid at once on completion of claim papers.

WM. HENDRY, Manager

W. H. RIDDELL, Secretary

## Corticelli

SILK  
EXHIBIT

AT THE

World's  
Fair

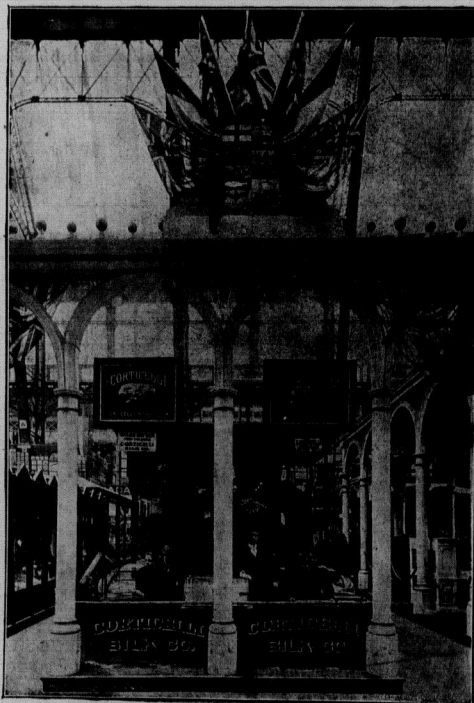
One of the attractions of the Fair, and the only Silk Exhibit in the Manufacturers' Building that explained and illustrated Silk Work.

Notice the two young ladies; one is reeling Raw Silk, the other is working at Drawn Work and other Artistic Embroidery.

...

DO YOU USE THE

Corticelli  
...Silks?



## Corticelli

RECEIVED

## AWARDS

FOR

## Corticelli Spool Silks

"The Best in the World"

### HIGHEST STANDARD MACHINE TWIST

"Gilt Edge"

...

Best

### Button - Hole Twist

"Gilt Edge"

...

### Sewing Silks

### Embroideries

### Knitting Silks

### Crochet Silks

AND

### Specialties for Manufacturers