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# The Pen

A Literary, Historical and Critical Review.

Vol. I.—No. 1.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 11, 1897.

PRICE, 2 CENTS.

In proportion as subscriptions come in we will increase the size of our paper. Friends desirous of more reading matter know what to do in order to secure it. We have the material, all we need is the space; and each dollar will help in procuring that.

## EDITORIAL SUMMARY.

In an early issue we will commence an original and heretofore unpublished Canadian story. It is a tale of Canadian shanty life; a record, half romance half history, of a period and of men that will soon be forgotten. The pioneer days should not be allowed to sink into oblivion.

We are exceedingly grateful to the many friends who have so far encouraged our venture. It could scarcely be expected that merchants would sign advertising contracts with only a prospectus and a blank sheet of paper before them: yet a glance at our columns will show how heartily the mere idea of such a publication has been received. The timid and careful, those who feared it might not be a success, and helped to realize their own fears by withholding assistance when most needed, will soon be glad to enjoy the benefits of THE PEN'S circulation.

As the subscriptions are what we mostly depend upon for a fair start, and as they are payable in advance, we would once, and for all time, beg of our friends to forward them to our address and to do so without further solicitation. A careful note will be taken of all who promptly come forward at this juncture to aid in firmly establishing our review; and they may rely that their generosity will not be forgotten as the months roll on.

We do not wish that this number should be considered as a regular sample of THE PEN. The first issue has its many difficulties, that once mastered re-appear no more. The amount of matter that each column contains, the division of the subjects, the arrangement of the pages, the

trimming, cutting, adjusting and re-fixing that forbid a perfectly systematic review must all vanish for the future. It is easily understood that much has to be omitted in this number that otherwise would appear in proper place; some features of the publication are more extended than is consistent with space; others are too curtailed to suit the editor's views and aims. But "Rome was not built in a day"; however, once built she became the Eternal City.

As it is practically impossible for us to write to all our friends throughout Canada, we beg of each one to accept a copy of THE PEN in place of a letter, and to lend us at once a friendly hand by sending us all the subscriptions that he, or she, can secure. Timely help will always be remembered. We also ask that our friends read our advertising columns and note the various cards, the addresses and names, so that they may know where to bestow their patronage. In future no references will be made on this page to ourselves or our business.

THE PEN commences its career almost at the eve of Christmas. It is a season of enjoyment, peace and "good-will." In again addressing the public of Canada we wish to convey the sincere expression of our most kindly sentiments, and to unite with each household in a full participation in all the joys and blessings of the h' time.

A boxing match, or prize-fight, between two "sporting characters"—Barry and Croot—took place the other day in London. Croot was killed by Barry. Columns of the press had details of the twenty rounds fought; a few lines only announced the fact that the life was beaten out of one man. Are we gliding back to the days of barbarism? or has the inhuman appetite of the masses become so ravenous that a great and most influential institution of this century—the press—finds it necessary to pander to its brutality? O, Tempora! O, Mores!

Chief Justice Davie, of British Columbia, and County Judge McDougall, of Ontario, hold very different views on the question of divorce. The former would have it restricted to the Senate; the latter would have it under the jurisdiction of the County Courts. It is difficult for us to see how any two opinions could exist in the minds of learned and Christian men upon the subject. The incorporation of the Mormons is objected to in the Northwest, on account of their belief in polygamy; divorce, carried to its logical results, is merely the door to the temple of polygamy. The age will yet learn this truth, at the expense of domestic happiness and family security.

Shade of Louis Kossuth! How the old patriot would rejoice to witness the disgraceful scenes that recently took place in the Austrian Legislature! But if the revolutionist of fifty years ago has vanished from the scene, Herr Francis Kossuth, his son, succeeds him, and is as ready as ever was the father to stir up the spirit of independence in the breasts of Hungarians. The compact between Austria and Hungary seems to be drawing to a close; statesmen of the former country are standing over a volcano. That a crash is coming needs not the eye of a seer to perceive. What will be the result of the upheaval none can predict.

It is remarkable that about twice in each hundred years some political earthquake rocks the nations of the old world, and in the vibrations and convulsions that are felt, thrones totter, crowns fall, systems vanish, and new combinations arise. Towards the close, and about the middle of the century are these shocks experienced. One hundred years ago—1797-98—France, Austria, Italy, and almost every continental Country passed through the fiery ordeal of revolution. Fifty years ago—1847-48—Italy had an insurrection, France has a revolution; the effects of these out-bursts were felt from end to end of the continent. We are now approaching the close of the

nineteenth century: are there signs along the horizon that indicate a repetition of what fifty, and of what one hundred years ago was the order of the day? It would be unwise, to say the least, to ignore, to under-estimate the present uneasiness and insecurity.

An extraordinary character is the Emperor of Germany. It may not be "according to Hoyle" for humble mortals to criticise a personage of such exalted rank; but, with all due respect, we can only conclude that he is either a genius or a madman. If the former, he must have some wonderful plan in his brain, and the omnipotence of his kingdom must be its aim; if the latter, it is time that the serious and solid elements of the country combine to prevent him from making her a laughing-stock abroad and a wreck at home. His last move regarding the navy is in keeping with all his other flights of fancy, or ambition. It is easy to draw up gigantic schemes as long as the people pay for the experiments. It would seem as if Germans were getting weary of so much bombast—it is costly and dangerous.

There is still some serious talk about the Manitoba school question. Many are under the impression that it will again occupy the public attention; Hugh John says it will not be taken up by any party. A section of the press has declared it to be "a dead issue," and has chanted a *Libera* over it. But where a vital principle has existed no obsequies can prevent a resurrection. That the minority purposes carrying on separate schools is evident from the fact of collections being made for that purpose on all sides. And as long as the Catholic schools will have to depend upon subscriptions, so long will the question be kept alive.

How comes it that statesmen, writers, and legal lights, who have busied themselves with the study and explanation of this *Educational* question, have not considered it from any standpoint except that of *Instruction*? *Instruction* is only a factor in educa-

tion; instruction simply means the imparting of knowledge to the mind. The question has been discussed in regard to this one phase alone. What books should be used, what kind of instruction should be given, what hours might or might not be set aside for the teaching of this, that, or the other branch. Never do they go beyond the circle of instruction. Still it is called a question of education. Education includes instruction; but instruction is only a portion of education. Instruction fills the mind with certain information or knowledge; education moulds the heart, inculcates principles, develops the physical as well as mental parts of man; education has to do with the forming of character, the preparing of man for the battle of life on earth, and for another life beyond the confines of the present. It is because this distinction has not been grasped that the question has presented so many difficulties; considered as a matter of education, and not merely of teaching and learning, the solution should be very easy—if people wished to reach it.

It would be interesting to know the cause of so much friction between the Commanders-in-Chief of the Canadian militia and those who come under them. It cannot be possible that the home authorities purposely select generals who are calculated to create unpopularity for themselves. Nor is it at all likely that chance could have sent us men who were all unfortunate enough to be misunderstood. Not being of the military school, we are not competent to judge; but certainly more or less trouble surrounded and criticism followed the three last commanders.

The fall of Guisa, the slaughter of a whole garrison, the wiping out of eight hundred Spaniards by General Garcia and his rebel army may have widespread effects both in the Old World and the New. The terrible struggle has, however, proven the courage and patriotism of the Spaniards, and goes to show that all the brutality is not on their side.

Premier Haultain wishes to have the North-West Territories recognized as a Province of the Dominion; but he does not want to have any section of the Territories detached from the whole. From the gold fields of the Yukon to the wheat fields of the East, he desires that the new Province shall extend. Such a Province must sooner or later become the most important part of the Dominion—at least as far as size is concerned.

This recalls to us the very wise advice given by a clergyman in Mandeville, R.I., to his parishioners. He warned them against the fatal effects of the "gold fever," and begged of them not to exchange "certainties at home for uncertainties at the Klondike." There is something very practical in this sermon. This rush for gold will result, in thousands of cases, in poverty, untold misery, madness, and death. Homes will be abandoned and asylums will be filled; plenty and contentment will be replaced by penury and unrest; many a vacant chair will stand by the deserted hearth, and many a lonely grave will be filled amongst the passes of Alaska.

The press of England is evidently not satisfied with President McKinley's message to Congress. It is being severely criticised in many quarters. It contains so very little that the criticism seems thrown away. As a Canadian statesman once remarked, concerning another question, "there is nothing to it." However, they should be satisfied in England; the President's expressions are in marked contrast with ex-President Cleveland's bombast and bluster—and yet they did not relish the Cleveland messages over yonder.

Principal Grant seems to think that a prohibition law in Canada would be a failure, and instead of aiding the temperance workers, it would have an evil and immoral effect. Possibly he is right; it is in accordance with human perversity to do exactly what has been prohibited.

Mr. Weir deserves great credit for having brought in his Bill regarding immoral posters, or placards. Had the desired law passed it would have been interesting to note how it could be enforced, or, rather how it was likely to remain unenforced. The other day complaint was made to a city officer about certain posters; he is reported to have said that he did not consider them immoral. Perhaps he did not; and maybe, as far as he was individually concerned, there might be nothing in them of the dangerous or immoral kind. But, would that officer feel inclined to call the attention of his wife, or sister, or even any lady acquaintance, to those pictures or posters? If passing along the street in the company of any lady would he not instinctively feel inclined to draw her attention to something on the other side of the way, or at least to become suddenly so interested in some topic that no time would be given for a glance at the walls?

We noticed in a recent issue of a generally well informed publication the beautiful poem, entitled "Forewarned," attributed to the late lamented Thomas D'Arcy McGee. The poem opens thus:—

"In the days of my childhood I had a strange feeling,  
That I was to die at the noon of my day;  
Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,  
But torn, like a blasted rock, sudden away.

Although the sentiment and gloomy foreboding might well apply to the sad ending of the gifted orator, statesman, poet and historian; still the poem was not penned by McGee. It is one of Gerald Griffin's early productions. The author of "The Colleageans," whose works are a delight and were at one time most universally read, closed his beautiful and useful life, as a member of the Christian Brothers Community. McGee was a great admirer and lover of Griffin, and this poem was one of his favorites; hence, perhaps, the error in attributing it to him.

The following despatch from Dublin, dated 10th December, is very peculiar: "The evening Telegraph says that the War Office has sent an order to Dublin for the sharpening of all sword bayonets in the possession of regular troops in Ireland. The order is unprecedented and a perfect mystery to both officers and men." This would make one think rather of the year 1797 than 1897. That was the time when they knew how to sharpen bayonets and to use them when they were properly sharpened. There does not seem to be any apparent cause for such a peculiar proceeding at this juncture in the history of the British Isles. If there is reliance to be placed upon reports, the opponents of Home Rule would do better to sharpen their wits for the coming session. They may find that wit will serve them better than cold steel in their cause,—but likely neither one nor the other, nor both combined, could prevent the triumph of the principles that they wish to smother.

#### A KINDLY WORD.

Before a number of THE PEN had appeared, and when only our prospectus was circulated, the Catholic Record, of London, Ont., paid us the following generous tribute. We only trust that our little paper will be ever up to the standard that such a friendly criticism would demand.

"THE PEN is the title of a new literary venture which will make its appearance in Montreal the present month. It will be published by J. K. Foran,

Lit. D, LL. B. Our readers will recollect that this gentleman was for some years editor of the True Witness, of Montreal, and while he held that position the paper showed a marked improvement. Mr. Foran is also widely and most favorably known throughout the Dominion as a writer of whom our country may well feel proud, his volume of poems, published a few years since, being a valuable and highly appreciated addition to the literature of our young country. From the prospectus of THE PEN, we notice that in the initial number will appear a continued story of Canadian backwoods life; articles upon the various historical epochs and conspicuous figures of the past and present centuries, and those will be enhanced from time to time by contributions from the pens of eminent Canadian writers. 'In Canada,' the editor truly says, 'there is ample scope for the exercise of a truly patriotic and sincerely frank pen. We have a land of vast proportions, unlimited resources, and boundless liberties; the streams of nationality coming from various sources should blend in the great ocean of our Canadian nationhood; harmony, mutual forbearance and Christian tolerance should reign supreme. It will be the duty of THE PEN to propagate as far as its influence may extend, sentiments in accord with this statement of our actual position.'

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## Short Notes on Canadian History.

### FRANCIS I. AND CANADA.

Spain, England and Portugal had already taken possession of sections of the new World, before France was stirred into the activity that resulted in the discovery and colonization of Canada. Under the patronage of Spain, Christopher Columbus—in 1492—discovered America. In 1496 Henry III., of England, fitted out an expedition for a British merchant, John Cabot, who, with his son Sebastian, was the first European to set foot on the main land of this continent. In 1500, a Portuguese navigator—Gaspard Cortereal—visited Newfoundland and entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The Breton and Norman fishermen frequented the coast of Newfoundland as early as 1504, and for nearly twenty years plied their trade without exciting any special interest in France.

Fully ten years before Jacques Cartier set sail for the New World, Francis I., King of France, had conceived the idea of participating in the discoveries that other powers were making. About 1513, having heard endless stories of the wealth that Spain, England and Portugal were reaping in the almost unknown regions beyond the great Atlantic, the French monarch resolved to keep pace with them in this new line of national development as well as every other one. One day, when told by a scientist how rapidly the great continent, so recently discovered, was being seized upon by the monarchs of rival kingdoms, Francis exclaimed: "I would like to see the clause in Adam's will which gives them the right to divide the New World among themselves?"

The following year the monarch commissioned a Florentine navigator—Jean Verazzani—to explore the northern portion of the continent, and to make a faithful report to him.

That same year Verazzani sailed across the ocean and visited the eastern coast of America, from the 30th degree of north latitude to Newfoundland. He claimed all that vast region, in the name of the French King, and made a report to Francis I. of all he had seen and found. That report was couched in terms calculated to stir into a flame the embers of desire that smouldered in the royal breast. However, it was only in 1534, ten years later, that, in spite of the European conflicts then raging, Francis decided to establish a colony in what was already called New France. It was then that Jacques Cartier was commissioned to carry the standards of Christianity and of France into this land of promise. Although it is generally accepted that Cartier was the first to discover Canada, still we see that he had been preceded by Verazzani. In succeeding issues we will deal briefly with a few of the most important events that mark the period of Cartier's three voyages of discovery. For the present we simply wish to draw atten-

tion to the fact that the French monarch had conceived the idea of establishing a colony in New France long before the date of Canada's discovery.

There is now no doubt as to the motives that actuated Verazzani in presenting the elaborate and glowing report of his wonderful voyage. That his report was somewhat exaggerated, Francis I. himself discovered, years afterwards, when Cartier had succeeded in laying the foundation of a great colony. But it suited the Florentine's purpose to make the most of the opportunity. On the other hand he was naturally proud of his own achievements, and his vanity led him to paint such a picture as would awaken the admiration, for himself, of all his acquaintances and friends. But, more important still, was the desire to be again commissioned by the French King to visit the New World. He imagined that a glowing report would secure him that privilege, and he knew that wealth and fame awaited the one so commissioned. In the first case he was possibly successful; that is to say, he succeeded in becoming a hero in the eyes of thousands, and of being looked upon as one of the great men of his time. However, he failed in securing his second and more important object; namely the advantage of paying another visit, at the expense of France, to the land beyond the seas. Possibly had not Francis I. been, at that time, in trouble with his neighbors, were peace declared throughout Europe, and had not France to contend with foreign and domestic enemies, Verazzani might have gained his point, and Canada might have been discovered by him and not by Cartier. But during the ten years of indecision on the part of the King, the Florentine navigator passed out of public notice, and even out of actual existence. So that, when the dream of establishing a new France came back to the King, and circumstances permitted him to put his plans into execution, other men were required, and another leader was in demand. Times had changed, and in their mutations a different generation had sprung up, and to that generation belonged the famous founder of Canada, Jacques Cartier.

## SHOOTING THE DEVIL.

### A STORY OF THE UPPER GATINEAU.

(By the Editor.)

The Desert is a less rapid and less turbulent river than either the Gatineau or the Eagle. Ascending its waters in an Indian canoe, one is forcibly struck with the mild aspect of the surrounding country, which forms a marked contrast with the rocky wildness of the regions to the north, east and south of that valley. It was on a beautiful evening in September that I first ascended the Desert. Six Indians of the Tête-de-

Boule tribe had come down from their camping ground, some twenty miles up stream, to secure provisions and enjoy a few hours "sight-seeing" at Maniwaki. After spending the day with their fellow-Indians in the village and making several purchases at Logue's general store, they were about to return to their families at the Small Chute, as the place of camping was called. They had two canoes, into which they packed bread, pork, tea, sugar, tobacco, powder, shot and all the results of their primitive "shopping." I was standing on the shore when they were about to start. Tenneketti, one of the crew, whom I had known upon the Black River, recognized me and invited me to accompany them to their camping ground. He told me that they were going to have a special celebration that would interest me greatly. I hesitated at first, but, on condition that they would "paddle me down" the next morning, I agreed to accompany my old friend.

"'Twas an evening that Florence might envy,  
So rich was the lemon-hued air."

The sun had gone down in a sea of glory, the distant peaks of the Laurentians were still bathed in a crimson flush, the shadow of the hills grew deeper on the valley and the river, the green meadows on both sides of the Desert faded in the gathering twilight; along the eastern horizon, like a spectre of the sky, the harvest moon crept gradually zenithward, one by one the stars came out from their hiding places and twinkled, like diamonds, in the blue of the distant concave, a gentle breeze fanned the brow of night and her sable garments, decorated with innumerable jewels of light, fell upon the landscape; no sound broke the stillness of the surroundings, save the cry, mournful and ghoul-like, of a lone loon upon some distant lake, and the regular splash of the six Indian paddles in the transparent waters of the stream. No onespoke; nor would I have relished any intrusion upon the solemnity of the scene. I felt alone in the wilderness, with scions of the primeval race as guides, the glorious works of the Creator on all sides, the voices of nature whispering inexpressible and delicious things to my soul, and nothing earthly to disturb the musings that once were the delight of my being. Ten miles were passed and the stars became more brilliant and numerous; the milky way spread its arch of light across the firmament; the orb of night rolled higher and shed a more silvery flood upon the hills and valleys and cast a track of glory along the surface of the placid stream—a liquid gleam of soft splendor, like the path of the just to heaven; the meadows undulated into hills; the hills swelled into mountains; the mountains became more wild and rugged; the panorama was changing, when I was startled from my reverie, and my visions of delight vanished at the sound of Tenneketti's voice, as he called to the front canoe to stop and wait for us while we landed at the mouth of a small creek.

They say that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous; here was an illustration of that fact. I had been up amongst the stars, dreaming of glories that are not of this earth, building castles in the blue of the vast empyrean, away on the wings of imagination, soaring into realms visited only by the souls of poets, when, whack! whizz! down I came, heels over head, smack upon the rough plane of the most commonplace and vulgar reality of Tenneketti, taking up a jar of highwines, from behind a huge stone at the mouth of the creek, and, with a grunt of seeming satisfaction, lifting it into the canoe. The old Romans said that there was only a step from the Capitol to the Tarpeian Rock—so was this fact illustrated in that night's adventures; but I must not anticipate. The law of Canada inflicts a heavy penalty on any person who sells or procures for the Indians intoxicating liquor. It is not to be had on the reserve. But Tenneketti and his gang were equal to the occasion. A friendly (or unfriendly) blacksmith of Maniwaki purchased the whiskey, and placed it at the point indicated; the Indians, on their way home, secured the "fire-water," and were happy in their triumph over the law and in their long expected "pow-wow." Once the liquor was secured, Tenneketti informed me that they were going to "shoot the devil" that night at the camping ground. I had heard of this ceremony, but had never witnessed its performance; very probably I will never again either hear of or see that peculiar operation of shooting his Satanic Majesty. In fact, I never want to be a spectator at any repetition of the drama of that night. In truth, for a time, I had an idea that the Indians had mistaken myself for the devil, as they seemed to have conceived a very strong desire of practising their rifle-shooting skill upon my body. But we will first reach the camping ground before commencing a description of the war dance around the effigy of the Evil One.

When we came within sight of the birch-bark wigwams of the Tête-de-Boule band, I perceived that there were extraordinary preparations being made for the night's carousal. A fire blazed on a hillock near the shore; the squaws and papooses moved around in all the feverish eagerness that the knowledge of an approaching carnival creates. When our canoes touched the bank and we jumped ashore, there was an evident surprise in store for me, as well as for the women and children. The squaws had not anticipated a white stranger being present to witness their antics of the night; moreover, the Indian women are most bashful by nature. Had I been the Old Nick himself, come for the purpose of giving them an opportunity of shooting at him, a wilder stampede could not have taken place. The squaws gathered their blankets about them, and ran off, cackling, like old hens that had seen a hawk, and the young ones, like frightened chickens, got under their mothers' wings and peeped out to catch a stealthy glimpse of the newly arrived Beelzebub.

(Continued in our next.)



## = The Pen =

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J. K. FORAN, LIT.D., LL.B.,

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### THE "RAISON D'ETRE."

Apart from what has been stated in the prospectus, which we issued last week, it may not be out of place to launch this little publication by giving the principal reasons for its coming into existence. In other words, we feel it our duty to make the public aware of the motives which actuated the Editor when he resolved to commence, alone and unaided, this undertaking.

Firstly: he wished to make use of his pen—the only implement that he can pretend to wield—and journalism—the only sphere in which he feels at home—for the not unworthy purpose of earning an honest livelihood, meeting all his obligations, and securing his own future and that of his family. Not finding a suitable opening, or rather being cut off from the desired opportunities, possibly by the fact that more able, more learned, and more competent editors were to be found in numbers, he determined to carve his own way to success, and in doing so to be independent of all external influences.

Secondly: for almost twenty years the Editor has contributed, in one way or another, to the growing literature of Canada. Much of his work has appeared in magazines, newspapers, or in book-form; but the greater portion of his writing has never seen light, principally on account of lacking the means of placing it before the public. In glancing back over two decades, it is with very legitimate pride that he fails to discover any line from his pen—be it in

## THE PEN.

essays, editorials, verses, pamphlets, or volumes—that is calculated to shock the feelings, or grate upon the sentiments of even the most exacting: knowing that the same characteristics mark the unpublished products of his labor, he felt that he owed it to his fellow-countrymen to no longer keep from them that which might, even in a very humble degree, prove of benefit to them.

Thirdly: having experienced so often the lack of encouragement which young writers, timid literary aspirants, encounter, the Editor resolved, if ever the opportunity offered, to deal with others as he would have wished that others should have dealt with him. Consequently, THE PEN will be, as far as is practicable, an aid, a true friend for all those of the younger generation who feel a desire and the capacity to write, yet who fail to reach the great public with their effusions. In a special manner are these untried writers invited to submit their compositions; and we promise them, in return, the most frank and kindly consideration—encouragement when it is likely to lead to future success, honest criticism and advice when the contrary result is inevitable.

Having now stated, in as clear and brief a manner as we are able, the reasons which gave birth to this enterprise, we desire to impress upon our readers the fact that every line which shall appear in the columns of THE PEN will be written by the Editor. Of course we do not include correspondence signed by the writers, or contributions and selections credited in the proper manner. Therefore the Editor is, and will be, alone responsible for the opinions and expressions in this organ. Having received neither advice, suggestion, nor assistance from any organisation, political, social, or otherwise, the independence which will mark the utterances of THE PEN cannot fail to be most natural and sincere.

### HOW WE ARE GOVERNED.

Recently the new Minister of Justice took occasion to establish a comparison between the House of Lords in England and the Senate in Canada. It is true there are numerous distinctions to be made, as both legislative bodies are not exactly similar; yet as portions of a whole system, there is no doubt of a very striking resemblance existing. The Canadian Federal Government is modeled after the Imperial one. In either case we have a trinity of legislative powers, all constituting a real unity. We have no intention of entering into the details of each system; but we

desire to indicate the stability and perfection of our Government, by drawing attention to the general plan of that upon which it has been modeled.

Nothing is more dangerous, both as regards the permanency of a state and the freedom of a people, than extremes. We have a few remaining examples of the autocratic power that concentrates all authority in one individual, and several samples of the ruinous system that ignores all legitimate authority. In Russia we find the former; and it is the fruitful parent of nihilism, anarchy, rebellion. In France, on more than one occasion, we find the latter; when the so-called liberty and equality of men were proclaimed, and "in the deluge of human blood that succeeded, not a mountain top was left for the Ark of Liberty to rest upon."

Under the British constitution, with its limited monarchy, we discover a system that renders either extremes practically impossible. Perchance few of our political economists—and certainly very few of our critics—have carefully studied the wonderful perfection of that legislative, administrative and executive combination. It might not be a loss of time for them were they to seriously reflect upon the following few and brief paragraphs.

We called the Imperial Government system a trinity that constitutes a wonderful unity. We have the three all important branches; the Crown, the Lords and the Commons. While each one of these is distinct from the others, in its attributes, sphere of action and purport, yet they are so linked together that they depend entirely upon each other. In the first place tyranny is rendered almost impossible, since no law can originate with either the Crown or the Lords. Every enactment must spring from the people, through the freely chosen representatives in the Commons. In the second place unbridled licence or popular passion in the construction of the governing laws, are obviated by the fact that a law suggested and carried by the people's representatives is without effect until it has passed through the Upper House, where it is sifted and examined with calm deliberation, and until it has received the sanction of the Crown. Thus we see that the Crown, on the one hand, can never dictate in an arbitrary manner the laws that govern the people; and the people can never revolutionize the institutions of the land, since the sanction of the Crown is necessary before any measure of legislative consequence can become law.

In Canada the same distinctive characteristics mark the three branches of our Federal Legislature. The Crown is represented by the Governor-General, who, being an Imperial officer, is above all political sections aloof from prejudicial influences, and beyond the reach of interested parties. The members of the Senate being appointed for life, are, to a certain degree, as independent of political interests as are the hereditary Lords in the Imperial Parliament. And the members of the Cabinet are chosen from the direct representatives of the people, and are responsible to the people for their actions. If, under any circumstances, they should forfeit that people's confidence, the day of reckoning is never far distant, and the same vote that raised them to power can hurl them back into political obscurity.

Any one of the foregoing remarks is susceptible of considerable development. We leave the subject to our readers as a matter well worthy of their attention and study. We would even invite our good neighbors beyond the line to reflect a little more than they seem to have done in the past when seized with a fit of anti-Canadianism. Were they to seriously examine the system of government under which we live, and even contrast it with their own jumble of incomprehensible divisions and clashing interests, they might eventually learn that all the freedom in the world is not confined to their great Republic, but that Canada possesses a goodly share of that most cherished of all national boons.

### THE NINETY-EIGHT CENTENNIAL.

The Irish race, all the world over, will celebrate—in one way or another—the hundredth anniversary of the famous insurrection of 1798. Already are preparations being made for next year's demonstrations. Looking back over the space of a century and contemplating at one glance the far away past, the living present and the intervening years, there is subject matter for many volumes of most interesting history. That the occasion will call forth grand orations, patriotic poems, and widespread enthusiasm we have every assurance; if, however, it were to result in a stronger spirit of union between the various elements in Irish politics, it seems to us it would be a still more "glorious event." It is yet too early to dwell at any length upon the subject; but when we read some of the reports of organization for the celebration, one man, one



figure, one poet, and his one great poem irresistibly arose before our mental vision. If Professor John K. Ingram is spared another twelve months he will have the satisfaction, accorded to few poets, of hearing and reading his "Memory of the Dead," in every key and in every tone imaginable.

This unique poem, or song, may be well styled the "Marseillaise Hymn" of the Irish people. When Ingram penned it—now almost fifty years ago—it fell upon the National ear like the trumpet blast calling an army into action. Few are alive today who can recall the effects of that one composition. There are some, perhaps, who may remember the rapidity with which it was wafted from end to end of the land. Although its author never wrote anything else of importance to literature, and although his views, from a national standpoint, became subsequently very modified, still he immortalized himself then; and next year there will not be a meeting, a concert, a procession, a celebration of any kind that will be considered a success if the "Memory of the Dead" be not either played, recited, or sung. When some seek to criticise the spirit that calls forth such demonstrations they will hear in answer the words of the poet:—

"Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?  
Who blushes at the name?  
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,  
Who hangs his head for shame?  
He's all a knave, or half a slave;  
Who slights his country thus;  
But a true man, like you, man,  
Will fill a glass with us."

And certainly the last stanza cannot be omitted, either as a portion of the whole, or on account of the lesson it teaches:—

"Then here's their memory—may it be  
For us a guiding light,  
To cheer our strife for liberty,  
And teach us to write,  
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,  
Though sad as their's your fate;  
And true men be you, men,  
Like those of Ninety-Eight."

When a child we remember a peculiar song that an old nurse used to sing for us; during long years one expression in its chorus was a puzzle to us, nor could the good woman give us any explanation beyond repeating it over and over. It ran thus:—

In the year Ninety-Eight,  
When our troubles were great,  
It was treason to be a militia."

It was the meaning of this last line that we could never grasp; and being of an inquiring turn of mind, we tried for years to discover whether or not the old nurse's words were those of the ballad. She had heard it, long years ago, in the days of her youth,

when playing with companions on the shores of Bantry; but she must have failed to catch the exact wording of the third line above quoted. For a time we thought it might have been:

"It was treason to be a Melesian."

This certainly would be a kind of explanation, yet we could not see how the descendants of Melesius were any more liable to be considered treasonable, than the children of any other Celtic hero, founder, or king—no matter how far back into the twilight of fable his long line might be traced. Later on we came to the conclusion that the wording of the verse was:

"It was treason to be in the militia."

However, this interpretation is necessarily forced. Historically speaking, it was treason to oppose the militia in those days of military government and popular suffering. It was treason, and deserving of death, to ever speak ill of the soldiery, and to refuse to join the militia was tantamount to a declaration of rebellion against the King, or the Protector. Upon more mature reflection we have come to the final conclusion that the line really did run:—

"It was treason to be in the militia."

That is to say, the ballad being composed by an Irish bard, and the sentiments being decidedly national, the intention was to convey the idea that it was treason for a youth of the land to join the army of the invader. Treason against his own country, against his parents, his friends, his home, his faith, his nationality; treason against God and man, to "to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage"; treason against all that his ancestors had held sacred for generations, and transmitted, through untold difficulties, to him. If this be not the explanation of the line, then it must forever remain a puzzle to us.

Although we have heard a good deal about the centennial celebration of the year "Ninety-Eight," and while the event is one of rare importance to all who take an interest in Irish history, still we have not yet noticed a word expressed regarding a second anniversary that should be remembered next year. Fifty years will have elapsed since the events of 1848 stirred the Irish people into abnormal excitement. The terrible famine of 1847 was over, but its deadly effects were still felt on all sides; the emigrant ship, the convict ship, and starvation were carrying off thousands of the people, either to exile or to the grave; the story is one that for dramatic interest and tragic horrors can scarcely be duplicated in modern times. Possibly the hint, coming even from an humble PEN may serve

to awaken a desire to combine the centennial and the semi-centennial anniversaries. Though giant forms loom out of the past and impose their presence upon us, still in their shadows the eye can detect other stately figures of a later time: when "The Men of Ninety-Eight" are recalled to memory, those of "Forty-Eight" should not be forgotten.

#### NOTES AND CRITICISMS.

When we make use of the word "critical" in the title of our publication we desire that our readers should remember that there are two kinds of criticism—destructive and constructive. There are some who imagine that to criticise means to find fault; but fault-finding is only the inferior action of true criticism. We hope to have more occasion for the constructive than for the destructive.

What a jumble of political parties in Europe! It is bewildering to read the accounts published in Canada of the stirring events in France, Spain, Austria and other continental countries. Here we have two parties, very distinct from each other and thoroughly recognised. It is true the Liberals may be divided into as many camps as are the Conservatives; but on all important occasions, whether a general election, or a vote in the House, or a question of patronage, we find only two colors, two parties. There are Patrons of Industry, who often seek the patronage for themselves and leave the industry to others; there are Equal Righters, who consider that every person must be in accord with their ideas or else be ostracised; there are Liberals of the English, French and other schools; Conservatives of the old Tory, of the the Liberal-Conservative, of the *Castor* and of various other classes; but when it comes down to actual politics we have the whole mass reduced to two bodies—Liberal and Conservative. It is easy to grasp the situation in Canada; but would that some writer learned in the political jugglery of the continent would give the world a clear and condensed explanation of the aims, principles, methods, ideas, of the Right, the Left, the Centre, the Extreme Right, the Extreme Left, the Republican, the Imperialist, the Legitimist, the Orleanist, the Radical, the Communist, the Socialist, the Clericalist, the anti-Clericalist, and the score of other "ists" that have each a special principle to forward or the lack of any principle to support.

The voyage of Mgr. Bruchesi, the recently chosen Archbishop of Mont

real is, in many senses, one of the most remarkable yet taken by any member of the Canadian Catholic hierarchy. How delightful it will be, when on his return, he tells, in his inimitable style, of all that he has seen heard and learned! It would seem that he has forgotten no person, no section of people in Montreal, of his journeying through the Old World. At one moment plucking shanrocks from the grave of O'Connell, at another kneeling before the statue of San Iago the patron of his Cathedral, and again chanting Midnight Mass by the cradle of our Lord in Bethlehem. Gleaning information, completing an already magnificent education, and all for the purpose of scattering the precious fruits of his study and travel among the people of this the land of his nativity.

Not many days ago there was a rumor that Hon. Judge A. B. Routhier, of the Quebec Superior Court Bench, might be chosen as Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories. If such were to take place that portion of the Dominion would enjoy the privilege of having as head of the executive one whose knowledge of the country, the inhabitants and their requirements, is unsurpassed in Eastern Canada. It was only the other day that we spent several useful and delightful hours, following the learned judge, in the palace called "Canton," from Montreal to Victoria. It is a pity, for the sake of our literature and the material development of the great North-West, that his admirable work is not translated into English and spread over the whole continent. In it we seemed to have renewed an acquaintanceship of years gone past. Although we never exchanged a word, personally, with this brilliant light in the sky of Canadian letters, still we feel as if we had been for years the most intimate of travelling companions. Did we not sit with him for hours at the feet of the *Confessions* of Gauthier and the preacher Montsabré; did we not enjoy with him the classic wit of Molière, the religious beauties of Racine and the heroic grandeur of Corneille; have we not walked with him through the Ecclurial, studied Moorish architecture in the Alhambra, and scalded the dizzy steps of the Giralda in Seville; have we not followed him through the bazars of Algiers, out to the confines of the Sahara, and back again until, like Marius of old, we stood amongst the ruins of Carthage? In "bark canoe" and in "cariote" we have paddled or bumped along in his company; and we feel confident that were he to occupy the

high office of Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, we would some day enjoy a regular sojourn in that new land—and enjoy it without ever stirring off our chair or leaving our library.

It seems to us that there is a good deal of "jingoism" in the very savage attacks that a number of American writers are now making upon Spain—especially in connection with what they call "Spanish savagery in Cuba." We think that we know the secret of this war of words and may yet let it out.

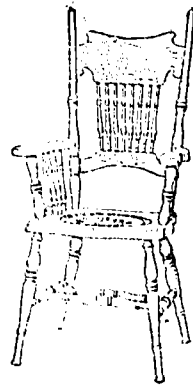
There is silence at last, but only for a time we expect, upon the question of harbor improvements. During the whole summer the public was treated to a regular course of instruction, illustrated by various plans, now the winter has come and we will have ample time—if interested—to reflect upon the many conflicting opinions set forth. One argument, against the plan offered by the Hon. Minister of Public Works, seemed to us to be very peculiar. It was contended that the hon. gentleman was not a civil engineer, and consequently could not give an expert's reasons for his suggestions. However, it never struck the advocate of other plans that a number of the Harbor Commissioners are not civil engineers, and that they are not even united in their opinions. Perhaps it will be said that

they have a genuine engineer behind them, upon whose ability they can rely; so has the Minister a genuine civil engineer; and a staff of engineers behind him. But the members of the Harbor Commission represent various great commercial interests; yes, and the Minister represents, not conflicting interests, but those of the whole Dominion from Atlantic to Pacific. The different Commissioners are bound by their interests in the commercial bodies they represent to secure the most they can for those who send them to the Board; but the Minister is bound by his oath of office to protect and further the greater interests of all Canada and of each particular section of the country. The Commissioners are responsible for their action to their respective organizations; the Minister is responsible to the people of Canada in general, to Parliament and to the Crown. It seems to us that on the face of it the Minister's plan should therefore command the greatest degree of consideration; and that the views of practical pilots and navigators should not be ignored.

Emile Zola, the infidel writer of most delightfully constructed abomin-

ations, has taken up the cause of ex-Captain Dreyfus. The accusation brought so suddenly against Dreyfus, his hurried and secret trial, his extraordinary sentence, and the dramatic manner in which the "degrading" portion of it was carried out filled the world with subject for endless comment and excitement. But the movement of late to have the whole matter re-examined, the suspicions cast upon another officer, the doubts created regarding the justice of the condemnation have revealed something more astonishing than was ever anticipated. Be Dreyfus guilty or innocent, one thing is now proven—that barbarism still clings to the skirts of civilization. That a man, for a political, a military, or any other offence, or crime, should be condemned to die by degrees on an Island where every vapor is charged with poison and every breath drawn is a fatal as a draught of helibore, is horrible to contemplate; but when it is known that the power which so condemned the poor creature has built an iron cage over and around the miserable hut in which he awaits the sure approach of the dread phantom of death, the word revolting more fittingly describes the sentiment that is awakened in every human breast. If Dreyfus were guilty, and a dishonor to the French army, his punishment is a disgrace to the Government—civil or military—of the nation.

In former times when a man, or woman, was tried for murder and found guilty the result was hanging. Of recent years the accused is generally considered to be insane, or rather insane at the time of that special deed, and is therefore sent to an asylum. It is wonderful what an amount of dangerous insanity has been thus developed. However it might serve the purposes of justice and the interests of society better, if the world were taught that this kind of mania would in future be considered no more an excuse than is drunkenness. Crimes, such as have darkened the history of this Province during the past few months, might not be encouraged as they now seem to be. The Nulty, the Laplante, and the Poirier cases are pretty striking examples. In this connection it is wonderful how fashionable it has become for murderers to confess their guilt. This too may some day be construed into a sign of insanity and used as a weapon of protection for the perpetrators of such deeds. Then there is the suicidal mania that apparently has developed to an alarming extent. "There is a screw loose" some place. It is time that the moul-



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ders of public opinion and of individual lives should take the matter into serious consideration. The press should reflect, and, examining honestly the results that are to be often traced to its sensationalism, question itself as to the justice of its course. Perchance when some fresh tragic sensation arises it might feel the necessity of repeating the *mea culpa*

The municipal elections are not very far off. There are signs that never fail to indicate the approach of that eventful civic event. What a splendid barometer is the Alderman, or the would-be Alderman! He is certainly one of the most polite, attentive, interested, kindly fellows in the world; he knows almost every person and has, as the old song says:

"A smile for those who love him  
And a sigh for those who "

—well, who don't vote for him. We never could understand how the public could possibly ignore and neglect to honor in a worthy manner the great virtue of aldermanic patriotism. A man spends hundreds of dollars to get elected; then he neglects his home, his office, his business to devote himself to the interests of his fellow citizens; he draws no salary; goes to the City Hall at all hours, at the beck and call of every body; and gets abused instead of thanked for his self-sacrificing life. This must be what is meant by "man's inhumanity to man." Surely in some other sphere, and at some other time the disinterestedness of the Alderman will be rewarded! For we can see no possible way—at least any that is apparent to an ordinary observer—whereby he can recoup himself for loss of time, money, health and even friends, in this world. Richard Dalton Williams' parody on Moore's "Bower of Sweet Roses" does not and cannot apply to any of our civic fathers:—

"There's a temple of humbug by Liffy's dark stream,  
Where the victims of greatness sit all the day long;  
In the days of my boyhood it was like a grand dream,  
To hear the paid patriots pitching it strong."

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## FELIX POUTRE.

AN AMUSING AND HISTORICAL INCIDENT  
OF THE CANADIAN REBELLION OF  
1837-38.

(By the Editor.)

A few weeks ago a number of Montreal's leading citizens met at the last resting place of the late lamented Premier Mercier, to honor the memory of a truly patriotic Canadian. Of the hundreds then gathered in front of the imposing vault, in Cote des Neiges Cemetery, perhaps there was not one who was unacquainted with the story of that old "patriot" of 1837, Felix Poutre! Yet I doubt if there was one there present who was aware of the fact that in Section "P."—about half an acre away from them—the ashes of the famous rebel reposed in an almost unknown grave. Rambling through the "City of the Dead," I came across an old, weather-beaten, half rotten, and miserably inscribed wooden board, which stood over a grave that had become level with the soil, and from which, in a short time, the remains—if any—will be dug up to make room for some new-comer. In the centre of the board is a hole covered with glass, and containing the photograph of an aged man. Around this faded picture, in black paint, is the following: "Ici repose le corps de Felix Poutre (Patriote), decede le 22 Decembre, 1884, a l'age de 70 ans. Parents et amis priez pour lui.—R.I.P." "*Here lies the body of Felix Poutre (Patriot), died 22nd December, 1884, aged 70 years. Relatives and friends, pray for him. R.I.P.*"

As I stood over the temporary and neglected grave, I recalled the story of those young and enthusiastic leaders who had been arrested in 1838, after the rebellion, and condemned to death. I thought how few of the hundreds who pass, all unheeding, this lonely grave, are aware that it contains the dust of one whose name figures on the pages of Canadian history. Who was he? What did he do? questions that it may interest many to have answered.

Felix Poutre was the son of a farmer and rebel leader. Young Poutre was conspicuous for more reasons than one. That he left his home in Chambly County and donned the "red bonnet" and shouldered the musket would have sufficed, in the eye of martial justice, to entail a prompt condemnation. But Poutre had personally sworn in over three thousand of his fellow countrymen, and helped in other ways to swell the ranks of

the insurgents. Besides he was a man of more than ordinary acquirements, both intellectual and physical. Although of a quiet and most unassuming disposition, Poutre was one whose anger was to be feared. He stood six feet one inch in height, was as nimble as a deer, and possessed the strength of a Sampson. So modest was he, however, that few, if any, of his companions really realized his wonderful physical power; often, when working in his father's fields, he would amuse himself by holding the plough so firmly that the horses could not stir it in the furrow; or in grasping the handles and keeping the plough suspended, at arm's length, for a fraction of a minute. These feats taught him his own strength, but he never boasted of it, nor made any display in presence of others. Little did he dream that one day his phenomenal corporal power would save his neck and cheat the hangman.

In the winter of 1837-38, Poutre, with other leaders, was arrested and placed in the old Montreal prison to await trial—and an almost certain condemnation. It was then that he conceived the idea of playing the madman, and so perfectly did he carry out his plan, that he was eventually expelled by force from the prison. In 1882, with the winters of nearly three score and ten years on his head, the venerable old "patriot" made a tour of the country, delivering a series of lectures upon the events of the rebellion. Perhaps the most graphic, as well as the most interesting, of those able conferences was that in which he related the story of his own escape from the scaffold. Even at that advanced age, Poutre looked the very incarnation of physical strength. His powerful form stood erect, like a pine of the forest that had weathered the tempests for half a century or more. When memory conjured up the scenes of the past, the aged eye sparkled with the fire of youth, the voice grew stronger, and the whole man became transformed; the enthusiasm he felt so keenly became contagious, and for an hour his audience would sit and listen, now convulsed with laughter, anon melted to tears.

It would be impossible to tell the story of Felix Poutre's escape more eloquently than in his own simple and graphic language. It may lose much of its force in the process of translation; but none of the incidents which he relates, and all of which are historically authentic, need be sacrificed, even for the sake of brevity.

(Continued in our next.)

## WANLOCK.

(A POEM THAT WILL LIVE.)

The name of Robert Reid (Rob Wanlock), author of "Moorland Rhymes" and other beautiful productions, deserves a two-fold place in the hearts of patriotic lovers of genuine poetry. Scotland, the land of his birth, and Canada, the land of his adoption, join hands in showering honors upon the head of the kindly,

noble-souled poet, who has sung in such touching and perfect songs the glories of the former and the greatness of the latter. Since Mr. Reid's "Kirkbride" won for him the palm of triumph, it may not be out of place—it certainly is never out of time—to present our readers with a sample of his work in another strain. Perhaps no poem from his gifted pen expresses more truly and more touchingly the sentiment of deep-rooted affection which links the Scotch-Canadian to the "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood," certainly not one of all his brilliant effusions tends more to make the reader participate in the poet's feelings and love the man for the soul and heart that speak through his verses, than the one addressed to his mother, after the death of his father. We take the liberty of reproducing it, both to show how deeply we appreciate the author's merits, and how much our Canadian literature has gained in the fact that Rob Wanlock has made this Dominion his home.

How blythe it was in Wanlock, when summer skies were fair!  
How sweet to roam the Wanlock hills when those we lov'd were there!  
Now skies are cold, and hills are bare, and those we lov'd are gone;  
And, oh, 'tis sad in Wanlock, for those that sit alone.

To sit alone in Wanlock, when all its charm has fled,  
To think upon the happy days that all too swiftly sped;  
Hath life a sadder thought than this—borne in on heart and brain—  
That things have been in Wanlock, that ne'er will be again!

Oh! ne'er again in Wanlock, beneath the old roof-tree,  
Can such a season come to us, so full of life and glee;  
No more, in undiminish'd strength we'll gather proudly there—  
That joyous board in Wanlock has now a vacant chair.

A vacant chair in Wanlock, that never can be fill'd,  
A noble presence gone for aye, a life forever still'd;  
Death's dismal shadow lies across the threshold of that door  
That stood so wide in Wanlock, to welcome us of yore.

To welcome us in Wanlock, how eager were those eyes—  
That now are closed to earthly things, and open but in the skies!  
How kind the manly voice of him that bade the wanderers come  
Back to his hearth in Wanlock, their childhood's happy home!

That wappy home in Wanlock—where are its inmates now!  
In other lands they're wandering, with sadness on each brow;  
The gloom that shrouds that homestead o'er is in each heart as well,  
And far away from Wanlock, it is their lot to dwell.

But far away from Wanlock, and parted though we be,  
There's still a tie that binds us to the home of infancy;  
Though something of the charm hath pass'd that grac'd each stream and hill,  
Oh, lonely glen of Wanlock, our hearts are with you still!

And, Mother, dear, in Wanlock thy presence is the spell  
That draws our hearts to those old hills we long have known so well;  
The memories of the vanish'd days, the dreams of those to be,  
And all that hallows Wanlock, are centred now in thee.

The spring will come to Wanlock as in the years gone by,  
And smiling summer clothe in beauty moor and mountain high,  
The heather's bursting bloom will ting their fragrance on the air—  
But what were these, or Wanlock, if thou wert wanting there?

Be strong! sad heart in Wanlock, thou mour'n'st the happy past;  
Be happy! knowing Love will tend thee fondly to the last;  
God send His peace to comfort thee and cheer thee with our love,  
Till that dark day for Wanlock, when thou art call'd above!

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## IN MEMORIAM.

THE LATE DR. ROBERT CHARLES  
KIRKPATRICK.

The press of Monday contained lengthy obituary notices of the late Dr. R. C. Kirkpatrick, who, after a very short illness, passed away on Sunday evening the 5th December. The deceased was a son of Mr. J. E. Kirkpatrick, of Messrs. Kirkpatrick & Cookson, produce merchants, brother of J. J. Kirkpatrick and brother-in-law of Captain Reid, the port warden of Montreal. Born in 1863, he was educated in this city, and took his degrees in arts and medicine at McGill University. He had been successively house surgeon, medical superintendent and surgeon of the General Hospital staff. As lecturer in clinical surgery, and demonstrator of surgery at McGill he was winning his way to a high place in the profession. He was also an associate editor of the "Medical Journal." A few years ago he commenced practice for himself and had acquired a very high reputation as a surgeon. "His unflinching courtesy won him universal esteem," says a contemporary. To this we have a few words of humble tribute to add.

Wherever he went his genial and kindly nature won him the confidence and affection of all who came in contact with him. In his practice he was more a friend than a mere physician; he seemed to sympathize with every suffering and appreciate every sentiment of those under his treatment; he became, as it were, a member of the household and with words of encouragement or consolation brought peace where the tempest of sorrow swept over the hearts, and shed light upon the clouds of misery that often darkened the hearths. We could relate many an interesting and edifying incident that would illustrate the loveable character of the young physician; one will suffice.

He is now beyond the reach of praise, at least such praise as our feeble pen can offer; we, therefore, do not feel that we are intruding upon his professional career, nor do we dread any shock to his great humility, in recalling a simple event. It was mid-winter; the storms of January and February were fierce and unrelenting that year. Dr. Kirkpatrick was summoned to attend an infant, the only child of an adoring mother. He knew from the first that the tiny being could not remain long in this cold world, and he set before himself the two-fold task of prolonging as far as possible that young life and of soothing the heart of the mother that so cherished it. At all hours, day and night, on the slightest evidence of change he was summoned, and he answered that call as promptly and as pleasantly as if he had been sent for by a prime minister or a prince. At last the angel-spirit of the child took wing, and the gloom of bereavement fell upon the home, while a great tide of grief rushed over the mother's soul. The physician had fulfilled all his duties, he was no longer required; but the man, the friend, the Christian felt that he was still needed. The

night was far advanced, the snow was heaped in hillocks without, the storm raged in boreal fury; within the lone mother watched over the faded blossom that she so cherished. A knock at the door, it was Dr. Kirkpatrick. He had come to watch for an hour or two, to talk of the dead baby, to console the grieving mother, to whisper memories of that Holy Mother who had offered up the sacrifice of her Son as a submission to the will of God, to speak words of great and deep consolation, and to leave a ray of peace where all had been darkness before. That was the late Dr. R. C. Kirkpatrick, the young, generous, fine-natured character, whose early death so many deplore.

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