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THE TRIP HAMMER.

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The Trip Hammer.

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RIEL.

THERE are many rumors in the air as to the ultimate disposition of the unfortunate man, late leader of the half breeds and Indians of the North-West in their revolt against constituted authority, who now lies a captive in Regina prison. We use the word unfortunate not because we have any sympathy for him, far from it, but because it must always be considered an unfortunate thing when a fellow creature has committed crimes, the punishment of which is death. There can be no doubt in the mind of any reasonable man that Riel has richly earned

the halter which is even now about his neck, and from which it is not possible he shall be allowed to escape. There might have been some excuse for his treasonable course in 1870, but even then there could be none for unprovoked, cold blooded murder, such as he was guilty of in the brutal taking off of poor Scott. People who love the country which gave them birth; who still cherish a natural affection for the "land where the bones of their fathers repose" might easily find palliating circumstances in the Metis rebellion of fifteen years ago, and Riel's part therein, with the exception of the Scott murder. The Indians were the natural owners of the country. Its plains had been their hunting grounds for generations. They had fished in its rivers, had lived in the shade of its forests, and skimmed the surface of its lakes in their birch bark canoes, long before the aggressive foot of the pale face had left its ineffaceable print upon their soil. The half breeds, though dating from a later time, were also the children of the prairie, deriving their inheritance from their Indian mothers, and therefore entitled to share in the ownership, in so far as years of uninterrupted possession can confer ownership, of the land. True, portions here and there had been diverted and given to strangers by the "Great White Chief beyond the water," but there was practically no limit observed by Indians and half breeds when in pursuit of their game. Now all this was to be changed. The English pale face, like a cloud of locusts, was on his way to take possession of their country. The prairie over which the free feet of their fathers had roamed for centuries was to become the property of the white man; the forests were to be his; the buffalo; the deer, the fish in lake and river, the martin, the beaver and the musk-rat, were all to be his. The very grass of the field was to grow for him, and the Indian and the half breed were to be exterminated—shoved farther and farther "along the log," as Red Jacket once so quaintly illustrated, until they should be shoved off altogether. Riel himself, though more enlightened than his brethren, among whom he was regarded as a leader, and having, no doubt, then, as now, selfish ends in

view, in thus exaggerating the results to flow from the transfer to Canada of the North-West Territories, may still be credited, to some extent at any rate, with patriotic motives in his resistance to the entrance of Lieut. Governor McDougall. But having gone so far in extenuation, his further action has set up a barrier which no honest or patriotic man will seek to pass. By the murder of Scott in 1870 he at once put himself outside the pale of that chivalric sympathy which generous hearts accord the patriot in arms for his country; and by inciting bloodthirsty, relentless savages in 1885 to murder and rapine he has so immeasurably added to that guilt that his punishment is called for trumpet-tongued—called for by every drop of blood which has fallen from the veins of Canadian soldiers; called for by the blood of husbands, of brothers, of sons—by the tears of mothers, sisters, wives—by the sufferings of captives; by the charred embers of once happy homes—by the blackness and desolation which have fallen on fields last year green and golden in their summer glory. By every voice of civilization, of religion and of law, punishment sure and swift is invoked upon the traitor and those who were aiders and abettors in his treason.

There are already indications that every legal quibble which can by any means be made to do duty will be pressed into service on Riel's behalf. They will all fail. The will of a nation is not to be thwarted by the miserable obstacles which invariably are set up by the lawyers to impede the march of justice. The united voice of a people will surely be heard, and that voice emits no uncertain sound. What quibble can possibly prevail in face of the undeniable facts? Here is the law, which says plainly, if law ever *can* say anything plainly, without some reservation expressed or understood, "nevertheless, notwithstanding or aforesaid," etc., etc., that traitors in arms against their sovereign must die. There stands the traitor—traitor, if a British subject—murderer and marauder if not—taken red-handed—the blood of Duck Lake, Fish Creek, Batoche fresh upon his hands. What plea can he hope to set up in mitigation of his crime? The plea of insanity? It has done yeoman's service in the case of many a scoundrel, and may succeed again, but we think not. The trick is too palpable. No amount of conjuring can palm it off upon the people of Canada. Understand—we are convinced in our own mind that Riel, when he called his friends together; when

he made the Indians believe that the Canadians were coming to exterminate them; when he lied to them about Duck Lake and Fish Creek, telling them he had killed two hundred Canadian soldiers, and that the rest had run away—when he fired on the Police and Volunteers at Duck Lake and other engagements—was as sane as any man in his band—and yet we may be wrong. There are reasons on the surface for arguing that Riel could not possibly have been in his right senses when he went into a rebellion which any sane man with the most superficial knowledge of the circumstances must, from the very first have pronounced foolish and hopeless. But these reasons will not be accepted as evidence. If Riel is to escape on the plea of irresponsibility for his actions, that irresponsibility must be so clearly shown that no shadow of a doubt may rest upon it. If it can be—if it can be indubitably proven that he is, and was, an insane man who cunningly contrived to delude his ignorant sympathizers into following his mad leadership, the law, of course, makes full provision for such a contingency. There is no one, we venture to say, not even among those whom his wickedness has bereft of kindred and friends who would desire to shed the blood of a madman. The precepts of our Christian religion, the laws of humanity, the natural feelings of man, all forbid that the mentally irresponsible person should suffer the extreme penalty for actions committed under the influence of a diseased mind. But that unaccountability, as we have said, and we cannot repeat it too often, must be clearly proven. Should the faintest suspicion arise that political intriguers are at work in Riel's interest for the furtherance of their own base ends—that the entanglements of party are to be thrown around the hands of justice in order that the traitor and the murderer may escape his righteous doom—that race or religion is to afford him sanctuary, the voice of the people of this country will make itself heard in a manner not to be mistaken.

And when we say the people of this country we *mean* the people of this country. We do not mean the people of Ontario, or the people of Quebec, or of any other province, but the whole people of our wide Dominion. We are marching hand in hand, like children yet, whose footsteps sometimes miss harmonious measure. Yet still we are marching on—each day, we trust, in spite of conflicting interests, bringing us more and more into harmony with each other. Each

day seeing the *esprit du corps* of Confederation grow stronger and stronger. Believing this, in spite of the birds of ill omen which croak a different story, it is our duty to repudiate charges of disaffection and disloyalty made against the people of any of our sister provinces. We have spoken of race, and religion, in connection with Riel, and the inference might be that our remark was pointed at our French Canadian fellow subjects in Quebec, of whose race and religion Riel is a most unworthy scion. We desire to protest against such an inference. It may be possible that there are French Canadians who sympathize with Riel; doubtless there are. But that the heart of the French Canadian people is disloyal to the crown of Great Britain or to the Confederation, in the formation of which their greatest statesman was the foremost man, is something not to be believed. And being loyal they will condemn the traitor, though he speaks their own language and carries their blood in his veins. The presence of their soldiers in the field; the manner in which a French Canadian Minister of Militia has dealt with the rebellion prove this, if any proof were wanting. It is not the people we fear. It is the demagogues, the wire pullers, the men who make power and place superior to patriotism, who to retain or obtain (either word you choose) political preferment would endorse the deeds of a thousand traitors worse, if possible, than Riel. If there be such we foretell their failure; we predict the triumph of justice, followed by the re-establishment of law and order, and the confusion of all who stand in its way.

EXIT GLADSTONE.

AFTER five years of power the Gladstone ministry, which passed triumphantly through the results of the war in the Soudan, and brought to a peaceful issue the, at one time almost hopeless negotiations with Russia in the Afghan matter, has fallen headlong over a beer vat. The Conservatives, after much seeming reluctance, have assumed the reins of power and will guide the chariot of state for the time being. It is predicted that their tenure will be a brief one; that the people at the general elections, shortly to take place, will manifest their continued confidence in the "grand old man," by giving him an increased majority in the House when the time comes. Meanwhile the Queen has made it plainly apparent that her sympathies are with the Conservatives at

the present juncture. Her Majesty has shown her disapproval of Gladstone's course in the Afghan affair by inviting Sir Peter Lumsden to Windsor and entertaining him there, thus conveying to the late Premier a most undoubted snub. It would have been more in accordance with Conservative traditions, some seem to think, could they have taken their seats on the Treasury Benches in a more legitimate way. It is asserted that the ladder of the Parnell vote by which they reached their prize is one on which honorable men would scorn to climb. Be this as it may, they have climbed it and are now enjoying the sweets of office. Lord Randolph Churchill has been returned for the borough of Woodstock, mainly through the instrumentality of his wife, an American lady, who has given the slow-going, beef-eating voters of that snug little constituency some idea of how they manage these matters in the land of the free and the home of the brave. Until the elections take place the prophets will be in their element, and matters generally, at least those which are effected by a change of Ministry, will remain in a state of uncertainty not relished by the business world. We predict that the mere fact of possession will in this case, as oft before, prove of immense value to the possessors, and that the Conservatives under Lord Salisbury will be sustained. The Irish party are jubilant, believing that the time is now fast approaching when they shall achieve the triumph for which they have fought so long—Home Rule for Ireland. If home rule would bring peace and prosperity to that unhappy country we should pray for it with all our might, and exult in its accomplishment. But we fear the same causes of disquiet and comparative poverty which have existed in Ireland for centuries are still there, modified perhaps, but still potent to counteract even the alleged benefits to flow from Home Rule.

"IN NATIVE EARTH."

(Unavoidably crowded out of the June number.)

ON Wednesday, May 27th, the remains of Lieut. Fitch, and on Monday, June 1st, those of Private Moor, both of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, were laid to rest at a short distance from each other in Mount Pleasant. The latter fell at Batoche on Sunday, May 10th, and the former at the same place on Tuesday, the 12th. Details of the solemn and imposing ceremonies

connected with their funerals have already appeared in the daily press, and it is not necessary to repeat them here. Immense numbers of people were present and showed by their demeanour how deeply they sympathized with the relatives and friends of the dead soldiers. On both occasions the streets and squares in the vicinity of the homes of the deceased were blocked with people, and all the way from the city to the cemetery the line of march was occupied by thousands of men, women and children, all intent in honoring the memory of those who fell fighting for their Queen and country.

The cemetery of Mount Pleasant will henceforth be a spot doubly consecrated in the hearts and memories of the people of Toronto, because of her soldier sons who rest there. They died in the forefront of the battle, nobly performing their duty, and all the honor with which a grateful country could invest their obsequies was theirs. They fell in a far-off land, but they sleep in native earth, where never foot of foe shall disturb "the grasses of their graves." Let it be some consolation to hearts that sorrow for them to remember how they died—that mingling with the tolling of their funeral bells there rings out from sea to sea a glorious chime of victory, won as much by them as their survivors—a nation's benediction telling that their sacrifice was not in vain.

VETERANS.

IN pursuance of our design inaugurated last month we approach No. 2 of the series of short papers on the lives of the older employes of The Massey Manufacturing Company, our subject for July being Mr. Matthew Garvin, Assistant-Manager of the Company. Mr. Garvin's career has been a somewhat chequered one and the realities and sorrows of life commenced for him very early. The first of these was his birth. It is not on record that he made any serious objections to that event. Being so young the probability is that he was not in a position to offer any effectual opposition in the matter or he most assuredly would have done so. It is well known, however, that as soon as the state of his health permitted he fyled a most emphatic repudiation of the whole business. He considered the thing was a humbug; it had been done without his consent; he didn't think there was anything in it, any way, and he wished to take the earliest opportunity of disclaiming all responsibility in the matter.

These reproaches were conveyed, not in words of course, but in a series of yells and kicks and struggles, the like of which had never been heard or witnessed in the County of Monaghan, Ireland, where Mr. Garvin was born on February 25th, 1835. His father was a local preacher and in addition to his clerical duties worked a small farm. In 1847, that memorable year which saw so many of the sons and daughters of the green isle turn their faces westward to America, his parents resolved that they too must bid farewell to the land of the shamrock. They sailed from Belfast in July, when Mr. Garvin was twelve years old, bringing with them their family of seven children, of whom their son Matthew was the eldest.

The fever of '47 will be remembered by many of the older people of Canada. Each arriving vessel brought additions to the number of the sick who filled the hospitals of Quebec and other cities, until there was no further room, and in many cases the emigrants were obliged to continue their journey up the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario without being allowed to go ashore at the lower ports at all. This was the case with Mr. Garvin, Sr., and his family, who first set their feet on Canadian soil at Cobourg. The country proved an inhospitable one to them. At home in Ireland they had heard of broad acres awaiting all who chose to claim them in that far-off land of Canada. They had dreamed dreams of a happy home in the new country, surrounded with smiling fields; the grain bending on its stalk; the cattle knee deep among the clover; while within was peace and plenty and contentment, such as poor famine stricken Ireland had long been a stranger to. Alas! for their dreams. Instead of broad acres they found only the narrow spot in which the father and mother were laid to rest in August, 1847, with one of their children by their side, all stricken down by the fever, which had attacked the whole family. Six of the children recovered, however, and four of them still survive. On his recovery the lad Matthew went to work for Mr. H. A. Massey, on his farm in Haldimand township, Northumberland, in the September following his arrival in the country. In 1851 Mr. Massey moved to Newcastle and Matthew came with him, and remained until March, 1852. During this period of nearly five years it sometimes happened that Mr. Massey and his young assistant cherished different views as to the proper manner of performing certain duties on the farm and in the shop, but both being of a

mild and yielding temperament their differences, which seldom occurred more than two or three times a day, had been as often reconciled. In March, '52, however, the relations between them became so strained that a separation was thought advisable while they were both in possession of life and limb, and Mr. Garvin once more set his face westward. He only reached Bowmanville, and went to work there in the making of carriages, in which business he continued till June, 1853, when he returned to Newcastle and re-entered the employ of his former antagonist. In 1856 he attained his majority, and in July of that year was married to his first wife, Miss Matilda Turney, third daughter of S. G. Turney, of the township of Haldimand. He then removed to Oshawa and worked for the old Oshawa Manufacturing Company during the summer and fall of 1856. In the winter of 1856 he went to Grafton where he was employed by Mayol & Gleason in the foundry business. The westward fever was still strong upon him, and in November, 1858, he struck out for Michigan, where he remained until May, 1862, when the American rebellion took place, and Mr. Garvin feeling that if life was to be for him a continued battle he would at least seek a foe man worthy of his steel, returned to Newcastle, and once more entered the employ of Mr. H. A. Massey. This time the conflict was spread over a period of six years, or until November, 1868, when Mr. Garvin withdrew across the lines to Missouri. In January, 1869, he returned from the States to Aurora. In 1870 The Massey Manufacturing Company was formed, and in 1871 Mr. Garvin became a stockholder and entered the employ of the Company in November of that year where he has remained uninterruptedly up to the present time.

Five children, three girls and two boys, were the issue of Mr. Garvin's first marriage. His first wife died in July, 1873, and in May, 1875, he was married to the youngest daughter of Henry Munro, Esq., of Newcastle, two children, boys, being the result of this union. Mr. Munro, father of Mr. Garvin's present wife, was a member of the old parliament of Canada, representing for fourteen consecutive years the constituency of West Durham.

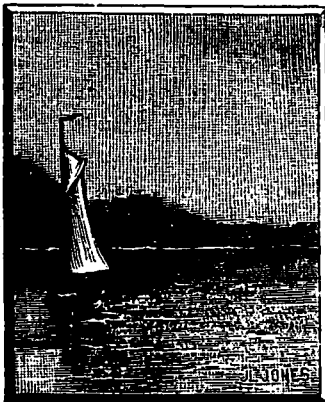
Mr. Garvin's life has, as we have seen, been an eventful one. Cast on the world an orphan at the early age of twelve years, a stranger in a strange land, with not a friend, except his brothers and sisters, helpless as himself, it would not have been a wonderful thing if he

had broken down entirely. But even as a boy of twelve it was evident that he was not composed of the stuff which easily breaks down, but rather of that sterner material which never gives up even before the most, seemingly, insuperable obstacles, and that he was endowed with a courage which quails not in the face of disaster. We would like to say a word or two as to Mr. Garvin's personal characteristics, but really fear to enter upon the subject. Although a native of that charming island which holds the "blarney stone," he has so strong an aversion to anything savouring of "blarney," that he is apt to distrust honest and heartfelt praise. The inspired writer "said in his haste" that "all men are liars." Mr. Garvin is of the opinion—that is we fear he is—that the assertion was an eminently proper one, needing no qualification as to haste, justified by experience and requiring no apology or explanation. He holds it true to a lamentable extent in the present day, and believes if there were more of truthfulness and honesty and less of humbug in the world the great majority of the other evils to which humanity is heir would shortly disappear. As we cannot say anything bad of him, and are not allowed to say anything good, what are we to do? Like Othello, "our occupation's gone." Mr. Garvin was never apprenticed we believe to any particular trade, and in this respect, as in many others, is an exception to all recognized "red tape" hard and fast rules. Beginning his career in a small shop in which he was familiar with the details and practical work of all the departments he has expanded with increasing responsibilities, and is as much at home to-day in the mammoth establishment over which he is Assistant-Manager as he was wont to be forty years ago in the small shop at Newcastle. His relations with those working under his direction have always been of a satisfactory character. Plain, blunt and outspoken; not particularly tender as to the sensibilities of others, his honesty of purpose has always been recognized, disarming resentment, and causing those whom he found it necessary to rebuke or warn to feel that he was not stern in his own interest but solely in that of his employers. Mr. Garvin is a strong temperance man. With characteristic forethought he decided even when a boy that liquor and tobacco are not necessary weapons of success in the battle of life, but rather hindrances, and since that time has never indulged in either. In politics he is a Reformer, and although not

extreme in his views is always to be found "agin the government"—that is, we hasten to explain, the present government. He is also a member of the Methodist Church and takes a keen interest in religious matters, believing that "after life's fitful fever" there must come, for those who accept the remedy, a convalescent state in which they shall grow stronger and nobler and better, followed by a complete recovery of that Edenic perfection from which mankind fell by the sin of our first parents; that there is a more exalted life to be enjoyed in heaven, in which if we would participate we must prepare ourselves for it here on earth.

If a fondness for a good horse may be considered a weakness Mr. Garvin is open to that objection in common with many other good men. In conclusion we may be allowed to express the hope that Mr. Garvin may long continue his connection with the Company, which owes much of its success to his faithful work; that he may fully share in its prosperity, and that when he shall arrive at that period when old men fight their battles of life over again in the chimney corner, none but kindly and pleasant remembrances of past days may be with him, and of days to come a sure and certain hope, a peaceful looking forward to the time when he shall "wrap the drapery of his couch about him and lie down to pleasant dreams."

CONTRIBUTED.



SAILING.

BY J. B. HARRIS.

THE sunlight sleeps
upon the wave,
And gilds our lazy
sail;
Faint zephyrs from
the fervid west
Sigh softly o'er the
calm lake's breast,
And, sighing, fail.

With scarce a ripple at our prow,
We part the slumb'rous tide;
Down through fair seas of molten gold,
Whose depths a wondrous radiance hold,
We careless glide.

But freshening breezes soon shall bend
Our canvas to the foam,
And through the evening's rosy haze,
Soft with the sun's departing rays,
Shall waft us home.

O, bark, upon thy summer sea,
Beneath the noontide sun;
Sail safely on thy happy way;
Safe harbor find at close of day—
Thy journey done.

Yet, while thy sun of life is high,
True observation take;
Ere storm and tempest darkly ride,
And swelling waves against thy side
Shall fiercely break.

Keep well in hand each sheet and line,
Against the treacherous blast;
Until, beyond the storm and gale,
Angelic voices greet thy sail
In heaven at last.

THE SCOTT ACT.

BY J. G. TURTON.

THE struggle being made by the people of Canada to free their country from the blighting curse of intemperance still goes on with unabated vigor. For many years the promoters of temperance reform had been battling with the giant evil, endeavoring by every means within their power to educate the popular mind upon the subject, to preserve the young from falling into habits of drunkenness, and to rescue those who had already become its victims; and although their labors were far from being fruitless—many a slave to his unnatural appetite having been emancipated through the noble efforts of this class of Christian workers—yet they were met at every step with the discouraging fact, that while they were successful in reclaiming some, the legalized liquor traffic of the country by its many forms of temptation—the open bar-room, the treating system, and other seductive influences—continued to make thousands of drunkards every year. The recognition of this fact at length compelled the temperance people to turn to the law-makers of the country for assistance, and after long and persistent agitation for a general Prohibitory Law which would stop all importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicants for drinking purposes, succeeded in gaining from Parliament an admission that the principle of prohibition was a righteous one. Parliament, however, fearing that the country was not educated up to the point of sustaining and enforcing so sweeping a measure at that time, passed in its stead the Scott Act, or Canada Temperance Act of A.D. 1878, whereby any city or county desiring to avail itself of its provisions, could entirely abolish within its limits the legalized sale of intoxicating beverages. The assurance being given that when the country, by a good proportion of

its counties adopting the Scott Act, indicated its readiness for general prohibition, it would be granted. Since the passage of the Scott Act, it has been submitted no less than 78 times in 69 different constituencies, with the following result: for adoption, 64; against adoption, 13; tie vote, 1. Of the 64 for adoption, 7 were second pollings in the same counties. Therefore, 53 counties and 4 cities in Canada have now placed themselves by a majority vote under the prohibitory regulations of the Scott Act. In the present month (June) three victories have been scored for the cause of legal prohibition, Frontenac, Lincoln and Middlesex declaring in favor of the Act, the latter county rolling up the majority of 3376 in favor of adoption. As might be expected, the most strenuous opposition to the prohibition movement has been met with from those engaged in the liquor traffic. The Scott Act itself was subjected to the most exhaustive legal scrutiny, test cases being carried from court to court until the highest legal authority in the British realm, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, was reached, only to find that the Act was thoroughly constitutional. The best available public lecturers were engaged, who, by means of ridicule and peculiar methods of representing facts, endeavored to break the force of temperance arguments. A large fund was raised for the defence of the traffic at the elections. A monster demonstration was gotten up and went in full force to Ottawa; hence the now famous Wine and Beer Amendments. All these failing, last of all we hear of mob force and violent acts such as took place in St. Catharines on the evening of the vote in Lincoln county.

Judging from the tone of the prohibition sentiment as expressed throughout the Scott Act campaign, and as shown by the recent action of the Commons versus Senate, it is quite evident the people of Canada have reached the determination that a traffic so productive of poverty, misery and crime; so utterly debasing in all its influence on society, shall not continue to be sustained and perpetuated under protection of the laws of this fair Dominion.—That the liquor traffic must go, and the sooner those engaged in the business recognize the undoubted trend of affairs and accept the ultimate outcome of the present agitation, the better will it be for them.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT WITH THE QUEEN'S OWN.

(To the Editor, TRIP HAMMER.)

BATTLEFORD, June 2nd, 1885.

I closed my last letter with an account of the Cut Knife Hill fight on May 1st last, and I ventured to assert that Poundmaker had been hit so hard there that he would begin to see the white soldiers were not the squaws he had been told they were. We have since had ocular demonstration of my success as a soothsayer and have now got that Indian in durance vile, together with a lot of his chief men. On May 25th, I think it was, shortly after breakfast a scout rode into camp and reported that a string of waggons containing half breeds was on its way in our direction. Soon in the distance they could be seen winding down the hill towards the bridge that spans the Battle River below the town. A white flag borne at the front of the procession indicated a peaceful intent, and their arrival was awaited with considerable interest.

At first it was thought, as they approached nearer, that they were accompanied by a horse fiddle band executing selections of the most heartrending description, expressive of the feelings of the conquered as they came to bow themselves before the great white chief who had overcome them. I have lived next door to a trombone amateur who had lately come into possession of his instrument, and have passed hours of anguish in listening to murderous attempts on the innocent airs of my childhood. I have listened to a feline concert in the back yard until the very shingles on the roofs have seemed to stand on end with horror; but I had never yet heard anything so inexpressibly dismal as the sounds which, louder and louder, now came on towards us through the pure morning air. What do you suppose the music was? Only the Red River carts, which never go any place without an accompaniment of this character. I had heard one or two before but here were over fifty all squeaking and wailing and groaning in concert, and I assure you the effect was immense. But the carts were only a small part of the menagerie; there were the ponies and the oxen, and the harness and the camp equipage—the tepees, the stoves, the stovepipes, the beds, the furniture, the old men, the old women, the mothers, the papposes, the middle-aged men, the young men, the maidens,

the children—and “which I says to Mrs. 'Arris, dirt, I says, is cheap, and any one as likes dirt, I says, is welcome to waller in it if so be they feels inclined; but when dirt makes itself that conspicuous as you can't tell which is dirt and which human being, then, I says, I perhaps may be excused for remarkin' that things is being carried too far.” I am quite sure Mrs. Gamp would have expressed her feelings in words something like the above if she could have “gaged” on the motley crowd who now came to a halt a short distance west of the barracks and began preparations for camping. They were not long in making themselves, to all appearance, quite at home, and some of the boys paid them a visit shortly afterward and had a talk with some of their more prominent men.

They all persevere in asserting that Poundmaker kept them prisoners, and that they did not want to fight the whites. This story of course we took in as much of as we thought fit. A young Englishman named Jefferson is among them, and some say he is as bad as any of them. He is married to Poundmaker's sister, or his wife's sister, and has considerable influence among the Indians and half breeds. He was at one time appointed farm instructor on Poundmaker's reserve and has learned the Cree language so that he speaks it almost as well as the Indians themselves. It is a singular thing that an educated Englishman (they say he is well educated, and of good family at home) should choose to live a savage life such as he must lead among the redskins. I presume Cupid has had something to do with it, and that as usual he “rules the court, the camp, the grove,” and is still “lord of all” in the old fashion. But even if he is blind, which is, I understand, the commonly accepted opinion, he surely must be in possession of his olfactories—if he is I can only wonder at his taking up his residence in a half breed camp. The Don at low water is a June nosegay compared with it.

After a while the police came down and arrested a lot of the breeds, and Jefferson with them, and having caused a perfect whirlwind among the women by turning their household goods topsy turvy in their search for stolen articles, departed with their prisoners, who, I suppose, will be sent some place to stand their trial as rebels and traitors. All the arms were searched out and piled up together, and certainly they made anything but a formidable collection—old shot guns and three or four Winchester. I am shrewdly of the opinion that these cunning rascals have brought the worst arms they could find, and left their good ones in some safe place where they can put their hands on them when they want them.

Well, the new sensation of a half breed

camp soon palled, and things were settling down into their accustomed monotony, when suddenly, like lightning from a clear sky (if you're not particular about your similes), there dashed into the town a painted savage on an Indian pony and announced to the general, who rode out to meet him, that the big Indian himself, Poundmaker, and his braves were also coming in to lay down their arms. This was exciting news and everybody was at once on the *qui vive*. Some of the men were ordered under arms lest treachery should be intended, and every eye was turned towards the point of the compass where the Indians were expected to make their appearance. We had not long to wait. The dusky procession soon came in sight, on the trail close by what was once Government House; and if the *tout ensemble* of the half breeds was calculated to arouse mirthful feelings in the breast of a cast-iron statue, that of the redskins would have made him get down from his pedestal and stamp around the room. I remember once seeing a team composed of two animals, one of which at some remote period had evidently been a horse, but was now an animated scarecrow of the most mournful description; the other an old cow, with one

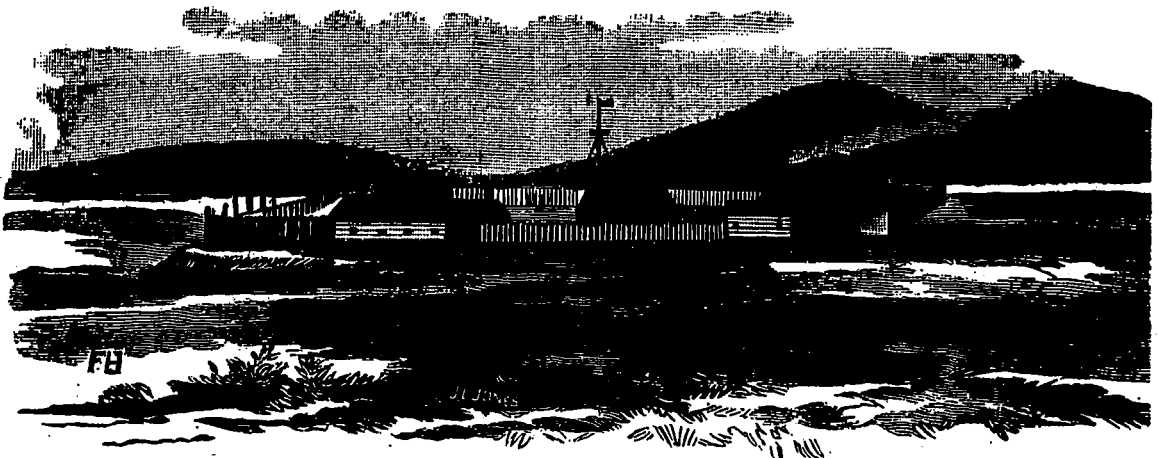


The house where Bernard Tremont was murdered during the early part of the trouble, three miles from Battleford.

(Engraved specially for the TRIP HAMMER from a sketch by Mr. Fred. Harris.)

horn, bleared eyes, and a dissipated appearance generally, clad in a horse's collar and harness. The harness was composed principally of old clothes line and the rig was driven by a middle-aged female with a short, black pipe in her mouth, while the old man sat in the hinder part of the vehicle, guarding sundry fowls and a most attenuated looking calf with which they proposed to corner the market. This was laughable enough but was not a circumstance to some of the traps in Poundmaker's train. An Indian is all right on horseback; he can fasten a rope in his pony's mouth and his riding outfit is complete. But when you require him to attach the same pony to a vehicle he is all at sea. Some of the horses were without collars, the waggon poles being fastened in some mysterious fashion to straps about their necks, and pointing upward over their ears—traces of deer hide were tied to these straps and fastened to the whiplashes in the rear; no reins, drivers running alongside, yelling and pounding the poor animals until the air seemed filled with brandished goads and Indian yells. The procession came in this manner into camp and halted amid acclamations. Poundmaker and his chiefs having stated the object of their visit, their arms and horses were taken from them and preparations were made for a big talk. I need not go into the details of the pow-wow, for it was long,

course ought to be punished. General Middleton gave it as his deliberate opinion that they were humbugs; that their explanations were lies, and ended by ordering Poundmaker, Yellow-Mud-Blanket, Breaking-through-the-Ice and Lean-Man into custody, and telling the others they had better go back to their reserves, behave themselves and try to cultivate the land. He assured them that if there was any more nonsense they should suffer for it; that if one pale face was killed or hurt, ten redskins would be immediately called upon to take their departure for the happy hunting grounds. Whether they were impressed as they ought to have been by the General's plain John Bull speech was not apparent, for the Indian seldom makes any show of his emotions. Poundmaker himself maintained the reputation of his race in this respect, no outward sign being visible of the thoughts within; not a muscle quivered, and he might have been a figure of stone, so stolidly did he listen to the indignant words of the pale-face chief. His counsellors were every whit as stolid and unemotional as he, but they lacked his commanding presence and the fine features which distinguish him in a marked manner from all the rest. He is really a splendid looking fellow, an ideal red man of the forest, such as we read about when we were boys in the "Pathfinder," or "The Last of the Mohicans." It



STOCKADE AT BATTLEFORD JUNE 10TH, 1885.

(Engraved specially for the TRIP HAMMER from a sketch by Mr. Fred Harris.)

and would take too much of your space. They all tried to show that their intentions were at all times of the most innocent character, and that when they murdered men, burnt houses and pillaged the country they were compelled to do so by Riel or somebody else, who of

would be almost a pity to hang such a man, and yet it would never do to allow traitors and rebels to escape punishment because of their good looks. So I am humbly of the opinion that Poundmaker's career is drawing to a close. I fear if the people of Battleford were appointed

to try him his shrift would be short and his rope long—long enough to reach the branches of the nearest tree. And his braves would fare no better. Much indignation is expressed that the latter are allowed to return to their reserves unpunished. People say that the old men will be left on the reserves while the young fellows go north to join Big Bear. In fact it is asserted that they have already done so; that the old men are killing cattle, making pemmican and getting ready generally for a protracted resistance. Bands of Indians are reported almost daily all heading north; but if they still intend to continue on the war-path why should their chief and most trusted leader surrender himself as a prisoner? Such a course would be unaccountable. No doubt the fears of the settlers cause them to magnify incidents which in ordinary times would not be noticed. Certain it is that the people of Battleford entertain strong feelings against the Indians, and would "wipe them out" if they could. They have formed a vigilance committee, and already three redskins have been found dead in the vicinity, whether slain by members of the V.C. or not no one seems to know.

Among the troops who arrived from Prince Albert the other night was a volunteer named Burke who as soon as he came in began to enquire for Patsey Burke his brother, bugler of the Mounted Police. When the poor fellow learned that his brother was dead, killed at Cut Knife Hill, he broke completely down and cried like a child. Shortly afterward he wandered away and has not been heard of since. He had anticipated a pleasant meeting with the brother he had not seen for years, and the sudden shock perhaps unsettled his mind. It is to be hoped that he will soon return to camp, but some are of the opinion that he has gone to avenge his brother's death, regardless of consequences to himself.

It is said that troubles never come singly. I believe it. We had scarcely purged the camp of the presence of Poundmaker's following when a third procession, more ridiculous if possible than either of the others, was heard afar off among the hills and slopes of the Saskatchewan. I say heard, because you can always hear a procession of Red River carts long before you can see it. Again arose the inexpressibly dismal wailings with which we were now familiar, and it was thought at first that our late guests were returning. But it turned out

to be another band led by Moosomin, a notable Indian chief, who has hitherto held aloof from the rebels, and who wished to give the General personal assurances of the continued loyalty of himself and people. Well they came in bearing a white flag with "Moosomin Indians" painted on it, led by the chief himself in a buckboard drawn by a team of Indian ponies. The harness was manufactured of "shagnappie," and was most fearfully and wonderfully put together. Besides the harness the ponies were caparisoned in three strings of loud, old-fashioned sleigh bells, which imparted a lofty dignity to the equipage of the chieftain and served as a distinguishing mark of his position. The fearful clatter of these bells was a fitting prelude to the Babel following close behind, to be heard easily a mile away. The mariner of ancient mythology who filled the ears of his sailors with cotton and so saved them from the lure of the syren was a man with a level head; but his artifice would have availed nothing in our case. Whole bales of cotton would have been insufficient to shut out the awful sounds which now burst upon us in all their intensity. You have heard the old fable of the "waggon cursing its driver," which is a figurative method of saying that the axles of the vehicle are out of sympathy with their environment, and in consequence are supposed to vent their feelings in profane language. The volume of imprecations indulged in by a string of Red River carts devoid of lubricant, is a sad commentary on the missionary enterprise of the nineteenth century. And if to this you add the bawling of oxen and the yells of their Indian drivers as they ran beside the poor animals pounding them with ox-goads, you may, if you have a vivid imagination, conceive some faint idea of the reality. On they came, Moosomin leading. On shrieked the carts, some laden with women and children, others with necessaries. Some of the old squaws were so shrivelled and dried up and wrinkled that one could scarcely believe them at first to be human beings. Then the pap-pooes clad for the most part in dirt, and having the most comical appearance. Then the younger men and warriors mounted on horses and wearing blankets and moccasins and nothing else, if I except a stovepipe hat once in a while, stuck round with feathers, and evidently feeling its degradation. No young Canadian who has had any society advantages to speak of has been denied the privilege of witnessing at some period of his life a "Calithumpian" procession.

He has scaled gate posts, climbed trees, shouldered through crowds amid the maledictions of elderly gentlemen with corns, and has at last found himself in a commanding position to view the glorious pageant. No Calithumpian procession that ever marched could hold a candle to this one. The Mardi Gras festivals of New Orleans might perhaps furnish something as comical, but even they could scarcely surpass it in absurdity. The General came out to have a "big talk" as usual, and seemed satisfied with the assurances of loyalty Moosomin profusely favored him with, and after a period of handshaking, which no doubt he greatly enjoyed, he told the chief to go back to his reserve and continue to set a good example. Some of the boys, myself among the number, went among the carts and struck up a lively trade in ex-

ness for civilization and the haunts of peaceful men, and I shall hail the morning with delight when we shall strike our tents for home. I imagine there are many in the regiment of like mind. Not that we are "tenderfeet." Not by any means. If it is necessary that we should stay we will stay without grumbling; but we are hoping, at least I am hoping, that the necessity will soon be over. We have seen some hard times and we have seen some jolly times as well, but I fancy the rose tint of soldiering has faded to a considerable extent during the nine or ten weeks we have had of it. The 92nd Battalion now at Fort Qu'Appelle are not tired yet, however, and have wired the General their willingness to stay. The General is well pleased with the conduct of the Queen's Own and other troops at the Cut Knife battle. Poundmaker



Farm Instructor Payne's house and barn, and view of part of an Indian village near Battleford. The point + indicates where Payne's body was discovered in the barnyard. In the barn were found a Reaper and Mower made by The Massey Manufacturing Company. At O the body of a squaw and papoose were disclosed.

(Engraved specially for the TRIP HAMMER from a sketch by Mr. Fred. Harris.)

changing tea and tobacco for Indian bead work, of which we procured several beautiful specimens. Shortly afterwards the line of march was taken reserve-wards, and the side-splitting cavalcade went groaning and wailing and swearing away.

When are we going home? This inquiry is becoming common and is more easily made than answered. Some people seem to think that the war has just been nicely begun, and that the Indians are still bent on giving trouble. Volunteers have been asked for to remain while their services are needed, and I understand quite a number have consented to stay. I am not one of them. I confess after all to a weak-

ness that if we had kept at them an hour longer they would have surrendered. He admits fifty killed and about twenty missing of whom he has heard nothing since the battle. We have had no mail for a month until to-day, the consequence being a flood of letters which has been dammed up by our imperfect postal arrangements until at last it has overleaped its barriers and come through. There are joyful faces and sparkling eyes all around me; hands full and pockets full of news from home, and the camp is in a state of exaltation. I was exceedingly glad to get your letters, three of them. But why were there no TRIP HAMMERS? I cannot understand what the Government means.

Here am I, a Special Correspondent, who have sent most important despatches to the most influential magazine in the country, and the Postmaster-General seems to be quite oblivious of the fact that this magazine has never reached me. Such apathy is intolerable.

Matters have been rather dull here, from a military point of view, until yesterday, when General Middleton marched out, with about 800 men, in pursuit of Big Bear, who, we hear, has made a stand about 15 miles this side of Fort Pitt, where he was attacked, on the 28th of May, by Gen. Strange, in command of the 65th, of Montreal, the Alberta Rifles, and a party of Mounted Police. The engagement lasted about three hours, but was not at all decisive, as, owing to the nature of the ground, our troops could not approach the enemy's position nearer than 700 yards. Two men of the 65th and one of the Mounted Police were wounded. General Strange retired to Fort Pitt, and will await General Middleton's arrival, when it is hoped they will be able to surround Big Bear and bring him to terms. Big Bear is also a Big Scoundrel, if we are to believe the stories we hear of him. They say he has always been a more or less disagreeable Indian, who loved stealing and plundering much better than work; that he has given more trouble than all the rest put together, and that the country will never be assured of peace until he and a few of his chief men are compelled to view the scenery through hempen collars. He has a large number of prisoners with him, taken at Fort Pitt, through the timidity, I understand, of Factor McLean, who was induced by threats to leave the Fort, where he would have been quite safe, and go to Big Bear's camp, where he was detained a prisoner, and threatened with death unless he sent for his family and the Hudson Bay Co. employes. This McLean did, and, much against the judgment of Capt. Dickens, who commanded the Mounted Police at Fort Pitt, McLean's family (including two pretty daughters) and the employes went over to the Indian camp, where they were immediately made prisoners. Captain Dickens was thus left with only some 25 men to hold the Fort, and Big Bear thought he had him. But the gallant Captain didn't think so; and when summoned by the dusky chief to surrender, he informed that sachem that if he could divide himself into forty pieces, each piece a Big Bear, he would not do it for the whole forty. Capt. Dickens and his men held the place against the enemy for five days, when they made their escape by a flat-boat at night, bringing with them a wounded man, with two bullets in his body; and after hardships innumerable, at last reached Battleford, weary and footsore, and almost without provisions. We also hear that Big Bear, or some of his band, have murdered women and children, among them a Mrs. Gowanlock and her husband, formerly of Orangeville or its vicinity. Mr. Gowanlock had built an extensive saw-mill near Fort Pitt, and was a very peaceful, enterprising man. It is a dreadful thing to think of, delicate women and children in the hands of such a bloodthirsty wretch, and it is most fervently to be hoped that they may soon be rescued. The case of the two young girls above alluded to, is thought by some of the boys to be a particularly hard one, and I have not the slightest doubt that if discipline permitted,

there are some among our number who would be willing to venture their lives in an attempt to free them from their savage captors. We think of our sisters and our sweethearts (those of us who are so blest) at home, and try to imagine what we should do if they were wandering about the country in captivity with a horde of savages. I tell you, the thought makes the blood course quickly through our veins, and arouses an ardent desire to come within rifle shot of the barbarian who holds them in his clutches. This longing has been too much for some of our fellows, who, learning that none of the Queen's Own were to be allowed to go after Big Bear, stealthily crept on board the boats, secreted themselves, and went away with the rest. At least that is the only explanation I can advance for their absence at roll-call this morning. I am afraid they will be punished, for General Middleton is a strict disciplinarian, and will never overlook so glaring an instance of acting without orders. Why the Queen's Own should be thus slighted (as they feel themselves to be in being left behind) is one of the things no fellow can find out. Some attribute it to a want of harmony between Gen. Middleton and Col. Otter—some one thing and some another. If I were asked my opinion, I should say that perhaps the General is willing to trust the bridge that carried him safely over rather than a new one; that, knowing the Grenadiers, and the 90th, and the others, and not knowing the Queen's Own, he naturally prefers not to make experiments in the face of the enemy. Whatever the reason, there is indignation in our camp of the most intense character that we should have been denied a chance to show whether or not we be true men; and as the 800 marched down to the boats, *North-West, Marquis and Alberta*, yesterday, bound for Big Bear and active service, while the Queen's Own were left behind to lives of inglorious ease, there were bosoms 'neath the rifle green that resented the affront put upon them most bitterly—none the less bitterly because in silence. Perhaps however, it is sometimes as brave a thing to bear a wrong in patience as to resent it, and if we cannot be brave in the field because they wont let us, we can at least "suffer and be still." The things you mention in one of your letters as having been sent us from friends in Toronto have not yet arrived, I am sorry to say. They are some place on the prairie between here and Swift Current, and they ought to arrive soon. Allow me to thank you all, in advance, for my share. We are filled with anticipations of the good things to come, and hope to welcome the reality very shortly. I find that the "wee sma' hour" has stolen on me unawares, and I must close. Did I mention that I am still on the telegraph staff, and am much better situated than some of the others? Good-bye.

FRED.

BATTLEFORD, June 11th, 1885.

I can scarcely believe that no longer a time than nine weeks has elapsed since we left Toronto. Events have crowded upon us so thick and fast that we seem almost to have lived a lifetime in these few weeks. And yet, paradoxical as such an expression may appear, when we recall the stirring incidents of our departure; of our march up King Street on that memorable Monday, the intervening days fade for the moment from our memory, and it surely was only yesterday when the shouting street and the living balconies and the waving handkerchiefs said farewell

to us and God speed. We fully expected to have had an introduction to the gentleman called Big Bear before this. General Middleton has come to be regarded here as a sort of magnet or loadstone whose attraction rebels and evil doers of all sorts find themselves unable to resist; and it was confidently believed that as soon as his invincible eye had settled on the marauder aforesaid he too would "come down." The trouble has been to catch sight of him. On the 4th inst he was intercepted on his way north by Inspector Steele of the Mounted Police, and driven out of his camp, but Steele's force being too small he was unable to follow up his advantage. Gen. Middleton left here, as I told you in my last, with about 800 men and got on Big Bear's track somewhere away north of Pitt. He chased him three days and was gaining on him, when all at once the trail plunged among the swamps and muskegs abounding in that northern region, where Gen. Middleton found it simply impossible to follow. At the edge of the treacherous bog the redskin had left his supplies, buckboards, etc., showing that he had made a close run for it. Infantry were perfectly useless; ordinary horses sank at once to their bellies and were with difficulty extricated. Further pursuit was therefore out of the question, and the "eye of the commander" was for once cheated of its victim. I am of the opinion that "buckboards" are exceedingly objectionable features in an Indian war. There is not the slightest particle of romance in a buckboard, and their adoption by the children of the setting sun is but another instance of the demoralizing effect produced upon the red man by his contact with the white. Chariots with gleaming scythes attached to their axles would be quite *en regle*, and no one except a very particular person could object to their use, especially in running away. In the days of the "table round" our ancestors were partial to that description of vehicle, and although we cannot say that it has "broadened down," as some other institutions of that ancient period have done, there are hoary, time-honored associations connected with it which entitle it to great respect. But what sort of a figure would Boadicea have cut in a buckboard, or Cassivellaunus or Caractacus? No, there is positively nothing heroic in a buckboard. Both in war and in love its use should be sternly repressed. Fancy Hiawatha "bringing his young wife homeward from the land of the Dacotahs" in a buckboard! I will charitably suppose that Big Bear at last realized that he was acting in an undignified and reprehensible manner in thus doing violence to the sacred associations of the past; casting reproach as it were upon his ancestral halls, and abandoned his buckboards in disgust, when he couldn't take them any farther. And yet if it be true that Big Bear's name is Lambert; that his ancestral halls arise on a French farm and are reflected in the blue waters of the St. Lawrence, poetically speaking, it may well be that this style of vehicle is not altogether excluded from the associations aforesaid.

When Big Bear deserted his camp he left no less than five different trails, so that the scouts who soon afterwards came up were not at all restricted in the matter of choice—the five were all before them. If there had been only, say, two, it would have been an easy thing to set a stick on end and follow the direction in which it fell with perfect confidence, but when a man has five different roads before him, and

only wants one, he is apt to become, as the Italians say, "nonplused." The only way to do in such a case is to take them all. This the scouts did and found, just as they expected, that the five tracks soon came together again into one. This almost immediately branched out again into two which at last rejoined each other on the borders of the muskeg, which swallowed them up and left none at all. And so the Bear escaped. It is now thought that the only way to deal with this Indian is to starve him out. If the remaining prisoners in his hands could by any means be rescued, we should soon get the route for home, leaving Big Bear and his braves to the police and such volunteers as consent to remain. Gen. Middleton is exceedingly reluctant, however, to leave McLean and his family (mentioned in my last) and the other prisoners in the hands of the savages, and will, I am sure, exhaust every device to rescue them. Day before yesterday Col. Otter received instructions to go to Jack Fish Lake and the boys of the Queen's Own were enthusiastic at the prospect of a chance at Big Bear, it not being known at that time that he had got away. They were to do the whole distance on foot and will have anything but a pleasant time, the heat (about 98° in the shade) and the flies being no respecters of persons. Or perhaps I ought to say that the latter *are* respecters of persons, for they seem to have a decided preference for Eastern flesh and blood, on which they luxuriate. Therefore the "bloods" of the Queen's Own may expect Hail Columbia. You are aware, of course, that Mrs. Gowanlock, Mrs. Delaney and some other prisoners lately with Big Bear have escaped and arrived at Battleford. The scene when they came in was a most pathetic one. Many of the ladies of the place came down to the landing to receive Mrs. Gowanlock and Mrs. Delaney and welcomed them with unfeigned rejoicing as those risen from the dead, while the soldiers cheered them most heartily. Mrs. Gowanlock was much affected; only a short time ago she had bidden farewell to some of those now present and had departed for her husband's home full of bright anticipation for the future; now she returned bereft of all; her husband murdered by her side; all her hopes buried in his grave. Added to this came the remembrance of her sufferings in captivity—the weary march, the exposure to the weather, the filthy surroundings, the companionship of savages, whose hands were yet red with her husband's blood; the hourly fear of death; the never-absent feelings of disgust and loathing which must have filled all the being of a delicately nurtured woman forced to witness the scenes inseparable from such a position—all these things came back upon her as she was clasped to the bosoms of her sympathizing friends at Battleford, and no wonder she broke completely down. Yet, bad as the Indians undoubtedly are, savage and blood-thirsty as they are treacherous and cruel, it should forever be remembered in their favor that their female captives were not subjected to indignity, all the stories to that effect being false and cruel. I had the privilege of an interview with Mrs. Gowanlock and was supplied with portions of her story, which I shall endeavor to repeat to you as briefly as possible. It seems that an account of the Duck Lake fight was sent by Riel to Big Bear which stated that the Canadian soldiers had been ignominiously defeated there; that they were squaws who knew nothing about fighting, and wanted to go home at the first sound of the

Indian war cry. These tidings, as they were intended to do, stirred up the red men to go at once on the war-path and the settlement at Frog Lake became their first objective point. With their customary treachery they visited the agency as usual, professing the warmest feelings of friendship, and no one thought their intentions were aught but peaceful. Indians, of course, were plentiful in the vicinity, and they were accustomed to come and go when they pleased. At last one afternoon a number of them came over and staid until evening, and something in their demeanor seemed to betoken coming trouble. They went away, however, peacefully and did not return until next morning when a large number came in again, now in war paint and with the evident intention of mischief. They went at once to sub-agent Quinn's house and wanted him to come out. Being in bed he did not make his appearance quickly enough to suit them and two of them started up-stairs intending to shoot him in his bed. Quinn was married to a Cree woman and her brother was among the party of Indians. This man went after the would-be assassins and prevailed on them not to kill Quinn. Meanwhile the mob below had entered the house and were helping themselves to everything within reach, among the rest some four or five guns. Pay-pam-ah-cha-qua, or "Wandering Spirit," now called to Quinn, "Kah-piva-tah-mut" (man-speaking Sioux), "come down." Quinn's brother-in-law, Ka-pa-ak-wan (Lone Man), entreated him not to go as he would surely be murdered if he did. Quinn, it seems, was courageous and went down, when he was immediately surrounded, made a prisoner and taken to Delaney's house. Before this a party of them had visited the Government stables and captured the horses, fighting among themselves as to who should have the best. They then went over to the Hudson Bay store and demanded of Cameron, the agent, that he should supply them with ammunition. Knowing it would be useless to refuse, he gave them what he had in stock, only a small quantity, the bulk having been sent to Fort Pitt. Having got all they could they went away, taking Cameron with them a prisoner to Delaney's, where the remainder of the prisoners were found. It being Good Friday service was to be held at the church, and it was determined that the captives should attend. Big Bear and Kit-e-mah-gah-win ("Miserable Man"), went in with them and knelt mockingly down while the good priest proceeded with the service. They were then all ordered back to Delaney's house, and shortly afterwards the massacre commenced. Quinn having refused to go to Big Bear's camp was shot dead where he stood, by Wandering Spirit, this being the signal for the hellish scenes which followed. Charles Gouin, a H. B. employé, standing beside Quinn, was shot by Manitehoose ("The Worm"). Delaney fell by the hand of Pas-koo-guy ("Bare Neck"). Father Fafard was wounded by the same Indian and was afterwards shot dead by "Son-of-the-Man-who-wins." Mr. Gowanlock and his wife had set out for the Indian camp when a bullet from the rifle of "The Worm" entered his body and he fell and died almost immediately with his wife's arms about his neck, his blood spurting out upon her dress. Diel and Gilchrist then tried to escape, but were soon brought down, the first by A-pist-chis-kouse ("Little Bear"), and the latter by Ka-wech-a-tway-mat ("Man Talking with Another"). Williscroft was the next to fall by the hand

of Little Bear, and Father Marchand, who had charge of the Mission at Onion Lake, was killed by "Wandering Spirit." When the red devils had sated their thirst for blood, they broke open the Hudson Bay store and carried off everything they wanted, among the rest some thousands of dollars worth of furs, and what they could not take with them they destroyed. The houses of the settlers were next ransacked, the bodies of the murdered were placed within them, and the whole place, including the church, was fired, and the fiends departed for the camp of Big Bear fully satisfied that they were to become masters of the country once more, and in conjunction with Riel exterminate the pale face from the land. Mrs. Gowanlock and Mrs. Delaney, with the other prisoners left alive, were taken to the Indian camp and have been wandering with the Indians ever since, until their escape the other day, the particulars of which you no doubt have heard, so that I need not recount them here. Mrs. Gowanlock says she has had some narrow escapes with her life and thinks she would surely have been killed had it not been for the good offices of the half-breed Pritchard, who protected her and Mrs. Delaney, and at last purchased them from the Indians for three horses and thirty dollars in money, after which they were with Pritchard's family and were comparatively safe. She says on the whole the prisoners were treated as well as could be expected, but judging from her worn and dejected appearance her sufferings must have been almost unbearable. I understand that she will as soon as possible begin her journey homeward, where no doubt she will be welcomed with open arms.

Poundmaker and the other prisoners here were examined by Inspector Dickens last week and remanded. They will be forwarded to Regina for trial. Judge Roleau and Indian Agent Rae arrived at Battleford on the 8th inst. and the latter at once commenced to make things lively for the Indians in the vicinity who are more than suspected of thievish propensities. Organizing a party he went to Red Pheasant's reserve yesterday and returned to-day with eight Indian prisoners whom he arrested for stealing horses, cattle and other property belonging to the settlers. They are a tough looking lot as you ever beheld. It must be that the Indian has degenerated sadly since the days of Brant and Tecumseh, or that the stories of our childhood regarding the noble nature of the red man were overdrawn. I have been accustomed to think of the Indian in his native state as a natural born gentleman; a man of princely attributes, maintaining his dignity under all circumstances, and scorning to do a mean action. Cruel, relentless and bloodthirsty doubtless, as the conditions of his life have taught him to be, yet always remembering a kindness; willing to peril his life in recompense for a friendly action. That style of Indian, if he ever existed outside the brain of the novelist, has long since departed to the happy hunting grounds where all good Indians go, and in his place remains a dirty, filthy, sneaking savage, who would steal the "pennies off a dead man's eyes." Perhaps there are honorable exceptions; if so, I have failed to meet them, and the appearance of the party brought in to-day was not calculated to change my opinion.

Would a fellow be considered "loud" if he appeared on King Street in a blanket and plug hat and moccasins? I should like to have your opinion, as that style is very prevalent here and must be exceedingly handy. Nothing but these articles; remember,

not even an eye glass. Its adoption would be an immense relief to some of the fellows, I am quite sure, who now find it difficult to get together all the toggerly required for good form on the promenade. What a delightful appearance the "south side" would present with its bank clerks enveloped in blankets, and the perfumed locks of its dudelets surmounted with plug hats ornamented with feathers! I must make an effort to introduce this reform on my return. I hope you have been able to surmount the obstacles placed before you in the former part of this letter in the shape of Indian names. And I pause here to remind you that the contract between us makes no provision for the extra labor involved in the transmission of these names, particularly when I have had to spell them as the Irishman played the fiddle, "by main strength," and I shall expect a large addition to my salary on that account. If I could have trusted to your liberality I might have supplied you with other desirable specimens, such as Shoo-ki-scat-ah-woodshed ("Knock-his-head-off-with-a-boot-jack"); Pah-pah-ta-ka-me-to-se-shah ("Twenty-five-cents-on-the-dollar-by-the-sad-sea-waves"), and many more which would add a zest to this correspondence not to be attained by the use of the mere commonplace appellations of every-day life.

There he is again! . . . Lest you should consider this father an abrupt transition I may remark in explanation that I am haunted by a half-breed dog of unsettled habits who passes the night under my window in reviling the firmament. Every night for the past four or five I have grasped my revolver, crept stealthily to the door and out into the darkness with the intention of putting this animal to a sudden and violent death. Night after night I have fired at his bark, retiring as it suddenly ceased, in the fond conviction that it had at last ceased for ever, only to find on the next night that he still held decided objections to the planetary system, and had come there to state them publicly. Ha! I hear him now! My pistol—the door—softly, no danger though, that howl would drown the filing of a mill saw; can't see him—hear him though. Bang! Silence, as to howls—distant thunder as to departing dog! I have missed him again! He will come no more to night, however. Meeting is out so far as he is concerned. He evidently regards the pistol shot as the benediction and goes home.

Our supplies from kind friends at home have come at last, and if I were beginning this already too long letter instead of being nearly at its end I should endeavor to tell you something of the enthusiasm their arrival has caused. My box came in with the rest, also those from Mr. Massey and Mr. Harmer, and the much prized narcotic from Hugh. I shall not attempt to find words at present to thank you all for your kindly remembrance of your "soldier boy," but hope to do so in that longed-for time, "when Jack comes home again." By the way, it's not a bad thing to have a mother after all, is it? I plead guilty to certain remorseful juvenile memories of pies and cakes and jellies filched from the recesses of an old sideboard, which always hid away something good, and to having relished them all the more because they were obtained in this clandestine manner. Yet hidden in their honeyed depths there always lurked the fly of retribution—the certain retribution which should come

in the morning when the theft was discovered. As I eagerly open my present stores and sample their luscious depths, I am conscious of a flavor missed or undetected in my careless days, though it was there all the time. I recognize it now, as scores of my comrades about me are recognizing it, and exulting in the added sweetness it gives—the unadulterated sweetness of a mother's love. God bless our mothers and our friends whose love has found us out so far away. God pity the poor mothers whose soldier sons have passed so far away that earthly love can never reach them more.

I am strongly of the opinion that when a war correspondent begins to feel misty about the eyes he had better drop it, or he'll lose his situation; so I'm going to bring this letter to a "sudden pull up." I have heard it stated that Col. Otter is unpopular with his men. Don't you believe any such nonsense. In our march across the prairie from Swift Current the precautions taken and the strict discipline insisted on were thought by some to savor too strongly of the martinet. But you know volunteers will be volunteers, and it is a volunteer's privilege to grumble. We are more than volunteers now, we are soldiers, and we know that Col. Otter is a soldier every inch of him; an officer who is careful of his men and not afraid to lead them in the face of the enemy. I send you a couple of rough sketches of the fort and stockade here at Battleford. With a lively imagination you may be able to figure out for yourself something near what it looks like. I also enclose two others: one of Payne's house and surroundings, showing the spots where we found his body and those of the murdered Indian woman and her child; the other of Tremont's house where its owner was shot while greasing his waggon. I am getting shivery and must turn in. I am very comfortable here—nice room, horse to ride, etc., nevertheless I must plead guilty to a certain feeling of home-sickness which will not down—

"There comes a distant voice to me
Across the ocean's foam;
My heart flies backward o'er the sea
To loving hearts at home."

FRED.

WORKMAN'S LIBRARY ASS'N.



The above cut is descriptive, to some extent, of the exercises now in vogue among members of the above Society. At least we hope that many of them are enjoying life in the country,

and we may be quite sure that when the city youth gets out among the fields, and the woods, and the streams, his first anxiety is to go in pursuit of game of some sort. At least, this was our young experience, and we presume human nature is pretty much the same now as in that far off time when we were colts ourselves. Observe the fine frenzy which has seized upon the hunter on discovering his game; also the evident astonishment depicted on the countenance of the bird. Intense ideality pervades every line of this charming engraving.

MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.

The receipts for June were \$17.50. Receipts for six months ending June 30th, \$145.75. Expenditure, \$78.



MUSICAL.

Things are quiet in our musical circle, there being practically nothing on which to hang an article. We trust, however, that the heated term will not altogether prevent necessary practice. October will not be long in coming, and we hope then to see the W. L. A. begin a season which, with the assistance of their musical friends, will prove of more than ordinary interest. The past season was, to some extent, an experiment, and while not an unqualified success in some of its features, was sufficiently so to inspire a well-founded hope for better things to come. The band, of course, continues regular practice, but we fear the orchestra and glee club are inclined to a certain amount of languor not conducive to robust health. Call in the physician Zeal, ladies and gentlemen; carefully take his prescription, exercise, practice, one hour-glass full at least once a week, and we predict your speedy restoration—more than restoration—as a certain result.

HISTORICAL DIARY.

JUNE.

- 1st.... Victor Hugo buried in the Pantheon.
 2nd.... Forty persons killed and many hurt by earthquake shocks in India.
 3rd.... Colliery explosion in England, thirteen lives lost. = Asiatic cholera declared epidemic in Spain.
 4th.... Two steamships arrive at New York with several cases of small pox on board.
 7th.... Great mass meeting in Hyde Park, London, Eng., attended by 40,000 people to oppose the increasing of duties on beer. = Some unoffending Chinamen shot down in a New York city street.
 8th.... The Government's budget defeated in British House of Commons by a vote of 264 to 252.
 9th.... Mr. Gladstone resigned. = Treaty of peace between France and China signed.
 11th.... A chapter of accidents: Railway accident at Chattanooga causes the loss of six lives; powder explosion kills ten men at Galveston, Texas; 100 persons killed and injured by a falling building at Tiers, France.
 12th.... The Queen accepts Gladstone's resignation. = Gen. Middleton withdraws from pursuit of Big Bear.
 13th.... \$200,000 fire at Hamilton, Ont.
 14th.... Lord Salisbury announced to form a Cabinet.
 16th.... Gen. Grant removed from New York to Mt. McGregor, near Saratoga.
 17th.... Bartholdi's great statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," arrived at New York.
 18th.... 140 miners entombed by a colliery explosion near Manchester, Eng.
 20th.... Toronto builders' laborers struck for higher wages.
 21st.... The destruction caused by the recent earthquake in India reported to have been 3,081 people and 33,000 animals killed, and 70,000 houses ruined.
 24rd.... Marquis of Salisbury's Ministry confirmed by the Queen. = Salisbury, Prime Minister. = Buddensiek, the New York mud-mortar builder, sentenced for ten years and to pay a heavy fine.
 25th.... Slight shocks of earthquake felt in Scotland.
 26th.... Cholera epidemic on the increase in Spain. = Massing of the troops in the N. W. T. for home.
 27th.... J. D. Fish, Pres. of the Marine National Bank of New York, sentenced for ten years.
 28th.... Ayoub Khan in rebellion against the Ameer of Afghanistan, fomented by the Russians.
 28th.... 1000 Chicago street car conductors and drivers strike.
 30th.... News arrived that the steamship *Gulba* was disabled at sea.

SELECTED.

THE HEROINE OF NANCY.

PART FIRST.

IN the year 1476, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, laid siege to the town of Nancy, capital

of the duchy of Lorraine. In the absence of the young duke, René II., who had gone to raise troops among the enemies of Charles, the town and its little garrison were left in charge of a brave and patriotic governor, who had an only daughter, named Télésile. It is with the noble conduct of this heroic young girl that our story has chiefly to do.

Charles the Bold—who ought rather to have been called the Rash, or the Furious, from his headlong and violent disposition—had sought to erect a kingdom within the dominions of his great rival, Louis XI. of France. To extend his power, he had overrun provinces, which, as soon as his strong hand was withdrawn, took the first opportunity to revolt against him. Lorraine was one of these; and he now appeared before the walls of Nancy, resolved to punish its inhabitants, whom he regarded as rebels.

But, thanks to the governor and his heroic daughter, the city held out bravely, both against the assaults of his soldiers, and the threats and promises with which he tried to induce a surrender. While the governor directed and encouraged the defenders, Télésile inspired their wives and daughters.

"Let us do," she cried, "as did the women of Beauvais when this same cruel Charles laid siege to their town. Mothers armed themselves, young girls seized whatever weapons they could find—hatchets, broken lances, which they bound together with their hair; and they joined their sons and brothers in the fight. They drove the invader from their walls; and so will we defeat and drive him back!"

"Put no trust in the tyrant!" said the intrepid governor, addressing the people. "He is as faithless as he is cruel. He has promised to spare our lives and our property if we will accept him as our ruler; but be not deceived. Once within our walls, he will give up to massacre and pillage the city that has cost him so dear."

"But if not for our own sakes," he went on, "then for the love of our rightful lord, Duke René, let us continue the glorious struggle. Already at the head of a brave Swiss army, he is hastening to our relief. He will soon be at our gates. Let us hold out till then; or sooner than betray our trust, let us fall with our defences and be buried in the ruins of our beloved city!"

Thus defended, Nancy held out until Charles, maddened to fury by so unexpected and so prolonged a resistance, made a final, desperate attempt to carry the town. By stratagem, quite as much as by force, he succeeded in gaining an entrance within the walls; and Nancy was at his mercy.

In the flush of vengeance and success, he was for putting at once all the inhabitants—men, women and children—to the sword. A young maiden was brought before him.

"Barbarian!" she cried, "if we are all to perish, over whom will you reign?"

"Who are you, bold girl! that dare to speak to me thus?" said the astonished Charles.

"Your prisoner, and one who would prevent you from adding to the list of your cruelties!"

Her beauty, her courage, and the prophetic tones in which she spoke, arrested Charles' fury.

"Give up to me your governor, whom I have sworn to punish," he said, "and a portion of the inhabitants shall be spared."

But the governor was her own father—for the

young girl was no other than Télésile. Listening to the entreaties of his friends, he had assumed the dress of a private citizen; and all loved the good old man too well to point him out to the tyrant.

When Télésile sorrowfully reported to her father the duke's words, he smiled. "Be of good cheer, my daughter!" he said. "I will see the duke Charles, and try what I can do to persuade him."

When brought before the conqueror, he said, "There is but one man who can bring the governor to you. Swear on your sword to spare all the inhabitants of the town, and he shall be given up."

"That will I not," cried the angry duke. "They have braved my power too long; they have scorned my offers; they have laughed at my threats; now woe to the people of Nancy!"

Then, turning to his officers, he commanded that every tenth person in the town should be slain; and they at once gave orders for the decimation.

PART SECOND.

The inhabitants, young and old, women and infants, were assembled in a line which extended through the principal street of the city; while soldiers ransacked the houses, in order to drive forth or kill any that might remain concealed.

It was a terrible day for the doomed city. Families clung together. Friends embraced friends—some weeping and lamenting, some trying to comfort and sustain those who were weaker than they, others calmly awaiting their fate.

Then, at a word from the conqueror, a herald went forth, and, waving his hand before the gathered multitude, began to count. Each on whom fell the fatal number *ten* was to be given at once to the sword. But at the outset a difficulty arose.

Near the head of the line Télésile and the governor were placed; and the devoted girl, watching the movements of the herald, and hearing him count aloud, saw by a rapid glance that the dreaded number was about to fall on her father. Quick as thought she slipped behind him and placed herself at his other side. Before the old man was aware of her object, the doom which should have been his had fallen upon his daughter. He stood for a moment stupefied with astonishment and grief, then called out to the herald, "Justice! justice!"

"What is the matter, old man?" demanded the herald, before passing on.

"The count is wrong! there is a mistake! Not her!" exclaimed the father, as the executioners were laying hands upon Télésile—"take me, for I was the tenth!"

"Not so," said Télésile, calmly. "You all saw that the number came to me."

"She put herself in my way—she took my place—on me! let the blow fall on me!" pleaded the old man? while she as earnestly insisted that she was the rightly chosen victim.

Amazed to see two persons striving for the privilege of death at their hands, the butchers dragged them before Charles the Bold, that he might decide the question between them.

Charles was no less surprised at beholding once more the maiden and the old man who had already appeared before him, and at learning the cause of their strange dispute; for he knew not yet that they were parent and child. Notwithstanding his violent dis-

position, the conqueror had a heart which pity could sometimes touch, and he was powerfully moved by the sight that met his eyes.

"I pray you hear me!" cried Télésile, throwing herself at his feet. "I am a simple maiden; my life is of no account; then let me die, my lord duke! But spare, oh, spare him, the best, the noblest of men, whose life is useful to all our unhappy people!"

"Do not listen to her!" exclaimed the old man, almost too much affected to speak; "or if you do, let her own words confute her argument. You behold her courage, her piety, her self-sacrifice; and I see you are touched! You will not, you cannot, destroy so precious a life! It is I whom am now worthless to my people. My days are almost spent. Even if you spare me, I have but a little while to live."

Then Télésile, perceiving the eyes of Charles bent on her with a look of mingled admiration and pity, said, "Do not think there is anything wonderful in my conduct; I do but my simple duty; I plead for my father's life!"

"Yes, I am her father," said the old man, moved by a sudden determination. "And I am something more. My lord duke, behold the man on whom you have sworn to have revenge. I am he who defended the city so long against you. Now let me die?"

At this a multitude of people broke from the line in which they had been ranged, and, surrounding the governor and his daughter, made a rampart of their bodies about them, exclaiming, "Let us die for him! We will die for our good governor!"

All the better part of the rude Charles' nature was roused. Tears were in his own eyes, his voice was shaken by emotion. "Neither shall die!" he cried. "Old man! fair maiden! I spare your lives; and for your sake, the lives of all these people. Nay, do not thank me; for I have gained in this interview a knowledge which I could never have acquired through years of conquest—that human love is greater than kingly power, and that mercy is sweeter than vengeance!"

Well would it have been for the rash Charles could he have gained that knowledge earlier, or have shaped his future life by it even then. Still fired by ambition and the love of power, he went forth to fight Duke René, who now appeared with an army to relieve his fair city of Nancy. A battle ensued, in which Charles was defeated and slain; and in the midst of joy and thanksgiving, the rightful duke entered and once more took possession of the town.

Warmly as he was welcomed, there were two who shared with him the honors of that happy day—the old man who had defended Nancy so long and well, and the young girl whose heroic conduct had saved from massacre one-tenth of all its inhabitants.

—From a collection, by Lewis B. Monroe.

THE editors have been specially requested to publish "something" in the line of etiquette, and in compliance have selected some portions of the little book entitled "Don't," issued by D. Appleton & Co., New York, which in a very concise and emphatic manner covers the ground of general etiquette. The author thus excuses

himself for choosing "Don't" as the title of the book in the first paragraph of the introduction:

"It so happens that most of the rules of society are prohibitory in character. This fact suggested the negative form adopted in this little book, and permitted the various injunctions to be expressed in a sententious and emphatic manner."

In another paragraph of the introduction the following reason is given for its production:

"There are among us many young men of good instincts and good intentions, whose education in some particulars has been neglected. These young men are commonly of quick intelligence, and they will appreciate at once the value of the hints and directions succinctly given here. It is for this class that 'Don't' is mainly intended."

For the next four succeeding numbers we will continue to publish selected paragraphs, taking a chapter each month.

DON'T.

At Table.

DON'T as an invited guest, be late to dinner. This is a wrong to your host, to other guests, and to the dinner.

Don't be late at the domestic table, as this is a wrong to your family, and is not calculated to promote harmony and good feeling.

Don't seat yourself until the ladies are seated, or, at a dinner-party, until your host or hostess gives the signal.

Don't sit a foot off from the table, nor sit jammed up against it.

Don't tuck your napkin under your chin, nor spread it upon your breast. Bibs and tuckers are for the nursery. Don't spread your napkin over your lap; let it fall over your knee.

Don't eat soup from the end of the spoon, but from the side. Don't gurgle, nor draw in your breath, nor make other noises when eating soup. Don't ask for a second service of soup.

Don't bend over your plate, nor drop your head to get each mouthful. Keep an upright attitude as nearly as you can without being stiff.

Don't bite your bread. Break it off. Don't break your bread into your soup.

Don't eat with your knife. Never put your knife into your mouth. (Is this advice unnecessary? Go into any restaurant and observe.) Cut with your knife; take up food with your fork. Don't load up the fork with food with your knife, and then cart it, as it were, to your mouth. Take up on the fork what it can easily carry, and no more.

Don't use a steel knife with fish. A silver knife is now placed by the side of each plate for the fish course.

Don't handle fork or knife awkwardly. How to handle knife and fork well can be acquired only by observation and practice. Don't stab with the fork, or carry it as if it were a dagger. Always carry food to the mouth with an inward curve of the fork or spoon.

Don't eat fast, or gorge. Take always plenty of time. Haste is vulgar.

Don't fill your mouth with too much food, nor masticate audibly. Eat gently and quietly and easily.

Don't spread out your elbows when you are cutting your meat. Keep your elbows close to your side.

Don't, when you drink, elevate your glass as if you were going to stand it inverted on your nose, as some do. Bring the glass perpendicularly to the lips, and then lift it to a slight angle. Do this easily.

Don't eat vegetables with a spoon. Eat them with a fork. The rule is not to eat anything with a spoon that can be eaten with a fork.

Don't devour the last mouthful of soup, the last fragment of bread, the last morsel of food. It is not expected that your plate should be sent away cleansed by your gastronomic exertions.

Don't leave your knife and fork on your plate when you send it for a second supply.

Don't reject bits of bone, or other substances, by spitting them back into the plate. Quietly eject them upon your fork, holding it to your lips, and then place them on the plate. Fruit-stones may be removed by the fingers.

Don't apply to your neighbour to pass articles when the servant is at hand.

Don't finger articles; don't play with your napkin, or your goblet, or your fork, or with anything.

Don't mop your face or beard with your napkin. Draw it across your lips neatly.

Don't turn your back to one person for the purpose of talking to another; don't talk across the one seated next to you.

Don't forget that the lady sitting at your side has the first claim on your attention.

Don't talk when your mouth is full—never, in fact, have your mouth full. It is more healthful and in better taste to eat by small morsels.

Don't be embarrassed. Endeavor to be self-possessed and at ease; to accomplish which, don't be self-conscious. Remember that self-respect is as much a virtue as respect for others.

Don't drop your knife or fork; but, if you do, don't be disconcerted. Quietly ask the servant for another, and give the incident no further heed. Don't be disquieted at accidents or blunders of any kind, but let all mishaps pass off without comment and with philosophical indifference.

Don't throw yourself loungingly back in your chair. The Romans lounged at table, but modern civilization does not permit it.

Don't rest your elbows on the table; don't lean on the table.

Don't use a toothpick at table, unless it is necessary; in that case, cover your mouth with one hand while you remove the obstruction that troubles you.

Don't eat onions or garlic, unless you are dining alone, and intend to remain alone some hours thereafter.

Don't, as guest, fold your napkin when you have finished. Throw the napkin loosely on the table.

Don't fail, at dinner, to rise when the ladies leave the table. Remain standing until they have left the room, and then reseate yourself.

Don't make a pronounced attempt at correctness of manner; don't be vulgar, but don't, on the other hand, show that you are trying hard not to be vulgar. It is better to make mistakes than to be continually struggling not to make them.

Don't drink too much wine. [Don't drink wine at all.]

Don't thank host or hostess for your dinner. Express pleasure in the entertainment, when you depart—that is all.

Don't drink from your saucer. While you must avoid this vulgarity, don't take notice of it, or of any mistake of the kind, when committed by others. It is related that at the table of an English Prince a rustic guest poured his tea into his saucer, much to the visible amusement of the court ladies and gentlemen present. Whereupon the prince quietly poured his own tea into his saucer, thereby rebuking his ill-mannered court, and putting his guest in countenance.

Don't carry your spoon in your tea or coffee cup; this habit is the cause frequently of one upsetting the cup. Let the spoon lie in the saucer.

Don't smear a slice of bread with butter; break it into small pieces, and then butter.

Don't break an egg into a cup or glass, say English authorities, but eat it always from the shell.

Don't read newspaper or book at table, if others are seated with you.

Don't decorate your shirt-front with egg or coffee drippings, and don't ornament your coat-lapels with grease-spots. A little care will prevent these accidents. Few things are more distasteful than to see a gentleman bearing upon his apparel ocular evidence of his breakfast or his dinner.

NOTES.—We add a few axioms for this chapter, that were overlooked: Don't stretch across your neighbor's plate in order to reach anything. Don't put your knife in the butter, or in any other dish. Don't—but it ought to be unnecessary to say this—suck your fingers, if a remnant of food chances to attach to them. Don't introduce when at table. Don't rise from the table until the meal is finished. There are probably others which our indulgent readers will recall for themselves.

The rules of the table seem to some persons very arbitrary, no doubt, but they are the result of the mature experience of society, and, however trivial they may appear to be, there is always some good reason for them. The object of a code is to exclude or prevent everything that is disagreeable, and to establish the best method of doing that which is to be done.

EARLY TREATMENT OF WORKSHOP ACCIDENTS.

A PAPER was recently read before the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers in Paris, by Dr. Hector George, on the early treatment of cases of accident to workmen. Thousands of such accidents occur every year, and their sad consequences might be greatly alleviated if all workmen were made familiar with the simple rules which Dr. George collected in his discourse.

The first class of wounds treated of, comprises those caused by crushing or tearing, such, for instance, as the result of striking a finger or thumb by a misdirected blow of a hammer, or of having the arm or hand caught in belts or gearing. The consequence of these accidents is usually a pounding and crushing of the flesh, and often of the bones, which is apt to result in mortification; and the common practice of surgeons in such cases is to amputate the injured member at once. According to Dr. George, however, if the patient is treated in time, the limb can often be saved by the simple application of water. During the period of the Napoleonic wars, while testing cannon at Strasburg eleven artillery-men were injured, either by the premature explosion of the guns or by the bursting of imperfect pieces, and were brought into the hospital together. The wounds, some of which were caused by the tearing of the hands by the explosion of guns

while the cartridge was being rammed into place, while others were contusions from flying pieces of bursting guns, were all serious; and a discussion took place among the surgeons as to the amputations to be performed. In the midst of this an Alsatian miller came in, and begged the privilege of treating the wounded, earnestly promising to cure them. He was allowed a trial, and immediately called for some water, into which he threw a little white powder, which was afterwards found to be alum. He then proceeded to bathe the wounds with the water, accompanying his movements with mysterious gestures, and muttered words of unknown import. After bathing the wounds thoroughly, he covered them with lint, and bandaged them well, first soaking the lint with the water, which he renewed by sprinkling every three hours. At the end of six weeks all the wounded were discharged, cured. Since that time the water treatment has been employed in similar cases by surgeons of great distinction, and with signal success. The application is very simple. Water of any kind may be used, without alum or incantations, only taking care that it is clean, and cool in summer, and slightly warmed in winter. The wound is first to be carefully washed, and then covered with a wet linen bandage, or, what is better, a soft woollen material, thoroughly soaked, and with an inner bandage of linen, to prevent the wool from irritating the wound. The bandages must be kept moist by frequent applications of a sponge or wet cloth. This constant soaking of the wound relieves the pain, and keeps the tissues in a favorable condition for healing. According to the account, the treatment is particularly advantageous for wounds in the hands, which form eighty-seven per cent. of all the injuries caused by machinery.

The next class of accidents mentioned comprises those which cause punctured wounds. Although less frightful in appearance than more extensive injuries, punctured wounds are often followed by serious or even fatal consequences, through the poisoning of the system by infectious matters so introduced into the blood. Anatomists and medical students, as is well known, often lose their health, and sometimes their lives, from the results of an accidental scratch from a scalpel used in dissecting a subject; and butchers not unfrequently suffer in a similar way, particularly if they have been handling an animal infected with a contagious disease. In such cases, the old practice was to burn out the wound at once with a white-hot iron or some less terrible caustic; but it seems that an effect equally favorable can be obtained by keeping the wound open, and encouraging it to bleed. The extraction of the blood from the puncture is particularly necessary when the wound is first given; and the injured part should be held under a thin stream of tepid water, and the blood even sucked out by some self-sacrificing person, as is done by savages when one of their number is bitten by a venomous snake.

For burns, the doctor advises the application of cold water for a first application, with perhaps a coat of varnish later, to prevent the painful contact of air with the injured skin. Where the burn is deep, so that the skin is blistered, the utmost care must be taken, in removing the clothes, not to tear away the skin, which is likely to adhere strongly to the cloth, as the exposure of the nerves of the inner skin to the air by the removal of the epidermis causes pain so intense as often to prove fatal to the patient. If, by

misfortune, the blistered epidermis should be torn, it must be restored to its place, piece by piece; or, if this is impracticable, an artificial skin must be at once applied, formed of oiled linen or paper if nothing better can be had. If the materials are at hand, the best application is a mixture of equal parts of lime-water and olive-oil, covered with fine linen and a piece of cotton-batting; and, as soon as these are applied, a physician must be sent for. We are rather surprised not to have found something in the paper about the application of common soda or saleratus to superficial burns. The liniment of lime-water and oil has a little of the same alkaline character; but neither of them is as easily procured, at least in most households, as the saleratus or soda, which is known to relieve so effectually the pain of an ordinary burn.

In cases of fracture, as, for example, the breaking of the leg of a workman by falling from a stage, the first thing to be done is, to lift the sufferer with great care, assigning one person to manage the injured limb. A blind, or board of some kind, is then to be slipped beneath, and the patient gently laid on it, placing a pillow under the broken leg, which should be extended at full length. He is then to be carried very gently, avoiding all jolts and collisions, to his house; remembering, in case it is necessary to take him up or down stairs, to keep his feet highest, so that the weight of the body may not come upon the injured member. Once at home, his clothes are to be taken off by ripping the seams, and the leg gently bandaged with wet linen, to await the surgeon's arrival. Lastly, for wounds which cause serious bleeding, attention must be given at once to checking this, since the loss of only two or three quarts of blood is fatal. The first thing to be done is, to raise the bleeding part as high as possible, so that the weight of the blood may of itself draw it away from the open vein or artery. A simple bandage should then be applied,—either above or below the wound, according as the blood is bright-colored, and flows in pulsations, or is dark, and flows uniformly,—placing a stone or a knot in the bandage, if necessary, to press upon the spot where, as is found by testing with the finger, the flow seems to be best controlled. As soon as possible the wound should be washed with clear water, and a wet linen cloth applied over it; and, as before, a surgeon's aid should be sought at once.—*Popular Science News.*

THE GLORIES OF MORNING.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

§ HAD occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapt in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night—the sky was without a cloud—the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; the steady pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of dawn.

The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reach the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who in the morning of the world, went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of His hand. But I am filled with amazement, when I am told, that in this enlightened age and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

LETTERS AND QUESTIONS.

Once more hot weather is settling upon us, and during the coming weeks many of you will take excursions, more or less extensive, either for business or pleasure—perhaps combining both.

If, in your journeyings, you meet with any incidents particularly interesting, you may afford a double pleasure by reproducing them in our columns. Keep your eye open, with that object in view, and you will personally enjoy the trip better than if you had no aim.

Many expressions have been received indicating pleasure derived from perusing the North-West letters which have already appeared, and there is no reason why others should not contribute. Our wishes are for the success of the rambles.

The answer to problem in last issue has been received, but as some do not appear to have caught the idea involved, we give the work.

"It is a principle established by geometry, that 'Circles are to each other as the squares of their diameters.' Now, as each man was to get one-fourth of the stone, the last man would have

a circle which would contain one-fourth as much as the whole stone. Then, as the whole stone is to one-quarter of the stone, so is the square of the diameter of the whole stone to the square of the diameter of the quarter stone; or, put in figures, $1 : \frac{1}{4} :: 4^2 : x^2$; extracting the square root of each term, we get, $1 : \frac{1}{2} :: 4 : x$ —that is, $4 \times \frac{1}{2} \div 1 = 2$ ft., the diameter of the stone when last man gets it.

Editor TRIP HAMMER:

If it be correct that matter contracts by cooling, please explain why a bottle, filled with water and tightly corked, on exposure to a severe frost, will burst from the inside.

That all bodies expand on heating and contract on cooling, is a well established fact; but the principle operates within certain limits. By the continued withdrawal of heat from water, its density is increased and volume decreased, until the freezing-point is reached, when it commences to crystallize and expand, and the greater the cold the greater is the expansive force.

Try your hand on this one:

Where must I cross-cut a plank, twelve inches wide at one end and six inches at the other, twelve feet in length, so that half the lumber will be in each piece?

[This letter, just received by The Massey Manufacturing Company, was handed to us for publication at the last moment before going to press which accounts for its not being placed with other correspondence from the front.]

LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

FORT PITT, N. W. T., June 18th, 1885.

To The Massey Mfg. Co., Toronto, Ont.:

GENTLEMEN,—I take great pleasure in thanking you for the extremely acceptable present you sent me. On my arrival at Fort Pitt this morning I was greatly surprised to find a box addressed to me, and I assure you I was in a position to do full justice to the good things it contained. The change from the rations we have been receiving was most refreshing. I must say, however, that the Government have been doing quite as well for us as could have been expected under all circumstances.

We have had quite an exciting and rapid journey—have travelled in coaches and on flat cars; in sleighs and in waggons; on steamboats and on rafts; on horseback and on foot;—so that our experience has taken in almost all kinds of locomotion known, except balloons. I was engaged in two battles—first at Fish Creek and then at Batoche, the latter encounter lasting four days. On the fourth day we made the charge on the pits, took Batoche and captured Riel. I will not occupy any more of your time, and thanking you again for your kindness will write no more at present.

Yours respectfully,

HERBERT BOOTH,

No. 1 Co. 10th Royal Grenadiers.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. Hart Powell, we regret to say, has not yet been able to return to his duty in the office of The Massey Manufacturing Company.

We are sorry to announce the death of Mrs. Walter Huff, wife of Walter Huff of the Paint Shop. We desire to extend to Mr. Huff our sincere sympathy with him in his affliction.

Mr. Fred Harris, at Battleford with the Queen's Own, expects to leave about the 4th of July for home, that is if his duties as Government Operator do not detain him after his comrades; and we hope soon to see him engaged in a peaceful occupation once more.

The time of harvest is fast approaching and the large number of men who have been selected to set up and start the Binders now scattered through the country are beginning to leave the Works. Messrs. Thos. Edwards, Ed. Bradley, Robt. O'Brien, and Jno. McNeal have already gone and the others will probably all be in the harvest field by the time we again reach our readers. May they meet with great success.

We also regret to chronicle the death of Mr. W. Botterill, of the machine shop. His death was quite unexpected, and will doubtless prove a heavy blow to his friends in the old country, to whom his illness and subsequent death were cabled.

Mr. Botterill came direct from Boston, England, where his parents reside, to Toronto, in April, '83. In May he entered the employ of The Massey Manufacturing Co., in which he continued up to the time of the illness which caused his death. He is much missed by his associates of the works, which were closed down on the occasion of his funeral, in order that all might have an opportunity of showing the esteem in which he was held. We desire on behalf of his comrades, the management of the Company, and for ourselves, to convey to his parents and friends at home the most sincere expressions of sympathy with them in the affliction which has fallen upon them. We assure them that everything that could be done for him was done, and that at last his remains were consigned to their resting place in Mount Pleasant Cemetery by hands only less tender and regretful than those of his own kindred could have been.

This is the first vacancy in the ranks of the employes the TRIP HAMMER, since its advent in February last, has been called upon to chronicle, and we trust a long time may elapse before the said duty again devolves upon us.

RACING.—The trot between Mr. Nixon's "Jumbo" and Mr. Wootten's "Sleepy Nell," was won by the former after a sharp contest. Our sporting editor being absent at his shooting box in the country we are not able to give the details. We understand, however, that Mr. Wootten is not quite satisfied with the result, claiming that a trotting horse should be a trotting horse and not a runner and a trotter at the same time.

A foot race of a most unusual character took place on the evening of June 7th between Mr. W. Lambert, foreman of the Paint Shop and Mr. Murdoch, the conditions of the race being that Mr. Lambert was to run 200 yards while Mr. Murdoch and another man,

both starting together, ran 100 yards. This may seem a singular sort of a race, and so it was, but wonderful to relate Mr. Lambert came in ahead. We may mention that the "other man" who was to assist Mr. Murdoch, and who weighed 140 pounds, did all in his power to urge his charger to the winning post, kicking and spurring him in the most approved jockey style, but it was all no use. The superior agility of Mr. Lambert won him the race and the stakes, \$5.

A BEWITCHED LATHE.—In the good old days of Salem withcraft, inanimate objects were often bedevilled to such an extent that persons coming in contact with them sometimes received a portion of the invisible influence into their systems. Thus, for an ordinary female to attempt to sweep with the broom on which some weird hag had just returned from her midnight rambles beneath the moon, would have been perilous in the extreme. A case of this kind has occurred in the Massey works, the unfortunate person being a young married man named Frank L. Robson. It seems that his state was first noticed about June 24th last. He had scarcely touched his lathe on that particular morning when a sudden change seemed to "come o'er him like a spell," so to speak; his mouth was observed to open in a most alarming manner; his eyes seemed to be fixed, and his whole appearance indicated a serious attack, the nature of which was then unknown. Some of his comrades rushed to his assistance and entreated him to tell them what the matter was. His only answer was a sepulchral laugh, which froze the blood in their veins. Since that period he has at times had lucid intervals, but any reference to his state throws him at once into convulsions. The generally received opinion up to the present time has been that a certain old lady, who shall be nameless, had obtained clandestine entrance into the shop and bewitched his lathe. We are glad now to be able to refute this assertion with unmitigated scorn and contempt. A reference to our "Births" column will, we hope, forever close the mouths of those who have been the circulators of this scandal. Cannot a man chuckle inwardly, aye, and outwardly if he likes, over the advent of his first boy, without being thought the victim of necromancy and the arts of the sorceress? We trust Mr. Robson will treat these calumniators with the contempt they deserve.

NOTICES.

NOTE.—Notices of Marriages, Births and Deaths are earnestly solicited from subscribers, and will be inserted free of any charge.

BIRTH.

ROBSON.—At 5 West St., on June 23rd, the wife of Frank L. Robson, of a son.

MARRIED.

On April 8th, at Parkdale, in Parkdale Church, Mr. Henry E. Fairhead, of the Machine Shop, to Miss Alice Braddock, both of London, England.

DEATHS.

HUFF.—On Sunday, June 14th, Harriet Winnifred Huff, aged 48 years, the beloved wife of Mr. Walter Huff, of the Paint Shop.

BOTTERILL.—On June 15th, at the residence of Mr. Alfred Jackson, 102 Gladstone Ave., Walter Botterill, of the Machine Shop, late of Boston, Eng.