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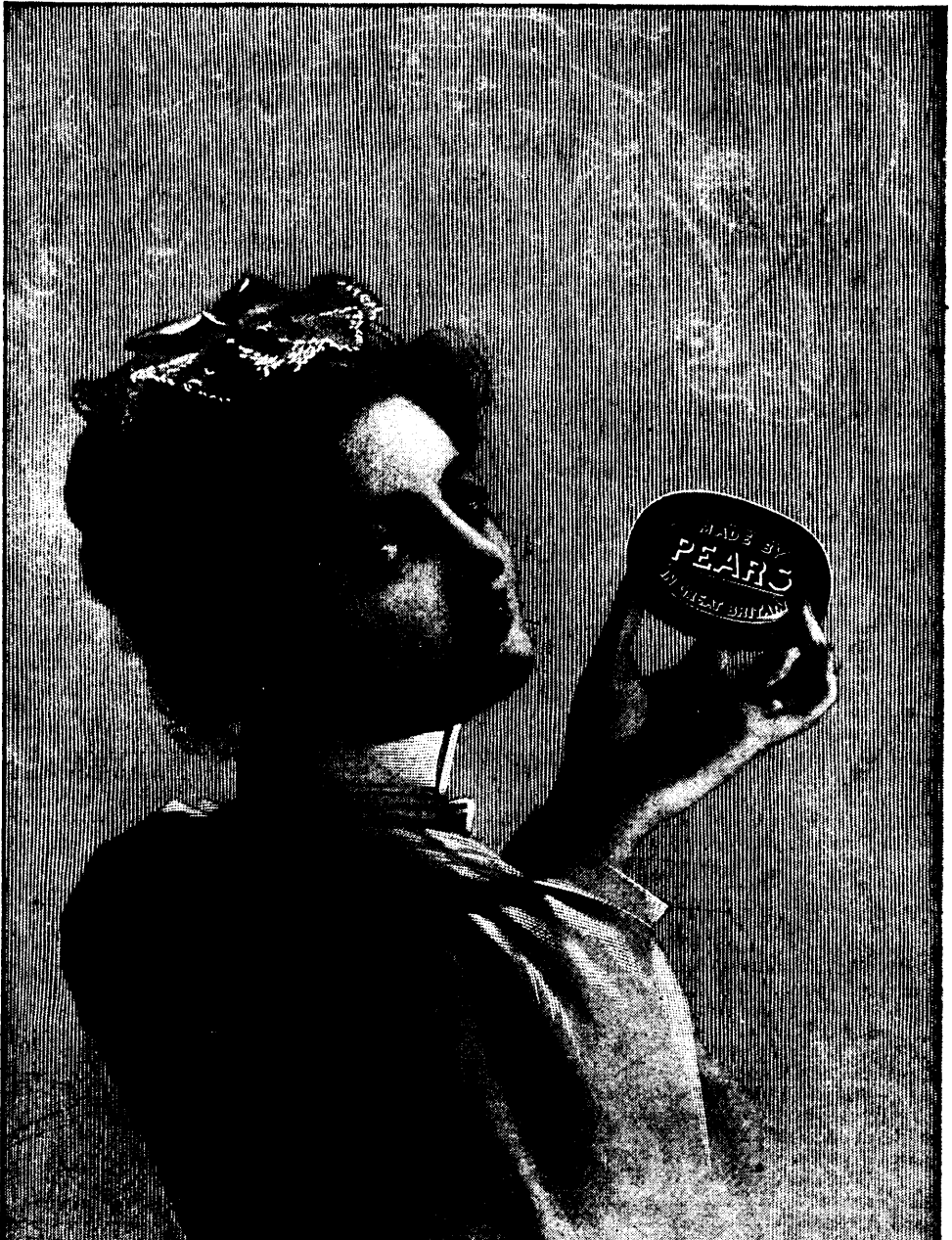
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The **cover** has been specially designed. It is a presentation in colours of a street scene, in which the Canadian Mounted Rifles appear. This is so arranged that in the foreground—the most striking figure in the picture—is an officer, dressed in khaki with felt hat, mounted on a magnificent charger. The cover of the Xmas Number, representing a North-West Mounted Policeman was much admired. This cover will be equally attractive in design, and printed in suitable colourings.

Frederic Villiers will continue his war experiences. Mr. Champion will give another article on "Famous Canadian Soldiers." J. Castell Hopkins will write of "British Policy in South Africa." Malcolm Ross will describe "The Types of Artillery." Captain William Wood is the author of an article on "An Army In The Field." Phil Wales, an ex-British Soldier, will relate his experiences as a private on service in India. Charles A. Bramble will write of Bears in his Big Game Series, and there will be a few short stories and articles not of a military nature.

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Moncton "Transcript."—The array of contributors is strong.

Brampton "Banner."—Typographically, artistically, and in the quality of its contents, the Canadian Magazine is entitled to be placed on a par with the usual "Harper's," the best American magazine selling at the same price.

Qu'Appelle "Progress."—This magazine is improving rapidly and is fully equal to "Harper's" or any other American periodical.

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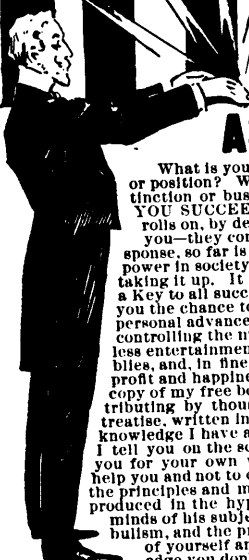
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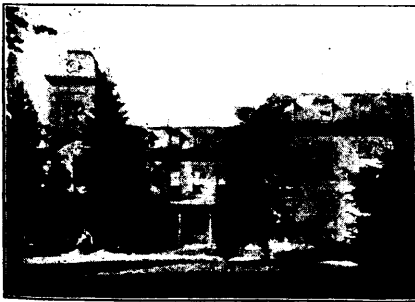
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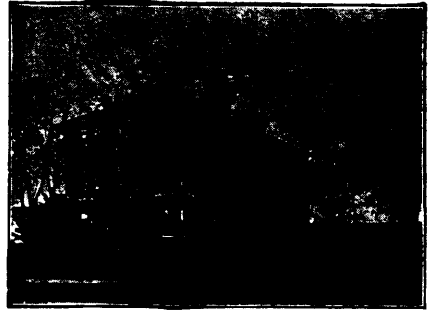
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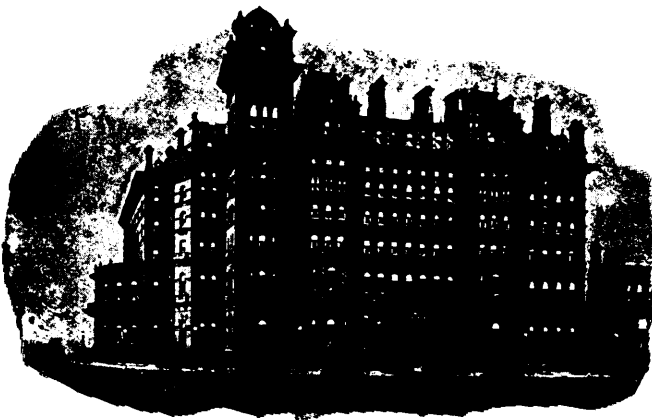
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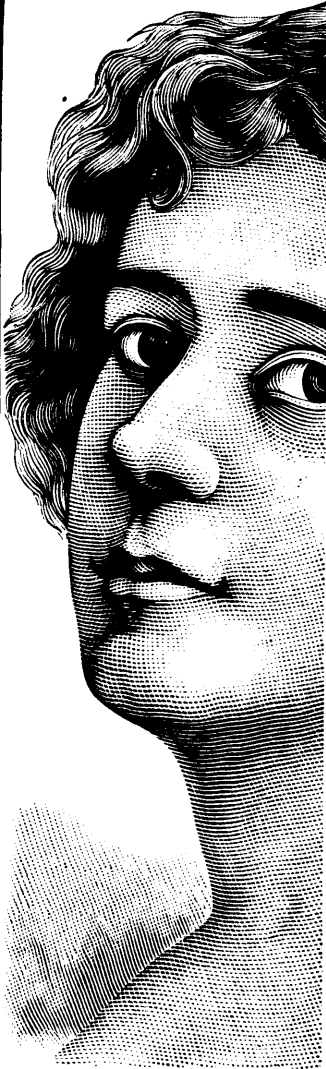
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THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS.

A MORNING DRILL OF THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE, AT REGINA, N.W.T.

FRONTSPICE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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DAILY LIFE OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

PART I.—AT ALDERSHOT.

By Phil Wales.

IT was with somewhat trembling steps that I walked from the soldiers' institute, at Aldershot, to be examined in order to see if I was fit to serve in Her Majesty's army.

The ordeal of appearing before the doctor was not pleasant, but no doubt a necessary evil. Waiting in an anteroom, wearing *nothing* but a troubled look, on a somewhat cold day, does not tend to make one look forward to the future with much pleasure. All my friends had given their opinion and advice freely, and one old lady had begged of me, with tears in her eyes, not to forget, night and morning, to brush my teeth, afterwards adding, "You know, my dear boy, you have very nice teeth, and it would be such a pity if you did not attend to them, for I hear that soldiers never do." Poor old dear, she was very much shocked when I told her that I knew for a fact that, though Tommies did not actually *brush* their teeth, still they sand-papered them once a week.

After going through the farce of testing my eyesight, and measuring my chest, the doctor described me in the register, and pronounced me more or less sane, and sound in wind and limb. I was then led off to the orderly room to be sworn in. It is all very well to say "Britons never shall be slaves," but when once you have taken

the oath, and find it cannot be broken for seven years, without severe imprisonment, and nothing short of good hard cash will free you, you wonder if after all Britons are as free as they think themselves. However, I was determined to go through the whole routine, and gave my name, number of my brothers and sisters, ages of each, and all other necessary information.

WHERE HE LIVED.

My first test in the way of discipline was meeting the sergeant-major, to whom I had to say "sir." On seeing me come out of the orderly room, he advanced with military swagger, and asked me a question, no doubt to see how it would be answered; but I had been too well drilled before, and said "Yes sir." Even though there was a little pause between the two words, and I gave a little gulp at the "sir," still I said it.

The first thing that struck me on entering the barrack room was the abundance of fresh air blowing in, the beds arranged on each side, neatly made up, with the mattresses rolled, the sheets and brown blankets arranged with military precision, the former in the centre, folded in little oblong packets and bordered by the blankets, looking like large pieces of chocolate cream.

One pair of boots, blacking brushes, one tin of blacking and another of pipe-clay were neatly placed under each bed, the clothes arranged with great exactness on the shelf above, straps and accoutrements hung on the string placed against the wall at the head of the bed, and the rifle placed in the rack. All this struck me with awe, for as I had not been very tidy in my room as a civilian, I foresaw discipline of a stern kind before me.

IN THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

During the first few days I had to wear my mufti and drill in it, feeling, of course, quite a mark for the other Tommies. Everything was done by clockwork. Reveille, known amongst Tommies as "revullee," sounded at six a.m.; all hands rose up, made beds, and then rushed for the washhouse, after which the toilet was completed, and early parade and drill followed at seven. After falling in and "dressed by the right," names were called over, "duty men" were dismissed, and the recruits marched off in different "squads," according to the stage of drill they were in, and put through the various exercises for expanding the chest and lengthening the legs. Being quite raw, I had my full benefit of the goose step, and soon got decidedly sick of balancing myself on one leg, after which, lowering my foot to the ground, I had to go through the same performance with the other. It was very much like what I have seen half-fledged cocks do in a farm yard, only not nearly so graceful. If it were not that I held a certificate, signed by the doctor, guaranteeing my sanity, I should certainly have had doubts on the point.

The sergeant was most irritating; he would shout out, "Now then you man, you there," pointing at me with scorn, "lift your leg 'igher, car'nt yer?" As my foot was at that moment almost raking the sky, and I was making wild clutches at the men on each side of me to keep myself from falling backwards, I do not see how I could have possibly lifted my leg any "igher." Next

came a series of exercises, where we were made to stand with our legs well apart, and knees bent, one arm revolving like the sails of a wind-mill, and the other moving as if in a boxing match; this was by way of teaching us independence of spirit, also developing our muscles, curing indigestion, coughs, colds and bronchitis; and giving us an appetite for breakfast, which was served at eight.

BREAKFAST.

Drill over, we hurried off to the barrack room, and fared sumptuously on a piece of bread and a bowl of tea. One could buy anything extra, for there were always plenty of people selling mysterious looking pats of butter, on the tops and sides of which could be read the news of the day, the impression left by sundry pieces of newspaper in which the butter had been wrapped. I always took great care to tear up all my letters, for fear they might be found, and so used. I did not like the idea of having my domestic affairs served on butter for the benefit of the British army.

"Peas all 'ot," chickens boiled and served in the shell, liver and bacon, and all manner of such like delicacies were brought to tempt the appetite and tickle the palate of the English Tommy.

Breakfast over, the orderly man for the day had to wash up and tidy the barrack room; each individual man, however, was responsible for the tidiness of his own corner, and immediately under his bed.

Great preparations were then made for the commanding officer's parade. I, not having any uniform yet, was able to look on and learn; the "old soldier" is quite a character, and worth keeping in with, for though each barrack room is in charge of a corporal or sergeant, he is often much more respected, though only a private.

Little rag bags were produced (veritable bags of mysteries), full of all sorts of odds and ends of rag, string, small bottles of acid, boxes of paste, and brushes, all to be used in cleaning the buttons and accoutrements, in or-

der that Tommy might shine at the parade.

There is quite an art in mixing pipe-clay, and that done by an old soldier always turns out the whitest belts, just as "elbow grease" always produces the best polish.

The parade was at eleven, and everybody had to look his best, or woe betide him; after all had been inspected, the unfortunate recruit was marched off for two more hours' drill and "physical exercise," then at one o'clock dismissed for dinner.

DINNER.

Meat, roast or stewed, was divided into equal portions, each man taking care that his neighbour should not have a particle more than himself.

Sometimes the menu was varied by soup, and on Sundays a pudding; *such* a pudding! My mouth still waters when I think of it! Rice, currants and sugar boiled in the same pot as the potatoes, the latter being taken out and eaten with the meat; what was left of the other ingredients was served as pudding, and much appreciated by the men. As the currants and rice were never washed the colouring and the flavour were peculiar.

Every day, except Saturday and Sunday, recruits drilled again at three o'clock; tea at four, the same food as at breakfast, and then liberty till nine, when the roll call was gone through, and any absentee promptly "crimed," and had up before orderly room next day. Standing passes were given out to the men with a good conduct badge, which could only be obtained after two years' service, and also to lance corporals and all non-commissioned officers, entitling them to be out till twelve.

HIS OUTFIT.

After a few days I was marched off to get my outfit, which consisted of one suit blue serge, known as "blue bottles," one red serge, and trousers with stripe, two pairs ammunition boots, one comb, one razor (made of hoop iron blunted for the occasion), one piece of soap, which had to be re-

newed at the Tommy's own expense, but never a tooth brush! The sand-paper had to be supplied by the men themselves!! Once a Tommy came to me for the loan of a tooth brush, as he was suffering from what he called "the teeth ache;" luckily I had an old one, which I had used for smoothing the blacking on my boots, which he accepted and used!

The first day I put my uniform on I naturally felt very self-conscious. That feeling soon wore off, and I was able to swagger down town with white cotton gloves and cane, feeling equal to anybody from the general downwards.

AS ORDERLY MAN.

In due time it came to my turn to be orderly man, and there were several little domestic duties which it would be quite unnecessary for me to mention here. I was responsible for the meals, seeing that those on guard had theirs regularly; also had to look after the barrack room, and report myself at the end of the day, giving over charge to the next man on the list. Drawing rations was quite a business, falling in in line, carrying a large pan, into which the meat, after it was weighed accurately, was placed and handed over to the cook. Bread and potatoes were issued in a similar manner.

Some of the "fatigues" I found most entertaining; "canteen fatigue" consisted in going to that favourite resort and mopping up all traces of the night's revelry, washing the pewter mugs and doing odd jobs. "Sergeant's mess fatigue;" sweeping out the mess, peeling potatoes, scouring saucepans, running errands for the cook, and finally being rewarded with a dinner given on the sly, consisting of meat cut in slices instead of blocks, and eaten with a four-pronged plated fork, and knife with a bone handle. "Coal fatigue" I found more arduous; it meant carrying buckets of coal backwards and forwards all the afternoon, and was a little monotonous; however, it had to be done, so it was of no use "growsing," that being Tommy's term for grumbling, and also one of his great

privileges, in fact. If there were more men than they wanted for carrying the coals, the rest of us were put to sweep gutters—I became quite an expert.

HIS STRAW PILLOW.

The fatigue, par excellence, which I found most entertaining, was bed filling; there is so much variety and exercise about it. Chasing a runaway pillow case is really excellent sport. The first thing in the morning the mattress and pillows you had slept on had to be taken to the straw yard and emptied, the cases afterwards brought back to the room; after breakfast each man was made to carry as many soiled pillow cases and mattress covers as he could to the store. When a pillow has been used by a Tommy for three months without being changed, it is high time he had a new one; and I fully appreciated that fact when I came to carry my bundle. As it was very heavy, and I was not able to hold it at arm's length, I found that the simplest, and certainly the pleasantest way, was to tie a piece of string around it and lead it to the store where it was left, and firmly secured, preparatory to being boiled and washed. Clean cases were given in exchange, and filled with nice new straw, then taken back, the ends stitched up, and used for another three months. Next day all hands turned out with buckets and brooms to sweep up the straw which had been dropped the day before, and left by the sparrows. The work was hardly dignified, but no doubt excellent discipline.

Drills, fatigues, and various duties, made the time pass rapidly away, and in due time I was promoted to a rifle and "side arms." At first I found them both very awkward, the rifle seemed heavy, and the difficulties of shouldering it insurmountable. As for the bayonet, it was the plague of my life; in church I invariably sat on it, and on parade, more often than not, stuck it through the case instead of into it.

AS LANCE-CORPORAL.

After a few months I was made

lance-corporal. I marched about feeling very proud, and duly weighed down by the weight of the little white stripe on my right arm. I had not yet, and in fact never did acquire, the Tommy Atkins favourite style of swagger costume known as a "square pushing" toilet. Trousers cut very tight at the knee and loose at the foot, cap cut down to a couple of inches, with a very high satin band and very long tails to it, ornamented with little holes of various shapes and sizes, looking as if the tails had been laid aside and become moth-eaten. Of course this was all strictly against regulations, and great were the battles fought on the subject of the length of the cap tails, a sergeant being posted where he could stop the men on their way to the town, and with a pair of scissors snip off two or more feet of superfluous tail. The length of the men's back hair was also a thing which had to be watched and checked.

In honour of my stripe I took a man down town and stood him a meal, during which he favoured me with a little lecture on etiquette. He told me that I should find myself getting very rough. That before he enlisted he was a blacksmith, and in consequence of the high circles of society he moved in (due to his position), his manners then were irreproachable, but that a few months after his enlistment, on one occasion whilst having tea with a lady friend of his, to his horror he found himself doing all sorts of things not recognized in good society. He gave me an illustration of his lecture by occasionally holding his knife by the centre of the blade, and picking his back teeth with the point. I never was an expert in using edged tools, consequently, however my manners had degenerated, I have never yet succeeded in operating on my teeth with a knife, though there is no knowing what I may yet be able to do with a little practice.

NEW DUTIES.

The duties of an orderly corporal consist in being at everybody's beck and call, from the colonel down to the

last joined recruit, and then getting slanged afterwards for your pains. Many of the men refused to accept the stripe, whilst others resigned it shortly after receiving it, and certainly I didn't blame them. Confined to barracks for one week and responsible for every single thing connected with the company, first up in the morning and last to bed at night. If a man thought he had one potato or "spud" less than another, the wretched orderly corporal was at once hauled over the coals.

On one occasion, being positively distracted by the work, I quite forgot to take up some clothes to some one who was coming out of the hospital. Of course the wretched man could not come out without his trousers, so he complained, and I was at once "crimed," my friend the sergeant-major being delighted at the opportunity of doing so, for we did not love one another. Any one in the company wishing to "go sick," the orderly corporal was at once got hold of to march the victim off to hospital, having previously filled in an elaborate report in which his number and description had to be written; the ailment he was suffering from and the medicine given was filled in afterwards by the doctor, so that an accurate account should be kept.

TOMMY HAS "PAINS."

Once I had to warn one of the men for some fatigue; he immediately discovered that he was ill, and I had to make out a sick report and march him off to hospital, there to receive "medicine and duty" or be admitted, as the case might be; in some cases the verdict was "duty," that, however, being equivalent to saying that the man was shamming, in which case he was punished. It took my friend all his time on the way to hospital to decide what malady he would complain of. I suggested several, but being an old hand he had already used them up on previous occasions, and so as we entered the hospital gates he decided on "pains," and composed his face accordingly. "Pains" is a very popular ailment of the Tommy; it may

mean a great deal but very often nothing, and it is very difficult for the doctor to decide, especially in this case, which, judging from the man's account of it, was a very heart-rending one! He had pains of all sorts in every part of his body, and several to spare; shooting pains in his head, gnawing pains in his knees, and a stitch in his side (a couple in his tongue would have been very excellent indeed). The doctor examined him carefully and could find nothing wrong, whereupon the patient produced his trump card in the shape of a blister on his toe which he had quite forgotten about. The most hard-hearted doctor could not resist such an appeal, and "medicine and duty" was given him.

A good many of the men took the medicine, and after leaving the room spat it out. This, however, was suspected by the apothecary, who gave one of them a very large dose of black draught, and as he turned to leave the room with pursed-up lips and bulging cheeks, called him back and asked him a question; the answer was preceded by a terrible grimace and gulp, as the victim had first to swallow the stuff before being able to speak.

The bugle sounds are very puzzling at first, as they all seem alike, except the dinner bugle, which is generally learnt at once. I began to pick them out by degrees, and soon got to understand them, it being a case of "needs must."

AT THE REGIMENTAL SCHOOL.

The great drawback to my promotion was having to attend school; each lance-corporal was obliged to obtain a second class certificate given by the regimental school. So every afternoon I had the pleasure of marching off with a lot of little drummer boys, to be taught how much two and two made, and how many blue beans made five. After three months' careful training the examination took place and I came out with flying colours. Some of the questions were quite startling—

- (1) Spell cat, rat and rot.
- (2) If Johnnie has two apples and

his sister has two apples, what is the result if they are brought together? State your answer in words.

I could think of no other result but that Johnnie would punch his sister's head and eat her apples as well as his own. I got full marks! The geography was rather more difficult, no one being able to say what river Madagascar was on.

IN THE GYMNASIUM.

The course of gymnastics was very exciting; after having had half our clothes torn off in the attempt to put on a pair of gymnastic shoes in a crowded room, we were marched before a drill instructor in whose august presence we trembled, for he could make it very unpleasant for us if he liked; here our arms and legs were carefully measured with a yard measure and the dimensions put down. In my case the matter was not difficult. Size around forearm three inches, upper arm three and a half inches, legs six inches (same shape the whole way down). After the course was over we were once more measured and in my case no difference whatever noticed except in my head, which was covered with bumps, due to its coming in contact with the floor and wall on various occasions.

SMELLS POWDER.

By degrees we were promoted from one thing to another, until finally it was decided that we were fit to use the rifle, having been previously drilled into taking careful aim, and the "rotatory motion of the bullet as it travelled through the *hair*" explained to us by a drill instructor. Before we were allowed to fire ball cartridges, we had to aim with a blank cartridge at an empty cartridge case placed on a stick. The recruit took careful aim at the stick at three yards distance and fired!

As we now had displayed so much skill, and smelt powder, it was considered safe to allow us to fire real bullets at real targets. Great were the preparations made for the event, and all sorts of rags used to pad the right

shoulder with, in order to protect it from injury from the kicking of the rifle. Some of the men had been volunteers and others even militiamen, so they were great in their own ideas and looked down on the others with contempt. One big fellow swaggered off and took careful aim at a hundred yards, and, what's more, succeeded in hitting the target, but had not taken proper precautions in holding his rifle firmly enough, so it recoiled and struck him on the nose. His return was not quite so successful as his start, and he presented a poor sight, carrying his rifle in one hand and his nose in the other. When it came to firing at eight hundred yards great skill was required, for the slightest drop of the beastly rifle would cause peculiar results. It was decidedly humiliating, after carefully aiming at the bull's-eye, to see the turf torn up three yards in front of you, or the dust fly fifty yards to the right or left of the target. The remarks of the officer in charge, on those occasions, were apt to be a little personal.

Out at the range nearly all day, the appetite became somewhat sharpened, and the presence of a certain old man selling jam tarts and "fizzers" was always most welcome. The former, enormous things made of and filled with very doubtful materials, were bought at a half-penny each, and many a one have I eaten and enjoyed. The "fizzer" is a beverage concocted of a minute portion of sherbet mixed with a large quantity of water and stirred with a tin spoon, the flavour depending entirely on what the spoon had been last used for.

FIELD DAYS.

Field days we had plenty of, and many were the forts taken and attacks made. We returned to camp from the Long Valley with eyes and ears full of sand and rifle ditto. The Tommy on those occasions comes out strong, and he expresses his opinion on the subject very freely and in good solid English.

During one of the field days, fifty of us were picked out to do "gun escort."

It meant that we were expected to be always on the spot to defend the guns whilst they were being loaded and fired (more easily said than done). If a sudden order was given for the artillery to advance to a particular spot some little distance off, we had to follow them on foot, taking short cuts, but invariably arriving just in time to hear them receive another order to retire to some other spot, and this went on pretty well the whole morning. I found racing about the Long Valley, with a head dress like a coal-scuttle, rather hot work.

OFF DUTY.

Tommy getting himself up for an afternoon's walk is quite a sight; when it comes to doing his hair his whole attention is fixed. Having carefully covered it over with a good lather of soap, the hair is accurately parted and one side well brushed down; the cap then placed on the head one inch over the right eyebrow, and the other half of the hair brushed over the edge of it, thus forming what they call a "quiff."

When on guard it was often interesting to listen to the various experiences related whilst doing "sentry go," each one having some remarkable tale to tell. Quite the most ghastly amongst them I heard, was of one man who was doing sentry over a mortuary in India during a cholera epidemic. There happened to be a body in the mortuary at the time, and the sentry hearing a noise, looked round and saw what he thought to be the dead man struggling to get through the window; he at once deserted his post and rushed to the guard room, telling them what he had seen. On going to the place it was discovered that the man had been taken there whilst in the collapse which often follows cholera. Regaining consciousness in this awful place he called for help, and not being able to make himself heard, tried to get out with the result mentioned.

CORPORAL OF THE GUARD.

The corporal of the quarter guard generally had a pretty lively time of it,

for besides having to post the sentry every two hours, if there were any prisoners in the guard room, they generally took it in turn to demand something, either a drink of water or anything, as long as it gave any annoyance or trouble to the wretched corporal. I certainly didn't blame them, for I would have done exactly the same thing if I had been a prisoner. On one occasion I was put in charge of a guard over the lunatics. Regimental lunatics are somewhat difficult to manage. Some of them were really mad and were waiting to be discharged; others again were only pretending and were invariably madder than the genuine ones.

The rules were, not to allow any one in the garden before ten, and to make them all come in by three; the result was that at *half-past nine* a free fight was going on between the guard and the lunatics, to prevent them from going out, and at a *quarter-past four*, another free fight was going on in the garden to make the men come in. One having climbed a tree, on being politely requested to come down, threatened to crush our brains out with the heel of his boot. Half my afternoon was spent in following one lunatic, who was trying his skill and my temper by racing up and down the garden attempting to catch sparrows; as he had not provided himself with any salt to put on their tails, he was not successful, and my anxiety was for fear that in the excitement of the chase he would suddenly climb over the hedge and disappear down the town. He had given grave doubts during the day as to the pureness of his insanity. At night I had to sleep in the ward with some of them and keep the key in my pocket—by no means a pleasant position to be in.

However, next morning the new guard relieved us and I was thankful to return to camp whole, and to know that portions of my brain were not adorning the heel of the man's boot.

HE MARCHES PAST.

The Duke of Cambridge announced his intention of holding an inspection, so great preparations were made and

numerous drills gone through for the grand march past, which was to take place in the Long Valley. Unfortunately I was tall, and generally took the left of the company, thereby coming well under the colonel's eye when passing the saluting point. Whilst marching past during one of these rehearsals, with head erect and knees well stiffened, a huge fly came and settled right on the end of my nose; it was of no use trying to blow it off, it only held on all the tighter. Of course, under the circumstances I could not walk as straight as usual, and great was the colonel's wrath.

Judging distance was very difficult; we were made to judge by sound, sometimes. A rifle was fired off at a certain distance and the officer, having explained carefully the rate at which sound and sight travelled, told us to count the number of seconds between seeing the flash and hearing the report. All this was, of course, listened to very carefully, and sundry guesses made, varying from five hundred yards to three miles, the men generally very much surprised when they found that the distance was only a hundred yards.

THE COLONEL.

Our colonel was always spoken of as "Old Johnnie" and his wife known as "Julia"; one of the men in our company was a servant of "Old Johnnie's" and entertained us vastly with little accounts of the way he shaved in the mornings. The colonel's charger was known as "Blue Peter" and his antics in the Long Valley when, on Her Majesty's birthday, the *feu-de-joie* was fired, or "feejeewah" as the Tommies

called it, caused a great deal of amusement.

They were much interested in my supposed history, one report being that I was a cashiered officer from some cavalry regiment (the sight of me on a horse would certainly have dispelled that illusion, unless my having been cashiered was due to my riding). Another report stated for a fact that I had a wife and large family, whilst one man recognized in me the near relative of a well-known shoemaker. Each one was positive of the truth of his own statement. On returning from a few days' pass one of the men, hearing that I had been staying with my sister, grew interested and was anxious to know what my sister was doing and whether she was "in service." I explained to him that though she had not a place yet there was no knowing what she might do.

DEAD DOG FATIGUE.

For the benefit of the uninitiated let me explain that when a fatigue party meets an officer it is the duty of the non-com. in charge to give the order, "Fatigue, eyes right," or left as the case may be, having previously called the men to attention, whilst he himself salutes with his hand.

A young newly-made lance-corporal was in charge of a party of men whose savory duty it was to remove the various drowned animals out of the canal before the bathing season began, and seeing two officers coming towards him, one on each side of the canal, got bewildered and somewhat startled the company by giving the order, "Dead dog fatigue, eyes outwards!"

Part II. will appear in March.



FRENCH CANADA AND CANADA.*

By Errol Bouchette.

THIS paper, which may give rise to some interesting discussion, as it will be found out of harmony with the views of some writers, was suggested by a paragraph in the March number of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, in which the following is quoted from Mr. Greenough's *Canadian Folk-Life and Folk-Lore*, as a description of the French Canadian:

"His wants are few and his tastes are of the simplest, so that he manages to feed his numerous children, pay his dues to Church and State, and have a decent suit of clothes for Sundays and holidays. He must be very poor indeed if he cannot make a respectable appearance at church. It is a matter of religion with him. He works less steadily and with less intelligence than the New Englander, but is twice as well satisfied with what he gets, and probably quite as happy and contented. He makes but little progress in any direction, but feels not the slightest uneasiness on that account."

It is not intended here to criticize Mr. Greenough's work. It was written among the primitive backwoodsmen of Portneuf, in whose midst he has resided quite a time and to whom he has shown much kindness and sympathy, but this particular paragraph appears to me to embody a fallacy which it is important to set right. It describes a quiet, law-abiding, but backward and even fossilized people, whose quaint manners and customs, for ages unchanged, are of special interest to the poet and writer of fiction, and whose dreamy existence reminds one of certain old towns of central Europe,

"Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,"

and where it appears to the traveller that the world has stood still.

Many authors before Mr. Greenough have so described the French-Canadian people. These works, as a rule, are not devoid of a certain pastoral freshness which captivates the reader. But to the student of Canadian history, to the statesman who has been in touch with the different elements of our population, to the citizen who anxiously watches the development of our national life, it should be apparent that no such people as is above described exists in our country. Nor is it in the interest of Canada that the false impression that any such does exist should be allowed to take root.

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The bulk of the population of Canada is derived from two elements; the United Empire Loyalists, who settled principally in Ontario, and the French Canadians, whose home is Quebec. It is to-day clearly established that as the former have sprung from the very best and purest British stock, so are the latter descended from the best and most honourable blood of France. We are not, thank God, the offsprings of indiscriminate immigration, and we are justly proud of our forefathers. But if it were true of *one half of the Canadian nation* "that they make but little progress in any direction, and feel not the slightest uneasiness on that account," the situation would indeed be serious, and our pride of origin, like that of the Spanish Dons, would only make our inevitable weakness and decay the more disgraceful.

Happily, however, such is far from being the case. Canada is vigorous and progressive; and, speaking more particularly of the French Canadians,

* This article was written and sent to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE before the recent discussions concerning the loyalty of the French Canadians.—EDITOR.

it seems clear to me that very far from being dreamy and fossilized, no more active, vigorous, expansive and ambitious people have established themselves on the American continent. In them are to be found most of the sturdy qualities of the Anglo-Saxon, as described in Demolins' remarkable work on the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race, and indeed they have done as Anglo-Saxons do. Scarce 60,000 at the beginning of the century, they number to-day over 2,000,000. They were then almost wholly illiterate, to-day they are an educated people, well to the front, as Sir John Bourinot remarks, in literature, art and professional pursuits. Their forefathers being for the most part soldiers* and mere improvised farmers, they were primitive in their agricultural methods, but they remained on the soil and to-day they are actually competing with the splendid agriculturists of Ontario. They knew nothing of commerce and possessed no capital, to-day they constitute an important factor in the commercial wealth of the country; as pioneers they are unrivalled. They have, moreover, proved that they can do their own thinking, and while sincerely attached to their religious convictions, do not bow blindly to the dictates of the Church. All these facts need no proof, because they exist before our eyes and are currently referred to as matters of course; and they indicate an active, vigorous and enlightened element, of which Canada has no cause to be ashamed.



But with all these qualities, were the French Canadians, as is so often taken for granted, on account of their language, *an alien race*, divided by their interests, institutions and aspirations, as by a gulf, from the rest of the people, they might still be considered as a source of serious weakness to this community. Such an idea would be en-

* The original settlers were not soldiers from regular regiments, but peasants. They were, however, soldiers *de facto*, being constantly armed against the Indians and the American colonists, and incorporated in irregular militia corps.

tirely contrary to the real state of things. Without considering the mere blood affinities which must and which do exist between the descendants of two small groups who have grown up side by side and together become a nation, it will, it is thought, become apparent, to any one who studies the question, that British ideas and institutions, as they are understood and followed here, are the very essence of the life of French-Canada. Their whole history since one hundred years proves it; their position in the community proves it; and their manners and customs, in spite of the agreeable fictions of folk-lore authors, prove it also.

An alien race in a country may be described as one which, while residing in that country, refuses to harmonize and make common cause with the people thereof, rejects their manners and customs, and submits to their laws only under compulsion. The tribes of Israel in Assyrian bondage are a good example of an alien race. The Gypsies in Europe, the Jews in Russia, the Boers at the Cape, are instances in point. In the United States large portions of the population think and speak in German, others in French; a considerable proportion are Irish, and the love they profess for the home of their ancestors is certainly not unworthy of admiration, yet none of these can be considered as alien races. They may differ from the majority and among themselves in language and in blood, yet all are citizens of the United States, participants in the framing of its laws, upholders of its constitution and defenders of its soil.

On the other hand, men of the same race inhabiting different countries, may be alien to one another. The Celt of Great Britain and the Celt of France are aliens with respect to each other; but in Great Britain the Celt is not alien to the Saxon, nor are, in France, the Celt and Frank alien to the Latin, who inhabits the more southern part of that country. The Anglo-Saxons of England and those of the United States already form distinct ethnological groups. The reason of this is

that, inhabiting different countries during several generations, their habits, modes of life, institutions and aspirations have become different.

Let us now examine whether the English and French people of Canada are alien or akin as regards their history, their interests, their national institutions and aspirations.

Nothing will be found more interesting to the student of ethnology than the history of the French-Canadians since two centuries, that is, from the time when they first became separated from the parent stock. It is a notable fact, historically established by Mr. Benjamin Sulte in the papers he is now publishing in England, under the auspices of the British Association, that almost from the inception they were considered in France as a separate people distinguished by the name of Canadians. At the conquest, the population of Lower Canada was slightly under 60,000 souls. It was not an immigrant population, but had settled in the country since at least a century. This we know because the people of Quebec are probably the only one in existence to-day possessing an authentic record of almost every family composing it. Abbé Tanguay's Dictionary is, I believe, in this respect unique. Mr. Sulte has proved that when French immigration to Canada ceased, about 1675, by order of the king, there were in the country, including men, women and children, not more than 6,000 souls. All the rest is natural increase.

This is how it happened, that while Wolfe had to contend against French regiments specially brought over for the war, Murray, the first British Governor, found a population distinct from that of France, having habits and modes of life suited to the country and of a remarkably hardy spirit, for, almost to a man, they had borne arms and fought for existence against the fierce Indian tribes, when not engaged in expeditions against the American colonies, not to mention their scarce less dangerous contests against the giants

of the primeval forest. Beyond this rural population, and distinct, though sometimes recruited from it, were the *coureurs de bois*, hunters, pioneers and guides, more useful in troubled times than in peace, having, in the stronger frame of the white man, the restless spirit of the Indian.

I have said that at that period (1760) the people had already acquired the habits and modes of life suited to the climate of this country. These have become with us so much a matter of course that we can scarcely realize what a difficult problem was life in Canada to the first Europeans. If the sufferings of the first settlers in the more southern colonies were great, as we know they were, what must it have been with those who had to face unprepared the conditions of the Canadian winter! And indeed we find that the first who came from France to Canada, being men accustomed to live in cities, were totally unable to cope with the climate, and that the greater number of them actually died. The real pioneers and settlers were the sons of farmers from Picardy, Perche, Beauce and Normandy. They, and more especially the group from Perche, "came over married, bringing their farm implements, cattle, etc., and in less than two years after their arrival had conquered the soil. . ." (*Sulte, Customs and Habits of the Earliest Settlers of Canada. Appendix II, Ethnological Survey of Canada.*) The British settlers who came to Canada after the conquest naturally adopted the habits and mode of life which had recommended themselves to their predecessors after the experience of a century. These British settlers rapidly identified themselves with their French fellow-countrymen, to-day many of their descendants speak nothing but French. (The most remarkable instance of this is the settlement of Murray Bay.) They taught them many things of which they were ignorant, to them is in a measure attributable the facility with which the "habitant" has always understood and

practised constitutional government. They learnt from them on the other hand to brave the climate and face the snow-drift in winter, tap the sugar maple in the spring and haul out the timber on the snow. The national costume was adopted without distinction of race, so that the blanket coat and bright sash have become to us almost as the kilt and sporran to the Scot. When the United Empire Loyalists settled in Ontario (their first settlements were not, according to the authority I have before me, anterior to 1783), they found there a few older settlements which had extended there from the Lower Province, and naturally followed the example of the more experienced. By the gradual evolution promoted by all these circumstances, so many points of similarity have been established between the two main limbs of the national tree as to make them both distinctively Canadian, and impart even to the lesser branches something of the same characteristics.

We shall next see how the French Canadians behaved under British rule and how they appreciated British institutions.

The conquest was confirmed by treaty and Canada at length knew peace. French officialdom returned to France and was replaced by English officials scarce less objectionable, for Britain had not yet learned her great lesson in colonial policy, although it must be added that England's errors in this respect were never so gross as those of France and especially Spain. The people at first paid little attention to their new rulers. They did not regret French rule; on the contrary they were well pleased to be rid of the exactions of Bigot, who had disgraced the former regime and ruined the country. The long wars had well-nigh exhausted them, and while recruiting their strength and modest fortunes, they continued their peaceful conquest of the forest. Every step forward was marked by a church around which was grouped a village; so had it been be-

fore, so has it been from that time to this, so may it be for many generations to come. Patient, steady progress, individual initiative and self-reliance, such are the qualities which have distinguished the founders of the Canadian nation of one or the other race.

Fifteen years later broke out the American Revolution. In that war the people of Lower Canada took little part. Their sympathies were with the British, because the American colonies were old enemies, because they felt in their isolation that Britain was their true support, because they looked upon Sir Guy Carleton as a friend. It was he who said of them that they were a nation of gentlemen (*un peuple gentil-homme*); but their wounds were still unhealed. Their sailors, however, from the Lower St. Lawrence and Gulf, helped to man our warships on the river and the lakes. It was a Canadian boat's crew who rowed Carleton from Sorel to Quebec, running the gauntlet of the American army. Then took service Frederic Rolette, who fought at Trafalgar, one of the heroes of the Lakes whose statues must one day ornament the lake front of Toronto.

The people were spectators of the struggle, but the lesson of the war was not lost upon them, for from that period dates the long and ardent constitutional struggle which culminated in the upheaval of 1837 and the final granting of constitutional government to United Canada. It must not be forgotten that one of the direct consequences of the American Revolution was the formation of the province of Upper Canada through the influx of the United Empire Loyalists, who became, through force of circumstances and without any preconcerted understanding, the models and support of Lower Canada in the agitation for constitutional liberties.

It is especially this long agitation which shows how permeated are the people of Lower Canada with the ideas of British constitutional liberty. It is most curious to observe how the stead-

fastness of purpose of so small a group forced conviction at length upon a great Empire and thus contributed to the framing of a policy of which we to-day behold the glorious results. On perusing the history of that period, it will be seen that the representatives of the people took their stand as British subjects pure and simple, and claimed the right of British subjects to tax themselves and dispose of their own revenues. Such was the sum and substance of their revendications. The same process of fermentation, if such an expression may be used, was, at the same time, in a different manner, but with similar results, going on in Upper Canada, so that the Canadian provinces seem, even at that early date, to have felt what Kipling has recently so beautifully expressed.

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Once only was the agitation interrupted, and that by the war of 1812. As proof of the progress made, the whole nation turned out to defend the frontier. Those were memorable days for Canada. Britain could not help us as efficiently as would be possible to-day, yet, contending against great odds, Canadians, among whom stand out prominent the names of Brock and De Salaberry, everywhere repulsed the invader.

Then came the events of 1837, which are not yet very far from us. They have been so diversely judged that they are evidently not yet properly understood, and that page of our history will, I believe, have to be re-written. Whatever may be our opinion concerning them, the historical fact remains that they were immediately followed by a change in the colonial policy of Great Britain, its first effect being the granting to this country of responsible government, which was the goal that Canadians desired to reach, and of which we trust not to have proved unworthy.

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What has been the history of the Lower Canadian group since it has attained a political status favourable to national development? Numerical in-

crease is of little import, if not accompanied by notable progress in other respects; civilization and wealth are more necessary to nations than numbers. The foundation of civilization and wealth is in agriculture and education. We must, therefore, see what French Canadians have done for the cultivation of their soil and of their minds. It does not come within the limits of this article to find out that they are more or less progressive than their neighbours, but merely to state facts tending to prove that they are in the race, competing with and emulating other Canadians, in which case they may sometimes be behind and sometimes ahead.

In 1840, they had not penetrated as yet very far into the interior of the country, colonization was slow, and appeared so especially when the progress made was traced on a map of the Province. In order to promote more rapid colonization of the northern lands, the following plan was carried out by the Provincial Government:—The construction of three parallel railway lines to the north of the St. Lawrence; the first extending along the river bank, from Quebec to Ottawa; the second running through the fertile belt beyond the Laurentides; the third connecting Lake Temiscamingue with Lake St. John. The first, built by the Provincial Government, was called the North Shore Railway, and now forms part of the Canadian Pacific system, having been purchased by the Company; the second, built by two companies and with Government subsidies, is known as the Lower Laurentian and Great Northern, and being connected with Parry Sound will also be of importance for purposes of transcontinental transportation; the third trunk line is surveyed and located, but not yet built. These lines are connected by a number of other lines gradually extending north as the work of settlement progresses. These are already completed from Quebec to Lake St. John, and from Ottawa to Lake Temiscamingue. Between these two points many other railways are gradually forging

their way northward over mountain and through forest. All along this network permanent establishments are founded of sufficient importance to furnish paying traffic, and settlement has extended into northern Ontario, in the west, and beyond the Upper Saguenay in the east. It has been discovered that the intervening mountains, so long an impediment to colonization, contained in their innumerable water-power a source of wealth far more important than that of the Klondike. This century is the age of steam, but the 20th century will be the age of electricity, and nowhere can it be generated with more power and less cost than in the Laurentian water-sheds. Already the mountains are dotted with electrical factories, chiefly pulp so far. Villages have grown there, and one two-year-old town, Grand-mere, has a population of over three thousand souls. So that the efforts made by French Canada for the sole purpose of promoting agriculture will bring industrial prosperity as well. In all the other accessible portions of the Province of Quebec the same work is in progress, although not on a scale quite so extensive. It is in this way that the Gaspé peninsula has been opened to settlers, also the valley of the Chaudiere, and many parts of the eastern townships. All the leading minds of the Province have helped and encouraged the movement, and foremost among them may be mentioned Curé Labelle, called the Apostle of Colonization.

A glance at the agricultural statistics of the Province will show that the work has been fruitful. Let us take as an instance the Dairying Industry, which scarcely existed in the Province some twenty years ago. The Commissioner of Agriculture, in his Report for 1897, gives the following information:—

CENSUS RETURNS.

		Butter.		Cheese.	
		No. of Factories.	Yield.	No. of Factories.	Yield.
1880	Ontario	23	\$212,480	551	\$4,668,078
	Quebec	22	124,698	140	739,105
1890	Ontario	45	\$300,113	893	\$7,269,225
	Quebec	111	555,932	617	2,362,595

“Since that date,” continues the Commissioner, “we have no official figures to guide us exactly; but the enormous increase in the number of our factories, as stated by the Dairymen’s Association in 1895, namely, a total of 307 creameries and 1,469 cheeseries, leads me to believe that as regards butter, we make now three times as much as Ontario produces, and almost as much cheese.” It need not be stated here that a flourishing dairy industry means general agricultural prosperity.

Evidence of progress is also to be found in the statistics of education, which is equal in importance to agriculture. There were, in 1896, according to the report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, in the primary and model schools and academies, 297,328 pupils, showing an increase of nearly 60,000 in fifteen years. It is interesting to note that of these, 59,000 children whose mother tongue is French, are learning English; while 22,000 English-speaking children are learning French. There were 18 Roman Catholic colleges for boys, with a student population of 5,399, of whom 2,411 were following a classical course and the remainder a commercial course; 3 Protestant colleges with a student population of 99; four universities, including McGill; schools of art and design, polytechnic and dairying schools, all well attended.

The forward movement of French Canada is now apparent in every walk of life, in many of which they are paying Ontario the compliment implied by imitation, thus attesting their anxiety to emulate their Anglo-Saxon fellow-countrymen in those qualities of commercial activity which have caused the race to overrun the world. There are no terse figures to support this, although with time and study conclusive statistics could, I am convinced, be obtained; but the truth of the observation will be borne out by the experience of all business men who have come in contact with the French-Canadian element. By all these it will be

conceded that French Canada has been making good use of the time since Confederation and that its future possibilities are great.

The question may now be asked, is there no feeling of antagonism between the two grown-up groups? Of course there is, and there must be; but that they are not inimical to each other, that they feel that they are one nation to-day, is proved by their relations with each other. It is significant that everything tending to a rapprochement between the two groups has succeeded and become permanent, while all attempts to array race against race have utterly failed. Representatives of both groups have settled down side by side in very many parts of Canada, and in every case have become friends. The notorious failure of those men, both in Ontario and Quebec, who have attempted success by appeals to race and religion, is present to all minds. Either they found no following, or a moment of apparent success was followed by a startling downfall. These men, as is well known, were not mere mischief-makers. Most of them, however mistaken, were no doubt sincere, many of them were highly gifted. But the Canadian people refused to follow them.

The events connected with the North-West Rebellion give a good insight into the temper of the Canadian people. This was really a race and religion question, and there was the greatest divergency of opinion in the two large provinces over it. In Ontario, the half-breeds were regarded as dangerous rebels, unworthy of mercy; in Quebec they were held to be victims struggling for their rights. Yet Quebec felt so strongly that, right or wrong, the rebellion must be nipped in the bud, that, when the French Canadian regiments were called to the front, the recruiting stations were besieged by men anxious to enrol and encouraged to do so by their fathers, who were none the less determined to agitate in favour of those whom their sons

were marching to suppress. And when, subsequently, the execution of Riel, the Jesuits' Estates and other vexed questions, which happened to crop up just at that time, created what appeared to be a dangerous agitation in Ontario and Quebec, a man raised his voice and spoke words of peace in both provinces. He was not in political life, he bore a French name. He was much respected, and he placed reliance in the common sense of his fellow-countrymen. He was listened to with attention, his words carried conviction, and the agitation died out. But he could not have accomplished what he did had the hearts of the people been in the strife.

When we come to the personal relations of man to man, I do not think there can be pointed out any instance of serious friction between Anglo-Saxon and French Canadian since Confederation. Our Irish fellow-citizens, reminiscent of the glorious days of Donnybrook Fair, have occasionally flourished the shillalah with too much energy, but that has nothing to do with the relations of the two large groups. Sir George Cartier said of the French Canadians that they are Englishmen speaking French. It would be more correct to say that they are *Britishers* speaking French. Of late years they have grown more cosmopolitan, being more in touch with the outside world, and also more intensely Canadian, because the more they see the more they appreciate their own country. They love the art and literature of France, but have no love for French methods or government nor for Frenchmen individually. French mannerisms grate upon their nerves. Proud as they are of their French origin, they object to be referred to as "French," especially when the term is used by a certain portion of the press that devotes more time than it should to the business of pin pricking; they feel that they are not French, but Canadian. They can stand criticism and of course frequently deserve it, but they resent that style of criticism which affects to set them apart from the rest of the people. All these traits which distin-

guish the French Canadian of to-day, are indicative of a national spirit which never yet existed in an alien or an unprogressive race.

These remarks, incomplete and cursory as they necessarily must be, will yet, it is hoped, be sufficient for the object in view, which is to prove that there is no curious phenomenon of fossilization in any portion of the Canadian population, and that there is no alien race amongst us. I may add here my conviction that if every historical event of the last hundred years were taken up and studied separately,

it would strengthen the position I have taken. We are really one people composed of two elements, who share the same interests and aspirations, whose existence side by side gives our nation its chief and most attractive characteristic, whose dissimilarities are a source not of weakness but of strength, because they agree in all fundamental principles of government and social life, while affording every opportunity for healthy emulation. It seems to me that every page of our common history points to this conclusion, and that it is one which every Canadian should endeavour to promote and foster.

WINONA.

HERE, by the margin of Winona Lake,
 (Still, haunted lake,)
 Sad spirits weave their languorous spells,
 Their fitful spells,
 And melancholy music make.

The winds that blow upon Winona crest,
 (Scarred, riven crest,)
 Float hither in soft murmurous sighs,
 In sobs and sighs,
 Then slowly sink to rest.

Glorious doth rise and set Winona's sun,
 (Red, lurid sun !)
 Beauteous her glades, and sweet the song of birds,
 The twittering birds,
 From dawn till day is done.

But fearsome shades enswathe Winona's cave ;
 (The Dead Man's cave.)
 A few white bones, and a rusty knife,
 A blood-stained knife,—
 No epitaph, nor grave.

And men fear to tread by Winona's shore,
 (Fair, desolate shore !)
 By day 'tis Night, by night 'tis Hell,
 Dreadful as Hell !
 Curséd for evermore !

R. Stanley Weir.

MILITARY PICTURE SERIES.



MILITARY PICTURE SERIES, NO. 8.—MAJOR GIROUARD, THE CANADIAN ENGINEER WHO WON FAME IN EGYPT AND WAS MADE DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ALL THE EGYPTIAN RAILWAYS. HE IS NOW IN SOUTH AFRICA WITH GENERAL BULLER'S STAFF.



MILITARY PICTURE SERIES, NO. 9.—LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM,
WHO HAS JUST ARRIVED IN SOUTH AFRICA AS CHIEF OF
STAFF TO LORD ROBERTS.

From "Present Day Egypt," by permission of "The Century Co."

THE PHOTOGRAPHS FROM WHICH THE NINE FOLLOWING DRAWINGS WERE MADE, WERE TAKEN BY MR. SIMONSKI, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR THE MONTREAL HERALD. THE FIRST SHOWS MAJOR DRUMMOND AS HE APPEARED WHILE INSPECTING THE FIRST PARADE WITH ARMS. THE SECOND IS THE ARMORER'S SHOP WITH THE GRINDSTONES FOR SHARPENING BAYONETS.



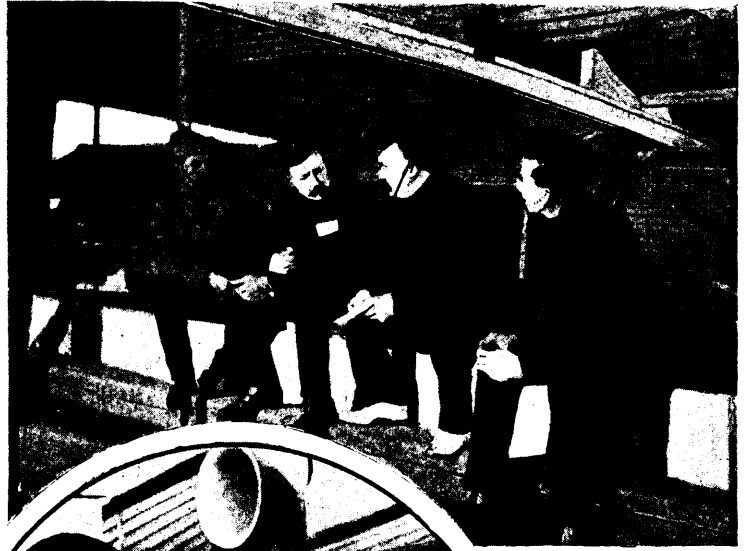
THE SOLDIERS TAKING THEIR MORNING BATH IN THE TROPICS.

THE DECK WAS THE BATH-TUB AND THE WATER WAS SUPPLIED THROUGH A HOSE.



MILITARY PICTURE SERIES, NO. 10.—WITH THE FIRST CANADIAN CONTINGENT ON BOARD THE SARDINIAN.

LAYING OUT
THE DAY'S
WORK.



(a) COLONEL
OTTER AND
OTHER
OFFICERS.

(b) TRIAL OF
THE STEWARD
WHO WAS
FOUND
GUILTY OF
PURLOINING
REGIMENTAL
STORES AND
SELLING THEM
BY COLONEL
OTTER.

(c) EXERCISING
OFFICERS'
HORSES.



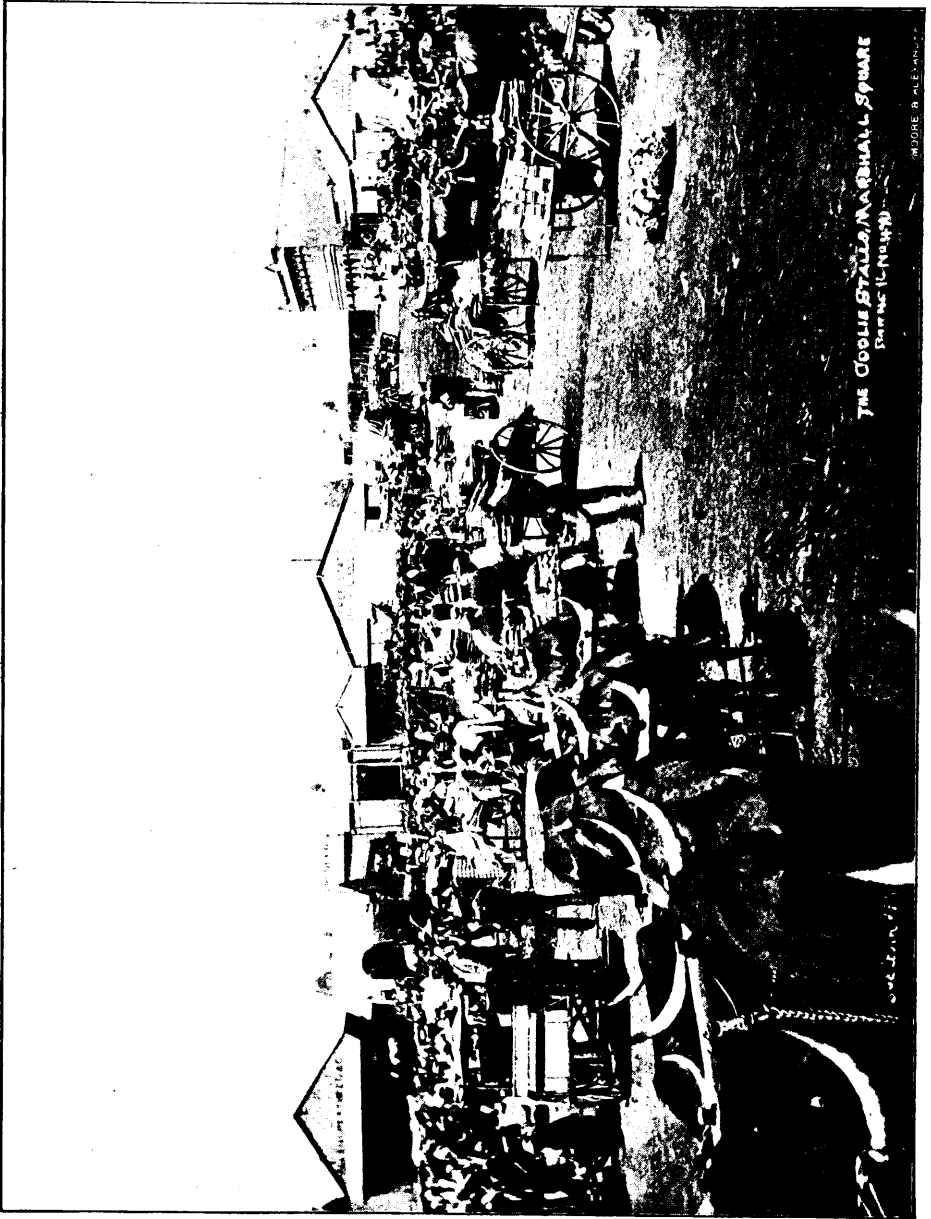
A DECK SCENE—THE FOUR NURSES MAKING HOSPITAL BANDAGES TO PROTECT THE VACCINATION ON THE MEN'S ARMS.



MAJOR ROGERS TAKES A LESSON FROM MISS POPE.



COLONEL LESSARD AND MAJOR CARTWRIGHT ON THE TOP OF THE WHEEL-HOUSE.



THE COOLIE STALLS, MARSHALL SQUARE
SARAWAK (C. N. 1918)

MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 13.—THE COOLIE STALLS, MARSHALL SQUARE, JOHANNESBURG.



MILITARY PICTURE SERIES, NO. 14.—A HOWITZER GUN.

These excellent guns are now arriving in South Africa.—There are none of them in Canada so far as is known.



FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

FIELD-MARSHALL LORD ROBERTS.

LORD ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR.

By T. E. C.

“The beau-ideal of a soldier, cool to conceive, brave to dare, and strong to do

THE sentence just quoted is the opening portion of the epitaph inscribed upon the stone marking the last resting-place of Lieutenant-Colonel Fred Mackeson, who met his death in India more than forty-six

years ago, from a wound inflicted by a religious fanatic.

It was a just tribute to a gallant soldier, and true as it was of Mackeson, it is equally true of Frederick Sleigh, Baron Roberts of Kandahar and Wa-

terford, who has just assumed the post of Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in the Transvaal.

Lord Roberts is the distinguished son of an almost equally distinguished father, namely, General Sir Abraham Roberts, G.C.B. The last named was a son of the Rev. John Roberts, of Waterford, Ireland, and grandson of John Roberts, who, in his day, attained great celebrity as an architect. Sir Abraham was born in Ireland, April 11th, 1784, and in 1801, at the age of seventeen, entered the Waterford militia. In 1803 he was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 48th Foot, and was transferred to the service of the Honourable East India Company in 1804. He served under Lord Lake in his Indian campaign in 1805, and again under Sir William Richards in 1814-15, and was Brigadier-General in the first Afghan war of 1838-42. He was repeatedly mentioned in despatches, and was noted not only for his calm and steady

fast courage in the field, but for his sagacity and ever-ready watchfulness to guard against difficulties and surmount them when they occurred. He was created K.C.B. in 1865, and G.C.B. in 1873. He died at Clifton, near Bristol, in December, 1873.

Another son of John Roberts, a brother of Sir Abraham, was Admiral Sir Samuel Roberts, who has a direct

connection with Canadian history and the War of 1812. When war was declared by the United States against Great Britain, Captain Roberts, as he was then, was stationed at Isle St. Joseph on the Upper Lakes. He was ordered by General Brock to organize an expedition against Fort Mackinac, then in possession of the United States. In accordance with orders, Captain Roberts, with about

one hundred and seventy voyageurs, and some fifty soldiers of the 41st Regiment, proceeded by batteaux through Lake Huron, to the Straits of Mackinac. When he arrived before the Fort he summoned its occupants to surrender, and they, seeing the utter futility of resistance, did so without striking a blow, or the loss of a single life.

Captain Samuel Roberts subsequently rose to become an Admiral, and for his many services to his country, received the honour of knighthood. He

was born in July, 1785, and died in December, 1848.

Lord Roberts of Kandahar, the son and nephew of the gallant soldier and the sailor just spoken of, was born September 30, 1832, in Cawnpore, India, and when about three years of age was sent home to England for his education.

He was educated first at Eton,



THE LATE GENERAL SIR ABRAHAM ROBERTS, G.C.B.
From a Photograph loaned by Dr. R. A. Pyne, M.P.P.,
Toronto.

then at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and, finally at Addiscombe, that once famous training school for youths whose destination was India. Young Roberts entered the military service of the H. E. I. C. as a subaltern in the Bengal Artillery in 1851, and was for some time employed in addition to his regimental duties, as A. D. C. to his father, Sir Abraham Roberts, then commanding the Peshawar division of the Indian Army.

When the Indian Mutiny broke out Lieutenant Roberts was appointed *D. A. Q. M. G. of Artillery, and was present at the siege and finally the capture of Delhi on September 20th, 1857. On July 14th previously, during the continuance of the siege, Roberts was wounded, and on September 14th he had his horse shot under him. At the fight which took place at Bolundshur he again had his horse shot, and yet

again during the action at Kunoj did he lose his horse, it being sabred as he rode, by a mutineer.

It was on January 2nd, 1858, that Roberts won the most coveted of all military distinctions, that "For Valour," the Victoria Cross. It was thus: the battle of Khotagunge had been fought and victory rested with the British. Roberts saw in the distance two Sepoys going away with a standard. The dashing young subaltern, as he then still was, put spurs to his horse and rode after the men, coming up to them just as they were about to enter a village. They turned round and presented their muskets at Roberts, and one of them attempted to fire, but the cap failed to explode. Immediately he was cut down by Roberts and the standard recovered. Later in the same day Roberts saw a Sepoy resisting a *sowar who was trying to disarm him. The Sepoy had a loaded rifle with the bayonet fixed, and it would have gone hard with the sowar but for the prompt assistance rendered him by Roberts, who, going to his aid, cut down the Sepoy and rescued the former.

For his services during the mutiny Roberts received the medal with three clasps, in addition to the V. C. Having attained his captaincy, he was, on the day following his being gazetted to that rank, promoted to a brevet majority, and in addition to these honourable distinctions was thanked by Lord Canning, the Governor-General of India.

At the close of the mutiny Major Roberts returned to England on leave, and whilst at home married, on May 17th, 1859, Miss Nora Henrietta Bews, a daughter of Captain John Bews, formerly of H. M. 73rd Regiment. Returning to India almost immediately after his marriage, Roberts was there when the Chinese war broke out in the early days of 1860, and hoped to have been appointed to a position on the staff of Sir Hope Grant, who



LORD ROBERTS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHEN HE WAS GENERAL SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS, BART.

From a photograph loaned by S. Price, Peterborough.

*Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General.

*Native cavalryman.

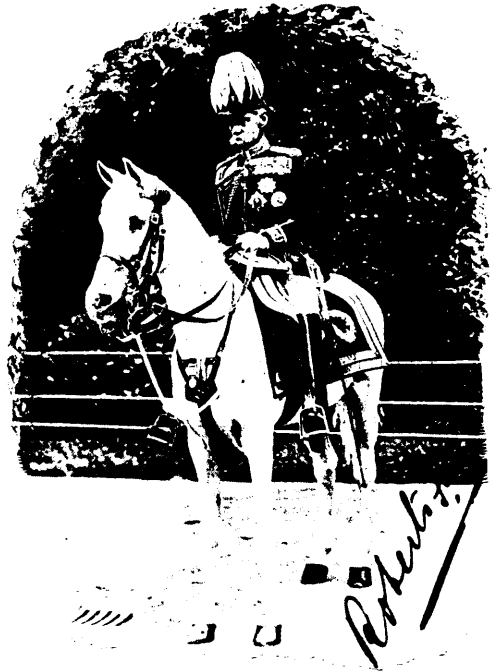
was in command of the troops sent from India. In this expectation, though, he was disappointed, as Lord Clyde, then Commander-in-Chief in India, did not recommend him to Sir Hope Grant, thinking that, as Major and Mrs. Roberts were recently wedded, the latter would prefer her husband to remain with her.

A few days later, and when the list of officers for the Chinese staff had been fully settled, Lord Clyde met Mrs. Roberts at a dinner party, in fact actually taking her in to dinner. During the meal the gallant old hero told Mrs. Roberts of what he had done, thinking to please her. To his amazement the Field Marshal was curtly told by his fair partner that she thought "that his having deprived her husband of the chance of further service was the very thing that might possibly cause him to regret his marriage." Lord Clyde angrily retorted, "There is no knowing how to deal with you women." Eventually, though, Lord Clyde and Mrs. Roberts became close friends.

This paper is reaching a length not intended when the writer commenced its preparation, and yet some words more about the "Hero of Kandahar" must be said. We can do no more than refer to the Abyssinian campaign, where for his zeal and energy as A.Q.-M.G. with the Bengal Brigade, Roberts earned the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and was specially mentioned in despatches by Sir Robert Napier, subsequently Lord Napier of Magdala, who was the Commander-in-Chief.

Subsequently Colonel Roberts served with the Cachar column in the Looshai Expedition of 1871-72, where for his gallantry and devotion to duty he was on the close of hostilities, created C.B.

The last Afghan War broke out in 1878, and then Roberts with the local rank of Major-General was in command of the Koorum Field Force, and was present at the attack upon and capture of the Peiwar Kotal and witnessed the retreat and pursuit of the Afghan forces



LORD ROBERTS, MOUNTED.

By kindness of "Literary Digest."

to the Shutargardan. For his conspicuous services at this trying period Roberts was created K.C.B. and received the thanks of both the House of Lords and Commons.

But Roberts, greatly as he had already distinguished himself, was to win still greater fame in his famous march from Cabul to Kandahar, through practically a trackless, mountainous wilderness.

Cabul had fallen and General Roberts was in command there when news reached him of the defeat of General Burrows at Maiwand by Ayooob Khan. Burrows had to be relieved and General Roberts immediately started to effect that purpose. Taking with him 9,600 men he marched upon Kandahar and then for three weeks nothing was heard of him. Anxiety in England, throughout India, indeed throughout the world was intense; people feared they knew not what; they watched and waited.

Then at the end of three weeks, came the intelligence direct from the General himself that the British arms were suc-

cessful and that the flag of England flew from the walls of Kandahar.

Soon after this splendid achievement General Roberts visited England where he was received with every possible mark of honour. He had immediately after the campaign been created a baronet, a G.C.B., and awarded the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

Sir Frederick Roberts subsequently went to South Africa, succeeding Sir George Pomeroy Colley after the death of the latter at Majuba Hill. Peace though had been concluded with the Boers before Sir Frederick reached the Cape.

The later services of Lord Roberts

included the Burmese expedition of 1886, which was a small affair in comparison with former scenes in his famous military career.

Succeeding Sir Donald Stewart as Commander-in-Chief in India in 1887, he held that post until April 1893, having been raised to the Peerage a year earlier. He left India to the universal regret of both military and official circles in April, 1893. His father and he had in their joint lives spent nearly 90 years, that is almost the entire century, in that country.

That England's honour in the Transvaal is safe in the hands of the kindly and gallant veteran no one doubts. "He will do his duty."

LULLABY.

SLEEP, my darling, sleep,
 Upon the distant deep
 Thy father toils for thee,
 And prays that o'er thy bed
 May guardian angels spread
 Their white wings lovingly.

Rest, my loved one, rest,
 By angels fair caressed,
 Come rosy dreams to thee ;
 By gleam of star-shine pale
 I sight thy father's sail
 Across the shimmering sea.

Dream, my treasure, dream,
 I pray the waking seem
 As bright as they to thee ;
 So sleep and dream, my own,
 Though winds and waves may moan,
 In dreams unheard they'll be.

Sleep, my loved one, sleep,
 Across the distant deep
 Thy father comes to thee,
 And soon his treasure prest
 Upon his heart will rest,
 While sobs the lonely sea.

THE MANITOBA ELECTIONS.

DESCRIBING THE CONTEST FOR THE CONTROL OF THE PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE BETWEEN THE LIBERALS, LED BY THE HON. MR. GREENWAY, AND THE CONSERVATIVES, LED BY MR. HUGH JOHN MACDONALD.

By Kenneth Fessenden.

TO interpret correctly the recent vote in Manitoba, it must be borne in mind that, so far as the resources of practical politics are concerned, the advantage lay decidedly with the adherents of Mr. Greenway's Government. There were the party in office both in the Province and in the Dominion, and anyone acquainted with the actual work of electioneering will understand for how much that counts in a dozen different ways. They had, apparently, the quiet friendship of the great railway corporations. They had a complete organization well manned with experienced workers; and they had certain railway magnates as their allies. All of these things are important aids to the running of an election; but it has been made plain that they are not everything, and that the politician who underestimates the importance of less material, though no less real elements of strength, neither understands politics, nor, whatever he may think himself to be, is in truth practical.

Unfortunately, it has also been made clear that without expensive organization and the use of a good deal of money it is almost hopeless, under present conditions, to put candidates in the field. If the Conservatives had not had a complete organization, both at the time of compiling the voters' lists and during the campaign, a majority of their candidates would hardly have been elected. Even allowing for much service given free, thorough organization and electioneering work costs money. So, too, does the maintenance of a party press that covers the whole field. It is plain that for legitimate expenses alone a heavy outlay

must be incurred. Cynics may go farther and question whether any party can permit all the purchasable vote to be captured by the other side.

To realize how large a part was played by political forces other than those of "practical politics," it is only necessary to look back on the records of former elections. When the Greenway Government, in 1888, first went to the country, it had to encounter the hostility of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and of the Dominion Government; but the Conservative opposition was almost obliterated. In 1892 the Opposition was signally defeated. In 1896 it was again almost obliterated. But in 1899 it has carried the Province by a majority of 23 to 17. The contrast is apparent enough even from this bare statement, but if we go a little further into detail it will become still more striking. Leaving out the four French constituencies, which have a sort of politics of their own, we find that in 1896 there were elected 33 Government candidates, two Independent and one Opposition. To-day they stand 14 Government to 22 Opposition. Again, taking the nine local constituencies included in the territory of the Dominion riding represented by Mr. Sifton, we find that in 1896 not one of them elected a Conservative candidate; while in six out of the nine they have now given Conservative majorities. Turning to Winnipeg, the south riding, which in 1896 returned the Attorney-General by acclamation, has now elected the Conservative leader. North Winnipeg then gave a Government majority of more than 200; this time there is a similar majority on



THE LEGISLATURE THAT WAS DISSOLVED.

the other side. In Centre Winnipeg in 1892, the Opposition candidate lost his deposit; in 1896 no Opposition candidate was nominated; in 1899 the Opposition candidate was defeated, but with great difficulty, by a majority of 115.

From the results of former elections, it is plain that the Greenway Government received the votes of many independent Conservatives as well as of independent Liberals and non-partizans. From the result of the present election it is clear that it has lost a large number of those votes—whether deservedly or not is another question upon which I am not to touch. The electors who have thus turned the the day are not necessarily men who obtrude themselves on the notice of office-holders, neither are they necessarily very much more numerous in any constituency than is required to turn the scale. That is why politicians are likely to lose sight of them. But to cause a landslide at a general election they must exist in sufficient numbers throughout the Province, and must be influenced not by local considerations, but by Provincial or national issues. In 1892 and 1896 it was because of the School Question that they supported the Government. In 1899 they voted against it because of the railway question.

There were, of course, the usual number of minor issues and minor influences, but, as Mr. Frank Oliver has said, had it not been for the railway question Mr. Greenway might have gone to sleep during the campaign, to wake up on the day after the election with a strong majority at his back.

The Opposition were fortunate in the accession of Mr. Hugh John Macdonald to the party leadership. Mr. Macdonald is endowed with tact and energy, and the son of "the old man" could not but awaken interest and enthusiasm in the Conservative ranks. Moreover, he had never been concerned in any questionable transactions, and had not been identified with former Conservative legislation objectionable to the people of Manitoba.

Mr. Greenway's leadership of the Liberals had also much weight. But for the Mackenzie and Mann legislation, his personal following would have been not only very numerous, but very sure that they were right, and very full of work. The history of the Greenway Government had been marked by the ending of disallowance, the breaking of the C.P.R. monopoly south of the Main Line, the introduction of the Northern Pacific, increased school grants, decreased administrative expenditure, the abolition of the dual language system, the abolition of Separate Schools, and the successful fight against the Remedial Bill. Mr. Greenway, as the head of the Government during this time, had come to be regarded by his followers as a man who would stand by the common good against corporations and special interests of all sorts. Liberals, especially in the rural districts, had great faith in his public spirit. This confidence, however, whether justly or not, was shaken during the last year or two. Here, again, the recent railway legislation made itself felt. Not only did many of his old supporters leave him, but the faith and confidence of those who remained in the cause for which they were fighting was seriously lessened.

The stand taken on the railway question by the former supporters of Mr. Greenway may be indicated without dealing with it in full. They blamed the Government for not doing what they said it should have done, as well as for doing what they said it ought not to have done. They held, for instance, that it should have either built a government line or extended the Northern Pacific into certain important territory, instead of allowing the C.P.R. to occupy that territory unconditionally. They held that it should have protested at Ottawa against Mr. Sifton's railway land grant policy, especially in connection with the Northwest Central branch of the C.P.R.; also that it should have protested against the terms of the Rainy River Railway Bill and should have endeavoured to secure the construction of the Lake Superior



THE NEW PREMIER AND HIS CHIEF SUPPORTERS.

Premier and Attorney-General—Mr. Hugh John Macdonald; Provincial Treasurer and Minister of Agriculture—Mr. John A. Davidson; Provincial Secretary and Minister of Public Works—Dr. McFadden; Ministers without portfolio—Colin H. Campbell and James Johnson.

railway under better conditions, preferably as a Government line.

A passage from the *Tribune*, the chief exponent of dissatisfied Liberal opinion, will show the main reasons urged against the course followed in connection with railway land grants :

"An area equal in extent to fifteen times the cultivated land of Manitoba, or in other words equal to the combined area of Scotland and Ireland, has been given in Western Canada to railway companies. As a result, while there is any amount of vacant land adjacent to the railways, the homesteader must go beyond the boundaries of Manitoba into some region not yet supplied with railway facilities. The settlement of the country is thus terribly retarded. Eastern men who have visited the west and seen from the train a vast amount of unoccupied land, applaud the Doukhobor and Galician immigration, because, they say, 'we want to get settlers on the vacant lands we have seen.' These guileless statesmen are apparently unaware that the Doukhobors and Galicians do not settle on the vacant lands they have seen from their car windows. Neither the Doukhobors and Galicians nor anyone else is permitted to settle on those lands, till them and make them of some use to the country, unless he pays the proprietor of the land the price fixed upon it. Even when payment is spread over several years, it will be evident that the existence of land grants does not conduce to the rapid settlement of the country or to the prosperity of its settlers.

"The evils of the land grant system are greatly intensified by the allotment of the lands, not in solid blocks but in 'alternate sections,' like the black squares on a chess board. What would the people of Toronto think if the proprietors of half or one-fourth of the city were exempted from taxation for twenty or thirty years, so that the municipality was deprived of revenue and extra taxation fell on the remainder of the citizens? While the struggling settlers are improving the value of the vacant railway land, making roads, digging ditches, providing schools, they must pay not only their own taxes, but also those of millionaire railway magnates who toll their produce on its way to market.

"Yet what have we seen during the last year or so under a government put in power to reform this evil policy? We have seen another four thousand square miles—the lapsed grant of the G.N.W.C.—voted to the C.P.R. And we have found the Minister of the Interior, the representative of the west, supporting the C.P.R. in a dishonest manoeuvre by which it aims to extend the tax-exemption of its land grant for another twenty years. We of the west should like to see a halt called. Have we not a right to call for this? Is it not in the interest of Canada's development and prosperity?"

The position taken on the Lake Superior Railway is thus set forth by the same journal :

There being then this apparent lack of understanding in other provinces of the causes of the extreme dissatisfaction with the policy at present followed by the Ottawa government, let us say at the outset that the people of the west do not desire that for their benefit, one dollar or one cent should be added to the taxes collected from the people of any other part of the Dominion. They do not desire that the Dominion government should grant any bonuses whatever, to any railway or other corporation in Western Canada. They do not desire that in Western Canada the Dominion government should construct any public work that will not pay its way; that is, that will not yield a yearly profit amply sufficient to meet interest charges. What we ask is that the Dominion government shall not hand over our public franchises and our natural resources to private individuals or corporations; that it shall not assist such individuals or corporations to levy tribute upon us; and that, so far as is possible, it shall undo the injury done in this way to the west by the former Dominion government.

The railway policy which was followed by the Conservative governments resulted in the creation of a great corporation which is able to levy tribute upon us whenever we go to or from market, in addition to a fair price for the services it has rendered. It has created a tremendous political power which is inspired by other aims than a regard for the welfare of the people, which is a source of widespread corruption and demoralization in our public life, and which goes a long way towards converting into a baleful comedy the operations of legislatures which are supposed to govern according to the will of the people, for the good of the people. That policy in its main features is continued in the Mackenzie and Mann legislation. The building of the new Lake Superior road and its western connections in Manitoba and the Territories, gave a magnificent opportunity for freeing the west from the industrial despotism of the C.P.R. Built as a government road its construction would not have added one dollar to the taxes of the people. As a government system the new lines would have been of incalculable benefit to the prosperity and development of the Dominion. Even if given to a private corporation, a clause providing that the Dominion might take over the road at its cost to the company, would have left a door open for the future, and would have provided the most effective check possible on extortionate charges and over-capitalization. What was done was to add immensely to the gigantic railway corporation power which threatens our political life, to give millions from the public treasury, to allow over-capitalization to the extent of fifteen or twenty million dollars, and thus to promote the imposition of unnecessarily

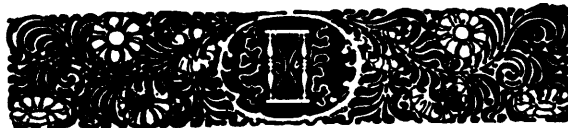
high rates on the new railway and the maintenance of such rates on the existing C.P.R. lines.

The main question with the electorate was whether the policy of the past was to be continued in future. What the electorate desired was a policy of government ownership. To again quote from the *Winnipeg Journal* :

"Brief as was the campaign, a still more brief interval of time was required for every candidate in the province to discover that it was the leading issue, the question of questions, with the people. The somewhat indefinite declaration of the Conservative platform for government ownership was supplemented by much stronger, more definite and more pronounced pledges from Conservative candidates in all parts of the province, and there are few Liberal candidates who have not spoken in similar terms, though they were somewhat handicapped by the record of recent railway legislation. As each succeeding day went by, as the strength of public opinion was discovered by platform speakers and canvassers, party leaders made one declaration after another, to meet the demand of the electorate, until before the end of the campaign we had the Premier's statement of the benefits that could be obtained by construction of railways under public ownership, Mr. McMillan's promise to support government purchase of the Northern Pacific lines if that railway sells out, and Mr. Macdonald's endorsement of a thorough-going policy of government ownership."

Issues to which significance was lent by the railway question were the practice of rushing through legislation without first affording time for public examination and the expression of public opinion, "campaign funds" for preventing the fair expression at the polls of the will of the electorate, the Galician immigration and the proposal to require a knowledge of the English language from illiterate immigrants unaccustomed to free institutions before granting them the franchise. Alarm

was felt at the political influence of great corporations, and at the power they may exercise in the election of legislatures by supplying their political instruments with the support of purchased journals and with funds for corrupt or fraudulent electioneering work. The giving of the franchise to thousands of immigrants, alleged to be of low intellectual capacity, and ignorant of the English language, would tend, it was feared, to increase political corruption and the influence, in our politics, of funds supplied by great corporations desirous of securing legislation contrary to the public good. The Conservative franchise policy was, undoubtedly, very popular. So, too, was their objection to a large volume of Galician immigration, which, they held, would seriously deteriorate the level of quality of the population of Canada, and against which, they declared, the Government of Manitoba should protest. The admission, in great numbers, of immigrants which might prove to be of a radically alien and inferior ethnological type, was imputed to a desire to increase the earnings of railway companies, rather than to serve the interests of Canada's future, or to consider the welfare of the western settler. It was replied that the Galicians would, beyond doubt, develop into desirable members of the community, that they were placed chiefly on lands other settlers would not occupy, that they would supply a market for wholesale houses, and that the proposal to require a knowledge of English before enfranchising them was contrary to British principles of government. But apparently this defence did not quite satisfy popular opinion.



TWENTY YEARS
ON THE
WAR PATH.
By
FREDERIC VILLIERS, WAR ARTIST & CORRESPONDENT.

IV.—THE DEATH TRAMP OF THE THE PLEVNA PRISONERS.

A BATTLEFIELD is a scene sad enough after the heat and excitement of the fray is over, but the saddest sight I think I have ever witnessed during my twenty years' campaigning career was the march of the Turkish prisoners, in the winter of 1877-8, through Roumania to their captivity in Russia, after their long stubborn defence of the Plevna position.

Not one-third of those brave men, who for so many months had held the huge masses of Russian soldiers at bay, ever returned to their native lands.

Where cruel war has devastated towns, wrecked homes and laid the land bare by invading hosts, nature seems to revel in the misery of her sons, and launches upon them the cruellest winter or a scorching, waterless summer, as the case may be. Great wars are curiously marked by phenomenally bitter winters; for instance, the winter of 1877-8, as regarded the bitterness of its weather, vied with the winter of 1870-1, when France and Germany were at war.

In this, probably, cruellest winter Roumania had known for years, I travelled from Fratisti—the then terminus of the rail from Bucharest—down towards the Danube.

Dr. Humphrey Sandwith, C.B., who had been with General Fenwick Wil-

liams during the siege of Kars in 1855-6, was my companion. He was engaged in distributing money collected by one of many philanthropic societies in England for the alleviation of the distressed sick and wounded of the war—both Russians and Turks.

On arriving at the terminus of the railway, we secured a sleigh, and were soon stowed away in a sort of hen-coop minus the top-bars, with our baggage in the straw to serve as a seat. The mercury had fallen to some 15 degrees below zero the night before, and our road, therefore, was too slippery to be the most desirable surface for sleighing.

The result was that our conveyances would occasionally, to our consternation, run away with the horses whenever we came to a slant to left or right of the road, causing us to be always on the look-out for a collision with one of the many uncanny heaps of carrion by the roadside, on which hungry dogs were feeding.

Dead horses and dying oxen now strewed our route, signs that we must be in the wake of some munitions train. Presently we came up with a long line of waggons and sleighs loaded with shot and shell.

The morning was bitterly cold. Before us lay a vast plain of snow, only broken by the bleak telegraph poles,

which for miles traced our road through many a drift. The dead stillness of the plain under its white mantle was occasionally disturbed by the dull beating of the wings of the carrion crows and foul vultures, as the birds lazily settled on their prey. Soon they increased in number, making almost black the leaden sky. Then afar off, breaking the horizon, a long, dark line came slowly moving in caterpillar fashion over the snow towards us. It was a column of men marching. No Russian or Roumanian troops constituted it, or ere this we should have heard some cheerful song borne over the plain.

I aroused Sandwith, who had settled down in his furs and had fallen fast asleep.

"Look! what do you make of those fellows?" said I. "Surely they must be Turkish prisoners. See the plumes of the Dorobantz guards waving as they advance!"

"Yes," cried Sandwith, now thoroughly aroused and peering through his binocular. "I can discern along with the escort Turkish officers, some on ponies, others on foot."

Behind the officers were the men who had so long kept the Muscovites at bay round Plevna.

How spiritless and broken they now looked as they trudged wearily along the road to their captivity! Half starved, almost dead with fatigue and the cruel cold, many with fever burning in their eyes, mere stalking bones and foul rags, came the brave troops who had made the fame of Osman Pasha.

Sandwith, with the keen scent of the medical practitioner, sniffed the taint of smallpox and typhus lingering around them in the frosty air.

"For our lives, Villiers, we must get to windward of these poor creatures!" exclaimed Sandwith, and we drove our sleigh to the left flank of the approaching column. Many of these wretched creatures were even now falling out of the ranks and lying down to die. One poor fellow had just thrown himself in the snow by the roadside; he could go no farther. A comrade, loth to leave

him, followed, and tried to persuade him to struggle once more to join the line.

There was no answer; he had swooned or was dead.

The ghastly line of living phantoms was trudging wearily forward. A soldier of the rear guard now came up; with the butt end of his musket he roughly pushed the living man back into the ranks; then, with a brutal kick, turned the head of the fallen Turk over in the snow. A wild, fixed stare met his gaze; the Turk was dead. The soldier hastily shouldered his rifle and rejoined the guard.

Thousands and thousands of birds of prey whirled around, settling in front and rear of this sad procession, like sharks round a doomed ship. A few yards further on, lying half-covered with snow, was the nude body of a dead Turk, who had been stripped by his companions, for the sake of the little warmth of the foetid rags he had worn on his gaunt limbs. A carrion crow had just settled on his clenched hand, and the foul dogs were hurrying up to their loathsome repast. A short distance to the right lay another body with upturned face staring on the heavens through the slowly falling snow. He was not quite dead, for the flakes were thawing on his fixed eye-balls. Dogs and swine, from the village near by, were quarreling for their share of the coming feast.

It was the village of Putenin, hardly discernible in its shroud of snow and ice. Forbes and I were here in the summer in search of General Drogomarov, who was about to attempt the passage of the Danube.

We were then suffering from the intense heat and blinding dust. I was now shivering in my furs. Putenin I found to be the resting-place for Russian sick and wounded *en route* to the base hospital in Bucharest. When last I was here these very wounded, hale and hearty, were gaily marching with martial song and blare of bugles to the front, with all the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war.

Where was the glory now? Swath-

ed in bloody rags, lying crippled and fever-stricken on litters of rank straw, were the victors; and the vanquished, frost-bitten and famished, were hobbling past them, wretched prisoners of war.

In the village a large lazaretto had been formed by the Russians. A considerable number of the Red Cross attendants lived in the houses of the village. In one large building which had once been a schoolhouse, resided a Russian nobleman, who was the chief of the ambulance.

Hearing of our arrival he kindly invited us to stay a day or two. We gladly accepted the Prince's hospitality, for we knew there was scant comfort at Tornu Magurelli, the little Danube town for which we were making. The ice was still on the move on the river, and no communication with the opposite shore could be made till the floes were packed.

Here there was certainly comfort, if not luxury. We slept in one common room, in which a German stove burnt night and day, and we fed on biscuits and canned goods, generally with Russian tea for a beverage. There was plenty of tobacco, in the shape of cigarettes. Our Russian host would say, as he whiffed at his jewelled amber mouthpiece: "Pah! One cannot eat sucking-pig and caviare when these poor devils are starving," alluding to the Turkish prisoners arriving daily, "but we can smoke and be not ashamed, and this tobacco is priceless."

A curious character was our host, good-hearted, sympathetic, and full of sincere commiseration for the terrible suffering around. He would come in after his morning duties in billeting the prisoners, and shout for Carlos, his valet, to come and fumigate him. He would strip by the stove, and while his servant sprayed him with violet de Parme, he would sponge his beard in a kerosene tin, which served as a basin, and comb his hair in a jewelled mirror, which came from his gold and turquoise dressing-case, a glittering souvenir of the favour of his august Sovereign the Czar. This he never

travelled without, and it was a token of the luxurious side of his character, which he would always tell you he strove hard to hide from the misery around him. Nevertheless, he was to be seen everywhere administering to the wants of the starving, frost-bitten sufferers, in rich sables and with his gold-mounted cane.

The prisoners were passing through Putenin in thousands daily, and during the night were billeted on the inhabitants, who were almost as poverty-stricken as their wretched guests, choking up their little hovels and breeding vermin and pestilence wherever they went. Mothers must protect their young ones from contagion, so when night set in those Turks too weak to resist were thrown out into the cold, which meant certain death, for the thermometer registered far below zero. The result was that the little dead-house opposite our lodgment would soon fill up with stark and frozen Turks.

The following morning the arabas, or clumsy peasants' carts, would clear the improvised morgue for the day. The ground being too hard and frost-bound, and labour being at a premium for digging graves, the grain-pits outside the village, long since depleted of corn by the hungry hosts which had swept the country bare for the last six months, were now used for the last resting-place of these poor, weary wrecks of humanity. Pell-mell the emaciated ragged corpses were thrown into the carts. Legs and arms sticking through the hen-coop side of the waggons would catch between the spokes of the rough wheels and crack and snap in concert with the creak of the crazy carts as the black buffaloes slowly dragged their ghastly loads to the grain-pits. Sometimes softly borne over the snow came the body of an officer; out of respect for his rank he was carried by some of the men he had so valiantly led against the hated Moscovite and interred in some special burying-plot—the shallow trench having been scouped out of the ice-bound soil by the hands of his faithful followers.

Every morning the pure white mantle of snow in and around Putenin was blotted and polluted with the stark bodies of the fever-stricken "miserables," who had dropped exhausted by the way, and had perished in the icy breath of the night. These poor creatures were collected by fatigue parties of their wretched brethren, who dragged them to the charnel-house, where they were counted by their guards and placed ready for the death carts.

Sandwith and I visited this charnel-house. In one of the rooms we found a few poor creatures who had sought shelter from the bitterness of the night. They had cleared a space in the centre of the room by piling the dead in a circle, and with scraps of rags from the bodies and some straw, were seated shoulder to shoulder around this fœtid fuel, trying to ignite it with flint and steel. At last it smoked and smouldered.

One wretched Turk we had reckoned as dead crawled from the ghastly ring of dead towards the weird group, and, feebly struggling for a place near the burning rags, was thrown back by his luckier comrades on to the pile of corpses. We remonstrated against this rough treatment, but his companions in misery sullenly replied: "Why should we waste warmth on him? He will be dead in a few minutes."

Sandwith, who spoke Turkish fluently, insisted on the poor fellow being allowed to huddle in with the rest round the cheerless fire. The Turk we had befriended could not speak his thanks for palsy, which had just seized him. Big tears stood in his eyes and rolled down his frost-bitten cheeks, as he crawled up to the doctor, and out of gratitude kissed his boots.

Many of these shuddering wrecks of humanity had not eaten for days but of the carrion by the roadside.

We were lingering, loth to go, but knowing not what to do to alleviate their misery. We had money, gold in plenty, but of what use was gold when there was nothing to buy.

Like a gleam of sunshine piercing the ghastly gloom of the place a little

Russian red-cross Sister presented herself, smiling at the door, in white cap, black waterproof apron, with a flaming red cross on her breast. I had met this lady before, and had had many arguments with her. She hated the horrible blood-thirsty Turks, and for that the English, too, for their sympathy with those barbarians, as she was pleased to call them, but yet she tolerated me and we were the best of friends.

"Here you are again," she said, "still interested in these miserable creatures. Ugh! I loathe them!" But at the same time she swiftly passed round the group huddled by the fire, and in another moment the majority were smoking cigarettes, and some were trying to kiss her feet in the fervour of their happiness.

I have seen this little lady, though always railing at the horrible Turk, go into the most foul fever dens to administer comfort to the miserable prisoners. She was the life and soul of the lazarette, and many a Turk with his eyes glazing in death would turn to her sweet face and try to utter a blessing on her for her devotion to the sick and dying.

This little lady I took great interest in, for she deplored my ignorance of the Russian tongue, and straightway set herself to work in teaching me when her hospital duties allowed her a short spell of freedom.

Her little hut overlooking the dreary plain was the neatest in the place, and there she would repair during the afternoon, and stir up the charcoal in the simovar when the bright metal urn would hiss, bubble, and steam away as she brewed her ration of tea. Then she would seat herself on the corner of her little truckle-bed, hand me a glass of the amber-coloured liquid, light a cigarette, and lead me through the Russian numerals till a summons from the lazarette called her once more to her duty.

The last day I spent in Putenin was probably the coldest of this exceptionally cold winter. The telegraph wires running along the roadside were en-

cased in more than an inch of frost. The hospital with its incrustations of frosted ice and snow glittered a ruby tint in the last rays of the blood-red sun sinking below the horizon. The little red-cross Sister had just returned to her hut from some act of mercy in the village. I was standing on the threshold, having called to say good-bye. As she drew my attention to the lovely evening—for a star and crescent moon were now the only signs in the clear sky—she touched my arm and pointed over the plain. Ah! there was the long black line winding over the snow—more Turkish prisoners! when was all this misery to end? On they tramped, sore and weary, with their cadaverous faces and ice-laden beards. Some trudged along on their heels, their toes having sloughed away in the biting frost, and many half-naked, the rotten rags having dropped from their limbs, exposed great pale blotches of frost-bitten flesh.

We walked together towards the wooden bridge spanning the narrow ice-bound river. Here the long black line came to a halt for a time, and a

ration of bread was served out to each prisoner of war. Some dropped the bread, their hands too stiffened with frost to hold it, when a free fight would take place among the ravenous wretches for the dropped morsel, till the guard with the butt end of their rifles restored order. Some squatted on the snow and strove to moisten the food in the puddles thawed by the warmth of their bodies, while others knelt and, turning their weary heads towards the East, fervently prayed after their fashion.

I looked at the little Sister. She was trembling with emotions; tears stood in her eyes. "Ah," she said, as she wished me good-bye, "I begin to love these wretched Turks. This misery atones for their many sins. God help them, for how little we can do!" I walked away and lit one of the Prince's cigarettes. As the fragrant smoke curled into the frosty air I could not refrain from thinking that the little lady with the black apron and flaming cross on her breast, was one of God's helping hands, and a sweet one, too.

To be Continued.

THE SNOWSHOER.

UNDER the moon and the stars,
And over the round, white hill,
The snowshoer, singing, strides,
And the heart of the world lies still.

The north-lights flash in the north
Like Olaf's cloak, tossed red;
The drifts are moulded and white
Like the grave-clothes of the dead.

But the trapper, Pierre Letonne,
Sings, as he hurries along;
And a little wind in the spruces
Mimics his lilted song.

“ Eyes like the heart of the sea,
 Hands like the foam on the shore—
 Oh, sweet, my queen, Vivette,
 Do you wait for me at the door ?”

A cry comes out of the stillness,
 But the lover gives no heed.
 “ Vivette, the trail is merry,
 For I follow where kisses lead !

“ The miles slip by, forgotten,
 For you, and the town are there ;
 The warmth of the high, red windows—
 The warmth of your golden hair.”

A cry comes out of the forest.
 The snowshoer turns his head.
 He sees the long, white drifts
 Like the grave-clothes of the dead ;

And he hears, at the edge of the wood,
 Mingled, and mad, and shrill,
 The cry of the great gray wolves—
 The wolves who gather to kill.

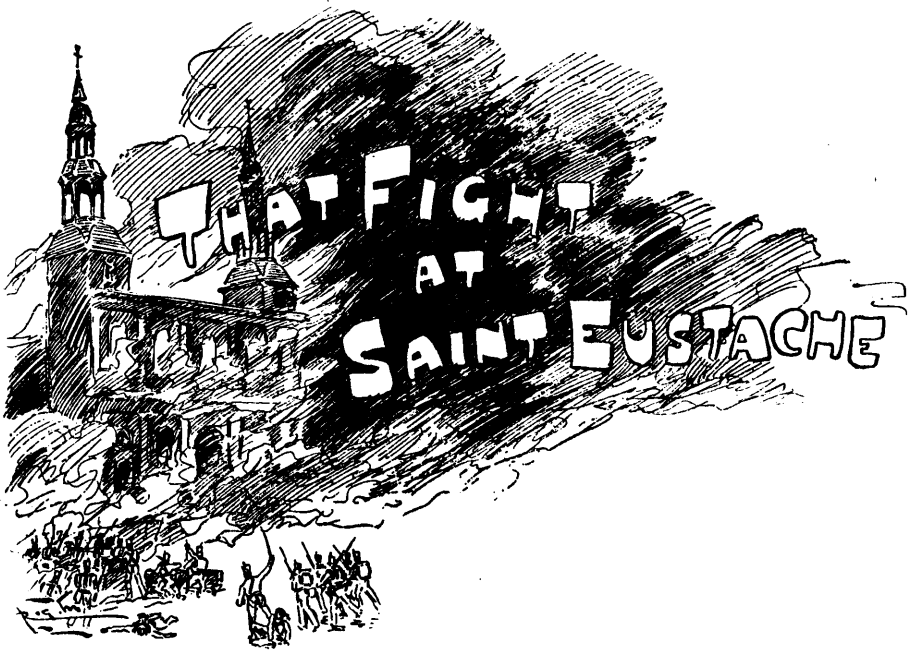
The snowshoer bends and runs
 And his brave lips shape a prayer.
 He thinks of the warm, red windows,
 And the sheen of her regal hair.

He prays for her dear, white hands,
 And her eyes, like the heart of the sea.
The gray wolves leap, and leap
And the north-lights clash in their glee !

Under the moon and the stars
 His brave song rings no more ;
 The lights at the windows are dead
 And a shadow comes to the door.

Theodore Roberts.





BEING THE PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A FRENCH-CANADIAN PATRIOT
OF '37.

By C. Frederick Paul.

I NEVER knew where that precious rascal Girard came from, or where he went to for that matter. I only know that but for him the fight might never have been, and many a *habitant* would have died peacefully in his bed in place of being burned to death or shot to pieces in that battle at St. Eustache.

You must know the place over there in the Lake of the Two Mountains country? But you should have seen the village before the English burned it back in the winter of '37.

After the French Canadians lost the fights at St. Ours and St. Charles, the English General said that he would come after those rebels at St. Eustache; and *mon Dieu*, he did, and that day will never be forgotten.

Many times I have seen the church where that brave man Chenier fell, and after all these years it has changed but little. There is the front with the tall flanking towers, which even this day show the marks of rifle and cannon balls. Ah! they built well in those

times. Then there was that statue of St. Eustache which was saved by a miracle, but my narrative is beginning at the wrong end. I lived this story, or a greater part of it, and this may be some excuse for my telling of matters as they come into my mind, and as suits me best.

A Swiss, Girard called himself—perhaps he was, I do not know. I only know that he was not a Frenchman, nor yet an Englishman, though he spoke each language like a native tongue. It was in the autumn of '37 when I first saw him at the country inn, not far from St. Eustache. He was dressed *en grand seigneur*, and rode his fine horse in splendid fashion. He stood on the door-step and told the *habitants* how easy it would be to whip the English troops, and when the *habitants* shrugged their shoulders and said they were not so sure, he stamped his feet till the big spurs on his boot-heels rang, and then he said things in a language we could not understand.

Such was Girard when first I saw him. He had come into the country much as the ducks and geese do in the spring. He had landed, goodness knows from where and how. He was, however, soon as much at home in the village as the water-fowl on the lake a mile away. At that time Girard had no fine clothes, though he had fine airs and manners; there never was a lack of those, and even the *Seigneur* himself treated him differently from what he did other men. But no one complained, for Girard was different. In the first place he knew everything, or at least we thought he did, and that answered just as well. He knew the care of flowers and plants, and could do what he called landscape gardening, which meant in the main that he had the grounds about the *Seigneur's* house roughed up where it had been smooth, and smoothed out where it had been roughed up.

There was no doubt that Girard had travelled much, and that he had learned a great deal—perhaps he was of even better education than the *Curé* of St. Benoit himself—I do not know. The Father was a better hand at politics and Latin prayers, and Girard knew more of war, and as both were for having the French-Canadians free from English rule, the two got along splendidly.

It was at the *Curé's* house at St. Benoit that the plans were laid. Girard was to take command, Chenier was to be his Major, and the *Curé* was to do what he could to help the cause.

This is the way the matter stood in the early winter. The *habitants* wondered and asked questions. They wanted to know who Girard was, and why he wished to fight against the English. But, *mon Dieu*, asking questions did them little good, for General Girard, as he was then called, answered when he liked, which was not often, and what he liked, which was little indeed. He had been an officer in the Swiss army, and it was he who drilled Prince Leopold, who married Princess Charlotte, you remember. And he told the *Curé* of St. Benoit many interesting things of his life at Court and

his adventures in Mexico and other places. How much more he told the Father we people never knew.

But whatever he had been he was a soldier, there was no two ways about that; and he did what he could to make soldiers of the *habitants*. How well he succeeded I will tell you later on.

The *habitants* were not all of one mind. There were some who still talked of the fights of St. Ours and St. Charles, where matters went very badly indeed for the French, but there were others who told over and over of how the English troops were beaten off with heavy loss at the battle of St. Denis.

There was Father Paquin, the *Curé* of St. Eustache, who stood on the side of the good Bishop in the matter, and never will I forget the scene the day General Girard and Dr. Chenier called upon him. Ah, how hard they tried to win the Father over to their side in the matter.

As Girard strode into the *Curé's* study I never remember having seen so handsome a man. Tall, slender, square shouldered, clean shaven, and hair just tinged with grey. But it was his manner after all. He was as elegant as a courtier of old France, and he had with it a force which was an intermingling of self-assertion, self-reliance and great boldness. One moment he urged the Rebellion, in the next he pleaded for it, and then in the next he swore. Ah! there were hot words between him and the *Curé* before that little talk was done with. Even the good Father himself became excited, and spoke quickly and thick.

"I charge you," he said, "before God and in the presence of your fellow-men, with the misfortunes which have already come upon us, and those which will surely follow."

"It is you, *Monsieur le Curé*," Girard retorted, "that I accuse. You have hindered us. You have shaken the resolution of our men. You should be at our head when we go into the field and give us absolution."

Then poor Chenier with tears in his

eyes said that he would never yield,—that the *Curé* might just as well try to grasp the moon with his teeth as urge him to shake his resolution. And Chenier kept his word, but that comes later.

It was in this way that the people were divided. The *Seigneur* was for English rule, while his son was against it. The *Curé* of St. Benoit was a good patriot in spite of the Bishop's warning, and then there were others like the *Curé* of St. Eustache. So it was all through, and there is little wonder that arms and men were hard to get.

But Girard was not a man to be balked until the last ditch was fought for and some one was killed in the fighting. Those were the days in which no man's blood would run smoothly through his veins—it was all in his head one minute, and *mon Dieu*, it was all in his heart the next.

One does not forget easily the time that Girard took the fort at the Mission of the Lake, captured the arms, and urged the Indians to join him. There was just a bare chance of Girard being able to swell his ranks with the band of Iroquois, and he was not a man to let that chance go by. So one day he walked in there with a few men and said that the place was his—and it was, so long as he was there.

But urge as he would, the old chief would take no part in the fight that was to come. As a young buck, yes, and later as a chief, Running Wolf remembered the English soldiers all too plainly, and so Girard came away with the guns and powder and lead, but that was all.

* * * * *

It was late on the evening of December 13, 1837, when word was brought into St. Eustache that the English troops, two thousand strong, with six pieces of cannon and a rocket battery, had started out from Montreal.

Never will I forget that night. First of all, General Girard ordered that the bell in the church sound the *tocsin* so as to collect the people from the country around. When Father Paquin

heard the big gruff notes of the bell ring out on the cold night air—and they sounded it as it had never been sounded before—he ran out of the house without even his hat, and ordered the ringing stopped, and the men down out of the tower. Just at that moment Girard crossed the open space in front of the church, and he sent word to the men to go on ringing, and they did.

But the matter did not end there, for Father Paquin collected some men who believed as he did, and was about to lead them into the church and up into the tower, when Girard ordered that two of his good patriots arrest the *Curé*, and if he resisted they were to kill him. The good Father told the men that they stood for no authority which he respected, and they might kill him if they would. Old Perrault, one of the two, had his arm raised and was about to cut the priest down when Girard rushed in upon them and ordered that *Monsieur le Curé* be not touched if they wished to live till morning. Then Girard bowed low to the *Curé*, and begged to offer his excuses for the coarseness of his men, and ended by asking the Father if his health was good. And the strange part of it was that Father Paquin accepted Girard's apologies without question, though he must have known that the Swiss had given the order.

It was right after this that Girard called his men around him and warned them against using liquor too freely, and he told them also that they must suppress their habits of pillage. The odd part of it was that that very afternoon I myself saw the man enter the house of Morel *père*, who was a good royalist, and take from it a pair of fine pistols, which Girard said he could make better use of than the owner. A strange man was that Girard and a strange effect he had on other people.

All night long men came in from the country about St. Eustache, and all night long men and women and children were leaving also. There were many men whose stomachs did not crave a fight, though Girard did his best to keep

them. He said that by morning the patriots would have at least two thousand men, and that the English did not number over half that,—a great liar was Girard. Some believed him and stayed and others doubted and left. So the night went on, and the morning found the English bayonets glistening within three miles of the village, and the patriots ready to give battle and stake the cause upon the fight.

There was the big church in the centre, with the convent upon one side and the *Seigneur's* mansion on the other, and it was between these three that Girard said he would make his stand. There were perhaps eight hundred men in all, and when the mansion and the convent had been garrisoned it left less than a hundred men for the church. All three buildings were of heavy stone and the walls were thick, and it was thought that even the cannon would have little effect, but the patriots forgot the wooden roofs and the big timbers—they forgot the fire,—oh, the fire, the heat and the smoke.

It was from the island opposite St. Eustache that the English cannon began the battle. A sharp man was that General, Sir John Colborne. He knew that the *habitants* could shoot, and he did not rush his men up into the ends of their rifles as Gore did at St. Denis. In place of this he kept on firing with his cannon and rocket guns and moved his men up slowly and from all sides, each man taking what shelter there was, and when well within range of the patriots' rifles they kept well covered.

It was not long before the roof of the *Seigneur's* mansion was in flames and the patriots driven out, and soon after the convent on the other side of the church caught fire, and the men had to leave there also.

Girard was first in one place and then in another telling the men to stay, and he seemed not to care in the least for the cannon balls, which splintered the stones about him and sent the roofs crashing in upon the people. But it was of no use, and by the time the English foot were well within gunshot the only thing left the patriots was the church.

When Girard saw how matters were going he ordered the doors of the church barricaded with benches and stoves; yes, and even the *Seigneur's* pew, which was all beautifully carved and which had come out from France with *Monsieur's* forefathers, was used in the defence. Then the patriots went up into the gallery of the church and cut away the stairs below them, for it was up there that they were to fight the battle out. For another hour the English trained the cannon on the church doors, but still they held, and all this time the patriots were shooting from the windows at the troops below. But the troops below were still two thousand, and the men up there in the church were now less than eighty, and besides there were not good guns enough to go around. It was Paquette *fils* who went to Girard and said that his rifle was broken and he could use it no longer, and Girard's answer was for him to keep quiet and lie still for a time—that before long that there would be more good rifles than men, and, *mon Dieu*, Girard was right. It was not long after that before the eighty men had become sixty, and even some of those were badly hurt.

The cannon balls were battering the doors, the rockets were falling on the roof, and the infantry was firing volleys into the windows. Soon the roof began to blaze, and the whole church was filled with thick, black smoke; but the patriots fought on. Then the English troops rushed the doors, and broke their way through into the church below. The cannon boomed, the rifles rattled and cracked, and the sound of the charge outside was like the voice of doom; but still the fight went on.

There was no longer words of command in that church. In the roar of the fire above and of the troops below, the patriots could hear nothing. They fought, each man for himself, and still not for themselves altogether, for they groped their way nearer the altar, and the statue of the blessed St. Eustache stood out there as plain and brilliant as it does even to this day.

The French fought on with the

statue over their heads and the sacramental wafers strewing the floor at their feet. But it could not last, and one after another they dropped, either dead on the floor among the wafers or from the windows to the graveyard below—it made little difference.

Chenier, the man who urged them to fight to the death, was shot to pieces when he reached the ground, and how Girard escaped is not known even now. The last they saw of him in the church was when he aimed one of *Monsieur Morel's* pistols at the head of an English officer and brought him down. Next they saw him astride his fine horse out on the ice-covered river. He was a little way from the shore looking back at the blazing buildings, and a dozen rifles were aimed to bring him down. But nothing seemed to touch him. He just looked awhile, shrugged his shoulders, said something which we could not quite catch, and turn-

ing, put spurs to his horse and was gone.

The patriot cause was lost, and with it many a good patriot life. To this day it is forbidden to talk of the war at St. Eustache. The people there are cemented together with ties of blood, friendship and marriage, but they do not agree upon the Rebellion of '37. If they talked of this it would be a war of words, and the priests forbid it, and so they have all agreed not to speak of the past.

The statue of St. Eustache is still in the church there. The rain of bullets that December day failed to hurt it in the least. The fire did not touch it, nor the smoke blacken it. It stood as the four walls did, while all else was destroyed.

Who Girard was, or where he went to, I do not know for sure. Perhaps later he fought other people's battles in other lands—that I cannot say.



RALLYING SONG.

CANADA, Canada, offer your loveliest,—
Spirits out-flaming with patriot fire,
Brains that were winning fame,
Hopes no reverse could lame,
Dream-fed and love-led and strong to aspire.

Canada, Canada, cheer them to victory,
Let your love follow them, patient and strong,
Though your heart break for them,
Eyes weep and wake for them,
Trust them to God's care, and speed them with song!

Elisabeth Roberts MacDonald.

SOME DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN SOLDIERS.

WITH SIX SPECIAL PORTRAITS.

By Thomas E. Champion.

IT is now considerably more than one hundred years since the Constitutional Act of 1791 was passed, whereby the Province of Upper Canada was created, and Lieutenant-General Simcoe appointed by King George III. its first Lieutenant-Governor.

At first Canada was but a Crown colony, dependent to a great extent on extraneous aid from the mother country for support of her public institutions, and all but entirely was she dependent on the parent land for her defence from foreign aggression. Notwithstanding this fact, in all the campaigns that Britain has been engaged in since the beginning of the present century, Canadians have ever been found taking their share either in the military or naval forces engaged in these campaigns.

The greatest of Britain's great wars since 1791 took place in the early years of the century, in her campaign against the aggressions of Napoleon in the Peninsula of Spain and Portugal. In the memorable series of conflicts between the French and English, known as the Peninsular War, extending from the year 1808-13, among the English King's soldiers, there was one native-born Canadian who acquitted himself nobly, and it is his story, and that of others who like him have served their country faithfully and nobly even unto death, that is sought to be told in these articles.

Alexander Macnab, the soldier spoken of, was, as far as can be ascertained, the first Canadian who received a commission in the Imperial service. He was at the time of his death a captain in the 2nd Battalion of the 30th, or Cambridgeshire Regiment.

Alexander Macnab was a son of Dr. James Macnab, of Norfolk County, in

the State of Virginia. Dr. Macnab, when the thirteen colonies revolted, on the 4th July, 1776, and through their delegates signed the famous Declaration of Independence, remained true to His Majesty King George III, and heartily espoused the Loyalist cause in the North American colonies throughout the entire war. Dr. Macnab served throughout the campaign as an assistant surgeon to one of the Colonial corps, and with the capitulation of Cornwallis at Yorktown, came to Canada where he was the earliest representative of the Clan-an-aba, one of the most ancient of the Scottish clans.

The family of Macnab, like so many other Highland Scottish families, was of ecclesiastical origin; the very name of the clan Macnab is ecclesiastical, it signifying "Son of the Abbot." This particular Abbot hailed from Glen Dochart in the County of Perth and flourished about the year 1150, and his son was the first Macnab of whom there is any authentic record. It may be as well here to mention that at the period spoken of celibacy was not enjoined upon the priests of the Celtic Church.

Alexander Macnab, the subject of this sketch, entered the Canadian Civil Service in 1797, being sworn in as Confidential Clerk to the Executive Council of the Province of Upper Canada in that year. He entered upon his duties first at Newark, afterwards Niagara, and subsequently, when the seat of government was removed to York, he removed with it.

The dull routine, though, of a Government office was not congenial to the spirit of young Alexander Macnab. In their family, as in that of the Macdonells, there was always in each generation a son devoted either to the army

or the Church. Accordingly, following family tradition, in the year 1800 young Alexander Macnab exchanged the pen for the sword, and through the influence of Lieut.-General Simcoe, who had then but recently been transferred from the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada to another post, obtained a commission in the Imperial service and was duly gazetted as an Ensign in the Queen's Rangers, a colonial corps.

In the year 1803 Ensign Macnab was transferred to the 26th (Cameronians) Regiment, and in 1804 became lieutenant in the 30th Cambridgeshire Regiment, obtaining his captaincy five years later, in 1809.

Captain Macnab served throughout the Peninsula campaign, and was more than once conspicuous for the gallantry which he displayed when under fire.

After the return of Napoleon from Elba Captain Macnab was once more on active service, being on the Headquarters staff as A.D.C. to General Sir Thomas Picton, who was present at Quatre Bras. He met his death on the field of Waterloo, June 18th, 1815. As this gallant young Canadian lay dying on the field he left instructions with his orderly, who remained with him to the last, that his watch, ring, sword and regimental sash should be sent to his relatives in Scotland, and then committing his body to the earth and his soul to God who gave it, the gallant young soldier breathed his last.

The relics just spoken of ultimately passed into the possession of the Rev. Alexander Macnab, D.D., Rector of Darlington and Canon of St. James' Cathedral of Toronto. Subsequently the sword and watch, the latter being a very fine specimen of the military chronometer of that period, both come into the possession of his grand-nephew, the Rev. Alexander Wellesley Macnab of Toronto, who also possesses a beautiful miniature on ivory of the young soldier who fell at Waterloo. The illustration contained in this article is a reproduction of that miniature.

In the year 1868 the late Canon Macnab, being in England, called at

the War Office, and there, after making known his relation to the deceased officer, applied for the medal which would have been awarded to the latter in due course had he survived the battle of Waterloo. The authorities at the War Office recognized the claim, and the medal was duly presented to Canon Macnab at the War Office by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, Field Marshal, Commanding-in-Chief.

The correspondent of the writer of this article sends the following interesting note. After speaking of Captain Macnab and of his services, he says, "In addition to the favor of the Waterloo medal, the Chelsea Hospital Commissioners, consisting of certain members of the Cabinet, of veteran officers, finding a considerable sum of money lying to the credit of the deceased officer (though an act had been passed years before cancelling all claims for prize money) paid the amount over to his heir-at-law, Rev. Alexander Macnab."

Eight years later, in 1876, Canon Macnab and his son, the Rev. A. W. Macnab, being again in London, applied to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral for permission to place in the crypt of that vast basilica a tablet to the memory of their gallant uncle. The Dean and Chapter heartily acceded to this request, and the result was that a plain but handsome monument was placed upon the walls of the crypt, near the tomb of Macnab's former chief and brother-in-arms, General Picton. This was the first instance of a monument being placed in St. Paul's Cathedral, the great Valhalla of the British Empire, to a Canadian. Some years later a bust of the famous Canadian statesman, Sir John A. Macdonald, was placed in the same part of the noble fane.



After the conclusion of the Waterloo campaign of 1815, and the banishment of Napoleon to St. Helena, there was a long period of peace, broken only by the troubles in India between 1840 and 1850, known as the Gwalior and Sutlej campaigns. In these two last named

contests there is a record of one Canadian who did gallant service for his Queen and country, the famous Inglis, whose achievements will be fully referred to later on, when we come to speak of the Indian Mutiny and its events.

The Russian War broke out in the early spring of 1854, and by the following September the allied troops had landed in the Crimea, and in the commissioned ranks of the British soldiers were many Canadians to be found. Before, though, we refer to the career of those Canadians who took part in the Eastern campaign as officers either in the mounted or infantry branches of the service, it will be seemly to mention a well-known Canadian, a great part of whose military life was spent in Canada, where he faithfully and zealously performed the duties assigned to him, reflecting credit not only upon his country, but upon his profession, and earning for himself the approbation of his Sovereign.

The officer just spoken of was George, Baron De Rottenburg. He was the son of Major-General De Rottenburg, an officer in the Imperial service who was President of the Council of Upper Canada, succeeding Major-General Sir Roger Hales Sheaffe, from June 14th, 1813 to December 13th in the same year.

George De Rottenburg was born in Kingston in 1807, and in 1825, when eighteen years of age, entered the army as Ensign in Her Majesty's 81st Regiment. The 81st was, at the period when De Rottenburg joined it, stationed in Halifax, and one of the first duties which the young officer had assigned to him was that of receiving the regimental color of the corps when new standards were presented to them by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Colony. De Rottenburg served but a short period in the 81st Regiment, for he was soon transferred to the 60th Regiment of Rifles, and sometime later to the 49th Regiment, noted as being the corps which in the early days of the present century was commanded by Isaac Brock. The 49th was also celebrated for the gallant part which it took

in the battle of Queenston Heights. In the year 1835 when the British Legion was raised in England by Lord John Hay to assist Queen Isabella of Spain to defend her crown against the Carlist insurgents, Captain De Rottenburg, as he had then become, being then on the unattached list, obtained permission from the Imperial authorities to volunteer for this service. He did so, and under General Sir De Lacy Evans served throughout the whole of the first Carlist war, which lasted rather more than twelve months.

After the cessation of hostilities in Spain, De Rottenburg returned to England, and the year 1837 found him once more in Canada serving upon the Headquarters staff. During the Rebellion of 1837-8 Captain De Rottenburg was in Lower Canada, now the Province of Quebec, where he was employed on what was officially described as "particular service." So assiduously did Captain De Rottenburg discharge his duties in that capacity that on the recommendation of Sir John Colborne, the then Governor-General, he, after the Rebellion was quelled, was given the brevet rank of Major. About 1840 Major De Rottenburg returned to England where he served in various capacities, coming back to Canada once more in 1854 as Adjutant-General of Militia for Upper Canada. He had in the meantime attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and in 1857 was promoted Colonel.

In the early part of the year 1858 the Imperial authorities decided to raise a regiment of infantry in Canada, they having been assured by the Canadian Ministry of the day that there would be no difficulty to enlist a battalion of, at least, 1,200 men, and the result proved that this promise was amply justified. It would be as well to repeat here what has already been stated in former articles relating to the 100th, or Prince of Wales Royal Canadian Regiment, as the corps was called which was raised in Canada, and subsequently commanded by Colonel De Rottenburg.

It has been related by many writers that in the hour of Britain's need for

troops during the Indian Mutiny Canada came forward and in the emergency raised a regiment of 1,200 men. This statement is both inaccurate and misleading. The 100th Regiment was raised in Canada, but not by Canadian money. It was paid for by the Imperial authorities, it was clothed and equipped by the Imperial authorities, and not one cent, not one fraction of pecuniary assistance was given directly or indirectly by the Canadian Government.

Colonel De Rottenburg assumed the command of the 100th Regiment in May, 1858, and as far as it is possible to ascertain it is believed that he was the first native-born Upper Canadian who ever commanded one of Her Majesty's regiments. Colonel De Rottenburg took his newly formed corps to England in June, 1858, and twelve months later sailed with them for Gibraltar. In

1861 Colonel De Rottenburg, after thirty-six years' service in the army, retired therefrom by the sale of his commission, and was succeeded in the command by another native-born Canadian, Alexander Roberts Dunn, who will be further referred to in this series of sketches.

After retiring from military life, Colonel De Rottenburg resided in dif-

ferent parts of England and Ireland, and about 1880 became a Military Knight of Windsor, and took up his abode in the quarters provided for the Military Knights in the precincts of the famous Royal residence, Windsor Castle. There, in his eighty-eighth year, he passed away in the latter days of 1894.

Reverting once more to the Crimean campaign, though during its continuance among the Queen's soldiers were

many Canadians who did good service, some of whom, notably the gallant Maule, fell as they cheered on their troops to victory, it is especially of three of them of whom we intend to speak in this sketch. These were the gallant artilleryman so well known as General Williams of Kars, Alexander Roberts Dunn, of the 11th Hussars, and Frederick Wells, of Her Majes-



CAPTAIN MACNAB, H.M. 30TH CAMBRIDGESHIRE REGIMENT
—THE ONLY CANADIAN WHO WAS AT WATERLOO.

From a Painting in possession of Canon Macnab.

ty's 1st or Royal Regiment.

The first named of these, William Fenwick Williams, was born at Annapolis, Nova Scotia, December 4th, 1800, he being the younger son of Commissary-General Thomas Williams, who was also Barrackmaster at Halifax. At an early age young Williams was sent to England for his education, and entered at the Royal Mili-



COL. BARON DE ROTTENBERG, C.B.—DIED FEBRUARY, 1894.

From Photo. lent by Capt. J. G. Ridout.

tary College, Woolwich, where he passed a creditable examination. He was gazetted to the Royal Artillery in 1825, as Second Lieutenant, and two years later, when stationed at Gibraltar, became First Lieutenant. In 1829 he was ordered to the East Indies, and stationed in Colombo, Ceylon; there he obtained an appointment in the department of the Surveyor-General, where he was instrumental in building several bridges and roads in the neighbourhood of that city, which is the capital of the island. From Ceylon, in 1835, he proceeded to Egypt, where he became known to the Viceroy, the notorious or famous, according to the divergent opinions held of him, Mehemet Ali. From Egypt he proceeded to Syria and Constantinople, and after a long sojourn in the Turkish capital

in 1839, he once more found himself in England, and doing duty with his corps. In the next year, 1840, Williams received his captaincy. While in Constantinople he had been presented to Mah-moud II, the Sultan, whose authority the Viceroy of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, had almost succeeded in throwing off. Great Britain could not support Mehemet, and was prepared to give her support to the Sultan. While these preparations were being made, Lord Palmerston, who was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, it is stated by Dent, "sent down to Woolwich a requisition for an energetic and capable artillery officer, who was to proceed to the Turkish capital and inspect the arsenals there. The object of such inspection was to remedy the numerous deficiencies which were believed to exist, and to put the Turkish country in an efficient state of defence.

Captain Fenwick Williams was the officer selected for this important duty. He repaired to Constantinople and served in the arsenals there for three years. Towards the close of the year 1843 he received his majority, and immediately afterwards proceeded as British Commissioner to a conference held at Erzeroum, in Upper Armenia, with a view to a settlement of the boundary line between Persia and Turkey in Asia. The Commissioners were four in number, and represented Great Britain, Russia, Turkey and Persia. Their conference lasted about four years, and after the treaty was signed the Commissioners were detailed to see its more important provisions carried out."

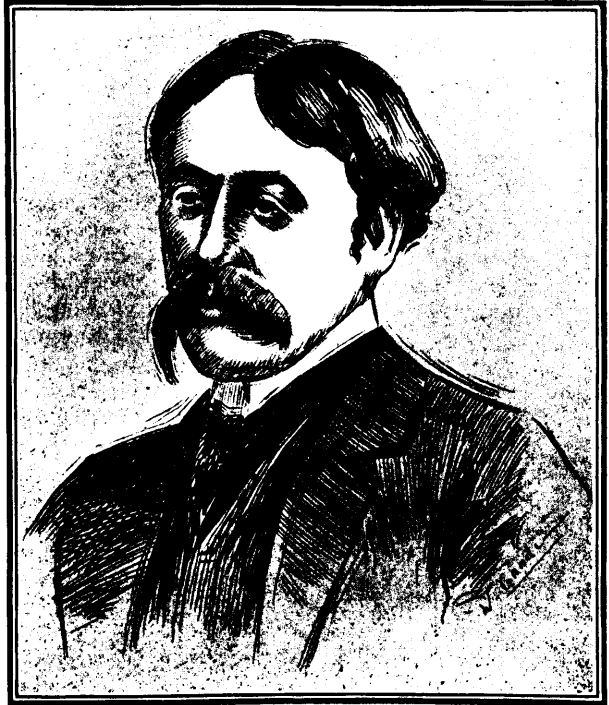
In recognition of his services in negotiating the Treaty of Erzeroum, Ma-

jor Williams, he having been advanced to the latter rank in 1843, was in 1848 promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy. In 1854, Colonel Williams, on the breaking out of the Crimean War, was despatched to the scene of action as Her Majesty's Commissioner, his destination being the city of Kars, under the walls of which stronghold the Turkish forces had been driven by the Russians under Prince Bebutoff. It was in consequence of Colonel Williams' thorough familiarity with this part of Asia Minor, and of the high opinion the authorities at the War Office had of his abilities, that he was destined for this particular service. He reached the Turkish capital, August 14th, 1855, and at once reported himself to Lord Raglan, British officer commanding Her Majesty's forces, and to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the British Minister (armed with plenipotentiary powers), residing at Constantinople. On September 24th, Colonel Williams arrived at Kars, accompanied only by three men. They were Lieutenant Teesdale of the Royal Artillery, Lieutenant Churchill and Dr. Sandwith. The following graphic picture of the state of things which obtained at Kars when Colonel Williams arrived there, is given in his biography, already quoted. "He found that there had been gross speculation and mismanagement, and that the equipments and commissariat were in a wretched condition. The army was an unsightly rabble in rags and tatters, bearing, except in the matter of numbers, considerable resemblance to that famous regiment with which Sir John Falstaff refused to march through Coventry. The rations served out to the men were

scanty and foul. The officers were shiftless and incompetent. The payment of the troops was more than twelve months—and in some cases more than twenty-two months—in arrear. As a result a state of insubordination prevailed. Drill was altogether neglected, and many of the troops were absolutely too lazy to take exercise. Such was the condition of things which prevailed when Colonel Williams arrived at Kars."

He at once set himself to work to remedy, or at least try to remedy the condition of things. He first of all sent a despatch to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, telling him of the state of things which obtained at Kars, and asking him to obtain, if possible, remedial measures from the Turkish Government.

Instead of adopting a straightforward and enlightened policy, the Tur-



COLONEL ALEXANDER ROBERTS DUNN, V.C.—THE "YOUNGEST COLONEL IN THE SERVICE." DIED AT SENAPE.

From an old Painting.



GENERAL SIR J. FENWICK WILLIAMS, OF KARS.

From Illustrated London News.

kish authorities, in reply to this request, sent a most incapable officer, one Shukri Pasha, who was, instead of a help to Colonel Williams, the greatest possible hindrance to him.

After many delays, Colonel Williams was appointed a Lieutenant-General in the service of the Sultan. In the commission appointing him to this rank he was styled "Williams Pasha," and this was the first instance of a Christian being appointed to high rank in the army of the Turkish Sultan, under his own proper name. Previously it had been the custom to bestow Moslem surnames upon foreign officers when promoting them to posts of distinction in the Turkish forces.

Lieutenant-General Williams in the following November went from Kars to Erzeroum, which he placed in as efficient a state of defence as was possible under the circumstances. He had left at Kars to maintain discipline

his trusty A.D.C., Lieutenant Teesdale. In the spring of 1856 General Williams was reinforced by Colonel Lake and Captains Olpherts and Thompson, of the Indian army. The fortifications of Kars were not only strengthened, but to a great extent reconstructed, and provisions were stored up for a lengthy siege, as it was well known that a strong Russian force under General Mouravieff, would attempt to take the fortress, nor was it very long before the attempt was made.

"Never," says Kinglake, "had a man a more difficult task than that which fell to the lot of Williams. He had to contend against official stupidity, corruption, delay; he could get nothing done without having first to remove whole mountains of

obstruction, and to quicken into life and movement an apathy which seemed like that of a paralyzed system. He concentrated his efforts at last upon the defence of Kars, and he held the place against overpowering Russian forces, and against an enemy far more appalling, starvation itself. With his little garrison he repelled a tremendous attack of the Russian army under General Mouravieff, in a battle that lasted nearly seven hours, and as a result of which the Russians left on the field more than five thousand dead. He had to surrender at last to famine, but the very articles of surrender to which the conqueror consented, became the trophy of Williams and his men. The garrison were allowed to leave the place with all the honours of war, and 'as a testimony to the valorous resistance made by the garrison of Kars the officers of all ranks are to keep their swords.' Williams and his English

companions — Colonel Lake, Major Teesdale, Major Thompson and Dr. Sandwith—had done as much for the honour of their country at the close of the war as Butler and Nasmyth had done at its opening. The curtain of that great drama rose and fell upon a splendid scene of English heroism. The war was virtually over."

After the capitulation of Kars General Williams and his staff were taken as prisoners to St. Petersburg, where they were treated by the Russian authorities with all the consideration and deference due to distinguished soldiers, "foemen worthy of their steel."

Peace was concluded between Russia and England early in 1856, and in May of the same year General Williams and his companions landed in England, where they were received everywhere with the greatest possible enthusiasm. General Williams was created a baronet, and a pension of £1,000 per annum awarded him for life. He also had the honor of being created a K.C.B.

In addition to the honours heaped upon him by the British Government, the Sultan of Turkey conferred upon him the dignity of Pasha of the highest rank, together with the title of full general in the Ottoman army. Greatly as Williams prized the distinctions so freely bestowed upon him by the Imperial Government, none gave him greater pleasure than those which were conferred by his native place, the Province of Nova Scotia, and here it will not be inappropriate to again quote Dent, as it is understood that much of the biography of the hero of Kars, published by that distinguished writer, was personally dictated by General Williams himself. "How thankful I ought to be," writes the General under date of May 28th, 1856, to a friend in Halifax, "and indeed am, to God for having spared me through so many dangers, to serve the Queen in such a manner as to obtain her approbation, and the

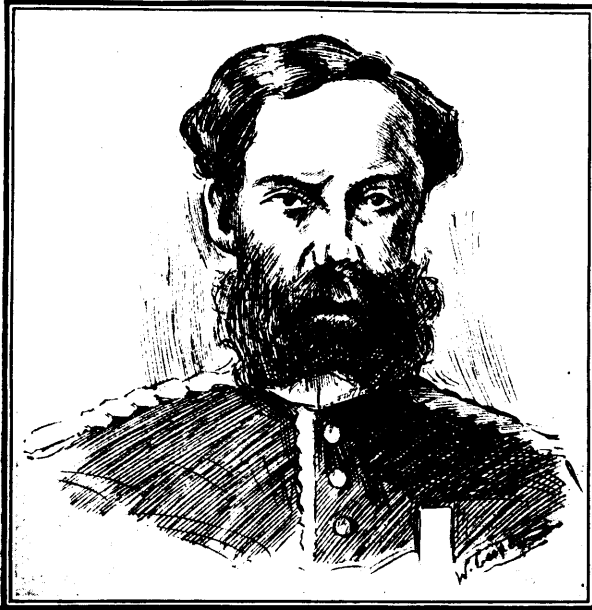
good will of all my country-men on both sides of the water. Of all the proofs which I have or shall receive of this all but general sentiment in my favour, a sword voted to me by the Nova Scotians is the most acceptable to my heart; and when I again come in sight of the shores of that land where I first drew my breath, I shall feel that I am a thousand times required for all I have gone through during the eventful years of the last terrible struggle."

In 1859 General Williams was appointed to the command of the Imperial forces in British North America, and the first occasion when he made a conspicuously public appearance was at the inauguration of the present Brock's monument, on October 13th, 1859. Of the veterans of the war who stood by him on this occasion were Sir Allan



COLONEL FREDERICK WELLS—H.M. 1ST ROYALS.

From Photo. lent by Mrs. De Pencier



COL. INGLIS—H.M. 23RD REGIMENT. HERO OF THE
DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.

From Illustrated London News.

Macnab, Sir John Beverley Robinson, Colonels Edward William Thomson, Clark, Henry Ruttan and several Indians.

General Williams remained in Canada until 1867, when he returned to England, and in 1869 was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Gibraltar, which post he held until 1875. Returning to England in the autumn of the last named year, he remained for some little time on the unemployed list, and in 1877 finally retired from the army. In 1881 he was appointed Constable of the Tower of London, a post, though, which he held only for a very brief period.

General Williams died July 27th, 1883, and leaving no children, his title became extinct.

Another Canadian who distinguished himself during the Crimean campaign was Alexander Roberts Dunn, son of the Hon. John Henry Dunn, sometime Receiver-General of Upper Canada, and also at one time a member of the

Upper Canadian Parliament. Dunn was born in Toronto in the year 1833, and was educated first at Upper Canada College, and subsequently sent to England to continue his studies at Harrow. In 1852 he received his commission as cornet in the 11th Hussars, and in 1854 accompanied his regiment to the Crimea, he having then attained the rank of lieutenant. In the famous charge of the Six Hundred at the battle of Balaclava, Dunn was foremost in the fray, and distinguished himself above all others by his intrepidity, and for the daring by which he saved more than one man from death at the hands of the Russians. Very shortly after the battle of Balaclava, Dunn retired

from the army into private life, nevertheless, when the Order of the Victoria Cross was instituted by Her Majesty, Dunn, though no longer wearing the Queen's uniform, was unanimously recommended by the officers of the Light Cavalry Brigade as being the man above all others upon whom this reward "for valour" should be bestowed. Dunn received the Cross from the hands of Her Majesty herself, and very shortly afterwards returned to his native place.

In 1858 the 100th, or Prince of Wales Royal Canadian Regiment, was formed, Dunn assisting by raising two hundred men, for which service he was rewarded by being appointed to the junior majority in the newly-formed corps. In 1861, on the retirement of Colonel De Rottenburg, Major Dunn succeeded to the command of the 100th Regiment, and in 1865 exchanged to the 33rd, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, accompanying the latter named corps in the Abyssinian expedition under Sir Robert Napier against King

Theodore. Whilst out shooting, as the regiment was encamped during the march towards Magdala, Dunn was accidentally shot by the discharge of his own fowling-piece, and in a very brief period after the accident he breathed his last. He was buried at Senafé, the inscription on his tombstone recording that he was "the youngest colonel in the British service."

Yet another noticeable figure in the Crimean campaign was that of Frederick Wells, Captain and Brevet-Major in Her Majesty's 1st or Royal Regiment of Foot. Frederick Wells was the son of Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Wells, who had served with distinction during the Peninsula War. Colonel Wells came to Canada about 1817, and settled in Toronto, where Frederick Wells, the subject of this sketch, was born about the year 1821. He was appointed Ensign in the 1st Foot, October 12th, 1841, Captain, November 6th, 1854, and subsequently became Lieutenant-Colonel. During the Russian campaign he was present at the battles of Alma and Inkerman, and was never absent from duty during the entire period of the siege of Sebastopol. On the conclusion of peace he had the honour of having conferred upon him by the Emperor of the French the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and by the Sultan of Turkey the 5th Class of the Mejidie. Returning to Toronto on leave-of-absence in 1856, Major Wells was presented by the city with a sword of honour, and by the pupils and ex-pupils of Upper Canada College, at which institution he had been educated, was tendered a public reception at the St. Lawrence Hall.

Colonel Wells accompanied the 1st Royals to India, which was the first foreign service of that corps after they returned to England from the Crimean campaign. The Royals, though, were

not present, and took no part in quelling the Indian Mutiny.

Colonel Wells retired from the army, and died in Leamington, Warwickshire, England, in 1877. "He was a gallant soldier, a true friend, a courteous gentleman."

Passing from the stirring events of the Crimean War to those of the Indian Mutiny in 1857-58, we come to another Canadian, whose name and reputation in the annals of the empire will never die. The soldier referred to is John Eardley Wilmot Inglis, born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on Nov. 15th, 1814. The subject of this sketch was the son of Dr. John Inglis, the third Anglican bishop of Nova Scotia, his mother being a daughter of Mr. Thomas Cochrane, a member of the Executive Council of Nova Scotia.

Young Inglis received his first commission in the British service as an ensign in H. M. 32nd Regiment (Cornwall Light Infantry) on August 2nd, 1833, and until he was gazetted Major-General, in September, 1857, he served in no other regiment. Inglis became Lieutenant in 1839, and Captain in 1843. During the period covered between 1837 and 1843, Lieutenant Inglis was with his battalion in Canada, and did good service in the Canadian Rebellion of 1837-38, being present at the battles of St. Denis and St. Eustache, in Lower Canada, now the Province of Quebec.

In 1840, Inglis was stationed in Toronto, and was a member of the celebrated "Tandem Club," formed by the officers of the garrison in Toronto and the militia officers of the Province, for the purpose of sleigh-driving with horses driven tandem. The headquarters of this club was at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, and the only survivor of the club, which existed in 1840-41, is Major Heath, still living in Toronto.

To be concluded next month.



CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. X.—J. STUART THOMSON.

ARTICLES in this Magazine have dealt with native-dwelling Canadians, the heads of great transportation systems. Across the border some of our young men promise to be highly successful in similar fields. Canadians are prominent in the Vanderbilt roads, the Queen and Crescent, and the Great Northern systems.

Hardly five years ago, J. Stuart Thomson left McGill University to accept the position of secretary to Morton F. Plant, the son of the founder of the extensive Plant System of steamships, railroads and hotels, a system covering steam-ship lines from Charlottetown to Boston, from New York to Savannah, Ga., and from Florida to Cuba and Jamaica, over three thousand miles of steamship mail service and rail lines of 2,000 miles through the South. Mr. Thomson has very recently been appointed Assistant to President Plant, of the Canada Atlantic and Plant Steamship Company, of Halifax, N.S., and Assistant Manager of the Plant Steamship Lines, of New York and Florida. There perhaps is hardly as young a man in similar responsibility in steamship circles; and it is a tribute, not only to the friendship of his superior, but to faithfulness, diligence, and enthusiasm in duties. In the exacting conditions of the time, the present is probably the young man's day. He is required to copy the judgment of his elders, and to be able to work unceasingly. In the long list of Canadians prominent in United States transportation companies, we find a tribute to the virility of our men, and the worth of our schools, not only schools of technic, but schools devoted to the training of our Canadian character in the qualities that go to make success, namely, rectitude and zeal.

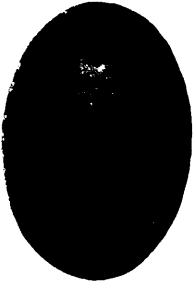
Before going to McGill University,

Mr. Thomson, for a time, had upbringing in that excellent railroad school, the Grand Trunk Railway, being a Junior Assistant in Sir Joseph Hickson's office. The same school and office gave the first training to the lately appointed President of the Vanderbilt railroad system.

Mr. Thomson is a "Point" boy, of Montreal, by birth, graduating at the Point School and the old Senior School. Latterly he was a student at McGill University and the Presbyterian College. He is of Scotch parentage on his father's side, and on his mother's, of old U. E. Loyalist stock. His maternal ancestors were originally settled in Central New York, but at the time of the Revolution, owing to Tory sympathies, were driven to Kingston, Upper Canada, and their lands confiscated. His great-great-grandfather, John Ryder, of Watertown, N.Y., was appointed Crown Surveyor of Frontenac County, and given grants of land at Kingston, part of which was the noted Catarqui property. The family served in all the wars, from the Revolution to 1812, and later on in the Fenian Raid.

At college Mr. Thomson was considered one of the most marked of the speakers, being spirited and ornate, and he is sought after as a lecturer on literary subjects. He has an enthusiasm for the Greek idea of accomplishment in athletics, friendships, affairs and letters, in the order named. He is an enthusiastic Canadian, and counts among his friends our prominent official and literary Canadians. He is as well known in Ottawa and Montreal as in New York.

Perhaps his most interesting achievement, from a Canadian point of view, has been in literature. While at college he began contributing verse to the *Toronto Week*, and this has been fol-



AT FOUR YEARS.

lowed by a volume, "Estabelle," which by Canadian, foreign and American critics placed him at once, as the *Chicago Dial* reviewer stated, in the group of distinctive Canadian poets, which includes Lampman, Scott, Carman, Roberts and Campbell. The CANADIAN MAGAZINE was of the first to support his metrical work, which has been remarked by the *Edinburgh Scotsman* "as characterized by a rich sensuousness of fancy akin to that of Keats." Of "Estabelle," the Boston



AT SEVENTEEN YEARS.

Transcript said, "here is a bit of genuine inspiration; in its simple but harmonious movement, and sincerely intimate touch this poem almost vies

with Wordsworth's 'Lucy.'" As compared with the strength of the other Canadian poets, Mr. Thomson's work, as the *Chap-Book* and the *New York Home Journal* remarked, is particularly distinguished by a delicacy of portraiture, as well as a strength of line; it is probable his forte is that of the lyricist.

He believes in living a strong and varied life, but in singing a gentle one. This quality is marked in his work for the magazines, at home and abroad, since "Estabelle" was published a

year ago. Mr. Thomson is also the author of a brochure, "Eulaline," and another volume of collected magazine verse will shortly be forth-

coming. With a genius for activity, we may expect continued product from his pen. Mr. Thomson lives and works a stone's throw from Fifth Avenue and 23rd Street, New York City. His enthusiasms, are business, letters, patriotism and travel. He is a good example of our native education, taking no time



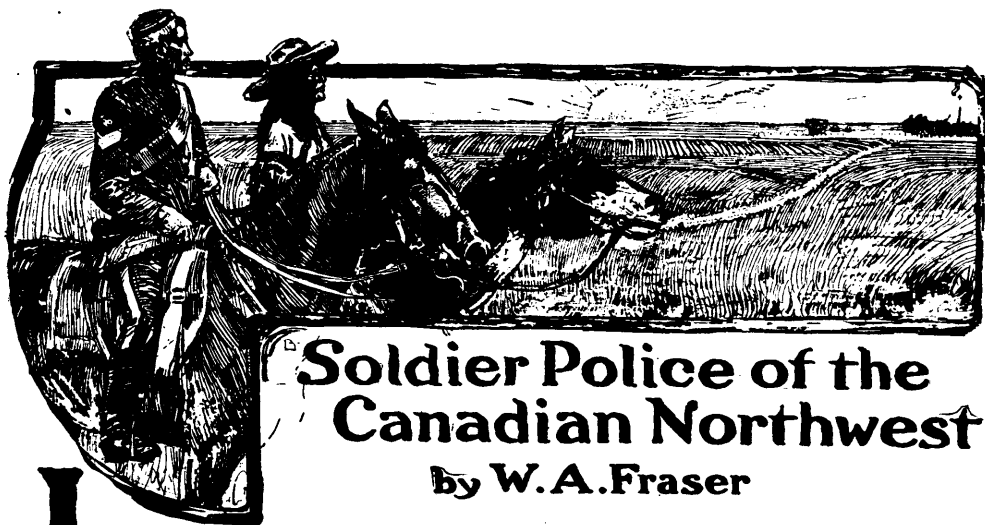
FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

for doubting or complaining. Paradoxically, while not an optimist in sentiment, he is in endeavour. It is the safe and sturdy spirit of the times.

D. T. McLaren.





Soldier Police of the Canadian Northwest

By W. A. Fraser

IN 1873, 150 men were sent to Manitoba from eastern Canada. That was the beginning of the Northwest Mounted Police. The following year, the force, 300 strong, marched to the Rocky Mountains. That was the beginning of the movement which has culminated in the dominating of the whole of the Northwest Territories by these men. Within a few years the force was increased to 500 men, and during the Riel rebellion it numbered 1,000. It was divided into ten divisions, each division being designated by a letter and the depot. In 1894, it was reduced to 750 men. Last year there were in the Northwest Territories 548 men; in the Yukon, 184. The ten divisions are posted in different parts of the Northwest. There are three divisional headquarters near the United States boundary line. In each division there are outposts, with from two to ten men each.

The police officers are: a commissioner and an assistant commissioner; and, in each division, a superintendent and two inspectors. At headquarters there are two extra inspectors, one as quartermaster and the other as paymaster. Five surgeons look after the

health of the police at the principal posts. A veterinary surgeon and an assistant veterinary surgeon are attached to the force, while each division has a veterinary sergeant to look after the horses. The pay of these several officers is as follows: Commissioner, \$2,600 per year; assistant commissioner, \$1,600 per year; superintendents, \$1,400 per year; inspectors, \$1,000 per year; surgeons and veterinary surgeons, \$1,000; staff sergeants, \$1.25 to \$2.00 per day; duty sergeants, \$1.00 per day; corporals, 85 cents per day; constables, 50 to 75 cents per day.

The full-dress uniform is a scarlet tunic with yellow facings, blue cloth breeches with yellow stripes, white helmet, cavalry boots, and cavalry overcoat. In winter fur coats and moccasins are worn when necessary. A serviceable khaki uniform and cowboy hat are used for rough work on the prairie in summer. In barracks the life is regulated on military principles. Every quarter or half hour the bugle calls the men to some duty—stables, parade, meals, lights out—just as in a military camp. The men have their rations, their mess, and their canteen. Each constable looks after his

This article appeared in *McClure's Magazine* for July, 1899, and is republished by special permission. About three hundred of the Seven Hundred and Fifty Policemen have gone to South Africa with the Second Canadian Contingent. This article, by a Canadian who knows them well, shows how valuable an addition they will be to the British forces.

own horse. Each commissioned officer has a "batsman," or body servant, told off from among the constables. He pays this man \$5.00 per month additional out of his own pocket. The batsman is relieved of guard and some other duties. Mechanics of all descriptions are employed in the force; they do most of the building, and all of the repairing to harness, waggons and buildings.

That's the personnel of the N. W. M. P. on paper. A force of 750 men to guard a territory stretching from the Great Lakes to the Rockies, and from the forty-ninth parallel, the boundary of the United States, to the Arctic Ocean! How they can accomplish it with such efficiency as they do, guarding half a continent, peopled by warlike Indians, so well that a white man may walk from one end of it to the other, unarmed and alone, with greater security than he could pass from Castle Garden to Harlem in New York City, is just matter of wonder. Here are three illustrations; they, perhaps, picture the method:

When Piapot—restless, quarrelsome, drink-loving Piapot—and his swarthy, hawk-faced following of Crees and Saultaux, hundreds of them, spread the circles of their many smoke-tanned tepees near the construction line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, beyond Swift Current, there was inaugurated the preliminary of a massacre, an Indian war, the driving out of the railway hands, or whatever other fanciful form of entertainment the fertile brain of Piapot might devise.

The Evil One must have looked down with satisfaction upon the assembly; there were navvies of wonderful and elastic moral construction; bad Indians with insane alcoholic aspirations; subservient squaws; and the keystone of the whole arch of iniquity—whiskey. The railway management sent a remonstrance to the powers. The Lieutenant-Governor issued an order; and two policemen, two plain, red-coated, blue-trousered policemen, rode forth



MAJOR STEELE.

carrying Her Majesty's commands. Not a brigade, nor a regiment, nor a troop; not even a company. Even the officer bearing the written order was but a sergeant. With him was one constable. That was the force that was to move this turbulent tribe from the good hunting-ground they had struck to a secluded place many miles away. It was like turning a king off his throne. Piapot refused to move, and treated the bearer of the Pale-face Mother's message as only a blackguard Indian can treat a man who is forced to listen to his insults without retaliating.

The sergeant calmly gave him fifteen minutes in which to commence striking camp. The result was fifteen minutes of abuse—nothing more. The young bucks rode their ponies at the police horses, and jostled the sergeant and his companion. They screamed defiance at him, and fired their guns under his charger's nose and close to his head, as they circled about in their pony spirit-war-dance. When the fifteen minutes were up, the sergeant threw his picket-line to the constable,



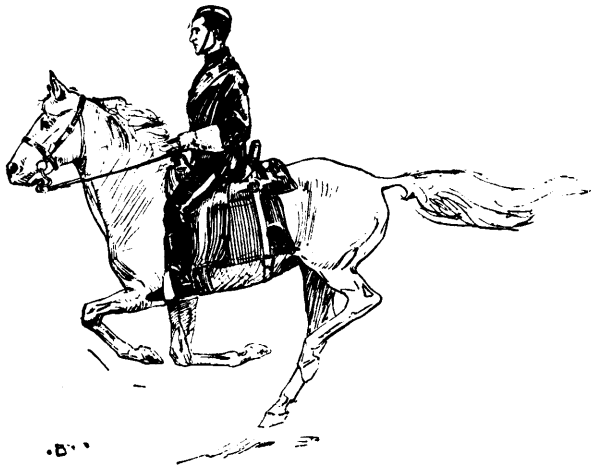
ONE OF THE FORCE.

dismounted, walked over to Chief Piapot's grotesquely painted tepee, and calmly knocked the key-pole out. The walls of the palace collapsed; the smoke-grimed roof swirled down like a drunken balloon about the ears of Piapot's harem. All the warriors rushed for their guns. But the sergeant continued methodically knocking key-poles out, and Piapot saw that the game was up. He had either got to kill the sergeant—stick his knife into the heart of the whole British nation by the murder of this unruffled soldier—or give in and move away. He chose the latter course, for Piapot had brains.

Again: After the killing of Custer, Sitting Bull became a more or less orderly tenant of Her Majesty the Queen. With 900 lodges he camped at Wood Mountain, just over the border from Montana. An ar-

row's flight from his tepees was the Northwest Mounted Police post. One morning the police discovered six dead Saultaux Indians. They had been killed and scalped in the most approved Sioux fashion. Each tribe has a trade-mark of its own in the way of taking scalps; some are broad, some are long, some round, some elliptical, some more or less square. These six Indians had been scalped according to the Sioux design. Also a seventh Saultaux, a mere lad and still alive, had seen the thing done. The police buried the six dead warriors, and took the live one with them to the police post. Sitting Bull's reputation was not founded on his modesty, and with characteristic audacity he came, accompanied by four minor chiefs and a herd of hoodlum warriors, and made a demand for the seventh Saultaux—the boy.

There were twenty policemen backing Sergeant McDonald; with the chief there were at least 500 warriors; so what followed was really an affair of prestige more than of force. When Sitting Bull arrived at the little picket gate of the post, he threw his squat figure from his pony, and in his usual generous, impetuous manner, rushed forward and thrust the muzzle of his gun into Sergeant McDonald's



ON LIGHT DUTY.



"HE PLANTED HIMSELF FIRMLY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BRIDGE, AND VOWED TO KILL THE FIRST . . . THAT ATTEMPTED TO PASS."

stomach, as though he would blow the whole British nation into smithereens with one pull of his finger. McDonald was of the sort that takes things coolly—he was typical of the force. He quietly pushed the gun to one side, and told the five chiefs to step inside, as he was receiving that afternoon. When they passed through the little gate, he invited them to stack their arms in the yard, and come inside the shack and pow-wow. They demurred, but the sergeant was firm; finally the arms were stacked and the chiefs went inside to discuss matters with the police.

Outside the little stockade it was play-day in Bedlam. The young bucks rode, and whooped, and fired their guns; they disturbed the harmony of the afternoon tea, as the sergeant explained to Sitting Bull. "Send your men away," he told him.

The Sioux chief demurred again.

"Send them away," repeated the sergeant, "if you have any authority over them."

At a sign Sitting Bull and the chiefs made towards the door; but there were interruptions—red-coated objections. And the rifles of the chiefs were stacked in the yard outside. Sitting Bull, like Piapot, had brains; likewise was he a good general. He nodded approvingly at this *coup d'état*, and told one of the chiefs to go out and send the boys away.

When the young bucks had with-

drawn to their camp, the sergeant persuaded Sitting Bull and the others to remain still a little longer, chiefly by force of the red-coated arguments he brought to bear upon them. "Tarry here, brothers," he said, "until I send Constable Collins and two others of my men to arrest the murderers of the dead Indians. The Saultaux are subjects of the Queen, and we cannot allow them to be killed for the fun of the thing. Also has the boy told us who the murderers are."

Then Constable Collins—big Jack Collins, wild Irishman and all the rest of it—went over to the Sioux camp, accompanied by two fellow-policemen, and arrested three of the slayers of the dead Indians. It was like going through the Inquisition for the fun of the thing. The Indians jostled and shoved them, reviled them, and fired their pistols and guns about their ears, whirled their knives and tomahawks dangerously close, and indulged in every other species of torment their vengeful minds could devise. But big Jack and his comrades hung on to their prisoners, and steadily worked their way along to the post.

Not a sign of annoyance had escaped either of the constables up to the time a big Indian stepped up directly in front of Jack Collins and spat in his face. Whirra, whirroo! A big muton-leg fist shot through the prairie air, and the Sioux brave, with broken

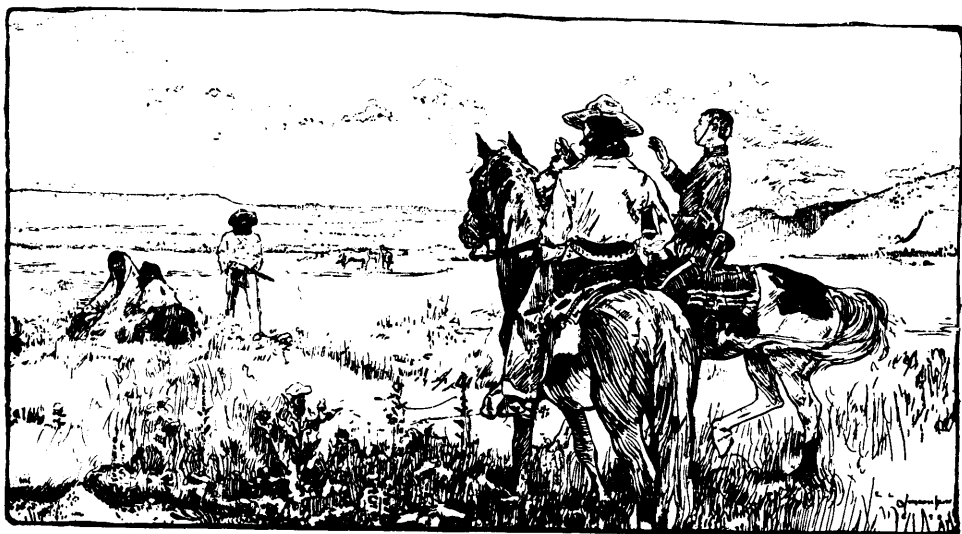
nose, lay like a crushed moccasin at Jack's feet. "Take that, ye black baste!" he hissed between his clenched teeth. "An' ye've made me disobey orders, ye foul fiend!" Then he marched his prisoners into the post, and reported himself for misconduct for striking an Indian. The three prisoners were sent to Regina, and tried for the murder. I do not know whether Jack was punished for his handiwork or not, though it is quite likely that he was strongly censured at least.

And again: At Golden, in the heart of the Rockies, there was a pretty tough mining camp. Major Steele was commanding the police there, and in spite of firm measures the miners were beginning to get a little out of hand. One night it culminated in a riot. Sergeant Fury, a determined, bull-dog little man, was sent, with two constables to arrest the ring-leaders. The gang had possession of a saloon. Fury walked in, and going straight up to the man he wanted, said: "Come with me; I arrest you."

Of course it was an invitation that the turbulent miner had no idea of accepting. Fury reached out persuasively with his left hand, clutched him by the collar in an iron grip, and backed

for the door. It was like throwing a lamb among a cageful of hungry tigers. There was a mob of swaying, swearing miners in front of the little sergeant which his two assistants were vainly trying to keep back. A huge desperado made a rush at Fury from behind. He felt him coming, and without looking around fired point-blank over his shoulder, and brought him to the ground winged. It had a soothing effect upon the others, and the police got their prisoner out on the road before the crowd had time to get worked up into a passion again.

It was some little distance to the barracks, and as they hurried the unwilling captive along the road, they saw the miners coming for them again. "There'll be some quare wurk this time," laughed Corporal Hetherington, for he was of the party. Just as they pulled their prisoner over a bridge which spanned a little stream, a figure came tearing down the road from the barracks with a sword in one hand and a revolver in the other. It was the commander, Major Steele, whom the noise of the fighting had aroused from a bed of illness. He planted himself firmly in the middle of the bridge, and vowed to kill the first member of the mob that attempted to pass.



"'IF HE ADVANCES I'LL KILL HIM,' ANSWERED ALMIGHTY VOICE."

It was settled that time as it always is. No prisoner is ever given up by the Northwest Mounted Police once the law demands that he be arrested. The miners knew enough of Steele to know that he would

keep his word, also that their comrade would have a fair, square trial; that much Steele promised them.

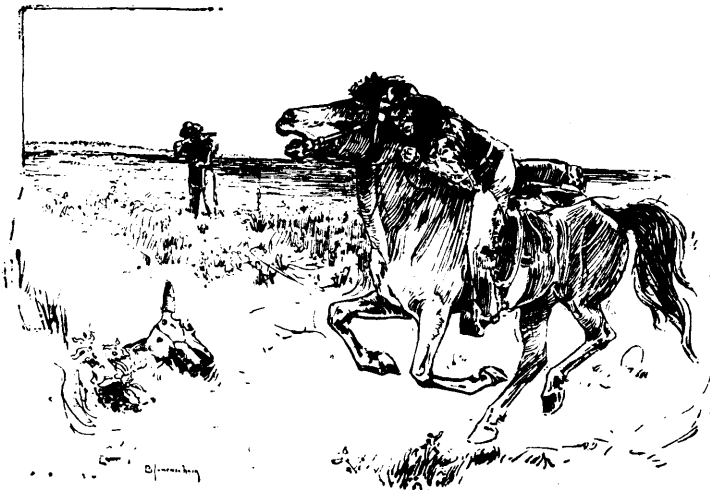
Not that prestige and determination carry the point always. Sometimes the desperadoes turn on the policeman, handicapped by his orders to arrest and not kill, and the death dew gathers damp on his face, and the regimental number is all that is left of him in the force. Duck Lake is the "Five



"THEY SCoured THE LAND FAR AND WIDE."

Points" of the Northwest. It lies 100 miles north of Regina, the capital of the Territories. Last year five white men—four policemen and one civilian—and three Indians lay dead on the prairie with their faces to the sky, to the end that the peace broken by one Indian outlaw might be made whole again. Almighty Voice, son of John Sounding Sky, was hungry, and killed a cow. The first little irregularity was

that the cow belonged to somebody else. Therefore, a sergeant of police and a half-breed guide rode forth to bring Almighty Voice before a magistrate. As they rode along they heard the report of a gun. They turned from the trail, and came suddenly upon the Indian and two squaws. He had just killed a prairie chicken. "Tell



"BENDING LOW ALONG HIS HORSE'S NECK, THE SCOUT RODE WITH REELING BRAIN."

him I've come to arrest him for killing cattle," said the sergeant to the guide.

"Tell him if he advances I'll kill him!" answered Almighty Voice.

Sergeant Colbrook rode quietly forward. The guide covered the Indian with his carbine, but the sergeant made him put it down again. "We have no authority to kill," he said. "We've come to arrest only. Tell him to lay

gun, and Sergeant Colbrook fell shot through the heart. The guide's code was not so high. He could retire, and he did, very fast.

That was the beginning. A price was set upon the murderer's head; he was declared an outlaw, and for a thousand miles west and a thousand miles north the red-coated riders watched for Almighty Voice. While they scoured the land far and wide, Almighty Voice lived for many moons shielded by his Indian friends at Duck Lake.

One day a horse was stolen, and a half-breed scout with a companion started to round up the thief. They caught him. As they were bringing him through a clump of poplars astride of a knock-kneed cayuse he disappeared as if by magic. Then Almighty Voice appeared upon the scene, and the scout was soon galloping for dear life—for the little life that was left him, for a bullet had gone crashing through his back, and the slayer of Sergeant Colbrook was running like the wind at his horse's heels, making savage clutches at the swishing tail. Bending low along his horse's neck, the scout rode with reeling brain. One clutch of those dark, sinewy hands in his steed's tail, and the next instant a knife would be at his throat. The horse gained a little—the prey was es-



"THREE CONSTABLES . . . CREPT IN THROUGH THE THICK, DANGEROUS UNDERGROWTH OF THE BLUFF."

caping. The pursuer stopped for an instant, and his fierce black eyes gleamed along a gun-barrel. The bullet cut through the cowboy hat of the scout, and severed the woven-hair bridle between the horse's ears. The bit dropped from the horse's mouth, and under the new freedom he sped faster. Almighty Voice gave up the chase.

Over the wire the news was flashed

down his arms," he added, as he rode steadily forward.

A few paces more, and there came another warning from the Indian at bay. The sergeant, according to his code, had no choice. He could not retire; he had no authority to shoot the Indian; his orders were simply to arrest him, even if it cost him his life—and it did. Another pace, and the fire belched from the muzzle of the Cree's

gun, and Sergeant Colbrook fell shot through the heart. The guide's code was not so high. He could retire, and he did, very fast.

into Prince Albert, and Captain Allen and a detachment of police rode eighty miles that night. Almighty Voice had two other killings to attend to, but that ride caught him in a trap. In the morning the police were reconnoitering from a little hill. Allen saw three vertical blots on the landscape. As he looked they scampered into a bluff on all fours like deer. "That's an old game," he said. "They are the men we're after."

They surrounded the bluff. As Captain Allen patrolled close to the bushes he suddenly saw something which made him lean far down along the side of his horse, but he was too late. He heard the bone of his right arm snap like a piece of glass, and his hand swung limp as a rag at his side. The bullet from Almighty Voice's rifle had smashed through his arm close to the shoulder. The exchange of leaden cards had been mutual. A 44 bullet from Allen's revolver had scorched its way through Almighty Voice's ankle.

Thrown from his horse by the shock, the officer crawled like a wounded duck into the thick grass of the prairie. When he had gone a little distance he raised himself on one knee, only to look along the cold steel barrel of a rifle and into the merciless eyes of Almighty Voice. He knelt for the space of five seconds looking into the face of death, expecting every minute the crash of the leaden messenger. Without uncovering his wounded quarry, the Indian pointed with two fingers, and said, "Throw me your cartridge belt."

The Captain understood: the Indian would not waste a cartridge upon him now that he was disabled; he needed them all for self-defence. Where he stood in the edge of the bush he was covered, and would not expose himself by coming out to finish his man with a knife. "Throw me your cartridges or I'll kill you," he said in Cree.

"Never!" answered Allen.

Just then there was the crack of a carbine, and a bullet spat against the trunk of a poplar and went zipping off through the light branches. A con-

stable had sighted the Indian; the latter jumped back among the trees.

Temporary repairs kept Allen from bleeding to death. They tried burning the Indians out, but the poplars were too green. Then three constables—Hawkin, Kerr, and Lundy—crept in through the thick, dangerous undergrowth of the bluff to drive them out. Their few comrades keeping guard on the outside heard at irregular intervals the rifles speak, but no message came from the deep shadows of the aspens. No fleeing Indian darted into the open; no smoke-grimed, red-coated policeman struggled forth holding a dark captive. There was nothing but the occasional sharp crack of a rifle, the yell of defiance of an Indian, and then silence—heavy, oppressive silence. After a time there was nothing but silence, no call from the constables to their friends on the outside, no word from the rifles—nothing but the ominous stillness. The hearts of the watchers grew heavy, and well they might, for the three brave troopers were lying with their white, set faces looking up at the blue vault, their bodies torn by the bullets that had been fired at them from the distance of a few paces.

With the persistence characteristic of the force, two men, O'Kelly and Cook, went in to do what three had failed to accomplish. As he wormed his way along on his stomach, O'Kelly made a discovery. The Indians, with devilish ingenuity, had made three runways leading up to a certain point by breaking the small bushes off close to the ground. These led to a death-trap—a pit dug by the Indians with their knives. At the other end of each was a hawk-eyed Indian with a levelled rifle. It was in these little runways that the three policemen had been shot.

The two constables avoided the paths, and kept to the thick growth. Suddenly O'Kelly became aware of a pair of khaki-coloured legs in front of him. Thinking it was one of his dead comrades, he reached out to pull the body back. As he did so the feet were wrenched violently from his grasp, and

disappeared over the embankment into the pit. The rifles belched forth in his very face, and an Indian sprang up on the embankment to get a better shot at him. A bullet from O'Kelly's rifle went crashing through the red-skin's brain. The constable flattened his body out, and hugged his mother earth as though he loved her. A shot from Almighty Voice tore a spur from off his heel.

Ten feet away Cook was lying flat and motionless behind the dead limb of a fallen tree. He saw the smoke of the rifle from the Indian's pit, but he did not see the pair of lynx-like eyes, motionless as the rock of Gibraltar, that watched steadily the limb that covered his face. Cautiously he raised his head a few inches. There was a sharp crack, a puff of smoke, and bark and chips were driven into his eyes with terrific force. Luckily the aim had been a little low, the bullet had glanced.

They recovered one of their wounded companions a little later, and inch by inch worked their way backward, dragging him between them. All that night they guarded the bluff. Once Almighty Voice tried to creep out, but was driven back. In the morning a little trail and a crutch dropped from the blood-stained hands of the Indian showed where he had tried to escape. About midnight Almighty Voice called to the police: "Brothers, we've had a good fight to-day. I've worked hard and am hungry. You've plenty of grub; send me in some. To-morrow we'll finish the fight."

The next day the fight was like a Roman spectacle. A small hill near by was covered by Indian and half-breed spectators. The old tan-faced mother of Almighty Voice sat there and crooned a weird death-song, and cheered her boy to fight to the death like an Indian brave. She screamed defiance to the police—her son would slay many more of them. But his end was drawing near. A field-gun had been brought up from Regina; a few shells were thrown into the bluff, and then a charge was made. It was diffi-

cult charging through that thick growth, but when the smoke cleared away, the pit held three dead Indians, and it was "all quiet along the Saskatchewan" once more.

Many special bodies of troops in Europe, such as the Guards, are filled with men over six feet. In the Northwest the need is different. Abnormally large men would only be an encumbrance on the long rides, breaking down both themselves and their horses. A combination of sinew, strength, endurance, brain, and a fair moral tone is necessary to make up the man who is expected to ride oftentimes day and night without eating or sleeping, to hold his own in a foot-race or a fight with a swift Indian or half-breed; and also show by example that the Northwest Territories are to be developed and governed along the lines of order and industry. The returns from the different posts show that physically the men are admirably fitted to fill this bill. In height their average runs about five feet nine inches, with a chest measurement of thirty-eight and one-half inches. Recruits are subjected to a searching medical examination before being taken on. The aim is "to make it a most difficult force to get into, and an easy one to get out of." The result is a fine body of contented men and few desertions.

In addition to their actual duties as peace officers, the police are supposed to gather for the Government information on every subject under the sun—the sun that shines between the forty-ninth parallel and the Arctic Ocean: the state of the crops, the condition of the ranches, the breeds of horses and cattle most suitable to their individual localities; their opinions on the different ordinances relating to the protection of cattle ranches; even statistical returns to show where the best markets are and how they should be reached. Should a rancher kill a steer and bring the carcass in for sale, the law says that he must also bring the hide bearing his brand to show that in a moment of forgetfulness he has not killed

his neighbor's animal. The police must see that he does this. They must have constructive ability, and report on roads and bridges, and different modes of transit—from the humble cayuse to the swift-rushing railway. The settlers arriving in the country are under the watchful eye of these guardians; their physical, moral, and financial conditions are duly observed and reported to headquarters. If the Mormon settlement or the colony of the Mennonites have 900 cattle and 600 sheep, those in authority will know it, for a "Rider of the Plains" will have it all jotted down in his note-book. Just how much gold per day the miner takes from the sands of the Saskatchewan is also known; and how much he pays a ton for the coal he burns during the long winter months. You will find in the blue book a list of the questions Li Hung Chang asked when he paid a flying visit to Calgary. Pork-packing and poultry-raising are not beneath notice; and intelligent advice is given, backed up by facts and figures, as to how these industries may be better followed. Nothing escapes the vigilance of these alert policemen.

Fierce battles are waged between the fire fiend and the constables sometimes. Day and night, scorched and seared and athirst, they have to battle often to preserve the country from becoming one vast kiln. No more exciting picture was ever drawn than the sight of two policemen, with two wet blankets knotted together and trailing the ground, galloping one on either side of a line of leaping hungry flame. Miles and miles of fire line they will put out in this way.

In former years the most onerous of the police duties was the preventing of the sale of liquor in the Territories. The Northwest was then a prohibition state. The Lieutenant-Governor had authority to issue a permit to a man to have in his possession liquor up to five gallons, providing always the man was respectable. These permits gave the police no end of trouble. So long as the owner of a permit held it in his hand he was entitled to the possession

of five gallons of liquor, though the keg had been drained twenty times. A saloon-keeper with friends who held permits could store a large stock of smuggled liquor and snap his fingers at the police. It was an article of faith that men who tried to bring in liquor by means lawful or otherwise were public benefactors; while the police, who were trying to interrupt this wholesome trade, were men to be put far astray and shrined on a hog's back.

Many and various were the tricks resorted to by the men stricken with a thirst engendered of life in that high, dry atmosphere. A consignment of Bibles to Edmonton proved full of a spirituous consolation that caused them to sell as readily as hot cakes to people who previously had taken very little interest in Christian literature. That the Bibles were tin did not matter in the slightest.

A high-rolling gambler, "Bull Dog" Carney, once ran a car-load of smuggled whiskey into Golden. The police got knowledge of it, and after many ups and downs confiscated most of it. "It was a sight to make your heart ache, sor," the sergeant who told me about it assured me. "A car-load of whisky spilled out on the ground before a squad of men thirsty to their very souls. Surely a little keg wouldn't have been missed from all that lot—a wee little keg," he added plaintively.

Upon another occasion, when there had been a lawful seizure of "moonlight," the superintendent in charge had seen every package broached and its contents emptied out upon the ground, even to the last "wee little keg." The ruby-tinted nectar had gurgled forth and sunk into the parched earth before the eyes of a thirsty file of inwardly groaning policemen. But when the bugle piped melodiously for stables, there was not a corporal's guard to feed the many horses; and the superintendent took counsel with himself, and went on a tour of inspection. He jabbed viciously with his walking-stick at the brown spots of earth where the

liquor, many times emptied, had burned away the grass. His stick went through the crust of earth, and struck something which gave back a hollow, complaining sound. It was the bottom of a tub. On top of the tub was an old iron grate; on top of that the earth. It was a very peculiar geological formation, not described in any of the works. The superintendent spoke never a word, for silence is a gold coin studded with rubies; doubtless some wicked men had put it there to bring discredit upon the force. When the next lot of seized liquor was to be emptied, he said to the sergeant: "We'll take this to a new place, and give the grass a chance to grow in the old spot."

Next to guarding against the smuggling of whiskey, the watching of the border line for horse and cattle thieves was probably the most severe of the police duties. A magnificent system of patrol extends along the whole southern side of the British territories from Winnipeg to the Rockies, close to the forty-ninth parallel, which divides the two countries. The patrol usually consists of two policemen, one riding a horse and the other in a buckboard. Rude shelters, perhaps sod-huts, are erected along the trail at forty-mile intervals. The two men start west from, say, Post A, and at the same time two men start east from Post B. They travel forty miles per day until they meet and exchange notes. Then they make a detour to the south, touching the American line, and back thus to their respective posts. Each patrol carries a book containing a printed set of questions. This book is shown to each settler along the patrol route. If he has any complaint to make, he notes it therein; if not, he signs the book. Should the policeman observe any fresh trail from over the border crossing their route, they follow it up and overhaul the travellers. If all does not seem square and above-board, they arrest them and take them in to the nearest post.

Thus the hundreds of miles of open prairie are patrolled almost daily like the streets of a great city. Many cases

of cattle and horse stealing have been detected by these means, the stolen animals recovered, and the robbers punished. At one time thieves used to run off horses from the Fort McLeod region, work them northward 300 miles, above Edmonton, east along the Saskatchewan, and trade them off for cattle, which they drove back and sold to the very owners of the horses. The police have stopped all that. Murderers and desperadoes often drift across the line from Montana. These are always caught and returned to the United States officers. The killing of cattle by Indians has been just about stamped out.

In 1896, the United States authorities returned to Canada some hundreds of Cree Indians who had taken refuge there at the time of the Riel rebellion. These Indians were afraid to come back; they were inclined to be ugly. Parties of United States cavalry escorted them to the border. There, much to the astonishment of the United States officers, the turbulent Indians were taken charge of by three mounted policemen, and handled as easily as a lot of school children. It is the even justice with which the Indian has been handled on the Canadian side that makes this possible, or that makes it possible for one or two policemen to go into a large camp and bring away a prisoner.

The Blackfoot tribe is the most warlike within the Canadian borders. Years ago they had a mighty chief named Crowfoot. Whites and Indians all concur in the opinion that he was the greatest Indian, in all respects, that ever lived. He was a noble old savage and proud as Lucifer; so when a sergeant of police and two constables came to his tribe and demanded that two braves who had committed some crime be delivered up to them, he objected haughtily; but finally consented on condition that he might go and see the trial. When the case was finished and even-handed justice had been meted out, Crowfoot said: "This is a place where the forked tongue is made straight. When my people do wrong, they shall

come here." And since that time it has always been so.

The armament of the force consists of a carbine, usually a 45-75 Winchester, and a 44 Enfield revolver. The men carry neither sword nor spear. The force is supposed to be, as occasion demands, either cavalry, field artillery, or infantry. The artillery armament consists of six seven-pounder guns, four nine-pounders, two mortars, and two Maxim machine guns.

Each constable has a horse allotted to him. The horses are all purchased in the Northwest Territories at an average price of \$60 per head. A record is kept of each horse's mileage, and they are carefully looked after by veterinary surgeons and sergeants. At the end of the year an exhaustive report upon the condition of the horses is returned; also upon the quality of the hay and grain supplied by contract for their use. Each horse is branded, and has his regimental number stamped upon the wall of his hoof. *En bloc* they are known as "the herd."

Many a cold, bitter ride, a ride close unto death—yes even through the grim portals sometimes—the riders of these horses have. Winter or summer, sunshine or arctic cold, far or near, the duty must be done. Like the fear of the "black death" in the East is the dread of the scourge of the Northern plains—the blizzard. Against the insane strength of a blizzard the power of a human being is like a feather going over the Niagara cataract. A constable may start out as Corporal Crane did, ten years ago, on his way to Pen d'Oreille to look up some strayed horses. The sun was shining brightly, the air was calm and still. After a while the sky became gray, and little, fine, sharp-cutting chips of snow began to fly and the wind began to rise. Soon it was a full-defined snowstorm, with the wind driving. The snow piled up until it grew hard to travel. The trail had vanished, and the plain was a white, heaving sea. The marrow in the corporal's bones was thickening up, and his blood was sluggish and cold. Then, his eyes! The bits of

frozen steel were driving the sight out, the white fall of snow was bleaching the retina.

He slipped from the saddle, for he was growing sleepy sitting there in the cold. Walking might keep the life in until the horse led him somewhere—he was blind now! Holding to the stirrup, he trudged along. Suddenly he stumbled, the stirrup leather slipped from his stiffened fingers. Roused for an instant by the fall, he groped blindly about the frozen snow for the horse. His hands encountered nothing but the wind-driven bits of steel. He travelled in a little circle, once, twice. His comrades saw the tracks three days later. At the end of the second circle they found his body. The horse had come back to barracks dripping wet.

The spirit of *camarederie* is strong among these riders of the plains. In the force or out, "acting" or "ex," it is all the same; he is or was "one of us." During the Riel rebellion the police were always at the front. It was at the taking of Batoche that Jack French, a big, generous, hard-fighting Irishman, an inspector of police, gave one instance of this comrade-love. There had been a hot scrimmage, and the troops were forced to retire. A wounded policeman was left lying on the field. Jack French saw him, and standing up shouted in a brogue, with the music of an organ in it, "What are you doing there, Cook?"

"I'm wounded," came back a faint call.

"It's meself 'll carry ye in, then!" and down he marched, whistling gaily to himself as the bullets came spishing by him, throwing up little clouds of dust here and there all about as he marched along. Two bullets cut their way through the skirt of his tunic. "They're getting them pretty close now," muttered Jack, but he was only a few feet away from Cook.

May it be remembered to the credit of the half-breed rebels, that when they realized what noble Jack French's mission was they ceased fire. And when he swung his wounded comrade upon his broad shoulders and started

back with him, a cheer ran through the whole line of rebel redoubts until the prairie grass trembled with the vibration of the beaten wind. He brought Cook safely back to camp, and then went back again to the fighting that he loved so well. His reward was not the V.C., for within half an hour he

was stretched out dead, probably by one of the very men who had cheered him. Cook still lives ; he is in Government employ in the Northwest.

In the annals of the police there are heroic stories of this sort enough to fill a mighty volume, perhaps, even stronger tales than I have told here.



THERE'S a lot these days on Empire,
Dear old Queen and Seven Seas ;
I can mind the time there wasn't
Much to say on things like these.

When we got the time by standards—
Stuck a gad up in the sun ;
When we got to King by Colonels ;
Took a handspike for a gun.

'Twasn't ours to Aldershot it,
Spithead fleets and Jubilee ;
Kept us busy raisin' shanties,
Askin' neighbours to the bee.

Well, we kept our wars to home then,
Had a border brush or two
When the Yankees wanted playground
And they thought our farms ud do.

All we wanted was to turn 'em,
But we done it—don't ask how ;
Guess it's something like them Boers
Dishes up the Britons now.

What did we know 'bout Australia,
With the wolves a-howlin' by ?
'Bout as much as Indian jungles—
Slashin' ours to see the sky.

Guess if you'd 'a' hollered "Transvaal—
 What's our country goin' to do?"
 We'd 'a' heard it time to answer :
 "Stay to home an' see her through."

Wasn't much them days on Empire,
 Dear old Queen and Seven Seas ;
 For the old King gave 'em bush-lands
 And they had to 'tend the bees.

Used to sing at Sunday meetin's,
 In the shanties close to hand,
 'Bout them Afric's sunny fountains
 Rollin' down their golden sand ;

But we never thought we'd send 'em
 Bibles on the end o' guns,
 Missionaries togged in kharki,
 Our great country's fighting sons.

Don't believe there'd be a thousand
 Patriot bushwhackers round ;
 Some o' them though was the fellows
 That had stood their country's ground,

When they left their farms and firesides
 To the rebels in the war,
 Piled their folks and goods on log-floats,
 Poled 'em up the river shore ;

Paddlin' upward to the North Star,
 Swirlin' to the shore unknown,
 Where the wolf and redskin rambled,
 Where the man was on the throne.

Knew the old King by his gov'nors,
 And the land he gave 'em free ;
 Knew the Empire by the slashin'
 Log to shoulder, axe to tree.

Wasn't much them days on Empire,
 Dear old Queen and Seven Seas—
 Cuttin' roads to reach the neighbours,
 Fordin' swamps to get to bees.

But they had the notion somewhere,
 Held it in their brain and breath—
 Stick to King and stand for conscience—
 Hang together, life or death.

So they raised 'em homes to live in,
 So they loved the land they cleared,
 Little dreamin' of the future
 When the Boer should be feared ;

When the Empire should be tottlin'
 Like a late ship on the lake,
 And the Transvaal should be wantin'
 Soldiers good as we can make ;

When the Northwest should be packin'
 Men and horses to the front,
 And Australia, India, Egypt,
 All a-pikin' to the brunt.

When the sons of them that poled it
 Up the river and the shore,
 Should be sailin' 'way down yonder
 To the South Pole for a war ;

Steamin' downward to the South Star
 Where the troops are on the go,
 Where the barb-wire helps the bullet,
 Where the shadow helps the foe.

But the old men fought to make 'em
 Worth a livin' and a name ;
 And the boys must fight to keep us
 When the Empire's in the game.

Hands and feet we made the country,
 Workin' at the neighbour's bee ;
 Served the King and loved the nation,
 Dug the ditch and dropped the tree.

Got our fences, roads and neighbours,
 Schools and churches, love and trust ;
 Peace and plenty in our borders,
 Toiling ever as we must ;

Till we make another Britain
 Here between our sliding lakes,
 Till we love it all the better
 For the time and toil it takes.

For we sang " God Save the King," then,
 When we poled it up the shore.
 Now we say it—" Save the Empire,
 Bless the Queen for evermore."

So we have the soldiers fighting
 Where the seas all roll in one ;
 So we have the laws and singers
 Everywhere beneath the sun.

There's a lot these days on Empire,
 Dear old Queen and Seven Seas—
 We don't need to be a nation
 While there's talk on things like these.

“MYREY’S FAMBLY.”

By Annie Ashmore.

UNDER the June sunshine a pretty Nova Scotian town lay basking in the arms of its whispering river, shaking its odorous plumes of lilac over the trimmed hawthorn hedges, and wreathing the handsome houses on the hill with the tender green of bursting leaves. The tide ran with a smooth, rustling sound where the shallows caught it, and a darkling silence where the swifter current met the shadow of the bridge, racing ever faster down to the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The slender iron bridge that spanned East River at this point, hung in a delicious atmosphere of coolness, cajoling heated pedestrians to stop midway and enjoy its summer breezes. The fresh-faced young woman who hung over the iron rail certainly showed no disposition to hurry onward, as she poured out eager questions for the tanned young man in the home-spun suit to answer.

“And when did ye see mother and the dear old farm?” and the soft, plaintive tones could not frame the English fast enough, so she slid into Gaelic. Lizzie McPhail came from far-off Cape Breton, and, perhaps, the sight of Cousin Dugald had brought a wave of home-sickness for the wild, sparkling waters of the Big Bras d’Or, and the smell of the sea-weed on the rocks over her. She forgot how time was slipping.

At the end of the bridge, across from the town, a small park spread its green turf in terraces down to the river, ending in a smother of alder bushes and young dog-wood blossoms. The bandstand on the upper terrace was unoccupied, but the new fountain on the lower level made ample amends to the rapt gaze of the two children who stood there, beside an empty baby-carriage, fascinated by the marvels in the stone basin.

The little master carefully steadied his smaller sister on a stone that she might see the better, and one might judge by the cherub faces and dainty raiment that they came of gentle stock.

A stony mermaid held high her comb from which a shower descended upon a pair of swans sidling round the basin with their legs trailing behind them. The water struck their smooth backs with a patter of small shot.

“Div ’em some dinner, Lispy,” said the tiny lady, dancing up and down. She poked a sugar-cake out of her brother’s pocket, whereat the black legs slanted nearer, and the beady eyes watched warily.

Other eyes just as hard were on the pair. From under the shadow of the bridge a girl of fourteen or more clambered silently up the bank and approached the absorbed children. She was ragged and disreputable, with a something in her face that would have turned the blood of the nurse lingering on the bridge cold in her veins.

“Le’ me show yer, kids,” she said, and with a screech of laughter she snatched the cake out of the child’s hand, and swallowed it in one gulp.

Crimsoning with indignation, the boy seized his sister’s arm and backed away, crying :

“Bad, greedy girl! Come home, De-de; dis is no place for ’oo!”

The repulsion on these innocent faces struck some memory that surely had its root in some poisoned fountain of pain; the livid face of the girl quivered, and she fell on her knees, drawing the children to her while she gasped out :

“Don’t be cross wid Myrey; I loves yer, darlin’s; them birds ain’t as hungry as me, but I wish I were choked afore I done it; and, see here, I’ll show yer prettier things than them;” her eyes began to blaze furtively,

"Come wit' Myrey as loves yer—come!"

Lispy looked earnestly at her. She was a repentant sinner, and much may be forgiven to people who are hungry.

"Can 'oo show us Dorge an' the Dwagon?" he demanded.

"Y-as, an' heaps more; red eyes an' hair floppin' like flames—wish I may die 'ef there ain't!" cried Tatters with an exultant laugh, as she caught up De-de in her arms.

"Tum on, den!" shouted Lispy valiantly.

The next minute the swans were alone.

As their new guardian hurried the children across the bridge, it so happened that a loaded hay-team hid them from the nurse-maid on the other side, who, all unconscious of what was occurring, was now parting from Cousin Dugald. Up one short block they sped, and then the girl stopped at a railway-crossing and eyed the little boy doubtfully.

"Kin ye walk two miles down track, an' dodge the trains, an' not git skeered?" she asked abruptly.

Lispy drew himself up.

"Mamma says I's a big man. Me walks forty-'leven miles!" he announced.

Myrey tousled her shock of black hair in a puzzled way. A hollow burst of steam echoed down the street, and the hooting of a train whistle smote the drowsy silence with a sharp ripping sound.

"We'll hev'a ride," she cried, stepping on to a small way-side platform which had been erected for the convenience of this end of the town.

The local train crept along and picked up two or three country people, and a score or so of workmen who were returning to the steel-works two miles off. Myrey clambered up with her burden on the end car, hauled the little boy after her, and slipped into a corner by the door behind a dusty stove, from whence she watched the sleepy conductor with a basilisk eye.

Away they glided, leaving town and iron bridge and green park far behind.

Lulled by the motion De-de fell asleep while Lispy gazed from the window at the new world he was entering into, with the happy confidence of childhood.

It took but a very few minutes to whisk them into the black environs of the iron works, for this was the coal and iron country, where blast furnaces and coal mines dotted the hills all around the pretty town.

As the engine slowed up, the girl, seizing her opportunity while the conductor was collecting the last of the fares, left the car and scrambling down the high step on to the track while the boy valiantly clambered after. The strangely assorted trio were speedily lost to sight.

Through a maze of blackened brick buildings, wide yards littered with cinder heaps, rusty boilers, and sinister shapes which made Lispy press nearer to her, while a vague thunder of myriad machinery vibrated all around, she hurried, with the sleeping infant fast clutched to her bosom. Her eyes were glittering, her thin cheeks aflame.

Under a dark archway the boy came to a stand.

"Please, big girl, take us home," he faltered; "I don't want to see the dwagons now, and—and mamma wants us."

Myrey stooped and kissed him, smiling in his anxious little face.

"We's jest home," she exclaimed; "sech a beauty place; an' supper waitin' an' all. Keep tight holt of Myrey an' nothin' will tech you."

Surely this was some horrid dream, where ranks of iron doors shut in white glowing heat, and flames crept out of red hot cracks like ferns growing on the rocks, and round holes in the scorching floor showed raging fires beneath, and half-naked figures shovelled iron ore into the roaring jaws, and the fierce blasts of smoking metal struck the breath from their lips! Surely he would wake up soon now, to sob out his fears in his mother's breast!

Stealing behind the workmen in the shadows, Myrey arrived at a dim corner sheltered from observation by a

monster caldron, or ladle, the size of a ship's boiler, and here she laid the sleeping De-de on a heap of dry, white dolomite, used for lining the bottom of the furnace under the crude ore; and casting herself down beside her, she took both waifs into her arms and laughed and rocked in an ecstasy of glee.

"I've found 'em! I've found 'em!" she exulted. "See, little kids, you're Myrey's fambly, an' you'll stay wit' me!"

The little girl, roused by these carresses, cried piteously and bored her face into her brother's small neck, whereat he sat up very firmly and spoke out his mind.

"Der ain't no supper here, nor no dwagons, and you tells stowies, bad girl."

"Ain't there though," cried Myrey, with a cackle of discordant mirth, "the red herrin's an' potatoes is jest comin', an' look-a-there!" She waved her thin claw at the rows of furnaces. "See them cages wid red eyes glarin' out o' them, an' hear them roar at the men wid' long shovels as is a-feedin' them; an' look at the dragons' manes whip-pin' round the doors jest like flames; they eats up little children sometimes —" the girl's hands quivered up to her head with a gesture of agony as she whispered this; but in a moment her vacant laugh broke out, and she resumed, "but that's all right, I ain't a-feard; I sits an' taunts 'em by the hour. An' here's the supper, darlin's, an' it's jest prime."

She rose and rummaged in a corner among some old iron till she found a greasy newspaper containing a red herring and some cold potatoes, which she divided in triumph between her guests; and truth to tell, if the uncouth feast was somewhat stale, the tired and famished children devoured it none the less eagerly, and began to chirp like little birds in the nest that have been fed.

"Now, darlin's," said Myrey, who had sat watching them, and rocking herself on the white pile of dolomite eating nothing, "Cuddle down wid your own Myrey, an' go to sleep. She

made a bed of the empty sacks and took them in her arms, behind the monster ladle; and lulled by the ceaseless clamor all around, the lost children sank to sleep.

Through the long night the furnaces roared for their endless meals of metal and the white, hot steel poured into the sunken ladles, and loaded trucks crept here and there over the network rails, and death lurked in ambush all around.

Lizzie McPhail awoke to her duties with a start when she heard the echoing puffs of the five o'clock local train. Cutting short the last goodbye of Cousin Dugald she hurried to the little park, not a stone's throw distant. The baby-carriage stood on the empty terrace with its silken rug trailing, and the swans rooted serenely in the mermaid's water plants, but no children were visible. Skirting the steep, shrub-fringed bank of the river she called and searched; then, seized by a conviction that Master Lispy had started for home, since it was his supper-time and he was of an independent spirit, she wheeled the carriage quickly up the river-road to one of the handsome residences on the hill. Rather impatient than disturbed, she went round to the kitchen entrance, and asked the cook for the truants, hoping yet to escape her mistress' censure for her heedlessness.

She was met by ejaculations of dismay which rapidly rose to dark prophecy.

Lizzie stood there looking dumfounded (a well-meaning, affectionate girl, dear indignant mothers, but no older for her eighteen years than your own dear child). Lizzie then stood there with the healthy red going drop by drop out of her cheeks until she saw in the doorway a pale young lady with a widow's cap on her golden hair. At sight of her mistress, bowed already to earth by her recent bereavement, the girl burst into hysterical sobs.

"Tell me—my children—you brought home the empty waggon?" gasped the mother, trembling very much.

The incoherent story was told ; and Lizzie made no defence before that pale suspense, but Mrs. Woodworth was not one of the accusing kind ; she merely faltered gently, "You meant no harm, dear," and withdrew at once.

They heard her at the telephone, ringing up her friends, beginning nearest the park and ranging far and wide. Then with a pause, during which the poor widow may have lifted up her heart to the Father of the universe, she called up the town sheriff, and described her little ones in tones that were quiet and clear, but tense with agony.

"Alexis Woodworth, aged four ; tan velvet suit, brown curls, calls himself "Lispy." Allida Woodworth, aged three ; white plumed hat, golden curls, is called "De-de."

"Oh ! I wish I was dead !" moaned Lizzie, with her head on the kitchen table, as the fond familiar names stabbed her through the heart.

And now friends began to gather in ; messengers were despatched here and there ; a silent party of men searched along the banks of the river with boats and ghastly fishing tackle ; the whole town was astir ; while the pale mother knelt in her chamber pleading for heaven's mercy on her already broken heart. Lizzie, the cause of it all, lay half unconscious on her bed.

In the warm darkness of her undiscovered lair, the vagrant girl was too restless in her happiness to sleep. When the fair heads of her companions dropped heavily upon the pillowing sand, she gently withdrew herself that she might the better gaze upon them as they lay side by side in the exquisite abandon of infant slumber. She kissed the dimpled wrists and the warm, dewy temples under the curling rings of gold. While she trailed the silken locks through gentlest fingers, she crooned to them a wild song that surely naught but a mind distraught could understand.

Myrey had reached her highest point of happiness in this hard world, which

had so bruised and twisted its vagrant child.

So the short summer darkness passed, and the night shift of toilers prepared to go away to make room for their mates. The red beams of the rising sun stole athwart the dusty glow of the furnaces ; and exhausted by her vigil of joy, the girl sank down and slept heavily.

The time for drawing the fluid steel from the furnaces had come, and the new shift were shouting and congregating at one end of the great building. The red beams of dawn slanted over them and crept into the forgotten corner to touch the eyelids of the sleeping babes.

A shout—a clamour of voices—a rush of feet ! Myrey sprang up ; the children were gone.

Out on the crossing rail tracks they stood, hand in hand, circled by death-traps, gazing upward in innocent wonder at the great crane which was slowly lowering seventy tons of red-hot metal upon them ; and as the fierce heat of these giant tassels struck upon their faces they backed step by step, unconscious of the sunken ladle behind them which was receiving the hissing, writhing fluid metal. The men stood transfixed with horror. The children were blocked in on every side from rescue ; another step and they were lost.

"Stand still !" they yelled. "Stop the machinery ! Ho—crane up there ! Crane !" The operator in his cage under the roof heard but the hum of the machinery, and saw only the mighty ingots in their thimbles which he was grinding to their appointed spot.

Hark ! a scream of savage defiance as a strange figure leaped across the slippery rails, flung itself prone upon the ground, rolled under the death-dealing tassels, and snatched back the infants from the edge of the crawling abyss. Those bony arms were surely strung with steel, as she tossed the affrighted little ones high over the caldron into the arms of the running men. A moment she stood there, wild

triumph on the ghastly face—then staggered back and fell.

A groan of horror from the spectators; descending death had found a victim. The crane was stopped but half a foot from the ground and swung aside.

There is silence as Myrey is carried to the air; her sorry rags charred to a crisp; her clay-white face a death-mask; blood trickling from the lips which still are smiling, blood which that last brave throw has caused to spring.

What is this she says? Stoop low; her breath pants as through a broken bellows.

"They'se—all right?"

The children are brought forward; they are rumped and hatless; they regard this strange friend of a night solemnly. "Kiss me, darlin's, for bye-bye." Lispy, feeling vaguely what she has done for them, kisses her on the cold brow, and De-de obediently follows. A smile, glorious to see, shines from the eager eyes. The baby-lips have touched with balm that hungry child-heart, and kissed her into Paradise.

The manager recognized the children and sent them home at once to their despairing mother with the story of their amazing rescue; how tame had been her terrors compared with that which had threatened them! On her knees she thanked the orphan's God for His tender care.

But who was this girl who had given her life to save them?

Such a common story when all was told!

Some of the workmen knew her as the daughter of a former smelter in the steel works, who had left the place a year ago. Myrey was the oldest of a large family and the real head of the squalid home, as the mother was sick, and the father not too steady. Every day the little girl brought her father's dinner-pail to the works, carrying a

baby girl, and dragging a little boy at her skirts. Such a merry, cheery maid as she was, in spite of the heavy burdens laid upon her shoulders! All the hands were fond of Myrey, she was so brave and ready!

There had been a frightful accident one day; the baby, a beautiful child, had been struck by a swinging crane loaded with metal and killed on the spot. The girl was taken to the hospital raving in delirium, and when she recovered it was with reason shattered, and a brain filled with delusions. She believed her "fambly," as she called her little brother and sister, were being kept from her, and when she could she escaped from the kind care of the hospital people to search for them.

The mother had died, and the father had married again almost immediately and left his ruined child to the care of strangers.

This was the story told to Mrs. Woodworth, as she stood beside the bier of the poor vagrant.

Who can tell what strange whim impelled her to claim the children of a gentler birth, and to dream that she was returning to the old home with them; aye, and when the old horror menaced them, to give her life for theirs!

The lady wept as she reverently kissed the marble face of the vagrant and filled her hands with choicest flowers.

They laid her in the riverside cemetery, where the wild cherry scatters its snow upon her each anniversary of her passing; where the ruddy maple lays his crimson leaves upon her in the dying of the year, and the cerements of ice and snow-drift wrap her warmly from the winter-blast.

Ah! there is rest now for that fevered brain and hungered child-heart, where the angels of Christ's little ones are "Myrey's Fambly."





THE BIG GAME OF CANADA

BY C. A. BRAMBLE

IV.—WHITE TAIL AND BLACK TAIL DEER.*

THE common deer of eastern Canada is, as is well known, the so-called Virginia deer. The International boundary is, comparatively speaking, very nearly the northern limit of the species which extends as far south as the peninsula of Florida and northern Mexico. In Canada the Virginia deer is not found north of Lake Temiskaming, and a dozen years ago it was almost unknown even there.

There are none in Nova Scotia, and the same might have been said of all that part of New Brunswick lying east of the St. John River a generation ago, but at present, doubtless as an overflow from the state of Maine, deer have been increasing in the province, and have spread across the country lying between the St. John and the Mirimichi.

The Eastern Townships have always been noted for an abundance of deer, while Central Ontario was probably the best deer range on the continent when it was first explored.

Soon after leaving Sudbury, on the Canadian Pacific, the deer range comes to an end. There are none between that point and the boundary between West Ontario and Minnesota, and there are but few there. West of Ontario the Virginia deer disappears altogether, being replaced by var. leucurus. This western form, although no doubt originally springing from the same stock as the Virginia deer, has changed somewhat in appearance, and still more in habit. The eastern deer are superior in every way to the west-

ern White-tail, which is a mean beast, sneaking about in the dense growths of the river valleys like a gigantic rabbit, carrying, as a rule, a poor set of antlers, and having little of the grace of the animals found in Ontario and Maine.

The range of any game animal is subject to fluctuation. Of course the advent of civilization is the most potent factor in determining the habitat, but there are other causes which are working to-day, just as they worked in the past, which limit the range of most animals. Deeper snow than usual kill them off along the northern border of their territory; the increase of wolves or other beasts of prey reduces their number, and occasionally causes them to abandon for a long time a favourite territory. It is even said that rival members of the deer family have such antipathy for one another, that as soon as the one increases the other seeks new quarters. All old woodsmen agree that the moose and the Virginian deer have no love for one another. I believe this to be true.

In the fall of 1880 I made my first trip into the Canadian forests after moose. The ground selected was that in the neighborhood of Lake Temiskaming on the Upper Ottawa. Passenger trains did not run beyond Pembroke, but by the courtesy of one of the engineers in charge of construction I was able to ride in the caboose attached to a gravel train for some twenty or thirty miles further. At

* With the sixth article in this series will be given a large coloured game map of Canada.

that point a stage was taken, and even after an interval of twenty years, I have the most distinct recollection of the agonies I endured during that ride. After being deposited bruised, battered, cold and hungry at a point, whose name I forget, I succeeded in getting a passage on a small steam launch, which took me as far as Fort Mattawa. At this place civilization was only represented by the Hudson Bay post, in charge of Mr. Rankin, by a couple of French habitants and a large number of half-breeds. A canoe and men were secured, and the journey continued up stream to the lake. I have mentioned all this merely to instance the great change that has taken place in the deer range since that time. Deer were enormously abundant on the Petawawa River, twelve miles above Pembroke. From that point they became less numerous, until a few miles south of the Mattawa River they practically ceased. When "Jimmie the Duck," my head canoe-man, discovered the track of one solitary buck six miles above the fort, on our return journey, he was amazed. He had never during the course of a long experience seen a track so far to the north of the Mattawa River. Moose, on the other hand, were extremely abundant. We saw them occasionally, and had we not been thoroughly inexperienced youngsters, could have shot any number.

There are plenty of deer between the Mattawa and the lake, and to the westward of the lake as far as Sudbury you will find their tracks spreading like a net-work over the face of the country.

In the state of Maine a wise system of protection resulted in an enormous increase in the numbers of deer. Unfortunately, hunters have also become extremely numerous. It may be said that while the deer have increased in arithmetical ratio, the increase of the gunners has been a geometrical one. For this reason it is difficult to see how any hunting can be permitted in Maine if it is intended that the deer shall continue to live in the old Pine Tree state. I can foresee a time when Maine will

be almost as badly off as is Long Island to-day. There the open season lasts but a few days, but while it is on enormous crowds of free and enlightened citizens, armed with various lethal weapons from a blunderbuss charged with slugs to the latest pattern military small bore, range in bands the length and breadth of that tortured island, shooting at every living thing that comes in sight, killing stock, wounding people, tearing down fences, and committing numerous other excesses, so that the unfortunate residents of the island pray that the day be not far distant when the last of the deer shall have been massacred, and the excuse for this annual saturnalia removed.

If we Canadians had attended as carefully to passing common-sense game laws, and to the enforcing of them, something quite as important, we should have been in far better case than we are. I have seen hardened old reprobates drive into the town of Pembroke with their sleds cross-piled with stark, frozen deer. They didn't kill them for the sport of the thing, not a bit of it. What they were after was the four cents a pound for fore-quarters, and eight cents a pound for the hind quarters, not forgetting the extra dollar or two for the hide, and an occasional \$5.00 bill from some "sport" who wanted a good head for his smoking-room as a scaffolding for his Munchausen-like stories. It was a merry game while it lasted, but the hunters of to-day have to do a good deal more walking, and be content with a great deal less shooting than would have been the case had the H.O.R.'s in question been restrained.

Following a well-known law, the deer of Ontario were the finest of their kind. In Florida the buck will often weigh not more than eighty pounds; they have been shot in Ontario weighing three hundred and twenty-five pounds to my own knowledge, and I believe animals weighing fifty pounds more than that have existed. Yet it is the same animal, the same species, the difference arising merely from the more invigorating climate, and more

nutritious feed found on the northern ranges. The south branch of the Petawawa River in the early 80's was an ideal deer range. A good deal of the heavy timber had been cut, but the lumbermen had spared many of the white pines on account of seams, punky spots, and other defects which unfitted them for merchantable lumber, so that the country was not by any means a waste. It consisted of low, rolling granite ridges, covered with bracken, and holding many beautifully clear lakelets in their folds. We usually found the deer, on fine days, lying amid the dry ferns on the southern slopes, a short distance below the summit. While walking along the ridges very cautiously, and paying, of course, due attention to the direction of the wind, we got any number of shots almost every day. It was not hard work, and, except that I had the misfortune to freeze one of my feet rather badly just before the season ended on Dec. 15th, I can look back to the few weeks passed that autumn on the Petawawa with unalloyed pleasure.

The Eastern Townships, adjacent to the Maine boundary line, were at one time a grandly stocked range. About 15 years ago I had a fortnight's good shooting there, but I do not suppose deer are quite as abundant to-day, though on the preserves of the Megantic Club there must be a fair sprinkling left, or else the vast army of clubmen who frequent that convivial spot could not all have a buck or a doe to take home, and I believe it is undeniable that none are sent empty away.

The common deer of the Northwest, from Manitoba to the eastern flank of the coast range, is the mule deer. In Manitoba it is known as the "jumping deer," on account of the enormous bounds it makes when alarmed, alighting after each spring with all four legs rigid. It is extremely abundant on many of the so-called "mountains," and in the coulies or ravines, where there is a shelter of bushes. The mountains are merely successive terraces, caused by the dwindling of the waters of what was once Lake Agassiz; at

each successive fall of water a beach was formed, and these ancient shore lines are the mountains of to-day. They usually have their slopes facing the north and east, while the crests are level with the next prairie bench. Clothed with a growth of ash-leaved maple, mossy cup oak and aspen, they form an admirable refuge for the mule deer, and it will be long before the animals are thinned very seriously in numbers.

As compared with the mule deer of British Columbia, these Manitoba bucks are small, and carry only fair heads, but I doubt if much better sport is to be had than can be enjoyed in the various mountains of the prairie province during a fine October.

The mule deer swarms in parts of southern British Columbia, and grows to a great size. I shot one in East Kootenay last year that turned the scale at 280 pounds, and it was not as large as others that have fallen to my rifle in more remote regions. The mule deer keeps high up on the ranges during summer, but as the snows gain in depth work gradually adown the mountain sides, until by December all the deer of the district are in a few sheltered valleys. Nothing but the sparseness of the population has saved them from extinction, and now that people are pouring in and mining camps springing up on all sides, one cannot help feeling anxious as to the future of this graceful species. The mule deer is far more easily bagged than the Virginia deer. It is comparatively confident, and has, in consequence, been almost exterminated in many parts of the west. A dozen years ago these deer were most numerous in northern Washington, but with that thoroughness for which our American cousins are noted the animals were shot in season and out of season, until they are now so scarce that few persons know they exist.

The greatest slaughter took place toward the end of the winter. Of course a nominal close season then existed but that made no difference, and the killing went merrily on. During March

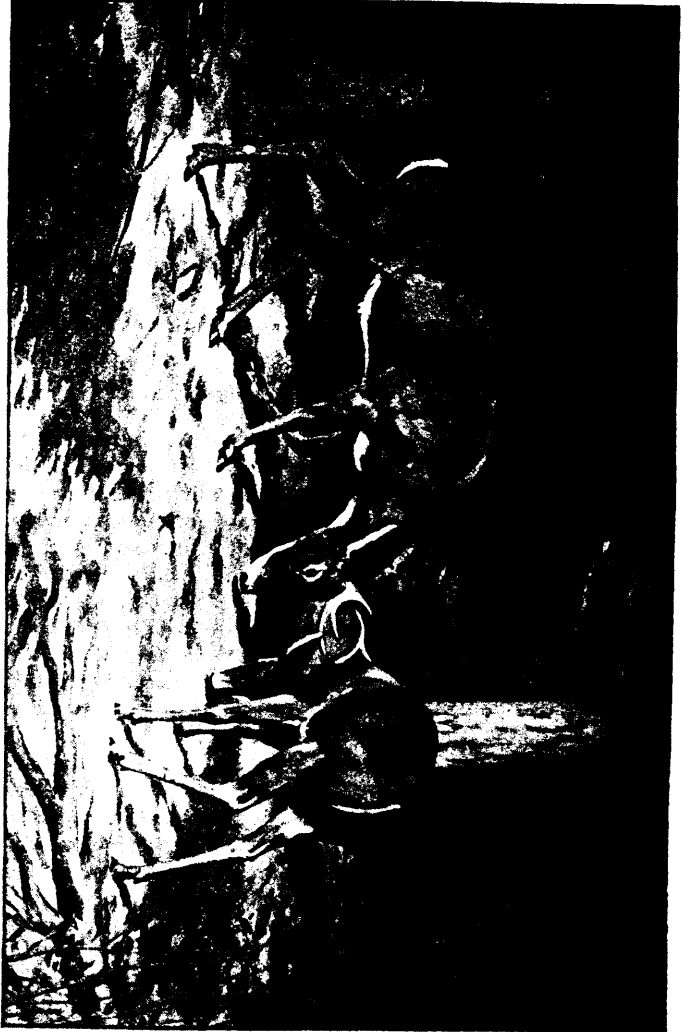
the deer are often mere skeletons, and so weak they could not get out of the way of a pony if they tried. I have met men who boasted that in years passed they got all they required without using a rifle, just by riding up to the exhausted animals and blazing at them with a six-shooter. Unless very stringent laws are passed the mule deer of British Columbia, so numerous to-day, must almost disappear during the next generation. Now is the time to make a determined stand for their protection.

Go where you will in the West you find the mule deer spoken of as the "blacktail." Now the true blacktail is never found east of the Coast range of British Columbia, being strictly limited to a narrow strip of country bordering the Pacific from the mouth of the Fraser to Alaska. This terrain, occupied by the blacktail, extends also into United States territory to the north and south of our lines, but as regards those extensions I have, of course, nothing to say, owing to the self-imposed limits of my subject. Not only

is this deer found on the mainland, but also on nearly every island from the Gulf of Georgia northward. In winter there are more deer on the islands than in summer, as they find their way to there on account of the usual absence of snow, and also possi-

DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING.

VIRGINIA DEER OR WHITE-TAIL.



bly because in some places wolves harass them on the mainland.

These blacktail are not half the size of the mule deer, and their innocence is such that large numbers may be bagged, though I do not think they can ever be very seriously reduced in



DRAWN BY ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON.

FROM "THE TRAIL OF THE SANDHILL STAG."

A BLACKTAIL YARD.

numbers, seeing that they inhabit a country where the forest is as impenetrable as a jungle, which is never likely to be thickly settled, and which at present has but about a 1-200th of a man to the square mile.

Morning and evening are the best hours for shots at blacktail. At these times they often leave the heavy forest to feed about the clearings and along the shores. I will give just one of my experiences with this pretty little deer, to show what the hunter may expect. I was camped on an island just 100 miles north of Vancouver city, and deer were almost too numerous for sport. Just about dawn on one fine September morning I slipped out of camp, without even waking the men, and taking a 45-70 Winchester made my way as quietly as I could toward an opening in the everlasting forest, where an old Siwash ranchery had stood. It was pretty well grown up with salmon berry bushes, and the numerous fish tracks and paths through it showed that the deer found what they were seeking there. One side of the clearing faced salt water, though it was a couple of hundred feet above the tide.

Having reached the best vantage ground I knew of, I sat down and waited with my rifle across my knees. Scarcely 10 minutes could have passed before I heard a soft, swishing sound in the bushes, and there not 50 yards away stood a very good blacktail.

When the smoke of the shot cleared I could not see the buck, but could hear him kicking on the ground, though before I reached the spot he was as dead as Julius Cæsar. So near was I to camp that the shot roused the men, and one of them was by my side in a very few minutes. Hardly had we grallocked the buck, ere a couple of magnificent ravens appeared on the scene, and perched on the tallest of the pines aforesaid, awaiting their share of the kill.

As we turned toward camp I recollect feeling the full beauty of the scene; the sun just arising behind the distant Coast range, its rays turning the waters to gold, the dark sombre background of forest behind the clearing, and in the foreground the great pines with the two uncanny sable birds, always associated with solitude and death.

To be Continued.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by W. Sanford Evans

BEFORE this number of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE is in the hands of its readers the result of General Buller's forward movement will be known. The latest news (Jan. 18th) is that a large portion of his force has crossed the Tugela and a decisive action is imminent. When the result will so soon be known it is useless to speculate in these columns concerning it. If General Buller succeeds the whole war will take on a different aspect. A signal victory by him will go very far towards making amends for all that has been lost. If this time he should fail as completely as last, and be again compelled to await reinforcements, it would prove the hardest blow of all, and would almost certainly entail the fall of Ladysmith. Despite the proved gallantry and determination of its garrison and the skill of General White, it is too much to hope that they could withstand a second onslaught such as that of Jan. 6th; or if they withstand a second that they could withstand a third. We cannot know what was the effect upon the Boers of that repulse, but so far as we can judge they have not yet been weakened in morale by defeat, and it is, therefore, to be expected that they would renew the assault on Ladysmith if the fear of Gen. Buller's advance were temporarily removed. But whatever be the issue as far as Ladysmith is concerned, the defence of that place will always be held memorable. Gen. White has not only restored the full brightness of his reputation as a soldier, over which the Nickolson's Nek disaster passed like a cloud, but has greatly enhanced it. He is becoming a national hero. And, indeed, the defence of Ladysmith has been worthy of all praise. For a garrison, kept on short rations, forced to be careful of ammunition, daily lessened as the result of skirmishes, and with a large

proportion lying ill in the hospitals, to keep up heart as they have done and reply to all tactics of the enemy, who were greatly superior and daily gaining in confidence, and then drive off at the point of the bayonet, after seventeen hours of fighting, as fierce and stubborn an attack as the British army has probably been ever called upon to meet, is a record that may well make glorious the name of Ladysmith.



Up to this point, and on the whole, the British position has improved during the past month. For the first time in so long a period the Boers have made no important gains. They have not captured Ladysmith, nor Kimberley, nor Mafeking. They have not made any headway against Lord Methuen nor Gen. Gatacre; and, on the other hand, Gen. French has rather turned the tables upon them in the neighbourhood of Colesberg. He has taken the aggressive, and has adopted tactics of the same kind as those of the



THE LATE GENERAL WAUCHOPE.
Killed at Magersfontein.



GENERAL GATACRE.

Boers, and has been gradually working around Colesberg, and will, undoubtedly, when reinforced, cut off and capture its defenders. The record of this officer during the war has been a splendid one, and has been marred only by the unfortunatemishap by which some officers and men of the Suffolk Regiment were surrounded and made prisoners. The British forces, too, have been gradually strengthened, and more troops still are on the way, and so, if no mistake is committed, the prospects seem to grow steadily brighter. We must reckon also among the gains made by the British the accession in brain power by the arrival of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener. No criticism can be passed upon the spirit with which the British army and its leaders have gone into battle, but criticism is certainly warranted concerning the wisdom of the leadership. The arrival of these two noted generals may be of greater value than that of an army corps. In addition to the anxiety with

which the British public will watch the work of these men for the sake of the cause, there will also be a certain curious interest to discover if they can sustain in Africa the reputations which they have won in other fields and against entirely different foes. South Africa has long been known among soldiers as "the grave of reputations." Lord Kitchener's opportunity is great. If he can do work equal in its effectiveness to that done by him in the Sudan, he will come back the greatest soldier of the Empire and the man to whom all will look for the direction of military affairs.

In referring to the successful features of the British operations during the month, it is very gratifying to know that the record would not be complete if we were to omit what has been done by our own boys. In the expedition under Colonel Pilcher, which left camp on January 1st, and returned on January 5, the boys of "C" Company showed themselves to be possessed of

all the qualities of good soldiers. Their quickness and dash and courage enabled them and the Queensland detachment to surround and capture a party of Boers, and their endurance was shown in the hard march back from Douglas, on which occasion their good nature seemed no less conspicuous than their sturdiness. As they accomplished all this without the loss of a man, it must be regarded rather in the light of a picnic than of stern war, but the manner in which they carried out what they had to do, earned for them unqualified praise. We hear also that, largely on account of their activity, and that of the Australians, the region about Lord Metheun's line of communication between the Orange and Modder rivers, has been completely cleared of the enemy. After this successful initiation we need not fear that they will conduct themselves as becomes soldiers in all of the future operations. In the meantime it is quite legitimate for us to feel pride in

what they have already done. No one thought when they were sent out that the work would be so serious, and even when, on November 7th, the offer of a second contingent was made, few believed there would be occasion to send it. On December 18th the British Government was glad to accept our offer of the second contingent; and a third contingent, equipped at the expense of Lord Strathcona, has also been accepted. Canada has become in a very real way a party to this war, and the responsibility for its success or failure must partly rest with us.

* *

The seizure by British war ships of United States and German vessels, suspected of carrying contraband of war has led to diplomatic representations, and in Germany has produced considerable popular irritation. It would seem, however, that Britain has been quite within her rights in what she has done. But these seizures have served again to call attention to Delagoa Bay, and its importance with reference to the Transvaal. It is the natural port for the Transvaal and contiguous territory. We have heard a great deal since the war began about Delagoa Bay. It was a matter of some speculation at one time whether Britain might not be arranging to send in by that route a force to take the Boers in the rear, and it has often been asked why Britain did not obtain possession of Portuguese East Africa. It would be a good thing for Britain to possess it and to possess it now. But even if all other difficulties were removed, there is one reason to prevent action for the present. This is that both Britain and Portugal are now awaiting the award of an arbitration commission appointed in 1888. It is expected that this award will be

given within a few weeks, and as it may carry with it most important consequences, it may be well to review the facts of the case which have been generally forgotten. The arbitration has reference to the claims of certain British and United States investors against the Portuguese Government for loss sustained through the seizure by the Portuguese Government of a railroad running from Lourenzo Marquez to Koomati Poort, on the Transvaal border, which had been built with the money of these investors. As early as 1876 it was recognized that a railroad from Delagoa Bay through to the Transvaal was most desirable, and in that year the King of Portugal granted a concession, but the undertaking fell through. In 1883 another



GENERAL SIR CHARLES WARREN.



GENERAL LORD METHUEN.

concession was granted, but without practical results. The Boer Government had all along realized its significance for them, and in 1886 they tried to raise a loan in Holland for the purpose of building the road, and so of obtaining an outlet which was independent of British control. They also failed. But in 1887 a syndicate was formed, at the head of which was Col. McMurdo, an American citizen. Almost all of the stock and bonds were held in England. This company was successful, and on December 14th, 1887, the railway as far as Koomati Poort was declared open. For what occurred after this we can only accept the version given by friends of the company. From this it seems that intrigues must have begun between the Boers and Portuguese to take the road out of the hands of the British syndicate. The first step was to declare a slight alteration in the boundary between the two countries. As the contract stated that the road must be built

up to the boundary, an extension was declared necessary in order to carry out the contract. In February, 1888, the company asked the British public for subscriptions of stock to make the necessary extension. Very shortly after this Col. McMurdo died, and the company was hampered by the loss of its executive head. The Portuguese Government took advantage of this to declare that the time for the completion of the road would not be extended. The British Government brought pressure to bear to have the action postponed, but on June 26th the official journal of Lisbon published a decree of the Minister of Colonies cancelling the concession on the ground that the terms had not been carried out, and saying that the Government would take over the work. A general meeting of the bond and shareholders was immediately held and both British and United States Governments were called upon to interfere. On June 27th the Portuguese Government seized the line, tore up some of the rails and made two or three arrests. The British Government despatched three men-of-war the spot, and Portugal was warned that she would be held responsible for any loss to British subjects. The next step was the announcement that an agreement had been arrived at between the Portuguese Government and the company by which the claims of the latter were to be submitted to the arbitration of three Swiss jurists. It is the award of these three men for which the company and the British Government have been waiting for over eleven years. If the award is in favour of the company, some security will undoubtedly be required for the payment of the large sum which is due it, and in obtaining this security there may be an opportunity for the British Government to obtain a hold on Delagoa Bay, since the amount will run up into the millions. If it is against the company, it is doubtful what position the British Government would take.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE National Patriotic Fund, as outlined by the Governor-General, is organized as follows:—

(1) For the benefit of the widows, orphans and other dependents of officers and men of the military forces of Canada who may unfortunately lose their lives in or in connection with the war operations in South Africa.

(2) For the benefit of the soldiers themselves or employees of the Canadian Government attached to the contingent in South Africa who may have been disabled by wounds or sickness, etc., etc.

(3) For the benefit of the wives and children and dependents, separated at home from husbands and fathers and guardians by the exigencies of the campaign.

The treasurer of the fund is Mr. J. M. Courtney, Ottawa, a well-known Government official. The administrators are the Governor-General and the leading public men. Every Canadian should contribute his mite in order that those who volunteer for military service may know that the country appreciates their self-sacrifice. So far, the response has been generous, and the most patriotic citizen cannot but feel proud of the liberality of his fellows. Canadian nationality is developing with rapid strides.

✱

The second Canadian Contingent is leaving for South Africa. A full account of its formation and departure, with lists of officers and a liberal supply of photographic reproductions, will be given in our March number.

✱

The first Canadian Contingent has reached Cape Colony in safety, been welcomed at Cape Town, and sent forward to join the rear of Lord Methuen's column in its advance along the west-

ern border of the Orange Free State. The troops seem to have had a pleasant voyage, with plenty to eat and sufficient exercise to keep them from homesickness. The ship was not entirely satisfactory on account of a lack of proper means of ventilation for the berth deck. This was unfortunate, but it will undoubtedly be a warning to those who are arranging the details for the Second Contingent.

Taking a general survey of the First Contingent, it must be admitted that the Minister of Militia, the Hon. Dr. Borden, the General Officer Commanding, Major-General Hutton, and all those under them at headquarters, deserve much praise. They performed unusual duties and the performance was speedy and satisfactory.

Some special views of the life of the First Contingent on board the *Sardinian* will be found in this issue.

✱

The military ardour of Winnipeg seems unbounded. On January 8th, when the Winnipeg and western contingent of the Canadian Mounted Rifles left for Halifax, it is estimated that 20,000 people cheered them—this, in a city that thirty years ago was a collection of a dozen buildings. On the evening of the same day, a meeting was held in the city hall to consider the advisability of establishing a second battalion of volunteers in the city. The 90th Rifles for over fifteen years has been Winnipeg's military pride. The citizens, however, seem to have decided that Winnipeg is large enough to support two militia battalions. Halifax has two, Toronto three, and Montreal four or five. It would there-

fore appear that Winnipeg should have two at least. No doubt the Minister of Militia will assist the movement if it promises success.

✱

Undoubtedly the best city library in Canada is that of the City of Toronto. There is a central building and small branches in the outer districts. The reading rooms, the reference library and the circulating are free to the citizens, the expenses for maintenance being raised by a general tax on all city property. The library is thus placed on the same basis as the public schools.

Montreal is not so well served in this form of educational facility. The Fraser Institute and the Chateau de Ramezay have fair libraries, but neither can compare with the Toronto Public Library. The lack of a free central library, supported by a general tax on the community, has been felt. A movement has been inaugurated with a view to placing the Chateau de Ramezay on this public basis. The building is not modern, by any means, but it will probably do for some time. The situation is central and the books already collected there will form a splendid nucleus for a comprehensive public library, which will be a credit to the first city in the Dominion.

During the past few years there has been a general tendency toward making the public libraries in the towns and cities throughout the country free to the citizens. The city of Kingston is one of the most notable examples. The movement is along right lines and should be warmly supported by all those on whom is laid the duty of leading in such municipal matters. Our working people can best be kept out of saloons by the counter attractions of well-lighted and well-supplied reading rooms.

I notice, in some of the town papers, occasional references to a lack of sympathy with these public meeting places. Broad-minded and progressive citizens such as we have in this country, should

see that in future no such charge is laid against them.

✱

In his article in this issue on the French Canadians, Mr. Bouchette makes a strong point by showing that even before the Conquest the Canadians were considered a separate people by their kinsmen in France. He maintains, and quite justly, that they are not French and that in this country the Canadians are not an alien race. They are Britishers speaking French. Those who discuss the position of our French-speaking citizens should remember this point.

The people of the Province of Quebec have been considered unprogressive. Here again Mr. Bouchette attempts to remove a popular misapprehension. The statistics indicate activity and enterprise. In fifteen years, the number of children attending the primary schools and academies has been increased by nearly 60,000. Their cheese and butter industries have increased even faster than those of Ontario.

✱

There is one point on which Mr. Bouchette has not touched, and one which is much discussed among Protestants. What is the relation of the Roman Catholic Church to the progress of Quebec? Having a legislative position and especial privileges, it is a great power in that Province. Does it make for mental and economic development or does it retard and hinder? Mr. Bouchette's silence may mean that the Church has no great effect outside its spiritual domain, but this is hardly a satisfying answer

✱

The attitude of the Roman Catholic clergy toward Imperial Federation and a participation by Canada in the wars of the Empire has also been much discussed recently. They are certainly not so enthusiastic as English-speaking Protestants. They could not reasonably be expected to be. That, however, is no reason why they should be charged with disloyalty to Canada.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

BUILDERS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

THE Builders of Nova Scotia are of various origin. The original Micmac Indians have left their heritage in such names as Akade (a place or locality, transformed by the French into Acadie), Shubenacadie, Chebucto, Chedabuctou, Pictou, An'igonishe and Cobequid. Then came the French led by the Sieur de Monts, Champlain and Pontreincourt. But the French colonization was not enthusiastic. Sir John Bourinot in his new and interesting book on "The Builders of Nova Scotia,"* sums up the failure of the French kings and statesmen of the eighteenth century in the following words:

"With an unpardonable want of foresight, they never saw, until it was too late, that the possession of Acadia with its noble Atlantic frontage was indispensable to a power which would grasp a continent and perpetuate the language and institutions of France in the western world. Had the French government energetically supported the efforts of those enterprising and courageous men who attempted to reclaim Acadia for France and civilization, England could never have made so easy a conquest of the northern half of the continent."

In 1713, by the Treaty of Utrecht, the mainland of Nova Scotia passed into the hands of the English, and although some six thousand Acadians were deported in 1755, there are now about one hundred thousand people of French-Acadian descent living in the Maritime Provinces.

The first grant of this country to an English-speaking person was made by James I. to Sir William Alexander, Lord Stirling, in 1621. Permanent settlement, however, was not made

until George II. made his grant to Lord Cornwallis, who founded Halifax in 1749. Between this date and the arrival of the Loyalists at the close of the Revolutionary War, there was a considerable influx of English settlers, chiefly from Massachusetts and the other English colonies. Among the leading names of this period are Governor Lawrence, who was responsible for the department of 1755; Hon. Jonathan Belcher, a graduate of Harvard, and the first Chief Justice of Nova Scotia; and John Bushell, of Boston, who, in 1752, issued the *Halifax Gazette*, the first paper published within the limits of what is now the Dominion of Canada.

In 1783 came the last great immigration—the refugee Loyalists:

They left the homes of their fathers,
By sorrow and love made sweet;
Halls that had rung a hundred years,
To the tread of their people's feet;
The farms they had carved from the forest,
Where the maples and pine trees meet.

All these migrations and settlements are carefully described in the volume under consideration. The subsequent development of the province is pleasingly told, with much information concerning the leading families and the prominent officials. A considerable number of historical portraits and several documentary appendices add to the value of this, the latest of Sir John Bourinot's contributions to our historical literature. The book must be highly commended, not only on account of the value of its contents, but because the arrangement of the matter, the historical perspective and the brightness and vivacity of the telling show a decided improvement over some of Sir John's previous work.

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

ONTARIO'S GOVERNORS.

Mr. D. B. Read has done a great deal to put into presentable form the history of the social and political life of Ontario during the nineteenth century. His name and that of the late John Charles Dent will be almost the only two that will survive in this connection.

Mr. Read's latest book—perhaps his last, for he is getting up in years—is a history of "The Lieutenant-Governors of Upper Canada and Ontario,"* under which title he includes also the administrators who filled the office during the periods intervening between the retirement of one governor and the arrival of his successor. This makes a handsome volume of 250 pages, with a score of uniform portraits. Into these pages Mr. Read has crowded a great deal of reminiscence, a host of historical facts, and many interesting pictures of individuals and groups. The style of treatment is dignified and scholarly. The amount of labour involved in the verification of the dates and facts given must have been great.

While giving the book its due meed of praise, it may not be amiss to suggest that had the matter been condensed about one-third, the work would have gained in value. There are too many recitals of unconnected events and dates. For example: in the first three pages of the chapter on Sir John Colborne there are nineteen dates, about eighty names of persons and places, only a few of which are of any importance. In his preface, the author points out the superiority of biography to general history, but it always is well to remember that biography if not well written may be less interesting than general history in which the perspective is well maintained.

THE PIONEER.

Up to the present time, the character and achievements of our pioneers have been overshadowed in our historical annals by the glories of governors,

chief justices and generals. Gradually we are learning that the pioneer has a place in our history which is of considerable importance, and that "history" is not merely political history.

In his introduction to "Pioneer Life in Zorra," by W. A. Mackay,* the Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, emphasizes this point.

"The pioneer had no prominence; he had, nevertheless, the elements of true greatness. The qualities which enabled him to establish a home for himself and his family in the face of so many difficulties are the qualities by which nations are built, good government established, and prosperity and peace made possible. To follow in his footsteps is a guarantee that Canada will grow in influence and power as one generation follows another."

Zorra is a township in the County of Oxford, Ontario, most of the original settlers of which were Scotch. Mr. Mackay describes their home-life, politics, religious gatherings, logging bees, schools and songs. He does this in a manner which throws considerable light on the general life of the Ontario pioneer.

THE SANDHILL STAG.

The big game of Canada are the equal of the big game of any other country in the world. Yet it is surprising the number of people who know not the differences between the goat and the big horn, or the moose and the musk-ox, or the elk and the black-tail. It is also noteworthy that the romance of the lives of our big game is so little sought after, although it is one of the most wonderful of all natural romances.

Among those who have been impressed by the wonders of the animal-life to be seen in this country, is Ernest Seton-Thompson, a Canadian artist, whose pictures of wolves first brought him into prominence. Seven or eight years ago, when a large canvas of his was on exhibition in Canada, the Canadian critics, with their usual unenthusiastic conservatism, said that he could paint wolves, but he couldn't do

* Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

* Toronto: William Briggs.

anything else. Since then he has written :

- "Wild Animals I have known,"
- "Art Anatomy of Animals,"
- "Mammals of Manitoba,"
- "Birds of Manitoba,"
- "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag."*

It is this latest work which claims especial mention here. It is a handsome volume containing some sixty drawings and ninety pages of well-printed text. The story describes how for years Yan the hunter followed the great hoof-marks in the Sandhill wilderness about Carberry, Manitoba. Other hunters had caught glimpses of this noted stag, but it was a long quest before Yan even saw him.

"Then gray among the gray brush, he made out a great log, and from one end of it rose two gnarled oaken boughs. Again the flash—the move of a restless ear, then the oak boughs moved and Yan trembled, for he knew that the log in the brush was the form of the Sandhill Stag. So grand, so charged with life. He seemed a precious, sacred thing—a king, fur-robed and duly crowned."

But Yan didn't shoot him then, the stag escaped and Yan followed.

The feelings and thoughts of the hunter, the ruses and deceptions of the hunted, the denouement of the great game the two were playing, are well described. The whole picture is artistically drawn, with the highmindedness of the author to preserve it from being the representation of a ruthless slaughter.



JANICE MEREDITH.

To Canadians there is scarcely a more interesting chapter in United States history than the first—the chapter which is filled with the sanguinary struggle which robbed Great Britain of her greatest colony. We read it with some repining, some shame, and some sorrow. Perhaps we read it with too little appreciation; for the war of the American Revolution taught Britain many lessons that have resulted in a decided extension of colonial self-gov-

ernment. If Britain had not learned those lessons then, Canada and Australia might not be the happy lands they are, might not be a part of the great British Empire.

Thackeray gave us a picture of the social life of the revolting colonists in "The Virginian," and Paul Leicester Ford has done a similar work in "Janice Meredith."* Thackeray laid his scenes in Virginia, Mr. Ford lays his in New Jersey. The opening chapters describe the life and thoughts and acts of the people in the year 1776, just before the famous Declaration was promulgated. Janice Meredith, a fair maiden of exceptional beauty, is the daughter of a testy, old Tory landowner. She is wooed by numerous gallants—the boorish son of a neighbouring landowner; a bond-servant who is really a man of noble birth; Lord Clowes, a British spy and afterwards commissary-general to H.M. forces; Joe Bagby, a rising young revolutionist, afterwards a member of Congress. Her story runs parallel with the varying fortunes of the two armies; sometimes one lover is in favour, sometimes another; sometimes it is a Tory, and again it is a revolutionist. Janice is the friend of George Washington and his wife, and they are prominent in certain parts of the drama in which this beautiful rebel is the heroine.

The story is strong from the start; the interest is well sustained; the incidents are numerous and well described, yet the thread of the story is never knotted or tangled. There is as much in the book as in any three ordinary current novels, in this respect being very similar to "Richard Carvel." Finally, it must be acknowledged that the author has held the scales more evenly than usual in his analysis of the rights and wrongs of the Revolution. He shows clearly the faults on both sides, and even while eulogizing General Washington, he does not fail to give due praise to Howe, Clinton and

* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, Cloth, \$1.50.

*Janice Meredith. A Romance of the American Revolution. By Paul Leicester Ford. Cloth, \$1.50. Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

Cornwallis. The actions of the British authorities are described with an even temper, almost exceptional in an American author or historian. Britishers may read "Janice Meredith" without having their pride of race or sense of justice, either shocked or outraged.

NORTHLAND LYRICS.

A volume of verse by three members of one family with an opening poem by a fourth and a closing poem by a relative is almost unique in the world of books. Yet such is "Northland Lyrics,"* by William Carman Roberts, Theodore Roberts and (Mrs.) Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald, with a prologue by Charles G. D. Roberts and an epilogue by Bliss Carman.

The most striking feature of this collection of over four score lyrics is the wealth of imagination displayed by each of the writers. In their hands, nature and life develop new aspects, and the nobility of both are re-created for the reader's benefit and for his uplifting.

"Beyond the golden gates of song
Who treads with reverent feet shall find
The dreams and visions cherished long,
The loftier longings unresigned;
The sacred memories that wake
Our lives to noble yearnings still,
The quiet love no years can break
Nor any earthly hour fulfil."

It is well that the poet should occasionally call us back from the wearying strife of life to view the harmonies of nature, the nobility of contentment, the power of love and the magnificence of friendship and patriotism.

And all my longings turn to this:
To hold my mother's hand, to know
The rest of Home, the smile, the kiss,—
And let the great world go.

This little volume is most restful. There are no heavy tragedies, no romance-worded panegyrics, no passion-studded descriptions of nature phenomena—nothing but sweetly intoxicating verse. Many of these have already been published in *The Canadian*

Magazine. The volume is a most notable one, and it is pleasing to learn that already the first edition has been exhausted.

POEMS, OLD AND NEW.

Frederick George Scott's new volume of verse* is an honour to himself and a credit to his publisher's taste. The binding in white, blue and gold, the dainty title-page, the uncut edges, and the clear text are suitable setting for verses of strength and finish. In this collection are such old favourites: "My Lattice," "The Unnamed Lake," "Samson," so highly praised by *The Speaker*, and some of the better known of his sonnets. Among the new poems there are several which are truly noteworthy. "The Burden of Time" has already been published in *The Canadian Magazine*. This and other poems indicate the author's reverence for the majesty of time and space and divine decree. He is a worshipper, a being whose heart throbs with reverence and faith, and yet he is human. His humanity and reverence are exhibited in the finely-finished sonnet, "The Heaven of Love":

I rose at midnight and beheld the sky
Sown thick with stars, like grains of
golden sand
Which God had scattered loosely from
his hand
Upon the floorways of his house on high;
And straight I pictured to my spirit's eye
The giant worlds, their course by wisdom
planned,
The weary waste, the gulfs no sight hath
spanned,
And endless time forever passing by.

Then filled with wonder and a secret dread
I crept to where my child lay fast asleep,
With chubby arm beneath his golden head.
What cared I then for all the stars above?
One little face shut out the boundless deep,
One little heart revealed the heaven of love.

One point in connection with this volume must not be overlooked. All the republished poems have been revised and corrected so that they have now assumed their permanent form.

* Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

* "Poems, Old and New," by Frederick George Scott. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 154 pp., gilt top.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY SERIES.

The Linscott Publishing Co. of Toronto, publishers of "Canada: an Encyclopædia," are now engaged upon a more extensive work. It is entitled "The Nineteenth Century Series," and will be issued in twenty-five volumes at \$2.00, \$2.50 or \$3.00, according to binding. "Literature of the Century" is to be written by Prof. A. B. de Mille of King's College, Windsor, N.S.; "Progress of the United States," by Prof. W. P. Trent of the Tennessee University; "Continental Rulers," by Percy M. Thornton, M.P.; "Progress of the British Empire," by James Stanley Little, another well-known litterateur; "Progress of Canada," by J. Castell Hopkins; "Discoveries and Explorations," by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts; "Naval Battles," by Rear-Admiral Higgenson, U.S.N.; "Progress of Education," by James L. Hughes of Toronto, and Louis R. Klemm of Washington. The other writers are well chosen. The plan of the work is excellent, and if the execution is equally meritorious the series will be most valuable.

SOUTH AFRICA.

There will be many books on South Africa. "Picturesque South Africa," published by Dennis Edwards & Co., Capetown, and issued before the war, is a decidedly interesting portfolio. It contains over two hundred choice engravings, most of them being eight by eleven inches. Below each illustration is an explanatory paragraph of from one to three hundred words. From this large album one may gather a fair idea of the nature of the South African landscape and the character of the people, the seaports, the architecture in the towns, and the development of that portion of the world. The book is a credit to the mechanical skill of Capetown engravers and printers. (Cana-

dian agents: Reid Bros., 393 Queen St. W., Toronto.)

NOTES.

"The White King of Manoa," by Joseph Hatton, is a carefully written historical and social study of the time of Queen Elizabeth. The Queen, Essex and Raleigh figure among the characters, but the chief interest centres around a Devonshire man who sails to the Orinoco and there becomes an absolute monarch.

"Agatha Webb" is a cleverly constructed detective story by Anna Katherine Green. (Toronto: George J. McLeod.)

Canniff Haight, of Toronto, has published a limited edition of "A Genealogical Narrative of The Daniel Haight Family." Joseph Haight, father of Daniel, was a resident of New York State, who came to Canada immediately after the close of the revolutionary war and settled at Adolphustown. The volume is very neatly made and the contents well arranged.

"Gilian The Dreamer," by Neil Munro, is a Scotch novel which would receive a lengthy review in these columns were space available. Mr. Munro is a most painstaking writer who knows Scotch scenery, Scotch flora, Scotch life and Scotch character as it has been given to few men to know it. He is also human, with a keen appreciation for the limitations of the peasant and the self-sufficiency of the more highly educated. His humour is delicate and gentle, which adds to the piquancy of his admirable style. Gilian is a creation, a character in the broadest import of the word. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

IDEAS AND MOMENTS

A DOUKHOBOR ON HIS METTLE.

IN Winnipeg they are telling a good story of a pugilistic encounter between a bullying English-speaking farmer and a Doukhobor labourer who was employed by him. The farmer lives in the White Sand district and is known as a man of very bad temper and cruel, overbearing manner. Only a few weeks ago he was fined \$50 for gross cruelty to a young English boy working for him. After the boy left he engaged a Doukhobor to do general work on his farm, at a monthly stipend of \$12. The Doukhobor was by religious conviction a man of peace, and he held out for thirty-eight days against the kicks and cuffs of his irascible employer.

Things at last reached a stage where the Douk. concluded that patience was not very much of a virtue and he resigned his position, asking at the same time for the money he had earned. The Englishman refused and ordered the man of peace off his premises. He went, but took his employer's horses, which he thought in his artless way would about liquidate the claim. He had not gone far when he met a more enlightened fellow-countryman who explained to him the legal significance of his act and assured him that the criminal code fully covered the case.

The unhappy Doukhobor therefore retraced his steps, restored the horses and once more demanded his money. He was again refused, and this time he deemed a resort to arms justifiable. He knelt down and implored the aid of the God of his forefathers, and then cleared for action by divesting himself of his sheepskin coat.

The Englishman went into the battle with a supreme confidence in his ability to knock his opponent into dreamland in one short round, but in this comfortable conviction he was grievously dis-

appointed, for the Doukhobor gave him a sound thrashing and got his money before leaving the battlefield.

SHOOTING HIS NINTH BEAR.

"How would you like to be set down in this wilderness, with an axe, a hoe and a bushel or two of potatoes, with the option of either working out your own living or being gathered to your fathers on the other side of the Jordan?" said my companion, an old hunter, as we sat down, weary and hungry, to rest ourselves by the side of a small brook, after our long day's tramp in search of game through an unbroken forest.

"I'd rather be excused, or even executed," I replied. "No, sir, death from starvation is not to my liking."

"Better men than you have made a living in just such a place as this," said Old Abe, as we all familiarly called him, eyeing me with no little displeasure.

"They must have been better—much better—if they did," I promptly rejoined.

"Yes," he continued; taking his lunch out of the bag that he carried slung over his shoulder, "people were better off in those days; there wasn't such a scramble after money as there is now; no rush to get ahead of everybody else, by hook or by crook; neighbours were nearer to each other, even if there was a mile or two of dense woods, with nothing but a blaze on a few trees here and there, between their houses. Often when my day's work was over have I gone to visit a neighbour and chatted in front of a roaring fire till midnight, when I would start for my own own log cabin, a happy man, with a brand of fire in my hand to frighten away any bear that might wish to make a closer acquaintance. But the

work was hard ; mill and market were far, far off, and perhaps things are better, after all, as they are to-day."

"You don't believe there were bears in these parts," he went on, seeing the doubtful look that stole over my countenance. "Well, they have become very scarce since the railroad was run through here ; the bear is, after all, a timid creature, and the noise of the train has caused him to retreat into the country, but they were plentiful enough once, and I wish I had a dollar to-night for every one that I have relieved of his skin."

"I wish you had," I heartily responded, "though for my own part, I'd rather have a dime for every one you didn't."

"There's something in that, too," he added, with a nod of his head. "The place was full of them, and my neighbours destroyed their own share. But I think I did as well as any of them, and I often wish for a return of the old days just to have another shot or two at those creatures."

"Perhaps you'd like to tell me of one of your hunts," I said coaxingly, "and as for me, there's nothing I'd like better than to hear of what really happened, you hear so many stories that have no truth in them these times," and the old man actually believed that I thought he dealt in nothing but facts.

"Well, which one will I tell you of?" said he, all anxious to begin his tale. He evidently thought that I had as complete a list of his victims as I had a year or two before of the Plantagenet kings.

"Oh, one is as good as another," I replied, "but take, we will say, number nine."

"Number nine," repeated the old man. "Let me see what fellow that was. Three, seven, eight—oh! you took a bad one, boy, you took a bad one. I lost heavily on number nine."

I had placed my order at random, but his remarks and, above all, the contraction of his brows made me interested, and I resolved to hold my ground.

"Well," he resumed, "it was in the fall of —60. I had decided a year or

two before to begin stock-raising, and had now a herd of seven head, but the pride of the flock were two young heifers. I can see them yet ; they were as like each other as two eggs ; they would soon become cows, and already in fancy I saw myself taking a full bucket of milk from each. But it is the some old story of the haste with which one is apt to count his chickens. One fine night in October I left them out, thinking it a sin to stable them on such a warm night, and when I got up in the morning I found one of them, or at least, about two-thirds of one, lying cold and stiff on the barn floor. The door had been left open, and the bold marauder had run his quarry down not fifty yards from where I slept. I was furious, and I vowed that before another night had passed I would give him something he would not digest in a hurry. I knew that he would return to finish his feast, and I laid my plans with care. There was a scaffold across the barn floor at a height of about seven feet from it, and I determined to take my stand there, with an axe and my good old rifle, ready to fire a salute in honour of my guest at whatever time it would suit him to put in his appearance. My son, a bright young lad of ten years, asked me to take him along with me, and I readily consented.

"We got up on the scaffold about dark to await Mr. Bruin's arrival. My anger by this time had subsided a good deal, and I now meant business. I concluded it would be best to let him feast a while till I got a good chance to fire and finish him with one shot, so as not to spoil the skin—the only thing he had to offer for the damage of the night before.

"We waited there, hour after hour, in the dark, not daring to move or speak a word, and a long wait we had. It must have been about midnight when I heard him coming. Stealthily he approached ; he would advance a few steps, then stop and snuff the air, as if he suspected something. At last he stood in full view in the barn door. The night was dark ; that is, there was no moon, but the stars were shining,

and I could make out his figure plainly, and a more handsome brute I never laid my eyes on. I felt I had been honoured in having my heifer slain by such an animal, and for a time I could do nothing but admire. But this did not last long. He had moved up to the carcass, and was snuffing all over it; I began to think that he would know that it had been handled since he saw it last, and would go off without touching it, so I watched for a chance to give him my little present of lead.

"And the chance soon came. The bear had been facing me directly all along, but he now turned sideways; I could just make out where his ear was, and raising my rifle noiselessly, I fired.

"My son, who must have been asleep, was so startled by the sudden report that he lost his balance and fell screaming to the floor.

"The whole situation was changed in an instant. I had intended to take the hide off that animal in as good condition as possible, but a man can be excused for changing his mind when his only son is within fifteen feet of a wounded bear. The value of bear-skin fell in my estimation ninety-nine per cent., and for about a minute I poured lead into that creature till his body was one of the richest mineral deposits in the state. By that time the boy had regained his place, thoroughly frightened, but not in the least hurt; he had fallen on some straw that had been left on the barn floor.

"The huge beast had come down with a thud at my first shot, and, except for an occasional kick, had made no move. We waited till even these signs of life had failed, then coming down from our perch, stole cautiously up to where he lay. As I got close to him I thought I saw him make a slight move, and raising my axe, I brought it down with stunning force on his head. Well, sir, I'll never forget what I then saw. My son was the first to find his tongue, with the words: 'It's the devil, daddy, look at his horns.'

"Horns it had sure enough. There on the floor, beside its mate, lay my second heifer."

Leon J. Falfyz.

PEACHES AND BLUBBER.

Canadians are very touchy on the subject of climate, as Rudyard Kipling discovered, when he somewhat thoughtlessly dubbed the Dominion, Our Lady of the Snows. When Arthur Stringer, the young Canadian poet and author, first went to Oxford, he carried with him letters from Professor Goldwin Smith, of Toronto, to Professor York Powell, the distinguished historian of Christ Church.

The old Oxford don, like one or two other Englishmen, had very vague ideas about Canada, and somewhat surprised the young stranger by inquiring if he got along nicely on English roast mutton, after living so long on frozen seal meat. The young poet gravely protested that he perhaps missed his whale blubber a little; but the next day cabled home, and in less than a week the finest basket of autumn peaches ever grown in Ontario, carefully packed in sawdust, was on its way to Oxford. A short time afterward the young author was again dining with the regius professor at Oxford, and that gentleman produced at the meal a fruit-dish loaded with tremendous peaches.

"Most extraordinary," said the old professor, "but these peaches were sent to me to-day, and I'm blessed if I know who sent them. From the south of France I suspect, so I saved a few of them for you, Stringer—they will be such a novelty, you know!"

The Canadian very quietly took a steamship company's bill of lading from his pocket, and handed it to the professor. The professor gazed at the bill, then at the fruit, then at the poet. "I had some whale blubber, too, professor," said that young man, "but I simply had to eat that. These other things were grown on my uncle's farm, in Kent County, Ontario, you know. He has two hundred bushels of them every year, and he sent me over a basket of little ones, along with the whale blubber."—From the *Philadelphia Post*.

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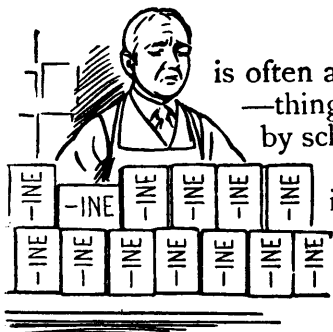
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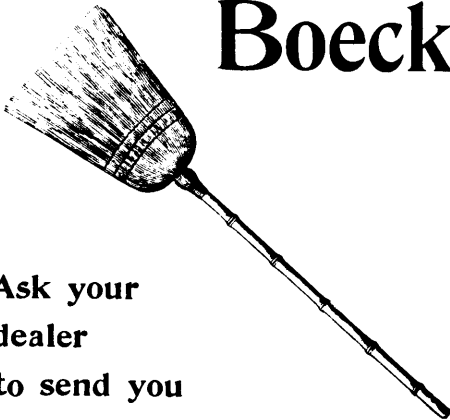
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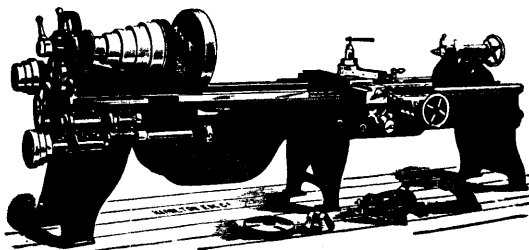
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Section of Piano Department of J. L. Orme & Son's Warerooms, Ottawa.

In Ottawa the long established and celebrated firm of J. L. Orme & Son, which for forty years has been identified with the music industry of Canada, has sold hundreds of Mason & Risch's artistic instruments to the Capital's cultured citizens.

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The Mason & Risch Piano Co., Limited

Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, London.



*How dear to my heart is this new-fashioned paper,
Artistic in color, yet neat in design,
No matter of what I indite, 'neath my taper,
The letter's attractive in every line;
This true English Wedgewood, this new-fashioned paper,
This blue English Wedgewood, that selleth so well.*

The Original English Wedgewood

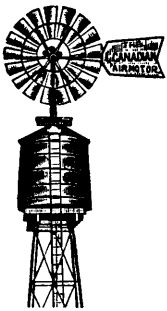
as manufactured by us is truer to color, yet lower in price than imported goods. Put up in elegant boxes or papeteries with envelopes to match. Can also be had in the new "Empress" style. Do not be put off with inferior notepaper, insist upon your stationer procuring you the correct "English Wedgewood" manufactured by

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ORIENTAL COFFEE
THIS THE WORLD
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THIS COFFEE
IS SOLELY
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IMPORTED & PREPARED BY
JAMES TURNER & Co
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to ye who

Monger Words
and break down
Grey Matter

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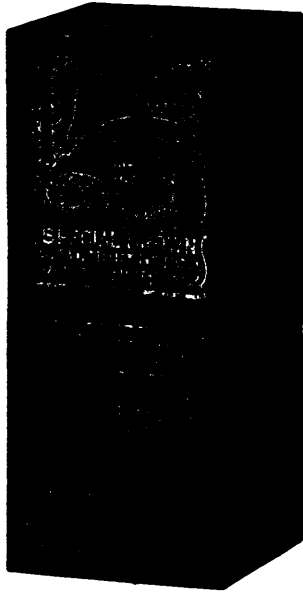
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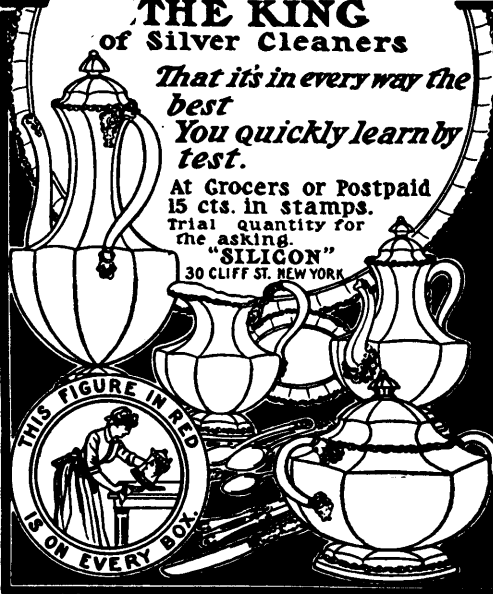
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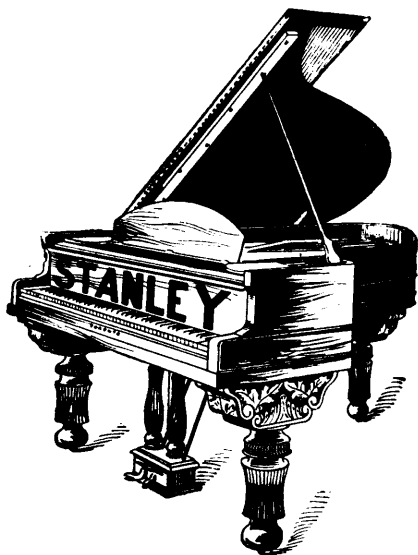
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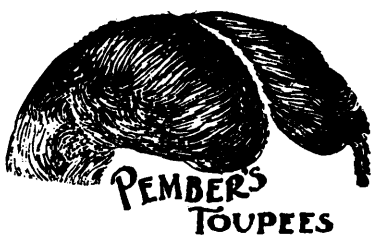
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FORTY years of shoe-making have brought HATHAWAY, SOULE & HARRINGTON'S output to the top-notch of perfection.

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They are scientifically and anatomically perfect and are the acme of stylish footwear.

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They are everywhere conceded to be vastly superior to any other shoes sold for the price.

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Owners and Makers of

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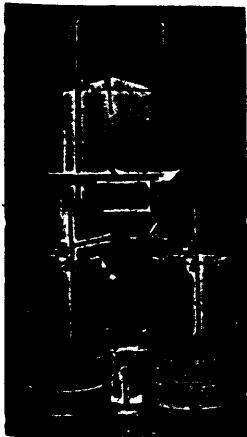
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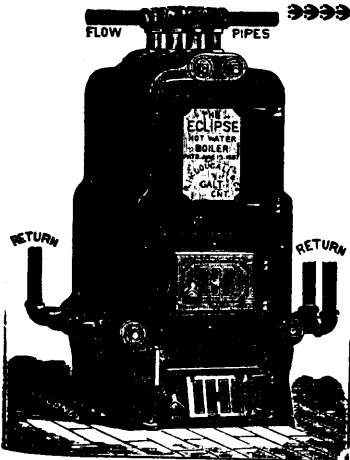
Read what some of our friends say of us:—

Dear Sirs,—You are quite right in saying that a boy of 14 could run one of the machines. I find it less work than keeping one Rochester lamp in good order. I have the machine in the cellar in an air tight room with a window that I open when charging it, so that my arrangements are about perfect.

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Gentlemen,—I purchased from your Mr. Borsberry last September, "The Safety" Acetylene Gas Machine made by your people. I at once had it set up and have run it constantly ever since. I am pleased to state it has given us entire satisfaction. I have 18 lights on it though it is only a 15 light machine. I believe it to be the best machine made. Though it is in for six months it has never cost anything for repairs. Any person can, in a few days, learn to run it successfully and economically. I would not be without it.

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WHERE MONSOON TEA GROWS.

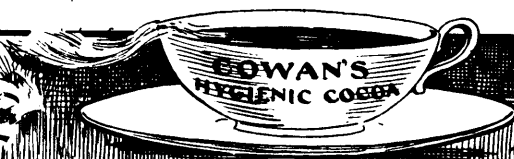
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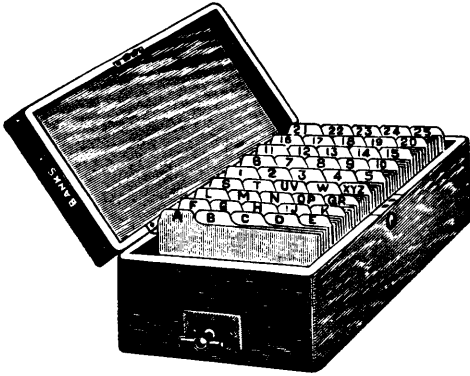
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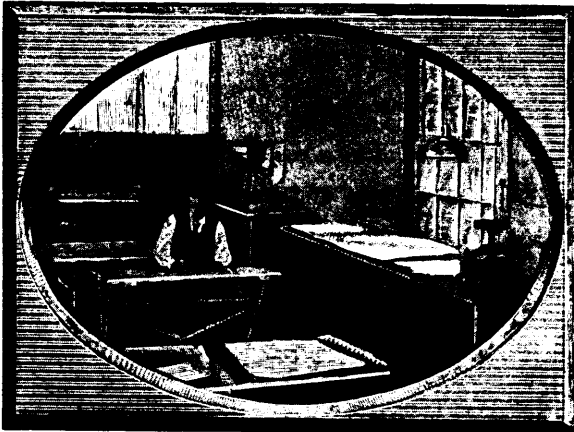
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Send for descriptive booklet, containing physicians' testimonials and price list.

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Its tone and perfect workmanship would have recommended itself at once to such a master.

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Quick Soap

SURPRISE Soap cleans clothes quickest and cleanest.

It's a harmless soap—It isn't a clothes eater.

It won't injure the fabric of a cobweb.

No more scalding, boiling or hard rubbing. No more red, sore hands—no more streaked or yellow clothes—if you use **SURPRISE**.

A large cake that lasts a long time costs but 5 cents.

Be sure you get the genuine.

Remember the name—

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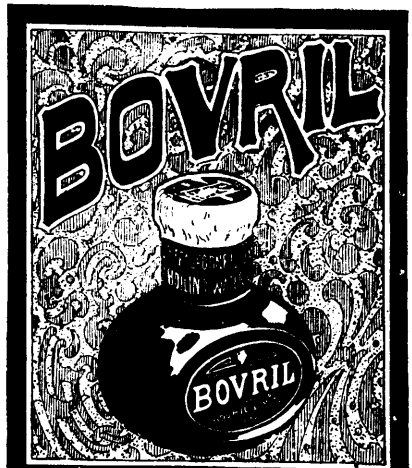


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trousers
fit.

They positively prevent trousers sagging. They stretch more than any other Suspenders and do not lose their stretch as others do.

The "Endwell" at 50 cts. A cheaper model at 25 cts. Sample pairs post-paid on receipt of price. Nicked drawer supporters free to purchasers who send their furnisher's name, IF HE DOES NOT KEEP CHESTER'S.

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Take One of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and
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60,000
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culture

Canada is justly proud
DOMINION Organ & Piano Co.
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Why do you drink Tea?

Merely because you have become accustomed to drinking some discolored water with a bitter taste, or do you drink it for its dainty flavor, fragrant aroma, and the delightfully refreshing sensation it produces? If you relish a cup of really high grade tea, try one package of Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea. It costs more than much that is offered, but its worth more. It will brew more liquor, and the quality will be better.

Ram Lal's ^{Pure} Indian Tea

is for those who want *good* tea. It is not expensive because its great strength necessitates the use of less weight.

It comes only in sealed packages.



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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over *Fifty Years* by Millions of Mothers for their Children while Teething, with Perfect Success. It Soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, Allays all Pain, Cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea.

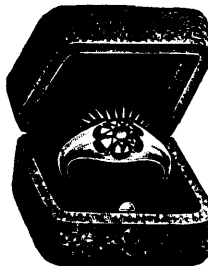
Sold by druggists in every part of the world.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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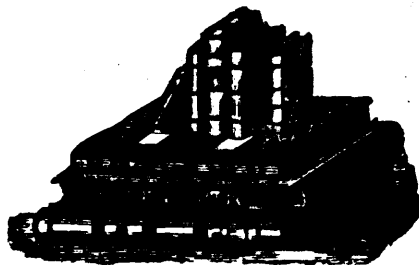
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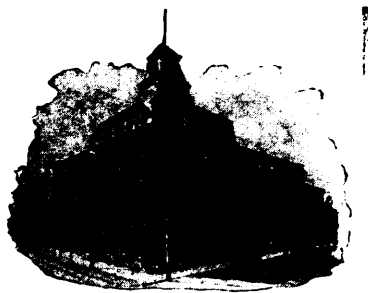


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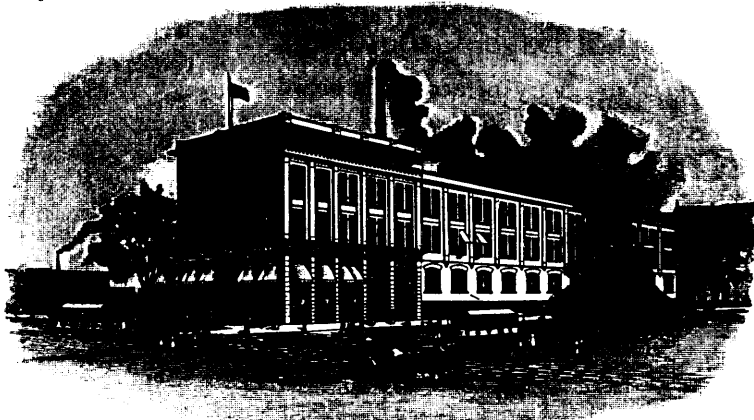
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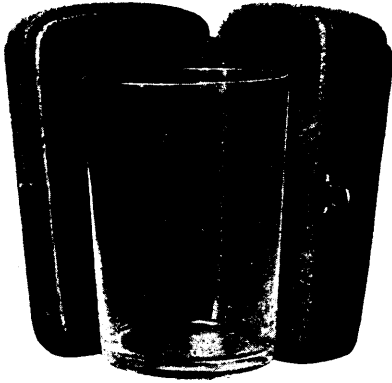
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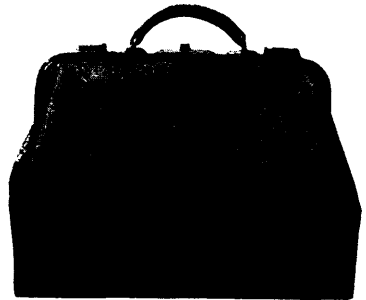
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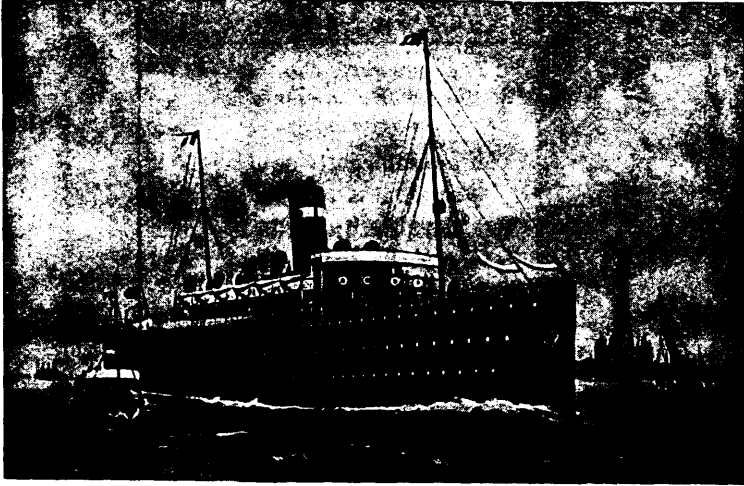
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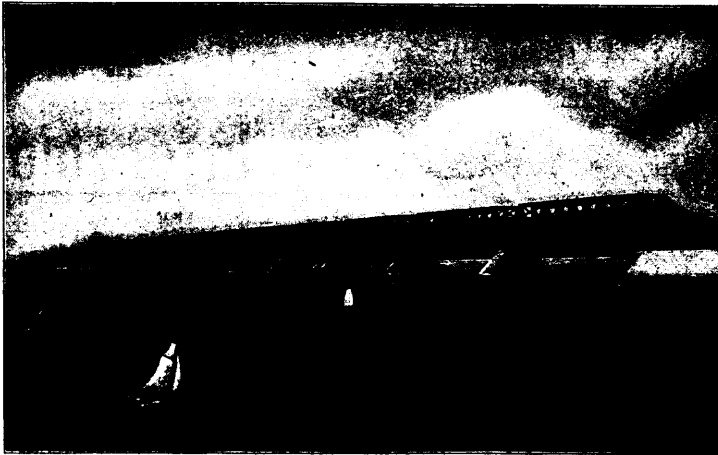
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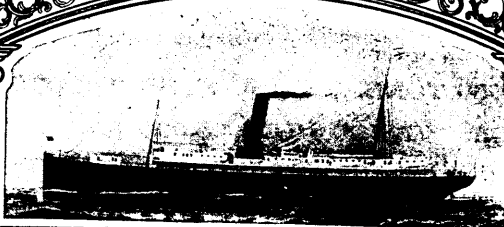


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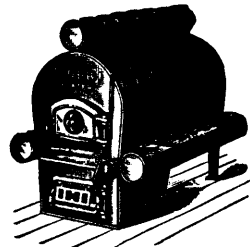
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IN ONE BOTTLE.
REQUIRES
NO HEATING OR
MIXING.

MARKING INK FOR LINEN.

Inventors.