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A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

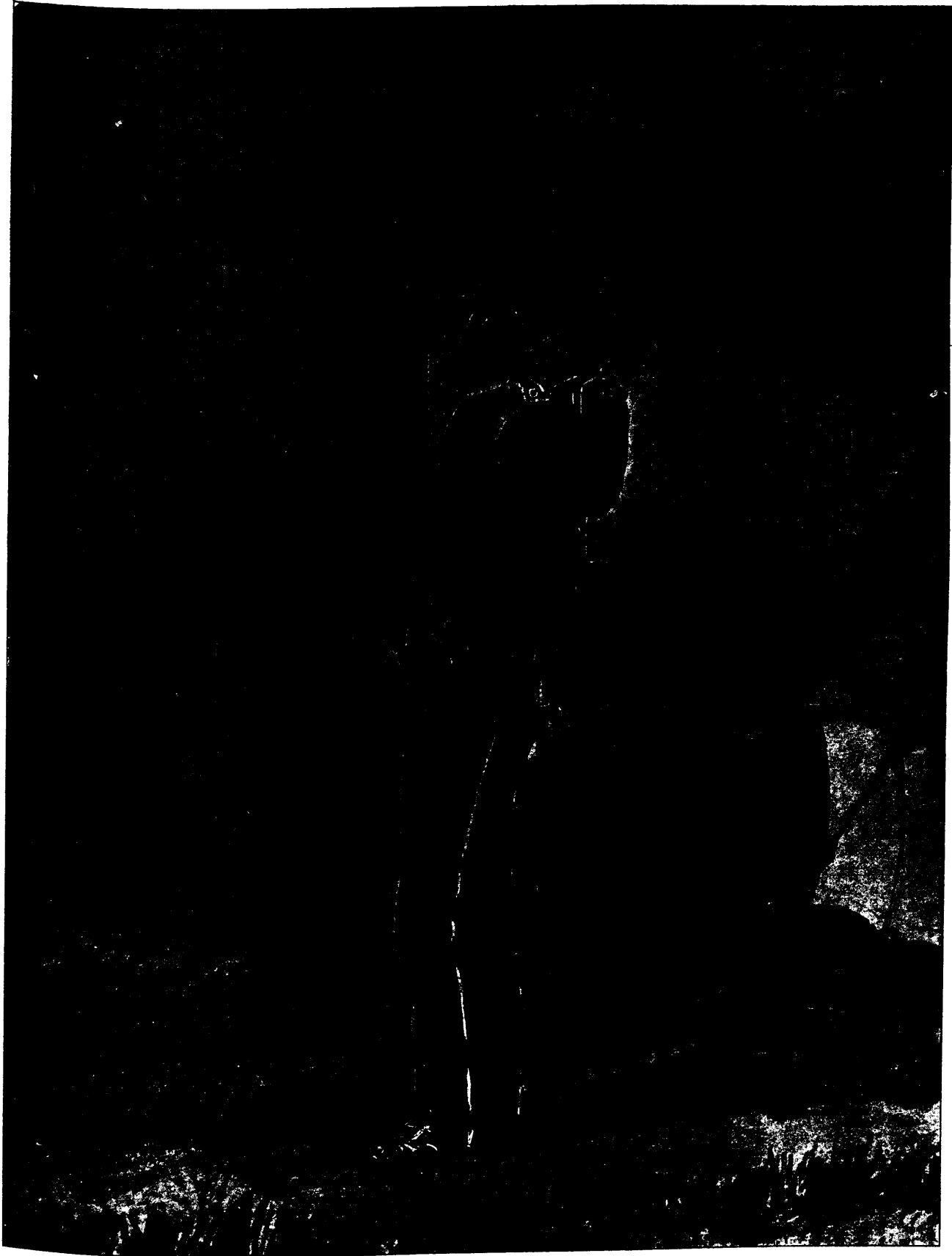
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7th FEBRUARY, 1891.

With reference to our Prize Competition, we think it well to remind our subscribers that the coupons—entitling the holder to compete—are only sent when applied for. All direct subscribers who wish to take part should, therefore, write at once for same.



The Montreal Board of Trade.

The report of the Council of the Montreal Board of Trade shows how faithfully that body has watched the commercial interests of the city during the year just closed. Nor have purely business matters alone absorbed its attention. The range of subjects brought before it, and on which an expression of the collective opinion of the Board has been given, is a most comprehensive one, from topics such as Imperial Penny Postage down to purely local and recreative ones, as the encroachment by the Incline Railway on the area of the Mountain Park. While matters relating solely to Montreal have naturally occupied most attention, much of interest and importance to the trade of the whole Dominion has been discussed, and it is to this point that we wish to draw special attention. Such subjects as "Navigation of the Ship Channel," "Lights and Fog Signals in the River and Gulf," "The Quarantine Station at Grosse Isle," "Canadian Inspection of Steamships holding British Certificates," "The St. Lawrence Canals," "The Herring Fishery," "French Fishing Claims in Newfoundland," "Postal Matters," "Fruit-Growing," "Tobacco Raising in Canada," "London Trade Rules," "The Jamaica Exhibition," are all of more or less general interest, and bear but indirectly on the commerce and trade of Montreal. The pronouncements of the Council, and the active measures taken by that body to carry out their decisions, have in many cases borne such weight as to result in the settlement of the proposed measure in accordance with their views.

An English Literary Club.

Bristol, England, with a population numbering about the same as that of Toronto, has just opened a "Literary and Philosophic Club" with no less than 470 members. Its proposed scope is an excellent one. As is the case in most English cities, Bristol possesses a large number of small clubs or associations with the object of furthering various branches of literature or science. These organizations have hitherto been quite independent of each other, and there has been no meeting-place common to all, no point on which they could centre and derive the strength and help furnished by occasional contact with thinkers in other lines. Such will now be afforded by the new club; and the strong membership with which it commences looks well for the success of the scheme. A similar institution in Montreal or Toronto, if it could be conducted at moderate expense and thereby successfully kept up, would be a great stimulus to

literary and scientific life in either city; not only so, but its influence would be felt in every part of the Dominion. If such were ever established here, it is altogether probable that it would speedily become the central governing point of the many weak literary and scientific societies scattered throughout the country, and become the means of not only systematizing and improving their work, but of also watching their progress, helping and advising their officers, and prevent their surrender to that epidemic of *laissez faire* which has been fatal to so many of such organizations.

The Late Rev. Dr. Stevenson.

Many of our Montreal readers will remember what a sudden blank was caused by the removal to London a few years ago of the REV. DR. STEVENSON, who died here last Sunday. For ten years we had seen his kindly face in our midst, and had heard his magic words on every occasion when important questions of the day were publicly discussed. Always on the side of right and liberty, always sympathizing with the oppressed, always proud to extol his dear native land and the flag he loved and honoured, he was ever ready to boldly express his sentiments; and he did much to instil into the hearts of the young men of Montreal a deep and abiding love of British institutions and a strong pride in their inheritance of a birth-right in the British Empire. That eloquent tongue and warm heart are now at rest; but his impassioned pleading for all that is right and honourable, and his burning words of pride in national greatness will live long in the minds of those who were fortunate enough to hear him.

The Appeal to the Country.

The event of the week has undoubtedly been the dissolution of Parliament and the issue of writs for a new House. The probabilities of this had been so freely foreshadowed by the press that it could have taken no one by absolute surprise; still, there had been more or less uncertainty until the announcement was actually made. That the chiefs of either party are unprepared is scarcely probable, in so much as preparation can be made prior to the official declaration of the dissolution. The undercurrent of feeling throughout the country in favour of an endeavour to improve our trade relations with the United States must be a strong one, judging from the measures which the Government have taken towards that end—measures which appear moderate, and which have no appearance of lowering the honour and dignity of Canada. To many moderate persons, entirely free from partizanship with either political party, the proof of the greatest skill in the conduct of the affairs of a country such as this, is the perfecting of such foreign relations as result in the increased financial prosperity of the people at large, combined with a dignified attitude towards other nations. We cannot afford to lose self-respect and incur the contempt of other countries by an undue sinking of our nationality in a subservience to foreign powers for the sake of financial advantage. On the 5th of March the people will have an excellent opportunity of showing their colours, and it is sincerely to be hoped that they will be so guided in their choice of representatives that the result will tell all the world that they have decided for that party, whichever it may be, which promises most for the development of the country in every way, and the increase of national sentiment throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Canada and the U.S. Senate.

The advocates of Canadian Independence must feel highly encouraged in the work of spreading their pet idea by the talk indulged in by the talented gentlemen of the United States Senate on Monday last. Their expressed contempt for Canada as an enemy, coupled with their fears that in case of war Great Britain could lay in ruins their principal cities within a very few days, must be intensely flattering to those who think that we could preserve a separate nationality, and, and, at the same time, receive honourable treatment in matters of dispute between the two countries.

The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891. QUESTIONS.

FIRST SERIES.

- 1.—State where mention is made of the war of 1812, and give particulars, as concisely as possible.
- 2.—Give details of the announcement of forthcoming books by Canadian authors.
- 3.—Where is mention made of an unfinished work by an English writer now dead.
- 4.—Describe briefly a midnight scene in the forest, and state where mentioned.
- 5.—Some habits of a well-known English novelist are mentioned. Give particulars.
- 6.—Where, and in what connection is mentioned the most prominent poetess of this century.

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 135 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January.

The second series of Questions will be given in our issue of 28th February.



FOR FAITH and KING

a Romance of Ville-Marie

By BLANCHE L. MACDONELL.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

She was like a soldier, who must fight till the last gasp, who must bear every blow like a stoic, so long as there was any excuse for the conflict. "They call you, Du Chêne; leave Lydia to my care."

An expression of sharp anguish for a moment marred the composure of his countenance. A quick breath escaped him; one long, lingering look, and he was gone.

Pierre Le Ber and De Crisase were standing for an instant side by side. As Diane regarded the two men she quivered with a poignant pang of self-reproach. Had her girlish levity, indeed, made havoc of their lives? Pierre was thin and haggard. He had drifted far from that state of acquiescent contemplation, passionless and impersonal, without desire or movement, which, in the estimation of the ascetic, constitutes the highest conception of enduring bliss. A dim anguish of fear and impotence drove him frantic. His passion blinded him, but it could not stifle his abhorrence of the chains that bound him or restore his self-esteem. De Crisase, on the contrary, in the perfection of his perfect breeding, was blander and more courtly than ever. As Diane's glance met his, over her whole frame there came a tremulous fluttering of apprehension, something inexpressibly touching came into her eyes, and that look of soft strength overcame the man who loved her. He removed his hat and bowed punctiliously.

"M. le Chevalier," the girl exclaimed, impulsively, "let me wish you God-speed. My prayers scorched like fire, gathered in her eyes. "M. le Chevalier, my cousin Du Chêne carries with him all our hopes, those of my uncle, my poor Lydia. If it is in your power to shield him from danger I know we can rely upon you."

De Crisase spoke in a low, moved tone. "The confidence with which you have honoured me, Mademoiselle, shall not be in vain. It is a soldier's fate to die with fortitude and resignation professing the faith of a Christian. Can any act of mine bring back Du Chêne, were it at the cost of my life, you may rely upon me."

"Diane, hold up the little one that his last look may rest upon his face, I can no longer see," pleaded Madame de St. Rochs.

"For Our Blessed Lady's sake, try to comfort her," were Du Chêne's parting words.

"Diane, I can't bear it, take me home," sobbing and quivering, Lydia clung to her friend.

"My daughter!" Jacques Le Ber grasped his ward's arm. He spoke almost sternly, the strong lines about his mouth quivered in their muscles without losing their firm and sagacious character.

A soft golden haze lay on the water, obscuring the view of the opposite shore. The parting in the agitated urgency, the stress and hurry of the hour was over. The Indians manned the large elm bark canoes. With a gleam of living light, the paddles cleaved the sunshine and dimpled the waters of the river. The savage voices arose in a wild tumult of resounding yells, the soldiers cheered, a sharp, wailing cry resounded from the shore.

Du Chêne stood erect in the bow of his canoe. His handsome, young face, animated and eager with the excitement of adventure, bore no trace of grief or care. As the boats vanished from the receding eyes that watched the last gleam of the sounds across the waves in peals of rhythmic thunder:

"Grand Dieu! sauvez le roi,
Grand Dieu! sauvez le roi,
Sauvez le roi.

Que toujours glorieux,
Louis victorieux.
Voyez ses ennemies,
Tourjours sommies."

CHAPTER XIII.

"No hope, but prayer,
A breath that fleets beyond this iron world
And touches him that made it."

—TENNYSON.

Le Ber stood alone. His individuality was so marked and striking that he had many associates and few genuine friends. Old griefs, seared over by time and distance, now acquired fresh vitality to sting. Pierre had betaken himself to the hospital to pray. His sister was as remote from her father as though she had already attained that Heaven which was the object of her thoughts and prayers. The merchant's spirit tainted for need of human help, human nearness. It was the stranger whom he had sheltered, who clasped his hand, whispering bright words of cheer and encouragement, who offered sweet and gracious sympathy.

"You must learn to be brave as becomes a soldier's bride, my sweet," Du Chêne had exhorted Lydia. But the girl had no power of ripening or mellowing under any searching mental experience. The atmosphere was antagonistic—she hated pain, longed for brightness, pined for sunshine. Le Ber, who had conceived some suspicion that his plans for an alliance with the de Monestrol family might be frustrated by the presence of the English captive, looked upon her with cold disapproval. Whenever she dared, Nanon, whose sense of exasperation reached fever point, jeered and flouted. Madame la Marquise, who had had good occasion to cry many times in her life, declared that ceaseless tears gave her the *migraine*.

"You will retire to your chamber, my daughter," the Marquise commanded with a disdainful condescension which was not unkindly, looking down at the tear-stained face with a serene surprise which was too elevated to partake of the nature of disgust. "You will have *tisane* for the sick, you will say your prayers and remain in seclusion. Where there are many anxious hearts we need cheer. There will be time for tears and swooning when hope no longer exists. When the men give their lives for their faith and their country, it is the women's part to nerve and encourage them—what are our pitiful weaknesses that they should stand in the way of our duty? It is the forte of our nobles to submit, to subdue the body, to show ourselves models of cheerfulness and resignation. Thou art not of this quality and hast no spirit to learn the lesson; therefore, my kitten, retire to thine own apartment."

It must be admitted that the Marquise de Monestrol was given to contemplate calamities with a courage overwhelming to less undaunted spirits.

Madame de St. Rochs took up her abode at Le Ber's. She came rushing in, impetuously, white, cold and shivering in the midst of the August heat, clasping the baby and a bundle, which seemed all one, so closely were they held. She threw herself at Diane's feet, clutching her friend's knees, still grasping the bundle and the little waxen baby in the other arm.

"I can't keep up any longer. Let me be quiet, hide me and don't let anybody look at me. I can never live till news comes."

Under the soothing influence of Diane's presence the baby wife recovered her courage. As her spirits rose, the absurd, hapless child com-

mitted a hundred extravagances. She chattered and laughed, playing wild games with the baby and Nanon, pastimes that were continually interrupted by impetuous thunder showers of despair. Madame de Monestrol's reception room was always thronged by women whose gaiety was almost reckless in its exuberance, but there was an intent listening look upon the vivacious French faces, and sobs struggled up often amidst the laughter. After all, most experienced a sort of desperate trust in circumstances to which those suffering an extremity of suspense are often driven, and the fact that duty was the thing to be thought of, not anybody's feelings, was cheerfully recognized.

For the Demoiselle de Monestrol the old order of things had been completely overthrown. She was still looking out upon a world not realized, a spectator of something like the throes of creation seeing the new landscape tumble and roll into place, the heights and hollows changing. Whatever she endured she bore without a moment's failure of her desperate courage. Reserve forces of strength, hitherto unsuspected, developed themselves under the strain of inspiration. Only a supreme resolve could have steadied her nerves, calmed her pulses and retained her self-command. That expression of collected strength that was becoming habitual to Diane's face, settled down upon it. These days had made the change of years. Her brow was contracted with lines unknown to its broad serenity, her eyes looked out eagerly from lids that had grown curved with anxiety, her mouth was drawn and colourless. The joy of her youth had withered; but God was still in heaven, faith and mercy on earth, duty must teach her to be wise and strong and courageous.

Then followed an interval of persistent, haunting suspense, most terrible to an ardent temperament. The long, vacant days, with little occupation, save that of watching and listening, with a sense of time lost and opportunity deferred, with endless, dreadful suggestions of what might be happening, were a severe ordeal. The flame of suffering burnt so fiercely that it permitted no rest. Wild rebellion of spirit, paroxysms of impatience with life and its complications, a longing to escape what was almost unbearable, alternated with brief, ecstatic visions of complete self-renunciation. What was the strength of her womanhood good for, Diane asked herself, if not to afford solace to those dependant upon her? if not to teach her to endure, with high fate and constancy, the buffets of Fortune.

Three days had passed, and to Ville Marie, awaiting anxiously, no news had come. The night was oppressively warm, and the excitement tingling in Diane de Monestrol's veins, drove away all thought of sleep. Her pulses leapt with a prescient thrill of some blow about to fall. She was convinced that a supreme crisis had arrived whose poignant and intolerable anguish would require all her strength to encounter. It was as though she had been caught in the midst of her gay and fearless career by some gigantic iron hand of Fate. Suspense had imparted an unnatural vividness to all her faculties, imagination was stimulated, fears and fancies thronged her excited brain. Suddenly her whole being seemed to contract a shiver with a nameless agony of apprehension. Breathless, trembling, she rushed out into the garden. Over Mount Royal the moon was shining in a cloudless sky. Her sheen lit up the tin roof of Notre Dame until it blazed like silver, it illuminated the dark foliage of the quaint garden peering in patches of pearly light through the close woven branches, cleaving for itself a bright pathway. Diane moved with dazed and bewildered consciousness that made the scene appear like the dim reality of a dream. She heard a hundred crackling sounds, echoes, movements, the rustling of the leaves, the twittering of some bird disturbed in its nest, all the subdued and broken tones of Nature seemed to go over her heart, treading it into dust. A depression, deep and dark, the inevitable reaction succeeding long hours of excitement, took possession of her. The feverish energy which had sustained her until now gave way, and with the physical exhaustion came the mental. All the pain

and trouble of the last few days gathered themselves into a haunting fear. The windows of the recluse's room, overlooking the garden, stood wide open to the summer breeze. Was it the moonlight or the play of her own fancy, or did a slight form, dreamily indistinct in the prevailing obscurity, appear there? An overwhelming impulse moved Diane. She could no longer stifle the cry of her anguish. Sinking on her knees, stretching out passionate, imploring hands, her voice, clear and piercing, echoed through the stillness: "Have you no feeling, far away there, for our trouble? Even in heaven itself it seems as though one's heart must be touched by love and grief and pain. You have sacrificed yourself for the country, can't you help us in our extremity? Du Chêne may be grievously wounded, he may be lying still in death. Have you ceased to hear? to feel? Does no woman's heart beat in your breast?" Did a white face, with deep, sunken, haggard eyes look wildly down upon her. It seemed to the excited girl driven wild by her own fancy as much as by stress of circumstances that her cry fell upon a passionless, unseen world that returned no answer to her longing. A strange, dead despair settled down on her.

"It's all alike, St. Joseph and the saints, you are all dead, or deaf, or dumb, but we others are only flesh, and our hearts throb, and bleed and burn. Du Chêne is nothing to me, he did not even guess that I cared for him. The shame of it stung me to death and drove me frantic. I merit suffering, I who dealt it out to others, but why should he pay the penalty for my fault? I have been pitiless, the good God may well be pitiless to me. If I could only tell the Chevalier that I repent—I never thought my coquetry meant suffering." Diane recalled her misdeeds in a voice of anguish. "And Pierre, too, he would have been happy enough with his prayers and his painting had I but let him alone. He said I did not know the meaning of love—I have learned too late. With all your prayers, and vigils, and mortifications you will not help us, and I—I would rather be wicked and aid and suffer with those I love—" Then a new thought struck her. "There is the mountain cross of M. de Maisonneuve; it is said great graces have been obtained there."

"Lydia, Lydia, awaken. We will go to pray at the cross of M. de Maisonneuve."

The English girl lay sleeping with her hand upon her cheek, like a baby. It was hard to realize that she was slumbering on the brink of terror and desolation. The perfect repose of her position was so oddly childish and restful. Diane's face grew sweet and womanly as she knelt beside the couch. Lydia started up with a faint cry, rubbing her eyes and her soft flushed cheeks.

"Diane, why have you awakened me?" sitting up and staring at the Demoiselle de Monestrol as if she were not sufficiently wide awake to realize what the scene meant. Then she flung herself downwards on the pillows and broke into violent sobbing.

"Something has happened, news has come, evil tidings."

"No; no news has come. Lydia, rise and dress. We will go to the mountain cross to pray for Du Chêne."

"But it is still dark night, still and lonely—the savages—I dare not."

"The greater the merit of the pilgrimage; it may help us to obtain grace."

Action was a relief from pain, and Diane was bestirring herself vigorously. Finding herself being dressed against her will, Lydia ceased to resist. Indeed, this pale girl with a troubled restlessness in her anxious eyes, a pathetic droop of the red lips, bore so little resemblance to vivid, brilliant Diane that Lydia was thoroughly frightened.

Soon the two girls, like shadows moving amidst shadows, were traversing the deserted streets. The chant of the St. Lawrence filled the air, the river trembled with violet tints and glancing, pearly shafts, and anon a silvery gleam. Presently they crossed a swift flowing stream and emerged into the open country. No vagrant echo, not even the stir of a leaf disturbed the stillness. The dew was rich with cool, moist fragrance. The moon-

beams piercing through the interlacing branches threw chequered shadows on the path and anon amidst vistas of leafy shade they caught fleeting glimpses of the illuminated world beyond. The scene was incredibly solitary and mournful as the two girls crept under the flickering shadow of the trees. The path was simply an Indian trail. Vegetation was dense, tangled with vines, sombre with gloomy foliage, through which the white light, a lustrous presence, strove to penetrate. Lydia's terror rendered her helpless and hysterical. All Diane's faculties were absorbed in a bewildering, sombre excitement as, with the English captive sobbing, panting, clinging to her arm, she made her way through the thicket. Once the long, dewy trail of a creeper smote her lightly in the face, a soft rustle among the leaves caused the heart to leap in her breast, the long drawn cry of a bird in melancholy cadence broke the stillness. Gleaming white amidst dark, glossy foliage, arose on Mount Royal the cross erected by Maisonneuve in a vow to God for the conversion of the savages. Lydia, overcome by fatigue, the night air, the secrecy and agitation of the expedition, sank down against a boulder. The wooded gray slope towered immutably above them, the wind was harping in the pines. The moon had dropped below the horizon, familiar objects acquired strangely grotesque forms in the uncertain light, a single luminous star palpitated in splendid ecstasy. Diane knelt at the foot of the cross. Then her hands clenched and her whole frame began to shake.

"It's for Du Chêne, for his life we pray. He is so young, he might be so happy. Holy Virgin Mother, who knowest the secrets of all love and suffering, I ask nothing for myself, let me suffer but spare him." The clear, young voice profaned the solemn hush of Nature; the mellow, contralto tones had risen to a husky shrillness, in which there was a note of presaging horror. "They are too holy, the saints, they set themselves against us—oh, how can they look sadly on our pain? God in Heaven, have mercy! or, is he too high and great to care for our poor, miserable suffering! I will sacrifice myself, my life, what does it matter? If he returns I will enter the Congregation as a novice, only spare him, spare him, oh God!" Then such a paroxysm of suffocating sobbing came upon her that she writhed and battled for air; then, worn out with wild, heart-broken weeping, she lay at the foot of the cross, exhausted and motionless.

As the girls returned, the first rays of the summer dawn were breaking in the east in flushes of sea-shell pink and saffron, overhead the sky held quivering lights ready to flash into a blaze. A sense of spiritual freshness, of physical renewal, was in the cool blueness of the morning, the fragrance of the dew was in the atmosphere. The mountain slopes lay motionless in amethystine shadow. The trees gave out a sense of strength, the golden rod gleamed in the hollows, the heights were purple bronze. As they reached the city, Diane turned to her companion a face that glowed with some subtle inspiration.

"Be assured Du Chêne is safe. God is good. Oh, behold! a messenger has arrived for M. du Plessis, sent by M. de Callières. Is there news of M. de Valrenne's command?"

"Oshawa has been sent to say that they have caught sight of the enemy. M. de Callière lies ill at La Prairie. M. de Valrenne is stationed between Chambly and La Prairie." Le Ber showed no other token of weakness but a momentary trembling of the lips about the mouth.

"Oh, my uncle, even to-night they may be with us victorious."

Le Ber smiled. It would never do to admit possibility of disaster.

"The sky may brighten for the colony, my daughter. I have ever remarked that good and ill luck runs in courses. Our good fortune may now commence."

A number of women who had been passing the night in prayer, were now emerging from the Church of Notre Dame. Among them, erect and stately, walked Madame de Monestrol leaning on Nanon's arm, followed by Madame de St. Rochs with her baby in her arms. Pierre, thin and sal-low, unsupported by that sweet sense of well-doing

which is generally supposed to be the reward of virtue, pushed his way through the assembly to the spot where the Demoiselle de Monestrol stood a little apart.

"Diane, I have here for you a picture of Our Lady of Pity surrounded by the five wounds of her son. I have held a novena in honour of St. Joseph and all the holy saints. For nine days a member especially dedicated to the holy angels, have I prayed, and no light has dispersed the darkness of my soul. Dazzling visions, the creation of the Father of Evil, ever appear before my eyes. Instead of the angelic faces that once beamed upon me, it is thine I see, glorified by the crown of martyrdom."

Diane, looking at him with wistful eyes, showed a novel patience.

"Dear Pierre, we are all sorely tried by anxiety and suspense. Forget your own temptations, my cousin, in thoughts of others. Could you not support my uncle? On every hand are those who need your ministrations."

As the girl's soft hand touched him Pierre shivered.

"I stand alone. My father is absorbed in worldly interests, your heart is engrossed by vanity." Pierre felt it unreasonable and monstrous that anything but the painful state of his own concerns should occupy Diane's mind. "What are the trivial affairs of this life, privation, danger, and even death, in comparison with the perils that menace the soul."

CHAPTER XIV.

"Let not the waters close above my head,
Uphold me that I sink not in this mire,
For flesh and blood are frail and sore afraid,
And young I am, unsatisfied and young,
With memories, hopes, with cravings all unfed,
My song half sung, its sweetest notes unsung,
All plans cut short, all possibilities."
—C. ROSETTI.

The next day a terrible storm broke over Ville Marie. Great trees groaned and shrieked and were shivered like saplings in the blast; the wind raved, the whole heavens were illuminated by the swift, electric flashes. Nature, in her convulsive throes, smote the stoutest heart with terror. Late in the afternoon the tempest ceased. The sun set fair and beautiful with rays of purple and gold, the clouds, black with the recoil of tempest, breaking into rifts, floated and drifted, trailing gorgeous with colour in vivid, numberless hues. The flaming light reached up into the calm zenith, the St. Lawrence gleamed like burnished gold as the sky turned into a heavenly vision of wider, diviner beauty.

Diane joined Le Ber as she walked down to the shore. His face was gray with consuming care, his eyes had a famished expression. The Demoiselle de Monestrol slipped her hand within his arm and moved on, step by step, at his side, offering a mute, responsive sympathy that was grateful to her soul.

"We shall have news to-day, my daughter. Behold M. du Plessis on the shore!"

Restless expectation tinged everybody's thoughts. These were exciting moments of intense anxiety to the French commander; no one understood better than he the reality of the danger that threatened the settlement. His brow was puckered with care and he assumed that indescribable air of endeavouring to seem at ease which has so painful an effect upon the nerves of others who are suffering from the same strain of suspense.

As she looked out upon the shining waters of the river a strange perception, such as is occasionally, at some supreme crisis, borne in upon the souls of those who walk in a sweet and gracious reality before the sight of God, came to Diane de Monestrol, as though the world had broken into fragments and lay crumbling at her feet.

(To be continued.)

IN SCOTLAND, on the ordination of elders, a grave old doctor delivered the charge:—"Me brethren, rule weel, but rule sae that nae man or bairn i' the kirk will ken that they are ruled. Me brethren, pray God to give you common sense. It is a chief grace to an elder."



The Village from the Wharf.
Street View, Showing Post Office.
View from the Hotel.
SCENES AT KAMOURASKA, P. Q.
(Mr. H. Laurie, amateur photo.)



"C" COMPANY R. S. I., TORONTO.—We refer our readers to another column in which will be found a detailed sketch of the corps.

KAMOURASKA VIEWS.—The subjects of our engravings are well known to many of our readers, especially to those who spend their summer holidays at the various watering-places on the lower St. Lawrence. The bathing is excellent, and each summer sees a large number of visitors. To those who have not yet visited the place we might state that it is a flourishing village on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, about 90 miles east of Quebec. A station on the Intercolonial railway, readily accessible, it possesses ample hotel accommodation, good stores, and has a population of over 2,000.

ST. GEORGE SNOW-SHOE CLUB.—A full history of this club, with descriptions of the accompanying illustrations, will be found on page 141.

MR. LOUIS RUBENSTEIN.—There is hardly an honor in the figure skating world that Mr. Louis Rubenstein has not won, he now holding not only the championship of Canada and the United States, but of the world. He made his first appearance in 1878 when he won the championship of Montreal, and four years later won the championship of Canada, scoring 45 out of a possible 48 points. In 1884 and 1885 he made a tour of the Maritime Provinces and was successful in all the competitions. In 1882 at the Montreal Carnival he defeated such men as Blumh of Chicago, Shaw of Boston, Murray of Brockville, Bruce of Galt, Meagher and Robinson of Toronto, scoring 282 out of a possible 300. Since that time Mr. Louis Rubenstein has uninterruptedly held the championship of Canada. In 1888 and 1889 he went to New York and carried off the championship of the United States, which he holds yet. In 1890 he went to St. Petersburg where he met the crack skaters of the old world and although every difficulty was thrown in his way he succeeded in distancing all opponents, bringing back two medals, one for diagram skating and the other for special figures. In 1890 Louis did not compete for the Canadian championship as he was in Russia at the time; but the honor still remains in the family as it was won by his brother M. Rubenstein. Mr. Louis Rubenstein is now 28 years of age.

Constance.

Dark frowning o'er the Ounagondy's* flood
The fortress stood upon its rugged site;
And there was wilderness on either hand
Wherein lone Solitude a-dreaming sat
Till gaunt wolves startled her with doleful cries;
Below, a harbour and an island lay,
And further on the Bay of Fundy shone
Bright shimmering 'neath the radiance of the sun.
Here, many years ago, abode La Tour,
With his fair consort, Constance of Rochelle,
And a small band of faithful Huguenots.

Now in her girlhood's summer Constance gave
Her troth unto a comely youth in France;
But he one day foresook her for the Church,
And she, disconsolate, sought Acadie,
Where with the savage Souroquois† she dwelt,
A Christian teacher till she wed La Tour.
Meanwhile the youth won favour from the Church,
And with proud titles and the noted name
Charnacé, ventured to the western wilds,
With mandates from the King and his Superior;
And very soon an enmity sprang up
Between himself and haughty Charles La Tour
That gained the ears of Richelieu in France,
And won his sanction for an ugly feud.

Now as the cloud of fierce contention threw
Its shadow o'er the land, La Tour made haste
To foreign fields in hope of gaining help,
And Constance, with her band, was left alone.
Ah, how she watched and waited in suspense!
The gloomy forest and the harbour near
Each day she scanned in quest of dreaded foe;
And as the mariner his vessel trims
To meet the fury of the coming gale,

* Ounagondy, the Indian name for the River St. John
† Souroquois, the original name for the Micmac Indians.

So she her meagre garrison arranged,
That to advantage all might brave the storm.
It burst full soon. But tho' the aggressor came,
And laid the siege, and boldly charged the walls,
He gained no vantage in the enterprise,
Until a captive, for his liberty,
Declared he would return and ope the gates
And let them in. Straightway the chief Brogi,
Who led his forces with vindictiveness
Against Charnacé's enemy, La Tour,
Assented, and prepared for new attack,
And soon within the fortress there prevailed
A consternation that was hard to quell.

But see! Within their midst a woman stands,
With firm set features and with sabre drawn;
And hark! Her cheering cries have caught the ear,
And now her frightened band take heart again.
One maddened rush, one fearful, frantic charge,
Then all is clash of arms, and cries of rage,
And curses, groans, and sound of scuffling feet,
And roar of musketry, and boom of guns,
Until the air grows dense with powder smoke,
And o'er the waste the awful battle din
Resounds afar, as if the doors of hell
Did open suddenly and let escape
The horrid sounds of everlasting woe.
And Constance fights where hottest grows the fray;
Her sabre's flashing blade cuts, parries, thrusts,
And smites her foeman's steel with ringing clash.
Down drops an enemy who seeks her life;
Down from the wall another falls to die;
Back from her swordcuts slowly they withdraw,
Abashed and baffled by her fearless lead,
But now! Oh, see! She staggers, she grows faint,
And o'er her pallid features pain runs wild.
A warrior has her in his swarthy arms,
And 'neath the hand she presses 'gainst her side,
A bright red stream of blood flows forth and falls
In purple drops upon her tattered skirt.

Now came the end of that terrific strife.
An awful end of inhumanity.
An end which none deserved save that vile Swiss
Who played the traitor, and let in the foe.
The victor took possession of the fort,
And oh, what fearful sight did meet his gaze!
The dead and dying lay in heaps around—
One Huguenot beside ten Catholics
On every sod of earth. 'Twas victory
But dearly bought; and bold Brogi, chagrined
That he had lost one-half his goodly force,
Let fly his vengeful spleen straight at the few
Brave Huguenots who had survived the fray,
And in his wrath gave out that all should die
Like traitors dangling from the Chapel door.
One Huguenot was spared to hang the rest,
And Constance, with the noose about her neck,
Deep wounded both in body and in mind,
Was made a witness of the hellish deed,
The while she staunch her bleeding with her hand.

Now came Charnacé with his trusty blade,
And seeing all that carnage at his feet,
And the sad plight of Constance, whom he loved
E'en better than he ever had of yore,
He raised his glittering weapon in the air
And smote his chieftain dying to the earth;
Then dropping on his knees where Constance stood,
Cried out aloud and begged her to forgive
Him ere she died. He cursed himself that he
Had been the cause of all that horrid work,
And deep remorse shot arrows through his heart.
Again he did beseech her to forgive,
For sake of that old love they once enjoyed.
She could but whisper, looking heavenward,
"Come unto me and I will give thee rest,"
Then with a sigh which seemed a sob she turned
Her large dark eyes on him in sad reproach;
A moment thus she met his woeful gaze,
Then from her bleeding side withdrew her hand,
And as he caught her to his breast, expired.

—MALCOLM W. SPARROW.

December, 1890.

Goad's Map of Montreal.

To strangers visiting Montreal, and even for its residents, the want of a good, distinct map of the city, bound strongly enough for constant use, has long been felt. Such a work is now supplied by Mr. Chas. E. Goad. His map is a really excellent one, quite large enough for use, well and clearly printed, with the different wards indicated by varying colours and divided into sections in such a manner that any street or prominent building can be found instantly. An admirable index of streets and public buildings accompanies the map, and the whole is bound in a handsome cloth cover. It is brought up to date, and all the latest civic changes and improvements are fully indicated. A strong point is the low price at which it is sold, viz.: fifty cents; and we predict that the work will meet with a very large sale.

OUR PERMANENT TROOPS,

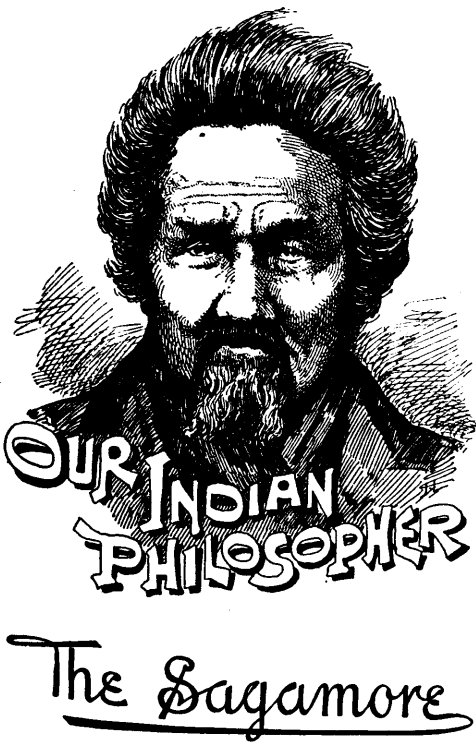
III.

"C" Company Infantry School Corps, Toronto.

This well-known company was raised at the same time as "A" and "B" companies, under the following officers: Lieut.-Col. Otter, Commandant; Major Smith, Lieutenants Sears and Wadmore, Dr. Strange. Particulars of the recruiting and organization of the corps has already fully given in this journal. (Vol v., p. 303.)

The detachment now under mention was stationed in Toronto, occupying the New Fort barracks. The buildings were erected in 1840-41, and were continuously occupied by Her Majesty's troops until 1870, when all Imperial garrisons were withdrawn from British North America, with the exception of Halifax; the barracks are of a most substantial nature, replacing the ruinous sheds known as the Old Fort, so long the only home of the garrison. On the memorable 27th March, 1835, when the news flashed through Canada of the armed rebellion in the North-West, and of the killing and wounding of many loyal volunteers by the rebel half-breeds, "C" Company was one of the first corps ordered out for active service. Its record there was an highly honourable one, and can best be summed up by a paragraph in one of General Middleton's reports:—"C" School, owing to its comparative propinquity to the scene of action, was the only one of the schools fortunate enough to go to the front in the late expedition. Its conduct during the severe and trying march through the woods, and subsequently during the campaign, whether on the march or in face of the enemy, was such as to deserve the highest praise, and redounds greatly to the credit of its commandant, Lieut.-Col. Otter, and his officers. Lieut.-Colonel Otter also did good service in command of a "column."

Proportionately to the strength of the Company, it suffered severely throughout the campaign, having 11 casualties. It was engaged in the actions at Fish Creek, Cut Knife and Batoche, at which fight a detachment, under command of Major Smith, was on board of the steamer "Northcote," intended to operate in conjunction with the main body of the land forces under General Middleton. "C" Company remained on duty in the North-West until November, 1885, when it returned to Toronto, and since then has been of great service as the school for the military instruction of the officers and non-commissioned officers of the Ontario Militia, no less than 340 officers and 560 non-commissioned officers and men having been admitted within the last six years. The company is under the command of Lieut.-Col. Otter, who is also the Deputy-Adjutant General for Military District No. 2. A detailed sketch of the life and services of this talented officer will be found on page 342, volume V., of this journal. Lieut.-Col. Otter is ably assisted by the following officers, portraits of whom will be found on another page of this issue, namely: Major Vidal, Capt. MacDougall, Lieuts. Evans and Laurie, and Dr. Strange, surgeon of the detachment. We also present views of the officers quarters, barracks and other buildings used by the corps; they are beautifully situated on the shores of Lake Ontario, and we sincerely hope that before long they and the other barracks occupied by the several companies of the Infantry School Corps will be tenanted by battalions instead of by companies, and that our Canadian Regular Infantry will thus form a brigade with the very moderate establishment of three thousand men. Such an increase would do wonders for the active militia at large by the ability of the permanent troops to then furnish adjutants and sergeant-majors to every volunteer regiment in the Dominion, besides furnishing ample detachments to keep occupied and in repair the various forts and military buildings bequeathed to us by the Imperial authorities, and which are at present rapidly falling into decay and ruin. In case of war the very points, now neglected, would be of vital importance in the defence of Canada, and their preservation should be of deep interest to the people at large as on them might depend the security of our homes from an invader.



The sagamore was busily engaged preparing his evening meal when the reporter entered. Truth to tell, the dishes did not rival the snow in whiteness, nor could the general arrangement be compared to that of a first-class dining-room. The venerable Milicete laboured with the air of a man who would fain sit at ease and eat the food prepared by other hands. When he had got the carcass of a rabbit properly adjusted for cooking and set the tea a-steeping he lit his pipe and, with a grunt of relief, turned to his visitor.

"My brother," said the reporter, questioningly, "you have been married?"

"Had three squaws," tersely rejoined the old man.

"So many as that?"

"Ah-hah."

"All at once?"

"Ugh!" grunted the sage. "S'pose I'm heap fool?"

"Not necessarily," said the reporter. "In union there is strength, we are told. If that is so, then the more union the more strength. A man united to three women ought to be as strong as a horse."

"Wait till you been married two or three times," the old man replied with a shrug.

question. A great many very wise and very learned people have been discussing whether marriage is or is not a failure. What is your own view?"

"It's failure," promptly answered the sagamore.

"Tell me why," the reporter said. "Do you speak from conviction born of reason, or experience—or both?"

"From what I see this long time."

"Tell me about it."

"When I'm young Injun," said Mr. Paul, "I git married to good lookin' squaw. He's big strong squaw—kin carry heap big load. I like that bully."

"And you were very happy," suggested the reporter.

"Ah-hah. I think big heap 'bout that squaw. He kin plant potatoes—make baskets—haul wood—do heap work every day."

"Did you ever quarrel?"

"One time. I give him so heap good lickin' he never gimme no talk back any more."

"A dutiful wife," said the reporter. "But how could marriage be a failure if all that was true?"

"He died one day," briefly responded Mr. Paul, with the air of one who had given a conclusive answer. "He come in from haulin' wood one day when it rains—ketch cold—die."

"And I suppose you had a close call yourself," said the reporter.

"Me?"



"Yes; of course you got wet and cold the same day?"

"What makes me do that?"

"Why,—weren't you out, too?"

"Me out ketch cold? You s'pose I'm heap fool? I stay in camp all day so I kin nurse him if he git sick."

"Ah! Just so. But she died, you say."

"Ah-hah."

"How it must have grieved you!" cried the sympathetic reporter. "I suppose you lived alone for many a day. And how lonely you must have been!"

"Pooty lonesome," said the sagamore. "So lonesome I git married agin right away."

"Oh!" It was not exactly the answer the reporter expected, and he ventured no further observation.

"I marry big, good-looking squaw right away," pursued the old man. "He ain't like last one—but he kin swing axe pooty good."

"We fight sometimes—I lick him—then he work better. Jist when I git him broke in he cut his foot one day—ketch cold—die."

"Yours was a sad experience," said the reporter. "But you married again?"

The old man frowned darkly and did not answer for some time. The reporter repeated the question. The old man simply nodded.

"And was she a good woman?"

"Worst old squaw in this country," growled the sagamore. "Won't do no work—won't carry no load—won't do anything but jaw all time."

"That was not pleasant. What did you do?"

"I went at him one day—try give him heap good lickin'."

"Yes? And what was the result?"

"He lick me," ruefully responded Mr. Paul. "Pooty near broke my back. After that he make me haul wood—make me pound splints—do all work round that camp. I run away—he foller me. I come back—he come too. He stick to me like one flea. He pooty near kill me 'fore he died."



"What caused her death?"

"Gin."

"And you did not marry again?"

"I live with myself ever since he died."

"And you think that marriage is a failure?"

"That's what I think. I had three squaws. Now I'm old Injun—I got to chop wood, pound splints, make axe-handles, carry big loads, same's if I never been married at all. Man's fool git married."

"Mr. Paul," said the reporter, "if you knew a bright and healthy woman, good natured, strong, easy tempered and willing to work—and if she were to come and agree to keep your house in order for the rest of your days, if she were to live so long—don't you think you would be rather glad to see her?"

"You know any squaws like that?"

"I have no doubt there are lots of them."

"If you see any," said the sagamore, "you tell him come round here see me right away."

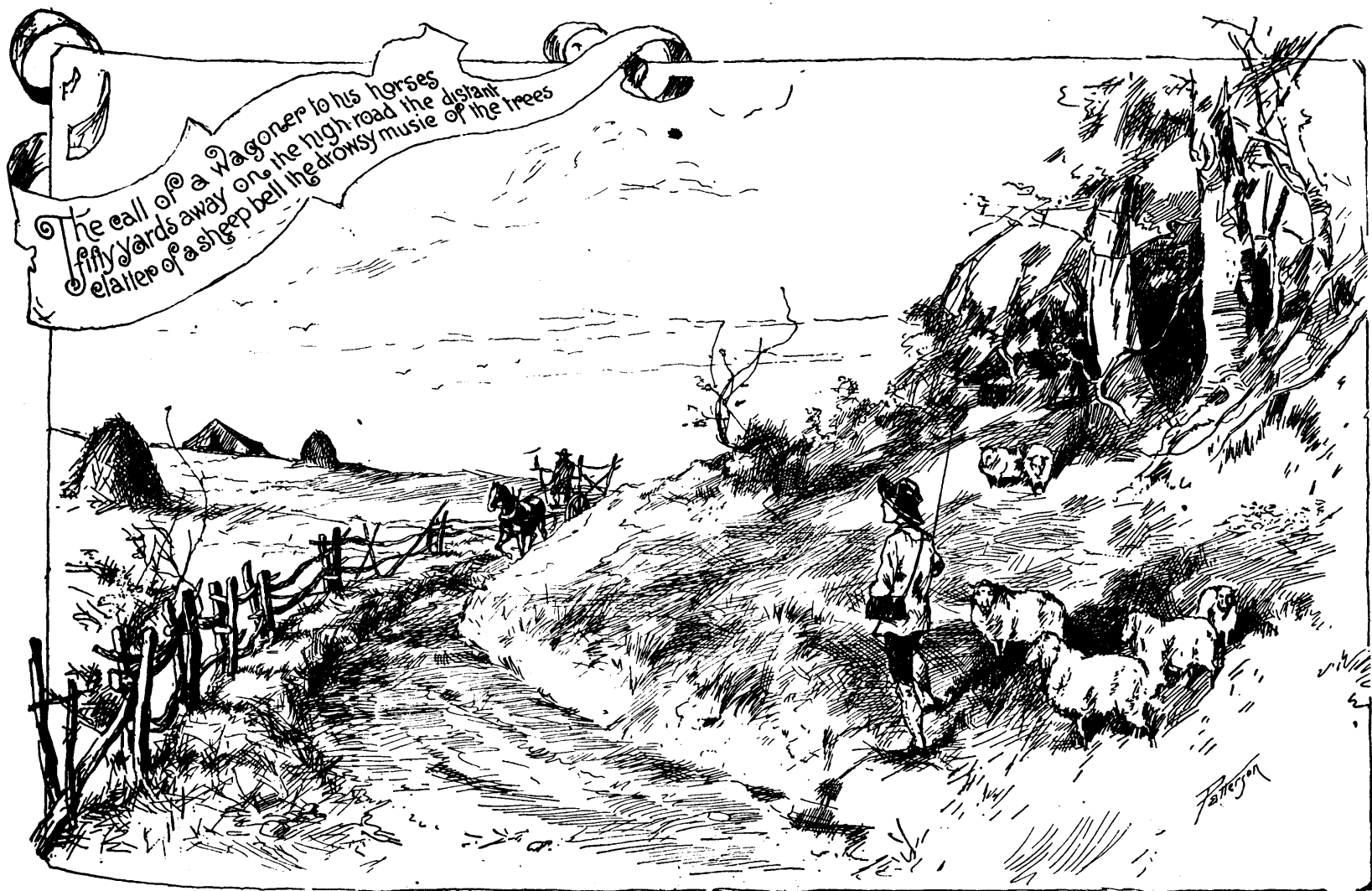


"Well," said the reporter, "a man three times married ought to be something of an authority on the marriage"

"All railway companies," says *Chambers's Journal*, "are very particular about civility being shown to the public, with perhaps one exception, known to most railway men; but even that company has now improved in this respect, as well as in many others. A bald-headed director of this company was travelling with strangers, and at one of the stations one of them asked the name of the place. A porter pointed to the name board, remarking, 'Can't you read?' The director was somewhat vexed, but said nothing. At the next station another of the passengers asked if they changed there for A—. 'Sit still, and don't bother; this ain't a junction,' the porter replied. The director, who was much surprised at the incivility of the porters, told the strangers who he was, and expressed regret that they had been so spoken to. 'I will see, however, he said, 'if they will speak in the same way to me.' At the next station he put his head out the window, but could get no one's attention till the train was moving off, when a porter came up and shouted to him: 'Keep you bald head in, old buffer, or you'll catch cold.' He fumed with rage; but the strangers seemed to enjoy his defeat. There was trouble at those three stations the next day; and three faces were seen no more on those platforms."



MR. LOUIS RUBENSTEIN, MONTREAL.
Champion Figure Skater of the World.
(Mr. W. G. Mutin photo.)



THE WEDDING RING,

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," "STORMY WATERS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—JAKE OWEN.

"Jake!" said Barbara, kneeling beside the bed. "Eh, Jake lad, to think as I'd ha turned thee on to the road again, like a starvin' dog! Lord forgive me for my wicked sin. Jake don't ee know me?" I be Jess's sister, Jess, as you married, Jake."

The repetition of the name stirred the traveller. His eyes, which had been fixed upon the ceiling with a meaningless and glassy stare, grew brighter, the rigid lines of his face softened.

"Jake!" said Barbara again, "won't ee speak to me, lad?"

The fingers which had held the paper fumbled feebly on the counterpane, as if seeking for it. Jake turned his head and saw Barbara kneeling beside him.

"Who be you?" he asked; where am I?"

"I'm Barbara Leigh," she said, letting his second question pass unanswered.

"Barbara Leigh," he repeated, "let's see thy face. Aye, Barbara Leigh. Jess's sister."

"Yes, yes, Jess's sister. What brings ee here?"

"I've come," said Jake, slowly and with diffidence, "to see ye, and bring ye a message. How did I come here? Where did you find me! Ah! I remember, I was at the gate when my head went round, and I seemed death struck, and then—what place is this?"

"Crouchford Court," answered Barbara, "I'm servant here. Ye had the name wrote on this paper."

"Ah!" said Jake, recognising it, "I wrote it myself, two days ago, when I left London, after I'd first felt the deadness coming over me, so as

folks might know as I had friends, and belonged somewhere. Who's this?" he asked, with a gesture of the head towards Mr. Bream, who stood quietly attentive at the bedside.

"It's Mr. Bream, Jake, the curate of the parish, as found ye at the gate and brought you here."

"Sarvice t'ye, sir," said Jake, "though I'd rather see ye in a coat of another colour."

"Aye?" said Bream, "and why so, my good fellow?"

"Why," answered the wayfarer, "they say where black coats gather, they be like ravens, and scent death. But I won't die yet, no—by God—not till I've done my work!"

"You'll live to do plenty of work yet, my friend, if you'll take care and not excite yourself."

"Bless you, sir, for them words!" said Barbara.

"You've had a long tramp?" said Bream.

"Aye, all the way from London. Three nights and days on the road. I'm sore spent, but there's life in me yet."

"There is indeed," said Bream, looking at him with interest.

There was a galvanic vitality in the man. Five minutes ago he had seemed almost on the point of death, now his voice, though weak was firm, and his pale face was full of a restless energy. "You'll come through all right, but you must be quiet, and not excite yourself. You've had brain fever."

"Aye!" said Jake. "That what they call it aboard ship. But I want to talk to Barbey, and, begging your pardon—"

"You want me to go? Well, so I will in a minute. Let me feel your pulse. Are you hungry?"

"I was a while ago."

"Some soup will be here in a little while. See that he eats moderately, Barbara. He is not so ill as I supposed, but he must be careful. I'll look in again towards evening. Keep your heart up, my fine fellow, and you'll soon be on your legs again."

"Thankee, sir," said Jake, "for what you've done, and my sarvice to Barbey's misses."

"Tell me," said Barbara, when the door had closed behind Mr. Bream, "tell me about Jess. Where is she? Is she come back to England wi' you?"

"Nay," said Jake, "she'll come back to England no more, my lass."

"Jake!" said Barbara, "can't ee speak plain? What is it ye're trying to hide from me?"

"She's dead," said Jake.

"Dead!" said Barbara.

"Ay," said Jake, staring at the ceiling. "She's dead and buried. She died in my arms."

"I can't believe it," said Barbara, "eh, Jake, ye're lying, I doubt, for sport. Say as ye are."

"It's the God's truth," said the man. "She died i' my arms, out yonder. Look me i' the face, Barbey, did you have no word from her—no news o' what happened ere she died?"

"Not a word," said Barbara. "Not a word have I had from her for twelve months and more. The last letter I got said as she was well and happy, and that you was good to her!"

"Better to her, maybe, than she deserved," said Jake.

"What d'ye mean," said Barbara. "I'd claw the face of any other man as said a word agen my sister. Speak out, straight and open like a man!"

"She left me," said Jake.

"Left ye, how left ye?"

"She went off with another man."

"No, no!" cried Barbara, covering her face with her hands, as if to shut out some horrible vision.

"Ay," said Jake, "that was the end of it. That was what came of nine years of happy married life. Good to her! She might well say that, Barbey, and more to the back of it. Good to her! I loved the ground she trod on—the thing she touched. I'd ha' put my hand in the fire to save her from the finger-ache. And she loved me too—till he came."

"He?" repeated Barbara.

"Ay, the man she bolted with." He lay looking at the ceiling with the same unwinking stare, and then said, softly, but with an indescribable intonation of hate and loathing, "Damn him!"

Barbara sat silent for a while, rocking her body quietly to and fro, till suddenly she broke into loud weeping.

"Ay, lass," said Jake, with the same evil-sounding quiet in his voice, "I've done that too, but it didn't fetch her back."

Barbara wept unrestrainedly for some minutes.

"Tell me," she said, at last, "how it came about."

"It was in California, at a place called Jackson's Gulch. I was mining there, and doing well, for the place was rich. I'd been doing pretty well much all along, after I married Jess, for when a man loves a gal as I loved her, it put the starch into his back. I'd done a lot of things, and tried a lot of trades and places, for there might ha' been gipsy blood in her veins, she was that fond of change. We had no children, thank God! Though, perhaps," he added, "if we had, it might ha' kept her straight."

"Well, we got to Jackson's Gulch, and it was there we met Mordaunt. That was the name he gave himself, though most likely it wasn't his own. He was a gentleman, born and bred, and a scholar, and I took it as a good deal of honour as he should have took to me directly a'most as he saw me. Jess liked him, I could see, and I was glad to see her make a friend, for the place was full of rough people as she didn't care to mix with. I was away at work all day long, and I thought no harm even when I knew he was always with her. I'd have trusted her across the world, after the nine years we'd lived together, and him with her, for I believed he was my friend, and was proud to be in his company. He never did any work, and always seemed to have plenty of money, somehow. Everybody liked him, and gave way to him, he was a sort of king among them rough chaps, and every woman in the camp was after him. There was nothing as he couldn't do. He could talk to the Frenchmen and the Germans in their own lingo, and he could play the fiddle better than any other chap in the place, and he could draw peoples pictures so as they seemed to speak to you out of the paper a'most. He did a picture of Jess, as used to hang in the cabin of the Gulch. I burned it after—after that happened, for I couldn't stand seeing the eyes follow me about. I found out afterwards as there'd been a lot of talk in the camp about her and Mordaunt being so much together, but nobody said anything to me at the time. P'raps that was lucky for 'em, for I was so mad about the wench, and so took up with Mordaunt, that as likely as not I should have stuck a knife into 'em for their pains. Well, the end came at last. I went home one night, and the cabin was empty. I waited till one o'clock in the morning, and then I went to the bar, beginning to be afeard as something might have happened, and I thought I might get news of her there. Nobody had seen her. Then I asked where Mordaunt was, and the man as kept the bar said he'd borrowed a horse from him and rode out that morning, and hadn't come back yet. I went back to the cabin, and waited all night. No news came, and no news all next day. I was well nigh mad with fright, and I went to the chief of the Vigilance Committee, and asked him to give me a search party to look for her. 'It's no use, my lad,' he said, 'they've got six-and-thirty hours start of us, and God knows where they are by now.' 'They?' I said. 'What dy'e mean?' And he told me, sh'd been seen with Mordaunt, thirty miles away, at six o'clock the day before.

He paused in his story, panting a little with the exertion of so much speech. Barbara sat waiting, with clasped hands and tear-stained cheeks, for

him to continue. Outside, the pleasant homely sounds of farm life came floating up to the window of the room on the still June air, the clamping of the horses in the stall below, the cluck of poultry, the rattle of the big mastiff's chain as he snapped at the flies, the call of the wagoner to his horses fifty yards away on the high-road, the distant clatter of a sheep bell, the drowsy music of the trees. Presently Jake's voice rose again, monotonous and hollow, like a ghost's.

"I was that mazed I couldn't think for an hour or two. Then I went to the claim where my partner was working. I didn't need to tell him what had happened. He knew already, and he saw it in my face as I knew too. I asked him to buy my share and he took it, and paid for it more than it was worth, I remembered afterwards, though I didn't notice at the time. He offered to come along with me, but I said I didn't want him. It was my work and I meant to go through with it alone. I meant to find 'em, and to kill 'em both, and what was to happen afterwards, I didn't know, and I didn't care. I hunted 'em for a long time, nearly all across America, getting word of 'em here and there, but never coming up with them, till at last I got to New York. They had been there together, and Mordaunt had sailed to England a day or two before, alone. I went all over the city looking for Jess, and at last I found her. She was in the hospital, for she'd been fever struck, and he'd took advantage of it to run away, and leave her to die, or to starve, or to go upon the streets. I'd meant to kill her, even when I heard she was in the hospital; I went there with murder in my heart, and my knife was open in my pocket when the doctor took me to her bed. But oh, lass, when I saw her poor white face, with the mark of death on it, plain for a child to read, my heart broke, and I fell crying by the bedside. For I loved her in spite of all."

Barbara took his hand and kissed it, and wept upon it, in a helpless passion of pity.

"She died," Jake continued. "Thank God, she died in my arms, and knew as I'd forgiven her. I was raving mad for days after, and knew nothing as happened. When my brain cleared, I was standing by her grave, and there, with the rain beating down on me like my own heart's blood, I swore to find the man as had done it all—as had killed her and ruined my life."

"And did you find him?" asked Barbara, involuntarily shrinking from the bed, though she still clung to Jake's hand.

"No," said Jake, "or I wouldn't be raving here, like an old hen-wife as has lost half-a-dozen chickens. If I'd found him, I'd be quiet, lying in the grave with Jess. That's what's brought me here. That's what's kept me alive through the fever, and the trouble and the hunger. It's fed my mouth like bread, the thought of meeting him face to face. It's all I ask of God Almighty, just to let me stand before that man for one minute."

The simple peasant woman had never seen passion like to this. It frightened her to silence. Then she began to stammer religious commonplaces about the wickedness of revenge. Jake lay staring at the ceiling, and made no answer; it was doubtful if he heard her.

"I'm tired lass," he said, quietly, a minute after her voice had ceased; "leave me to myself—I'll sleep a while."

CHAPTER IX.—MR. EZRA STOKES.

Mr. Ezra Stokes, the landlord of the Pig and Whistle, one of the two houses of public entertainment in the village of Crouchford, was a new comer in these parts. Crouchford was slow to accept new people, and Stokes had been a member of its community only for the last two years.

He was a dry and withered man of late middle age, whose skin had been burned to an equal blackish brown by stronger suns than that which shone on Essex. He was gnarled and warped and knotted all over like a wind-blown tree—with a halting leg, a wry neck, a humped shoulder, a peculiarly ghastly squint, a crooked mouth, furnished with huge discoloured teeth, no two of which stood at the same angle, and a twisted nose with three distinct bridges.

His antecedents were dark; except that he had

been a traveller, and had as, despite the time-honoured proverb to the contrary, rolling stones sometimes do, gathered some financial moss in his wanderings, nothing was known of him by his neighbours. He had dropped down into the little place from—Heaven knows where, and had taken the lease of the Pig and Whistle, paying solid cash for the privilege, and lived respectably in the village, owing no man anything.

There was a certain likeness between his home and himself, both had been newer and smarter once upon a time, but the battering which makes a man ugly makes a house picturesque, and such stray connoisseurs of the beautiful as came to Crouchford found the Pig and Whistle a prettier spectacle than its landlord. It was a tumble-down, weather-stained, roadside house of two storeys, with bulging walls shored up by heavy baulks of timber. Its low, browed door was covered with a heavy lintel of oak beams, and furnished with two settles, where, on fine nights, Mr. Stokes might be seen reading the newspaper or drinking affably with his rustic customers. The latter voted him 'mazin' good company, for he could, when he chose, talk of moving adventures by flood and field, in places whose names sounded strange and barbaric in rustic ears, and had, besides, a sly, hard humour, which sometimes took a practical form.

Mr. Bream, rapidly covering all the ground—social and geographical—of Crouchford with his usual energy, knew every soul in the parish in a week, and among them, the landlord of the Pig and Whistle. Their acquaintance made quick progress. There was not many people of sufficient native shrewdness or acquired experience in Crouchford greatly to interest a man of culture, except with the interest, grown commonplace to Mr. Bream, of individual traits of character, or of such special worries and troubles, bodily and spiritual, as it was his duty to attend to.

A man who had travelled, and would talk more or less intelligently of what he had seen, was an acquaintance to be cultivated in a village of whose inhabitants not one per cent. had ever wandered twenty miles from the church spire. Then, the Pig and Whistle was the sitting place of the local parliament, where the ancients and young men of the place came together to unbend in social dissipation after the labours of the day, and he who would know men should meet them at such moments.

Crouchford came to think well of its new curate. In the first week of his sojourn amongst them, the annual cricket match with the neighbouring village of Hilton had been played, and for the first time in five years had resulted in a victory for Crouchford, mainly through his batting and bowling. That alone would have conquered the affections of the villagers, but when, after the match, Mr. Bream stood the two elevens a supper at the Pig and Whistle, and after due justice had been done to beef and ale, sang "Tom Bowling" from his place at the head of the table, Crouchford, old and young, male and female, swore by him.

This access of popularity rather disturbed the mind of Mr. Herbert, who belonged to an altogether different type of clergymen, and whose aristocratic instincts were not so tempered by his Christianity as to permit him so large a familiarity with the humbler members of his flock.

A week or two after Bream's arrival his vicar was shocked to see his curate at the door of Stokes' hostelry, holding forth to the assembled yokels with a glass of beer in his hand, and obviously, to judge by the broad grins of his audience, not on a doctrinal subject. When the two clerics next came together, the senior took the curate to task about his undue familiarity.

"Understand me, Bream," he said, "I would not willingly be taken for one of those—ah—false shepherds, who think that the delivery of a weekly sermon and the discharge of bare parochial work, completes a pastor's work. By no means. I have endeavoured during my whole time here, to—ah—to institute a friendly feeling between myself and every member of the church congregation. There are—ah—limits, Bream."

"So you think I have over-stepped the limits, sir?"

"Distinctly!" said Mr. Herbert with emphasis. "To preserve authority among the—ah—vulgar, a gentleman, and above all, a priest, should keep a certain aloofness—a certain dignity. How can that dignity be preserved by a clergyman who drinks—ah—beer?"—Mr. Herbert got out the vulgar monosyllable with something of an effort—"with a crowd of rustics before a common ale-house?"

"Stokes's beer is really very good, sir," said Bream, gravely.

It never entered into Mr. Herbert's head that anybody, especially his curate, could dare to chaff him, and he put aside the irrelevant remark with a wave of his hand.

"Let me ask you, Mr. Herbert," said Bream, "if you ever happened to overhear those fellows talking when they were unaware of your presence?"

"Very possibly. I—ah—don't exactly remember any particular occasion, but it has probably occurred."

"It has occurred once or twice to me since I have been here," said Bream, "and I have noticed that on such occasions their whole conversation is one tissue of dirt and profanity. Well, sir, when I am with them, I have seldom heard a word which might not be used from the pulpit. Last night, just after you had passed, one man, Ned Roberts, from the Pear Tree Farm began to swear. I told him he had no right to use that language in my presence, but—he was drunk—he went on swearing, and Stokes turned him out and sent him home. Now surely, sir, if my presence among them obliges them to talk and think decently for an hour or so a day, that is so much gained, and the fact that it does so is surely proof enough that my familiarity has not bred contempt either of me or my office."

"There is something in what you say, Bream," said Mr. Herbert. "Still," he continued, returning to his original position, "there are limits. Don't overstep them. As for that fellow Stokes, I don't like him. During the four years he has lived here he has not once entered the church door. He has given me more trouble about—ah—tithes than any three people in the place. I don't think he led a reputable life before he came here."

"He is a fairly intelligent man, sir, and he has a good deal of influence among the labourers. As to what his life has been it is hard to say. He has travelled a good deal, though in what capacity I don't know. He is willing enough to talk of what he has seen, but he never talks about himself."

"I should say," said Mr. Herbert, "that he probably has good reason for his reticence," an uncharitable remark, which Bream attributed to the tithes dispute.

It fell out, however, that this same Stokes was to be intimately associated with the development of the one romance which was going forward in that sleepy and world-forgotten village, and it so fell out in this wise. Mr. Bream, calling at the Pig and Whistle one evening, found Stokes holding forth to his ring of customers regarding a tremendous landslip in the State of Arizona, which had happened a few years back, in a district with which he had been familiar both before and after the catastrophe. His hearers listened open-mouthed, save one sour-faced veteran, who, at the conclusion of the tale, snorted with disdainful laughter, before burying his visage in a wide-mouthed earthen mug.

"What be laughin' at, George?" asked a crony. "Why all you fools swallerin' the like of that," said the ancient.

"Don't you believe it?" asked Stokes.

"Do you believe it, as has been a telling of it?" asked the ancient sourly. "You comes here and asks Chris'en men i' their sense to b'lieve a rigmarole like that."

"Well, but George, what is it as ee don't b'lieve?"

"I don't believe one word of it," said George sturdily.

"You're wrong there, then," said Mr. Bream.

"Things of that sort do occur, and as for the details of this story, I remember reading some of

them in the English papers at the time."

"There," said Stokes triumphantly. "That's what comes o' telling a story to a gentlemen as knows something. And if you want any more proof than Mr. Bream's word, why ye shall have it."

So saying he left the meeting for a moment, and presently returned with a big volume in his arms, which turned out to be a collection of literary and pictorial scraps from English, Colonial and American newspapers.

"There," he said, bumping the volume down before the dissenting George, open at a large picture—"that's the place as it was after the landslip—as it is now for all I know. I've eat my meals and slep' in that hut scores o' times, when it was a quarter of a mile higher up the mountain."

"Well," said the combative George, unable to stand against the phalanx of testimony, but retreating like a valiant general, with his face to the foe, "I don't know as it is much use to talk o' places when that kind o' thing's like to happen. I'm glad as I can go to my bed i' Crouchford without bein' afraid of finding Hilton atop o' me when I wakes i' the morning. I should look on a visitation o' that sort i' th' light of a judgment."

"Ah! surely," chorused the others, with the exception of Stokes, who was surveying the ancient with a visage of humourous disdain, and Mr. Bream, who was turning the leaves of the book.

"Have you been in all these places, Stokes?" asked Mr. Bream, glancing from page to page, filled with scraps of journalism from most of the English-speaking countries and settlements on the face of the globe.

"Why, no, sir," said Stokes. "Not all, but I've been in a good many o' 'em. I was always fond of reading, and I cut them things out, here and there, and kept 'em, and when I came here I pasted 'em into that book. They comes in useful, sometimes, when a set o' mouldy old yokels, as has never been a mile from the town pump, calls me a liar."

George wisely declined to accept this challenge to a renewal of hostilities. Suddenly the assembly was startled by a stifled exclamation from Mr. Bream, and saw him staring like one amazed at a page of the book.

"Stokes?" he said, "rising with the volume in his hand, and speaking in a quick, uneven voice, "give me a word in private, will you? There is something here which interests me."

Stokes limped his way into the deserted parlour, and Mr. Bream followed, bearing the book, which he laid open on the table. The inn-keeper offered him a chair, he took no notice of the act, but after looking round to see that they were really alone, and the door closed, laid his finger on a cutting.

"Read that," he said, "and tell me if it's true."

Stokes, after staring at him, read the paragraph, it was to this effect:

"News comes from Yuam, New Mexico, that Bluffer Hawkins, the well-known desperado of that district, has at last handed in his checks. Our readers will remember that it is a little over a month since Hawkins, accompanied by a solitary confederate, stopped the mail coach just outside Yuam and executed a daring and successful robbery on the passengers. On Tuesday night, one of the victims of the raid gave information to Police Lieutenant McCormick that Hawkins and his companion had entered the town, and were drinking in the Magnolia saloon. That officer, with his usual energetic promptness, betook himself to the place, accompanied by three of his subordinates. Immediately on his entrance, Hawkins and his companion drew their revolvers. In the first exchange of shots McCormick and one of his followers fell, fatally wounded, and there is little doubt but that Hawkins and his companion would have escaped but for the public-spirited conduct of Mr. Uriah Cleary, the proprietor of the saloon, who materially aided the officers of law by firing at Hawkins from behind. His bullet passed through the desperado's neck, and a lucky shot from one of McCormick's party settled his companion. The identity of the latter was established at the police station, where, life being discovered to be extinct, an examination of his body resulted in the discovery of several old letters, addressed

to Philip O'Mara, at an address in London. McCormick's gallant conduct has excited universal admiration, and a subscription has been liberally started on behalf of his widow and children."

(To be continued.)

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale.

—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

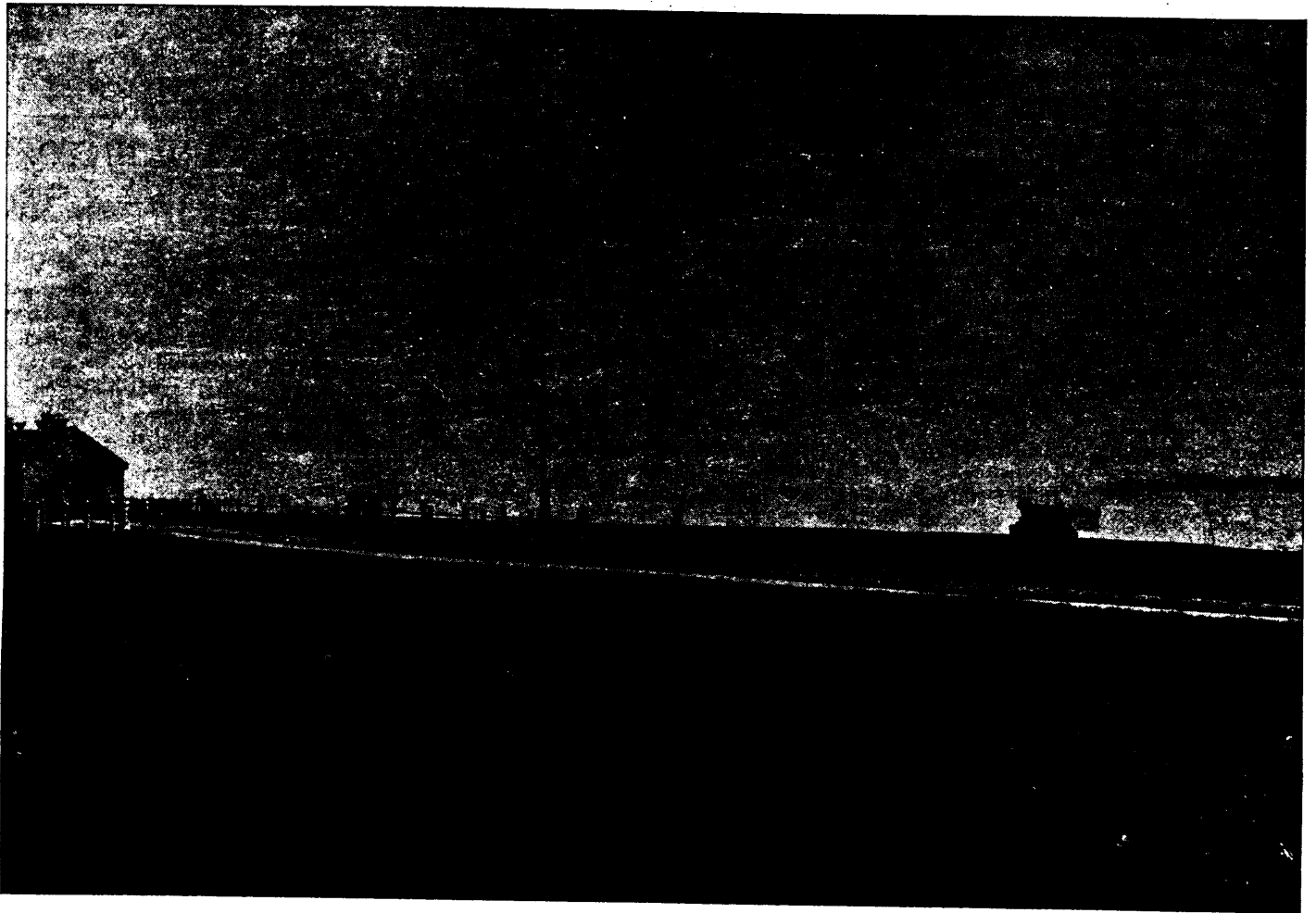
The newspapers have recently contained accounts of the strange case of a young lady whose eyes have been shedding, not tears, but pieces of glass. One can hardly fail to be struck with some odd features of the case, although he may sympathise none the less with the unfortunate young lady whose trouble is "all in her eye." Of the proverbial "glassy stare" we have all heard, but I doubt if ever before was encountered such a literal example of it. The particles of glass might not inappropriately be termed eye-glasses, for in one sense that is what they are. Now an eye that will furnish its own glasses is something new and startling,—it is itself a spectacle. If all eyes should take to furnishing their own glasses, what a terror it would be to the opticians! Like the "captain with the eye-glass," the young lady in question, it is to be hoped, will not be prevented from casting "sly glances;" in other words, that notwithstanding her curious trouble, her eyes (presumably pretty) may retain their normal health and lustre.

* * *

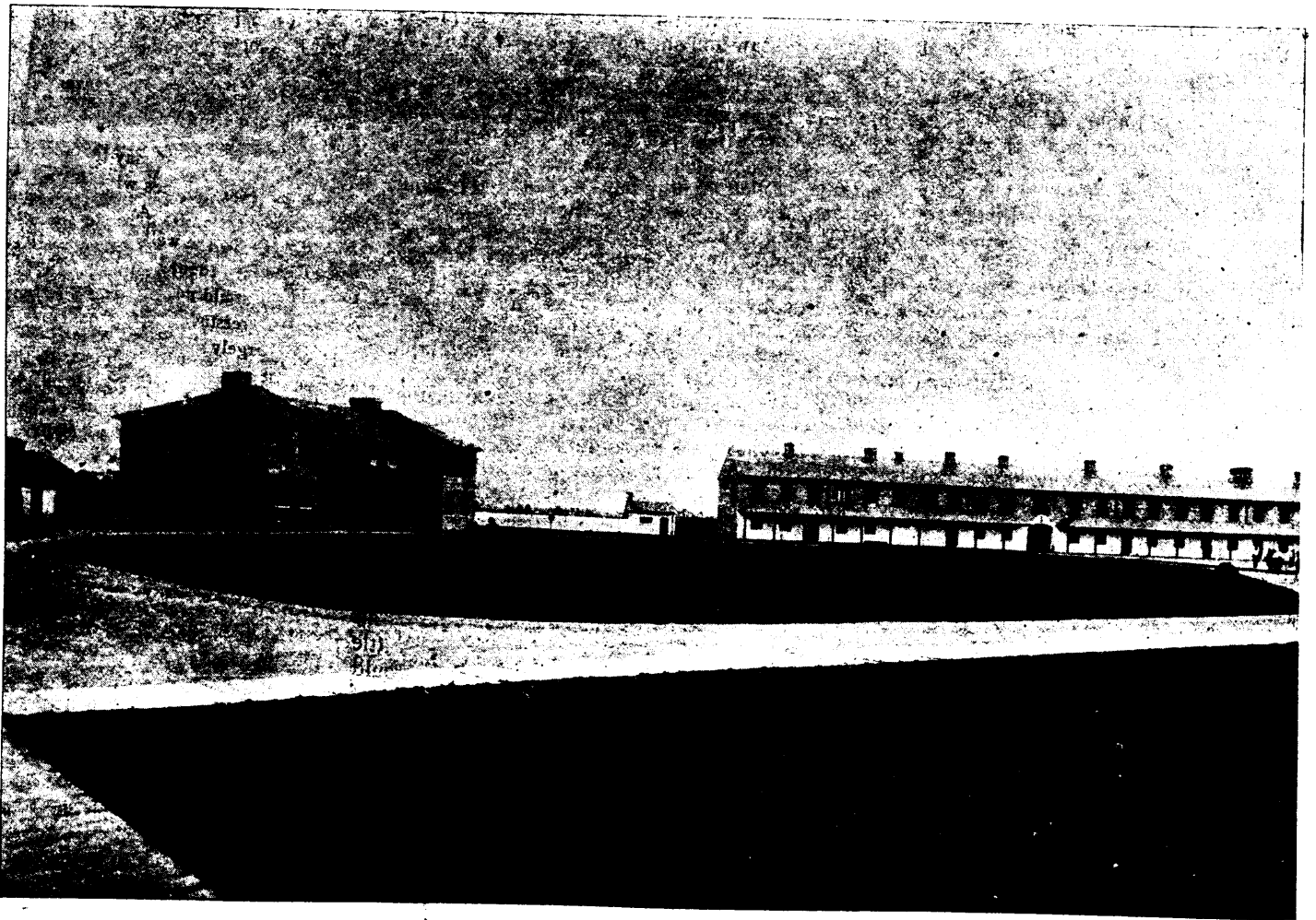
Geographic nomenclature should reveal to some extent the character of a country. In Europe, especially in England, the names, as a rule, are as beautiful as the places with which they are associated. As a rule the names are characteristic and interesting. The same is hardly true of America. Attention has, from time to time, been called to the nomenclature of the United States, with its Briggs-villes and Higginsvilles and more pompous Troys and Syracuses. Insignificant individuals and a classic dictionary seem to have done very good (or bad) service in the adjacent republic. And how about ourselves? Happily the name Pile-o-bones has given place to Regina. Medicine Hat remains unchanged, but it is a hat which I think might be knocked off. Moose Jaw is another name which grates, if I may so express it, upon the average jaw. Kicking Horse Pass is a striking (in a literal sense) but not unsuitable name for a mountain pass. Biscotasing, Pogamasing, Passamaquoddy and such names are good enough, but are rather trying to the average tongue. Canadian names on the whole are good. Insignificant individuals and classic dictionaries have not troubled us much as yet. New places will be springing up constantly and care should be taken to select graceful and suitable names, and to avoid such names as Brownsville, Jonesville and Robinsonville.

* * *

However well he may be prepared, there is nothing the average student faces with greater misgivings than he does his examinations. And in spite of preparation, his misgivings are often well founded; for I have heard of instances where the student has become so nervous and dizzy that he actually could not see the questions that were placed before him. Overstudy prior to an examination no doubt conduces largely to such nervousness; but it often places the student at a manifest disadvantage. Certain universities, Harvard I believe among the number, are making the experiment of advancing the student with regard rather to his daily class-work than to his examinations. This system has to recommend it, first, that it induces uniform application during the whole term instead of "cramming" at the end of it; and, second, that it does away with whatever disadvantages may be attendant upon an examination. By an examination it is only possible to gain a rough, approximate knowledge of the student's attainments, and it often partakes of the nature of a lottery. I know a student who had neglected to read his classics, but made an attempt at the eleventh hour upon the first five odes of Horace. Sure enough one of those odes was down for examination, and he went through with flying colours ahead of more conscientious students; his five odes proved a drawing coupon in the lottery of that examination. In Japan they shut the student up in a room, give him plenty of paper, and tell him to write what he knows of a subject; a thesis as we would call it. I am afraid that under such a system our student with his five odes would fare badly.



VIEW FROM BACK OF OFFICERS' QUARTERS, OVERLOOKING THE ISLAND.



THE EAST BARRACKS.



Officers' Quarters.

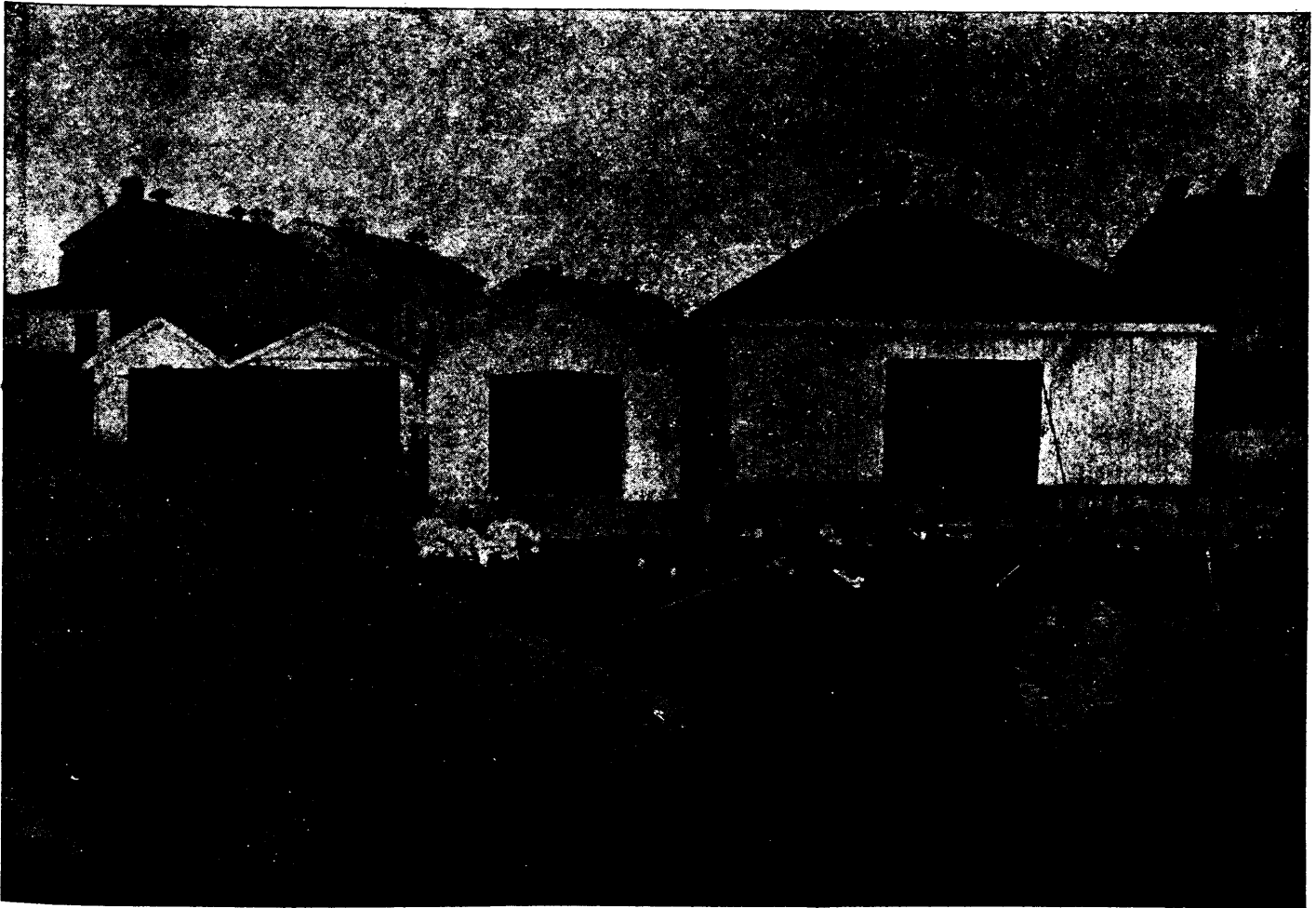
Staff-Sergeants Qrs.

Hospital.

Canteen.

West Barracks.

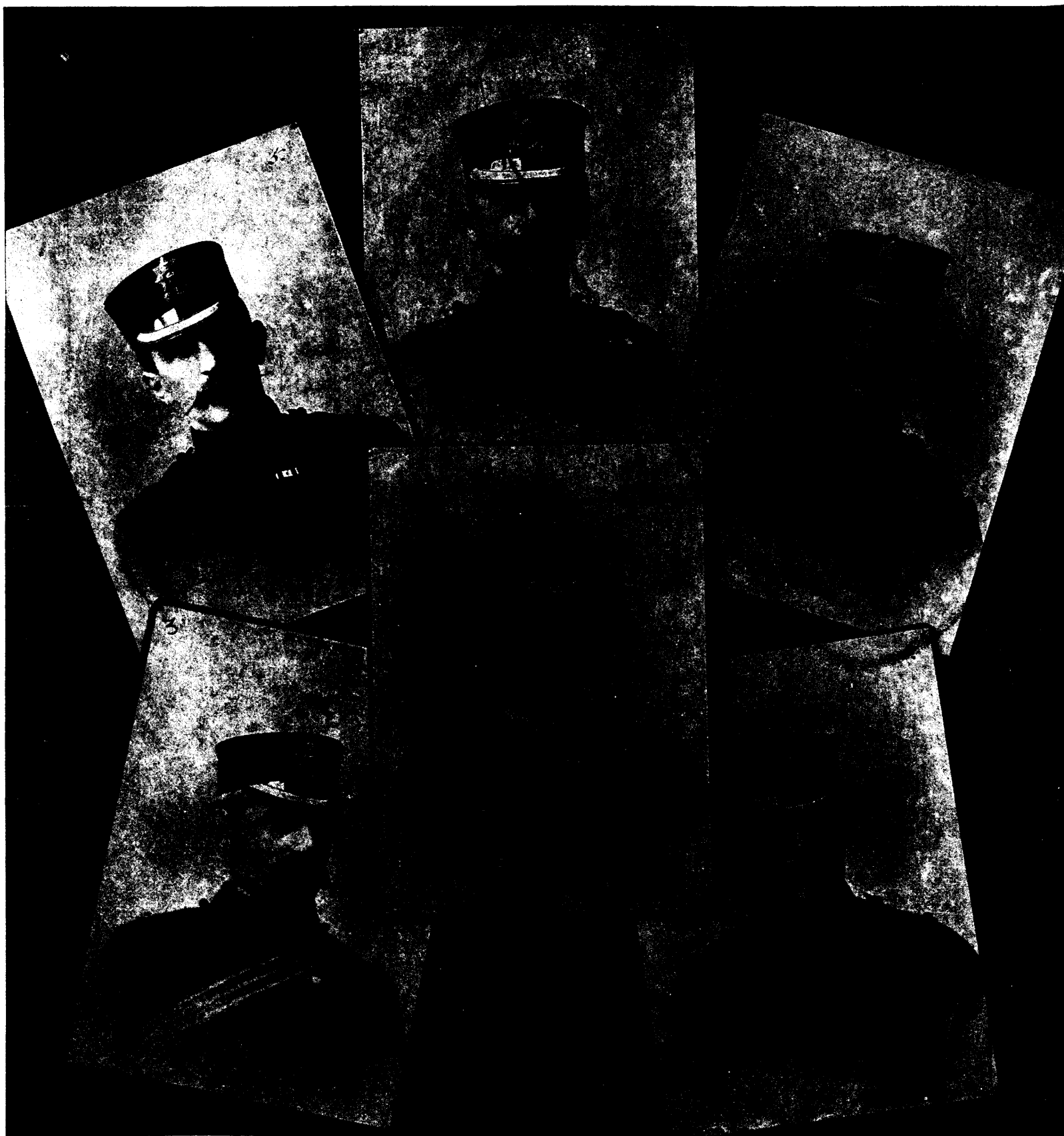
OFFICERS QUARTERS, &c.



Sergeants Gig.

Officers Gig.

THE BOAT-HOUSE.



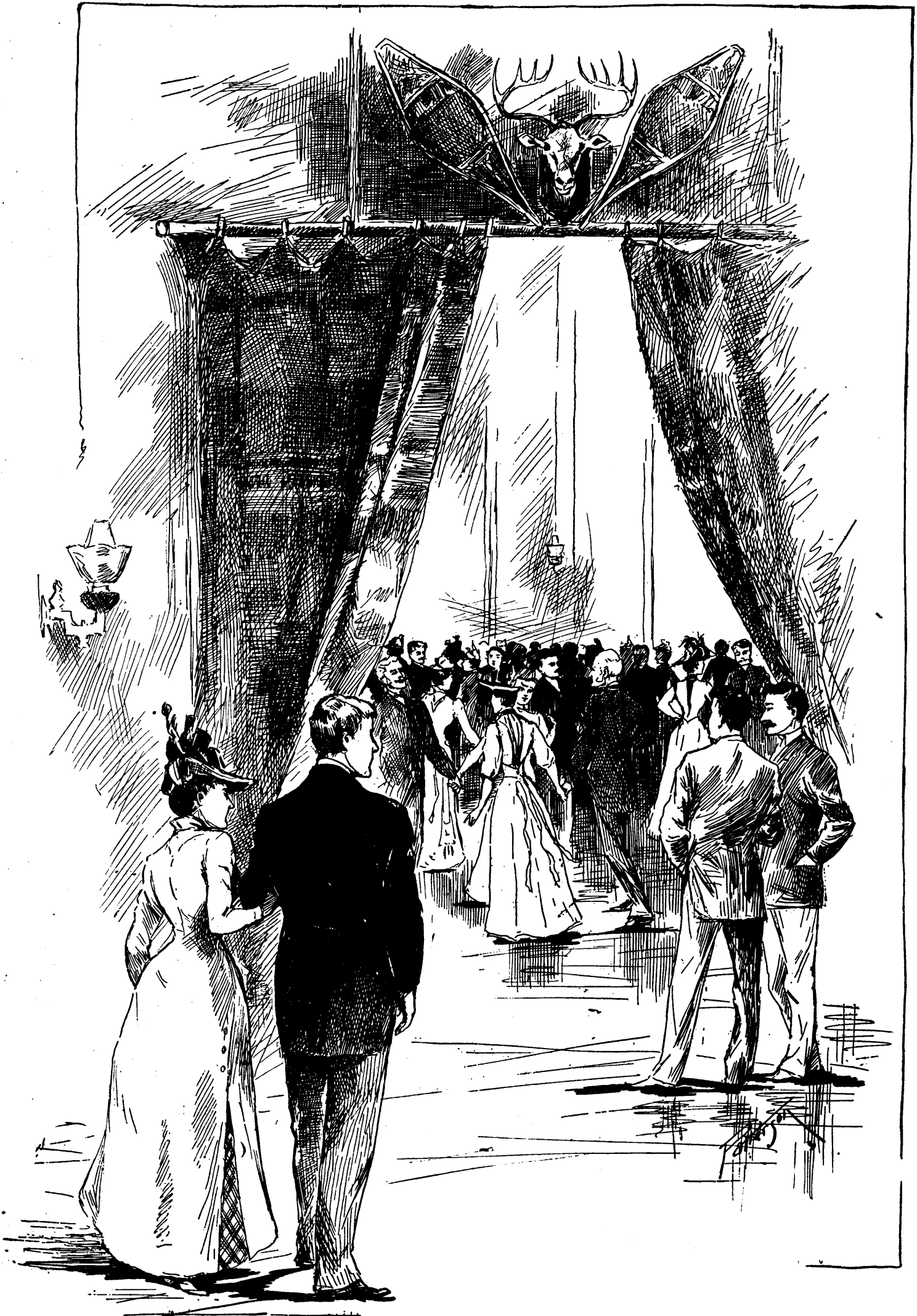
Lieut. Evans.
Dr. Strange.

Major Vidal.
Lieut. Col. Otter, Commandant.

Capt. MacDougall.
Lieut. Laurie.

THE OFFICERS

"C" COMPANY, INFANTRY SCHOOL CORPS, TORONTO.



SCENE AT THE "AT HOME," ST. GEORGE SNOWSHOE CLUB, 24TH JANUARY, 1891.
(By our special artist.)

THE FATE OF CECIL CHARTERIS.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

"It is all nonsense, Cecil! I wonder how you can lend yourself to such folly," said the rector of Underwood, one morning, as he looked up from his paper, and found that his daughter was encouraging a young man in the art and practice of palmistry.

He was still at the breakfast-table, from which the rest of the party had retired; but Cecil Charteris had thrown herself down in a negligently graceful attitude on the broad leather-covered couch that stood by the wide, rose-framed window, and was extending her pretty hand to the observation of a young man, who, on one knee at her side, was studying the palm with apparent interest.

"Phil," said the rector, remonstrantly, "how can you be so absurd?"

Phil raised his face for a moment; there was a very solemn look upon it. "I assure you, Mr. Charteris," he said gently, "that I do not see the absurdity."

"Phil has told me some wonderful things, papa," said Cecil, laughing. "I am to have a brilliant fate."

"If——" said Phil, gravely; "if——"

"Oh, yes, if!—if I choose the right path, papa, that is. Phil is highly moral in his predictions."

"It is all nonsense!" said the rector, in a vexed tone, "and I think you both might find something better to do." And then he gathered up his newspapers and letters, and went off to his study.

"Which means," said Cecil, nodding her handsome head, with a very mirthful look in her bright dark eyes, "that papa is a profound believer in the black arts, Master Phil; and that he once told me that your family had the gift of second-sight."

"Did he?" said the young man, his eyes lighting up with sudden fire. "I never knew it myself. You see I have heard so little of my own family, or my family traditions! An orphan for so many years—living abroad or at school—"

"But confess that you have much to be thankful for," said Cecil, briskly. She was not at all disposed to favour the mournful, morbid, repining views which Philip Maitland sometimes expressed. She withdrew her hand from his lingering fingers, and rose to her feet as she spoke. "Go and have your after-breakfast smoke," she said. "I am going to paint in the morning-room, and the Lesters are coming to lunch."

"May I come to the morning-room too?" inquired the young man, meekly. "I don't want to smoke; and if the Lesters are coming I shan't see much more of you to-day. Is the squire to be here as well as his daughter?"

"No, not the squire at all; only Dorothy and her brother."

"That conceited Jackanapes of a young army-man?" he asked, with an accent of bitterness.

"Is poor Harry so conceited?—I never thought so," Cecil answered, lightly. She did not choose to see the black look that had settled on his face; she sped away to her own domain, and laughed a little as she settled her painting materials to her mind.

"Poor Phil!—how cross he is!" she said to herself. "Harry has an advantage over him there, at any rate; I have scarcely ever seen Harry out of temper. After all, I am not sure that I like such very sweet-tempered men. I wonder whether Phil will come back and tell me the rest of my fortune."

Phil Maitland was the rector's ward, and had spent a good deal of his time at the rectory, in the intervals of school and college life. He was, as he had said, an orphan, but he was fortunate in possessing a good income and many kind friends, and was by no means so desolate and alone in the world as he sometimes loved to picture himself. His delicate health was the one crook in his lot. He had not been able to go to a public school on account of it, and a private school, notoriously a place for the development of "cranks," had caused him to choose a German rather than an English University, when his school-days were over. Mr. Charteris was his guardian and trustee, and, although vexed that Phil's tastes were not, as he considered, more manly and robust, he put no obstacles in the way of his doing what pleased him best.

The fact was that Phil was a difficult person to oppose. He was subject to fits of stormy passion, in which it seemed as if he lost all control over himself. Mr. Charteris who was a kindly easy-going man, would do almost anything to avoid provoking one of these fits of rage. And from him the household took its tone, so that when Philip Maitland was at the rectory everyone gave way to him, everyone petted and indulged him, with the result that he considered himself almost master of the house, and could not brook the slightest contradiction.

The only person who had of late dared to stand up against Phil's sway was the rector's eldest daughter, Cecil, and the consequence seemed to be that he was rapidly falling in love with her. Instead of flying into a rage when she contradicted him, he looked as humble as a chidden spaniel; he crouched at her feet, metaphorically speaking, and would not move save at her bidding. Cecil only laughed at him, and amused herself by alternately teasing and soothing him in a way that was rather dangerous pastime. She was at heart as good as gold—brave, loyal, true; but she was outwardly a little careless and imperious, as much a spoiled child at nineteen as she had been at seven. It must be said for her in excuse that she was rarely beautiful, and that people had not scrupled to tell her so. Cecil Charteris was by no means the ordinary country clergyman's daughter. Her parents were well-born and very wealthy; she had aristocratic friends in town with whom she had spent a season, and she had made a dazzling success of that first season. And when she came back to Underwood in July, she was neither pale nor wearied nor self-conscious; she was as full of good spirits and good nature as she had been before, and handsomer than ever. No wonder, therefore, that a good many young men of the neighbourhood were reported to be in love with her, or that Cecil laughed at them all.

"And now, Phil, tell me, what is my fate going to be?" she asked, with her sweetest air, when young Maitland made his appearance in the morning-room.

"Let me look at your hand, may I?"

She put down her paint brushes and extended the rosy palm, over which Phil began to pore with tender and even reverent care.

"I have told you most of what I see," he said, presently.

"Yes, but not all. There is something you bungled at. I would not bother you while papa was there, but now that we are alone together—I charge you on your allegiance, Phil—"

"It may frighten you," said the young man lifting his sombre, deep eyes to hers. "And yet I think you ought to know. There is a danger signal in your hand. Before very long you will narrowly escape a violent death; I am not sure that you will escape it at all. There is bloodshed and murder in your hand."

"Good gracious, Phil!" said Cecil, withdrawing her hand rather suddenly, "what nonsense you talk! Am I to commit murder, or am I to be murdered?"

"I don't know," he answered, with an air of complete good faith, which impressed her a little in spite of herself. "I see both—but there is a chance of escape; two paths in life seem to open out before you, and if you choose one you fall into danger, and if you choose the other, you are safe."

"And how am I to know which to choose?"

"Ah! that I can't say. But there is danger and blood in one direction—safety in another. And yet—my science is at fault here, I acknowledge—I don't see how you are to avert the danger, although you may survive it."

Cecil laughed—a little nervously, he thought—and took up her brushes again.

"If I cannot avert it, there is no use in thinking about it," she said. "I think you might have invented a prettier fortune for me than that, Philip."

"Invented? But I do not invent. If it is your fate, Cecil, to shed blood, or to die by murderous hands, I cannot shut my eyes to it! It is written in the lines of your hand, and I cannot avert the danger, although I might try with my whole strength to do so."

"What is in your hand?" asked Cecil.

The young man started, and changed colour. "I have a long life before me," he answered, after a little hesitation, "but not a very happy one; but I don't try to read my own fate—for oneself it is always hidden in darkness."

Cecil was not altogether sorry when one of her younger sisters opened the door and claimed Phil for a game of tennis. She considered that the conversation was a trifle too gloomy to be pleasant, and she was inclined to be unusually cheerful that morning. Her friends, Dorothy and Harry Lester, were coming to lunch—was that not enough to account for a little more liveliness than usual? She had not seen much of Harry lately; and he had always been such a friend of hers!—and then Cecil blushed and laughed to herself, for she knew well enough why Captain Lester now avoided her. Poor fellow, had he not proposed to her that spring and been refused? Cecil was quite sure that she could never make up her mind to marry him, with the certainty before her of having to live at Underwood all her life—for she was tired of Underwood—nevertheless she liked Harry very much, and felt an agreeable titillation of pleasure at the prospect of having to refuse him once more. She was not a heartless girl, but she was very human in her weaknesses.

The luncheon hour arrived, and with it the Lesters; but the pleasantness of the gathering was spoiled for two or three members of the party by the fact that Philip was in a bad temper. When Phil was angry Mrs. Charteris was always nervous, and her husband taciturn. Cecil also felt uncomfortable, for Phil's bad temper took the form of not eating a mouthful, and of staring gloomily at Harry Lester throughout the meal, while, after luncheon, gentle Dorothy Lester tried in vain to beguile him into something like amicable conversation. And yet he would not leave the company. Indeed he clung so closely to Cecil that it was next door to impossible for Harry to get a single word alone with her, and hence his intention of pleading his cause that afternoon was utterly frustrated.

Cecil observed his manner of procedure, and was secretly annoyed by it, but at the time she could say or do nothing which would not have had too marked a significance. In the evening, however, she did not refrain from a little word to her old friend, Philip, whom she looked on almost as a brother.

"What put you out so much to-day, Phil? Do you know that you were horribly rude to the Lesters?"

It was after dinner, and she was strolling up and down the lawn with Phil at her side. The sun had but just sunk below the horizon, and a red light still gleamed through the fir trees that were planted in the western side of the rectory garden. Mr. and Mrs. Charteris were inside the house with their younger children, but Cecil had taken a fancy for a stroll in the soft evening air, and Phil was never far away from her long.

He paused for a minute or two before replying to the question, and then said rather sullenly:

"I had good reason."

"But why? What had they done to offend you?"

"You know well enough."

"Indeed, I do not know, Philip. And I think it very unkind of you to be uncivil to my friends."

"Why should I not be uncivil to them," cried Philip, with sudden passion, "when they want to take from me all that I hold dear in life? Don't I know that Harry Lester wants to marry you? And sooner than that you should give yourself to him I would see him lying dead before me—aye, and you, too—for I love you better than my own soul."

Cecil recoiled. Language of this sort had never been used to her before. And by Phil, too, of all people! She had never even suspected that he was in love with her. She could not find words for a minute or two, and in that interval of time Phil gripped her arm and spoke again:

"I have never told you before, but I tell you now. My love for you is eating out my life. It makes all the world beside seem hollow and worthless to me. I would give this world, and the next world, too, for the sake of holding you in my arms—"

"Philip, you must be mad!" cried Cecil indignantly. "How dare you talk to me in this way? Never speak to me on the subject again—and let my arms go at once—you are hurting me."

He let it go, and then stood fronting her, his eyes glowing with a lurid light beneath his fierce dark brows.

"The day will come when you will hear me," he said. "You cannot escape me. You belong to me. That is your fate. I see it in your hand and in mine. Only if you give your life into my keeping can you be saved from the great red cloud of blood—of murder and misery—that hangs before us both."

"Papa was right when he said that you talked folly about the lines in one's hand," said Cecil, "and I shall never listen to you again. I am sorry that you should be so silly, Philip, and I hope that you will never utter such nonsense any more."

With these words Cecil turned away and walked to the house. Philip did not dare to follow her. He watched her until her graceful figure had disappeared from view, then rushed wildly out of the garden, and roamed the fields and woods until nearly midnight. The rector was accustomed to an occasional freak of this kind on Phil's part, and met it only by very gentle remonstrance. To outsiders it sometimes seemed as though the rector were half afraid to speak angrily to his excitable ward.

Cecil did not tell her parents what had occurred, for she hoped that she had effectually put a stop to Phil's aspirations, and that she would hear no more about them; but in this she was mistaken. For the next few days he was constantly breathing words of the same kind in her ear. When she avoided him, she found letters from him on her dressing table or in her work-basket. And all that he wrote, all that he said, breathed the same story—an impassioned love that would not be satisfied unless she responded to its call. And mixed with his protestations of devotion, there was always that veiled threat—that terrible assurance that if she refused to listen, her fate and his would be involved in some catastrophe which not all the power of earth and heaven could avert.

Indignantly as Cecil refused to listen, these insinuations had weight with her, and ended in bringing a look of anxiety to her face which had never been there before. Harry Lester saw it, and fumed; her mother saw it, and spoke—not to her, but to the rector.

"Harold," she said, "Philip is making Cecil unhappy. Had we not better tell her—?"

She paused significantly. The rector knew what she meant. "Oh, no, no," he answered, hastily; "not yet—no necessity for that. No need to trouble her mind. Phil has outgrown all the tendencies that once disturbed us. I don't think we need speak to Cecil."

He went away hastily, as though he did not want to be convinced against his will, and Mrs. Charteris stood looking after him, and shook her head as she looked. She was not so fond of Phil as her husband was, and she had an undefined fear of his dark fits of sullen rage.

But in the course of another week or two Phil's face brightened again. He became smiling, amiable, courteous. His friends were reassured in their minds about him, in spite of the fact that he ate next to nothing, and was afflicted with a restlessness which prevented his sleeping for more than a short time every night. But his spirits were so much higher, that even Mrs. Charteris was no longer anxious, and only wondered why the look of doubt or fear did not vanish from Cecil's face.

She remembered long afterwards the pertinacity with which Philip harped on a design which he had himself suggested, and to which Cecil had shown herself curiously opposed. He wanted to ride or drive with Cecil to a neighbouring hamlet, in order to inspect a house which was standing empty. It was a picturesque place, of some historic interest, and Cecil had several times expressed a desire to look at it; but of late she had shown considerable dislike to the prospect of going alone with Philip, and at last said, decidedly, that she would not go unless her father and mother went too. Thereupon the rector consented to go. But fate was too strong for Cecil. The trio had started, and were driving through the village, when a woman came running across the road to beg Mr. Charteris to visit her dying mother. The rector jumped down at once, and bade the young people go on without him. And Philip smiled maliciously in Cecil's face.

"You need not look so dismayed," he said. "I'll take good care of you." And for very shame Cecil could not insist on turning back.

But as they passed the hall, she saw Captain Lester issuing from the gates. He raised his hat gravely, and in reply Cecil flashed him a glance which he never forgot—a glance of mingled appeal and terror and despair—expressions of which she was perfectly unconscious, although they revealed the inmost secrets of her heart.

Here Lester stood motionless for a moment, watching the phaeton as it rolled down the dusty road. His horse was waiting for him. Possessed by a sudden impulse, he swung himself into the saddle and turned his horse's head in the same direction. Unfortunately he had allowed the phaeton to precede him so far that at a point where two roads divided it became uncertain as to its course, as it was nowhere to be seen. He rode a little way down one lane, then turned and tried the other. It occurred to him that Cecil was going to inspect Rood House, the old mansion of which he had two or three times heard her speak. He enquired of one or two labouring men whom he met upon the road, whether they had seen a phaeton such as he described; and before long, one of them told him that a carriage of that kind had just put up at the Rood Arms. Thither Harry Lester betook himself, and soon found that the rector's groom was enjoying himself in the village ale-house, and reported that Miss Charteris and Mr. Maitland were exploring the Rood House. Captain Lester put up his horse and strolled out into the village. He was uncertain what he ought to do. He did not know on what terms Phil stood with Cecil. From his recent visits to the rectory he knew well enough that Phil was in love with her, but whether Cecil returned that love he had been unable to discover. Perhaps he should only be intruding where he was not wanted, if he pursued them to Rood House. But on the other hand, Cecil's appealing look haunted him. It seemed to him as if she had called him to help her, and he could not disobey the summons. What could that look mean? He would not lose a chance of finding out; even at the risk of offending her he would make his way at once to the place where she might be found.

Rood House, a long, rambling red-brick mansion, fronted by a terrace, was entirely screened from the high-road by a wide stretch of park and shrubbery. It had long been closed to the public by the morose and eccentric old bachelor to whom it belonged; but on his death it was put up for sale, and for some weeks almost anyone who liked could inspect its carved oak panels, its mullioned windows, and its winding staircases. It was empty of furniture, and was tenanted only by one old woman, the caretaker, whom Lester met as he pushed open the heavy iron gates.

"Why, Mrs. Smith," said Harry, who knew her well by sight, "what is the matter?"

The old woman was crying and wringing her hands.

"Oh, sir, the Lord be thanked that you've come! I can't get into the house—they locked me out; and I heard Miss Charteris a screamin' out for help as I was on the terrace; and there'll be murder done I believe—"

She did not finish the sentence, for Harry Lester had started towards the house at the utmost of his speed before the words were well out of her mouth. "Screaming for help!" What was meant by words of ill-omen like these? Was Maitland not with her to protect her? Harry Lester had not grasped the idea that she might require protection from Philip Maitland himself.

He reached the terrace, and looked round him anxiously. The door was shut and locked, the lower windows were closed, and their small panes seemed to make speedy entrance impracticable. He looked up at the windows above the ground floor. One of them was open, and from it surely came the sound of voices—the sound of Cecil's voice! A climbing pear tree afforded him the means of ascent that he required. He clambered up to the window, and as he neared it, heard Phil's voice, in wild and excited accents, which brought every syllable to the listener's ear.

"It is your fate and mine," the young man was saying. "Try as you will, Cecil, you cannot avoid it. You shall be my wife—"

"Never! never!" Cecil's voice was heard to say.

For one moment Captain Lester paused. Was it an ordinary love declaration that he had come to hear? But Philip's rasping voice went on—rising as he proceeded almost to a scream.

"You shall be my wife or you shall die! I tell you I have read it in your hand, in the stars that control our destinies, yours and mine, and I know that it must be true! If you are never my wife, there will be shedding of blood, and it must be yours, I tell you,—not mine—not mine!"

"Come one step nearer and I shall fire," said Cecil. And as Lester gained the window, he saw to his inexpressible

relief that she was armed. She had in her hand a little shining weapon—a mere toy, as it seemed, and yet of deadly meaning; a small revolver, which Lester recognised as one that he had seen in her father's study. Her face was pale but very determined, her hand was perfectly steady, her calm eyes were fixed on Philip's face.

And Philip? What was that thing half-hidden in Philip's lifted hand, as, with body bent and supple sliding movements like those of a tiger in a jungle, he drew a little nearer to his prey? A bright, keen-edged pointed knife! It needed only one glance at that poised quivering weapon, only one glance at Philip's wild, demoniac face, to assure Lester of what he had dimly suspected. Philip Maitland was mad! A dangerous lunatic at large and threatening the life of Cecil Charteris? He threw himself into the room by the open window; but—as it seemed for the moment—all too late!

Philip's hand was on Cecil's shoulder—the knife was at her throat. Then a report was heard, a little puff of white smoke was seen. Man and woman recoiled from each other; Cecil to throw herself into Harry Lester's arms; Phil to sink fainting to the ground. Cecil had fired upon him, and she had taken good aim.

"Is he dead? Is he dead?" she cried again and again. "Oh, Harry, I could not help it; he was mad—he would have murdered me—or—indeed, I think that he was mad!"

"He was quite mad," said Captain Lester, gravely, "and you fired only out of self-defence. You acted quite rightly, my dear. And now, let us look—stand aside for a moment, my darling, and let me see his face."

"Is he dead?" said Cecil once again. And then she burst into passionate weeping for the sake of the man who had been her playmate and her friend.

Phil was not dead, though wounded in the shoulder. He was seriously ill for a time, but ultimately recovered his bodily strength, though not his reason. The secret which had been kept from Cecil as well as from himself, lay in this hereditary taint; his father and grandfather, as well as several others of his relations, had been attacked by violent homicidal mania, and it was scarcely to be expected that he should escape. The rector was very much blamed for not having sufficiently protected his daughter, but as he said, the outbreak was so sudden that it had not seemed necessary for him to sadden her by a warning. Poor Phil had to be consigned to a lunatic asylum, and Cecil was so much affected by the shock that a couple of years passed before she could make up her mind to marry her faithful lover, Harry Lester. But the marriage took place at last.

The pistol had been taken by Philip from the rector's study, but Cecil had managed to gain possession of it, and possibly saved her life by that timely shot. In one point, Phil's predictions were fulfilled to the letter, for he saw bloodshed in Cecil's hand, and the possibility of murder and sudden death. His mistake lay in the interpretation of those misleading and baffling lines in which he professed to read 'the fate of Cecil Charteris.'

[THE END.]

"AWFULLY" GOOD.—A friend of mine, the younger member of whose family were given to using senseless phrases much affected by the youth of this good old town, tells me that, after many futile efforts, he succeeded in so forcibly bringing the absurdity of the habit to their attention that they have in a measure dropped it. With them every new thing was "awfully" sweet, every social gathering they attended "awfully" jolly. One evening he came home with a budget of news. A friend of his had failed in business. He spoke of the incident as "deliciously" sad. He had ridden up to town in the car with a noted *raconteur* and wit, whom he described as "horribly" entertaining, and to cap the climax, he spoke of some butter which had been set before him at a country hotel as "divinely rancid." "I should think, papa," said his eldest daughter, "that you were out of your head." "Not the least, my dear," he said pleasantly. "I'm merely trying to follow the fashion. I worked out 'divinely rancid' with a good deal of labor. It sees 'awfully sweet' and goes it one better. You'll find me 'in the swim' hereafter. And now, he added, "let me help you to a piece of this deliciously tough beef." Adverbs are not as much misused in his family as they were, at least not in his hearing.



T. D. Bell, *Hon. Pres.*
 W. M. Knowles, *1st Vice-Pres.*
 C. P. Sclater, *Pres.*

S. Howard.

C. H. Godfrey.
 B. T. Kirkhouse.
 E. C. Arnoldi.

Ross. Mackenzie.

C. R. Hardy, *Hon. Sec.-Treas.*
 C. E. Howard.
 R. P. Adams.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS, 1890-91.

ST. GEORGE SNOWSHOE CLUB.



TRYING IT ON.

MISS NEWFOUNDLAND.—How should I look in Stars and Stripes!—From Judy.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.



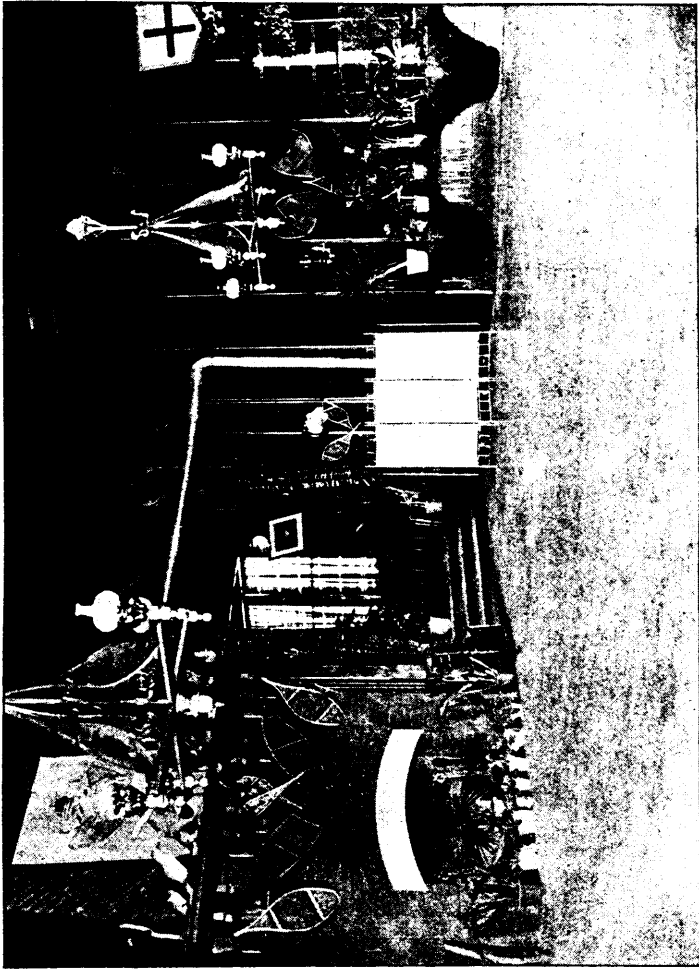
LET me see. It must be fully—well, it was no matter how many years since—it was in the “rare old used-to-be,” that Riley sings so masterfully of. I was a mere boy, *at* fifteen, knee trousers, a shock of curly hair that served as a covering for more knowledge than I can ever forget, though I live to twice my present

age, or younger. Many were the little fishing, and swimming and berrying excursions formed and put into brilliant execution at the instigation of “that town squash,” as one misguided lad had observed, and which remark he bitterly regretted about three minutes afterwards. One Wednesday evening the whole party of us went to prayer-meeting in the quaint old meeting-house that stood just on the brow of the hill that led from the landing-place of the river steamers. After meeting we organized a game of “tag,” which we kept up until after dark. Tiring of this, the diversion was presently changed to “I-spy.” I ran away up the road and turned into the graveyard-gate and hid among the trees. Hearing nothing of the other boys, I ventured, at the end of fifteen minutes, to the fence and peeped through the gate, but could see no one, up or down the road. I sneaked back to my hiding-place again, and to kill time proceeded to cut a cedar switch, carefully trimming it of all twigs and bark. As the boys still kept away, I decided to skulk down the road again and investigate. The night was inky dark, and there was a strong south wind crooning mournfully through the trees. I stumbled along somehow or other until I felt the fence, which I followed to the gate. After passing out, I kept close to the fence, in the path that had been made by many feet, young and old, in the grass at the side of the road. I was sauntering along, wondering what the folks down home were doing, and trying to drive away the sad wailing of the night wind from my mind. The darkness was so deep that I could not at times see the fence, but stumbled along the uneven path as best I could. Presently I felt something grasp the cedar switch and jerk it instantly out of my hand! Well, yes, I really think the kinks in my hair did straighten themselves out, and I felt very, very “goose-pimpily.” I remember I said, “What’s that?”

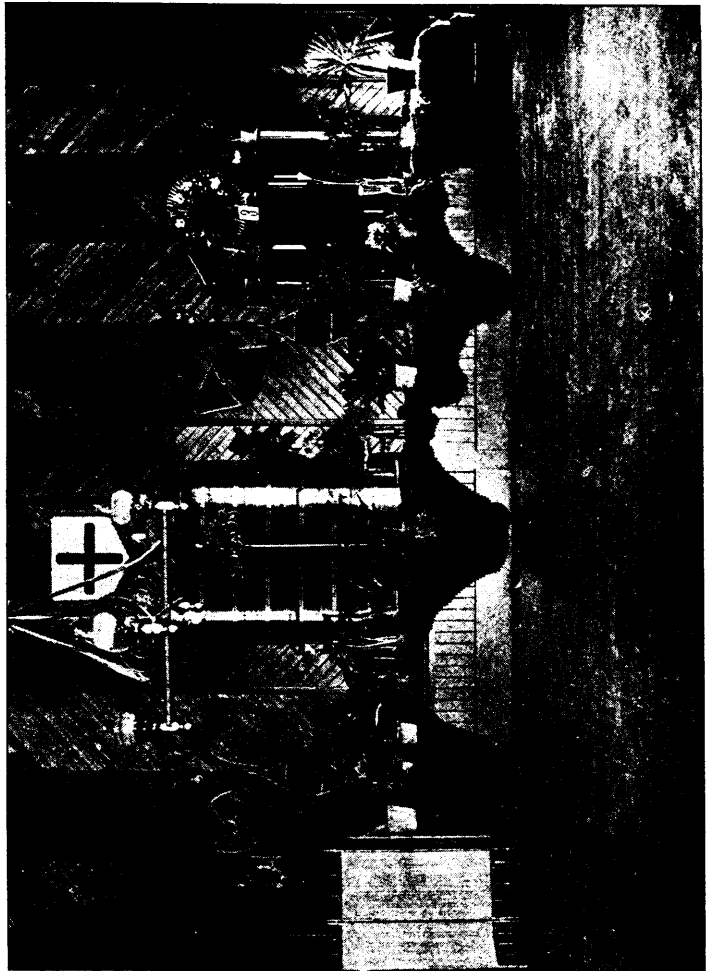
and then simply sprinted for a short distance. Then I began to think. Suppose any of the boys should see me—what would they think? You see I had always posed before them as a supernaturally brave boy, not afraid of anything—no, not even *ghosts*! And then the idea occurred to me that perhaps the boys had put up a trick upon me to expose the wretched hollowness of my assumed courage. So, after pondering the matter over, and being firmly convinced that they were lying in wait, and would see, therefore, how quickly the truly brave recover themselves in times of sudden peril, I stumbled back along the path to the graveyard. Reaching the fence I looked over, but it was too dark to see whether anyone was lying there or not. As I moved cautiously along, something touched me on the knee! I reached down and made one wild grab, and—caught a cedar switch! It was the one that I had been carrying, and was firmly wedged in the fence. You see, the wind had loosened one of the boards at one end, and it swung back and forth in the breeze. As I was passing by, swinging my stick, it happened to strike into the crack of the board made when it tore itself from the nail-head holding it, and at that moment the wind had jerked the board around and from me. Well, when I thus saw that my companions were *not* lying in wait to witness my actions, I gathered myself together and, as I firmly believe to this day, smashed the amateur record all to pieces. Next day I learned that as I did not make my appearance within a reasonable time, the juvenile Trout Creekers had concluded that I was trying to be “funny,” and had gone to my uncle’s. Accordingly they dispersed, and if they are desirous of knowing just where I went that night, so long ago, they are hereby referred to this issue of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

KIMBALL CHASE TAPLEY.

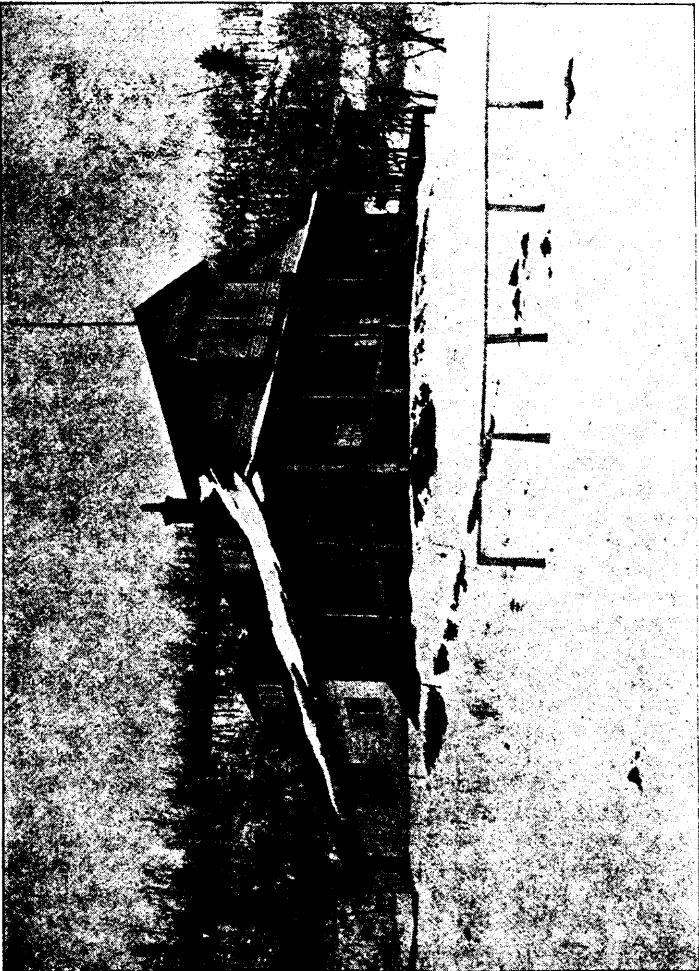
age. The summer holidays had come at last, and I had carefully packed my lures and penates into a carpet valise and had taken passage on the good steamer “May Queen,” bound for Trout Creek. It was marked “Trout Creek” upon the county map, but among the river-folk the place was known as “Springerses.” (Mr. Springer was the postmaster, magistrate, store-keeper, undertaker, Sunday-school superintendent, and wharfinger of the little village of Trout Creek.) I had been but a week in the place before I was personally acquainted with all the youths of my



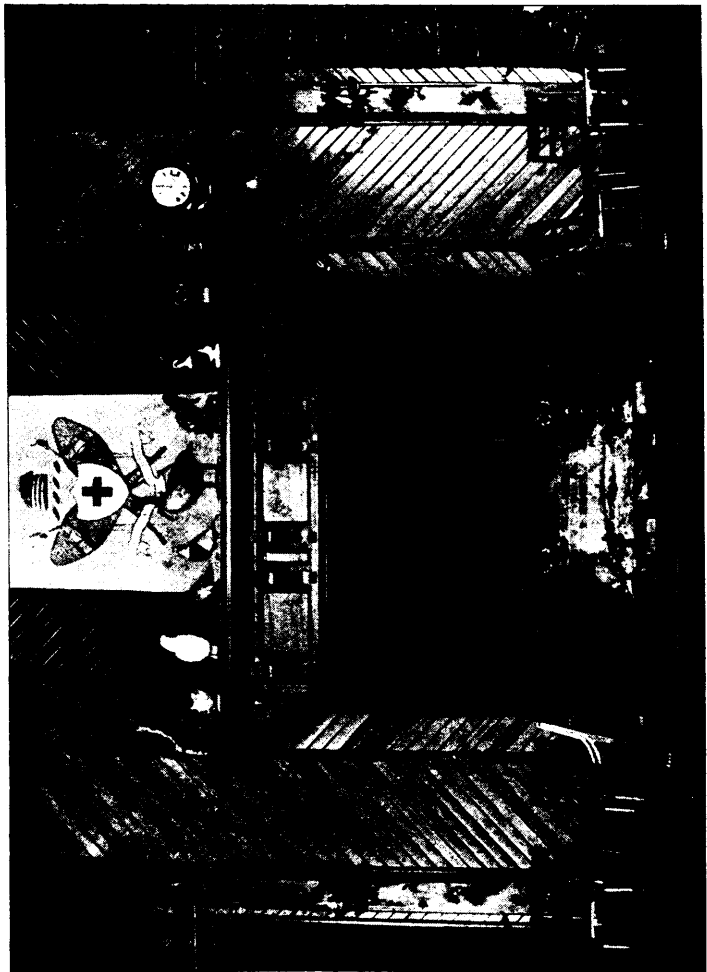
The Reception Room.



The Dining Hall.



Exterior.



Fireplace in Hall.

THE CLUB HOUSE ON THE MOUNTAIN.
ST. GEORGE'S SNOW-SHOE CLUB, MONTREAL.

ST. GEORGE SNOWSHOE CLUB.

On Saturday afternoon the 24th inst., the St. George Snowshoe Club gave an "At Home" at their club house at Cote St. Antoine. The "At Home" given by the St. George's once a year is now looked forward to as one of the social events of the year, therefore notwithstanding that the weather previous to the day indicated that the approach to the club house would be difficult tickets were in great demand and long before the hour named on the invitation card sleigh after sleigh commenced to storm the hill leading to the home of the Red Cross Knights. The handsome club house looked very cheery from the outside and once inside it was impossible for the guests to restrain their admiration of the unique and appropriate decorations, the stage looking particularly well decked with many fine plants and handsome rugs, the same style of decoration being carried through the ante rooms and dining hall. Mesdames T. D. Bell, C. P. Sclater, W. M. Knowles, W. S. Bryden and Miss Bell received the guests on behalf of the club.

It may safely be said that all those who were fortunate enough to receive invitations thoroughly enjoyed the club's social effort.

The following gentlemen who compose the executive management of the club deserve considerable credit for the very complete manner in which all the details in connection with the "At Home" were carried out.

Hon. President—T. D. Bell.

President—C. P. Sclater.

First Vice-President—W. M. Knowles.

Second Vice-President—W. S. Bryden.

Hon. Sec.-Treas. C. R. Hardy.

Directors—Ross MacKenzie, B. T. Kirkhouse, C. H. Godfrey, Stuart Howard, E. C. Arnoldi, R. Passmore Adams, C. E. Howard.

It is very possible that yielding to numerous requests the club will give another "At Home" before the close of the season.

In this connection a short history of the St. George Snowshoe Club may now be interesting to the readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

In 1874 a few members of the St. George Cricket Club having decided that it was advisable that some means of keeping the members together during the winter season be adopted, it was resolved to establish a snowshoe club bearing the same name as the cricket club. An advertisement was put in the papers and a tramp of those favorable to such a club was appointed for Nov. 27 1874. On this date 28 turned out and on assembling at Roy's Hotel, the following were elected office-bearers for the ensuing season:—

President, George Sully; 1st vice-president, R. Scott; 2nd vice-president, F. L. Hankey; secretary, W. L. Matthews; treasurer, J. F. Haskell; committee, T. J. Patterson, G. O'Grady and R. H. Burn.

The first year's membership did not exceed 32, and the club started out on the second year with an increased membership of 64.

At this time, besides the weekly run over the mountain, long tramps were taken to St. Laurent, Sault au Recollet, Lachine, St. Vincent de Paul and St. Johns.

On December 7th, 1874, a meeting of the club was called and the constitution and by-laws of the club were drawn up. The substance of articles one, two and three is here quoted for obvious reasons. The club was established with a view to encourage the taste for snowshoeing; the motto *solvitur ambulando* was adopted; purple and white became the colors and St. George's cross the insignia. It was the original intention of the club that only members of the St. George cricket club or of No. 3 company Victoria Rifles should be eligible for admission and the annual subscription to the club was fixed at 50 cents. In the year 1876 the club was made an open one, and the annual subscription raised to \$1. In 1877 the members of the St. Andrew's S. S. Club were admitted en masse as members of the St. George Snowshoe Club and from this date on the membership roll of the club has increased yearly until it now numbers about 475 members.

The first club steeplechase was run on Saturday, January 27th, 1877, the result being:—Bowden, 1; K. Matthews, 2; Rose, 3. Although the St. George does not profess to be a racing club its members have never shirked a cross-

country tramp and are as used to long tramps and feats of endurance as any other club. In 1879 Mr. C. Lamothe, representing the St. George Snowshoe Club, won the Worthington cup, presented by the Windsor Hotel, and open to all snowshoe clubs of the Dominion and thus secured to the St. George's the honour of the amateur championship for one of its members. On the race track the club has won considerable renown and it is only necessary to prove this to mention the names of Messrs. C. Lamothe, H. L. Shaw, A. E. McNaughton, T. Davidson, J. Samuel, W. R. Samuel, J. G. Monk and T. Ramsay, all of whom have sustained the honor of the Red Cross Knights in many a well contested field, where they proved themselves invincible and nobly carried their colours to the front.

In March, 1880, the club held their first annual dinner at the St. Lawrence Hall, which proved, as have all subsequent ones, a decided success.

On the 31st of January, 1881, the club gave an entertainment at the Academy of Music in aid of the funds of the Montreal General Hospital, which brought together the largest audience ever assembled there. The entertainment given proved not only a success, but a triumph and resulted in the sum of \$609.33 being presented to the Hospital.

On Saturday, Feb. 19th, the club held their first annual races which took place on the Montreal Lacrosse ground. The weather was glorious, the attendance one of the largest ever seen on the ground, the events well contested, and the success of the club's representatives most gratifying.

Up to this time the club assembled after tramps at Prendergast's Hotel where they had rooms reserved for them. Subsequently Lumkin's Hotel was made the rendezvous. A feeling now began to be felt in the club that an effort should be made to establish quarters of its own, consequently very little surprise was caused when on Feb. 17th, 1883, a circular signed by F. C. Henshaw, president, and W. L. Matthews, hon.-sec., was issued to the members with reference to securing permanent headquarters. They stated that in their opinion it would be to the interest of the club to carry out this idea, and that they believed that the time had now come when active measures should be taken to secure a suitable building for the use of the club on its tramps, for social meetings of its members in summer as well as in winter, and that taking into consideration the large membership of the club and the social status of the members, the outlay required from each individual would not be felt to be a burden.

In order to carry out the proposed scheme it was found necessary for the club to obtain an Act of Incorporation; accordingly Letters Patent were applied for and granted. The capital stock of the club was made \$6,000, divided into 600 shares of \$10 each.

At first there were a good many who had but little confidence in the ultimate success of the scheme. But some of the members who had seen the club grow up from very small beginnings, and who had its interest at heart, never lost sight of the idea, and without making any great noise kept quietly at work. At length in the fall of 1886 a most picturesque and beautiful site was chosen a short distance from the city at Cote St. Antoine for the erection of the club house, which was built under the able direction of Messrs. Hutchison and Steele.

The house was erected in the early English style of architecture; externally of rough cast, with spacious verandas on all sides, recessed balconies, high pitched roof with dormers, also rough cast in the gables with half timbering.

The interior is most suitably and conveniently arranged to meet the requirements of the snowshoers and their friends.

The hall door gives access to a large square entrance hall, on passing through which one reaches the lofty, well proportioned assembly room, wainscotted with large windows opening on to the verandas. A marked feature of this room is the grand old fashioned wooded fireplace. Separated from this room by curtains is the banquetting hall. Nor have the requirements of the inner man been in any way forgotten, a large and convenient kitchen, pantries, larders, lockers and such like having been carefully provided, the whole being so skillfully arranged that whenever required the grand hall, assembly rooms and other

reception rooms on the ground floor may be thrown into one. The second floor is reached by an easy staircase and here are the dressing rooms, one or two bedrooms, also the large and cheerful, well lighted committee room with open fireplace. From this room one ascends to the recessed balcony in front of the building from which a superb view can be obtained. It is due to such men as Col. Fred. Henshaw, W. L. Matthews, T. Gilmour, Stanley Bagg, C. D. Monk, C. P. Sclater and others of the same stamp that the St. George Snowshoe Club possess to-day a home of their own and such a one.

It is needless to say that since the erection of the club house, the membership has increased and is increasing yearly and it is to-day in a most satisfactory financial position.

The club now hold two weekly tramps on Tuesday evening and Saturday afternoon. Dinner is served every Saturday evening at the club house at 6.30 and has proved a very popular innovation. So far the present season has been a most successful one and everything points towards it being one of the most successful in the history of the club. All members of the club have the privilege of introducing friends whether residents of Montreal or otherwise; therefore all who have not already paid a visit should do so on the first opportunity.

It is safe to say that during the winter season few visitors leave Montreal without having visited the club and having been initiated in the orthodox fashion by bouncing. Although the club does not favour what are known as Ladies' nights, still they are very often favoured with the presence of the fair sex, who generally go away convinced that the Saints are the best of hosts. The following are the names of the presidents and vice-presidents since the foundation of the club to date:—

	PRESIDENT.	1st. VICE.	2nd. VICE.
1874	—Geo. Sully	R. Scott	F. L. Hankey
1875	76— " "	F. L. Hankey	R. H. Burn
1876	77—T. J. Patters'n	R. H. Burn	H. A. Howe
1877	78—Geo. Sully	" "	" "
1878	79— " "	H. A. Howe	C. Dyde
1879	80—F. C. Henshaw	S. S. Cummins	J. G. Monk
1880	81— " "	J. G. Monk	H. A. Howe
1881	82— " "	" "	J. A. Wilson
1882	83— " "	S. Howard	C. D. Monk
1883	84— " "	C. D. Monk	S. Howard
1884	85—C. D. Monk	C. P. Sclater	R. J. Ross
1885	86— " "	" "	" "
1886	87— " "	R. J. Ross	J. G. Monk
1887	88—R. J. Ross	J. G. Monk	Thos. Gilmour
1888	89— " "	Thos. Gilmour	T. D. Bell
1889	90—T. D. Bell	Ross MacKenzie	B. T. Kirkhouse
1890	91—C. P. Sclater	W. M. Knowles	W. S. Bryden

Mr. W. L. Matthews occupied the position of Hon.-Secretary from 1874 to 1888.

The following brief notices of the officials of the club will be of interest to the members as well as explanatory of the portraits, which for lack of space are confined to the gentlemen at present holding office:—

C. P. Sclater, President St. George Snowshoe Club, was well known in rowing and football circles in England between 1870 and 1876, rowing at Henley in the Kingston crews of 1874, 1875 and 1876, and playing on the South of England Football teams at about the same period. Soon after crossing the Atlantic he stroked the South Carolina Rowing Club four to victory at the Charleston regatta in 1877. In Montreal, where he has resided since 1880, his active interest in all outdoor sports and amusements has been felt and appreciated, he having played on the eleven and been on the committee of the old Montreal Cricket Club, being also secretary, vice-president and for several years president of the old Montreal Tobogganing Club, and an active worker on several of the Carnival committees, besides acting as referee in many football matches and rowing regattas, including the last two of the Canadian Association at Lachine. He joined the St. George Snowshoe Club in 1881, and was first vice-president in 1885 and 1886. As president he devotes himself to resuscitating the somewhat waning enthusiasm in tramping, and is to be found leading the club on all the regular tramps. He maintains that exercise is a duty, especially for those engaged in sedentary work, and that of all winter exercise snowshoeing is the best. Mr. Sclater is also president of the St. George's Society.

W. M. Knowles, 1st vice-president St. George Snowshoe Club.—Mr. Knowles has been a member of the club for many years, during which time he has filled with great ability many of the important positions within the gift of the club. For two years he occupied the position of hon.-secretary-treasurer, and this year was elected 1st vice-president in recognition of his valuable services. Mr. Knowles is always on hand and always ready to assist the club in any of its undertakings. He is a member of the firm of W. M. Knowles & Co.

W. S. Bryden, 2nd vice-president.—It is regrettable that owing to this gentleman's absence from the city we are unable to obtain a photograph. Mr. Bryden occupies the position of 2nd vice-president and also that of Chairman of the Entertainment Committee. He excels as a songster and a reciter, and whenever his numerous engagements allow him he puts in an appearance at the club house and keeps every one in roars of laughter. Outside of social and athletic circles he is well known as the secretary-treasurer of the Pillow Hersey Manufacturing Co.

C. R. Hardy, hon. secretary-treasurer.—Mr. Cecil Ralph Hardy is a Londoner who removed to Montreal about 3 years ago. During the last season Mr. Hardy filled the position of assistant secretary-treasurer to the club with such marked ability that he was this year unanimously elected hon. secretary treasurer. He is of the firm of C. R. Hardy & Co. real estate brokers, and a member of many other clubs. At the last annual general meeting of the Montreal City Club he was elected a member of the governing committee. Mr. Hardy is a hard worker and a general favorite.

Ross MacKenzie.—Better known in lacrosse circles than snowshoeing, as a member for many years of the Toronto lacrosse team and also the point player of the Canadian lacrosse team of 1883 which toured in the United Kingdom. He has been a member of St. George since his residence in Montreal in 1885 and has been on the directorate for 4 years. Ross is too big a man to say anything about.

Mr. B. T. Kirkhouse joined the club some nine years ago and from his initial "bounce" to the present time has been always recognized as one of the most faithful trappers and energetic workers in the club. He has been on the directorate for four years, and for one year occupied the 2nd vice-president's chair with marked ability. He has competed in many of the club's steeplechases and has won first, second or third honors on each occasion. He is one of the most popular and best known members of the club.

C. H. Godfrey is the son of R. T. Godfrey, M.D., of Montreal, and has been an active member of the club for the past nine years, three years filling the post of director. He is also a member of several athletic organizations, treasurer of the Junior Conservative Club, and holds the rank of captain in the Canadian militia, having served in the 1st Prince of Wales Regiment.

Stuart Howard has been a member of the club for over 11 years, during which time he has occupied several important positions, notably that of 1st vice-president during the season 1882-83. He was this year re-elected on the directorate, of which he is a very useful and hard working member. He is a member of the firm of Maze & Howard, civil engineers.

C. E. Howard was born in Montreal and few of the boys are more popular. He has been a member of the club for the last six years and has been on the directorate for two years. We are indebted to this gentleman for the photographs of the club house appearing in this issue.

E. C. Arnoldi has been a member of the club ever since his removal from Ottawa. He is a member of the entertainment committee of the club and in this direction has rendered very important services. He was elected this year on the directorate and has worked hard to make this season one of the most successful. He is a member of the firm of J. G. Stewart & Co.

R. Passmore Adams has the honour of being one of the life members of the club, having joined in the year 1879. He has been on the committee of the club for many years and on his return to Montreal after a couple of years absence, was re-elected to a position on the directorate.

Thos. D. Bell was born in Canada, but educated in Eng-

land. He was known principally for his enthusiastic interest in cricket and he has played on several international teams. Since he first joined the ranks of the Red Cross Knights he has been one of the hardest workers for the club and has filled about every position in its gift. Mr. Bell was president last year and vice-president the previous year.

Much of the success of the club is due to the efforts of its past presidents who all worked with a will and a determination to bring the club where it stands, pre-eminent amongst the clubs of Montreal. Messrs. Henshaw, Monk and R. J. Ross, who filled the presidential chair for many years have earned from one and all of its members the deepest gratitude. On retiring from the presidential chair Mr. R. J. Ross was presented with a very handsome gold watch and chain in recognition of his services which cannot be over-estimated. The club has branches at Winnipeg, Brandon, Portage la Prairie, Port Arthur and St. Paul, Minn.



The Board of Managers of the American Athletic Union got through with a good deal of work at their meeting in New York on Saturday, and among other things they succeeded in creating considerable disturbance in lacrosse circles. The stand taken by these gentlemen is a highly virtuous one, but it looks as if club jealousy rather than a sincere desire for the improvement of athletics was at the bottom of the matter. While there was a chance for the N.Y.A.C. athletes capturing the Bailey, Banks and Biddle plaque it was a very desirable trophy indeed; but when the Manhattan men beat the winged foot out of sight then the iniquity of such a trophy existing became immediately apparent and steps were taken to force the Manhattan club to return the plaque to the Schuylkill Navy Club. Then attention was paid to the charges made against J. S. Mitchell of the N.Y.A.C., C. J. Queckberner, M.A.C., and A. F. Copeland, M.A.C., men whose names are household words in athletic circles. The charges were not sustained. Among other things a resolution was passed suspending the lacrosse players who had played in Madison Square Garden on January 9 and 10. Following is the text of the resolution:—

Resolved that this committee hereby enter charges against the lacrosse players who participated in the games at Madison Square Garden on January 9 and 10, 1891, and that they be notified to show cause, before the protest committee of the A.A.U., why they should not be disqualified or disciplined for such offences against amateur law as they may be found guilty of. Resolved, that all the lacrosse players who competed in those games be suspended.

The suspended clubs are the Montrealers, the Druids of Baltimore, Staten Island Athletic Club, Jersey City Lacrosse Club and Corinthian Lacrosse Club. What action the American clubs will take in the matter is unknown, but the Montreal club will probably pay no attention to the matter. Their visit to New York was at the invitation of the Staten Island club; there were no pecuniary inducements whatever and in no way did they offend against the spirit of the amateur laws, the trophy played for being simply a silk banner. According to the invitation sent them it can easily be seen that their sole object was the advancement of the Canadian national game. If such action is capable of being construed into a breach of the amateur laws, then there will be an end put to all excursions and trips generally. The Torontos would come under the rule, too, with regard to their European trip, although that is long ago, and in fact there are very few lacrosse clubs in Canada that would not come under the ban. It was also decided at the meeting to hold indoor championships before the close of the winter.

The annual meeting of the Ontario Rugby Football Union, which was held in Toronto on Saturday last was a most important one, as several changes have been made in the laws of the game and all the changes are improvements. The delegates present were:—Torontos, W. E.

Marsh, R. B. Henderson; Hamilton, A. D. Stewart, W. A. Logie; Toronto University, W. H. Bunting, D. J. Armour; Trinity University, H. H. Bedford-Jones, G. H. Grout; Queen's University, E. Pirie, G. Copeland; Osgoode Hall, E. C. Senkler, J. S. Johnston; Ottawa, T. B. D. Evans, W. M. McKay; London, Hume Blake, A. H. Campbell; Stratford, T. B. McEwan, A. W. Ballantyne; Sarnia, F. S. Houston; Ontarios (Hamilton), C. H. Carleton, A. B. Pottinger.

The alterations made in the laws of the game were to the following effect:—A majority of points will in future decide a game and there will no longer be any necessity for a lead of two points; the goal uprights will be twenty feet instead of thirteen, but the height of the cross-bar will remain the same. The counting will be as follows:—A goal kicked from a try will count six points, from a drop kick five, from a flying kick or free kick four; a try shall count four, a safety touch two (instead of one) and a rouge one. The offside rule was made more stringent by the provision that no player when off side can be within five yards of the player who has the ball. The following rule was made relating to the scrimmage:—In a scrimmage the ball shall be put in play by a member of the side which has the ball, placing it on the ground with his hand and foot on it. He shall then remove his hand, and if he or any other player place his hand on the ball, or fall upon it while it is in the scrimmage, the referee shall give the opposite side the option of five yards or a free kick. If any player in a scrimmage get upon his knees, touch the ball with his hand, or lie upon it under any circumstances whatever, or should any player stand offside while the ball is in the scrimmage the referee shall, on the claim of the captain, give the opposite side a free kick. If any player persistently violates the rules or makes any unfair or rough play, the referee shall report him to the union, the executive of which shall suspend such player at their discretion. An effort was also made to reduce the number of players from fifteen to twelve; but the union thought that sufficient alterations in the rules had been made for one day. One motion which all football men will heartily approve was carried unanimously. It was to the effect that the executive should arrange an annual match between the Ontario and Quebec unions. The resolution also expressed the hope that some effort might be made to reorganize the Canadian union. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, T. H. Stinson, M.P.P., Hamilton; first vice-president, Edward Bayly, Toronto; second vice-president, Plunkett Taylor, Ottawa; secretary-treasurer, J. F. Smellie, Kingston; executive committee, Messrs. W. A. Logie, Hamilton; E. C. Senkler, Osgoode Hall; W. H. Bunting, Toronto University; A. J. Boyd, Toronto; T. G. Marquis, Queen's University; J. B. McEwan, Stratford; H. B. Cronyn, London.

The hockey season has pretty well progressed, and there is still no appearance of the champions losing their title. The Shamrocks made a determined struggle but they were literally not in the running. The team wants a good deal of practice and experience yet, but improvement will come, especially as there is some splendid material in the seven. Last Wednesday's match was more a specimen of burlesque than genuine hockey and both sides offended against the rules, while the play was of the roughest description. It seems strange that some penalty should not be imposed in hockey as well as in lacrosse. It would certainly improve the character of the play and that is a consummation devoutly to be wished for.

The Springfield and Holyoke Snowshoe Club were the guests of the Canadian and Trappeur Snowshoe Clubs of Montreal on Tuesday and Wednesday last, and everything possible was done to make the Yankee's sojourn a pleasant one. It was a return visit, the Montreal clubs having been the guests of the American clubs a couple of years ago.

The Montreal Curling Club was exceedingly fortunate in its race for the Governor-General's cup and the Branch Tankard, coming out ahead in both the Montreal divisions. The city clubs are also happy in the possession of a magnificent vase presented by H. Walker and Sons, of Walkerville, for competition. The Caledonias and Thistles were the first to begin, the Montrealers having drawn a bye.



Farmer Brown's Wonderful Adventures In the Moon.

BY MORDUE.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER I.

Farmer Brown comes into the house from the barn-yard and says he can't make out why his geese are cackling so. When he returns to the barn-yard he misses Hop-and-Go. One and wonders where he is. The leader, Old Billy Gray, winks at Farmer Brown, which so astonishes him he tumbles into the pig-sty. Mrs. Brown is vexed and makes up her mind to kill the geese. But when she went to do it she saw them soaring away up to the moon.

CHAPTER II.

STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN.

The round, jolly face of the sun was just peeping over the hill when Farmer Brown hurried off to the barn-yard next morning to see if the geese had returned. But alas! there was no sign of them, and he felt very lonely and sad all day, and often looked up into the sky to see if there was any trace of them.

Towards evening, as he was sitting on the fence lost in thought, he suddenly heard a loud cackle. Up he jumped at the welcome sound, and there right before him was Old Billy Gray, with one of the sprites on his back.

"Evening to you, Farmer Brown," he said in a shrill voice. "And so you have been lonely without your geese, have you?"

"Yes, very lonely," answered Farmer Brown, bowing low; "but if you have need of them it is not for me to murmur."

"Ah! ah!" chuckled the little creature. "Well answered, and now you shall be rewarded. Tonight at twelve o'clock come to the barn-yard; but, mind you, come alone, bring not your wife, for she has nearly been the death of our gallant steeds."

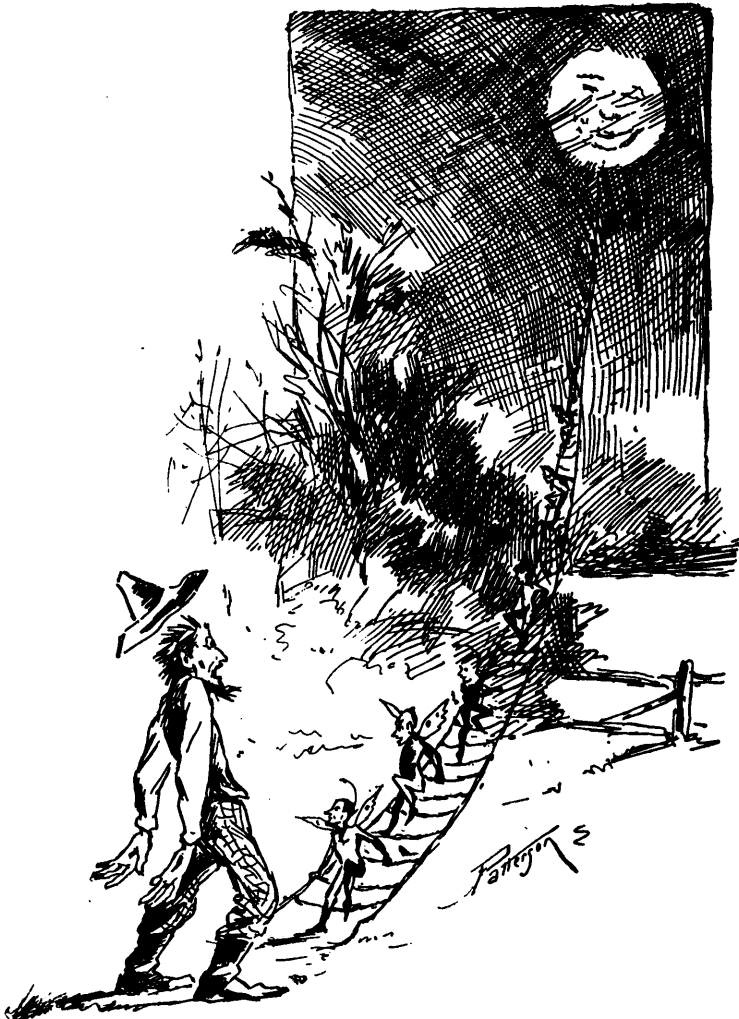
So saying, the rider and Old Billy Gray disappeared. As the clock struck twelve, Farmer Brown crept quietly out of the house. Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, went his heart with fear, and if it had not been for the thought of seeing his beloved geese he would have run back to the house. When he reached the barn-yard he saw no signs of them, and began to think that after all nothing would happen. Suddenly he looked up at the moon. And oh, what do you think he saw! Why, a beautiful ladder, which gradually lengthened till it reached the place where he stood. It was made of thick ropes of silk the seven colours of the rainbow. The next thing he saw was a number of the little sprites running helter-skelter down the ladder, and calling out, "Halloo, Farmer Brown, here we are again, and you are to come with us and make the acquaintance of the 'Man in the Moon.'" And with that they surrounded him, and before he

knew where he was had him on the ladder pushing him up as fast as they could. On and on they went till he could just faintly see his home far below.

At last they reached the top of the ladder, and Farmer Brown found himself on the edge of a grassy plain bounded by thick woods.

"Here comes the Man in the Moon to welcome you to his domain," shouted the little creatures in high glee as they capered about Farmer Brown, whose teeth were chattering in his head with fright.

Suddenly there bounded from the woods the queerest little creature; he was somewhat taller than the others, with an immense head, and a mouth so large that when he laughed (which he seemed to be doing all the time) it rounded up at



the ends and nearly met his eyes, which could hardly be seen for his fat cheeks.

"The Man in the Moon! the Man in the Moon!" murmured the sprites, bowing at a great rate.

"Oh, what's going to happen next!" thought Farmer Brown. But, frightened as he was, he did not forget to bow; and, remembering how the dancing master always put one leg behind the other, he did the same and kept bowing away till he bowed himself to the edge of the moon, and in another moment would have bowed himself over had not the Man in the Moon clutched hold of him and dragged him back.

"Very gracefully done, Farmer Brown, but you must remember you are only on the edge of the moon at present, and the distance from the earth is—ah! let me see—. Oh, I never can remember figures; but, no doubt, as you have been to school, you can tell us."

Poor Farmer Brown got very red in the face as he said in a low tone: "Your Majesty must pardon me; I am unable to answer your question, for the day we had that lesson in geography I was sent out of the room for passing nuts to Molly."

"Ha, ha," laughed the sprites till Farmer Brown thought they were never going to stop, and, indeed, he had to join in the laugh, though he felt dreadfully ashamed of himself, for they looked so comical as they twisted their little bodies about. But he got a great fright as he happened to look at the Man in the Moon, for what do you think had occurred? Why, he had suddenly shot up to an immense height, his legs were taller than the tallest trees; in fact, by stretching his neck, he could see over a mountain. No sooner had this taken place than all laughter was hushed and deep silence reigned.

"Oh!" cried Farmer Brown in great fright. Immediately all eyes were turned indignantly upon him, and signs made to keep quiet. One of the little creatures, however, pitying his frightened looks, whispered to him not to be afraid.

"He is only looking over his domain to see that everything is all right, for these are troublesome times; but he will soon come down to his usual size. Is he not grand? look at his magnificent legs!"

"Does he often get like that?"

"No; only when he wants to see how things are going on in distant parts of his domain; but hush, he is coming down." And sure enough, back he came to his usual size. Turning to one of his subjects he said:

"Go-As-The-Wind, you will hasten to the camp with orders to the General to be ready to march by to-morrow. I see Venus' army has nearly reached our domain, so there is no time to be lost." Go-As-The-Wind bowed and quickly vanished through the woods. The Man in the Moon then turned to Farmer Brown and said: "Your rare simplicity and love of truth commends itself to my judgment. I, therefore, have great pleasure in inviting you to be my guest. We will now leave the edge of the moon and go further into the interior, where I will show you my summer residence.

(To be Continued.)

Feet.

A plump little foot, as white as the snow,
Belonging to rollicking, frolicsome Joe,
In a little red sock, with a hole in the toe,
And a hole in the heel as well.

A trim little foot in a trim little shoe,
Belonging to sixteen-year-old Miss Sue,
And looking as if it knew just what to do,
And do it in a way that would tell.

A very large foot in a homely array,
Belonging to Peter who follows the dray,
So big that it sometimes is in its own way,
And moves with the speed of a snail.

Ah! a very big thing is the human foot,
In dainty made shoe or clumsy boot,
So 'tis well there are various tastes to suit,
And that fashion can't always prevail.

The plump little foot, a beautiful sight,
And the trim little foot, so taper and slight,
And the very large foot, though much of a fright,
Are travelling all the same road.

And it matters but little how small or how great,
So they never grow weary of paths that are straight,
And at last walk in at the golden gate
Of the city whose builder is God.

—The Evangelist.



TORONTO, January 25, 1891.

The *Canadian Militia Gazette*, of sixteen pages, is by no means as satisfactory to read or to handle as the twelve page sheet was, because the paper is too thin, the type too small in some parts, and the whole too indistinct; editorially it is an excellent periodical, and deserves well of the militia.

Col. G. T. Denison delivered a valuable lecture to the Guild of St. Luke on the relations between Canada and the Empire. It is needless to say that the lecture teemed with information, and was marked by the warm loyalty for which Col. Denison has come to be particularly distinguished.

The Proctor cowardice controversy is not quite ended, *Historicus* has challenged Charles Mair by name to show proof of the correctness of his characterization of Colonel Proctor in *Tecumseh*. And there is no doubt but Mr. Mair will take up the gauntlet as soon as he is aware of the challenge.

Dr. Nevius, a missionary to North China of thirty-four years' standing, delivered a lecture on the country before the Young Women's Christian Association of University College on Thursday. The women made it an open meeting, so that visitors and the men of the Y.M.C.A. could be present, and the lecture-room was filled. Dr. Nevius said that owing to the want of synonym for God and Heaven, it was most difficult for Christian workers to make some doctrines intelligible. Yet, that while the people sought to their idols in their lesser trials of life, when death or great calamity came they prayed to a being whom they have never yet characterized by any attributes, but yet considered far above and beyond all the conceptions they have formed. Dr. Nevius also said that schools, as managed by Christian teachers, were the best and chief means of dealing with the Chinese. Their own schools were numerous and fairly equipped, but had not the element of progress in them; their text books had not been revised for five hundred years. Their classics were, however, valuable as affording a highly moral basis for life, Love, Righteousness and Truth being three of them.

'Father' Huntington has been for a week or two preaching and administering the Lord's supper at St. George's and other 'high' churches on Sundays, and taking the outside lecture platform on the 'Single Tax' 'Progress and Poverty,' and similar topics during the week. It seems a strange thing that while a hot controversy is going on in the papers anent the Wade-McMullen case, of which I spoke a letter or two ago, in which Dean Wade is called to order sharply for allowing a Presbyterian to speak in an English church, the 'high' among our own parsons do not object to one of themselves, 'higher' still, perhaps, talking on subjects and from platforms which have been, and are, as a rule, still left to the seculars, on whom they frown pretty severely, and with whom they will not identify themselves any more than with a 'low' churchman. But

'Time bears all things on his wings,' and the prejudices of the priesthood are doomed to disappear among them.

Mr. Edgar Bucke gave his first great concert at the Pavilion on Thursday evening, with a chorus of 160 voices, and Mrs. Wyman, a mezzo-soprano, as soloist. Miss Aus der Ohe was the pianiste, and played very fairly, her attitudes at her instrument are, however, decidedly ugly and ungraceful. "Annie Laurie," as arranged by Mr. Bucke for a tenor and a bass, pleased the audience immensely. It is not a bad example for the singing of many other songs of a sentimental nature. To hear a woman warble the praises of another woman, or the woes of a man,

has been too long one of the unnatural absurdities of inconsistent art. Mr. Bucke was presented by his pupils with a gold badge on the occasion of the rehearsal.

A young lady of eleven, Miss Louise Singleton, a daughter of one of our church organists, has just appeared before the public as a piano-player. Young as she is, her touch is said to be firm and clear, and her reading excellent, both for rhythm and expression. It is to be hoped the child's talent will be carefully developed, not forced, as it is too much the fashion with early promise.

A very sad death occurred at McMaster Hall this week. A young man, studying for the Baptist ministry, took part of his course in England then came out to join his parents, who were settled at North Eaton, Ohio. He came to McMaster to complete his studies, and was sent to labour in Buckingham and Cumberland counties. Coming to the college for the present session on New Year's Day, he was observed to be very pale and emaciated, a perfect ghost of the fresh-coloured English lad that had arrived here only nine months ago. A doctor was called, who said that he had been suffering for some time with inflammation of the lungs, and had fought the disease so long that it was hopeless, the poor youth dying in a week or two.

Among the 'doctrines' at our schools and colleges ought to be the religion of good health. Too much stress is laid on self-sacrifice and its heaven-winning value, and the young, highly-strung, ready-to-die-for-the-Saviour student and devotee forgets that the work will not stand still if he keeps himself well by diminishing his hours of labour and taking reasonable recreation and rest; much less does he ever think it is his duty to do so; the consequence is life-long disease or early death.

Moreover, it is a pertinent question whether these young student missionaries are being fairly used, or their 'people' either, by sending them into far country districts where the need of spiritual ministry may be very apparent but the provision for the minister is more than very inadequate.

I have just gone through a little book that pleases me very much. It is "Hemlock, a tale of 1812," by Robert Sellar, Huntingdon, Que. The story itself is a very pretty one, and is well told; and the history involved is correct and careful. The scene lies near the field of the battle of Chateauguay, but is shifted to the Upper Ottawa, among the Oka Indians, to an American camp, and to several interesting but more domestic localities, which have each some sentiment woven round it.

D. B. Read's "Life of Brock" is ready for press, but I have not heard who the publisher will be.

Another book, dealing with our past, is promised, but I must only mention the subject, which is the Negro in Canada. Whether we view him as slave, servant, soldier or citizen, the coloured man has been an important factor in our history and colonial life, and will yield an interesting study.

A Women's Historical Society for Ontario has lately been mooted in the Society of the York Pioneers. This society is about to add to its title that of 'Historical,' in order to enlarge its sphere and keep up a centre of interest when the word *Pioneer* shall cease to have any meaning in an associated sense. There is no doubt that a vast deal of the manners and customs of the early settlers, their costumes, their folk-love, as well as a proportion of purely historical record, yet lies unsummed in the memories, documents and other records of our women, and to gather all these together will be a good work. Moreover, the gentlemen roundly assert that a lady's paper is often more interesting than their own disquisitions, and offer an opportunity for their hearing. More will no doubt come of the proposition.

S. A. CURZON.

LORD DEAS, towards the end of his long judicial life, was somewhat apt to wander in his charge to the jury or in addressing the bar. On one occasion a well-known advocate, who is now Lord of Sessions, was watching Lord Deas intently while he spoke to the bar. Becoming somewhat annoyed by the intent gaze of the advocate, his Lordship looked towards him sharply and said—"Mr. P., have I said anything wrong?" "No, not yet, my Lord," came the prompt reply.

TALES OF STREET CAR LIFE.

JAMES DE WOLFERTON'S FATE.

Had anyone predicted the result when James de Wolferton of Montreal left his residence to go down to his office on that fatal morning, it would have been greeted with derision. So prone are we to rely on the soundness of our own judgment and foresight.

James de Wolferton himself would least of all have been impressed by the prediction. He went forth that morning in the very best of health and in high spirits, for life to him was full of pleasure and bright with promise. Yet, though he knew it not, James de Wolferton was going to his doom.

He walked briskly along until he reached a well known corner. A street car was passing. James de Wolferton hurriedly glanced at his watch. It indicated that the street car was due at that moment. He rubbed his eyes vigorously, looked at the watch again and again at the street car. The result was the same. According to the watch the car was due, and according to his visual organs the car was there. James de Wolferton turned pale. Then a thought struck him. Perhaps, he said to himself, the watch is wrong. Hailing a gentleman who was passing he inquired the time. The gentleman's timepiece agreed with his own. James de Wolferton looked across the street once more, dreading he knew not what. The street car was still there and about to resume its way.



As one in a dream he walked out and got on board. There was yet a glimmer of hope. He had two blocks to traverse and he knew at what time the car was due at that point. Seating himself in the car he looked steadily through the window till the distance had been covered. Then with feverish haste he pulled out the watch once more. A single glance and the light of hope died out of his eyes. A wild scream followed, and a moment later James de Wolferton was led forth a gibbering idiot.



The street car had arrived on time.

Baulso—How did you manage to get through that crowd? I had to wait for half an hour. Cumso—I was smoking that cigar you gave me.

Wife—"You careless fellow! I found a letter I gave you a week ago to mail in the hip pocket of your trousers. How can you be so absent minded?" Husband—"Not that, dear. It's a clear case of hip-note-ism."