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SUPPLEMENT: HON. W. S. FIELDING.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

OCTOBER 1892.

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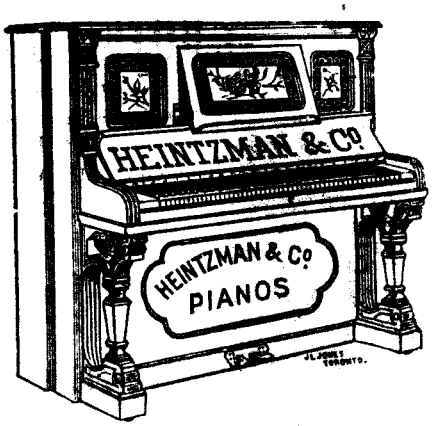

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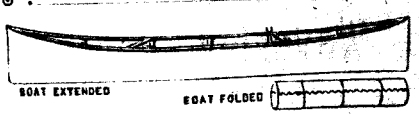

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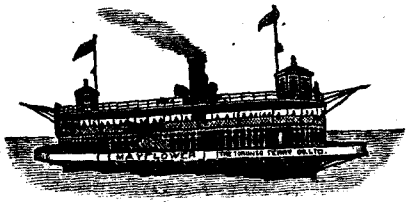

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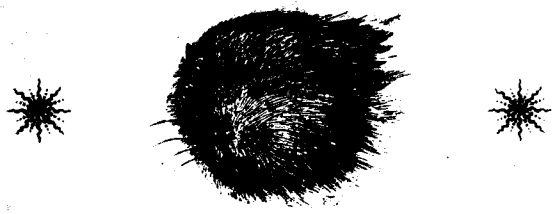

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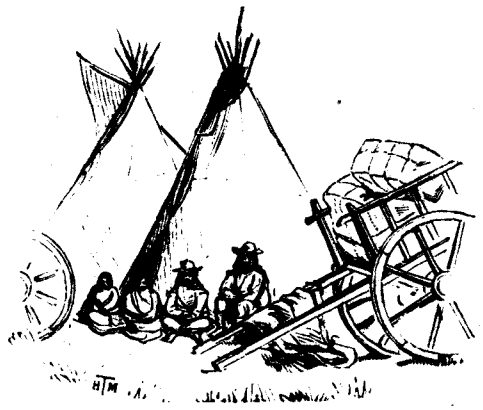

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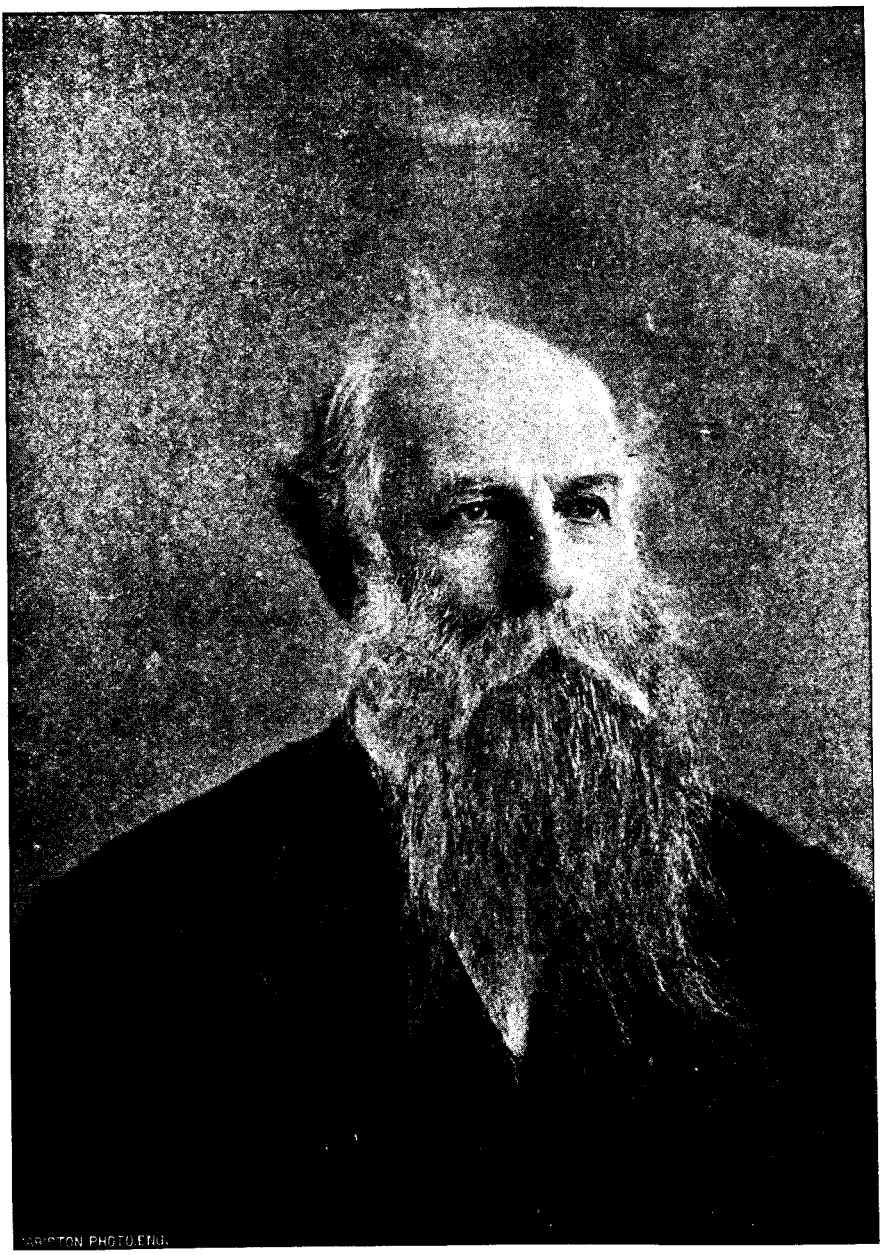

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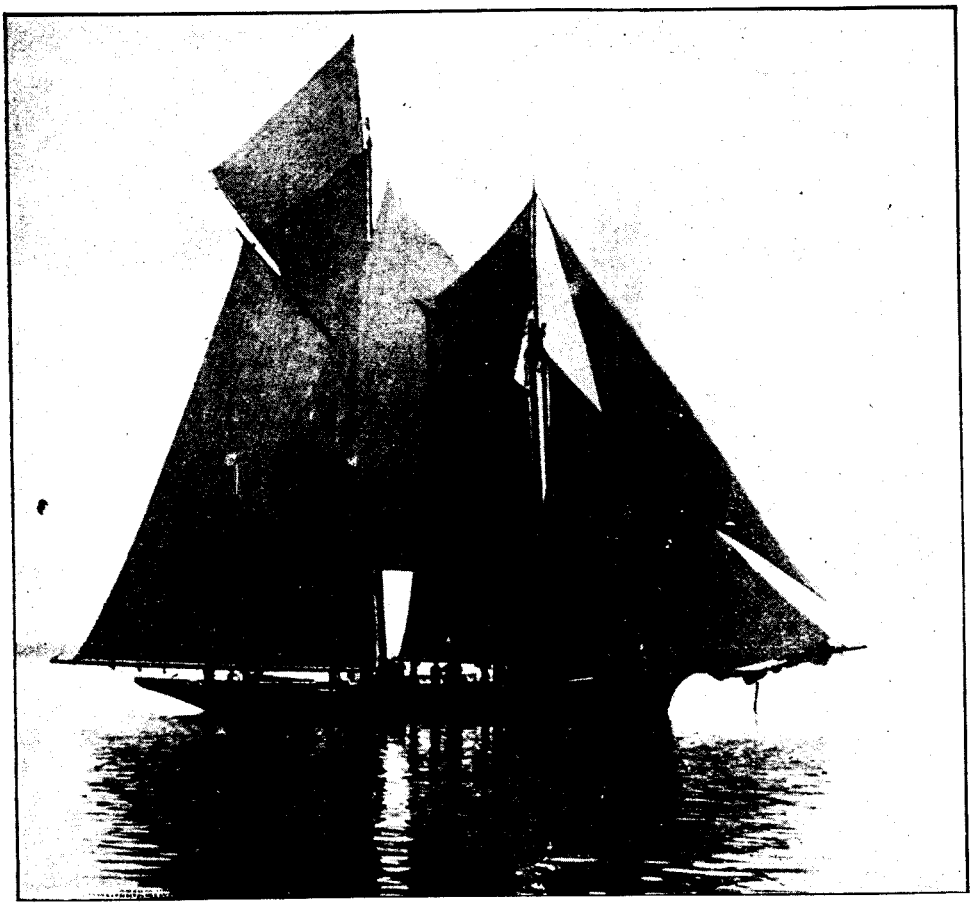
VOL. I. MONTREAL AND TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1892. NO. 9

EVOLUTION IN YACHT BUILDING.

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free,
Where every mad wave drowns the moon,
And whistles aloft its tempest tune."

HE who has carefully watched the progress of evolution in yacht building during the last fifteen years must stand amazed at the enormous strides towards perfection made in that period in naval architecture as applied to our lake and sea-going yachts. Not only has vast progress been made in designing, but the type now produced is so different from all former types that it may be said, a complete revolution in yacht building has taken place. The light draught sloop, if not already extinct will soon be a thing of the past, and it is a question if the beamy centre board cutter, in its turn a great advance on the sloop, will at no very late period be superseded by the deep draught uncapsizable keel boat, of which the Valkyrie, Vreda, Minerva, Gossoon, Yama, Zelma and Vedette may be taken as fair representatives of the latter type. The performances of these yachts with one or two more of the same type, such as the Jessica and Gloriana, have not only demonstrated their superior sea-going qualities but they have repeatedly defeated larger and more powerful boats, from which it would seem safe to predict that the yacht of the future, combining the four elements of speed, safety, comfort and beauty, in other words, designed and constructed on lines as near perfection as human skill and ingenuity are capable of, will be of this type, and judging by the progress made in the last decade, the end of the 19th century will certainly find scant room for improvement. Great advances have also been made in rigging, tackle, and labor-saving appliances, such as the substitution of galvanized wire for standing rigging instead of rope, the lengthening of the top mast and increase in the number of head sails, and carrying the head stay to the knight heads with runners from the mast head aft, and the use of lead outside ballast instead of iron.

The commencement of progress in yacht designing really dates from the International contests under the auspices of the New York Yacht Club in 1870, in which the British schooner yacht Cambria suffered a series of defeats. For a quarter of a century before this, or rather from the winning of what is called the "America Cup" in 1851 by the yacht "America," down to the time mentioned, little or no progress had been made in yacht designing. This will readily be seen from the fact that in the International races off New York harbor for the possession and defence of this cup, 25 schooner yachts started, including the "America," the original winner of the cup 19 years before. Fifteen of these yachts finished the course, the "America" crossing the line a good fourth. After this, the narrow deep draught Scotch cutter "Madge" facetiously spoken of as "the plank on edge," came over to New York. For a time she had an extraordinary run of victories, outsailing and outpointing everything match-



"ORIOLE," R. C. Y. C.

ed against her, her astute skipper Duncan, when nearing the line, innocently paying out on his main sheet making a close finish, perhaps with the object of beguiling his wily adversaries into placing a pecuniary consideration upon the results of subsequent races. This cutter may be taken as the pioneer on this side of the Atlantic of the deep draught type of yacht, and still further served to demonstrate the unsoundness of the theory that a boat moving deeply through water meets with more resistance than the same bulk skimming over the surface. Although wonderful progress has been made in designing, it is doubtful if we have made an equal advance in the art of sailing. Before steamships so largely took the place of sailing vessels, it was the custom in London for the tea merchants to give so much more per pound as a prize to the ship arriving with the first cargo of new tea. Two of these large tea ships started the same time from Hong Kong, China, after braving the storms of the Indian Ocean and rounding the Cape, these two ships not having sighted each other for 120 days, and a voyage of nearly 15,000 miles, beat up the English channel together, in a neck and neck race for first place. Surely this almost reduces navigation to one of the exact sciences.

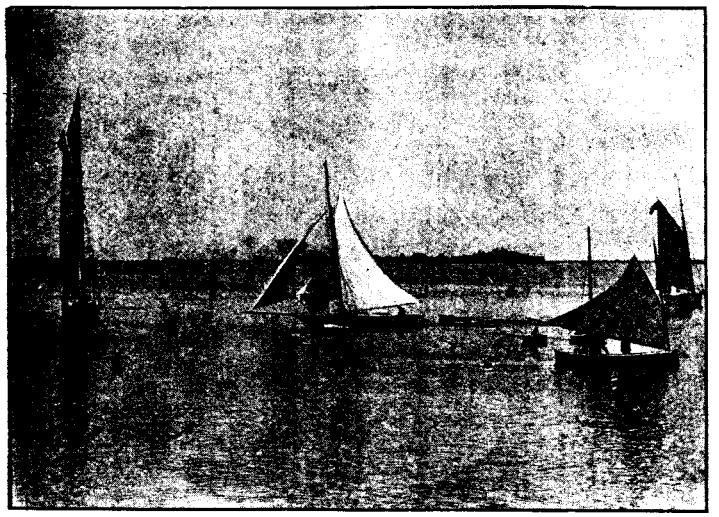
The ingenuity of such famous designers as Watson and Fife of Scotland, Burgess, Cary Smith, the Hereschoffs and others on this side of the Atlantic, has since succeeded in producing yachts so much superior in design, that the Scotch cutter has again and again been defeated. The light draught centre board yachts on the other hand, irreverently termed "splashers," have some advantages which the other type have not, and are perhaps better adapted for harbors and shoal water. They do not however possess the very essential element

of safety in the same degree as the deep draught boat. The latter, when struck by a squall, lists over, but having no vanishing point, lets the wind out of her sails and comes up smiling as it were, for the next round. Some, however, of the recent centre board yachts, especially those designed by the late Edward Burgess (whose untimely death we all deeply deplore,) have shown marvellous speed. The objection is made to the deep draught cutter, that it is always a wet boat—perhaps it is, but that is a question of degree only. Both types are wet enough at times. But he who has thrashed to windward in a stiff Nor' Easter and heavy sea-

"AGGIE,"
This yacht been remodelled and rebuilt entirely (the old midship section alone remaining in her,) by Capt. Andrews of Oakville; owned by Messrs. Marlatt and Armstrong of Oakville.

way during a long day or night in a beamy centre board yacht, can well appreciate the advantages possessed by the deep draught keel boat plowing her way through the seas, instead of trying to hang her jib topsail on the lower horn of the moon.

Years ago while cruising on Lake Huron off the south shore of the Manitoulin Islands in a small centre board sloop, the writer was caught by one of those terrific Nor'Westers, for which that inland sea is famous. Our only hope of salvation, as it seemed, was in making the lee of Great Duck Island. We took in the second reef, and after a while, the third—no easy task in such a blow, for we were shorthanded, (the crew consisted of one man and a dog). All that afternoon we beat and thrashed and shipped tons of water until one would think the little sloop would never come up again. In going about she went into stays and the dingy was smashed against the taff-rail, and cast off. Darkness was setting in fast, and to make the shelter of that Island, was now hopeless, so we shook out a reef, wore ship, and laid our course E.S.E. for Lonely Island, 70 miles away. The night was black, cloudy, and wet, and the gale had become wilder, if that were possible, till D in, our crew, remarked that it must be an escaped Kansas cyclone. We cleated the sheets, lashed ourselves in the cockpit and let her drive. How that sloop reeled and flew through the foam, and the wind whistled and shrieked through the rigging, as if already howling our funeral dirge. Peals of thunder rolled over the water with a crescendo and diminuendo that would have done credit to Chickamauga or Gettysburg. We had neglected to send the dog below till it was too late; he was lifted high on the crest of a wave, carried far to starboard and we never saw or heard him more. I had seen one or two shipwrecks but I never saw a bark go down quicker (this



"ERMA."
Designed and built by Capt. H. Stanton of Picton, Ont. for L. V. Percival in 1891.

wave was 179 feet high—it was photographed upon its arrival at Collingwood the next morning for Chas. Cameron, of the Great North-western Transportation Co. Its diameter was not taken, but it took six minutes and a half going over us by the yacht's chronometer—Dan, our crew, timed it). The long night came to an end, and as day was breaking we rounded-to in the lee of Lonely Island, wet, cold and hungry. In the words of Macbeth "'Twas a rough night," but where is the yachtsman who would have missed it.

Progress in yacht designing has unfortunately been hindered to a great extent by rules of measurement, and the frequent changes made in these rules by yacht racing associations, which must in a greater or less degree leave their impress upon the type of yacht produced. At present, length on the water line and sail area, are the two quantities composing the rule now in force, that is, the square root of the sail area added to the length and divided by two, gives the measurement, so far as racing is concerned. This rule of measurement, or mode of ascertaining the relative size of yachts, notwithstanding that it has been adopted by nearly all the yacht racing associations of the United States and Canada, is open to several objections, the chief of which is, the designer being restricted in length, and that means his speed producing factor, is compelled, in order to compensate for this loss, to crowd on every inch of canvass she can carry. Furthermore, measurement of sail area in single masted vessels by the triangular process is fallacious. Jib topsail and top-sail have not the same propelling power foot for foot as the main-sail, for the reason that one large sail possesses more value as a propelling power than the same sail divided into two or more smaller ones. This is how an ordinary cat boat in smooth water will often outsail some of our best yachts, yet by this mode of measuring sail area, top-sails and jib top-sails are given the same value as propelling factors, as the main-sail which is obviously incorrect. The actual square feet area of headsails, top-sails and main-sail should be ascertained by accurate measurement, and not as done now, by making the base of the triangle from the point of the bowsprit to the end of the boom, and from the top-mast head, to the goose neck or irons, at the foot of the mast. At best this method is inaccurate and only gives an approximation of the sail area. Under the load water line classification, the designer is heavily handicapped; being restricted to L. W. L. racing length, he seeks for ways and means of increasing his sail area to make up for loss in length, or in other words, power. To enable him to carry the increased sail area, he is obliged to lower his centre of gravity of ballast, which has resulted in producing the present type of deep-draught, uncapsizable yachts. Were classification by sailing length universally adopted and classification by measurement on water line length abolished, (thus allowing the designer length without restriction,) and let this method of classification remain in force, say from seven to ten years, a long step would be made in the progress of yacht building.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto, one of the wealthiest and most flourishing clubs on the continent, numbers among its fleet some of the finest yachts to be found on fresh or salt water,—notably the Oriole, Vreda, Aileen, Condor, Erma,

Samoa, Wona, Kelpie, the sloop Cygnet, the Zelma, and Vedette ; the latter, designed by Fife, of Scotland and built in the same yard with the Zelma, is lugger rigged, and in the hands of her owner, Mr. Jarvis, may prove to be one of the fastest boats on Lake Ontario. The Oriole is a 75 feet keel and centre board schooner, designed by Cary Smith, and is the winner of many cups and races, and a perfect model of beauty. The Vreda, an iron deep draught cutter, designed by Watson, and the winner of a number of races before and after crossing the ocean, is a splendid sea boat and fast. She is, however, rigged for the storms of the Atlantic, and could be more heavily sparred and canvassed for lake racing than she is at present. But of all the fast sailing yachts which the ingenuity of modern designers has produced, the Yama, of Oswego, is the most extraordinary. She is a narrow wooden deep draught cutter of the Vreda type, which she very much resembles, designed by William Fife, jr., of Fairlie, Scotland, and the way this little craft can beat to windward of a whole fleet in any kind of weather, is perfectly amazing. Her victorious career however may not be of much longer duration. Mr. Norman B. Dick, of Toronto, has just finished a cutter, the Zelma, of the same type, and also designed by William Fife, jr., of Fairlie. Her frame was erected in his yard, paired, marked, taken apart and shipped in cases to Toronto, where she was again put together and finished by Captain Henry Stanton, one of the best yacht builders in America. Her general dimensions are L.W.L. 37 feet, beam 10 feet 6 inches, draught 8 feet 6 inches, length over all 55 feet. Her frames are of English oak, keel and dead-woods rock elm. Hawse pieces, covering boards, bulwarks and deck fittings, Mexican mahogany; planking—white oak and Georgia pine below water line, and above, white pine and mahogany. The decks are white pine, the rake of the stern post and overhang is 50 degrees, the forward overhang being about 45 degrees. The ballast consists of nine and a half tons of lead all on the keel, supported by bronzed bolts hung in steel angle straps. All the principal fastenings are of bronze, and the minor ones of steel and galvanized iron.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB HOUSE, TORONTO.

The cabins are divided into galley, main cabin and after cabin. The main cabin is being finished in oak and butternut with crimson plush upholstering. The after cabin is pine, painted white and gold, the galley shows the frames and skin throughout. Abaft the after cabin are the sail lockers. Her canvas is all by Lapthorn and Ratsley, of Gosport, England, and includes silk kites. The rigging is of the finest galvanized charcoal steel, imported from Fife, as is also the main fittings and rigging. The spars are of Canadian spruce and very heavy. The most noticeable features in the design of this boat are her great length, compared with her breadth of beam, the setting of the mast far forward, the angle of overhang and the extraordinary rake of the stern post. This will be better understood when it is stated that although her water line length is 37 feet, her keel is only 19. The Zelma is without doubt one of the handsomest yachts afloat; she is heavily sparred, rigged and equipped with all the latest improved appliances. Two contests have already taken place this summer between these boats over a thirty mile triangular course. In the first of these the Zelma was the victor by a minute and a half, corrected time; in the second race the Yama came out victorious, crossing the line two and a half minutes before her opponent. The Zelma was built to beat the Yama, and as her designer has had the advantage of two years' more experience in designing, the meeting of these two fresh water greyhounds in the series of five races named in the challenge, said to have been sent recently by the owners of the Zelma to the Yama, will be looked forward to with unusual interest, when it will be safe to predict that Mr. Dick's magnificent cutter will undoubtedly prove the most formidable antagonist yet encountered by the redoubtable Yama.

T. V. HUTCHINSON.

An Evening at Progressive Euchre

"THE ELMS."

"Mrs J. Wentworth Jones requests the pleasure
"of your company on Wednesday evening next, at
"eight o'clock."

"Progressive Euchre."

SUCH was the note which, a few mornings ago, I received, enclosed in the regulation square-cornered envelope, and addressed in that angular-shaped handwriting which is one of the marked characteristics of the fair sex. I knew not the component parts of progressive euchre, and was, as yet, unfamiliar with its fascinating details; but knowing my hostess of old, and calling to mind the many pleasant evenings I had spent at her hospitable house in days gone by, I accepted the invitation with pleasure.

The evening arrived, and half-past eight o'clock found me seated at a table number six, with a very handsomely-dressed elderly lady as my partner. The dress was certainly the most attractive thing about her; she was not pretty, she was not fascinating, she could not or would not play euchre, and in fact after a time it appeared to me that her knowledge of anything was of exceedingly vague and undefined description. I explained to her at the outset, that I knew little or nothing about the game, either progressive or non-progressive. She at once informed me that the table at which we were sitting was number six, that there was another table at the top of the room which was called the head table, and rejoiced in a bell; that it should be the height of our ambition to get to that table and stay there; that there was another table, somewhere at the end of the room, called "The Booby Table," which it should be our great aim to avoid; that the game was played in the usual way,—two for a euchre and four for a single march, and "didn't I think that woman behind us a perfect fright?" After this very lucid explanation, somebody rang a bell and the game commenced. We had opposed to us a young gentlemen of slender build, arrayed in an enormous stand-up collar; and a young lady, robed in a white dress sprinkled with fat-looking pink spots, which appeared to dance up and down before your eyes like so many suns on a muggy day; and between whom—the young lady and the young gentlemen—there appeared to be a thorough understanding that, although we might not be aware of it, they were on the very best of terms with each other, and knew what they were about. My partner dealt. Spades are trumps. The young lady in the pink spots passes. Question: what am I to do? I look appealingly at my partner. She is having some kind of an optical conversation with a member of the stern sex at the next

table. Evidently nothing to expect from her. Let me see; I have three spades, knave, king, queen, ace of clubs, and an ace of hearts; if I order up the turned-up spade, it places a trump in my opponent's hand; whereas—here the term "follow suit," occurs to me,—that is, do as the last person did,—which I do, and pass. The slender individual next to me passes too, and my partner's attention, after several ineffectual efforts, being withdrawn from the gentleman at the next table, she first wants to know what are trumps? next, what, do I do? then, what does the young lady in the pink spot do? and finally, what does her partner do? all of which having been thoroughly explained to her, she bangs her cards upon the table, leans back in her chair, and with her eyes wandering back to the object of interest at the next table, says "pass." The young lady in the pink spots then turns down the trump card and says "I can't make it." I do the same; the slender youth ditto, and my partner's attention being again brought back to the game, and the position of affairs explained to her, she declines to make it anything, wants to know why I look so sad, and "Am I not enjoying myself?" I say, "Oh, immensely; it is so interesting." There is an awful noise and clatter going on; there are no less than four-and-twenty persons, seated at six different tables, engaged at this fashionable craze; somebody in the next room is pounding away on the piano preparatory to a few minutes fireworks; you can hardly hear yourself think, and the heat is something terrific.

The cards are dealt again, hearts this time turning up trumps. I pass, and the slender youth ordered it up. My first play. I have three hearts, one spade, and one club. Which shall I play? I remember the old whist rule, when in doubt play a trump, and accordingly came out with the knave of hearts. "Hallo!" exclaims the slender youth, "right bower, eh?" I say, "yes," faintly, and look at my partner to see how she likes it. She is bobbing her head in the most bewitching manner, at a new arrival, who has just entered the room. The slender youth plays a small trump. We wait for my partner. She is still bobbing at the new arrival, her face is a sea of smiles. I look imploringly at her. The new arrival sits down somewhere, and her attention once more wanders back to the game. She asks, "What are trumps?" I explain, hearts. "Hearts?" she exclaims; "that reminds me, by the way, did you know that Mr. Johnston and little Miss Tomkins are engaged?" I reply that I was not aware of it. She assures me it is a fact, and says, "they look so happy." "Oh! undoubtedly," I reply, "they usually do in such cases." She looks over her cards a moment, and suddenly asks, "Is it her play?" Somebody says "yes." "Who played the right bower?" she enquires. I explain that I played the right bower, and the gentleman on my right played the ten of trumps. "Oh," she asks, "did you take it up?" I again explain, "No; this gentleman ordered it up," "Oh, well," she says, "its no matter; I have no trumps;" and plays a small club. The young lady in the pink spots plays the nine of trumps, the trick is mine, and it is again my lead. What the deuce shall I play now? Oh, anything will do. Here goes the ace of trumps; which promptly falls to the left bower from the slender youth in the tall collar. Our opponents win the next two tricks, score one, and it is my deal. I turn up the knave of clubs, as trumps, and am inwardly congratulating myself on this fact, when the young man exclaims "misdeal; I have six cards." My partner says "Oh it does not matter;" but the slender youth insists, and I lose the deal. We are just gathering the cards together, when the bell rings. Our opponents declare that they have won the game, seize two red wafers from a box on the table, bang them on some white cards with a red ribbon attached, with which we are all provided, and with a triumphant smile rise from the table.

I ask my partner what we are to do now. She replies, "Oh, we remain here for the next couple, and if we beat them we go to the "booby table." There is a general uprising of the players, a great rattling of dresses, a good many "beg pardons," and a vast amount of rummaging about to find the correct table to change to. Our opponents prove to be an old gentleman and a young lady, who show themselves such indifferent players that with a little more attention to the game from my partner, when the bell rings, we are declared the winners. We each seize a wafer, bang them on our cards, rise from the table and triumphantly look about us. "Which," I ask, "is the Booby Table?" "This one," exclaims my fair partner, "and here we change partners." I immediately express my regrets, which being overheard by my next

partner, an elderly lady with a prim severe-looking countenance, she darts at me a withering look. With some confusion I endeavor to explain, but my explanations only make matters worse, and I am floundering about in a most pitiable manner when, providentially, the bell rings, and the game commences. I find that my new partner is the direct opposite to my first venture. She takes the deepest interest in the game, plays as if it were a matter of life and death, and has evidently a most supreme contempt for anyone who does not take a similar interest. Through my forgetting what trumps are, and playing a right bower when a small trump would have done equally as well, we lose the first game. She leans back in her chair with a look of ineffable disgust, and seeks relief in vigorously fanning herself. The next hand, having three fair trumps and thinking that I can rely upon my partner for another good one, I order it up and ask for her best. She gives me a king of spades, diamonds being trumps. My first play. My partner looking on with breathless interest, I lead the right bower, which of course wins. Then I play the king of trumps, which falls to the ace; my opponent leads the left bower, which takes my only remaining trump, the queen. I am euchred, and our opponents score four. "Well," exclaimed my partner, "what on earth did you order it up on?" I explain, "I had the right bower, king, and queen." "And nothing else?" she asks. "Nothing else." "Good gracious!" she returns, "you could not expect to win on that; the chances were all against you." I try to say that my experience of whist — "Whist!" she indignantly replies, "I never play the stupid game; if you don't look out, we shall be beaten." I nervously take up my cards, and while sorting them, the bell rings. "There!" my partner exclaims, throwing down her cards on the table, "I knew it!" Our opponents go through the wafering and banging process, and leave us to fight it out. There is an awful pause; I look at my partner. She is leaning back in her chair and savagely fanning herself. I must say something, and remark enquiringly, "You take a great interest in the game?" She crushingly replies, "No one should play who does not." I am about to express my regrets at my ignorance of the game, when our new opponents arrive. They are a young couple with whom I am on very intimate terms, and are (especially the young lady) of a somewhat frivolous turn of mind. I steal a look at my watch. Time 10.30. "Won anything?" enquires the young lady. "Nothing." The bell rings, and we commence again. The young lady keeps up a running conversation. "Where have I been all the evening? flirting somewhere, as usual, I suppose, out on the verandah, or in the hall." I am about to reply. In the hurry I came out with the left bower on my partner's right. She asks, "Have I nothing smaller?" I say "Oh, yes, here's the ten of trumps;" and am about to replace my bower with the ten, when our opponents object, and insist that the card having been played must remain on the table. Objection sustained, my partner's fan going faster and more furiously than ever. I really must pay more attention. Confound that girl on my right; she asks so many questions and is so frivolous. While a noise is going on behind us, I ask her in an undertone, "how long this thing is going to last?" "Why" she exclaims with a laugh, and in a loud voice, "are you getting tired of your partner?" I say indignantly "No" and feeling that I must say something gallant to straighten this complication out, add, "You don't know what a pleasure it is to have a really good partner." "Hallo!" exclaims the young man, her partner, "confound you! that is complimentary, I must say;" I explain I do not mean it for him; when she, for whom it was intended, says, "for goodness sake do play." We go on with, if anything, a worse result than before; and the bell ringing, our opponents leave us in undisputed possession of the "Booby Table." I remark to my partner, by way of filling up the time, "that before the next progressive euchre party comes off, I think I shall practice the game alone or with a dummy; I understand it is capital practice." She says, it appears to me rather sarcastically, "I would certainly advise you to do so."

Our opponents turn up. The man, my old friend Bob Johnson; the lady, I do not know. Bob remarks, "Well, how are you getting on?" won anything? "Nothing," and the time 10.55. It must come to an end soon. Just as we are commencing, I see the hostess walking about the room and making some remark at each table. She approaches ours and tells us that as soon this game is over we will have supper. Thank Heaven!

My partner remarks that good play may

yet save us. I reply, "I think so," but if she depends on me I know what the result will be.

The cards are against us, while our opponents are remarkably good. They win the first game, and the second. My partner's face gets blacker and blacker, she looks desperate; gracious knows what she will do if this last game goes against us. It is all over; we have lost. Everybody rises from the tables. I feel that I must say something to my partner. I express my regrets at our bad luck. "Bad luck" she exclaims, almost on the verge of tears. "Bad luck, did you say? I call it by another name altogether." She is gone. I rush out to the dining-room, where I endeavor to soothe my fluttering nerves over a little "polly and Scotch" with the host. Suddenly I hear my name called. It cannot be that they are going to commence over again. I re-enter the card room. The hostess calls to me. "A prize for you." "What prize?" I ask. Everybody simultaneously says "The Booby Prize." The hostess calls out another prize, giving a lady's name. A lady comes forward, it appears rather reluctantly. Who is it? Heavens! my late partner. She takes the prize without a smile, but turning, she suddenly catches my eyes, and casts upon me an utterly indescribable look of withering scorn. I can never face that woman again. I resolve to escape. Apologizing, in the hall, to my host, and seizing my hat, overcoat and walking stick, I once more seek that seclusion which my bachelor quarters grant, and over a quiet pipe, as the smoke ascended in graceful curls towards the ceiling, I wondered who it was that invented "progressive euchre" and what was the grudge he had against suffering humanity.

FRANK THOMSON.

The Old Government House, Montreal.

DUE to the ravages of time, the indifference of our ancestors, the callousness of the present age and to fire and decay—the mortal enemies of all monuments of antiquity—we are left with few edifices in Canada to bear witness to the past, its strifes and glories. To-day there stands no building the length and breadth of the Dominion, around which associate so many of the thrilling events, episodes and social life of our history, as pertain to the old Government house in Montreal, known as the Chateau de Ramezay the oldest public building in the country. Not only in French days but in those of our own era this building has occupied a prominent focal point from which diverged some of the greatest events of our history.

It is not definitely known when it was erected, but as it appears on the plan of Montreal of 1672, and as by the terms of concession of the land, it was compulsory to build within a year under forfeiture of the title, it is reasonable to infer that as the property was conceded in that year to Charles D'Ailleboust Sieur des Musseaux, nephew to Louis the Governor-General, Civil and Criminal Judge of Montreal and *ad interim* Governor during De Maisonneuve's absence, also holding the appointment of Lieutenant-Governor of Canada to replace the Governor-General, he would not fail to fulfil the terms of the deed.

D'Ailleboust also was the happy possessor of a large family, (fourteen children,) so that this with the requirements of his social position somewhat further corroborate the evidence afforded by the plan of 1672, that the building was erected in that year, or very shortly afterward.*

The gubernatorial position in Canada under French régime was not the lucrative office it is at the present time. The Governors were appointed for the honor of the position and so regarded it. The emoluments were small and the salary infinitesimal. It is recorded that the salary and emoluments of De Vaudreuil the Governor-General were but 1500 livres per annum, so that it became essential to tender the position only to men of wealth who were able to stand the drain. They had to pay for public as well as private entertainments and build their own palaces when residing out of Quebec.

De Callière who occupied the double function of Governor General and Governor of Montreal, erected his at the point now occupied by the Montreal Custom House; De Vaudreuil in 1723, built a very large and costly building running across the lower part of the present Jacques Cartier Square. Of both these and that of De Maisonneuve, the founder and first Governor of Montreal, whose mansion stood upon the present foundations of Frothingham & Workman's warehouse St. Paul Street, not a vestige remains.

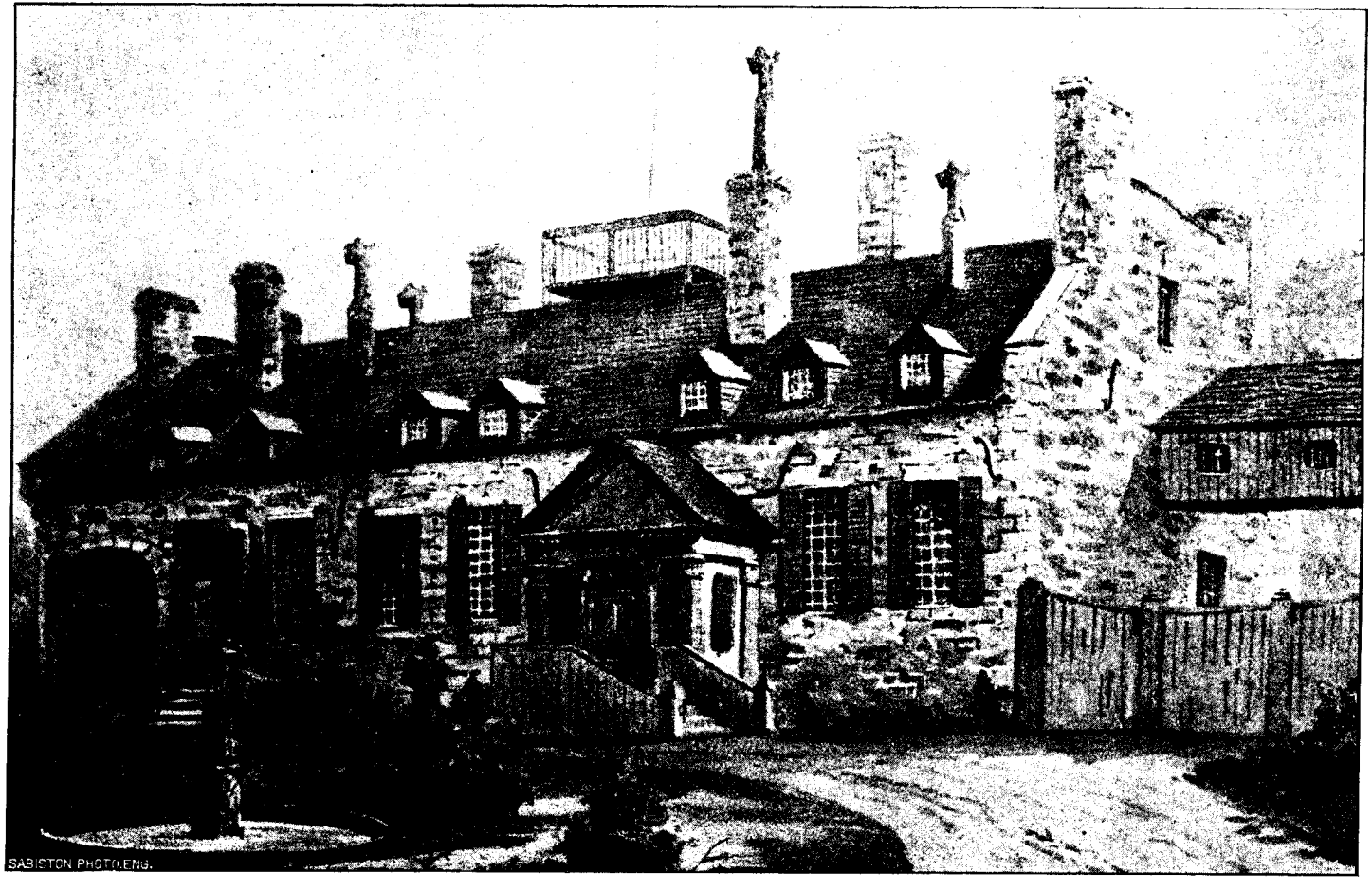
Upon the death of Charles D'Ailleboust on the 20th November, 1700, his mansion was sold and purchased by Claude de Ramezay.

Claude de Ramezay, the 11th Governor of Montreal, appointed 1703, was born in France 1657, married in Quebec 1690, was of Scotch descent, claiming consanguinity with the great House of Douglas, and was one of the most prominent men of his time, occupying an official position in Canada for a term exceeding forty years. He was Seigneur de la Gesse, de Montigny et de Boisfleurent, in France and in Canada was Seigneur de Monnoir and de Ramezay Chevalier of the Military Order of St. Louis, Governor of Montreal, and Commandant of all the militia in the country, ex-Governor of Three Rivers, and afterwards Administrator of the Governor-Generalship during the two years' absence of De Vaudreuil in France. †

The neighborhood was then the fashionable part of the town and was occupied by the Baron de Longueuil, the Contracoeurs, d'Eschambaults (his relatives), and

*NOTE—St. Charles street which bounded this property to the west is also shown on the plans of 1672 as opened. This street was no doubt named both in his honor and that of Le Moyne, who had done so much for the town. In the census of Montreal taken in November, 1681, D'Ailleboust is represented as having eleven children, six guns, nine horned cattle and one hundred and thirty arpents of land. *Sulte, Hist. des Cans.*

†NOTE—Confirmatory of his titles in France, the following judgment was rendered on the 1st June, 1701, by Philippeaux, the Intendant of Paris:—Ordained, that M. Claude de Ramezay shall enjoy the privileges of noblemen and shall be inscribed upon the roll of nobles of the *généralité de Paris*. *Doutre, Code Civil, p. 231.*



THE OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MONTREAL.
(From a sketch made about 1840.)

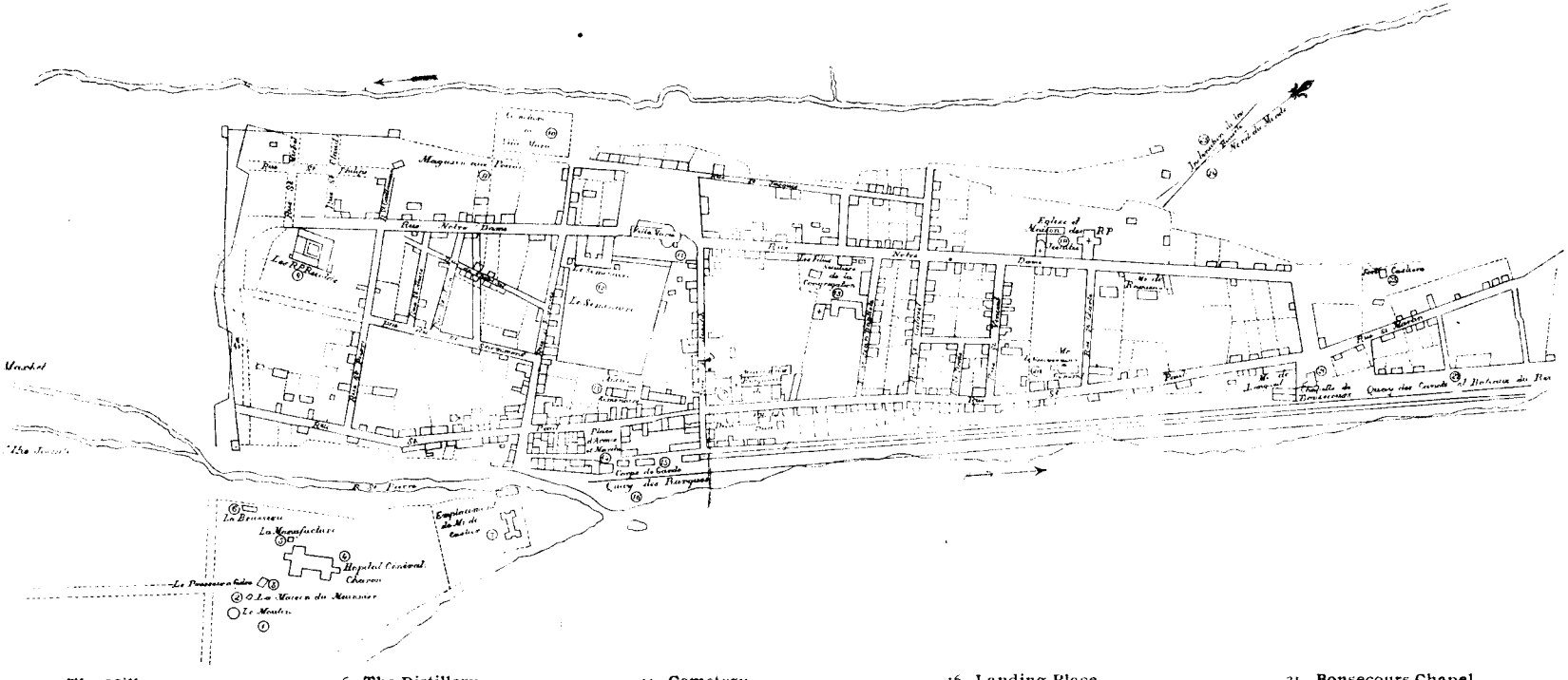
Madame de Portneuf, the widow of Baron Bécancourt. Situated on a hill and opposite to the magnificent garden of the Jesuits, this plain, unembellished house had an open view to the river front. His vista included then as now, the waters flowing past in their azure tint and everlasting path, only to be engulfed in the *Mare tenebrum:* then, as now, the southern horizon presenting that entrancing verdure we behold in the valleys of the Richelieu, capped by the mountains of St. Hilaire and Memphremagog; then, but alas not now, old St. Helens in its primeval dress of forest and natural beauties, worthy of Champlain's ecstasies, and the beloved name of his wife which he gave to this enchanting isle. To the north, he had an uninterrupted view of the well wooded plains now covered by the St. Lawrence Suburbs, which afforded ample sport to the young men of the day in shooting birds and pigeons, existing there in myriads; while in the cool evening the romantic canoe ride up the river St. Pierre taking the *ruisseau* St. Martin running up our line of Craig St. and St. Lawrence Main St. to the Côte à Barron hills, a fine and enjoyable *divertisement* was obtained.

From the front of his residence he would, telescope in hand, anxiously hunt the horizon for the sign of the approaching vessel, which twice a year, May and September, brought him and his colony into contact with the doings of the Old World, the love of absent parents, the remembrance of friends, the encouragement and the recompense of the great King, but sometimes and in his latter years more frequently, his reprimands and complaints. With more anxiety than was ever produced by the savage Indian or the Anglo Saxon, he would endeavor to espy in early June, the approach of the bark canoe fleet of the year, from its perilous journey from the far north over river and rapid, the loss of a single canoe of which would be more severely felt financially than the wreck of an ocean steamer of the present day.

The song of the sailor or the cry of the savage, would bring anything but pleasure to the maternal heart of Mde. de Ramezay, locked in anguish at the thought of the dangers run by her two sons, the one in the midst of combats, the other in ocean tempests. Dangers more real than fictitious, for her son, Captain de la Gesse, commander of the ill-fated "Le Chameau," became its victim in 1725, when with the new officials he was bringing out to the country, the Governor de Louvigny and Intendant De Chazel, with many other noblemen and priests, were wrecked and drowned off the coast of Louisbourg on their passage to Quebec.

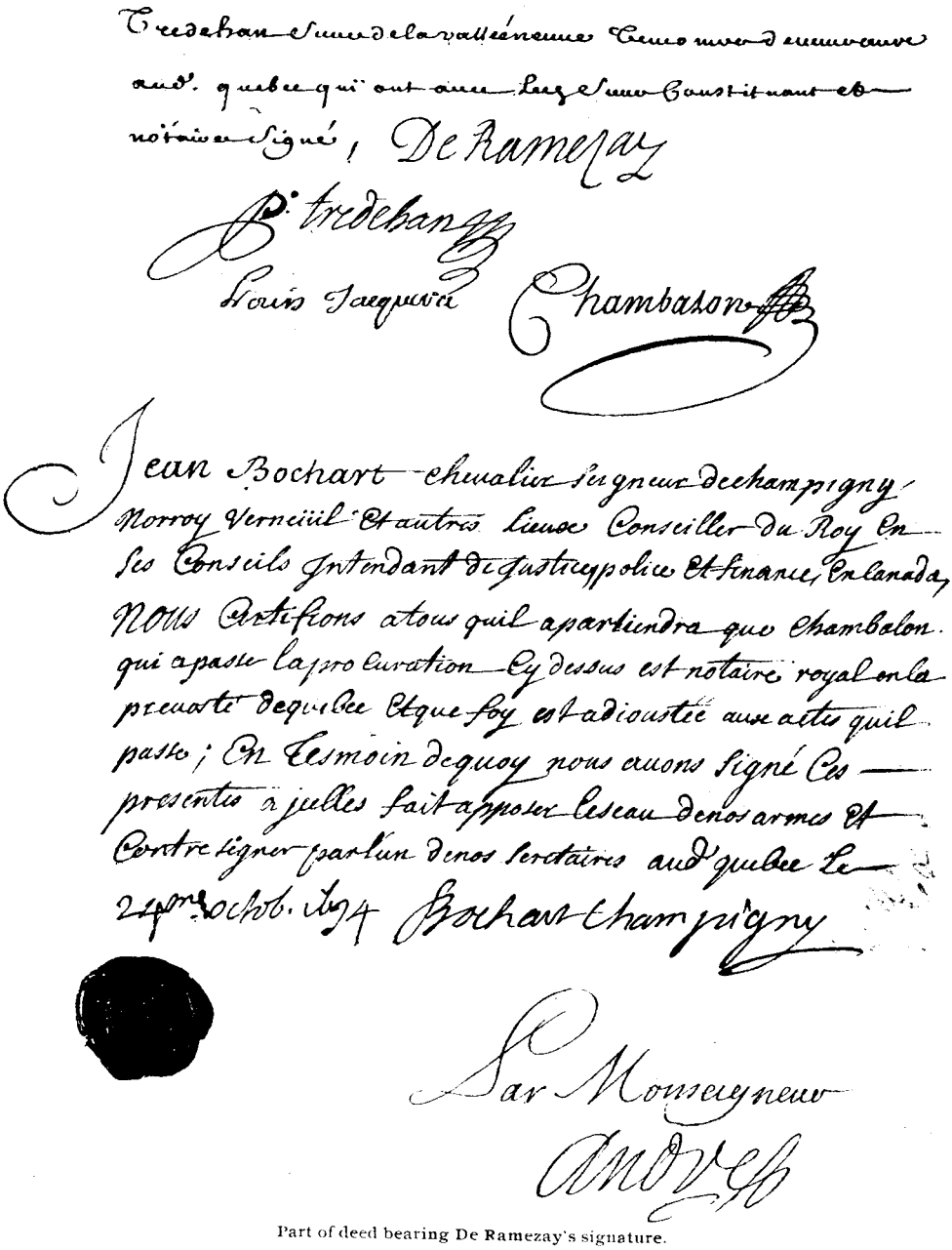
Montreal at this period was a mere village (though officially a town) of about 3000 inhabitants, yet, it was rapidly becoming the commercial emporium of French Canada a position which it attained and which it has maintained under English dominion. Charlevoix, that eminent and reliable historian, who at this period was constantly in Montreal engaged writing his invaluable history, and no doubt a frequent visitor at de Ramezay's, states "that the people are poor but brave, and that due to the fruit of their labours and the good administration of the Gentlemen of the Seminary the Seigniory of Montreal is worth half a dozen of the best in the Country." He is further quite complimentary to the people and place in his comparison with other older and more populous towns. The prosperity of Montreal is evidently indigenous to the soil and with all efforts to retard its growth at the hands of man from one cause or another, the Omnipotent has decreed otherwise, and great, Montreal has and will become in spite of all. Even at that early day all efforts to make it a religious hierarchal town had failed and its very baptismal name of Ville Marie had fallen into disuse, Charlevoix adding "that this name never passed into ordinary usage, but appears only in the Public Acts and among the Seigneurs who are very jealous for its use."

Under De Ramezay's regime, 1704 to 1724, this venerable edifice was the hall of entertainment of the illustrious of the country. The many expeditions to the distant fur fields, the voyages of discovery of new lands, the councils of war, the military expeditions, the conferences with the Indians, the annual fairs and fur trading market attracted to the shores of Montreal, not only the Governor-General, the Intendant, and their suites, but a considerable number of the most important people of the country including all classes of society. To one and all the portals of this hospitable mansion were ever open. To the lowly Indian and his squaw and to the exalted nobleman and his consort, the noble and beneficent Ramezay and his family showed equal attention. To him it was not necessary to surround



1. The Mill.
2. The Miller's House.
3. The Cider Press.
4. Charon's General Hospital.
5. The Factory.
6. The Distillery.
7. M. de Caslier's Lot.
8. Fathers Recollet.
9. Powder Magazine.
10. Ville Marie Cemetery.
11. Cemetery.
12. The Seminary.
13. Old Seminary.
14. Place d'Armes and Market.
15. Guard House.
16. Landing Place.
17. Hotel Dieu Nunnery.
18. Congregational Nuns.
19. Church and house of the Jesuits.
20. The Governor General.
21. Bonsecours Chapel.
22. King's Wharf.
23. Fort Casliere.
24. True North
25. Variation of the Compass.

PLAN OF MONTREAL IN 1723.



Part of deed bearing De Ramezay's signature.

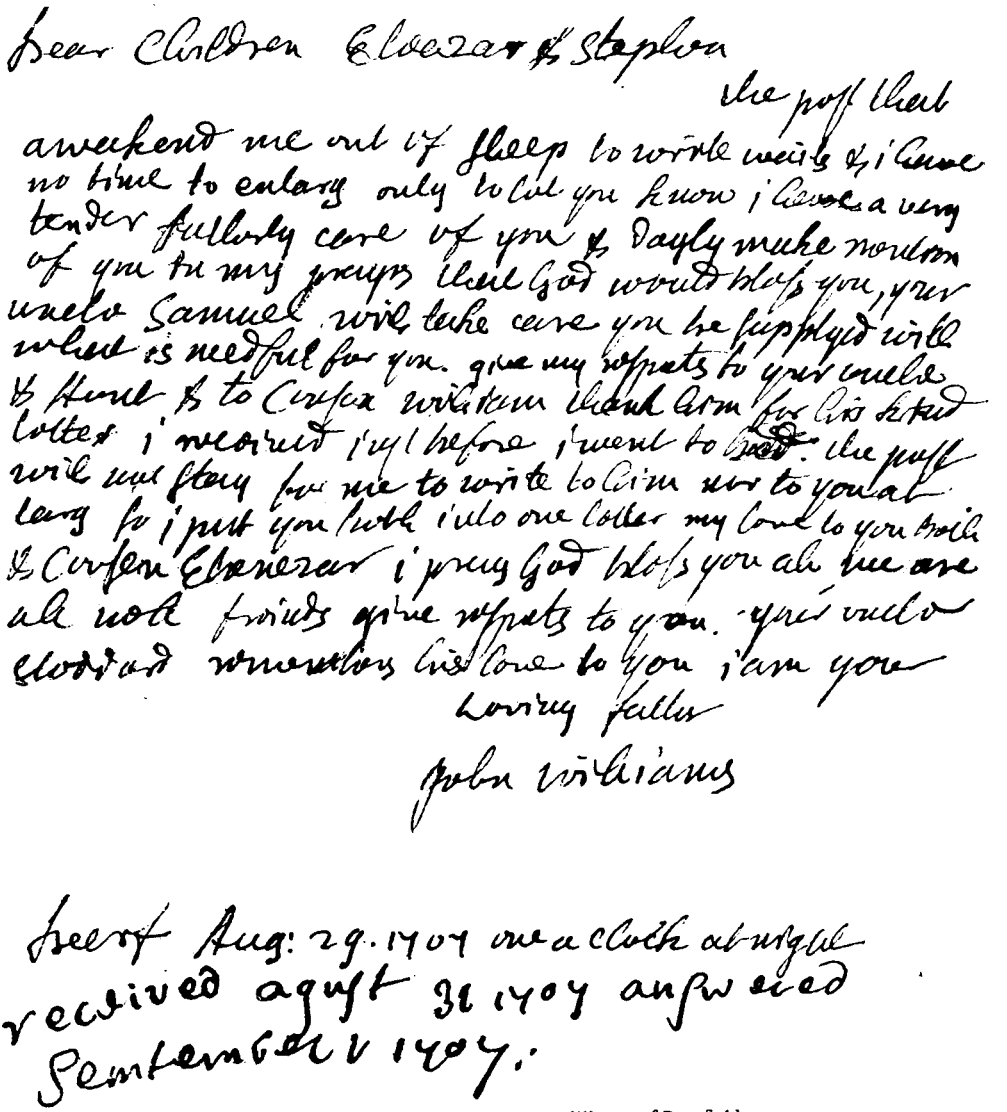
his castle with towers and donjons, walls and portcullis, his trenches were replaced by flower gardens and rare exotics. Fearless to the Indian or enemy, his bravery and charity were equally exemplified in the personal care and attention he and his family gave to the suffering citizens of Montreal during the pest, fatal as the Asiatic cholera, which devastated the town in 1721.

In the early years of his administration this building bore witness to the return of the ill-advised and cruel expedition of Hertel de Rouville and his three hundred Indians and Canadians from that mission of slaughter and carnage at Deerfield ordered by De Vaudreuil, but with which De Ramezay was not in sympathy; the retribution for which, as the "mills of the Gods grind slow but sure," was found in the final act of this border warfare in 1713 which

restored to England Hudson's Bay and ceded to it Acadia and Newfoundland, the first step in the annihilation of French dominion in America.

Illustrative of life at this period of our history the case of the Pastor of Deerfield, John Williams, an innocent and harmless old gentleman, may be taken.

In his memoirs of this event he states that in the early hours of the morning of the 29th February, 1704, he was awakened by the warwhoop only to find his house in the hands of Indians and Canadians dressed as Indians and the whole village a scene of slaughter and carnage. He with his wife and five children were saved and started for Canada in a semi-nude state over winter roads three hundred miles in length, with one hundred and eleven other prisoners. He was fortunate enough to withstand the sufferings of this long march, which proved fatal to one half the number, including his wife and their two children who were murdered for their inability to keep up with the procession. After a residence of two years divided between Montreal and Quebec, where the minister was most hospitably entertained by the Governors de Vaudreuil and Ramezay and, after every effort had failed to obtain his conversion to Roman Catholicism, he was exchanged and returned to Deerfield, (leaving three of his children unredeemed behind, one of whom was ultimately made a squaw and wife of an Indian)



Facsimile of letter from Rev. John Williams, of Deerfield

to find his desolate and forlorn home, shorn of the mother and five children, but three remaining to bear witness to this harrowing scene of religious and national dissension.

The chief military events, outside of the Deerfield expedition, which exercised the inhabitants of Montreal were the expedition of four hundred men under Saint Ours de Chaillons and Hertel de Rouville, which rendezvoused in Montreal and started from it in 1708, on another border mission warfare: that of de Ramezay, 1709, who took personal command of some fifteen hundred troops *en batteaux* and proceeded as far as the middle of Lake Champlain, at Wood's Creek, against a proposed invasion by Nicholson, and then, declining to follow the wish of his sub-officers to be a party to rapine and murder, under the term border warfare, he fell back fruitlessly on Chambly: and his last expedition in command of six hundred militiamen, a contingency which he personally directed against the invasion of Nicholson in 1711, followed by the naval force of Admiral Walker, which latter came to such serious grief in the Gulf on its road to Quebec. In 1724 Claude de Ramezay died and lies buried next the bodies of the two Governors D'Ailleboust, under the great Notre Dame parish church, whose hallowed roof gives a cover of sanctity to the old cemetery of Ville Marie church.

He left four daughters and two sons. Of the former, two remained unmarried and lived with their brother, J. B. Nicolas Roch de Ramezay, who inherited the property and subsequently became the 15th Governor of Montreal, in 1739, thus restoring the old pre-eminence of this mansion to that dignity for a further decade. It was this gentleman, who as commander signed the articles of capitulation handing over Quebec to the British arms in 1759, an act which has never ceased to be questioned as to its precipitancy and necessity, for the conquest of Quebec itself had not then been completed. In 1745 the property passed out of the possession of the De Ramezay family and with it their greatness fell, leaving no direct descendants to maintain the honour and glories of Claude, the family name of whom has now become extinct and remembered only by the building which he inhabited and the name of the street to the east of it which he opened.*

Seal of the Compagnie des Indes.

The building now passed once again by purchase, on the 10th April, 1745, into the hands of the celebrated Compagnie des Indes, known as the second in our history, the first having been cancelled by the King in 1672. This commercial corporation wielded sovereign rights over the greater part of North America, the West India Islands, and the great colonial possessions of France in Asia and Africa. This sovereignty was practically vested in John Law, the celebrated Scotch financier, who turned the heads of half the world during some twenty years into a fool's paradise, ending in ruin and poverty to all concerned. In 1719 he acquired possession of the fur trading company of Canada, called the Compagnie d'Occident which had a monopoly until 1742, and merged it into the Compagnie des Indes, of which he was chief director (Manager). Both companies had extensive privileges, so that merging the charters into one, gave such plenary and absolute rights and privileges over the commerce of Louisiana and Canada that those remaining to the King and Governors were purely nominal. Even in matters political it was necessary to consult the company for fear its privileges would be encroached upon. To this company New Orleans and other present American cities of importance owe their origin and settlement, the chief seat of government of the company being established at New Orleans.

The collapse of Law's schemes and his bankruptcy, followed by his death, caused the Compagnie des Indes to relinquish its sovereign rights and trading privileges in

* I am indebted to Mr. McLennan, N. P., who is undoubtedly the best authority upon the early topography of Montreal, having made it a special study, for the following notes upon the title to this property. He states that the property, consisting of 112 arpents of land, were acquired about the year 1700 by Claude de Ramezay, Sieur de la Gesse from Dailleboust des Musseaux. On the 10th April 1745, the heirs de Ramezay sold to Mr. Francois de Chalet *acting for the Compagnie des Indes*, the family mansion and lot comprising 152 ft French on Notre Dame st. by about 213 ft. French in depth.

J. B. Roch de Ramezay after the surrender of Quebec retired to France where he died without male issue.

America to the King, on the 23rd January, 1731, retaining, however, its fur trading rights, now limited to the beaver only, over the domain of Canada and the North-West.

Up to this period the company was represented in Canada by an agent general, Mr. Joseph de Fleury d'Eschambault Sieur de la Gorgendiére, a prominent merchant of Montreal, who had his warehouse (which still stands in excellent preservation, built apparently about the same time as D'Ailleboust's house, and probably formed part of its appendages, as it is shown on the same plans and on a line with it) fronting on St. Charles street, which now forms the east side of Jacques Cartier Square. Upon removing the headquarters of the company from New Orleans to Montreal enlarged premises became necessary; the contiguity of the De Ramezay mansion affording an excellent opportunity to connect the two buildings by a passage way, it was acquired by the directors, De Courcy and De Chalet. In 1760, at the time of the conquest they still occupied these premises, but being a public company their rights and privileges ceased, and by the 25th and 26th articles of capitulation, which refer specially to them, it is provided that "the officers of the India Company shall be transported to France and their affairs be wound up within a year, for which purpose an officer of the company would be permitted to remain in the town."†

GERALD E. HART.

(To be continued.)

†With such regal rights as the Compagnie des Indes possessed, it is not surprising that they issued their own money for local purposes, which had however to be coined at the King's mint. In 1721 and 22 the well-known halfpennies "Colonies Francaises" were issued by them and their paper money was much preferred by the people to that issued by the Government, and was redeemed in full after the conquest while that of the Government was not. The colonial jetons issued in gold, silver and copper and bearing the date from 1751 to 1758 are ascribed to this Company.

The arms which they were authorized to bear and affix upon all merchandise and property are: Vert on a conical point, arg; on which is couched a rivergod leaning on a cornucopia ppr; on a chief azu; sémé with fleurs de lis, or; fess or: having two Indians as supporters, surmounted by a crown treflee. A very rare jeton issued by them in 1723 bears the above arms on the obverse, while upon the reverse appears a ship in full sail with the legend: *Spem auget opes que parat.* (She increases hope and prepares wealth).

I believe however that the crest adopted by the Company was not the foregoing (which I attribute to be a mule piece very common at the French mint but the one in use by the first Company and also adopted by the Compagnie Occidentale, the three Companies, both in this and other respects having connecting links. It appears on a die used for marking bales, and dated 1722, the arms being the arms as above, the reverse having the date and the motto *Florebo quocumque ferar.* (I shall flourish wherever I plant myself.)

Nurses' Life in the Montreal General Hospital.

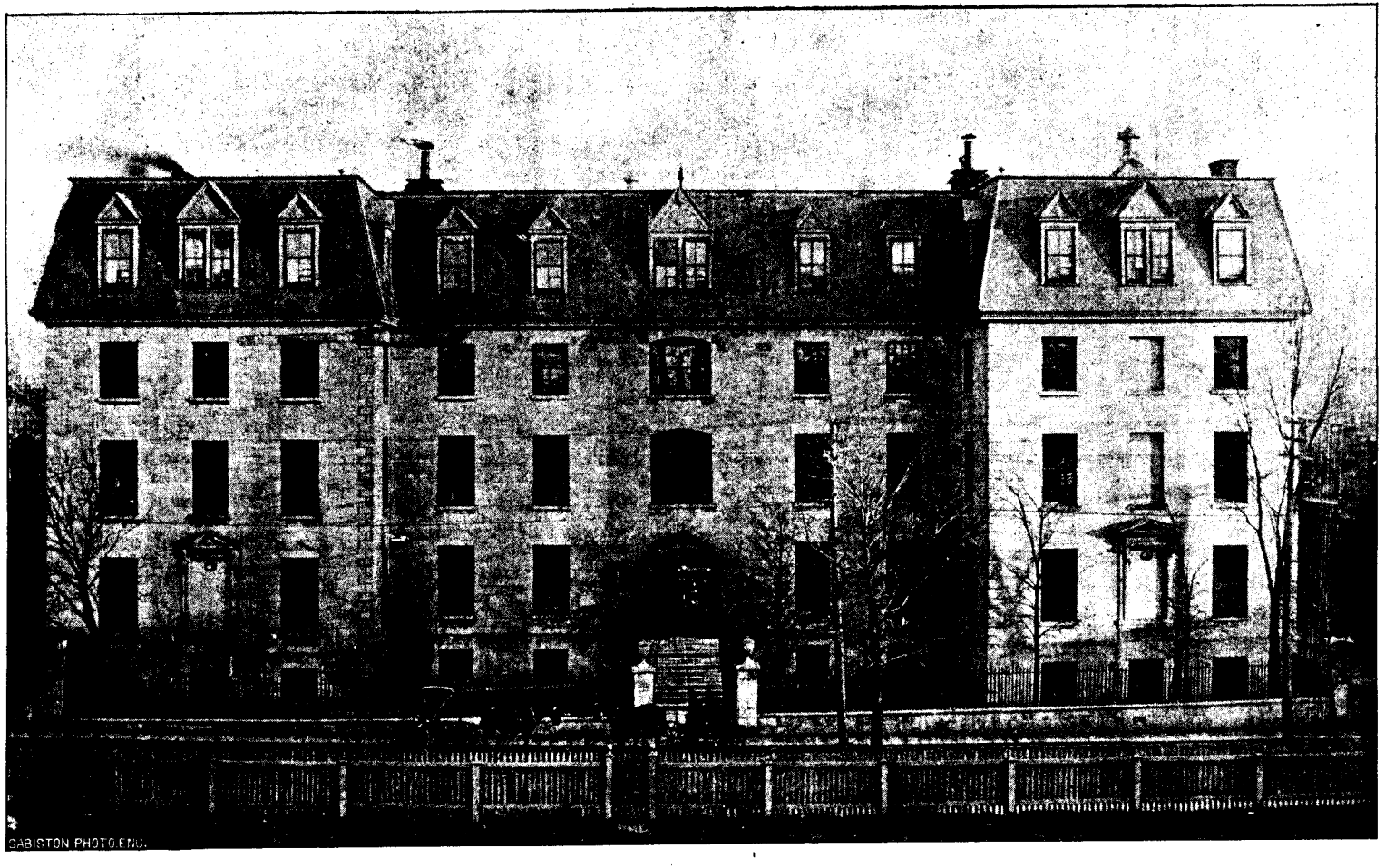
"NURSING" as Florence Nightingale has said, "is one of the finest of the fine arts," and never had artist more scope for a heaven-born gift than had our noble pioneer nurse, during the heart-rending scenes of the Crimea. Small wonder, that "they kissed her shadow as it fell at midnight o'er their pillows!" It was through her zeal and earnestness at this time, that the nation was startled into the recognition of a want, which had never before been realized, that of educated women to nurse the sick. Inquiry having been made into the state of hospital management and hospital nursing in general, the condition of things was found to be anything but satisfactory. We will not draw comparisons between the nurses of former times and those of to-day, for we might offend many good women who are not what we term trained nurses. Suffice it to say, that it was found necessary to form training schools, where any woman who had time and ability could acquire that practical skill, which is so requisite in ministering to the sick. With what enthusiasm and promptitude this gigantic want was met, will be seen from the fact that women out of every rank in society came forward to join the training schools, and joining a training school thirty years ago, was a very different matter from what it is to-day. Then, hospital appliances were so limited, and suitable help so grudgingly given, that these educated and refined women preferred to scrub floors and chairs themselves, rather than have the patients in the wards disturbed by rough, noisy char-women.

Indoor uniform.

About ten years ago, I happened to meet in the Edinburgh Hospital, a woman who had undergone an operation for cancer. She told me with pride, that she had had a Countess to nurse her, and it struck me that her illness was a minor matter, compared with the satisfaction of having had such a distinguished attendant. Even in these days, though not all Countesses, nurses can still give their patients to feel that their sole object is their comfort and welfare. Apparent kindness will never go far with a patient, for sickness quickens their observation, and unless a nurse is really kind and thoughtful, he will soon discover it, and her influence will become correspondingly less.

A mistaken impression prevails, that a nurse's life is all hard, disagreeable work, that she has little, if any, recreation, and has to stand twelve long hours a day. Of course, there are times when the wards are crowded, and the nurse is very busy, but it is seldom that she can not find some time during each day in which to sit down and make dressings for the ward; then there is her hour off duty, in which she can rest or go out.

To be a good nurse there are many qualifications necessary. She must be active and energetic, strong, physically, to endure the long hours and hard work, for there is always the lifting of patients, and changing of beds; then there are the screens which the nurse carries, while the House Surgeon with an abstracted air is deliberating upon the case. Along with patience, kindness, and tact, must be combined intelligence and earnest concentration of purpose, without which no one can do good work. Active, busy



FRONT VIEW OF MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL.

The nurses' sitting-room.

people are generally impatient, hence the necessity for training or discipline as the word implies. Two years of this discipline change the rough diamond into the polished gem.

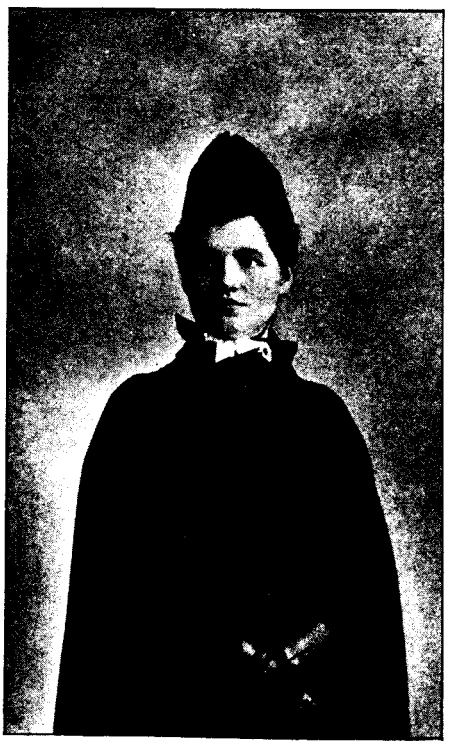
Before going on to describe the course of training in the Montreal General Hospital, we would call our readers' attention to the fact, that St. Thomas' Hospital, London, had the first established training school, and it has become the model for training schools the world over. The management was given to Florence Nightingale, and there nurses were thoroughly trained and qualified for what has now become the profession of the age for women.

Much has been said about the training schools in Europe, and of the work accomplished in those of New York, Boston, and other cities of the United States, but as yet little has been said about those in Canada. The one with which we have to deal is the Training School of the Montreal General Hospital, which was opened April 1st, 1890, but the formal opening did not take place until December 11th, 1890, when His Excellency the Governor General, and Lady Stanley, came down from Ottawa, especially for the purpose of being present. The ceremony took place at Windsor Hall, and addresses were made by Lord Stanley, the President, Mr. John Stirling, Dr. MacCallum, and Dr. Craik, Dean of the Medical Faculty of McGill College. The following is an extract from Dr. MacCallum's address: "The movement, I need scarcely say, has received the warm support and co-operation of the Medical Board, and to-day we have as a result an organization for the training of nurses, which for completeness and efficiency will compare favorably with any other similar organization on this continent. An organization pre-supposes an organizer, and the one we are dealing with is no exception to the rule. The authorities of the hospital have had the good fortune to secure the services of Miss Livingston for the position of Lady Superintendent and Directress of the Training School for Nurses. Endowed with many estimable qualities, this lady is eminently fitted, by education and training, to discharge the duties of the responsible position to which she has been preferred, and it speaks volumes in favor of her energy and administrative abilities that in so short a time after her appointment, a training school for nurses, fully equipped and ready for active work, has been established." Miss Livingston is a Canadian, born at Sault Ste. Marie, and is a graduate of the New York Hospital. She is assisted by the Nurse in Charge, Miss C. L. Davis, of the Adenbrooke Hospital, Cambridge, England, she having succeeded Miss F. N. Quaife, of the New York Hospital, who held that position for two years and a half.

Miss Livingston, Lady Superintendent.

The applicants for admission to the school number four hundred and sixty, one hundred and eighty of whom were accepted as probationers, but only one hundred retained as pupil nurses. Of these some few have left, owing to ill health, or imperative claims of kindred, and there is at present in the school a class of fifty nurses. Before entering the school the applicant must fill in correctly a "Form of Application" which includes a number of questions as to physical strength, eyesight, etc.

The hour for rising is 6 a.m., hours on duty from 7 a. m. until 7 p. m., with an hour off duty each day, one after-noon a week, and part of Sunday. Two weeks holidays are allowed during the year, and one week of sick leave. Nurses are at liberty to go out when off duty, but must be in before 10 p. m., unless given late leave, which can be obtained from the Lady Superintendent. The indoor uniform consists of a pink cotton dress, white apron, collar, cuffs, and white muslin cap. It is neat, pretty, and generally very becoming. There is also an out-door uniform, not compulsory, a long cloak of navy blue serge, and a small bonnet with navy blue and white strings.



Out-door uniform.

The training extends over a period of two years, including practical instruction in the wards, and all the detail necessary in the care and nursing of the sick. Besides this, there are lectures given by the attending staff of the hospital, and weekly classes held by the Lady Superintendent. The following are the lectures given in the winter session of 1890–91 :

COURSE OF LECTURES.

Opening Address, Dr. MacCallum.

Anatomy, Bones, Arteries, Nerves,—Surface Markings, Dr. Sutherland; Materia Medica, Poisons, etc., Dr. Stewart; Physiology, Dr. McKechnie; Dressings, Instruments, Appliances, Dr. Bell; Hygiene, Ventilation, Dietetics, Disinfectants, Dr. Craik; Bandaging, Dr. Kirkpatrik; Slight Ailments and their Treatment, Dr. F. W. Campbell; Medical Emergencies, Fits and Unconsciousness, Internal Hemorrhage, Dysynœa,—Causes and Treatment, Use of Hypodermic Syringe, Dr. Wilkins; Surgical Emergencies, Hemorrhage, Burns and Scalds, Fractures and Wounds, Drowning and Artificial Respiration, Dr. Armstrong and Dr. Rodger; Eye and Ear, Dr. Buller; Throat and Nose, Dr. Major; Gynæcological Nursing, Dr. Gardner; Children—Emergencies and Special Nursing, Dr. Blackader; Contagious Diseases, Fever Nursing and Temperaturetaking, Dr. MacDonnell; Obstetrical Nursing, Dr. Cameron.

The book used at the classes is the Text-Book of Nursing, by Clara S. Weeks. Not only does this text-book give information and lay down rules, but it is a guide to systematic training on a practical subject. The classes are divided into Junior, Senior, and Head Nurses, and they receive respectively six, seven, and eight dollars a month. When the applicant is accepted she comes on probation for a term of two months, and as probationer she has the most unpleasant and uninteresting part of the work. It consists of bed-making, dusting, serving of meals, bathing of patients, and attending to the order of the ward. Bathing of patients is a science in itself. First you must persuade your patient that such a method of cleansing is necessary, and if your power of reasoning is good, you can generally get an ordinarily sensible patient to take a bath. There are some, however, that no amount of reasoning, persuading or cajoling, will so much as induce them to wet the smallest portion of their precious bodies. They say, they have never taken a bath, (which is very evident,) and that they never intend to do so, and patients have actually left the Hospital, at the risk in one case of losing her eye-sight, rather than submit to this very sanitary arrangement. It is quite difficult for the probationer to learn how to make a good bed. The beds are what

In the children's ward

are called tight beds, that is, the sheet is drawn very tightly over the mattress, securely pinned at each end, while across the middle of the bed is laid a narrow sheet called a draw-sheet, which can be easily removed without disturbing the patient. These beds are found very comfortable by the patients, who perhaps have to lie some days without being moved on to another mattress.

At the end of the first eight months, the Junior, after passing an examination, becomes a Senior, or Head Assistant as she is sometimes called, when her work is more pleasant, and she has more responsibility. She gives medicines, takes temperatures, pulse and respirations, and takes charge of the ward when the Head Nurse is off duty. Temperatures are taken with a small thermometer, called a clinical thermometer, and this little instrument being made of glass, is very easily broken, hence it becomes a source of continual annoyance to a nurse. Let her be ever so careful, new patients will break the thermometer; warn them of one danger, and they immediately incur another. "Now, will you please put this little thing under your tongue, do not hold it with your teeth, else you many break it." The patient does not hold it at all merely lets it drop upon the floor, then remarks, "It fell, nurse." Again she tries. "Put this under your tongue, hold it tightly, or it will fall on the floor and break." This time the patient holds, and holds with such good will, that the top is bitten off. And the poor nurse in despair gathers up the scattered fragments, thinking sadly of what she meant to do with all the dollars which must now go for broken thermometers. Some patients visibly dread the innocent little thing, considering it possessed of some supernatural power, capable of effecting partial, if not permanent cure; but unless the patient has an extra amount of imaginative power, the result is generally disappointing. "I kept it in a long time, nurse, and kept my mouth closely shut," a rare thing with female patients, "but I do not feel much better yet."

Both pulse and respiration are counted to the half-minute, and a record of all these, together with a report of the patient's general condition, and the treatment he is receiving, is kept on a chart, which hangs at the head of the bed.

Sometime during the first year, the nurse goes upon night duty, for a term

of four months, which is anticipated by some as quite a promotion, for she reigns supreme, and has increased responsibility; but to the more timid souls this responsibility and loneliness are among its disadvantages.

There is a second examination for Head nurses, and it is what every junior and senior looks forward to, the honour of being Head nurse. Of course a Head nurse has all the advantages which are to be had, and they are many, she is also responsible for everything in the ward, and has the training of all nurses under her. When the probationer is quick and anxious to learn it is a pleasure to teach her, but sometimes the most unpromising material has to be molded into the trained nurse.

The nurses are moved once in every three or four months, to the different wards, Medical and Surgical, male and female. They are rarely told until the day upon which they are changed, and are supposed to submit to their fate uncomplainingly, sometimes a hard thing to do, as they become attached to their wards and patients. There is little difference in the routine of daily work; in medical wards there are many medicines, baths, applications, etc., and a great deal of chart work, while in the surgical wards attending to operation cases, ambulance cases, and the making of dressings, from the principal part of the work. One of the applications commonly used is a linseed poultice, every one has heard of it, but it is wonderful the different impres-

A group of head nurses.

sion these two words convey to different minds. Some people think that the thicker the linseed is applied, the more efficacious it will be, and the poor patient is consequently weighed down with a poultice which would make a strong person's arm ache to lift it. Nurses rarely commit this error, as they are taught to make a *light* poultice. It might interest our readers to know how this is done. Heat the dish in which the poultice is to be made, by pouring boiling water into it, empty this out, then put in boiling water enough for the size of poultice required, and stir in the meal gradually, beat it well for a couple of minutes, and spread thinly. The material used for spreading poultices on is gauze or cheesecloth, any thin cotton will do, but be sure that the piece of material is sufficiently large to hold the poultice; do not make the application one of linseed meal to the patient's body.

In the women's ward.

It generally causes some excitement, even in the hospital, when the ambulance bell rings. The nurses hurry to get the bed ready, for what may be a bad accident case. Instead of a spring, is used a fracture mattress, which is hard, made of straw packed very firmly, and is divided into two parts. This is covered with a sheet and on it placed a tight bed, such as has been described; then a long macintosh and blanket, which are easily removed after the patient has been washed, leaving the bed clean and dry. Beside the bed stands the nurse, with pails of water, brushes, sponges, soap, turpentine, etc., ready to do up the ambulance case. One can generally tell upon entering a ward, if a new case has come in, for a strong odor of turpentine prevails, or perhaps ether, if turpentine has failed to accomplish the desired result, and there are sometimes cases where even with the aid of both of these, the result is not wholly satisfactory to the nurse.

The out door department is where patients come daily to receive treatment, and all the minor surgical cases which are scarcely suitable for admission to the wards of the Hospital, are treated here. A nurse has an excellent opportunity of improving her surgical work in this department.

In the Infections wards, instruction is given in the nursing of Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Measles, and Erysipelas, but it is not compulsory to take this training.

The children's ward is one of the nicest in the Hospital, large and bright, with polished floor, pretty carpets, cots,

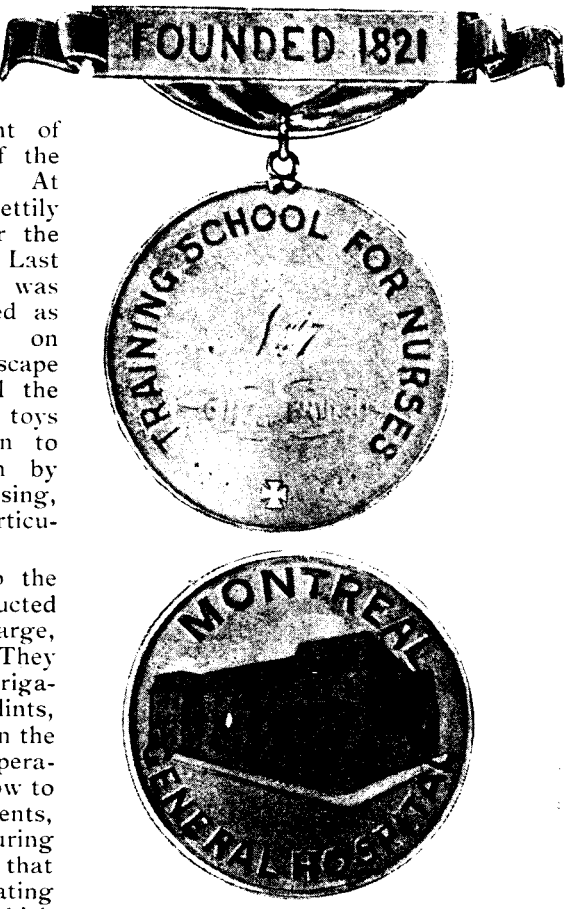
screens, and little red chairs, all tending to make the ward cheerful and attractive. The cots are supported by different Churches or Sunday Schools, and much interest is taken in the occupant of the little bed, by the children of the School to which it belongs. At Xmas time, the ward is very prettily decorated, and there is a tree for the children, well laden with toys. Last year the little ones' happiness was complete, for Dr. Morrow, dressed as Santa Claus, left his reindeer on the roof, came down the fire escape into the ward, and presented all the *good* little boys and girls with toys from the Xmas tree. In addition to this, a magic lantern was shown by Doctor Tatley; it was very amusing, and enjoyed by all present, particularly the older ones.

The nurses are sent in turn to the operating room, where they are instructed in their duties by the nurse in charge, Miss Alicia Dunne, of Quebec. They attend to the mixing of solutions, irrigation, preparing of towels, sponges, splints, assist with dressings, and wait upon the surgeons generally. When the operations are over, they are shown how to cleanse and care for the instruments, also how to prepare them for use during operation. It is worthy of note, that no nurse has fainted in the operating room since the school started, which does away with the popular impression that a nurse necessarily faints upon seeing her first operation.

Each class in turn is taught how to bandage, and at the end of a certain time, there is a competition, and a prize awarded to the nurse who does the best work. Some of the bandages which are put on, are the finger, hand, arm, foot, leg, spica, clavicle, capelline, etc. The prizes have been taken by Mrs. Marie O'Donovan, of Toronto, Miss Nora Jolly, Montreal, and Miss Jessie Bolster, Lancaster, Ont, in each case the prize consisting of a Hypodermic Syringe.

The final examinations are held by four of the attending staff, two examining in Medicine and two in Surgery. These, when passed, entitle the nurse to medal and diploma.

The classes graduate on the 1st of April, and the 1st of October, but the graduating exercises are held only on the 1st of April. These take place in the



Graduating medal.

Hall of the Natural History Society University Street, where several members of the Medical Board and Committee of Management, are assembled; the friends of the nurses also being present. These exercises are generally followed by a supper, given by the nurses who remain in the school to the graduates. There are nineteen graduates, some of whom continue to do hospital work, while others prefer the quieter life of private nursing. No pupil in the school, is allowed to go out to take charge of private cases, but there is a register at the Hospital for the graduates, where a nurse can generally be obtained. Not always, however, for there have been three hundred demands for private nurses. One of the graduates, Miss E. Baikie, is night Superintendent of the Hospital, Miss E. Cooper, Matron of the Maternity Hospital, Miss Ellen Chapman, and Miss Barbara Haggart are head nurses in the Jewish Hospital, Avondale, Cincinnati, and Miss

Group of nurses and medical staff.

Jessie Preston one of the head nurses at the hospital in Winnipeg. When the nurses are ill, they receive every care and attention, and as soon as the new wings are opened, there is to be an Infirmary for the nurses, which will be one of the many advantages they will derive from them. These wings are to be devoted exclusively to surgical work, the operating room has a seating capacity of two hundred and fifty, and there are four large wards, each containing twenty-five beds, and a number of private wards. As soon as these are opened, the work of remodelling the old building will be commenced, which having been built about 70 years ago, is insufficient in its accommodation for those who daily apply for admission, inconvenient in the arrangement of the wards, and deficient in modern appliances.

The nurses' rooms are on the top flat of

the Hospital, and as they have the privilege of adding any little adornment to them, some of them are very pretty, and display the artistic taste of their occupants. Pleasant afternoons and evenings are spent up there, and many are the teas and suppers which the nurses have enjoyed together. The parlor is a pleasant room, in which is a fine piano, easy chairs, writing desks, and books. If the nurses ask for a whole day off duty, or an extra holiday, Miss Livingston is ever ready to grant any reasonable favour. They are always treated with kindness and consideration, so while there may be hardships in the life of a nurse, still, I think my readers will agree with me, that there are many privileges which she enjoys, and that the woman who is a trained nurse, is much to be envied, particularly she who is trained in the Montreal General Hospital.

A corner in the men's ward

In his recent plea for freedom in the discussion of our national future, Attorney-General Longley is in error in assuming that "the especial advocates of the imperial federation idea always seek to deprive the subject of the character of a fair debate upon its merits" and appeal only to sentiment. Some imperial federationists, of whom I am a humble one, desire to have the question of our future decided upon its merits alone. If we appeal to sentiment, we appeal to principle and self-interest also. If we believe the federation of the empire to be the grandest, most honourable and most stimulating of our possible destinies, we also believe it to be the most prudent, secure and economical of all the proposed changes in our political status. I hold with Mr. Longley that the fair advocates of annexation should be given a fair hearing. A cause that cannot bear discussion is not worth fighting for:

> "He either fears his fate too much
> Or his deserts are small,
> That dares not put it to the touch
> To gain or lose it all."

To argue for annexation creates no reasonable presumption that a man, even an official, is a traitor. "Traitor" is derived from *trado*, and means a person who *betrays* or would betray something or somebody. "Treason" comes from the same Latin word, through *trahison*, and implies *treachery*. Because a general recommends making peace on terms which his government decline, are we therefore to jump at the conclusion that he is likely to betray an army or a fortress to the enemy, and are we to brand him as untrustworthy and to clamour for his resignation? Because a man advises a girl to marry for money, are we to assume that, if she objects, he will aid her suitor in abducting her? Though not traitorous, it would, however, be spiritless and base to favour annexation to a foreign nation while it maintained a bullying or threatening attitude to the Empire or Canada. It is a characteristic of curs to fawn upon their persecutors and to lick the hands that smite them.

* * *

In the same article Mr. Longley says: "Whether my moral instincts be right or wrong, I propose to be guided solely by my conceptions of the best interests of Canada." Now, though a Canadian's *main* consideration should be the interests of Canada, surely he should *not* be guided *solely* by them. He should be capable of feeling a wider patriotism, and he should not brush aside the obligations of honour or gratitude. Being a citizen of the British Empire, as well as a Canadian, he should not ignore the interests of that empire, and he should have some regard for the welfare of his race and of mankind. But I am glad to perceive that Mr. Longley's moral instincts are much better than he represents them to be, for he makes his imaginary advocate of annexation show a proper concern for the interests of the motherland and the English-speaking race:

"In so doing we shall be rendering the greatest service in our power to the great nation to which we now belong and to which we are bound by so many ties of honour and affection. To the great English-speaking communities which have sprung from her loins, Great Britain must look for her allies and supporters in her great civilizing mission in the world. The only cause of friction between Britain and her greatest offspring is Canada. The petty disputes about fisheries, seals, canals, railways and bonding privileges are the sole remaining hindrance to an absolutely friendly alliance. Let us then with Britain's consent seek an equal alliance with our separated brothers and make our changed allegiance the occasion of a treaty

of perpetual friendship and mutual defence between the two great nations of the English race."

* * *

The Illustrated American, a paper published in Chicago, and purporting to be respectable, contains in its issue of August 27th a beautiful picture of the Princess Ahmadee of Delhi. It explains the evening costume of the fair oriental by the fact that Delhi is now quite Europeanized. "Delhi," adds this veracious journal, "was taken by British thugs and robbers, under the command of Lord Lake in 1803, and has ever since—save for the brief period in 1857, when the rightful owners of the land came into their own again by an unfortunately unsuccessful revolution—continued under the rule of the British looters. One of the most splendid gems in Queen Victoria's crown was stolen by an English general from the sceptre of Delhi's captive sovereign." The friendly and appreciative historian of *The Illustrated American* then goes on to comment on the erection of a statue at Delhi, to the irregular officer who shot the King of Delhi's sons, and whom he erroneously brevets as "the beast General Hodson." Hodson of Hodson's Horse died a major. He was never, like the average American citizen, even a colonel. Besides, the brevet rank of "Beast" belongs prescriptively to an American general, who, I am proud to say, is another blatant vilifier of Great Britain.

What would be said in America if *The Illustrated London News* expressed regrets that an uprising of American Indians, marked by unspeakable barbarities, and heroically if sternly suppressed, had proved "unfortunately unsuccessful;" that "the rightful owners of the land" had not permanently "come into their own again," but that the country "continued under the rule of the Yankee looters?" And yet to make such expressions on the part of a London journal as utterly inexcusable as the expressions of *The Illustrated American*, the numbers of the American Indians would have to be vastly increased and their grievances vastly diminished.

I sincerely hope that, in regard to the brilliantly won and well governed Empire of India, *The Illustrated American* does not illustrate the feelings of intelligent Americans, but merely those of Messrs. Ingalls, Butler, O'Donovan Rossa, *et hoc genus omne*. Americans of a nobler type cannot but feel proud of the civilizing career of their kinsmen in Hindustan.

* * *

I have been shown the first number of the latest curiosity in periodical literature, *The Pagan Review*. It is to be pagan in style and sentiment, and is to treat sexual relations and other delicate matters with pagan freedom from hypocrisy. It purposes waging war with conventionality, and adopts the apt motto, *Sic transit gloria Grundi*. "Editorial prefaces to new magazines," remarks the Editor in his Foreword, "generally lay great stress on the effort of the directorate, and all concerned, to make the forthcoming periodical popular. We have no such expectation: not even, it may be added, any such intention. We aim at thorough-going unpopularity: and there is every reason to believe that, with the blessed who expect little, we shall not be disappointed." Possibly to further this editorial aim, *The Pagan Review* only offers sixty-four unillustrated pages for a shilling, and is published in a small town (Rudgwick, Sussex, England,) though most of the articles are by metropolitan litterateurs. Most of the "young pagans" are smart, but there is a suspicion of insincerity in their missionary zeal.

* * *

Every writer, I presume, has encountered the editorial printer. This worthy knows a thing or two about the English language and has perhaps acquired a few foreign words or phrases, and what he does not know he thinks quite unworthy of consideration. He will promptly condemn all unfamiliar or doubtful words and substitute those of whose existence he is altogether sure. If you speak of a dangerous topic as "a proscribed subject for ingenuous youth" he will print it a "prescribed subject for ingenious youth." If you refer to "heavy ordnance" or to "Walpole, Earl of Orford," he will make you say "ordinance" or "Oxford," because the nouns you have used are outside of his vocabulary. Should you mention just now the great fire at "St. John," he will promptly take it for granted that you must mean the recent blaze at "St. John's." In the Maritime Provinces, editorial printers are wont to change your "Arcadian simplicity" into "Acadian" ditto, while in other parts of the world they not uncommonly describe "Evangeline" as "a tale of Arcadie." If a poet uses capitals to personify Love or Death, or, after some supreme crisis, to accentuate RUIN, the editorial compositor will

ruthlessly print the words as "love," "death," "ruin."

* * *

The dictatorial editor is nearly as aggravating as the editorial printer. Some editors persistently restrict the use of capitals to proper names and shock respecters of potentates by making them seem to write "queen Victoria," "the pope" and "the devil" with small initial letters. Others are sternly puritanical and offend writers of sketches by substituting vapid paraphrases for strong Anglo-Saxon. Contributors would have less to complain of if such editors would print their *index expurgatorius* of forbidden words, after the example of the proprietor of a New York weekly who regularly published a notice that the name of the Deity was never used in his journal. Personally, I cannot see that veneration for God requires either the systematic suppression of His name or its systematic mispronunciation as Gawd; but some most estimable people feel otherwise. The dictatorial editor is clearly within his rights in changing your "plough" and "axe" into "plow" and "ax," or in uniformly adopting any one of two or more *recognized* modes of spelling a word; but he is hardly justified in practising a fad for phonetic spelling upon the "copy" of his contributors, as some editors do. Other editors object to the title "Esq," and taboo it, quite legitimately, in their articles and items; but this does not justify their changing (as I have known an editor to have changed) "J. Smith Esq." into "Mr. J. Smith" in the address of a letter purporting to be printed literally. Mr. Smith may feel himself fully entitled to the style of "Esq." from anybody who uses it at all, as the writer of the letter, Mr. Jones, is in the habit of doing; and the editor has no right to make it erroneously appear that Jones thinks Smith too insignificant a person to honour with this insignificant title; which he confers pretty generally upon his acquaintances.

* * *

A few newspapers have columns which they head "Personal and Pertinent;" but a great many newspapers have columns which might be headed "Personal and Impertinent." There would be a loss of alliteration but a gain of truth in the latter headline. Just where the intrusion of the newspaper upon private life is to end, it is hard to guess. The dress of men and women, both at particular "functions" and in everyday life, their manners and habits in their homes, the appointments of their dining tables and their bedrooms, have long since been assumed to be matters of public interest. The presence of humble individuals at small and quiet parties is frequently recorded, and the record is seldom, if ever, resented. A short time ago I observed, in a newspaper report of a sermon by a popular preacher, that half-a-dozen prominent citizens and a few friends of the enterprising reporter were noticed by name as being present in the congregation. By the way, it might increase the attendance and receipts of an advertising church to publish complete lists of those present at each service, "noticing" the dresses of the more liberal contributors, and making truant members unpleasantly "conspicuous by their absence."

* * *

Longfellow's "Evangeline" may have created more than half of the world's sympathy for the expelled Acadians, but it would be wrong to charge the poet with wilfully exciting undue indignation against the drastic action of the British. He was aware that the expulsion was suggested by a New England governor and executed by a New England officer and New England militia, although the poet's brother and biographer loosely calls them "English."

Besides, the censure of the British authorities in "Evangeline" is gentle when compared with the wild abuse of earlier writers. In the preface to her romance "The Neutral French," published in Providence, R. I., in 1841, Mrs Williams observes that "the history of the civilized world affords no parallel" to the barbarities of the expulsion. The persecution of Poland by Russia, and "the cruel sufferings of the modern Greeks under the ruthless Turks" she expressly instances as milder and more excusable.

"The memory," she states in her Introduction, "of the thousands of our brave countrymen who have perished in the dungeons and prison-ships at Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, during the war of the Revolution, is yet rife in the mind of every American; and there is nothing in prison discipline remembered with so much abhorrence, unless it is the accaldama (*sic*) of Dartmoor, or the black-hole of Calcutta. * * * * * * * The sufferings of imprisoned Americans, cold, starving, and expiring from disease

and filth and noxious air, would be almost forgotten, if once the whole story of the former inhabitants, the rightful owners of the soil, the much injured Acadians, could be told."

The history in the body of the tale is doubtless quite as original and interesting, but I have never ventured beyond the Introduction.

* * *

In the last decade we have had several striking instances of the force of magnetic personality in politics—Sir John Macdonald in Canada, Parnell in Ireland, Blaine in the United States, Bismarck in Germany, Gladstone in England. The first three of these are already, and the last two must soon be, numbered among lost leaders. In early campaigns their former adherents will fully feel the loss of their great chieftains.

* * *

In war the influence of leaders has been as marked as in politics. "Where, where was Roderick then? One blast upon his bugle horn Were worth a thousand men!" sighed Allan-Bane, as he recounted to the dying chieftain the defeat of his clansmen. The Douglas, when mortally wounded at Otterburn, directed his name to be shouted louder than before, and so it happened that,

"The Douglas dead, His name hath won the field."

So the dead Cid, mounted on his own good steed, won a last victory for Spain; and so Patroclus in the armour of the redoubted Achilles scattered the panic-stricken Trojans.

"If I stamp on the ground in Italy, an army will appear," was the proud boast of Pompeius Magnus. A walking stick in the hand of the Caliph Omar, it was said, carried more terror than a sword in the hand of any other leader; and the same remark might have been made of Gordon Pasha's cane. Napier describes the inspiriting and decisive effect of the unexpected presence of Wellington during an engagement in the Peninsular War; and "the little corporal" inspired his troops with similar confidence on several occasions. Of course under the changed conditions of modern war the great tactician will beat the magnetic commander all the time; but a man who is both, as Napoleon was, will always be the most effective leader, and habitual success will never lose its inspiring effect. The "lost cause" of the South might have triumphed, if "Stonewall" Jackson had not fallen at Chancellorsville.

* * *

Some people believe in prohibiting Salvation Army processions as having often led and being likely to lead to breaches of the peace. But surely it is those who break the law who should feel its strong arm. Others propose to stop the street music of the "chorybantic form of Christianity," whose drumming and shouting is so jarring to sensitive nerves and sometimes so merciless to the sick. But this cannot be done consistently or justly while the jangled bells of certain churches are allowed to sound their harsh and cruel croaks without let or hindrance, whether they are murdering the calm of a Sabbath, or striking despair into the hearts of mourners at a funeral, or merely casting a gloom over a marriage.

F. Blake Crofton.

ERE attempting an extended notice of what any painstaking traveller will note in Kingston, or the capital of Jamaica, it will be well to dwell briefly on the fact that Jamaica is the largest and most picturesque of the British West Indian possessions. The island, owing to its excellent geographical position, has an importance to the mother country that no mere sketch in words can convey. It is a naval and military stronghold.

The island is divided into three counties, bearing the familiar names of Surrey, Middlesex, and Cornwall. Its coasts are dotted with ports and towns.

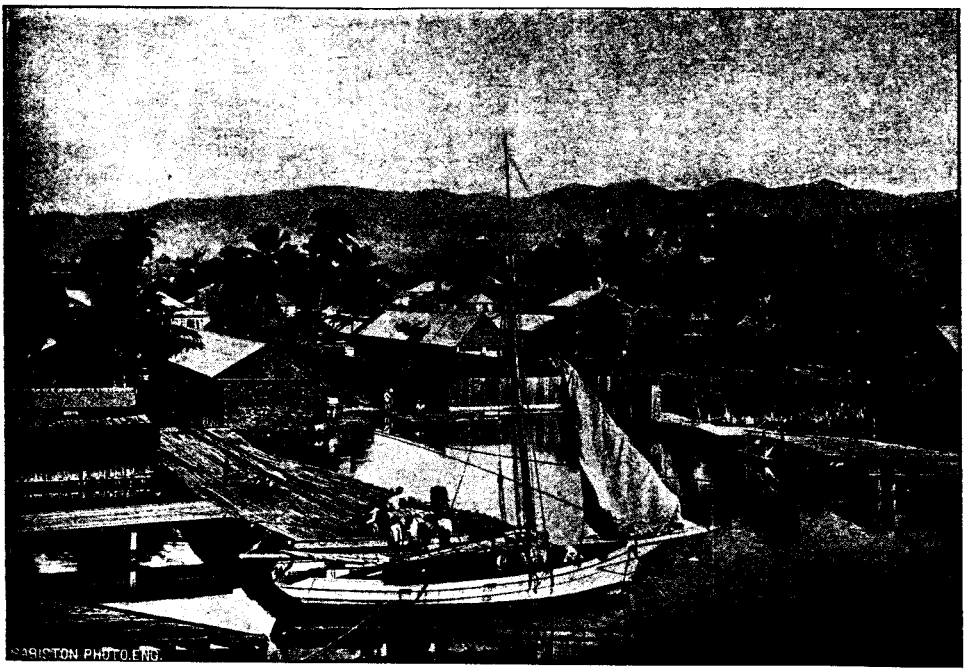
History states that previous to the time of Columbus many of the islands of the West Indies were peopled by the Caribs and the Arrowauks, the latter a peaceful people, when compared with the fierce and warlike Caribs. A passing glimpse of the past may be found in the large stone axes and stone breast plates found in many of the islands. Some archeologists believe that the West Indies originally were peopled by Indians from what to-day are the United States of America. A fine collection of such curios will be found in the Jamaica Institute in Kingston.

The name Jamaica is believed to be a corruption of the word *Xaymaca*, or Land of Wood and Water. Owing to its abundance of rivers and springs it also has been called "The Isle of Springs." It is an island in the Carribbean, some fourteen hundred miles from New York, and ninety from Cuba. It is one hundred and forty-four miles long, by an average breadth of fifty miles. Population over six hundred thousand, of whom some sixty thousand live in the capital. One of the many benefits conferred by the late Exhibition may be inferred when the statement is made that property in Kingston has advanced in value fully one-fourth.

Without wishing to dwell at length on the extensive early and interesting history of the island, those familiar with the life and voyages of Columbus will recall its discovery by the brave and daring Genoese navigator in May, 1494, or during his second voyage to the New World. He, doubtless as a compliment to his Spanish patrons, named the island Santiago, *anglice* Saint James, after a patron Saint of Spain. Santiago likewise was a famous battle cry of the early Spaniards, and when it arose in the plain before Granada they fought with distinguished bravery, and finally routed the Moors.

Spain took formal possession of the island in 1509, and proceeded to fortify it in a masterly manner. Eight centuries of continuous war with the Moorish invaders had taught Spaniards the full value of ports and fortifications. Entering the fine harbour of Kingston, an old-time Spanish fort will be seen, Fort Augusta. Spanish forts, bridges, roads, and names in the island, link that interesting past with the present.

In 1655 it was captured by Penn and Venables. Under the treaty of Madrid, Jamaica was formally ceded to England in 1670. A souvenir of the past was on exhibition in Jamaica last year. Within the grounds of the Exposition were two



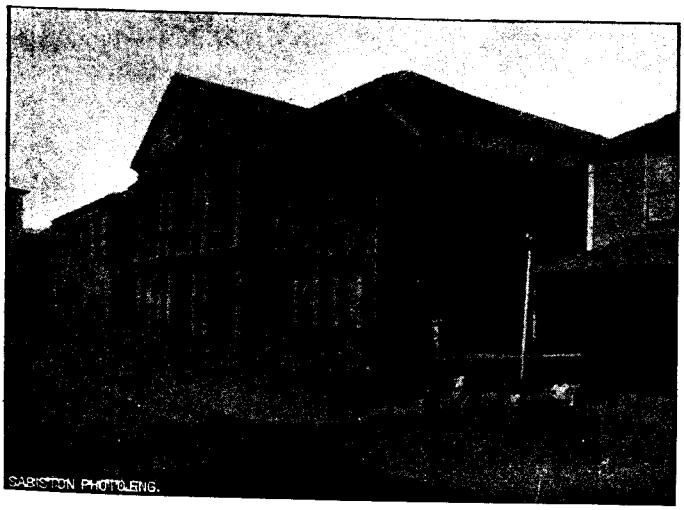
In Kingston Harbour.

Spanish cannon, large and well made. They had been recovered from the sea, and no doubt formed part of an early coast defence station. That a truly warm or "tropical" reception had been prepared for its English invaders, may be inferred when the statement is made that one of the guns had been loaded to the muzzle, literally so, as the cannon ball nearest the muzzle was within a few inches of it. In Jamaica the past and present will be found blending. From the time of its capture by the heretics or English, it has remained a British possession. The history of the whole group of West Indian islands recalls some of the boldest and most successful of England's naval engagements. The Spanish Main will ever be eloquent of deeds of bravery and daring, achieved by the "wooden walls" of Old England.

The past of Jamaica teems with things historic. Its present is prosperous, and an attractive future will be her's if she thoroughly realizes what her geographical position and perfect winter climate can be made to do in the way of enhancing the island's prosperity. Under the magical influence of her Governor, Sir Henry Arthur Blake, K.C.M.G., &c., a new era has set in. He has been the means of awakening Jamaica and Jamaicans to the many and magnificent possibilities within reach. The late Exhibition gave Jamaica the prominence that she deserves, and now it stands prominently before the travelling and reading public as the winter resort of the West Indies.

Now for a brief sketch of Kingston.—It has many prominent buildings. Those of the Government, many churches, warehouses and business places. In the city and suburbs, are many charming homes, many within enclosures, nestling in a wealth of tropical vegetation, waving palms, and a profusion of flowers; a drive or walk about the city, reveals its churches, the Treasury, and Public Buildings. The parade in the upper part of the city, is a large square with good walks, and a fine collection of tropical trees. There the organ cactus may be seen, attaining a height of twenty feet.

Kingston has a tramway extending for several miles into the country. The railway service is excellent. Several trains a day leave Kingston for Spanish town, the former capital, and various parts of the island. The railway system is being extended and soon will connect many of the leading centres. The capital has four daily newspapers and is connected with the outside world by cable, and soon will have another, or a branch cable connecting it with the Bermuda and Halifax cable.



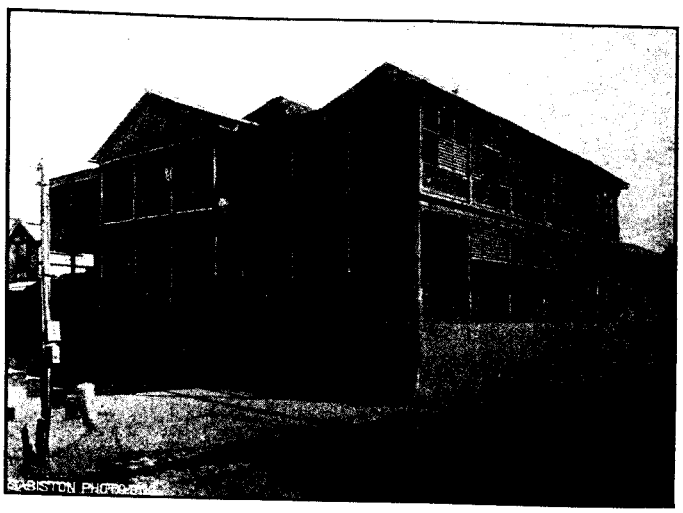
Public Buildings, Kingston

In the latter scheme, the Canadian Government has taken a prominent part. Travellers to Jamaica, for pleasure or health will find all that reasonable people can expect. The hotels will compare favorably with the best hotels in the West Indies.

Kingston, is the principal port of the island, and headquarters there for the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, the Anchor Line, Atlas Line, Pickford and Black's Line from Halifax, the Rankine Line, etc. Three of these make direct sailings to and from New York, the Atlas, Anchor and Rankine Lines. Thus the opportunities of getting to and from Jamaica are many; the Atlas line has a coastal service around the Island. The Government of Jamaica now is advertising for tenders in New York, for a semi-weekly service for all coast ports. Travellers for pleasure or health, should bear in mind that the time for them, is the winter season, or from November to May, when a perfect climate will be found. Once there, the reading and news seeking tourist, will find books and to spare. "The Handbook of Jamaica" issued by the Government, is replete with information. In it is a full summary of the history of the island from the earliest times.

In walking about Kingston many cannon will be seen. Their past is all their own, and their present mission is peaceful enough, as they are planted muzzle down at the street corners. Their number awakens the belief that in early days hard knocks awaited the uninvited in the West Indies. As has been stated some of England's greatest naval battles were fought for the possessions and holding of her West Indian possessions. In early days they had an importance, in the eyes of the British statesmen, that has found an awakening in our own time. To-day, England recognizes the value and strategic importance of her island possessions. She also recognizes that she and her colonies must remain one, and inseparable.

Many of the public buildings in Kingston and other parts of the island have broad verandahs, protected by jalousies of venetian blinds, serving a double function of keeping out heat and glare. They



The Treasury, Kingston

PORT ROYAL FROM THE ARSENAL.

preach their own sermon and mean coolness and comfort within, while the pure sea breezes have free access to all parts of the buildings. It is a common error to suppose that all life within the Tropics is a constant bake and swelter. During the hottest season, corresponding to our summer, all may be very comfortable if recognized methods are accepted and put into practice. Residents adopt their dress to the climate. The early mornings are simply delightful and inspiriting, mid-day is hot and sensible, people avoid rushing about. Fortunately for them, the electric-like rush of hereaway—there is unknown.

gives us a capital idea of a sea-side city in the West Indies. They all have something in common, save that Kingston under its able Mayor, Dr. Ogilvie, has clean and well kept streets, when compared with sister islands. The shops of Kingston are many and in them an endless variety of goods may be found. The illustrations in this article give an idea of the general architecture in the business part of the city. The old time Spanish arch obtains in many of the buildings, and serves a double purpose. It enables the builders' to build out flush with the street, while it forms an arcade alongside of it,

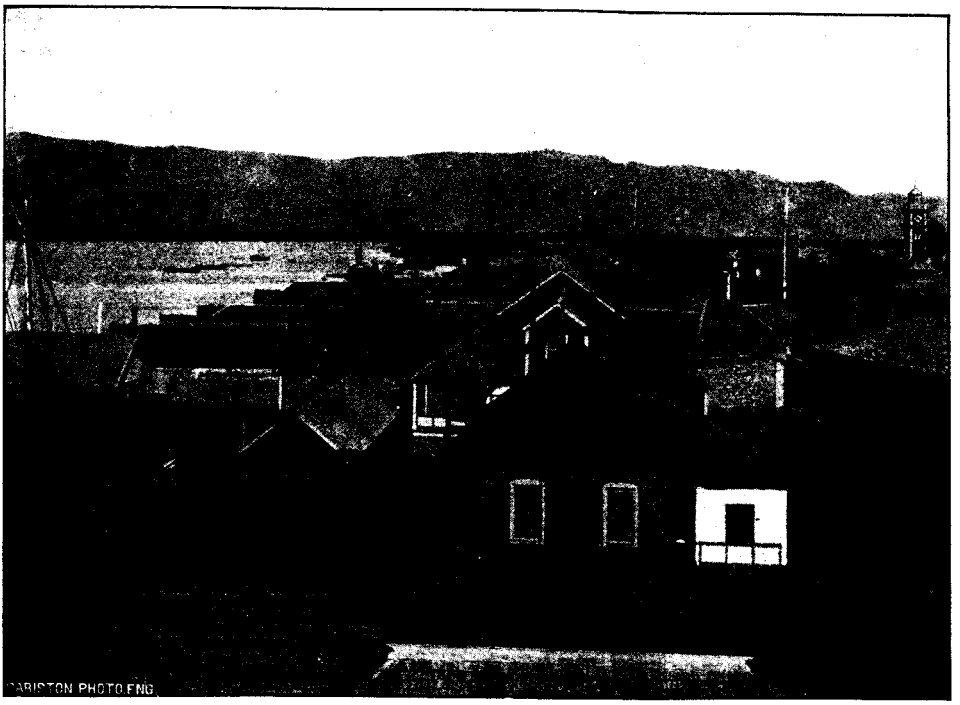
Market Day

The heat in the tropics (and Jamaica is included) is not the fiery heat of mid-summer as in Montreal or New York city, nor is the heat in the tropics attended with the same dangers as with us. The afternoons are almost as pleasant as the early morn. Jamaica has a healthy sea-breeze, known as the "Doctor;" a singularly popular "Doctor" it is, all speak well of it. It is the pure and cool sea-air, free from dust and germ-like particles. It sweeps in from the vast ocean without and inspires new life and gladness. Good Dame Nature's own champagne.

A stroll along King and Harbour streets, and a perfect cover for the sidewalk, keeping off rain and glare, an excellent illustration of practical economy of a tropical variety.

The huge net work of telegraph wires in the streets tell their own tale of energy, push and development. No island in the West Indies has a service that equals Jamaica's, a telegraphic service that faithfully answers all requirements of the Government and public. In just such matters observant travellers recognize true thrift and true prosperity.

Some idea of the very substantial nature of the Government buildings may be had



Port Royal, Harbour View.

here from the illustrations. The Treasury building representing one kind of tropical architecture; the public buildings another. The latter have a central entrance and portico, Corinthian columns and an air of general solidity.

A visit to Port Royal, a spot famous in history, will be very enjoyable. Some of the old time walls there remind us of things Spanish. Port Royal is the station for the Royal Navy in Jamaica. There are many buildings, barracks, hospitals, arsenal, etc. The abundant growth of palms there adds to the effectiveness of the scene. Near bye, men-of-war may be seen at anchor. Beyond all a vast stretch of ocean, closed in by the distant horizon. During the dry season a clear blue sky covers all; while it lasts, the soft and clear moonlight of the tropics is perfect. The stars can be seen almost down to the very horizon, owing to the clearness of the atmosphere. Port Royal as seen from the deck of an incoming steamer presents a pretty panorama; as the steamer moves in, the scene changes, new details are visible, back there is a stretch of level country, with Kingston in the foreground, and back of it, in the distance the mountains of Jamaica. The mountain peaks in the island are lofty. Several are said to rise to an elevation of nearly eight thousand feet. In fact, Cuba and Jamaica possess the loftiest peaks in the West Indies.

Among the very substantial buildings in Kingston is that of the Colonial Bank. The entrance to the main office is through a court; within on a market day, it is a scene of great activity. The Bank of Nova Scotia has a branch there, which is another fraternal link in the chain of business relations between Canada and Jamaica.

An early morning's visit to the market in Kingston will amply repay the traveller and introduce him to scenes new and attractive. The supports of the building are of iron, covered with galvanized iron; the sides are open, and the whole is fenced in. There, on a market day, an insight will be obtained of the great fertility of the island, an estimate best made by seeing its vegetables and fruits. Almost everything can be had from bird-peppers to luscious pine apples. Many of the vendors are portly dames, in picturesque attire, the old time bandanna handkerchief still being used as a species of turban. They are very striking for visual effects. The good nature of the sellers, like the tropic sunshine, seems endless.

Laughing and chatting, life among them, as seen by the on-looker, must not be taken too seriously ; with it they blend much innocent mirth, and by getting the most out of it are insular philosophers. In occupation, they find happiness. Market day with them, is an event ; a meeting, a comparing of notes and exchange of news. It is a busy scene, and one that impresses itself on the memory.

The class of small farmers is very large. Their holdings of land seem almost microscopically small, when viewed from our standpoint, but such is the great fertility of the soil, that is alleged that a single acre properly cultivated will provide for a small family. Their wants are simple. Many have an idea that the blacks and their descendants are naturally indolent ; such is not the case, the small land holders may be seen in their holdings hard at work as early as five o'clock in the morning. Many of the men and women walk many miles into market, carrying heavy loads, generally on their heads. The women as a class are barefoot, their skirts they draw up about half way between the foot and the knee. The extra roll of skirt reposes in a fold above the hips, and, as they are vigorous walkers, they make the miles rapidly. The roads in Jamaica are excellent. They are cared for by the Government and the parishes. Some of the fruit growers have mules and donkeys, when they may be seen leading a patient donkey, to whose sides are fastened panniers filled with fruit and vegetables for market day. They are seen along the highways and bye-ways at all hours of the day and night. Thanks to the perfect discipline of the island police, the roads by day or night are perfectly safe. Many of the women walk nearly all night to secure a good place in the market. Their produce sold, they do their purchasing, and return as contentedly as they came. The conviction is inevitable, that the Jamaicans are a hard working and contented people, and as a people obedient to the laws, cheerfully acknowledging the supremacy of a paternal government. Some, in the full enjoyment of that protection, peace and prosperity, do not fully recognize its value. To do so, their surroundings of law and order should be compared with much of the lawlessness

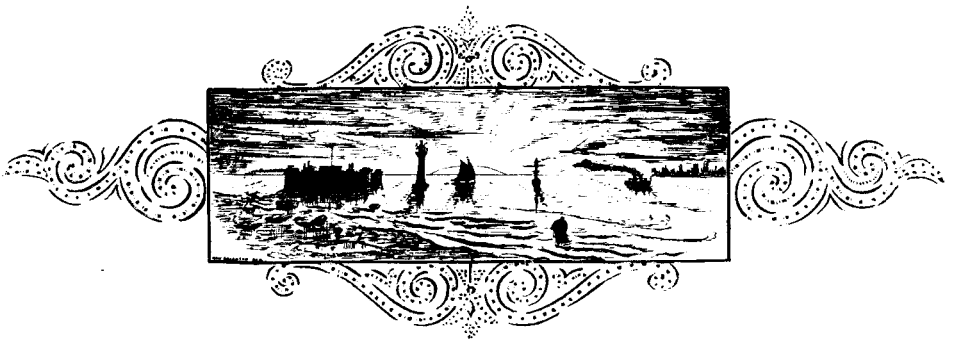
A Jamaican Hotel.

and bloodshed in their near neighbour, Cuba; then, and then only does the goodness of British law in the protection of life and property make itself apparent. When the contrast can be drawn from actual experience then the glorious privilege of being a British subject is apparent.

Travellers to Jamaica will find a number of excellent hotels in the island. Several of them are owned by joint-stock companies, and two have been aided by the government. To refer to four of them, the Myrtle Bank, in Kingston, a large and commanding building, well situated in a central location. Five miles out of Kingston, by tram, is the Constant Spring Hotel. The latter is built on an extensive *mesa* or tableland. The view from the hotel and its extensive all around verandahs is perfect. In front lies Kingston, the harbour, Port Royal, and the Palisades. Back of the building are near and distant mountains. The grounds of the hotel are extensive. Horses and carriages can be had, or visitors can go into Kingston by tram. At Moneague is a hill resort or hotel, a new building well placed and furnished. Spanish town, the old capital, has its hotel, by name, the Rio Cobre Hotel, *anglice* the Copper River Hotel, Santiago de la Vega was its old name, or Saint James of the Plain. Hotels and *pensions* can be found in various parts of the island.

Recent advices from Jamaica state that several of the leading hotels will be amalgamated, and receive further aid from the government, the whole with a view of making Jamaica a popular winter resort for Canadians and Americans.

WOLFRED NELSON.



Pages from the Past

IT is strange how a trifle will sometimes set one's memory working. Some chance-directed touch on the dusty mental keyboard wakes a note which whispers far down the dim corridors of time till it rouses long sleeping figures to the life and action of some forgotten tragedy or comedy of the past.

Not long since I glanced over an Ontario paper in an aimless sort of way, skimming paragraphs from different parts of the province, reading names that were certainly not prominent in my youthful days, and at the same time wondering vaguely what had become of the old crowd. There was the usual grist of items from points in Western Ontario, telling of the doings of so and so; the sale of somebody's horse; presentation to Mr. Blank, and others, in the way of twins, testimonials, and what not — *in fine*, the time-honored, proper-caper paragraphs of a country paper, highly absurd, yet possessing a certain peculiar interest all their own. At last my eye noted a few lines that riveted my attention at once.

"His Honor, Judge Dash," had sentenced one Washington Miller for theft, and the penalty was thirty days in the common jail. The theft covered poultry and melons and the thief was a negro.

"His Honor, Judge Dash!" Great Scott! and the delinquent had stolen pullets and, of all things, *melons!* Then I dropped the paper and laughed heartily.

"His Honor Judge Dash"— that erstwhile curly-headed young cub, the worst young pill, save one, in our county; *bon* comrade of the *worst* pill, close chum of my own, and with no other chum himself— right well I remembered him in the old school days. So that confounded youthful reprobate had studied law— and wriggled himself into a county judgeship? Strange how time changes men and things. Here was Dash, of all men on earth administering the stern measure of the law to an unfortunate darkey, and partly for stealing melons, and, to cap the climax, a darkey named Washington Miller!

Strangly comical memories arose after the reading of that paragraph; of Dash as a fifteen-year-old, of his curly pow and sturdy limbs, and of his irrepressible animal spirits which continually prompted him to mischief, and together with his endless pranks earned for him the title of a "precious young devil, if there ever was one."

Those were indeed magnificent old days when Dash and I sped gaily along that well-worn, pleasantly, broad highway, which, if zealously traversed, may lead to fame and possibly to the penitentiary if travellers possess unusual talent. We possessed something over ten talents apiece, and possibly only escaped the crowning glory of our chosen route by a merciful dispensation which separated us before we were utterly irreclaimable.

Day after day we did our duty nobly. If the school stove demanded red pepper, or having its draft assisted by an ink-bottle full of gun-powder, we attended to it cherfully. If a window in the court house, or any other house, or a hat upon some

unsuspecting head, wanted a snowball whizzed through it, we made the snowball though our fingers froze, and sent it hissing on its mission, though valuable time was consumed in the attempt. If the fat old town constable wanted to reduce his flesh by rapid foot work, we'd invariably drop whatever we were at, and blithely make the pace for him around any number of blocks. *In fine*, we were at the service of the entire community, and, though personal attention to the wants of every individual in a town of 10,000 population was undeniably a tremendous strain upon mere boys, yet I don't think anyone ever complained of being overlooked or neglected.

Times without number sympathetic folks tried to relieve us of our self-imposed contract and to convince us with any arguments, from dogs to fence-pickets, that we had undertaken too much and that we would prematurely blast our bright young lives. Prominent citizens, men of unquestioned integrity who had never been boys and who had accumulated various sized fortunes, used to leave their luxurious libraries and step outside on winter nights to implore us to take better care of ourselves by avoiding exposure and over-exertion. They would tell Dash that he was "such a *precious* young devil" that they were apprehensive of losing his sweet influence, and they'd hint to me that minister's sons always were more of specialists than other people's progeny, and that it was a shame to put my people to the expense of a fashionable funeral, as I was evidently trying to do, and then these well-meaning but misguided men would close their doors while the "swat" of a snowball or the "spang" of a pane of glass told them that their remarks had borne fruit.

In those days, one Washington Miller, grandfather of "His Honor, Judge Dash's" victim, worked a small but fruitful farm about two miles from the town. He was a bit of a hunter in his way, kept many deep-voiced coon dogs, and was altogether a most interesting mortal to the youthful community. He had a mouth like an abandoned well and a complexion that would make a funeral look like a bridal party. On his farm, true to the time-honored custom of his people, he grew water-melons, and the approach of their ripening season were indeed *melancholy* days for the old men, and would have been *melon-colic* days for the town boys, had it not been for "Ole Wash Miller's" coon dogs and reputation as an untiring watcher and a dead shot.

Close to "Ole Wash's" place was the comfortable residence of a wealthy gentleman farmer, who possessed a handsome young daughter, admired by the whole neighborhood and adored by Dash and myself. There was a well grown son too, but he was no good, and hated us cordially, and we only tolerated him for his sister's sake. She was a spicy young Miss, game for any prank, and we used to have plenty of fun at her place, in the day time and until night fairly set in, but her respected Dad was an awful martinet and one of the early turn in, early turn out, stripe. He invariably went to bed about half-past eight and used to fire us out homeward bound at 7.30. The adored one's room was directly over the one occupied by her parents on the ground floor and the lower windows were full door size screened by long venetian blinds, while the upper ones had the ordinary shutters. Immediately outside that part of the house grew a grand maple, and when the house was built the interfering branches were cut off as high as the roof, having a succession of short, stout stubbs, like the rounds of a ladder extending toward the domicile, the space between upper and lower windows, and the sawed off limbs being not more than six feet. Of course it was impossible to reach the window ledge from the limbs, but as vantage points for stolen whispered communications they were admirable. Our heroine detested having to retire early, but had no choice, so naturally enough schemes were laid, and upon more than one occasion some excellent amateur "Romeo and Juliet business" way played from branches and window long after the old folks had concluded that Dash and I were far on our homeward way.

For such times when the coast was not clear we had a set of signals, and, after formal leavetaking, the pair of us would retreat across a clover-field and squat on top of the boundary fence and whistle exactly like whip-poor-wills, (or exactly like fools if you will), while the divinity answered by turning her lamp low now and then.

Well, melon season swung round and night-prowls were in order, and unfortunately, one night Dash joined a party, which included the obnoxious brother, in a raid on a melon patch. Somehow the

whole thing was a fizzle and ended in a dispute between Dash and the brother, which finally turned into a fight. The brother was big and strong and several years the elder, and though Dash stuck to him as long as he could and fought with sticks and stones and everything available, he received an unmerciful thrashing and was thoroughly used up. As a final shot he informed the brother that he might look to himself, for the pair of us would punch him on sight,

Next day Dash confided his woes to me and exhibited his generous supply of black eyes and things, and declared that in a couple of days, as soon as he could make himself presentable, we must wreak our vengeance on his defacer. Of course, this had to go, and luck favored us. The obnoxious brother was much given to riding up and down the land on a breedy-looking bay, and within the week we found the bay tied at the gate of the first farm beyond the town limits. A hedge afforded plenty of cover, and it was only a moment's work to slip to the horse, untie him, knot the reins secure so he would'nt trip, then hit him a crack that sent him pattering homeward as fast as he could lay hoof to the ground, while we followed him as fast as we could tear for a couple of hundred yards, then hid in the snakefence.

Within ten minutes the horse was missed and the brother came jogging down the road to find trace of him, and when he reached our ambuscade he found something that changed his complexion and expression for some time after, and forever convinced him that there was a significant difference between thrashing one boy and a small crowd of twice that number.

But we were in an unfortunate pickle and revenge was not as sugary as it might have been. Of course, we could visit his house no more, and, while we were certain the adored sister would'nt cut up rusty, yet we were very anxious to see her and explain matters as far as possible.

Once again luck favored us, for we chanced to meet her alone while attending to some trifling business in the town. We told her just how it was, that the row had been forced on us, and while we deeply regretted the melancholy affair, our estimation of her was high as ever, etc., etc. To be candid, we did'nt hesitate about tinkering at the facts until we had a very fair case, and, to our intense delight, we were told that she sympathized with us entirely and did not intend to support her brother's side. We were also told that her Pater and Mater were simply wild over the row and that probable interviews with elderly people closely related to ourselves might eventuate ere long. Some precious plain talk had been indulged in about us at the farm house and dire threats of horsewhippings had been uttered by the head of the family, in case we ever dared set foot on his property again. At this announcement Dash looked square in her face with a comical leer in his yet blackened eyes and grinned :—

"Say, Gus—Dast you eat a watermelon if I bring it to you to-night?"

"Yes I dare, but I won't. Don't you boys come fooling round that house—why! you'll get skinned alive, Dad's just wild!"

"All right—you'll have melon to-night, sure as a gun!" and then he whistled, "whip-poor-will" softly. She laughed and said "No, No, No!" Then left us.

"Say, Dash, what the mischief did you mean, are you going up there to-night?"

"Yes siree, and you're going too. That old stick-in-the-mud can't scare me. We'll loot a couple of melons somewhere and give her one—and, say! we'll have to tamper with his job-lots some more, just to teach him more sense than to run home and blab."

The latter part of the programme was all right, but I felt a little dubious about the notion of sneaking round that house so soon, and above all, of taking the chance of climbing the old maple tree and trying to pass a melon over to the window-sill. If the old chap ever caught us, we were but frail clay for sure. However, I agreed to go and "whip-poor-will" a trifle anyway.

"Now, Dash, where are we going to get the melons?" "From ole Wash Miller's."

"Wha-at! with all them coon-dogs and ole Wash watching 'em. Not much-ee!"

"Yes we will too. His are prime now, and I heard he had a lot all plugged and covered with weeds. He's figuring on bringing them to market Saturday. We must have one, anyway, and we can sneak from the bush side as far as the weeds easy enough, if the dogs don't happen to smell us, and if they do we can just leg it for all we're worth." There was something irresistibly attractive in the bare idea of looting even one melon from the redoubtable Wash, and the

more I thought of it the greater the glory seemed. Finally, a magnificent idea came to me and I said to Dash.

"I'll go you, and I'll take a bottle of kerosine and dose a few melons. A little bottle will do, and if he twigs us his old musket won't shoot hard enough to hurt from the shanty to the weeds. We'll chance the dogs. And, I've another scheme—we'll drop pieces of melon all the way to Gus' house. Wash is a trapper and he'll run that trail sure, and he'll baste the life out of her brother on sight, for he hates him like fury."

This was simply sublime, and we chuckled in high glee over the prospect, and that night we went on our perilous mission.

Shortly after dark we were in the point of woods nearest ole Wash's patch, I, with a small bottle of kerosine, Dash, with a crazy pepper-box revolver, in case a dog happened to lay hold of one of us.

It was pitch dark. Old Wash never burned a light when guarding his melons, and we knew that somewhere beside the vague black mass which marked the location of the shanty, the old man was sitting smoking, most likely with the dreaded musket within easy reach and with the dogs lounging about his feet. The stretch of ground between the woods and the fringe of weeds about the patch was level sod, and we decided to creep on hands and knees across this and endeavor to find the weed-covered melons by feeling with our hands. If discovered we would bolt together for the woods and so to the road and take our chances of lead and teeth.

It may have been that old Wash was drowsy that night, or careless in the confidence begotten of long immunity from raids; perchance his hounds might have wearied themselves half the day with the rabbits and woodchucks in the sandhills, or, possibly, we had over estimated the vigilance of the dangerous fourfooted allies; at all events we passed the open in safety. Foot by foot, without a sound, we crawled over the darkened breadth of sod until we had safely gained the belt of rag-weed where the melons were supposed to be securely hidden. Once I heard something strangely like a deep muttered growl, and my heart almost stood still until I remembered that the sound must have been produced by a carriage driven rapidly over a culvert in the road quarter of a mile away.

Once the weeds were reached, we began feeling silently for the melons, and in less than two minutes I discovered a beauty beneath a pile of cut green stuff. I rapped it softly with my knuckles, and it responded with a low "punk-punk," that proved it to be prime. As I felt of it lovingly a mouth was pressed against my ear, and Dash whispered—"don't rap 'em—he would'nt have covered 'em up they were'nt ripe and a nigger can hear the "punk" of a melon seven miles. I've found three, lets take one apiece and get out of here, we're liable to be spotted any minute."

I felt round until Dash's three melons were located, then, removing the plugs from two I poured into each a generous supply of kerosine, replaced the plugs, re-covered them with weeds and we crept away safely with two other fine melons.

When we had once gained the road and realized that we were safe from any possible chance of pursuit, and that we had actually robbed the terrible ole Wash's patch without getting shot or caught, the full glory of our performance burst upon us and we felt that we were indeed heroes.

Squatting on the bank of a ditch we carved one melon and feasted to our heart's content on the pink, sweet flesh, and then threw some few fragments of the green rind into the dusty waggon track, that he who ran might read the sign. When we were through feeding, Dash picked up the remaining melon while I gathered all available fragments of the other, and we walked to the house of our beloved one. Every now and then I dropped a fragment of melon-rind till the trail was completed to the gate; there I dropped a large piece and scattered a few more along the approach to the house just to make a certainty of our endeavor.

Fifty yards from the house, under cover of some ornamental shrubs, we halted for a carefal observation. A light streamed brightly from the adored one's window, while a suggestion of a lamp behind closed blinds, marked the room of the old folks immediately underneath. As we watched, a whip-poor-will sprung his challenge suddenly from the creek behind the house. At once the light was lowered, and we stuffed our handkerchiefs into our mouths to keep from laughing aloud. Juliet was evidently sharply alert, and had perchance been fooled half-a-dozen times before our arrival. When we had steadied ourselves

a bit, Dash nudged me, and at once through the darkness sped the most appealing challenge bird ever uttered.

"Whuck-a-wherry—Whuck-a-whew—Whip-poor-will!"

In a moment our guiding light went out altogether and we knew that she had grasped the problem. Quoth Dash "You can reach the farthest; drive this stick into the melon, climb the tree and pass it to her. I'm right with you at the bottom of the old tree-ladder."

I felt that I'd rather he had gone, but hated to own up, so to the tree we went, and I, with the impaled melon held by the stick in my left hand, climbed the easy ascent. When I was almost level with the window, a soft voice queried.—

"That you, Dash?"

"No, its me, look out, reach as far as you can, here's your melon, Dash is down below."

The light was raised a trifle, and indistinctly I saw a curly head and then two white arms reach out from the window. Holding fast with my right hand to the cut off bit above my head, I leaned out as far as possible and stretched left arm, stick and impaled melon as near the window as I could. An instant later I felt her hands grasp the trophy and melon and stick passed through the window. Our grand deed was accomplished; we had done what no other boys in the town had ever done, and all that remained for a sensible pirate to do was to descend the tree and go home. But I was'nt a sensible pirate. The whole thing had been ridiculously easy and I was'nt satisfied. A few minutes conversation seemed to be the fitting wind-up, and for this I must ascend a trifle higher. If I could seat myself on the limb my right hand grasped, a brief talk would be easy enough, so I prepared to climb again. The climbing proved awkward, the limbs were far apart, but at last I raised myself so that I stood almost upright with my feet on the limb on which I had sat and one arm hugging the trunk of the tree. With the free arm I reached for a firm grip on a limb overhead. I did'nt find it. Instead my searching hand rested upon something large, and smooth, and round, and feathery, and the next instant there was a maniacal rush of wings and a sounding "put-put-put!" and a big turkey leaped from the tree and crashed against the side of the house in frantic terror. All unsuspected the bird had roosted there and I had placed my hand fair on its back. I heard it strike the side of the house with a crash that would have wakened the dead; I heard it slide downward, beating with its wings and clawing with its feet against the clapboards, then it reached the long shutters of the old folk's room and slid down them with a "rurr-rup!" that sounded like a boy rasping a stick across a picket-fence. I wavered, tottered, missed one wild grab for a branch, and fell rumpetty-bump down through the tree until I reached the ground with a mighty chug, narrowly missing Dash.

Several different kinds of shrieks shattered the darkness, and I, half stunned, felt a hand grasp my collar and heard a voice say "leg it!" Through the dew-wet clover we ran helter-skelter. I lurched like a water-logged ship, but it was run! run! run! The lush clover hampered our feet and twice I went down heavily, only to struggle up and stumble on. When fifty yards from the house, a double gun sounded "whang-bang!" and a storm of duck-shot hissed past us, providently some yards to one side.

When we gained the road I gave out; the crashing fall was too much and I could run no farther. Looking back we saw lights flashing from many windows, and we inwardly prayed that she would have sense enough to hide the melon. She had, as we learned later, and at last, with much help from Dash, I managed to stagger home. Beyond the shock, no great damage resulted, and in three days I was all right though marked black and blue in divers spots.

Then came the fun. The town papers had columns on columns about the "attempted burglary of the beautiful residence of our esteemed patron, Mr. Goodlyre; of the presence of mind of his lovely and accomplished daughter, Miss Gussie, in giving timely alarm; of the valor of Mr. Goodlyre and his handsome son, Mr. Mortimer Goodlyre, (as recounted by them to our special reporter) in valiantly seizing one of the burglars, and, after he broke away, chasing the two desperate criminals for over a mile and frequently exchanging shots with them, etc., etc." According to the papers, Mr. Mortimer Goodlyre's coat-sleeve was perforated by a revolver bullet while supporting his father's efforts, and old man Goodlyre had charged sternly through a storm of lead that left scant herbage on his clover-field. The movements of two suspicious characters, who had been seen in the vicinity within the week, were

freely discussed, while—of course!—Our local detectives had a clue. Strange footprints of enormous size and some fragments of melon rind, had been discovered in the dust of the drive and these had been traced from the road to the house, the detectives were for the present silent, but they were confident of finding the makers of those foot-prints ere many days.

When we read this rubbish we laughed till our sides ached, but at last Dash queried—"Say, what 'dye think about the foot-prints, do you imagine they found any?"

"Did they find any? You bet they found 'em! And old Wash Miller made 'em. That nigger's got feet on him bigger'n all human possibilities, and he's tracked up the melon trail and located the thief who raided his patch. O! Dashy, my boy, there'll be fun no end when once old Wash gets his black paws on Mort. Goodlyre!"

The delights of mentally picturing ole Wash wreaking his just vengeance on our late adversary were so exquisite, that our pure young souls were filled with that patient, holy joy, known only to the meekly resigned when they know the game must come their way at last.

And it duly came, and our tubs of bliss were filled to overflowing. Within a week the papers thrilled again with news of the Goodlyre's. Under such heads as "BRUTAL ASSAULT!" "YOUNG GOODLYRE ALMOST KILLED!" "A DANGEROUS NEGRO," etc., etc., was described how the well-known Wash Miller had met Mr. Mortimer Goodlyre, son of etc., etc., and hero of the recent burglar battle, etc., etc., in the woods, whither he had gone in quest of his favorite horse, and had then and there pounded his fair young life almost out of its temporary prison and had left nothing worth speaking about save a few battered remains to crawl feebly to the hospitable Goodlyre mansion. "Mr. Mortimer Goodlyre had, at time of writing, three doctors attending him, and though almost fatally injured, there were faint hopes that his splendid constitution might possibly pull him through."

"Ole Wash" made a gallant fight in court when the assault case was tried. He explained how he had traced the fragments of melon to young Goodlyre's very door; how his dogs had given no warning the night of the raid, because, as he supposed, Goodlyre was the thief and the dogs knew him well. Wash even declared that he would have forgiven the theft, for its cleverness, if only the two melons had been taken, but as he himself expressed it—

"Yo Honah, Sah, I doant mine de millyuns tooken squah 'an fah! Dey kin circumflurcate Ole Wash, 'an keep all dey steals 'an no ha-ad feelins. But, yo' Honah, wen it kums doun to doin a low-doun, common-niggah trick like to squirtin good millyuns full 'o ker-sene, I'se gwinter paw-lize de authoh ob sech—I'se done *got* ter bust 'im on site ef I done swing de nex instep!"

Young Goodlyre's injuries were by no means as serious as his friends would have the world believe, though beyond all question he had received an unmerciful thrashing from the powerful and inturiated old darkey. Considering Wash Miller's previous fairly good record, together with the mystery of the case and the apparent connection of young Goodlyre with the theft, (though he had not the slightest trouble in proving his alibi), the Court was disposed to be lenient and decided,

"Ten dollars and costs, or one week's confinement in the common jail."

Old Wash chose the latter, though sorely against the promptings of his somewhat proud spirit. But, as he argued:—

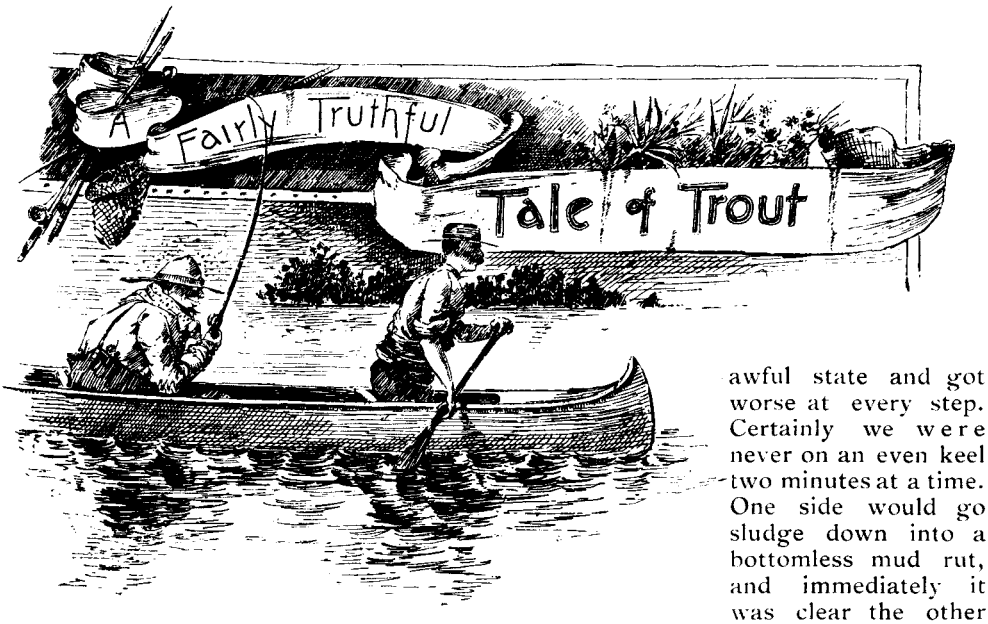
"Wat's yo gwine to do? Ten dollahs am a powful site ob munney; my remunerabliness fur a pee-yod ob sebben days aint obsersizin ten dollahs, so I'se gwine ter de tin-top fur reasons ob State ob my finanshull exchecker."

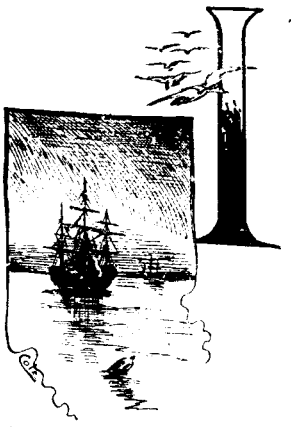
And the old man added for the edification of a couple of chosen friends—

"I aint gwinter 'spute an argify no mo, but I low I'll hab to bust dat 'ar young Goodlyre summo' fust golden 'tunity I gets, jest ter equalify on dish-yar day's doins!"

And in this poor-told tale of by-gone times are embodied the reasons why I laughed when I read in the Ontario paper that one Washington Miller had been sentenced for stealing poultry and *melons*, by the last man on earth who should have confined a member of the house of Miller for such crime, the victim's fellow-thief—"His Honour, Judge Dash."

ED. W. SANDYS.



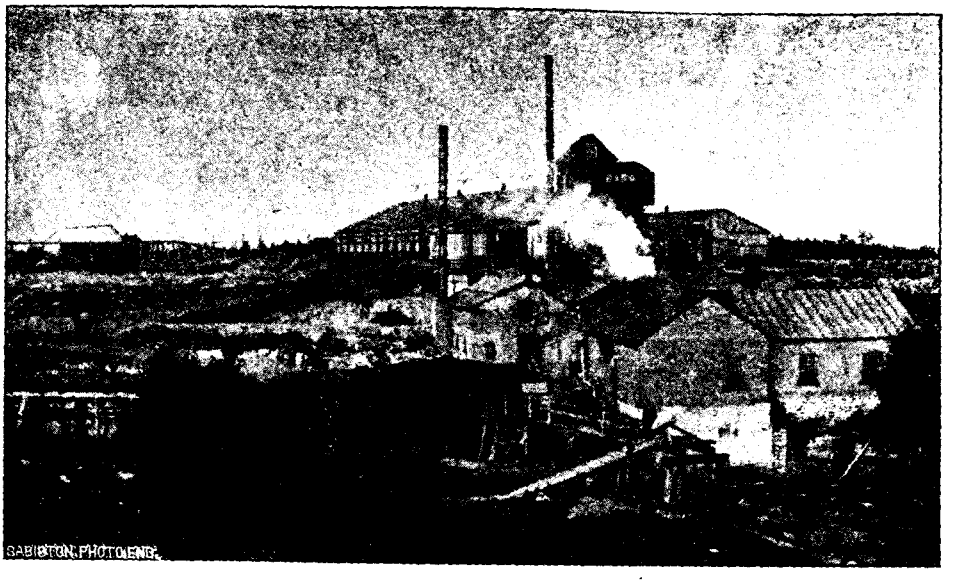


IT was a Monday morning when we left Montreal for Three Rivers, on our way to Lake Wayagamac for some trout fishing. We intended to go right on to Grande Piles, but when we reached Three Rivers we learned that the Grande Piles express had just left and there was no other train till 7.30 p.m. There was nothing for it but to go and have lunch at the hotel; each face had lost something of its sunny smile and we did not feel nearly so joyful.

After lunch Ferguson proposed that we should drive over to see the famous iron smelting works in the vicinity. None of us suspected that the vicinity was twelve miles distant. Off we started on "buckboards," the doctor and the artist on one with two seats. The front seat occupied by the driver is placed about the middle of the board where all the spring is, the back seat being over the rear axle where the spring is'nt; this is the seat reserved for the guileless traveller.

On we went. Owing to the heavy rains of the past week the roads were in an awful state and got worse at every step. Certainly we were never on an even keel two minutes at a time. One side would go sludge down into a bottomless mud rut, and immediately it was clear the other side was ready to do its share. All the time the doctor and the artist kept butting into each other at every jolt. By-and-bye we left the road and followed a track through a small forest of brushwood, and now, besides having to look out for ruts, we had to be lively in dodging the branches that swooped down on us on either side. Take it altogether it was the busiest ride we ever experienced.

After about three hours of this kind of enjoyment we arrived at Radnor Forges, a bright bustling village quite picturesquely situated on the Riviere au Lard. Radnor Forges is to-day the seat of the modern charcoal iron industry of the Dominion, and the "busy hum" of which Sir Leonard Tilley used to speak, is heard on every side. The Canada Iron Furnace Co., own and control the place; Mr. Geo. E. Drummond of the iron firm of Drummond McCall & Co., is managing director, and Mr. John J. Drummond is general superintendent. Unlike the iron centres of the "Black Country" of old England, Radnor Forges with its village green, lake and cottage gardens, has a very pretty and inviting appearance. It is in every sense a model village. Within the past year two good schools have been established, one French and the other English. The English speaking residents have just commenced the erection of an Episcopal church which will be the first Protestant church ever erected in the vicinity; the building will be Gothic in



The Radnor Forges.

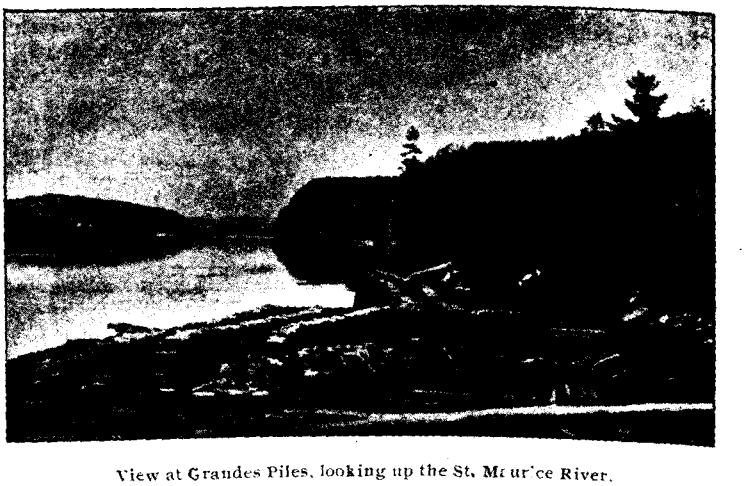
style, and as it will face on the village green or park, it will add to the beauty of the place. A reading room and recreation hall where all nationalities and creeds can meet in social intercourse, will be opened shortly. On the whole we spent a profitable hour at Radnor Forges.

The return drive was a repetition of the joys we had already tasted. When we got to the hotel we solemnly renounced buckboards, at any rate the kind with the seat over the axle.

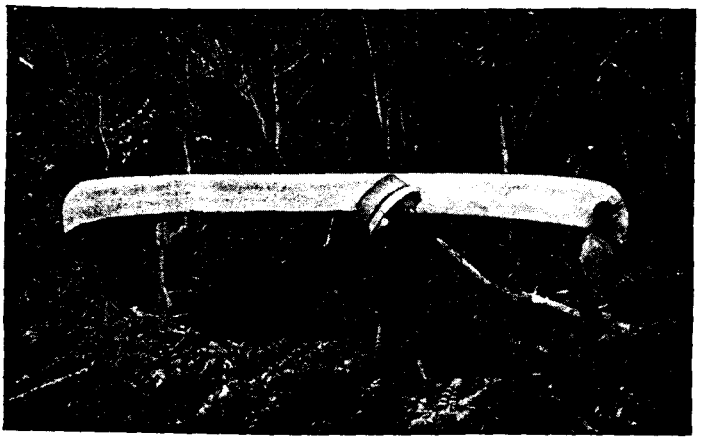
A good tea restored us somewhat, and we left for Grande Piles at 7.30 p.m., on what is called a mixed train, that is, one partly made up of freight cars. We whirled along at the giddy rate of something less than eight miles an hour. As well as we could make out in the darkness the engine was uncoupled every few miles, and, leaving us standing nowhere in particular, went off on its own account. Sometimes it abstracted a freight car and lost it away up in the woods somewhere, then it would hitch on again, and with its bell tolling start the funeral along for several miles, when the same thing was repeated till we reached Grand Piles at 11.30 p.m., having done the thirty miles in four hours.

When we got out on the platform there was the mighty iron horse puffing and panting and blowing off steam; it seemed to say "that *was* a race;" and out of the darkness a voice cried: "Here they are," and our hands were shaken vigorously, by whom we knew not. We made out that we were to sleep at the house of a Frenchman close to the station. Grande Piles has not yet risen to the dignity of a hotel.

Next morning we were up at six o'clock,



View at Grandes Piles, looking up the St. Maurice River.



A Portage.

and after a substantial breakfast got on board the steamboat "Florence," commanded by Captain Ritchie. Our party was now increased by the addition of Mr. Parker our cicerone and half a dozen guides, five of whom were French Canadians, the sixth was an Abenakis Indian, all of them capable looking fellows.

It was a lovely clear sunny morning with just the least touch of cold. The sky was of a brilliant blue, touched with dashes of white cloud low down on the horizon. Everything being ready the Captain gave the command to throw off the rope, the engine started, and with a shrill whistle the Florence began to climb the rapid St. Maurice.

We were all in exuberant spirits. We admired the hills, we admired the river. We admired the farms and the blue smoke lazying up from the newly lighted fires the further we went the more beautiful became the scene. We lay about the deck and smoked and enjoyed ourselves mightily.

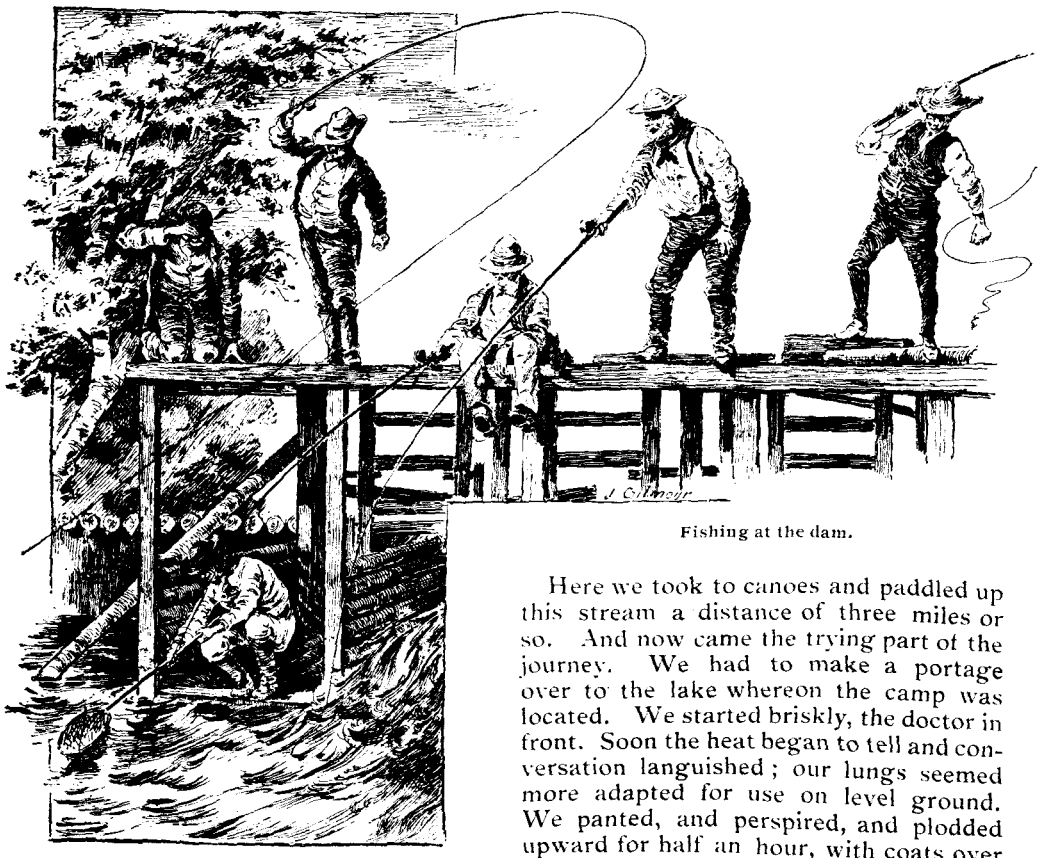
After five hours steady steaming we came in sight of the Matawin farm, where we were to dine. The disembarking was a simple matter enough. The steamer was run nose in to the bank; a rope was thrown to one of the farm hands, who was also port warden and harbour master. A plank was run out and we walked the plank. The more daring spirits stepped ashore without any assistance whatever. After consuming an appalling quantity of provisions we got on board again, and waving our adieux, steamed ahead once more, every now and again passing birch bark canoes gliding silently along by the bank.

The St. Maurice river is navigable only for small steamers, such as the "Florence." At intervals we were labouring up through rapids that tried the power of the sturdy little vessel's engines; anon we shot diagonally across the water, following the deep channel. At one point the depth was just sufficient to float us over the sandbar, and here the Captain hove the lead; that is, he kept plunging a long pole over the side and every time he touched bottom he held the pole up so that the pilot could see the water mark and so gauge the position of the vessel, rather a rough and ready method of working.

He had a store of reminiscences of the river that he reeled off for our entertainment. On passing some particularly ugly looking rock he would be reminded of some ghastly drowning accident, and every other point called up sad memories of one kind or other, till we began to get nervous. We did'nt need to be. Nothing happened.

The "Florence" carried wood for firing purposes, a fact that we had occasion to mourn. Whenever a fresh lot of wood

Dr. W. H. Drummond, President St. Maurice Fishing Club.



Fishing at the dam.

was thrown into the furnace, the engineer opened the draught to give it a good start, and out of the smoke-stack came showers of sparks that fly like chaff from a threshing floor. Several lighted on Parker's new soft hat, but luckily they were cold by the time they got through to his head; quite a large chunk got on his coat and was the cause of a deal of very plain speaking. Everyone had something damaged, and the captain had a lively time.

At the mouth of the Rat river we stopped for the night, and were supplied by Mrs. Adams of the farm with as good a tea as could be had anywhere in Montreal.

Next morning we were roused at 4.30. It was quite chilly, and some of us at least felt disposed to club the individual who had disturbed our repose at that unearthly hour, especially as we had to wait till seven o'clock before starting, on account of the fog on the river. When we did get under weigh the sun came out as if he meant to make up for lost time, and about noon when we reached the mouth of the Batiscan river it was piping hot.

Here we took to canoes and paddled up this stream a distance of three miles or so. And now came the trying part of the journey. We had to make a portage over to the lake whereon the camp was located. We started briskly, the doctor in front. Soon the heat began to tell and conversation languished; our lungs seemed more adapted for use on level ground. We panted, and perspired, and plodded upward for half an hour, with coats over our shoulders. Somebody suggested a halt just for five minutes; the suggestion was received with general approval and acted on at once; every man dropped where he happened to be at the moment, and there were gasps of relief all along the line. Alas! we had not reckoned on the harmless necessary mosquito, nor the humble fly, nor even the industrious ant. They did not neglect us. We had an opportunity of considering their ways for ten minutes, and were wise enough to get up and move on. So the march was resumed with spirit. The commodore—so called from his connection with a canoeing club—declared that he had got his second wind and was now equal to anything.

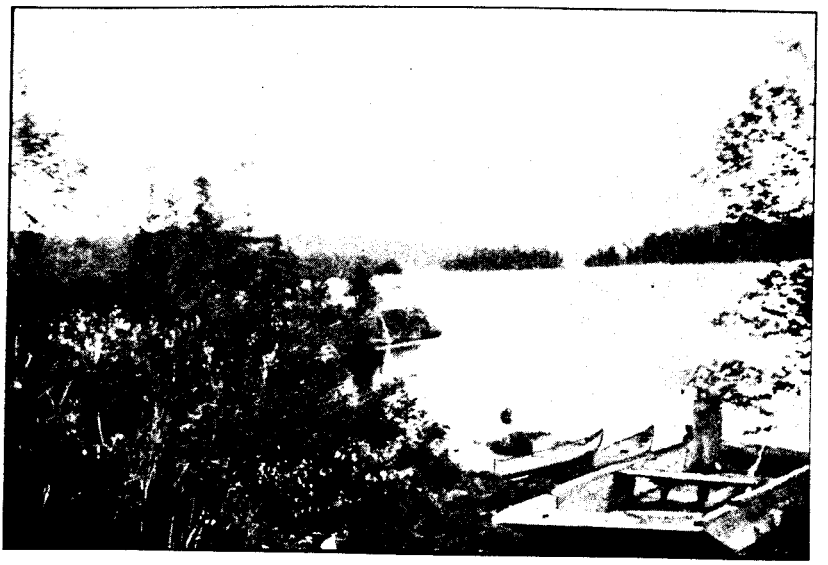
At length we reached the top of the hill and began the descent. In a short time the leader gave a wild yell to announce that the lake was in sight, and the rear ranks took up the cry. The toils of the long march were instantly forgotten. There before us were the white shining tents of the St. Maurice Fishing Club pitched in a clearing on the edge of Lake Wayagamac, all around were maples,

pines, birch, and brushwood, while the view out on to the lake itself was simply beyond description.

Down we came, each man felt like Stanley discovering Emin Pasha, who was in this case represented by Dominique, the camp cook, who with his assistant the cookee —as lumbermen call him— ran out of the tents on hearing the row we made, and with some other dependants of the club stood grinning violently to welcome our advent.

In addition to the half dozen tents the club owned an excellent wooden club house for the accomodation of members and friends. Immediately we got rid of the few light articles we had brought left mine with the luggage and it won't be up for an hour yet." Then Ferguson ripped out something in an annoyed tone and said, "I'm in the same case myself;" everybody was in a like condition. The only man who had flies was the doctor, and he had none but those on his line. After all our hurry and excitement there we stood watching him pulling in trout after trout while our hearts were filled with envy.

Then we began to give him advice. He had made a throw down the edge of the rushing water and was gently leading his fly dancing up stream when a big fish made a leap at it and missed. We groaned, and every man itched to grab the



Entrance to Lake Wayagamack, Site of St. Maurice Club Headquarters.

with us, we started for a pool below the dam at the outlet from the lake; five minutes walk took us there, and we prepared for our deadly work; rods were excitedly put together and the guides stood ready with landing nets. Looking down into the still water on either side of the rushing flood, we saw scores of great big fellows poised motionless with their noses pointing toward the bank. Our men assured us that these were nothing to the fish in the lake.

Ferguson swore the dam was good enough for him; meanwhile the doctor had got his rod in order and made his first cast, the rest were busy fixing up, when the commodore cried, "I say, can any of you fellows lend me a fly? I have rod. We were all sure *we* could catch that particular fish.

Again the line was cast on the same spot, and hardly had the fly touched the water when it was snapped at by the same noble trout—or at least, we supposed it was the same—he was hooked this time. The doctor played him back and forward till the rod bent like a whip. "Take time," shouted Ferguson. The line slackened a little. "Reel in, reel in quick, he'll be off the hook, now, then, gently, gently, that's the way." The doctor was getting warm; in his eagerness he leant out over the crazy timbers of the dam. "Look out, there," cried Bazil, one of the men, "you'll be over the dam. "Never mind, doc-

tor," said Ferguson, "I'll be ready to catch the rod if you go in." "Much obliged," growled the doctor, "I think I'll stay where I am." After a lot

An Exciting Interview.

of skilful manœuvering the trout was coaxed carefully to where Pierre stood ready with his net, into which he was swept, and with a sigh of satisfaction the line was reeled in. Pierre had him off the hook in a trice and held him up for inspection. He was a beauty, two pounds at least, although the commodore maintained he was three if he was an ounce.

Well content with his catch he handed the rod to Ferguson, who landed several fine fish and passed the rod to each of us in turn. It required a considerable amount of determination to hold that rod with the consciousness of being surrounded by a lot of fellows criticising every movement, every one of them gasping to grasp the weapon.

For two hours that rod was busy passing from one to the other. We caught over seventy fish, and to tell the truth it was altogether too easy.

The proceeds of our exertions were sent to the cook and in half-an-hour we sat down to tea in the club house. The principal part of the repast consisted, of course, of several large plates heaped up with the bodies of our victims, smoking hot from the frying pan. Our appetites were of a preposterous size; we had got them partly at the dam and partly coming over the long portage. Ferguson was afraid there might'nt be room enough for them in the club house. We got seated round the table all right, and the crockery not yet having arrived, everything was served up in tin pannikins—lumberman fashion.

Immediately after tea we put out on the lake in canoes. Parker had a canoe to himself and dropped quietly round the back of one of the small islets, evidently meaning serious work. There was hardly time to do much before darkness fell, still we got a quantity of two and three

A Native.

pounders; anything less than a pound was thrown back into the lake. Parker's best catch was a trout weighing four pounds and measuring eighteen inches from nose to tail.

Altogether, we had a good day's sport and this being our first day on the lake, we resolved to open a bottle of Claymore and drink success to the club, so we said "Salut" to each other; all but the artist, who was a Scotchman, so he said "Here's tae ye," and that did just as well. Then, Parker, without warning, lifted up his voice and sang "En roulant ma boule." He lifted it rather high and when he came to a high note we trembled; but what was a little thing like that on such an occasion. We dashed into the chorus with great spirit although none of us knew either the words or the tune. At the high parts we all held our heads to one side, our necks stretched, eyes directed toward the roof and an involuntary inclination to stand on tip-toe. Ferguson had a very deep set voice and could'nt possibly join in the high parts. The next verse was taken ever so much too low. The chorus shortened their necks, buried their chins in their waistcoats, and growled into their shirtfronts. Then Ferguson had the bulge on us and boomed away like a double bass fiddle.

The commodore not to be left behind, started "Row brothers row," and it went first rate only the words ran short long before the tune; then everybody wanted to sing at the same time and did it too, we danced graceful step dances, especially the commodore, and everything went off splendidly.

Types.

Next day it was agreed to try our luck on one of the smaller lakes; the artist elected to remain and do some sketching about the camp. According to his own account he had a busy time; we wished to see his work when we got back, but he explained that it had consisted largely of

The Race down the Lake.


The Cook

fierce battles with mosquitos, and winged torments of all sorts. He had anointed his face and neck with a special anti-mosquito oil warranted to discourage the most voracious insect, but he said they seemed to like it and brought all their friends to taste "Scotch artist *à* l'huile;" then he had smudge fires built round him, utterly routing his enemies and totally obscuring the landscape that he was sketching. He is going to bring a cage to sit in next year.

We spent a day on Lake Thomas, mostly with the trolling rod and were having a good time when we saw a storm threatening to break over us and made for the portage, which was, luckily, short.

Launching the canoes at the other end of the portage, which was the head of Lake Wayagamac, off we went. The wind was rising and the surface of the water began to roughen and break in angry little white crests. The men made their paddles hum, and for half an hour we sped down the lake keeping as straight a course as possible. What was at first simply flight from the storm, turned into a trial of speed. The first canoe contained a man fewer than the others, and having gained the lead, was bound to keep it. The men in the other canoes paddled their very best but could not make up the lost ground, or rather water.

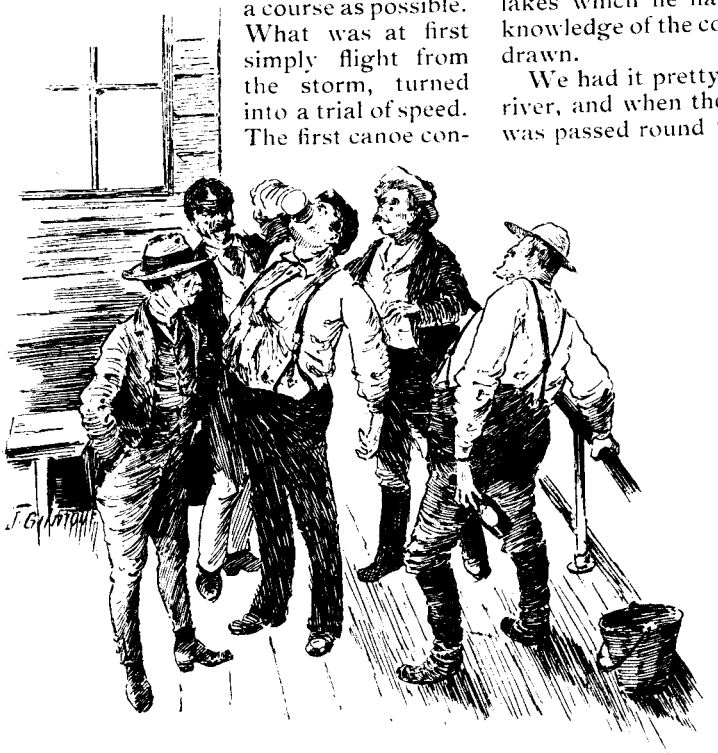
The sport on the lakes was magnificent. We got a lot of the finest trout we had ever seen, but none of them quite up to the one the cook told us he caught the year before. His fish weighed fifteen pounds. Annexed is a portrait of the cook given as a guarantee of good faith. He told us quite a long story about it in French; we were sorry that none of us knew French, for it seemed a first-rate story.

So much had we enjoyed our trip, that we were surprised to find our holiday was drawing to an end, and very reluctantly one fine morning we collected our baggage, and, taking a last look at our beautiful lake, began our tramp back over the long portage. In due course we reached La Tuque where lay our old friend the Florence. Before embarking we rested for a few minutes in one of the log cabins where we were introduced to a number of the notabilities of the villge, among whom was Jean Baptiste Boucher, chief of the Tete de Boule Indians and a most intelligent man. He showed us a plan of the lakes which he had made from his own knowledge of the country, remarkably well drawn.

We had it pretty hot coming down the river, and when the last tin of Claymore was passed round there was considerable anxiety shown lest it should give out prematurely.

Ere night fell we steamed into Grande Piles again, and at noon next day we were back in Montreal.

NOTE.—If the cook's fish story comes to hand we will have it printed later on.



The last drink.

MEMORIES.

O spirit of the mountain that speaks to us to-night,
Your voice is sad, yet still recalls past visions of delight,
When 'mid the grand old Laurentides, old when the earth was new,
With flying feet we followed the moose and Caribou.

And backward rush sweet memories, like fragments of a dream,
We hear the dip of paddle blades, the ripple of the stream,
The mad, mad rush of frightened wings from brake and covert start,
The breathing of the woodland, the throb of nature's heart.

Once more beneath our eager feet the forest carpet springs,
We march thro'gloomy valleys where the vesper sparrow sings.
The little minstrel heeds us not, nor stays his plaintive song,
As with our brave *coureurs de bois* we swiftly pass along.

Again o'er dark Wayagamack in bark canoe we glide,
And watch the shades of evening glance along the mountain side.
Anon we hear resounding the wizard loon's wild cry,
And mark the distant peak whereon the ling'ring echoes die.

But spirit of the Northland! let the winter breezes blow,
And cover every giant crag with rifts of driving snow.
Freeze every leaping torrent, bind all the crystal lakes,
Tell us of fiercer pleasures when the Storm King awakes.

And now the vision changes, the winds are loud and shrill,
The falling flakes are shrouding the mountain and the hill,
But safe within our snug *cabane* with comrades gathered near,
We set the rafters ringing with "*Roulant*" and "*Brigadier.*"

Then after *Pierre* and *Philerome* have danced "*Le Caribou,*"
Some hardy trapper tells a tale of the dreaded *Loup Garou,*
Or phantom bark in moonlit heavens, with prow turned to the East,
Bringing the Western *voyageurs* to join the Christmas feast.

And while each backwoods troubadour is greeted with huzza,
Slowly the homely incense of *tabac canayen*
Rises and sheds its perfumes like flowers of Araby,
O'er all the true-born loyal *Enfants de le Patrie.*

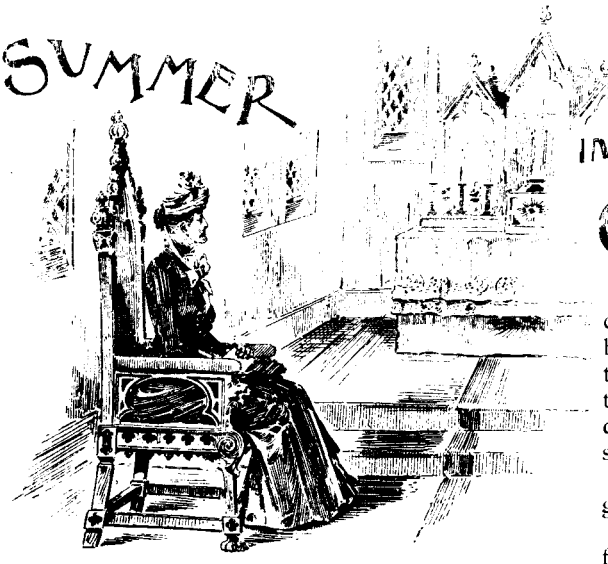
And thus with song and story, with laugh and jest and shout,
We heed not dropping mercury nor storms that rage without,
But pile the huge logs higher till the chimney roars with glee,
And banish spectral visions with *la chanson Normandie,*

"Brigadier répondit Pandore
Brigadier vous avez raison,
Brigadier répondit Pandore
Brigadier vous avez raison."

O spirit of the mountain! that speaks to us to-night,
Return again and bring us new dreams of past delight,
And while our heart-throbs linger, and till our pulses cease,
We'll worship thee among the hills where flows the *Saint-Maurice.*

W. H. DRUMMOND.

A SUMMER IN CANADA



(*Continued from page 516.*)

"YOU are better, Madame? No, try not to speak. Give now the *eau de vie*, *mon* Louis, and raise the head of Madame."

A masculine arm insinuated itself between Mrs. Benjamin's neck and the ground; and a handsome face with soft dark eyes, dark pointed beard, and carefully trimmed moustache, showed on the patient's left hand, while on the right the speaker administered the *eau de vie*.

"Mother and son," said Mrs. Benjamin to herself, rapidly recovering her wits. Then she put her hand to her head. Her scalp was intact, though her bonnet was not.

"You have saved my life," she said to the younger stranger. "Did you shoot the wretch?"

"*Comment?*" said the lady, bewildered. The gentleman exchanged glances with her, pointed to his fore head, and shook his head.

"The Indian," explained Mrs. Benjamin.

"But no," said the lady relieved. "It was André, the Indian, that drew you from the water. He is gone chez-nous for the dog-cart of my son."

"But he chased me into the water."

"Pardon!" said the young man, "he feared you would be upset. Canoes are dangerous things for those who do not understand them." He was too polite to add that André had believed Madame an escaped lunatic. "My mother—Madame de la Roche (the two ladies bowed) and I had just left the canoe, and were sitting under that elm yonder, when you came up the shore."

Mrs. Benjamin had the grace to blush.

Miss Rushie's transformation scene was scarcely ready when she was called upon to see what her adventurous friend could do in that line. A dog-cart dashed up the green lane from the shore, and from it descended a tall figure wrapped in fur, leaning on the arm of a handsome cavalier. The fur being thrown aside, revealed Mrs. Benjamin, dripping.

The cavalier, bowing his farewell at the door, caught a glimpse of Miss Rushie's work. Miss Rushie, escorted by Rose Marie, had gone to the store—the *grand magasin*, Rose Marie called it, in contradistinction to the *petit magasin* which was also the post-office. And in the death of "art-squares" they had brought home a handsome bear-skin and a couple of sheep-skins dyed crimson, and some felt, crimson also, for the tables. And they had got out the pretty lamp, and the books and photographs (Miss Rushie had made good use of her day in Montreal) and Rose Marie's stiff bouquet in the broken-nosed pitcher was pulled apart and divided between a great china bowl and three or four faintly colored glasses. And one little table was covered with a snowy cloth and laid for high tea.

This was what the cavalier saw—this, and a gentle-faced woman to whom Mrs. Benjamin had referred as her "companion." Miss Rushie, on her part, saw a pair of soft dark eyes, which Mrs. Benjamin had forgotten to mention in enumerating the salient points of Pointe au Paradis.

IV.

"*Ma foi!*" exclaimed Mrs. Benjamin.

as she sipped her coffee the morning after her adventure. "I wonder who the young man is who saved my life. Old Lacasse stood bareheaded while he talked to him, which is more than he does for us, and that little fool, Rose Marie, looked as if she would fall down and worship him."

Miss Rushie blushed. She had been a good deal excited, the night before, by Mrs. Benjamin's account of her danger and of the heroism of the stranger who had rescued her from a watery grave; and the consequence was a confused dream, in which the beautiful eyes of the hero and the dull oblique ones of Judge Paxton seemed to look out on her from embroidered moccasins and birch-bark canoes. But, the "little fool" entering just then, Mrs. Benjamin did not observe her silence.

"*Dites-moi*, Rose Marie," she said, in the peculiar French which she had been far too wise to parade before the strangers, "*Dites-moi qui est le jeune homme qui sauvay ma vie.*"

Rose Marie's tale was quickly told, but it took Mrs. Benjamin, aided by Miss Rushie and Miss Rushie's phrase book and dictionary, the entire morning to understand it. It was Sunday, and Rose Marie had at last to excuse herself when the bell rang for *la Sainte Messe*.

Mrs. Benjamin's hero was the Seigneur the young Seigneur he was always called. His father, though he had been dead for ten years, was still the Seigneur; his grandfather the old Seigneur. The old Seigneur had had as fine a contempt as Louis XIV. himself for his "few acres of snow," and had succeeded in alienating half of them before fate sent him back to what was left, on the downfall of Charles X. The Seigneur, a man of a different stamp, had been partly educated and had married in France, but had brought his bride to the New World, and had bequeathed to his son his darling scheme of buying back the lost acres. The young Seigneur would at any cost have attempted to carry out his father's wish; in this case, however, inclination was at one with duty. As it happened, the greater part of the property in question had, through the death of their owner, been thrown upon the market; and the young Seigneur had bought them in at a fair price and on long credit. Farms had been opened up—which were to be rented, not sold—laborers' cottages built, and I am afraid to say how many miles you might drive with the young Seigneur's neat fences on either hand. But there is such a thing as being land-poor; and the favourite topic of discussion in Lacasse's farm house and at the little inn was the young Seigneur's enterprise and his probable success. Every one agreed that he deserved to succeed; and taking into consideration that both he and his mother were devout and had built the little chapel, the general opinion was that *la Sainte* Vièrge would take care of her own. Still, it was not to be denied that the young Seigneur had cares, as had also Madame his mother.

You are not to suppose that Mrs. Benjamin became possessed of these facts as rapidly as you have done, though Rose Marie spoke with an eloquence that puts my dull pen to shame. Two of them only she fully mastered that Sunday morning; that the young Seigneur had *beaucoup de terre* and *peu d'argent*. And being a born lion-hunter and match-maker, she laid certain schemes in the twinkling of an eye. The young Seigneur should come to Talbot as her guest (think of the sensation he would make! and, fortunately Aunt Minerva did not object to company;) and he should marry a young cousin of her own, Sallie Carter, (pronounced Cyarter) who had twenty thousand dollars. Twenty thousand dollars, as she had often assured Sallie Carter, was a beggarly portion; but then these French people counted everything by francs, and, she had heard, thought more of a franc than Americans of a dollar. It should be done.

She possessed herself surreptitiously of the phrase-book to discover how many francs go to a dollar, and with paper and pencil she multiplied twenty thousand by five. A hundred thousand francs—*bong!* She communicated her plan to her companion.

Miss Rushie could not deny that the plan seemed fair—Sallie Carter's money for the young Seigneur's land. The young men of Talbotsville, though just the thing for a party, were nearly all ineligible when it came to matrimony. Their blood was blue, their hands small with tapering fingers and filbert-shaped nails, their moustaches *à ravir*, their waltzing simply perfect. But these advantages, though excellent in themselves, would not go far towards supporting a wife and children. Most of the young gentlemen called themselves lawyers, it is true, and went through the form of having

offices, with their office-hours neatly painted on the doors. But, so far as could be ascertained, they had no clients, and, worst of all, no bank accounts. Whenever one of these ineligibles became engaged, this pleasant little farce was invariably acted. First, it was announced that Harry would take Virgie to Europe for a year's travel, and on his return settle down in such and such a magnificent old place, which he had bought or leased. In course of time, the year in Europe gave way to a season at the White Sulphur, and that in turn dissolved into a fortnight at some distant relative's. On the return of the young couple, they went to the bride's father's for "a little visit," their own home not being quite ready. After a month or two, the idea of a separate residence was given up, as dear Virgie might be home-sick, and they decided to remain where they were; but it was explicitly stated that they were to "board," Harry having insisted on paying handsomely. Finally, it leaked out, generally on the authority of the father-in-law, that Harry "hadn't a red cent to his name and never had had;" a fact which shocked and distressed and furnished conversation for everybody, just as much as if everybody had not known it all along.

Sallie Carter was a year older than Miss Rushie, as the latter could not help recalling with a guilty blush. But she was one of those who danced and flirted with the ineligibles, and she would undoubtedly marry one of them should no other candidate for her twenty thousand dollars appear. Miss Rushie was quite certain about her age, for her mother had died at her birth, and, as the wit of Talbotsville had said a great many times, "Sallie Cyarter could'nt go back on her mother's tombstone."

"*Où est l'église?*" said Mrs. Benjamin to Rose Marie that afternoon, "*j'entenday le*-bell, *mais ji ne vois pas* le-beelding."

Rose Marie explained that the road leading westward made a sudden turn, and that the little church was just beyond the turn almost in a straight line with the scene of Madame's sad accident.

"*Bong!* Nousirons!"

"These French Canadians," Mrs. Benjamin explained to Miss Rushie, "do not speak French, but a kind of pidgin-French, like Chinese pidgin English. They would not understand me at all if I did not pidginize a word here and there."

A month before, Miss Rushie had had a fair amount of faith in Mrs. Benjamin, but her flight into the world had been like eating the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. She merely said, however, that it was a very convenient arrangement for all parties, and that pidgin-French was almost as good as Volapük. What amused her most was that the polite Rose Marie, though severely avoiding correct English, adopted, in speaking to Mrs. Benjamin, the words which the latter had "pidginized." In due time she appeared to conduct the ladies to the 'beeldeeng.'"

Miss Rushie stoutly refused to make one of the party, though the refusal cost her a pang. She had been brought up in a school of theology that identified the Church of Rome with all the objectionable characters in the book of Revelation, and she determined to be true to her colours.

"Mon Dieu, Jerusha!" began Mrs. Benjamin, but paused to reflect. On the whole it might be as well to keep her companion in the background. "*Bong!*" she said at last, "you can stay at home and read your Bible."

Rose Marie, who carried in her hand the key of the chapel, ushered Mrs. Benjamin in, said her little prayer, and went away. Mrs. Benjamin had planned taking up her position in the young Seigneur's pew, which, she imagined, would correspond to the Squire's pew in English country churches. Except during the famous visit to Paris, she had never before been in a Roman Catholic church, or in any place of worship arranged at all like this. The Episcopal church in Talbotsville had the ancient "three-decker" arrangement. The altar—or, as they were very particular to call it there, the communion table—stood in front of the three-decker; and when an extra clergyman was present he had a chair in front of the communion table, facing the congregation. In the Pointe au Paradis church there were no pews properly speaking. There were two rows of rude benches, not one of them cushioned—certainly the young Seigneur and his most distinguished looking mother would never huddle themselves up with common peasants. Within the railing, however, against the south wall, were three chairs of ecclesiastical build, cushioned in gorgeous crimson velvet. "Ah!" said Mrs. Benjamin to herself, well satisfied, "for the young Seigneur, Madame his mother, and any distinguished guest they may chance to have. It was just as well Miss Rushie did not come." And in the character of distinguished guest, she deposited herself

in the chair nearest the altar.

She looked at the picture over the altar, and not knowing that it had been given by Charles X to the old Seigneur a fact which would have materially modified her opinion—pronounced it a wretched daub. She wandered about, examining the rudely carved stations, and the Calvary, and the holy water font. She tried the little American organ at the west end. She looked out to see if any one was coming, and finding no one was, she entered the sacristy, examined the confessional without knowing what it was, and would have examined the contents of the presses only that they happened to be secured. Then, hearing footsteps approaching, she hastily re-entered the church, and had scarcely re-seated herself when the young Seigneur entered. His astonishment at Mrs. Benjamin's position may be imagined.

Of his coming she feigned entire unconsciousness. With her eyes fixed on the altar-piece, she appeared to be rapt in a holy ecstacy. She started violently when the young Seigneur, unable to break her trance otherwise, lightly touched her arm.

"Pardon! I fear you expected vespers."

"Oui," replied Mrs. Benjamin dreamily, "Oui, oui."

"But Father Langevin is ill, and the priest who said Mass for us this morning had to leave immediately after."

"Then why did that little fool bring me here."

"She fancied you wished to say your prayers ——"

"So I did," put in Mrs. Benjamin, sorry for her slip.

"Shall we go outside?"

They went. The young Seigneur explained that, having gone to the farm to inquire for her, he had ascertained her whereabouts from Rose Marie, and fearing some misunderstanding about Vespers, had followed. His mother, whose compliments he begged to offer, would have the pleasure of calling upon the ladies next day.

So, then, Mrs. Benjamin reflected, they had not forgotten the existence of Miss Rushie. "Ah, by the way," she said, "did you see my companion?"

"I had not that pleasure. Rose Marie mentioned that the young lady was out."

"Who?" asked Mrs. Benjamin, affecting surprise.

"The young lady, your companion."

"*Mon Dieu*, what a courtier Rose Marie would make! Miss Rushie is a regular old maid."

The young Seigneur bowed. He saw Mrs. Benjamin within her gate, but declined to follow. "I would not like to be the companion," he said to himself as he walked away. "She is showing her teeth already. What a bore their coming is!"

The companion's experience, meantime, was a very pleasant one. Left to herself and disinclined to pass her time as her friend had suggested, she started out for a solitary walk. But first she asked Rose Marie a question: Where did the young Seigneur live?

The young Seigneur, it appeared, lived above the village, so far back that you could not see the house till you had climbed the hill. The hill, then, which Miss Rushie had had her eye upon, she would give up, neither would she go by the river where *André* the savage might be met. So she turned out of the green lane into the road, and ere she had gone very far, came to a narrower, tree-shaded, winding way into which she turned, and walked until a great gate barred further progress. A rude stile was beside the gate. She climbed up and as she reached the top, gave one quick enraptured exclamation.

The sun had set. A wide opening in the trees on her right showed the sudden bend of the river northward. Just over the low shores at the bend the sun had gone down, and the gold and crimson of the sky was reflected and intensified in the clear water. Further north the river disappeared between hills that were now drawing around them robes of royal purple and pale amethyst. A tiny sail crossed the broad belt of light and floated in among the shadows.

This was the distant scene, and Miss Rushie gazed at it long before taking in the other scene—more touching if less fair—that lay directly before her eyes: neglected lawns, overgrown shrubbery, a chump of tall lombardy poplars, and a low rambling *château*, such as one may see any day in the north of old France. The looker-on started with a quick fear of intrusion as the grey, venerable house caught her eye. Surely Rose Marie had said no one lived between the village and the river. A second glance showed her that the *château* was dropping to pieces.

The picture touched her gentle heart. Mrs. Benjamin would have imagined a tragedy, would have fled a possible ghost.

Miss Rushie was not tragic. Her soul went out in sympathy to those who had there lived and loved and passed away. If she had been told they still haunted the old rooms and the dark shrubbery, it would not have frightened her in the least. With thoughts of them were mingled longings for herself; for the shelter, the peace, the love, of a home. Suddenly the angelus-bell rang. Miss Rushie sat down on the stile and burst into tears.

She wept as she had not wept even when her father died, for there was a passion about these tears that no grief of hers had ever known. She rebuked herself for it even while she indulged it, and asked herself with vague alarm what it could mean.

And thus weeping, she did not see till it was close beside her, the stately black-robed figure that emerged from the shrubbery.

"Pardon," said a pleasant voice, "it must be the young lady, the companion of madame."

Miss Rushie made a brave effort, gave her eyes a furtive rub, and forced her quivering lips into a pitiful smile. Speech was beyond her, but she got down from the stile to take the hand offered by the stranger. "I am glad," added the latter, without appearing to notice her confusion, "I am glad you have found your way to my old home. May I not have the pleasure of showing you some of its beauties — for it has beauties yet, though it is such a wilderness."

Drawing Miss Rushie's hand within her own, Madame de la Roche—for of course you know it was no ghost—led her away from the road into an ancient arbor, now a mass of wild-roses. Then with her grave kind eyes she looked full at the red swollen ones beside her. "My child," she said, "you are in trouble. Will you not permit an old woman to comfort you, if she can?"

And her lips touched Miss Rushie's forehead as lightly as the wild roses might have done.

V

The mother of the young seigneur was *grande dame* by inheritance as well as by nature. Her paternal grandmother, the Comtesse de —— was one of that heroic band who carried to the Conciergerie and to the guillotine the same charming refinement and graceful courtesies practised at the court of their king. The men of the family were all brave, the women beautiful; both men and women loyal and devout. Superficial observers tell us that this type has died out in France, but they are as mistaken as the prophet was when he claimed to be the one person in Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal. It is not the prevailing type at President Carnot's receptions, and it was almost unknown at the courts of the first and second empires; but it lives yet in many a quiet corner of Paris and in many a fair château and grey cloister of old France and of new.

The graceful and gracious woman who won Miss Rushie's heart that summer evening, seemed to the grateful Virginian less a *grande dame* than an angel from heaven. Feelings she had scarce known she possessed, longings always sternly repressed, were poured into the ear of this adorable stranger. Miss Rushie felt and owned her weakness, yet did not blush for it. Her listener was as kind as she was strong.

When the tongue cannot speak its sympathy, says Lamartine, the hand becomes its interpreter. Madame de la Roche, believing her new acquaintance the *dame de compagnie* of Mrs. Benjamin, felt that circumstances must be thought over before advice could be given. But her gentle touch said much more than that, and long before they went to the spring to bathe Miss Rushie's eyes, Miss Rushie's heart was strangely comforted. Then, on the homeward walk — for Madame left her charge only at the Lacasses' gate — the situation was summed up. Three months in Pointe au Paradis, with all the simple pleasures Madame and her son could furnish at their service; the future beyond the three months to be planned for, not to be feared. "Courage, my child!" said Madame, courage, and faith, and hope!"

And with these inspiring words madame was gone. But before she had reached the end of the Lacasses' green lane, Miss Rushie had overtaken her. "O, Madame," she panted, "I think I ought to tell you that I have such a dreadful name." Miss Rushie was pale and wistful, but determined; Madame was puzzled.

"But you have told me your name," said Madame. "Talbot—it is an honourable name and one that made itself known in France long ago. You and I ought to be enemies." And Madame smiled.

"But my other name. They call me Rushie, you know ."

"Rooshee, Rooshee—it is a dear little name. Has it associations not agreeable?"

"The real name is *Jerusha*,"—here poor Miss Rushie choked—"and Mrs. Benjamin said I mean I have been told no one could like me that knew it."

"Zhe-roosh-ee," repeated Madame reflectively, "but where is the difference? Rooshee, Zherooshee, they are pretty both. My poor child, your Madame Benjamin is not amiable."

"But does it really make no difference? You think," and Miss Rushie blushed—"you can still like me?"

"I think I am going to love you, and to love is more than to like. No name could spoil one who is so brave and so true, but I like your name too."

Miss Rushie did not try to put her happiness and gratitude into words. She only pressed her lips to the delicate hand she held, and then was gone. "Roos-hee, Zhe-roosh-ee," she said to herself as, to avoid Mrs. Benjamin, she turned into Rose Marie's garden. The dream of her life had been, not to have a lover like other girls, but a mother like other girls—or, rather, a mother greater and dearer than those of other girls. To this ideal mother she had fled from Gussie's nerves and Judge Paxton's oblique glances. She had clothed her with every grace, and yet she had made her less charming than this wonderful stranger who already had promised to love her. The world was transfigured.

* * * *

And yet Miss Rushie's reverie that night, as she lay with her window open to the stars, would have been less delicious than it was, had she chanced to overhear certain remarks made by the young Seigneur. It was Madame's invariable custom on Sunday evenings, to haunt the grounds of the old *château*; it was her son's as invariable custom to go in search of her there. Sometimes they went into the ruined house; on certain anniversaries they even ventured up the spacious but dilapidated stairway; always they walked home together. It was then, with a very distinct feeling of disgust that the young Seigneur on repairing to the trysting-place, had discovered a weeping young woman in his mother's arms, and that in obedience to an imperative gesture he had retraced his steps alone. Hovering between the *château* and the farm, he had witnessed what he was pleased to call Miss Rushie's sentimental postscript to the already long interview; and when Madame finally joined him, she found him decidedly cross.

"My poor boy," said Madame, as she took his arm—she always took his arm on Sunday evenings, after the visit to the old *château*—"I am so sorry, but I have been deeply interested."

"So I perceived," put in the young Seigneur, drily.

"I fear the elder of the strangers is not quite kind."

"She is an old cat, and the other seems to be a rather hysterical subject. Why spoil our summer with them?"

"We shall not spoil our summer, my Louis." And forthwith, with the tact which distinguished her, Madame changed the subject. It was commonly said of her that she could do anything with anybody; and her most delightful conversation, her best manners, were always for her son. When the latter had recovered his normal temper, in which state he was as wax in her hands, she reverted to the subject of the strangers, touching lightly on those qualities in Miss Rushie which had won her.

"Who are they, any way?" asked the young Seigneur. Where his mother's idioms were French, his were apt to be American.

"Ladies, unquestionably," said Madame. "There is no better blood anywhere than that which the cavaliers who founded Virginia have transmitted to their descendants."

"The cavaliers who founded Virginia," said Louis, "have transmitted more than blood. Mrs. Benjamin's moustache now—"

"Shame, mon Louis!" cried Madame, "I will not listen."

Then the young seigneur related the church incident, and in recalling it, perhaps bethought himself that Mrs. Benjamin's enterprise was of far too original a nature to permit her to be an unmitigated bore. However this may have been, he made no further objection when Madame summed up the matter: "They are strangers, my dear boy, and we must be kind."

And so it came to pass, that two evenings later, Mrs. Benjamin and Miss Rushie took tea in the pretty cottage that sheltered the penates of the de la Roches till the young Seigneur's fortunes should achieve a new *château*.

A. M. MacLeod.

(To be continued.)

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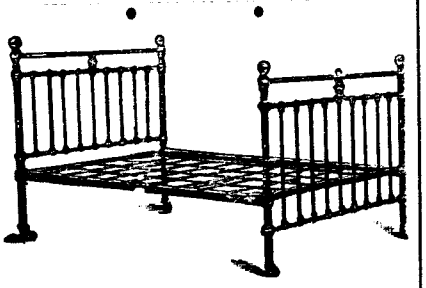

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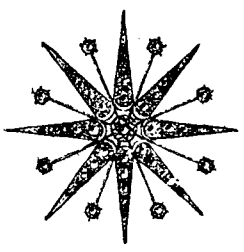

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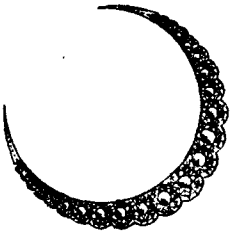

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