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# CANADA:

A Monthly Magazine for Canadians at Home and Abroad.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

Vol. II.—No. 2.

FEBRUARY, 1892.

One Dollar a Year.

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[FOR CANADA.]

## ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

THE sunbeams fall as softly bright  
And sparkle on the bay;  
As clear the sky—as full of light  
As in the joyous May!

The robin's and the catbird's call  
Still break the quietude,—  
The last, lone lingerers of all  
The singers of the wood!

Yet still we feel an undertone  
Of sadness everywhere;  
In sunshine on the lichened stone,  
And in the purple air;—

That glory of the golden-rod  
That gilds the woodland way  
Is sadder far, than clover sod  
Or the white bloom of May!

Still wheels the dainty humming-bird  
Her daily sweets to find,  
Amid the blossoms, still unstirred  
By chilling autumn wind;

And still the gorgeous butterfly  
Flits round the gorgeous bloom  
Unconscious there is drawing nigh  
The sore, unwritten doom!

For, though the air is full of balm,  
Blood-red the creepers glow,  
And, drooping, as in angel balm,  
The dead leaves downward go!

Yet life still underlies decay  
And, to the hearing ear,  
The swelling buds, behind them, say  
That spring comes every year!

If these brown leaves, in autumn hours,  
Ne'er strewed the forest ways,  
We scarce should hail the waking flowers  
In the sweet April days!

AGNES MAULE MACHAR, (*Fidelis*).

"Our Clubbing List" gives you lower rates on periodicals than any other.

[FOR CANADA.]

## FAIRLY CAUGHT.

BY MRS. S. A. CURZON.

THEY were sitting on the balcony of the little wooden hotel that, like a little brown bird in its nest, nestled in the deep valley of The Forks.

Each was trying to conceal from the other that she was bored, or perhaps, to put it more mildly, found it hard to kill time until the hour was late enough to retire, according to city ideas.

Throwing her arms above her head and rocking a little faster than was consistent with the *dolce fur niente* that she had been assiduously cultivating for three days, Miranda Winter, the elder of the two, exclaimed rather pettishly:

"O, I wish to goodness George were here!"

"You—wish—George—were here!" replied her companion, Agnes Vaughan, opening her eyes in wide surprise. "You—who sent him away with sharp words when he asked you to be his wife?"

"That was his own fault; he was too sure of me, so perfectly confident I should say yes. He ought to have known I was not going to be caught up like a sitting-hen."

"Well, you are the funniest girl, Miranda! But of course you did not care for him, or you would have been kinder. Still I don't see why you pine for him in particular; there are plenty of others just as entertaining."

"O, you goose! Who said I pined for him in particular? But he'd do as well as anybody to tease, and you must acknowledge two girls with nobody to plague are but poor company."

"You didn't talk so when you persuaded me to spend my short holidays with you."

"Of course, I didn't! I told you this was the very place for your favourite pursuit of fern-hunting, and that I was sure you would be happy with me. Didn't I tell the truth? Is not this a lovely

valley, with lime-coated rocks all round, a sweet little brawling stream that comes clear as crystal out of no end of pretty holes in the sandstone, and bushels of fire-flies to dance fairy dances for us every evening, to say nothing of the magnificent trees that stand like statues watching all night long lest evil befall us, and sheltering with their broad arms the pretty flowers that smile up at us at every step we take; and then don't you know I like to have you with me, Miss Tiresome?"

"It does not appear that I console you for George's absence at any rate, ma'am."

"O, you don't; but you help me to get through the day in a rational manner."

"I shall write and tell George you request his presence to-morrow."

"No, you don't! We'll go fern-hunting and fishing to-morrow. I wonder if Mrs. Bayley will give us any more of those delicious brook trout we had for breakfast this morning. I must ask where they are caught. Not in this clear little stream, I am sure! But listen! Isn't that the cars?"

"Yes; oh, look how they sweep across the bridge like an arrow from a bow! Isn't it beautiful to see how those light lines of interlaced wood receive the onslaught of a furious train and remain just as firm and steady as before. Truly, I think the Howe truss a perfectly artistic and elegant style of bridge building; it doesn't seem to interfere with the landscape at all."

"That train stopped, Agnes Vaughan! I wonder if we are going to have company here?"

Unseen by the ladies a gentleman had entered the hotel from a side road, and presently they heard the settling of a chair on the verandah beneath, that told of an occupant, but as it was customary for the master to smoke a bed-time pipe there they took no notice, and continued their conversation.

"You would like company, wouldn't you, Miranda dear? It would make up for George's absence."

"Yes, I shouldn't object to a little; very nice company—a gentleman or two, and some ladies to tease by a little flirtation. I own I am in a very flirting mood just now, and that I should like to see you caught in Cupid's meshes."

"O, me? I'm afraid you will be disappointed, dear. I'm not an admirer of the other sex, you know."

"I don't know anything of the sort! I think that when Mr. Right comes along you will fall a prey to his wiles, like other girls."

"Like you to poor George's. Or is it not his want of wiles that offends you?"

The man on the chair could hear every word the women above him were saying, the night was so still and the air so clear, and at this stage of the conversation his attention became attracted and he listened.

"My dear, let George go! When he knows enough to ask a lady to marry him without pouncing out upon her like a cat on a mouse, he may receive an answer such as he desires. In the mean time I am going to flirt, if there is anybody in this place fit to flirt with. But let's go to bed."

The man on the chair uttered an accentuated "Whew!" threw away his cigar and went in.

At breakfast the two ladies were alone, but at dinner a large-whiskered, highly perfumed gentleman in a tweed mourning suit comforted them. The landlady, Mrs. Bayley, innocent of etiquette, and regarding the man's as the superior sex, introduced the guests to each other as "Miss Winter," "Miss Van," "Mr. Stern." A stiff bow all round finished the performance. But Mr. Stern was bound to make himself acquainted better, and handed Miss Winter a visiting card with his name better developed in black and white than the landlady had been able to make it, "Mr. Winthrop de Sury Stone."

"We have no cards with us, Mr. Stone, but I am Miranda Winter, and this lady is my friend, Agnes Vaughan; we are here to spend a week or two fern-hunting, and then we return to the city where our families live."

"Please call me De Sury Stone, if it isn't too much trouble; fact is, the lawst name is come to me with some rocks or something that belonged to my great grandfather sometime, and the noo line o' road has made a property of 'em for me—if I can find 'em."

"How shall you know your 'rocks' when you see them, Mr. De Sury Stone?" enquired Miranda.

"Oh, I believe its all a matter of meridian and geometry. Some men are

coming here to do the scientific work, and then I take a big pick, I believe, and take out a bit of rock or something, for its all going to be worked. There'll be quarries here soon. Are you ladies geometric—no! pardon me!—I mean geological?"

"O, no! but we'll come and see you pick out the rock that opens your quarries if you'll let us, Mr. De Sury Stone?" said Miranda.

"Delighted, I'm sure! Fact is, I intend to have quite a party to celebrate the event; some cousins, and men, you know. Have you found any ferns, Miss Vaughan?"

"Yes, one or two specimens, but we have not been far up the valley yet."

"Won't you let me have the pleasure of carrying a basket for you? I do know a little of ferns. My cousin Emma—pretty little thing—is devoted to 'em, and I can tell where some of 'em should be found. *Osmunda regalis* for instance."

"Oh, indeed!" cried Agnes; "I have never found *regalis* yet. I hope it grows here."

"I have'nt anything to do till my scientific friends arrive but just prospect round a bit, and that I can do just as well when hunting for ferns, if you'll allow me to attend you this afternoon, ladies."

The prospecting was productive of everything but flirting. Mr. De Sury Stone was impervious to the little attacks upon his peace of mind attempted by Miranda, who, caring nothing at all for ferns, concentrated her whole attention on teasing the gentleman; but she had to take refuge in herself, and returned to the hotel a very puzzled young lady.

"The strange thing is, that Mr. De Sury Stone, as he stupidly styles himself, seems not wholly unknown to me, though where I can have met those immense whiskers, that horrible suit of clothes, which I am sure he bought ready made, and that detestable jockey-club essence he uses puzzles me," she remarked to Agnes as they rocked to and fro.

"Oh, my dear, he isn't another Haroun-al-Raschid, nor a second Czar Peter going round in other people's clothes to find them out. I guess he's just a half Yankee Canadian with plenty of money, not so much brains, and less education, who, having come into this bit of property, tries to make an impression, particularly on us unsophisticated creatures all alone in a country hotel. He is pretty well up in ferns however."

"Yes, you have a bag full indeed, Aggie, though your regal one what-is-it?"

The men smoke cigars of the same name, don't they?"

"No, the men don't, Miss Impertinence; they smoke Regalias, and my fern is a *Regalis*—*Osmunda Regalis*—did you ever hear the story of its name?"

"No; but if you're very good you may tell it me."

"Well, to-night when the fireflies are out then. Now I must sort and press and label my specimens, and you may arrange all these lovely wild flowers for our table."

The fireflies flashed and glanced in the deep purple of the summer night; the trees chanted their psalm to the cool breeze, and the little purling brook that came down from the hills and ran away under the bridge, crooned an evensong, when the two friends crowded into the large old-fashioned rocker on the balcony, and Agnes Vaughan began her tale of the *Osmunda Regalis*.

"It was long and long before Alfred and the Danes had over-run the country two or three times, when Osmund the Waterman took up his lot on the banks of Tync-water, and brought thither his wife Benda, whom he had carried off from a miserable Saxon who had stolen her from her father's house—if they owned houses—by the way, shieling seems the more suitable word to this story—in the foothills of Snowdon. I do not know whether the mountain was called Snowdon before Alfred, but it doesn't matter.

Benda was a beautiful woman, with long and delicate limbs, a skin like cream, and a blush like a prairie-rose. Her hair hung in long waves, dark as a storm-cloud, down to her waist, and her eyes were like the blue of the pools left by the Tyne after flood-tide. She had a temper like an angel, and all her happiness lay in caring for Osmund her husband, and the sweet babe Thorwald, who had eyes like her own, hair like the sun-god, and the smile of his father.

As for Osmund, he too had golden hair, which clustered in thick curls round his white forehead; his neck was as a pillar for strength; his arms, long and sinewy, could pull the oar when the waves were wildest, and keep the boat straight for its destination; and when danger called, as it often did on those tempting shores, whose rivers ran pearls and whose lands yielded double, Osmund could wield battle-axe and claymore with terrific effect, while his huge chest gave his war-cry the resonance of a big bell.

It was a summer morn, the tide was low, and for days Osmund had been but seldom called to his task of ferrying his neighbors from one bank to the other of

the broad and deep Tyne, so that it had been a sort of holiday for him and Benda, and they had used it in mending the little nets with which they caught the unwary salmon as he leapt up the river so freely, or the herring that came on little side expeditions from the great shoals swarming southerly. Moreover Benda had made a few cakes of the pulse and oats that grew around, and little Thorwald had clapped his tiny hands at sight of the big piece of honey-comb Osmund had stolen from the bees of the rock. Suddenly the cry of a raven fell on their ears. White turned Osmund to the lips, for he knew it was the war-cry of the Danes, and that if they came upon him unawares little would then be left to him of wife or child, for the child would be tossed into the nearest pool, and the mother given to whomsoever should shew himself strongest. And Benda knew the cry too, and she shuddered and hid her face in her lap, for the shock had bereft her of all power.

Then Osmund drew up his boat, *The Wild Duck*, and lifting therein his wife and child, threw in the few cakes that lay handy by, and rowed with all his might among the rushes and reeds. As he rowed he looked this way and that, but found not what he sought, until at length his gaze rested on a little clump of bush that covered an 'eye,' for so the old English called the tiny islands that often studded their lakes and rivers. Hither he bent his course, and speaking a few words to Benda, whose steadfast countenance reassured his aching heart, he set her and her child on shore, after kissing them both as for the last time, and left them, the few little cakes being all the food he had to give them.

Then he rowed back, winding and doubling among the 'eyes,' and hitting here and there a moor-hen or a teal, so that when he reached his deserted cottage at last he had quite a bag of water fowl for food.

He was but just in time. Up came a party of Danes from the south, full of plunder and good living, and ready for any excess.

"Ho, Waterman! bring thy boat and row us over, and see that thou do it safely, for if a hair of us is wetted we will take it out of thy skin."

But Osmund spoke not, only he rowed them over carefully, and by signs shewed them that they were welcome to eat with him.

Merrily the Danish horde feasted, and royally did they amuse themselves, finding the best fun of all in pinching and punching Osmund to make him speak,

but when they found they prevailed nothing they lay down to sleep, for they were in no hurry to depart from a land so full of plunder.

The second day they were heavy and ill-tempered, for the feast demands its fast, and moreover the wind was nor'-nor'-east, and their ships would have to keep off shore, so that they could not embark, and Osmund had to feed them again, which he could very well do off his stores of dried salmon and herring. But one of them said: 'Thou hast a wife. Here is her foot-print; the earth of thy cottage tells tales; and by the hammer of Thor! there is a child's skirt. Where is thy wife, thou loon?' But Osmund answered not. Then they beat him and ransacked his cot, and stalked all the covers of the country side, for they knew that British women were fair and faithful as long as their life lasted. But they found not Benda, and on the third morning the wind changed, so they set off, leaving Osmund a bag of Roman coins for his reward.

Then Osmund bowed himself to his gods, and set his disordered dwelling in some sort of order, and took his boat, and such food fragments as had been spared, and rowed away to see if yet Benda and the little Thorwald lived. Rapidly he rowed, and as he neared the little 'eye' the kind sun threw a shaft of light athwart the bushes and revealed to him his beautiful Benda on her knees, her hands uplifted to the heavens, and their babe lying asleep on the grass tussocks.

Soon they were clasped in each other's arms, and when they rowed homeward they brought with them a bunch of the beautiful plant which, by its tallness, thickness and softness, had sheltered the dear ones for three days, and they called it *The Heart of Osmund, the Waterman.*

(To be concluded next month.)

"AND so the Romans once invaded Great Britain," said Miss Gilligan, to whom her Uncle Charles had been reading of Caesar's conquest. "That accounts for it, then." "Accounts for what?" asked Uncle Charles. "For there being so many Latin words which resemble our English ones. The Romans very naturally picked up a good many of our expressions while in England. Wonder I never thought of that before!"

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[FOR CANADA.]

### LINES FROM "HEINE."

THE foliage rare doth quiver  
The leaves are falling slow,  
And a'l that is fair and lovely  
Fades into the grave below.

The sun-shine full of sadness  
About the tree-tops plays,  
As tho' 'twere the farewell kisses  
Of summer's dying days.

And tears of deepest anguish  
I feel I must let flow,  
And back to the hour of parting  
My thoughts in fancy go.

To leave you I was fated,  
'Twould end in death I knew,  
For I was the parting summer,  
The dying world wore you.

A. A. MACDONALD.

[FOR CANADA.]

### TWO CANADIAN HEROINES.

BY J. JONES BELL, M.A.

IT was in June, 1813. The war of 1812 was still in progress. The soldiers of the United States occupied Newark, now Niagara, and had their sentries posted ten miles inland from Fort George. Lieut. Fitzgibbon, with a detachment of thirty men of the 49th Regiment, was at Beaver Dam, near Thorold, guarding the British stores. A plan had been laid to surprise and capture them. Five hundred men under Lt.-Col. Boerstler were to advance under cover of the night with this end in view. Had they succeeded and captured Beaver Dam, the whole Niagara peninsula would have been theirs, with its supplies and its means of communication with other parts of the province. The invader could not have been driven out without much loss of life. The design came to the ears of Laura Secord, through words carelessly dropped by some soldiers who came to Mr. Secord's house at Queenston, and demanded supper. Mr. Secord being a cripple, from wounds received at Queens-town Heights, his brave wife undertook to warn Fitzgibbons. No time was to be lost, for the attack was planned for the next night. Beaver Dam was twenty miles distant, and the enemy's sentries were alert. Leaving her home at day-break Mrs. Secord, by making detours through the woods and by those arts which only a woman could practise, evaded the sentries and made her way through the enemy's lines, and at night-fall after a weary day's walk through

trackless woods and almost impenetrable marshes, reached Fitzgibbon and warned him of his danger. Major de Haren, who was at Twelve Mile Creek with a considerable force, and the faithful Mohawk Indian allies ambushed in the woods not far away, were summoned, and when Boerstler and his five hundred arrived they were speedily surrounded and captured.

Laura Secord, the heroine of this adventure, was the daughter of Thomas Ingersoll, the founder of the town in Ontario which bears his name. He came to Canada at the close of the war of 1776, on invitation of Governor Simcoe, and lived for some time at Little York, now Toronto. He left besides Laura, two sons, Charles and James, both of whom held prominent positions. James died in 1836, after having filled the office of registrar for the County of Oxford for fifty-two years. Laura, our heroine, married James Secord, a descendant of a French Huguenot family, which escaped the massacre of St. Bartholomew by flight to England, and subsequently immigrated to America. When the war of 1812 broke out, James Secord was living at Queenston where he had a lumber mill and store. At the battle of Queenston Heights he was wounded in the leg and shoulder, and left on the field as dead, till he was found and carried off by his brave wife. He never fully recovered from his wounds, but his services were rewarded by the appointment of collector of customs at Chippewa, which he held till his death in 1841. He was still incapacitated by his wounds when the event occurred which I have been relating. Laura, his wife, died on the 17th of October, 1868, at the age of 93. She lies beside her husband in Drummondville churchyard, within sound of Niagara's mighty roar. A simple head-stone bears this inscription:—

Here rests

LAURA,

Beloved wife of James Secord,

Died Oct. 17, 1868.

Aged 93 years.

A scarcely less heroic deed was that of Sarah Ryan. Born on a farm near Niagara Falls on the Canadian side, she in her early youth became famed for her fearlessness and horsemanship. The war of 1812 had been in progress about a year, and as her father lived near the scene of conflict, she became familiar with the sight of soldiers and the sounds of battle. A large force of the invaders had on one occasion landed on the Canadian side and cut off communication between a small detachment of the Canadian force

and the main army. The officer in command of the detachment wished to communicate with his superior officer, and how to get his dispatches through the enemy's lines he did not know. He thought of Sarah Ryan, then a girl of twelve, and asked her if she would undertake the mission, which she gladly did, for she was burning to do something for her country. The papers were entrusted to her, and she rode boldly through the enemy's lines, never pausing till she had delivered her charge. Sarah Ryan still lives, and as Mrs John Wimer, of Hamilton, on the 28th of August, 1891, reached the age of 90.

So, when the occasion has called for them, Canada has produced her heroines, whose names shall ever continue to live in her history.

(FROM THE INDEPENDENT.)

### THE WITCH OF THE ARDISE HILLS.

BY EDMUND COLLINS

THERE was no one in all the lovely land of Evangeline who had not heard of the Witch of the Ardisse Hills. The simple folk residing in the valleys gathered before the open hearths at night and told in their soft, low-pitched voices about where she had been seen in the hills, and many credible witnesses declared they had often observed her on the diked lands on stormy nights, a great light flaming from one of her hands. As story after story was told, the company drew nearer to each other, and now and again one looked behind, toward the door, as if the witch might at any moment appear there.

They told startling stories about this witch. Sometimes she suddenly appeared on a hilltop; but if any one was venturesome enough to try to get near her she would disappear into the bowels of the earth. She was often seen to cross the wide stretches of diked lands at night, surrounded by the rays of a blue light. The French peasants made the sign of the cross whenever she appeared, and hastily repeated their Hail Marys. But for some reason she preferred to appear when the nights were stormy and the wind shrieked through the salt-water sedge. She was often seen to go down to the edge of the great sea-river, when there were no stars and the sky was filled with troops of black clouds. Then light circled round and round her head; but if any one attempted to get near her, it at once went out and she became invisible.

This river that she visited so often on tempestuous nights did not come from the hills, but was forced inland through great stretches of meadows and orchards every six hours with the rising tide in the Bay of Fundy. When it was slack high-water in the Bay the river stopped its inland march also, then turned and ran out for the next six hours, leaving thousands of acres of yellow, muddy shores and flats. Before dismissing this introduction let me say that the witch was always known to have a red kerchief tied around her head in stormy weather; but in summer she wore a wide brimmed black hat. Her hair was always loose, and at night when it blew hard it seemed like a small cloud swinging from her head.

In one of the most idyllic parts of that lovely region known as Grand Pré were two farms, each comprising about three hundred acres of dike-land, or "dike," as the low-voiced people in that region call it. On the gradual hill slopes at each side of the valley were orchards, but the dike consisted mostly of grass and grain land. One farm was known as the Almon property, and Squire Bliss owned the other. In all the land of Evangeline there was not so beautiful and so gifted a girl as Marjorie Bliss. The peasant folk living about there said there was only one man in Nova Scotia fit to be her husband, and that was Walter Almon, who lived close by Marjorie. They tell me in Hants County that the two young people were close friends from their childhood, and that a very beautiful contrast they made when both grew up, the girl with her greenish yellow hair of that color which you see in the corn stalks when there is a ray of sunlight shot through them; he with his heavy, fine, chestnut hair that in certain light resembled an oak leaf that has been turned by the frost. Her head was small and poised as lightly upon her neck as a linnet's; his was manly, and brave, and sturdy, and he held it when he walked as if he feared nothing in this world. Then she was lithe and supple like some young willow growing in her native valley; he was straight and tall and strong, and more resembled the oak. I believe there was between them no love-making in the way common among silly young people; but these two loved one another as deeply and as tenderly as mortal beings can. They went out on the marshes in spring and gathered wind-flowers and primroses, and when the convolvulus and wild pea began to glorify the green dikes with their blooms, he gathered ropes of the flowers and bound them around her hat. He loaded

her arms with golden-rod in the fall, and gathered for her basketfuls of autumn leaves after the first frost. In winter he tucked his heavy buff'do robe tightly around her, and took her in his pung over the crisp roads till the roses bloomed in her cheeks. And there were parties and frolics the year round, and at every one of them Walter had three fourths of the dances with Marjorie Bliss.

And so it went on till he was twenty-four and she was twenty. His father was old and the care of the farm fell to Walter, so he decided that he would soon tell this sweet girl how much he loved her and ask her to be his wife. This was in autumn, just as the last of the crops had been harvested and the fruit was nearly ripe. And this was an eventful autumn in the valley, in one way at least. The witch of the Ardisse Hills had appeared with greater frequency than before, and the more ignorant of the peasants were afraid to go anywhere alone at night. But there was one resident of the valley who was not afraid of her, and that was Walter. As he sat talking to Marjorie one night, he said:

"I have determined, no matter what trouble it gives, to find out about this witch. It is absurd to suppose that she is supernatural." Marjorie replied that she didn't believe either that the woman was supernatural; but she added, while her voice trembled a little:

"Pray, Walter, do be careful, whatever you do. You know there may be some danger where there is so much mystery." Of course he laughed her fears away, for in what manner could an old woman harm this splendid young giant? Walter had seen the witch's light moving across the dike several times during the autumn. Shortly after dark it used to come from the direction of the salt-water river, and a couple of hours later go back again by nearly the same route.

He waited for a dark night, which soon came, and presently saw the light moving across the marsh about three-quarters of a mile distant. He at once set out at a run over the dry level dike-land, vaulting the line fences by barely touching them with one hand; but as he drew near the light it suddenly went out, and he could see no trace of any one. Near by was a small village containing about half a dozen stores; and the more Walter thought the matter over the stronger grew his belief that the old woman's nightly tramp across the dikes was for the purpose of visiting these stores. He did not go into the village, but sat in the shelter of a clump of willows watching for the re-appearance

of the old woman till nearly an hour passed; and then he saw the familiar blue light not coming from the village, but nearly half a mile off, and moving away across the dike. The mysterious old woman was returning along the same route by which she had come. Walter started off at a run across the level, but there were numerous small muddy gullies, and ditches dug to drain the land in the way, and he stumbled into three or four of them. But he kept the bobbing blue light in sight, saw that its bearer hurried up the gentle slope back of the dike-land as if he was making for the river front. He soon neared the unknown, but he had much difficulty in following her, as she got among the hills, for the light disappeared among the maples frequently for several minutes. High above the river stood a bleak hill, about a hundred acres on the top, and here evidently the witch was bound. When she reached the hill she went to the highest point of it and waved her mysterious light a dozen times round and round. Walter was now very near her, and was obliged to step with great caution, for the breaking of a dry bramble under his foot would betray him, the night was so still. The witch then stood without moving, and she did not suspect that any one was near till Walter stood before her. He felt no tremor as he faced her.

"So at last I stand face to face with the witch of the Ardisse Hills?" His one quick glance as he said these words, confirmed most of what he had heard. The woman was about sixty, her face was seamed with deep wrinkles, her nose was like an eagle's, and her eyes were bright and crafty. She had a large bundle strapped to her back, and in her right hand she carried a bull's-eye lantern. The old woman did not answer him for a minute, but drew herself up and looked at him with her piercing eyes. "Speak, woman; why do you try to keep in terror all the simple and honest folk who live in this valley, and who have never done you any harm?"

"Young man," replied the woman, slowly, but in a tone that resembled the wind when it whistles across the hills, "you are too daring; you are now talking to the witch of the Ardisse Hills, as they are pleased to call me; but beware of the witch of the Ardisse Hills." Then she moved slowly away toward the steepest side of the hill, along which grew straggling birches, maples, beeches and firs. Walter kept close by her side, but she spoke no further to him till she reached the edge of a dense grove, then she turned and said: "I also know that you have said you will learn before you stop all

about the witch. I see in your eyes that you mean to make the attempt. For your rashness in meddling with me I tell you to-night that the lives of yourself and your beautiful Marjorie shall be divided. I think that is the best punishment," and then she gave a loud, hideous laugh. Walter stood before her with folded hands and looked steadfastly into her glittering eyes for a few seconds. Then he said: "Oh, you cannot divide Marjorie and me." "I will," she cried, shrilly, "that is unless you give up your intention of following me."

"I shall follow you till I find what you are, and I shall marry Marjorie," was his calm reply.

"Follow now," screamed the witch, and immediately the light went out. Walter thrust out his hands to seize the beldame; but she darted aside, and disappeared into the ground a few yards from where he stood. From far down in the ground these words came to him: "Beware! I shall divide you and Marjorie." He laughed the threat to scorn, and then sought as well as he could in the dark for the spot where he saw the old woman when she disappeared. But he had no light to guide him and was obliged to return home. On the following day he went to the hill where the witch disappeared, and spent many hours searching around the spot where he saw her last; but he could not discover even a footprint there. So he returned home and watched many nights for the re-appearance of the light on the marshes, but all he could discover was now and again the thin flame of the will-o'-the-wisp as it bobbed over the swamps.

Now it happened that Marjorie was in the habit of crossing the dikes two or three evenings each week to visit her aunt, who lived a little way up in the hills, and remaining till after sunset. Walter usually went out to meet her as she returned and accompanied her home. One lovely afternoon when every barn throbbed where the threshers were at work, Marjorie set out as usual to visit her aunt. Walter saw her go and hurried his work so that he might be ready to join her as she returned. The night came more rapidly than usual, for there was a storm in the distance and heavy clouds came rolling along just after sunset and blotted the light out of the sky. As soon as Walter finished his meal he

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went out as usual to meet Marjorie ; but the night was so dark that he could not see a dozen paces around him. He walked rapidly along the little path by which she always came, and went and waited near an old elm which was their usual trysting place. After waiting there a quarter of an hour he returned to her house to inquire if she had returned, and learning that she had not he at once set out for her aunt's. They were surprised, for she had left there for home nearly an hour before.

Then his heart gave a great throb of dread ; she had either lost her way on the dark marshes or some other mischance had fallen to her. All the night long, at the head of a large party, Walter traversed the dikes, some of the searchers swinging lanterns, and others firing guns. Meanwhile, the wind arose to a storm and went shrieking over the valley, and after every blinding flash of lightning rain fell in torrents. But there was no sign of Marjorie. A farmer living at the foot of the hills had seen her hurrying home before dark the evening before, and this is all the information that could be obtained about her any where in Grand Pré. Walter, of course, could attend to no farm duties, but devoted himself entirely to the search. No one could supply any theory that would account for the girl's disappearance ; there were no dangers in the way, the water in gullies and ditches being, at most, only a couple of feet deep.

At last the words of the witch : "Beware ! I shall divide you and Marjorie," came back to him. Could this old woman of the hills be so diabolical as to have done this thing ? Plainly it must be so. He set out for the hill where the old woman disappeared, but could find no hiding place, and he was sure that she had not eluded him in the woods. So he was obliged to return at nightfall with a bursting heart ; but at dawn the next morning he was again on the hill. Day after day passed in this fruitless, heart-broken watching ; and now he resolved to keep his vigils by night. Shortly after sundown he went wearily up the hill and hid himself in a clump of firs close to the spot where the old woman had disappeared. It was pitchy dark, for a storm was brooding over the valley, just the sort of night that the old woman usually selected for her excursions. He remained in the covert about an hour, when close at hand a light flashed, seeming to come out of the ground. Then the old woman appeared and set out toward the dikes. Walter crawled cautiously out, this time having carefully noted that there was a

clump of scrub bushes where the old woman appeared. When her light disappeared over the crest of the hill he lighted a small lantern and examined the spot. The bushes were wild gooseberry vines, and they covered a number of pink, gypsum rocks. But in what way had the bag come out of the earth ? It was evidently through the same passage by which she had descended ; yet he could see no opening. He put his coat around the lantern to hide the light, and lay there for half an hour in careful thought.

"The woman is not a supernatural being," he reasoned : "she went into the earth here, and here she came out of the earth." Once more he peered about the clump of gooseberry bushes, then a low cry escaped his lips. He had discovered the passage. It was small, barely large enough to admit the body of a man ; but a sort of stairway had been formed by breaking the gypsum of which the hill was formed, and constructing a series of steps. He descended the cavity with great care, but when he reached the bottom he was bewildered by the number of cavities that lay everywhere around him. There was no trace of a path anywhere, and after an hour's fruitless search he concealed himself behind a large gypsum boulder at the foot of the opening, and extinguished his light, resolving to await the witch's return and follow her.

He had a large and unerring Colt's revolver, with seven barrels, six of which were loaded, and with this means of defence was resolved to follow the hag wherever she went. He was certain that her abiding-place was under the ground ; and he believed that she must have confederates, but for what purpose he could not even surmise. He did not wonder at the subterranean hollows, for the country round about was of the gypsum or "plaster" formation, and by the action of water on this rock it was being constantly disintegrated, so that these passageways might lead for miles under the hills. However, if he could be patient he might learn all.

Two hours passed ; then a faint light flashed through the caverns, and the old woman appeared carrying a large pack strapped to her back, but she was so completely disguised that he could not have recognised her except for her eagle nose and glittering eyes. She wore the bonnet of a country woman, and her hair was as white as snow. Walter could see her plainly from his dark nook, but she could not see him, and evidently did not suspect there was any one there. She hurried along what seemed the main tunnel ; and

Walter followed noiselessly well in the rear, her light enabling him to avoid numerous deep pits, many of which were full of water. He followed her probably for a mile, now turning to the right, again to the left ; sometimes descending steep holes, then proceeding along to the level ; and frequently he climbed so high after his unsuspecting guide that he expected every second to find himself on the surface, then the course dipped again. He carefully noted every yard of the way, and was satisfied that he could make his way back.

When he had gone what seemed to him about two miles, the old woman paused and gave a shrill whistle. There was an immediate reply, and presently a flood of light burst from a cavern about a hundred paces in front. Gathered around a fire, from which no smoke issued, Walter saw half a dozen men, all resembling sailors. One was turning a spit upon which was a large joint of meat, another was toasting bread, another was superintending a pot from which he sometimes lifted the lid, while the remainder seemed to be busy at various kinds of household duties. They shaded their eyes with their hands as the old woman entered ; then a large door was wheeled across the mouth of the cavern, and he was left in darkness.

She had confederates ! And had they helped her to carry here his beloved Marjorie ? He had no doubt about it now.

After Walter had retired a safe distance, he relighted his lantern and hurried back. It was past midnight when he reached Grand Pré ; and his words at a dozen windows, "I have found the witch and her confederates, and I believe they have Marjorie," brought a score of stalwart fellows to his side in a few minutes, every one of them armed with a gun, good to carry heavy shot seventy yards. He made no explanation at the windows, but every man of them trusted Walter Almon, and asked no questions.

When they reached the top of the hill near the opening of the passage he stopped and called his companions close to him, and related all that the reader knows. They followed him as he threaded his way through the close air, four or five of the party carrying lanterns.

"We must not speak," he said. "I believe the gang has some way of getting out besides the way we have come in."

No man spoke a word, no footfall could be heard from one of the score as they moved up to the heavy door of the cavern.

"Now, boys, together ; we must break it with one rush. Leave your guns here, all cocked. Then grab them." A dozen of them walked back noiselessly two or

three paces, and as they did hilarious shouts came from the cavern. "Now, together!" and at the door they went, right shoulder foremost, this dozen of splendid young Grand Pré giants. No door or board or plank ever built could withstand this onset; it was shivered to pieces and thrown in. Then every man seized his gun and in an instant was among the dumfounded men.

Some of the sailor-like denizens grabbed for their guns; but Walter shouted:

"I call on every man here to surrender; whoever makes any resistance dies."

The crew were terrified at this threat and stood impassive. Walter next espied the witch in the corner of the cave. He called on her to come forth. She came, cowering and fawning and asking what Mr. Walter meant by his violence; these were her relatives, some of them were her sons, and it was cheaper for poor people, she explained, to live here in these natural houses than elsewhere, but Walter cut her short.

"Produce Miss Marjorie Bliss instantly," he cried, "or every one of you dies here. No delay."

"But, Mr. Walter, what should I have to do with this Marjorie Bliss? I know nothing of her."

"Cover every one of them with your guns, boys," shouted Walter, "and wait for my word to fire. Here is a case where it is right to take the law in our own hands."

The old woman paled, and she replied, as she shivered with dread: "I will bring her if you don't shoot us." And away hobbled the old woman, Walter following, and both soon returned with Marjorie, who fainted for joy in the arms of her father.

Then a search was made of the cavern, and in a few minutes it was plain that this was a band of smugglers who brought from St. Pierre and elsewhere contraband tobacco and spirits; and the leader confessed that the old woman was their confederate; that she hung signals out on the hills at night, and when they learned from her that all was safe they entered a natural tunnel that ran in under the hill, and which was capable of floating boats for a couple of hundred yards inward at high water.

So Walter, holding Marjorie by the hand, led her out again to the honest air, but save for her terror no harm had come to her, tho' it was the intention of the malignant old woman to keep her forever a prisoner in order to be avenged on Walter and impress him with her superior natural powers. It was afterward explained that she made her nightly visits to buy groceries in the village

stores, and went there as an old woman from the country sometimes in one disguise and sometimes in another.

A dozen of the party remained to guard the outlaws till warrants were issued; then the sheriff set out and arrested the villains, every one of whom was sent to prison.

Walter married Marjorie the next week, and they have been happy to this day.

[FOR CANADA.]

### IN HER TEENS.

**B**UT yesterday she was a baby;  
To-day new scenes  
Of hope and wonder stretch before her:  
She's "in her teens."

On childhood's brink she stands tip-toeing,  
And forward leans,  
As if the fates she would be knowing,  
Since "in her teens."

To her the play of fancies tender  
Yet nothing means:  
No clearer vision Heaven send her,  
While "in her teens!"

Her laughing heart a harvest golden  
Unconscious gleams:  
Her age will bless the treasures olden,  
Reaped "in her teens"

From cares of life that lie before her  
What intervenes:  
No thought of lonely grief creeps o'er her,  
When "in her teens."

From Earth to Heaven, she looks, unthinking  
God's mercy screens;  
Pure draughts of gentle pleasure drinking,  
While "in her teens."

Maids on the verge of life's full river,  
Of all hearts queens,  
Would Heaven in ruth might keep you ever  
Thus in your teens!

"DELANCEY."

[FROM DESSERT EVENING NEWS.]

### SCOTT AT LUNDY'S LANE.

**L**UNDY'S LANE was an accident, but was attended with more glory than many a well-planned battle.

It was brought on without orders, was fought with unusual desperation, and though it yielded no substantial results to the victors, who were the aggressors as well, it stands well to the front in the list of bloody contests that reflect splendour upon the American arms. Besides it gave to the nation a remarkable military hero, whose fame remained untarnished for half a century.

After the American forces had established themselves on Canadian soil in the summer of 1814, the commander, Gen. Jacob Brown, adopted the policy of threatening various important points on that side of the boundary, in order to prevent his opponent, Gen. Riall, from making a counter invasion across Niagara river. On the 25th of July he received news of the British troops that led him to suppose that such an invasion was on foot, and yielding to the urgent solicitation of Gen. Scott, who commanded one of his brigades, ordered him to lead a movement along the Queenstown road to threaten Forts George and Niagara, and thus put the enemy on the defensive. The order was issued at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and Scott's brigade was in motion in twenty minutes. His force numbered 1,200 men, namely, four infantry battalions, one battery, and two companies of mounted men. After a march of a couple of hours the column was met with rumours, spread by citizens, that Riall was in the immediate vicinity with a force fully equal to Scott's, but in the face of contradictory information, credited as positive at Brown's headquarters, the impatient leader refused to believe the story and continued to "march rapidly on the forts," as he had been ordered. He took the precaution, however, to send a message back to his chief recounting what he had heard. The British who appeared on his front he believed to be only a remnant left by Riall to deceive the American generals, and these he promptly attacked.

Instead of a remnant he met an army and unintentionally opened the battle of Lundy's Lane, or Niagara, as it is also called. Riall was in the vicinity with a large force and, moreover, was in full readiness for battle. His troops numbered 4,500 and many of them were fresh. His position was on an eminence along which ran Lundy's Lane, a highway between Niagara river and the head of Lake Ontario. So precipitate had been Scott's action that there was no safe way of backing out on the part of the Americans. He had advertised his presence by his bold attack, and should he withdraw after a tentative stroke, it would be a confession of weakness and invite pursuit. Pursuit under the circumstances would be as difficult to withstand as the onset of superior numbers in a free field would be.

The enemy opened with musketry and cannon and Scott accepted the challenge.

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just as though the entire American army was at hand. The British artillery was stationed on an eminence, with infantry to the right and left of it. Between the British left flank and the river there was a space left vacant, but at the moment of Scott's attack, reinforcements for Riall were marching up to occupy it. They never got there however. Scott saw the open space. It was in the uncertain light of evening, and he detailed the Twenty-fifth regiment, under Maj. Thos. S. Jesup, to crawl through the bushes that covered the ground, reach the enemy's left flank and turn it. Jesup obeyed, and struck the opening of the lane into Queenstown road. It was down Queenstown road that supports were marching to Riall's assistance, and Jesup's movement caused them to halt and change their direction. Meanwhile Scott pressed the fighting against the British front. He did not hope to win the fight alone, but thought that he could hold on until relief should come from Gen. Brown, in response to his message that the enemy was reported in force on his front.

Jesup's movement was a brilliant success in every way. He kept off reinforcements from Riall that might have turned the tide against Scott. He fought with a force superior to his own column out of those present under Riall, and he captured Riall and several of his staff before directions could be given in the British lines for the order of battle. The capture of the enemy's leader was a stroke of luck, perhaps, but it was effected by an inspiration of genius and daring such as wins in the heat of a conflict. Riall had been wounded, and with his staff was moving away from the fight in the direction of his reserves. An aid preceded him, and on meeting a party of Jesup's men, mistook them in the dark for British and called out, "Make room there, men, for Gen. Riall." With an "Ay, ay, sir," the American ranks opened, the unsuspecting British moved between, and at a word American bayonets were lowered and the headquarters party were prisoners of war. Soon after this a column of British deployed between Jesup's line and the river to cut him off, but he charged boldly through the hostile ranks, and ranged his command once more with the main American force. Seeing their left turned, the enemy swung out their right in a furious assault, which Scott repulsed with heavy loss. Only their artillery in the centre remained firm. The re-enforcements, however, that Jesup had cut off on the direct road had arrived on the field, and the issue was undecided with odds greatly against Scott. It was then 9 o'clock at night, and the battle

was fought under the light of the moon.

Scott's intuition had been correct. The sound of the battle had penetrated to the American camp, and Gen. Brown had promptly sent a brigade under Gen. E. W. Ripley, to move rapidly forward and support the advance, and hastened to the field in person. It took but a glance to determine that the enemy's cannon in the centre, on the eminence around which the fighting had been waged, was the key to the British position. Ripley's brigade filed up along the main river (or Queenstown) road until it came to Lundy's Lane, where the British battery was located. The American engineer of the field quickly informed Brown that the British cannon must be silenced. The leading battalion of Ripley's brigade was the Twenty-first, led by Col. James Miller, and when it reached the lane Brown said to the commander, pointing to the British stronghold, "Colonel, take your regiment, storm that work and take it." "I'll try, sir," responded Miller, and proceeded to the task. His men numbered about 300, and screening themselves by the fence of the lane and a growth of shrubbery beside it, approached to within two rods of the battery. The British gunners stood with lighted matches awaiting the word to fire. It was too dark for effective shots at long range, and they were in readiness to receive attack from any quarter. Miller's men carefully took aim and shot down every gunner, then with a shout mounted the fence and were upon the pieces before the British could resist. A line of British infantry, lying near by as supports, opened upon Miller's men with muskets, and attempted to retake the cannon by a bayonet charge, but were kept in check by a rapid fire of musketry. Seven cannons, with the ammunition waggon and horses, fell into Miller's hands.

The British quickly rallied and attempted to drive Miller's men away. After two such assaults had been repulsed, Gen. Ripley brought forward the remainder of his brigade, and the heights were held, even against a third assault the most powerful of all by 1,500 fresh troops. Scott's brigade, meanwhile, had borne the brunt of the battle. One after another the regiments of this brigade exhausted their ammunition and retired for fresh supplies, until there was but one left in line the Ninth with the skeletons of three others around it. Two of Scott's regimental commanders were down with severe wounds, and all the captains of the Eleventh were killed or wounded. Scott himself suffered from a severe wound that he had received while directing Maj. Jesup's gallant exploit

against the enemy's left early in the fight. Notwithstanding all, however, the daring soldier would not allow the battle to lag on his line. While Miller was contending with the British battery, Scott ordered a charge on his own front, and his men were about to carry out the purpose when Miller's success was announced. Then the fight was over.

Bloody as well as desperate had been the battle of Lundy's Lane. It ended at 10 o'clock at night, and the darkness had compelled the combatants to get into very close quarters. Three American regimental commanders, two artillery captains, and numerous staff and line officers, were among the killed and wounded. Gen. Brown was wounded, as was also Scott. The American loss was 171 killed and 571 wounded—742 in all. The proportion of killed was large. The loss was sustained principally in the brigades of Scott and Ripley, and fell upon about 2,500 men. The British lost 84 killed and 559 wounded—643 in all. This loss fell upon about 4,500 men. Scott's wound was made by a bullet that penetrated the shoulder, and though he kept the saddle until near the close of the battle, his system was in the end exhausted by the loss of blood. He had two horses killed under him, and was a veritable hero everywhere on the field. After the battle he was borne by slow stages to Batavia, N. Y., where he remained until convalescent. When able to endure travel upon a litter, he was carried upon the shoulders of admiring gentlemen from town to town, as far as Geneva, N. Y. The fame of Lundy's Lane had preceded him, and he was everywhere greeted with demonstrations honouring him for the part he had played in the conflict along the Niagara. Three weeks before the battle of Lundy's Lane he had incited his men to charge the enemy and refute the British slander that Americans could "not stand cold iron." This was at Chippewa. At the opening of Congress in 1814, Scott was honoured by a vote of thanks and the award of a gold medal. It was this medal that was passed over by bank burglars while robbing the vaults where it was deposited, because it belonged to a hero. Virginia and New York each presented him with a sword, and with a bound he sprang into prominence as a popular idol.

The battle of Lundy's Lane was not a valuable triumph for the nation. After Brown and Scott were taken wounded from the field the ground was abandoned, together with all captures, excepting one brass piece borne off as a trophy by Col. Miller's gallant men. The British returned

and occupied it in strength during the night. But the brilliant tactics of Scott, who fairly out-generalled his opponent, and the valour of the men, whose deeds won the admiration of the British themselves, placed Lundy's Lane among the remarkable struggles of the century.

From such a battle ground, it was fitting that brilliant memories should be handed down. Gen. W. T. Sherman, responding to the toast "The Old Army," in the last speech he delivered, cited Lundy's Lane, and Scott and Col. Miller, for instances of traditional American fidelity on the field of Mars.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

(FROM THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.)

### THE ST. CLAIR TUNNEL.

**A**LMOST every civilized boy thinks at some time in his life that he would like to be a civil engineer.

He would not be a boy if he were not attracted by the manly, out-door life and the chances of doing hard and bold things, and being a "boss." Indeed, civil engineering is a noble business; but a boy cannot understand, and indeed few grown up people do understand, what a dangerous, anxious and wearing business it is.

An engineer's greatest triumphs and his hardest fights are hidden away where they are never seen. Only other engineers know much about them or understand them.

No other business is so much like war as civil engineering. The chief engineer, like the general, must make his plans with the greatest patience and care. He must know the exact facts and guess at nothing. When he cannot avoid guessing, he must weigh all the chances with careful judgment; and when he has done his best he may meet sudden and unlooked for emergencies, in which all his care will not save his work from ruin.

Then, if he lacks courage and skill and swift and clear judgment, he may lose in an hour the honourable reputation made by a lifetime of good work.

The unexpected dangers do not often come in building structures in the open air and above ground. The difficulties that cannot be foreseen come more frequently in tunnels and deep foundations, and in building works in swift rivers and on exposed coasts.

Of all engineering work that which is least certain is what is called subaqueous tunnelling—that is, driving tunnels under river or other bodies of water. Usually the tunnel must be driven in clay or river silt or sand and gravel, with, in any

case, more or less loose rock and boulders. The trouble is to keep a tight roof, and, if the material is very soft, to keep the tunnel itself in shape.

There is great danger that the water will break through the roof and flood the work, or that the sides of the tunnel may be crushed in by the pressure of the water and the half-fluid material beneath it. The St. Clair Tunnel is the latest subaqueous tunnel completed, and is one of the most remarkable in the world. The tunnel is six thousand feet long, about a mile and one-seventh. Including the open cuttings on each end, the work is eleven thousand six hundred feet long.

It was driven through blue clay. Above the tunnel flows a swift river, forty feet deep. Between the tunnel and the water is from fifteen to twenty feet of clay, sand and gravel.

The work was done by an almost untried method. When it is complete it will have cost about three million dollars.

The novelty and magnitude of this work, the difficulties met, and the boldness and speed with which it was done, have made it a matter of great interest to engineers all over the world, and perhaps the boy who intends to be a civil engineer will also be interested in a short account of it.

The Grand Trunk Railway crosses the St. Clair River from Sarnia, Ontario, to Port Huron, Michigan. About sixty trains cross there now by ferry, and at least seventy will go through the tunnel every day when it is completed. On the St. Clair River there is a shipping commerce five times as great as that which passes through the Suez Canal.

The river is from half to three-quarters of a mile wide, and the current flows at from six to eight miles an hour.

For many years the trains have been taken across on great ferry boats. This is comfortable enough for passengers, but it takes up precious time: the boats are expensive to keep up and to operate, and in winter, when the river is full of floating ice, the delays and cost are serious.

To carry the tunnel, which it was decided to build here, through clay, with occasional pockets of gravel and quicksand, and with a great river flowing only fifteen feet overhead, was a difficult problem.

Let the civil engineering boy stop here and think how he would do it. How would he keep out the water always pressing down on the roof, and how would he keep the roof, sides and even the bottom of his tunnel from collapsing when he struck the quicksands?

The collapse of his tunnel would not mean merely running away to begin in

another place, but it would mean burying in the bottom of the river two or three million dollars of money, and the bodies of scores, or perhaps hundreds, of men, and his own professional reputation.

It was decided to do the work inside of steel tubes, called shields, which should be pushed ahead as the work advanced, and to line the tunnel with rings of cast iron as fast as the shields went forward. In this way the danger of collapse of the tunnel would be avoided, and it would be practically finished as fast as it was dug.

But to keep the water or soft material from flowing in at the open front of the tube was another thing. How that was done will be told later.

One shield was started in from the Michigan side and one from the Canadian side. Each of them was a tube twenty-one feet and six inches in diameter, and fifteen feet, three inches long. It was made of steel plates one inch thick. The plates at the forward end of the tube were sharpened to a cutting edge all around the circumference.

This tube was stiffened by steel plates put in up and down and crosswise, dividing the inside into square cells. Five feet from the back end of the tube was a partition, also of steel plates, in which were two square doors near the bottom. The men worked in the front part of the tube, cutting down the clay and throwing it back through the doors. Then it was loaded into small cars, and hauled away to the rear on a narrow railroad track, by mules or horses. There was a second track to bring in the empty cars.

As far as the shield went forward the tunnel was lined with rings of cast iron. Each of these rings was twenty-one feet in diameter and eighteen inches long, measured in the direction of the length of the tunnel. The ring, being of less diameter than the shield, could enter the rear of it; and so there was always a complete tube of steel and iron from the face of the clay where the men were digging, to the entrance of the tunnel.

Each of the iron rings is made of thirteen pieces of cast iron, each of which weighs about half a ton. The pieces are bolted together, and each completed ring is bolted to the one behind it, so that the tunnel is lined with a continuous tube of iron two inches thick and water-tight. The cast iron lining weighs about twenty-

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seven thousand tons. The shields were pushed forward by hydraulic jacks. The hydraulic jack is a cylinder into which water is forced; and the water, entering, pushes a piston just as the steam in a locomotive cylinder pushes the piston to one end or the other of that cylinder.

The hydraulic jack can be made to give great power. Each shield had twenty-four of these jacks in the rear end, placed in a circle close to the shell, or outside plates of the tube, and also so placed that when their pistons were thrust out they would push against the cast iron ring forming the lining of the tunnel.

They could push with a force of three thousand tons—a power sufficient to lift up bodily a large ocean steamship. This tremendous power was found to be twice as much as was needed to force the shield forward into the clay.

At each step the shield was pushed along eighteen or twenty inches. Then a new ring was added to the tunnel lining; the clay was cut down as far as it could be done safely, and carried away. Then the shield was pushed forward another step.

This was all very simple so long as the work was under the dry land: but when it reached out under the river it was necessary to find some way to keep the water out. Otherwise, when seams of loose material were struck, water would have poured in and flooded the tunnel, and that would have ended the matter. To prevent this, compressed air was used.

Every one knows that he can hold up a column of water with a column of air. Let him fill a U shaped glass half full of water, hold it upright, with the open end upwards, and blow into one end of it.

The water will rise in the other leg of the tube, and the harder he blows the higher the water will rise, and the longer will be the part of the tube free from water.

Now, if one could put a fly in the dry leg of the tube and stop the end of it, the water would be held in the other leg, and the fly could move about at his pleasure, dry-shod.

This is the principle on which compressed air has long been used in deep foundations and other subaqueous work. At the St. Clair Tunnel the dry leg of the tube was the tunnel; the wet leg was the river, and the workmen were the flies.

It must be remembered that in all of this description I speak of one-half of the tunnel. It was built from the United States side and from the Canadian side simultaneously, and the work at each end was entirely independent of that at

the other, until the headings met under the middle of the river.

A brick partition, eight feet thick, was built in the tunnel just where it passed below the edge of the river. This was to hold the air in the tunnel. The air was pumped in through tubes built in the brick partition, and the pressure was always kept up to the point where it balanced the weight of the water overhead.

It will be understood that the deeper one goes and the higher the column of water, the greater the air pressure that must be carried.

The men, mules and clay went in and out of that part of the tunnel which was filled with compressed air by means of an air lock in the brick partition. This was a big tube extending through the partition with a door at each end, both doors opening against the air pressure—that is, toward the working end of the tunnel.

To get into the tunnel from without, the air in the lock was allowed to escape until the outer door could be opened. Then one entered the air lock, shut the door and opened a valve by which compressed air from the tunnel ahead was let into the lock. When the pressure there was equal with that in the tunnel ahead, the inner door could be opened and one could pass into the tunnel. To get out the process was reversed.

The painful part of the journey is in the air lock, at the time when the pressure is changing. There people often suffer severe pain in the ears from unequal pressure on the two sides of the air drum, and sometimes the suffering is so great that they cannot go on.

After one has been a little while in the compressed air the pain ceases; but there is a trouble which is peculiar to working in compressed air, and which disables a good many men and kills a few. The men call it "the bends." It is a paralysis, more or less complete, of the muscles, and especially of the muscles of the legs.

Sometimes it is not painful, but more often it is so; and sometimes it is very painful indeed. At the St. Clair Tunnel there were three deaths from this cause. Horses could not work in the compressed air, but mules stood it well, though occasionally one of them was visited with the "bends."

The pressure of air carried was ten pounds per square inch at first, and twenty-three pounds when the middle of the river was reached. At times it was run up to forty pounds. Of course these pressures are in addition to the normal atmospheric pressure of fourteen pounds

per square inch, which is always present on every body and every surface in the open air.

The air pressure was kept up by pumps, and to guard against accident there were two sets of air compressors at each end of the tunnel. If the supply of air had failed for a moment the water would have rushed in and drowned the men.

Besides the air-compressing plant, machinery had to be provided for pumping out any water that drained into the tunnel during the work, and other machinery for lighting it by electricity. There were hoisting engines and derricks with which to lift to the surface the dump cars as they came out loaded with clay.

It happened repeatedly that the shields, as they were forced forward, entered pockets of gravel or quicksand going deep down into the blue clay.

Then the air would escape through the loose material, and the water would begin to flow in.

Generally this could be stopped soon by increasing the quantity of air pumped in, but not always. Sometimes the air blew out through the bottom of the river so fast that the air pumps could not keep up pressure enough to stop the flow of water.

More than once it seemed as if the tunnel would be flooded in spite of all that could be done, but luckily the engineers were always able, by plastering over the face of the gravel with clay, and by working the air-compressors up to a pressure of as much as forty pounds to the square inch, to hold back the water long enough to get the shield through the loose gravel into the clay beyond.

On the thirtieth day of August, 1889, the shield from the United States shore met that from Canada, under the middle of the river. This was just one year after they started on their strange journeys; and I do not believe that Meade, on the Fourth of July, 1863, was happier or more thankful than was the chief engineer of the St. Clair Tunnel on this August day. H. G. PROUT.

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"THE LAST TIME I occupied this pulpit," said a minister one Sunday, "a lady critic of the congregation found fault with the service as being too short, and for this reason—that the dinner would not be quite ready. Let me say that I am not here simply to fill up an interval while the mutton is roasting."

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Any subscriber remitting full subscription price can have a copy of "Poems of Ten Years", should he prefer this to other premiums.

[FOR CANADA.]

## "JOHN AMOS" SPEAKS.

THE evenin' fire is burnin' low ;  
The rain falls on the winders ;  
The brands across the old andirons  
Are droppin' into cinders.

By warmth uv fire and light of lamp  
Wife and I have been readin'  
In books and papers, an' forgot  
How fast the time was s;edin'.

"Hanner," I sez, "I like the way  
Our poets write on Natur,  
A-makin' music uv the things  
Ordained by the Creator."

I'm glad to find they have more sense  
Than spend their time a-boomin'  
The picters uv a half a leg  
Uv some old beefy Roman ;

Or pieces uv the female Greek  
Who used to do the cookin' ;  
I'm sure the women uv our day  
Are mostly better-lookin'.

Here's Herbin gettin' in the hay ;  
'And Roberts, he's a-stumpin',  
So kinder pleasant and home-like ;  
And none uv 'em ain't grumpin'.

An' Lockhart uv his toddlin babe  
Sings, an' his winsome lady,  
A-findin' uv him when he sat  
Where it was cool an' shady.

And Mister Duncan Campbell Scott  
Has writ about November,  
The very way things act and feel  
When it's a'most December.

You know there's kinder *thoughts in things* ;  
I've felt 'em when the meedler  
Was wavin' all in daisy bloom,  
Not dreamin' uv the tedder.

And them there little brooks that flirt  
Around the cattle paster,  
And seem to tell the ripples just  
To run a little faster.

Now I can't put 'em into words,  
Nor mention half their action ;  
But just to set and read 'em up  
Is a mighty satisfaction.

It seems to me that this here earth  
Has in that heavenly story  
Uv mahger birth and simple life  
Led by the Lord uv glory—

Enough to show her that the heart  
Uv Natur touches Heaven,  
And that the best things which we know  
Alike to all are given.

Now here's good cheer for Canada ;  
May all her bards be famous !  
Another time we'll talk some more ;  
So good-night, all.—JOHN AMOS.

## MONTCALM AND FRENCH CANADA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF  
CHARLES DE BONNECHOSE BY  
THE EDITOR.

(Continued.)

Two days after this scene, the alarm-cannon at Fort William Henry made the mountain echoes resound. The siege commenced the 3rd of August ; its operations are picturesquely described in the journal drawn up by Bougainville and preserved in the archives of war. In spite of its garrison of two thousand five hundred men, its forty cannon and intrenched camp, the place could not make much resistance ; but at Fort Edward or Lydius, several hours march towards Albany, General Webb commanded six thousand men. From hour to hour, old Munro, the defender of William Henry, listened for the rumbling of the cannon on the route from the Hudson : in that direction the woods were silent. A letter hidden in a hollow ball was discovered upon a courier slain by the redskins ; it was written by Webb to advise his brother-in-arms not to wait for succour, but to capitulate without scruple. Munro was lost ; Montcalm immediately wrote to him : "Sir, one of my parties arrived this evening, with prisoners, has brought me the letter which I send you in accordance with the generosity which I am accustomed to shew to those with whom I am compelled to make war." What were the stupefaction and grief of the Scotch veteran when Webb's message was communicated to him by Bougainville, only a soldier could well describe.

The 9th of August, the drums of the fort sounded a parley ; William Henry surrendered.

Before signing the capitulation, Montcalm, as much to flatter his allies as to bind them fast by their inclusion, convoked the Indian chiefs at a conference in the trench ; all approved the articles of the Convention and engaged to "hold their young men to their duty." Alas ! it was an empty boast, and the journey on the morrow was to give a bloody contradiction to their promises.

We are come now to that deplorable episode which, intemperately magnified and dramatised by the pen of a romancer of genius,\* has become "The legend of the Massacre of William Henry." What declamations against the French army this adventure has excited in America ! But what is the history for which one of the best known generals of the federal

army has appeared to take seriously, in a recent publication, suspicions to which a judge like Mr. Bancroft, himself an anti-Frenchman, had already done sufficient justice.\* The truth concerning this event, let us view it as it appeared, in all its simplicity, in the text of the dispatches, official and secret, addressed to the French Government by the chiefs of the colony.

The garrison of the fort was in the hands of Montcalm, but he, not in a position to provide for nearly three thousand prisoners, and wishing at the same time, to honour Monro's brave defence, had consented to allow the English troops to return to their colony with their arms and baggage, after engaging not to serve against France for eighteen months. Already, at the capture of Chouaguen, the Indians had concerned themselves little to respect a capitulation that frustrated pillage, but by force of presents the general was successful in mastering them ; "for," wrote he to the minister, "there is nothing that I would not rather have permitted than to take a step contrary to French and faith." William Henry surrendered, that hour Montcalm gave orders that, before the entry of the Redskins, all the casks of spirits contained in the fort should be destroyed : it was the only way to remain master of our allies. Unhappily this wise precaution was rendered useless by those whom it was our aim to protect. During the night, the English, hoping to conciliate the savages, "of whom they had an inconceivable dread," had supplied them with rum and brandy. But, instead of disarming them, the intoxication kindled in their blood a brutal fury.

On the morrow, under the influence of a growing terror, the English were on the road early in the morning, to gain Fort Edward where Webb and his army were in hiding. Their long column, the march of which was embarrassed by a crowd of women and children, reached in crooked line the border of the woods. There are the Indians : they will have access to the baggage ; "and who then in the world could restrain two thousand savages of thirty-two different nations when they are drunk ?" asks Bougainville.

(To be continued.)

\*The remarks of General McLellan upon the siege of Fort George have inspired in a very distinguished Canadian writer, Mr. LeMoine, an impassioned reply : "La Memoire de Montcalm Vengée."

To those who prefer them to other premiums we will send 2 Aluminum Coin Charms, containing the Lord's Prayer in the smallest space ever coined, for each new subscription or renewal subscription to CANADA at full price.

## Canadiana.

Edited by REV. A. J. LOCHARI, ("Pastor Felix"), Cherryfield, Maine, who will be pleased to answer, under the head of "Queries," any question addressed to him concerning Canadian history, biography and literature, where the information is at hand or obtainable.

### II.

#### CANADIANS ABROAD.

ONE would not willingly be that man without a country, ideally depicted by a popular American writer;\* nor would he choose to be wholly alien in heart and sentiment from the people under whose banner and in whose midst he dwells, even though he does not seek citizenship among them. By no means the most undesirable part of a country's population are its virtuous aliens, who contribute to its wealth or build up its interests just as truly as the native born. For a season it is the country of their adoption, when untoward circumstances only have separated them from the land of their birth. With those earliest scenes the tendrils of their hearts are woven; honor, sensibility, constancy, do but mean that their thoughts and affections tend thither. They cannot be brought to forswear or divorce themselves, and ever they dream of the day of their possible return. Meanwhile, they are indebted, and become attached, to the land of their sojourn; they learn to love the one, and yet justly judge and rightly appreciate the other. They have imbibed the history and traditions of both, and have fed on a common literature. They have learned to say of the citizens of their adopted country, "These, too, are my brothers," without desiring to unify their birth-land politically with that in which they abide; yet with the highest desire to promote the utmost of friendship and neighborliness. They cannot look with gloom or reserve on the patriotic exuberancy of a people whose regard they have tried to deserve, and whose friendship they have experienced. Be they where they may, they recognize the nobleness that is in any people; they sympathize with the honest pride glowing deeply and reasonably in the national bosom, glad to be assured that such pride exists, and is not likely to die. By the tie that holds them to their own, they respect, they cherish and revere, when seen in others, that sentiment—always wisely entertained when with due regard to the rights, merits, and glories of all other lands,—of which no patriotic bosom can ever be destitute,—“Our country first, and if need be, our country only.” They hold it to be an ignoble life in that man to whom his country is merely a patch of ground—a stretch of territory, a convenient shelter; and not something worth living and dying for. For them there is a better ground-work of patriotism than any mere advantage, commercial or geographical, whatsoever.

\*Edw. Everett Hale.

Let not the Dominion judge ill of her sons and daughters in the Republic. Their hearts turn fondly home, and the honor and prosperity of their native land are still dear to them. The heart of the Hebrew of old clung to his Zion, even when she lay in ruins, and all the more because he was absent from her. The willow drooped with the weight of his silent harp, till again her walls were reared, and her pinnacles glowed in the light of heaven. For every one who blessed her he had a blessing, and her praises sprung spontaneously to his lips, telling her towers, and marking her bulwarks, he sang: "Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces." Thus our absentees are not untimbered with an example of ideal patriotism.

#### NOTES.

THACKERAY has declared, "I never knew a man of letters ashamed of his vocation;" and I doubt not, the honorable publisher will have a like readiness in vindicating his own. Yet we know no profession equally laudable and adorned by so many excellent names, which has such reason for shame-facedness, through the reproach brought on it by a multitude of unscrupulous members. When Byron presented to Murray, his publisher, a copy of the Scripture in which a certain text had been profanely emended to read: "Now Barabbas was a *publisher*," part of the fierceness of the thrust may have been the force of truth behind it. To diffuse the highest thought and art of man, next to their production, is surely the worthiest vocation, if it be done in honor: but since the time when imperfect copies of Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici" and of Butler's "Hudibras" were pirated before the authors had time to complete approved copies, to these days of an almost universal invasion of the rights of authors, we know of no profession, equally honorable, so disgraced by the vilest cupidity. The commercial outrage of authors, and especially of the highest and worthiest, is proverbial. Is it not time that the education of the public conscience on this subject should be a little more advanced? In the words of Sir Daniel Wilson, in his recent letter in the *Hick*: "It does not seem to occur to Canadians that the authors' right of property in the product of his brain, of his time, study, labor, and often pecuniary outlay, is a matter of any importance. It is practically treated as a mere question between English and Canadian printers and publishers, as though the "Idyls of the King" and the "Descent of Man," Bryce's "American Commonwealth" or Arnold's "Light of the World," were the mere work of the compositor and the printer's devil." If anyone likes a clear and strong putting of the case, here it is.

SURELY it cannot be properly said that Canadians have ever treated Prof. Goldwin Smith unkindly, or with any lack of consideration. By sheer force of character, and clear splendor of intellect, he compels their admiration and wins their gratitude. Saul is not the only one indebted to the

study and thought of the Greeks. They have pride in numbering him with the chief of their citizens; while ear and eye are ever quick to his utterances,—the sentences so expert, so gracefully lucid and luminous, which from his tongue or pen are ever reflexes of a mind lacking no resource, and never embarrassed with the multitude of its possessions. The more is it matter of regret that any reserve should be in this feeling so generally entertained. Perhaps no man among us, with sentiments so adverse to what is hoped and professed by the majority,—made the more unpalatable by the most skillful admixture of ridicule—could be listened to so patiently, and responded to with so little of passion. Not that ridicule in itself is an objectionable thing, or when applied to the truly ridiculous, or used as the scourge of rank follies and sordid abuses. Yet, when in the memory of Prof. Smith's lecture before the Young Men's Liberal Club of Toronto, on the evening of November 9th, the names of various persons occur, who are implied in the criticisms there uttered, we can but wonder if indeed the travesty of loyalty and patriotism lies with them; or if they, indeed, by perverse indirection and unwise enthusiasm, are bringing into just contempt, sentiments the most commended and the most venerable that have ever been cherished by man? While no one thinks of employing such an instrument offensively against the Prof., nor believes in candor that, from his standpoint, he looks and labors for anything other than Canada's best estate; surely it is by no such terms as "Jingoism" or "Chauvinism," or by apt definitions of such terms, that any of our loyal sons or daughters should be discredited. Let not the Professor withhold his sentiments; we cannot fail to be charmed; and, so high is our esteem for his polished and philosophic utterances, that we would not wish to look there for misrepresentation of any kind. The goodly face of truth, if at all, should be blurred by a hand less delicate. The wise have chiefly a reason for justice, with magnanimity; and only by these can the mightiest stand, or their decrees be permanent.

To appreciate and point out a just sentiment, in almost perfect form, is a pleasure second only to that of having first produced it; and such we esteem the following, from the vices of an unwholesome literature, from the lecture delivered by Rev. W. J. Dawson, A.M., of Glasgow, Scotland, before the students of the Woman's College, Baltimore, Oct. 4, 1891, on "The Blessedness of Womanhood."

"The glory of purity, of purity which inspires reverence and wins blessedness, is the first glory of womanhood; I pray you to preserve it. And remember even for the girl most delicately reared and sedulously defended, that is not altogether an easy task in a day like ours. There is no cloistered seclusion in a land where liberty of printing is allowed. The basest secrets of life are betrayed to the gaze of the young and innocent in the daily press, and the press is no respecter of persons. And over and above all this there is a so-called literature of realism to-day—a

realism of the sewer, which rakes the gutter for offal, and sees nothing but the base and hideous side of life, and cares to paint nothing else, and that is a perpetual menace to female purity. It passes like an insidious disease across the thresholds of the most carefully guarded houses, and finds prey in boudoir and work-room alike. In a single hour it travels over the pure mind like a withering blast, and leaves barrenness where there was bloom, and exchanges spring-tide freshness for sterility. It strikes most fatally at those in whom the imagination is most ardent, and the intellect most curious. It is a destroying angel which haunts the school-room and the street; it finds its most numerous victims among the most defenceless of the race, the young, the guileless, the undefiled. I have seen books in women's hands, which it were a shame to read and an offense to write. I have known when I have seen such sights, that whatever qualities of intellect such a woman might possess, there was an ineradicable stain and taint upon her nature; and I have lived long enough to know what the fruit of such reading is. Therefore I pray you to remember, that what no force can capture may be sapped from within. Remember that touching line of Landor's:

\*Modesty who, when she goes,  
Is gone forever\*

and remember that there is a modesty of the intellect as well as of the demeanor. The power of woman is departed, when the freshness of her virginal modesty is destroyed, and henceforth the blessedness of woman is denied her."

CORRECT standards are not wanting,—indeed we were never so amply provided with them; and yet we fear the purity and integrity of our English speech was never more in danger. Besides, the indifferent expression for which the daily and weekly journals are notable, the street, the school, the press, with other places and agencies, abound more and more with slang and vulgar forms of speech. Short, direct, modest, sincere words, to say nothing of literary or elegant, the currency of clear minds and honest hearts,—are with too many people, becoming more and more at a discount. More persistent criticism in this direction seems requisite, and especially more tuition of youth, if perchance the course of things may be arrested. A system of careful correction should be conscientiously maintained by teachers and parents; for the antidote can with best effect be administered at the inception of the evil. As a contemporary has most properly said: "Words fitly chosen" should be given them to read. For fine expressions they should be praised; for coarse criticised, and the proper word for the idea suggested. This can be done without putting the children on stilts, or making them "talk like a book." A good vocabulary is better than an inheritance as a means of success, for right words are legal tenders in the bank of brains and heart."

A CLUB in every Canadian town and village, the object of which should be the familiarizing of its members, and the community with the best periodicals and books issued in Canada, would surely be a laudable and useful thing. Try it, energetic

young man or woman in the place where you live! Let the postage stamps and bric-a-brac rest, while you get a handsome collection of good books,—a possession intrinsically and permanently valuable.

SUCH discontinuances as that of the *Dominion Illustrated* with the current number, strike us ominously with reference to the success of art and literary publications among us, and provoke misgivings that the time of their flourishing is not yet. But the reflection that what we deplore partially survives in the form of a monthly magazine, revives our hope; and so we say, long life and many friends to the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*.

WE delight in all books that show us man, that disclose the movements of his inner life, shadow forth his motives, reveal characteristics; and especially is our interest quickened in these inward movements of artists, poets, and men of literature,—the most keenly conscious people. Yet how imperfect and disappointing, how incomplete, are the hints we are able to attain, the little we are permitted thoroughly to prove even of our favorites! There are such apparent inconsistencies and contradictions! We talk of writing the *life* of a man, and there have been Plutarchs and Boswells,—but the true life of a man was never written, nor ever can, in its deep exhaustive sense, be written. We choose our hero and investigate more or less thoroughly and sympathetically, we make a record of some of the things about him, and deal as honestly as we can with alleged facts; we report some of his words and acts, and give our glosses and philosophies thereon; and we call this a *life*. It is as like as an old man's dead dry bones to the moisture of a breathing babe. We wonder not that shrinking sensitive Hawthorne requested to have no biographer, and that a certain American poet, upon reading the lives of others, wonders what his own would be if it were written. "As if any man really knew aught of my life! Why even I myself I often think, know little or nothing of my real life: only a few hints, a few diffused faint clews and indirections." Yet biography is, after all, to us a delightful study.

THE *Magazine of Poetry* for January, with its cleanly inviting pages, is on our table; and if there is more made of some of its numerous poets than a rigid criticism will allow, we feel that some amends is made in the general good feeling and purity of its tone. It makes evident that the son of Paul Hamilton Haune,—whom poesy delights to honor,—has a portion of the father's lyrical fire. We fail, for space, of a complete enumeration, but prominent among the subjects treated occur the names of Oscar Fay Adams, Philip Bourke Marston, Slack Davis, Caroline W. D. Rich,—with whose verse we have had previously a pleasant acquaintance,—Frederick Myron Colby, Dr. J. E. Rankin, and William Cullen Bryant. Of poets belonging to Canada we find Annie Both-

well, with a portrait bearing some little resemblance to Queen Victoria. Her fine poem, "In Hospital" is given; which may also be found in Mr. Lighthall's collection,—"Songs of the Great Dominion." The poetical miscellany is well chosen from the singers of the past, and the current magazines. We find ourselves dissenting slightly from the *ipse dixit* of the editor's note concerning David Gray's Sonnets, as "generally unsatisfactory," because of their "morbid sensibility and "keen note of pain from a bitterly disappointed heart." In the wounds of that dear and stricken poet no one can take pleasure; but to all pitiful souls and lovers of genuinely exquisite poetry, that plaintive rosary of sonnets is so highly satisfactory, they could desire a greater number.

MR. MARTIN BUTLER continues to infuse the lively and the earnest into his *Journal*, with some abatement of the distasteful. We think, however, he is unnecessarily rapid whenever a crown or coronet heaves in sight. It may be desirably true that the nations are tending to democracy; but they have not all yet arrived at the happy isle. At the same time, kings are men, with their rights and feelings, even if they have had the misfortune to be horn kings; and this the editor of the *Journal* must consider, and if he will not take off his hat to them, forbear to cudgel their already sore heads too unmercifully. For ourself, we would like to live under an angelic autocrat, who would allow us to give our time to our books and friends, while he governed us to suit himself. We are a suspector of all systems, for the present, even the republican system; and we see Kings Caste and Kings Greed, climbing up on the people's shoulders in this America, just as palpably as we ever saw it in England. We therefore decline to swell any cry again to Royalty, and to open our eyes to such good in royal persons as may declare itself: advising temperate and just remarks on the part of all, as well as on that of our zealous friend, Mr. Butler.

THESE fears that have fallen on our hands are for *The Dominion Illustrated*, but we dry our eyes lest we stain the last virgin pages of the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, which will soon be around now. May its shadow be luminous, and wax more and more.

"Flowers of the Wayside" is a volume of waifs, published by the Co-operative Publishing Company at Columbus, O. It is tastefully illustrated and bound, and the selections from a variety of the known and

To every subscriber, new or old, who prefers them to other premiums, we will send both pictures, "The Love Story" and "Christ and the Fisherman", free; or if he sends a new subscription with his own, we will send him the above two pictures and "Christ before Pilate."

unknown, beautifully printed on heavy calendered paper.

AMONG recently issued Canadian books of verse we note: "Poems: Grave and Gray," by Albert E. S. Smythe. Toronto: Imrie & Graham, 1891, 16mo., pp. 218. "Songs and Miscellaneous Poems," with Music and Illustrations, and an Introduction by A. Mercer Adam. Toronto: Imrie & Graham, 1861. 12mo. cl. pp. 348, \$1.50.

WE have promised "Within the Night," and other lyrics, by John Macfarlane, (John Arbory). A handsome 8vo vol., bound in cloth. Hart & Co., Toronto, \$1.25.

CHAS. H. LUGRIN, formerly of Fredericton, N. B., now in the Pacific Coast, contributes a successful story of adventure to the *Youth's Companion*. It is in four chapters, and is entitled "Their Perilous Journey." A story of the Canadian Northwest. It is the kind that easily pleases, and an instance of the interesting manner in which Mr. Lugrin can write.

MR. DRUMMOND and MR. McLENNAN are bringing the French Canadian *Habitant* into literature almost as effectively as Cable and Harris have the creole and negro in the south. Witness Mr. Drummond's contribution to the Christmas *Dominion Illustrated*, and Mr. McLennan's of last year, as well as his serial "Melchior sketches in *Harper's Magazine*. Readers of his "La Messe de Minuit," will recognize in him one of the brightest stars in our Canadian firmament. His book of popular French Canadian chansons (translations) ought to have a wide circulation in Canada.

WE notice among the excellent article of the *Week* for January 8th. Sarcophagi treatment of the Lark, (poetic) and Nicholas Flood Davin's "A Twelfth Night Eve, Forty Years ago,"—dealing with some quaint Irish characteristics known to his youth. The "Rambler" is always interesting, even when he rambles into the church in discussing the vexed question of union. The editor seriously questions on the same subject. The *Week* assures itself in strength, and commends itself to all our people interested in literature and affairs.

THE Kings College *Record* for December contains a story by one of the students, A. B. DeMille, entitled "Harry Travers' Ride," the scene of which is laid in Windsor. It is a glaring tale of love and adventure: and you know that the fellow in a yarn can marry any sweetheart he likes, and kill as many wolves as he pleases.

NEVER permit the system to become run down, as then it is almost impossible to withstand the ravages of disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand at the head of all medicines as a blood builder and nerve tonic, correcting irregularities, restoring lost energies, and building up the system. Good for men and women, young and old. Sold by druggists or sent by receipt of price—50 cents—by addressing The Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brookville, Ont.

## Canadian Statesman.

### EUROPE OUR MARKET.

The Americans have no permanent market to offer us, were they ever so willing. Their farmers now raise largely for export, and, as has been pointed out in these columns again and again, our farmers cannot obtain steady patronage across the lines, unless they are content to raise coarse products, while their American rivals make dollars for their cents, by devoting their lands to finer crops, for the many-mouthed markets of Europe. The New England farmer would be perfectly willing that we should dominate his hay market, if we would let him control the sale of cheese and butter in England. The natural outlet for surplus farm products grown on this broad aced continent is the closely packed and highly civilised continent across the Atlantic. The Americans recognize this, and are fighting for it by treaty and by trade; and the real battle of our agricultural prosperity must be fought in that field. It is folly to suppose, for instance, that we can beat the New York farmers in the New York market, unless, indeed, we are willing to take profits that the New York farmer will not compete for. Were this continent one commercially, we would become in most things, hewers of wood and drawers of water to the great centres of population, a condition that would be sorely aggravated by the loss of our home market through the killing off of our industries. We can equal the Americans in Britain: we could not do so, by the very laws of nature, did we challenge competition at their own doors. *Montreal Daily Star*.

### COL. DENISON AT TORONTO.

Among the people of antiquity there was a race that inhabited Mysia, a portion of Asia Minor, lying next to the Hellespont. This race was said to have been once warlike, but they soon degenerated, and acquired the reputation of being the meanest of all people, Mysorum ultimus or last of the Mysians, being used as a most contemptuous epithet. The ancients generally hired them to attend their funerals as mourners, because they were naturally melancholy and inclined to shed tears. I think that the last lingering remnants of that bygone race must have wandered into this country and, unable to obtain employment in their natural vocation, they mourn and wail over the fate of Canada, urge our people to commit national suicide, and use every effort to destroy the hope and confidence which a young country like our own should always possess. This small clique is working in collusion with our enemies in the States, the design being to entrap us into annexation by force or fraud. This threat upon our country's life, and the intrigues of these conspirators have had the effect that similar attempts have had upon all nations that have possessed the slightest element of manliness. The patriotic feeling at once became aroused, the clergy in their

pulpits preached loyalty and patriotism, the people burst out into song, and patriotic poems, of greater or less merit, appeared in the local press everywhere. The Stars and Stripes, often before draped in friendly folds with the Union Jack, disappeared from sight, while our own flag was hoisted all over the land. Battle anniversaries were celebrated, military monuments decorated, and in all public gatherings the loyal sentiment of the people shewed itself, not in hostility to the people of the United States, but in bitter contempt for the disloyal among ourselves, who were intriguing to betray the country. This manifestation of the popular feeling killed the Commercial Union movement. No party in Canadian politics would touch it, and the Commercial Union Club in this city is, I believe, defunct.

*From report of his address in St. John Sun*

## Science Notes.

It is said that the *Rhododendron Catawbiense* has escaped from gardens in Nova Scotia, and is spreading itself by its seeds over the moist rocks in the woodlands there. *-Independent*.

THE LABRADOR DUCK.—It will surprise many readers to be told that a large and strikingly marked duck, which within fifty years was moderately common upon the Northern Atlantic coast, is believed now to have become extinct. A lad shot one in New York on the Chemung River, December 12, 1878, and none have been seen since.

The last one known to have been seen before that time was killed at Grand Manan in April, 1871. The one killed in 1878 was eaten before any naturalist heard of its capture—a costly meal, as, according to Doctor Coates, two hundred dollars has been vainly offered for a pair of skins. The head and a portion of the neck were preserved.

The history of the duck in question, the Labrador Duck or the Pied Duck, is made the subject of an article by Mr. William Dutcher in a recent number of the *Auk*. Only thirty-eight specimens are known to be extant in all the museums of the world—twenty-seven in America and eleven in Europe. Yet it is only a short time since specimens might have been secured with comparative ease.

One of our older ornithologists, Mr. George N. Lawrence, of New York, writing in January, 1891, says: "About forty or more years ago it was not uncommon to see them in Fulton Market. At one time I remember seeing six fine males, which hung there till they spoiled for want of a purchaser. They were not considered desirable for the table, and collectors had a sufficient number, a pair being at that time considered enough to represent a species."

Another ornithologist, Mr. G. A. Boardman, of Calais, Maine, says that fifty years ago, when he began to collect birds, he had no difficulty in getting a pair of Labrador Ducks, which was all he wanted,

but that thirty years afterward, when he tried to procure specimens for some New York friends, his collectors all along the coast reported that the birds were gone.

Unlike the Great Auk, the Labrador Duck was a good flier, and was never especially persecuted by gunners. One fact of popular interest connected with the bird is that Daniel Webster shot a pair on the Vineyard Islands, and presented them to Audubon, who in turn presented them to Professor Baird.

It is not improbable, as suggested by Mr. Dutcher, that other mounted specimens may yet be discovered in out-of-the-way places. It would not be very wonderful if some reader of this article should have the good fortune to turn an honest penny for himself, and at the same time serve the cause of science by finding in some seashore cottage or elsewhere a skin of this now famous bird.—*Youth's Companion*.

**CLIMATE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.**—The British Empire covers so large a proportion of the surface of the globe that its reports upon climate may be taken as a report for the whole world. The recently published table of returns for the year 1889 shows interesting results. One of the most important facts brought to light is this, that the same stations year after year monopolise the extremes of heat and of cold, of dryness and of humidity. No other inference can be drawn from this fact than that climate is far more regular and unvarying than we are apt to suppose.

The highest temperature in the shade, noted by the British observers, was at Adelaide. The point reached was one hundred and nine degrees, and this was on January Thirteenth. The reader will bear in mind that Adelaide is situated in the southern hemisphere, and that it is mid-summer there when it is midwinter with us.

For the last five years Adelaide has recorded the highest temperature in the shade. The record for 1886 shows a temperature of one hundred and twelve and four-tenths degrees. Last year it had the highest temperature of any place in the sun—one hundred and seventy and seven-tenths degrees. It was also the driest station, having a mean humidity of sixty-three per cent.

The lowest shade temperature in the Empire was recorded at Winnipeg, on February Twenty-third, forty-two and six-tenths degrees below zero. This station had also the greatest range in the year, the greatest mean daily range, the lowest mean temperature, and the least rainfall, fourteen and ninety-five-hundredths inches. It does not appear as though the precipitation in the form of snow could have been reckoned in with the reported rainfall.

The highest mean temperature for the year 1889 was reported from Bombay, and the greatest rainfall was observed at Trinidad. It is curious to find that London was the cloudiest of all the stations in the Empire, and that it was also the dampest, its humidity averaging eighty-one per cent. The brightest of all stations was Malta. This had only a little more than half the cloud of London.—*Youth's Companion*.

THE Dominion of Canada has an area of 3,382,000 square miles, and comprises one-sixteenth of the land surface of the globe.—*Scientific American*.

## Our Own Poets.

### PURPLE ASTERS.

I HAD a garden when I was a boy,  
Wherein I planted fondly many a flower,  
And watched it grow, until I felt the joy  
That every gardener feels, as Nature's power  
To make rare perfumes bursts from stalk of green,  
And dash rich colours o'er dull earth, is seen.

In that old garden, bright with golden bloom,  
From early tulip time till winter fell,  
It seemed as if no sombre shade, nor gloom,  
Had any right, or could desire, to dwell;  
Yet o'er one spot, where wilderness still had sway,  
I always felt some melancholy lay.

Among the grasses scattered wild flowers grew,  
Sweet, tender, trembling things that we called weeds,  
(Names mean so little), always wet with dew,  
That clung to their pale disks in liquid beads,  
And seeming in the colour symphony  
Of the gay garden, minor chords, to be.

In that sad spot, pale purple asters came,  
When earth wore gorgeous colours on her breast,  
And fields were ripe, and autumn's flood of flame  
From scarlet maples, swept from east to west;  
They bore no wealth of royal purple bloom,  
But seemed the children of the great earth's gloom.

My life has been a garden, from whose soil  
Have sprung pale-petalled roses, violets blue  
As heaven, and where the passion-flower's coil  
Has closed round frail anemones, heart's-ease,  
and rue;  
But in one sombre spot, apart, alone,  
Pale purple asters in the shade have grown.

I would not life should be forever gay  
With golden blooms, for brilliant tints would pall;  
I would not have spring's heavy odours weigh  
The senses down too long,—Heaven wisely limits all  
Our joys; but sometimes earth appears  
To breed naught but despondency and tears.

And as with heavy heart one walks his way,  
When fields are ripe, and autumn's flood aflame  
Is passing from the hills, and dark decay  
Is creeping in its track with steps of shame,  
He thinks that only purple asters pale  
Belong by right to earth, her hill and vale.

They tell us there are gardens always clad  
With summer's richest robes, awaiting men  
Beyond the stars, where hearts at once grow glad,  
And never to low levels sink again;  
Should we not long in such light lands to see  
The purple asters of despondency?

—Arthur Wentworth Eaton,  
in *Youth's Companion*.

### BLOMIDON.

LONG warder on the mist-wreathed mountain wall,  
That guards our fruit-famed Eden in the West,  
With wave-worn foot and bold, black brow tree-tressed,  
Thou stand'st, thy tireless eye surveying all.  
The fires that once within thy bosom flowed,  
Have left deep impress on thy rugged brow:  
Swift centuries of change have past thee flowed,  
As rushing tides in Minas murmur now;  
What echoing memories haunt thy gloomy caves!  
Of miemac Gloosecap's mighty magic spell,  
Or sad Acadian Exile's fond farewell,  
And secrets whispered by the winds and waves—  
These treasures hidden in thy heart reveal!  
The solemn silence on thy lips of stone unseal!  
—W. A. Bennett.

### IN NOVEMBER.

The ruddy sunset lies  
Banked along the west;  
In flocks with sweep and rise  
The birds are going to rest.

The air clings and cools,  
And the reeds look cold  
Standing above the pools  
Like rods of beaten gold.

The flaunting golden-rod  
Has lost her worldly mood;  
She's given herself to God  
And taken a nun's hood.

The wild and wanton horde  
That kept the summer revel  
Have taken the serge and cord  
And given the slip to the devil.

The winter's loose somewhere,  
Gathering snow for a fight;  
From the feel of the air  
I think it will freeze to-night.  
—Duncan Campbell Scott.

### A REASSURANCE.

With what anxious eyes, oh sparrow,  
Thou regardest me,  
Underneath yon spray of yarrow,  
Dipping cautiously,  
Fear me not, oh little sparrow;  
Bathe, and never fear;  
For to me both pool and yarrow  
And thyself are dear.  
Archibald Lampman, in *Youth's Companion*.

## Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND.

A recent discovery by an old physician. Successfully used monthly by thousands of ladies. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitute; or inclose \$1 and 4 three-cent Canada postage stamps in letter, and we will send, sealed, by return mail. Full sealed particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, 2 stamps. Address **POND LILY COMPANY** No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
Sold by all responsible druggists everywhere.



## Our Young People.

[FROM THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.]

### A BEAR HUNT REVERSED.

"Jack, Davy and I went out for bear once," said my friend Bob Arcaster, as we reclined on a bed of boughs watching the stars through the light cloud which rose from the camp-fire. "Never told you about it, did I?"

We had been talking about our two young friends, who had a day or two before left home to take places in the East Indian Civil Service. Bob had seen more of them of late years than I, and had been amusing me with stories of their adventures together. So it was with the expectation that he had something to tell worth listening to that I replied, "No, what about it?"

"Well, we went out for bear once, he repeated, and began in his peculiar, slow way to poke the fire.

"You said that once. Did you get any bear?"

He had an annoying way of beginning a story, and breaking off without the slightest warning. He paid no attention to my question, but went on with his occupation with provoking slowness.

When he had completed this performance to his satisfaction, he lay back upon the boughs, closed his eyes, and remained silent so long that I had almost forgotten that I had asked him anything. After a long interval he answered, "Oh yes, we got one," and relapsed into silence.

There was no use in trying to get him to tell a story except when he was in the mood for it, and then he could not be stopped. So I held my peace until such time as it might please him to go on with his story. It came at last.

"Jack, Davy and I went out for bear once. You remember what Jack was like when he left college. Green! He knew everything about Greece, Rome and such places, but about real things, such as salmon, trout and bear, he knew no more than a baby.

"Why, he was greener than Davy, and he had never been out of sight of a clearing until we went out for bear. And conceited!—there's no use in denying it! He was a thoroughly good fellow, but he had not had the experience that has since made him manly, strong and modest.

"Well, we went up in Madawaska, and a Frenchman told us that bears were as plenty as blackberries up Green River. Jack, who had a beautiful Winchester with him,—we were just loitering through the country, you know, fishing here and there in the streams, and had brought our guns along more for their company than for any other reason,—Jack, I say, was impatient, to get where he could shoot a bear.

"Davy was not quite so eager. In fact, the little fellow seemed more than half-afraid, but when I chimed in with Jack, he made no further objection, and we got a Frenchman to pole us up the stream in his canoe. Ever been on Green River?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I need not tell you what a splendid stream it is, and what trout-fishing we had. At the close of the second day we reached the ground where the bears were said to be waiting to be shot. Selecting a nice, grassy spot, we built a lean-to hut with poles and bark, made a fire, and had supper.

"We were a jolly party, although I noticed that Jack did not seem to care about going far from the fire, and he questioned the Frenchman very closely about the habits of bears in general, and Green River bears in particular.

"The Frenchman did not know much more than Jack, but taking it for granted that I knew as little as the others, he bestowed upon us a marvellous mass of misinformation. According to our genial guide, we were in imminent danger of being charged upon at any moment by a dozen or so of ferocious bears of assorted sizes and patterns, and the boys were about half-frightened out of their wits.

"I interrupted Jean Baptiste's flow of horrors with a vehement denial of the state of things which he pictured.

"Ah!" said he. "I only mak de little fun."

"Reassured, the boys consented at last to turn in, but, as you will understand, it being their first night in camp, they did not go to sleep very readily. There was an owl somewhere near us, and it kept up an unceasing hooting. Of course, when its dismal notes first came out of the darkness, the boys were startled. Jack's teeth chattered, and little Davy, looking as pale as a ghost in the fire light, got up and seized his gun.

"Come back to bed, Davy, I said. 'It's only an owl.'

"Yes, that's all, Davy," said Jack; but his voice had its tremolo stop on it, whereat the Frenchman laughed.

"You know the thousand and one unaccountable noises you hear when you are in a strange place and can't get to sleep, especially if it is your first night in a camp.

"The boys heard them all, and kept up a constant fire of, 'What's that? What's that?' until after midnight, when they fell asleep.

"Next morning they were up bright and early, feeling like old campaigners. It is wonderful how one night in camp seasons you, isn't it?"

"The Frenchman started off down river after we had breakfasted, promising to come back in two days, and we set out to look for bear.

"We did not see any, though we found some tracks, some of them quite fresh. The fresher the tracks, the less anxious were the boys to go on. This was especially the case with Davy, who frankly owned that he should much prefer fishing to bear-hunting.

"I know perfectly well that we might tramp about for a week without coming in sight of a bear, unless by pure accident, for one seldom sees bears when he is looking for them, so I readily agreed to Davy's suggestion that we should return to camp.

"It was quite early in the afternoon when

we got back, but the boys were tired and lay down to rest, while I went down along to the river, seated myself on the root of a great birch tree, and dropped my flies over a little pool just below.

"I had not been there long, and had just hooked a fine fish, when I heard a shout. Being busy landing my trout, I did not look to see what was the matter, and it was only when I turned to find a place to put my fish that I noticed Jack climbing a small maple-tree as if for his life.

"What is it, Jack?" I shouted. "Where's Davy?"

"He made no reply.

"Davy!" I called, without getting an answer.

"Springing up the bank, I saw what at first seemed very amusing.

"Before the camp was a small fire, and within the hut, at one corner, was our bag of provisions. The front of the hut was not more than four feet wide; and across the entrance, busily engaged in testing the quality of our lauder, was a huge black bear!

"Jack was, as I have said, well up the branches of the maple; but Davy was nowhere to be seen.

"Where's Davy, Jack?" I cried.

"Jack had by this time recovered his presence of mind and answered, in a tone of horror.

"In the hut!"

"Then the brave fellow began to descend from his perch. He was somewhat given to boasting, perhaps, and was very excitable, but he was full of real pluck. The way he came down the tree showed the stuff that was in him.

"Looking within the hut, I saw that Davy was there, and likely for the present to stay there. The only place where the roof was high enough for a person to stand up was now occupied by the bear, who had forced himself part way into the hut. Davy was crouched at the back part, with a look on his face that I shall never forget.

"He was badly frightened, but the look was not one of fright only. He told us afterward that although he expected every moment to be engaged in a life and death struggle with the bear, he could hardly keep from laughing at the way Jack had disappeared when the brute poked his nose around the corner of the tent.

"It seems that the boys had been talking about what they would do if they saw a bear, and Jack with his Winchester in his hand, was telling just how he should bring him down with a shot.

"Under the ear, Davy," he said, "is the vital spot."

"At that moment the bear's head had appeared. A better chance to try the effect of a bullet behind the ear would probably never occur again; but Jack was better in theory than in practice.

"Dropping his rifle, he gave a scream, sprang over the fire and took to the tree, while the bear, without so much as a glance toward him, stalked slowly across the front of the hut and began helping himself to our pork.

"But Davy was really in danger, and we must help him. I called to him to crawl out under the back of the hut. But that

was more easily said than done, for the poles were very close together, and must be moved before he could get through. Moreover, there was no telling what our fourfooted visitor might do if his attention was especially drawn to Davy, as it would be if the latter began to move about the hut.

"Tell you what, Bob," said Jack, who had joined me, "you go behind the camp and move the poles, while I occupy the brute's attention in front."

"The suggestion was as good as any that could be made, and I ran around to the back of the camp, while Jack went off to one side and stood directly in front of the bear, not more than twenty feet from him. The bear eyed him, but went on eating the pork.

"I was not long in removing the poles so that Davy could get through, and had told him to hurry and come out, when to my utter amazement he reached for my hunting-knife, which was sticking in the top of the hut, and seizing it firmly, gave the bear a fierce thrust in the side. Then he sprang out through the hole I had made.

"The bear gave a frightful growl, and seeing Jack straight before him, leaped directly upon him. Jack was watching Davy so intently that he did not think of running until it was too late. When we came from behind the hut, poor Jack and the bear were lying in a struggling heap together.

"He has killed Jack," cried Davy, "and it's my fault!"

"Before I could stop him, Davy sprang toward the struggling pair and began to kick Jack's antagonist. I ran into the hut, picked up the Winchester, and made toward the group.

"The bear was lying upon its left side, endeavoring to tear Jack with his hind feet, but the boy was too close to him for that. The expression upon Jack's face was no longer one of fear. He had a firm grip upon his huge antagonist, and kept his head well below the terrible jaws.

"Shoot him, Bob!" he cried. "I'll take the chances."

"As Davy still continued his kicking, and consequently was in the way, I told him to get to one side, and drew near so as to make my aim certain, when suddenly the bear's struggles ceased. His hold on Jack relaxed, and he rolled over, dead.

"Jack was on his feet in an instant, little the worse for his tussle. There was amazement in every line of his countenance; but he was no more astounded than the rest of us.

"What had killed the bear? Could it have been Davy's thrust with the knife? It did not seem possible, yet it might be so. Before proceeding to investigate, to make assurance doubly sure--or as Jack put it, to show that there was a punishment after death for stealing pork--I placed the muzzle of the Winchester close to the bear's forehead, and sent a bullet into his brain.

"Clearly it was a cartridge wasted, for there was no sign, in even the slightest tremor, that there had been a spark of life remaining.

"Where did you stab him, Davy?" asked Jack.

"Just behind the fore-leg."

"What did you do with the knife?" I asked.

"Left it sticking in the wound. I did not think he'd appreciate an effort to remove it as a favor."

"Here, boys!" I said, "let's turn him over."

"We seized his legs, turned the body over from the left side to the right, and found the knife buried to the handle in the animal's body.

"Here was the explanation of the sudden collapse of the enemy. What Davy's arm had not been strong enough to do, the struggles of the beast had completed; and the knife, left in the wound, had, by the animal's own weight, been pressed into his heart.

"So it was Davy's bear, without a doubt. We did not give the Frenchman more particulars than was necessary. Jack, looking at the maple-tree, said there were certain features of the adventure which possessed no special interest to the public at large.

"When we returned to the settlement, the Frenchman told the story in his own way, and spread the fame of little Davy's achievement far and wide, with sundry embellishments." CHAS. H. LUGRIN.

### A CAPE BRETON MIRACLE.

A CASE THAT FAIRLY OUTFRIVALS THE WONDERFUL HAMILTON CURE.

HOPELESS, HELPLESS, AND GIVEN UP AS "ONE WHO MUST SOON GO."—AN INTERESTING STORY AS INVESTIGATED BY A REPORTER.

Halifax Herald, December 16th

A few months ago all Canada was astounded by a remarkable cure reported from the city of Hamilton, Ont., and vouched for by the press and many of the leading residents of that city. In the Hamilton case the man (a

Mr. Marshall) had been pronounced incurable, and after rigid examination by half a score of physicians, the Royal Templars of Temperance paid him the \$1,000 members of that order are entitled to when pronounced totally incapacitated from labor. The remarkable narrative of Mr. Marshall's cure and the remedy to which he owed his recovery were given wide publicity by the press throughout the Dominion, and naturally it brought a ray of hope to others who were similarly suffering. Among the homes to which it thus brought hope, was that of Mr. Joseph Jerritt, of North West Arm, C. B., and Mr. Jerritt's recovery may be regarded as even more marvellous than that of Mr. Marshall, and many others whose cures have recently been recorded. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that never before in the history of Cape Breton, has medicine wrought such an almost miraculous cure. In the year 1879 Mr. Jerritt received a fall from a truck waggon, the wheel of which passed over the small of his back. Those with him succeeded in restoring him to consciousness, and took him to his home which was near by. For six months he was unable to perform any work, and even after a lapse of a year, was troubled with severe pains and weakness of the limbs. He was able, however, to do light work about the farm, and about a year later shipped on a vessel bound for Charleston, S. C. While on this trip Mr. Jerritt was engaged in furling a sail, when he overreached himself, and felt something start, as though something had burst in his left side. He became almost helpless, and on the arrival of the vessel at Charleston, he was taken to the hospital for medical treatment. Here he remained for over two months under the most skilful physicians. His side became strong again, but his limbs grew weak, and frequently the pains were intense. Mr. Jerritt then returned home, he continued to grow worse and the pains never left him. After his return home he made an attempt to work, but had to give it up, and gradually became worse and worse until at last he was entirely helpless, and was looked upon by his friends as one who not only could not recover, but whose time on earth was short. It was in this condition, depressed in mind, helpless, and continually suffering intense pain, that at last a ray of

## EXCELLENCE.



**RHEUMATISM.**—Mr. WM. HOWES, 68 Red Lion St., High Holborn, V. C., London Eng., states he had rheumatism 20 years; suffered intensely from swelling of hands, feet and joints. He used St. Jacobs Oil with marvelous results. Before the second bottle was exhausted the pain left him. He is cured.

**NEURALGIA.**—Mrs. JOHN McLEAN, Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1889, says: "I suffered severely with neuralgia for nine years and have been greatly benefited by the use of St. Jacobs Oil."

**SCIATICA.**—Grenada, Kans., U. S. A., Aug. 8, 1888. "I suffered eight years with sciatica, used five bottles of St. Jacobs Oil and was permanently cured." JACOB I. SMITH.

**STRAIN.**—Mr. M. PRICE, 14 Tabernacle Square, E. C., London, Eng., says: "I strained my wrist and the severe pain yielded like magic to St. Jacobs Oil."

**LAMBACK.**—Mrs. J. RINGLAND, Kincaid St., Brockville, Ont., writes: "I was confined to bed by severe lumbago. A part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enabled me to go about in a day."

**IT HAS NO EQUAL.**



hope came to him. One day he read in the *Halifax Herald* of Mr. Marshall's remarkable cure. Symptoms in this case were those of his own, and despite the fact that he had already expended hundreds of dollars in patent medicines and medical treatment, without receiving any benefit, he determined to try the remedy that had restored Mr. Marshall to health. The result is that he is again restored to health and strength. Hearing from various sources of Mr. Jerritt's remarkable recovery, the local reporter determined to investigate the matter, and gives his story as told to him. "In my early days," said Mr. Jerritt, "I was one of the strongest young men in our village. Until I received the fall in 1879, I did not know anything about sickness, and after that time I did not know a perfectly well day. I tried to fight the trouble off and to work, and partially succeeded up to the time I received the strain on the ship bound for Charleston. Since then my limbs have continued to grow worse, until I was compelled to give up work altogether, and send for a doctor. I may add that all kinds of medicine was tried, but none did me any permanent good. The physicians of our place said my disease was locomotor ataxy and although several of them treated me, none gave much hope of recovery; in fact the impression became general that "poor Joe must go." After the failure of doctor's treatment I again resorted to patent medicines, of which I believe I have taken \$500 worth. Still my disease grew worse, and finally I was unable to even move from my bed. I was advised to again go to the hospital in Halifax, and after spending two months there I returned home only to find myself even worse than before. My legs became so weak that I could not stand alone, having to use two chairs to steady myself with; I could not bear my weight on them. For five weeks I was between life and death. My left leg swelled to an enormous size, and the doctors pronounced it dropsy. My feet and hands have been cold for over five years until the last three months. It was impossible for me to sleep with the pain, which would continually be in my legs and body. Mustard drafts were applied, but no sooner would they be taken off than the pain would return. About one year ago I lost all feeling from my legs; they would feel like ice, and to move them caused the greatest agony. I prayed that God would take me from this world, and give me relief from the torment which I was hourly in. Thus I lived: not lived, but existed, a suffering being without one day's relief from the most excruciating pangs from the disease." How the face of the hitherto sufferer brightened as he began to tell of the release, as it were, from death, and continuing he said:—"But from the blickest day of my sickness a glimmer of hope shone, when my little girl who brought home my paper read the advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got her to read to me the cure effected in the case of John Marshall, of Hamilton. As so on as she read the statements contained therein, I saw at once that his case was similar to mine, and I told my wife that I believed I would be a well man again if I only could succeed in obtaining some of this medicine. I sent to our drug store but found none there. I then decided to send to Brockville, Ont., for the Pills, but my neighbours only laughed at me, saying that they were just like all other patent medicines, no good. This was in August I forwarded the money, and in a few days received two boxes of Pills, deciding to give them a fair trial. After taking them a

short time the pains left me, and to day I am not troubled with an ache or pain. True, my limbs have not yet entirely recovered their former strength, but it makes me happy to know that if five boxes will enable me to stand with just a little assistance, more will continue and complete the cure. Dead legs for a year are not easily made perfectly strong again but," here Mr. Jerritt threw both legs into the air, "this is something myself or my friends never hoped to see. All my neighbours gave me up for dead, but thank God my strength is returning, and after three months I feel like a new man. You need not fear to state my case plainly, as I am well known in Cape Breton, and all the people hereabout know how far gone I was. Scores of the neighbours call to see me and are surprised to find that I am improving daily. My appetite has returned; my strength is renewed, and when my limbs became a little stronger, I shall be a healthier man than ever. No doubt exists in my mind of complete cure as the worst symptoms have entirely disappeared, and I seem invigorated by the medicine. "You see," he said to the reporter, "I am to work mending nets, as I feel too well to remain idle. Every person who saw me last July and sees me now, can bear testimony to the truth of the story I am telling you. My weight since I began taking the pills has increased from 125 pounds to 146 pounds, and I am heavier now than I have been for five years. I hope what I have told you will induce other sufferers to try this wonderful medicine, and I am sure they will have as good reason to feel grateful for it as I do."

After the interview with Mr. Jerritt the reporter called on a number of his neighbors, all of whom endorsed his statements, and said they considered his cure one of the most wonderful things that had come within their observation. They one and all gave the credit to the treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and are naturally enthusiastic in speaking of them.

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine, but a scientific preparation the result of years of careful study on the part of an eminent graduate of McGill and Edinburgh universities, and they had for many years been used in his private practice before being offered for sale throughout the country. They are offered to the public as a never-failing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all diseases such as paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, palpitation of the heart, headache, pale and sallow complexion, muscular weakness, etc. These Pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, bearing down pains, chronic constipation, and all forms of weakness, building up the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

The proprietors deem it their duty to caution the public against imitations. These Pills are never in any form except in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." They are sold by all druggists or will be sent post paid upon receipt of price, 50 cents a box—by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N. Y.

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A Monthly Magazine for Canadians at Home and Abroad.

EDITED BY

**MATTHEW R. KNIGHT, A. B.**

*Associate and Contributing Editor.*

**REV. A. J. LOCKHART ("Pastor Felix").**

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February, 1892.

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**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

THE principal event of the past month is the death of the Duke of Clarence. Coming so soon after his betrothal and shortly before the time set for his marriage, and also before his younger brother had wholly recovered from a severe illness, the circumstances are such as to evoke from all hearts of the world, and especially of the empire, a great deal of sympathy for the royal family. It would appear that the deceased Prince was never so robust as Prince George. The world-wide sympathy which has been so heartily expressed must be a gratification and comfort to the bereaved relatives. We do not suppose, however, that the speculations as to the marriage of Prince George, involving her who has been the most deeply bereft of all, will be very welcome to the parties concerned just now. Good taste and fine feeling are not to be counted among the good qualities of the press of to-day.

THOSE whose subscriptions expired with the last number, or expire with this one, will confer a great favor upon CANADA by renewing promptly. The enlargement of the magazine entails additional expense, and we need the assistance of every subscriber to make this year a successful one. We think each subscriber can easily persuade two friends to take CANADA with him; then the three copies will cost only two dollars, or about 67 cents each.

WE offer every possible inducement to our subscribers to take an active interest in increasing the circulation of CANADA, and shall always continue to do so. It will pay you in every way to subscribe to CANADA yourselves, and persuade many others to subscribe. In our premium and clubbing offers we give you the price of the magazine many times over. We want you all to help us to make the magazine a great power for patriotism, literature and righteousness from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We have subscribers all over the Dominion; and if each will give us his active help for the time, not for lucre's sake, but because of the good work we are trying to do, we shall be able to furnish a publication that will be a delight and a blessing to our beloved country.

WE are sorry that the name of the writer was not appended to the interesting article on Ginseng in our January issue, although it appeared in the table of contents. We have a charming contribution in the present number from the same facile pen, that of J. Jones Bell, M.A., of Toronto.

A CORRESPONDENT complains of the gross unfairness of one of our selected articles last month, "The Story of Evangeline," reprinted from a New Orleans paper. Especially does he object to the words, "the foul record of English misrule." We think our subscribers who have read CANADA from the first number will hardly accuse us of any want of fidelity to the dear old English flag, but it would be narrow and stupid indeed to reject articles otherwise interesting and valuable because they may contain sentiments which we do not endorse. Our readers are intelligent and patriotic enough to pass over anything like the opinion referred to, as untrue from our standpoint, however justifiable from another standpoint with which it is impossible for us to sympathise.

EDITORIAL methods have undergone many noticeable changes in recent years.

One of these is seen in the sacrifice of literature to sensationalism. A man who has won notoriety in ways very far from literary, and who holds the attention for the time of the political, economic or sporting world, commands a readier market and a higher price for the unpolished productions of his pen than the best of literary artists. The modern editor ransacks the world in quest of names that will advertise his periodical, and merchants, mechanics, soldiers, sailors, farmers, statesmen, and especially aristocracies and royalties, are laid under contribution to satisfy the demand for something new and sensational. At all costs the public ear must be caught and kept. Literature cannot do it alone; so she must sort with uncongenial associates in order to obtain an audience and perform her mission. The periodical, however, with the smaller circulation which exerts a refining influence upon its more limited constituency is a greater blessing to mankind than the giant publication which follows wherever the public leads.

WE are indebted to Rev. B. Chappell, of Aoyama, for a copy of a Japanese newspaper, with an illustrated supplement containing nine pictures connected with the recent earthquake disturbances. The pictures are lifelike and artistic, but the reading matter which explains them is not very explanatory to us. We gather this much from the make-up of the paper, that it begins with the last page; that the lines are vertical instead of horizontal, and that you read down the lines, and from right to left. The first page, which is the last, appears to consist of solid matter, probably editorial and the editorials in some of our own papers might just as well be in Japanese; the next page has, we hazard the guess, an instalment of a blood-and-thunder serial, with a cut of a criminal behind prison bars; then we have the news and the market reports; next the telegrams; and finally several pages of advertisements. These are the most intelligible part of the paper, for they are quite profusely illustrated. The Japanese

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evidently believe in display ads. Among the illustrations we notice an imp and angel playing peep across the earth; six or seven ladies, two of them having their hair done up, one of them hanging a curtain over a doorway; a set of fire-irons; a safe; while a large advertisement enclosed in a deep border contains a pair of spectacles, a jack-knife and two lockets, probably premiums offered by some enterprising publisher with his paper.

WAR to the knife is being waged against the lotteries, big and little, in Quebec. Better late than never. We have often wondered that these demoralising institutions were tolerated so long. Neither intemperance nor the social evil has been more insidious and widespread in its destructive influence than the vice of gambling. Some of our leading newspapers have been conspirators with the lottery people for the sake of the dollars their advertisements brought. We are glad the public conscience is so aroused on the subject, and now that part of the press which did not lead the country in this matter will be compelled to follow.

AN OLD INSCRIPTION. Among the relics discovered in an old Indian burying-ground on the western bank of the St. John River, about 8 miles below Woodstock, was a small headstone on which is the following inscription:

DEO  
OPT. MAX.  
IN HONOR. D. IOA. BAB.  
HOC TEM. POS. AN. DO...  
MDCCVII  
MALECIDITE  
M. P. IOA. LOYARD SOC. IES  
SACERDOTE.

A small piece of the stone is broken off on one side, and about as much of the inscription as is indicated above by the dots, seems to be wanting. Perhaps some of our readers can decipher the inscription, or throw some light upon the names which it contains. The stone is the property of Mr. A. R. Hay, of Lower Woodstock.  
EDITOR.

The *Victoria Home Journal* is a society weekly from British Columbia which is full of interesting reading.

ONE of the best of local weeklies, well printed, well edited, literary in tone and liberal in outlook, is the *Orillia Packet*.

WINNIPEG has a new magazine, called the *Manitoba*. We have not seen it yet, but it is favourably noticed in the *Commercial*.

## Literary Notes.

THE most interesting article in the last *Scientific American* is a description of an invention by Edison, recently patented, for transmitting signals electrical y, without the interposition of connecting wires.

EVERYONE interested in the North-West will find his money's worth and a good deal more in the *Colonist*, published at Winnipeg. The January number contains some interesting historical contributions. \$1.00 a year; clubbed with CANADA for \$1 50

The *Canada Educational Monthly* for January is a good number. Some of the papers are: "The Relation of the Public School to National Life," "Rhyme and Reason," "Vocation versus Culture," "The Reading Habit," and "Moral Education." Box 2675, Toronto. \$1 a year.

THE last number of *Brains* (Jan. 15th) contains some valuable suggestions to young writers, in which strong emphasis is laid on the importance of individuality. A paper on "Browning in Italy" is reprinted from *Black and White*. There is a large number of Notes, and the usual New York Letter and The Observer. Semi-monthly, \$2 a year. United Pub. Co., John Hancock Building, Boston, Mass.

WE like the *Critic*, of Halifax, which is now printed on a finer quality of paper and presents a taking appearance. Its editorial utterances are always brave and manly as well as broad, Canadian rather than sectional. We have no room for small, barn-yard publications in any part of Canada; we want those who feel that the whole Dominion belongs to every man in it. \$1.50 a year; clubbed with CANADA for \$2 to new subscribers, or \$2 25 to old.

VERY many will regret that the *Dominion Illustrated* has been compelled, through lack of support, to cease publication as a weekly journal; but no doubt as a monthly magazine it will have a much larger circulation, and the sphere of its influence will be greatly extended. We extend a hearty welcome to the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* and wish it abundant success. The price will be \$1.50 a year; it will be clubbed with CANADA for \$2. No better investment for two dollars can be found than in these two national magazines.

ONE of the most attractive class publications in the Maritime Provinces is the *Educational Review*, of St. John. The January issue is full of matter of great value to teachers and educationalists. Among the features we notice a classified list of the "Mammals of Atlantic Canada." Every boy and girl ought to learn this. We like the words—Atlantic Canada; we want to learn and feel that the provinces on the Atlantic sea-board are as truly Canada as Ontario and the West. \$1.00 a year.

AMONG the most timely articles in the January *Eclectic Magazine* are: "The Application of Hypnotism," by Dr. Tuckey; "Cosas de Chile: the Constitution," "Rudyard Kipling," by Francis Adams; "The Egyptians and the Occupation," from *Blackwood's*; "A New View of the Surplus of Women;" "The Famine in Russia," by E. B. Lanin; and "Lord Lytton," from the *Saturday Review*. 5\$ a year; E. R. Pelton, 144 8th St., New York. Clubbed with CANADA for five dollars.

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## Literary Notes.

The great article in the January *Review of Reviews* is Mr. Stead's on "The Czar and Russia of To-Day." Mr. Stead is an extremist; he is nothing unless he is attacking or defending. Reasoning men will be slow to adopt his views of the irresponsibility of the Czar. All the departments of this indispensable monthly are up the usual mark. We notice that the editor concedes the great originality of our Canadian cartoonist, Bengough, and places him above Keppler, Gillam and the Punch artists. \$2.50 a year; 13 Astor Place, New York.

The *Cosmopolitan* has come wonderfully to the front during the last year or two. Now Mr. W. D. Howells is to be the editor, and this brilliant monthly bids fair to distance the other leading American magazines. The most interesting articles in the January number are those on: "The Columbus Portraits," "The Salon," "Aluminum—the Metal of the Future," "Old New York," and "The Special Correspondents at Washington." There is a characteristic sonnet by A. Lampman, "A March Day." \$3 a year; CANADA and the *Cosmopolitan* both for \$3.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* is so full of titles that it would take a good deal of space to enumerate its features even. In the two series of papers—"Unknown Wives of Well-known Men," and "Clever Daughters of Clever Men," Mrs. John Warrmaker and Miss Ethal Ingalls are the subjects chosen in the number for January. Mrs. Beecher's articles on "Mr. Beecher as I knew Him" are continued, as also those of Mrs. Burton Harrison on "Social Life in New York." There is a short symposium on "Wine on Fashionable Tables," with the usual instalment of "The Brownies," etc., etc. \$1 a year.

We are indebted to Mrs. Curzon for a copy of "The Battle of Lundy's Lane," an address delivered before the Lundy Lane's Historical Society, by Capt. Edward Cruikshank. It is a model of historical composition and should be read by every Canadian, young and old. His account of the battle differs materially from that given in another part of this magazine. The British force was not much more than half as large as Mr. Kilmer represents it, while the American force was probably twice as numerous. The Americans did not resign their vantage voluntarily, but were driven from their position, and contemporaneous records show that the American loss must have been much greater than was officially reported.

The *Land we Live In* for January is a very interesting number. The stories are entitled: "That Boy Jack Weir 'of Ours,'" "The First Christmas Eve," "Ronald's Vow," and "The Bride's Rescue." Mr. LeMoine's lecture on "The Birds of Quebec" is continued. The Franco-English of "Telesphore Laroche" is very amusing. A communication from "Kansas Canadian" concerning the "Buffalo" says that 75 animals are now on the Kansas Buffalo Ranch, from which 12 were recently sent to England; there are 250 at Yellowstone Park; and at long intervals a few are heard of in some inaccessible parts of the mountains. We can heartily recommend this bright and attractive monthly. Published at Sherbrooke, Que. \$1.00 a year. We furnish it with CANADA for \$1.50.

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## Literary Notes.

ANY person, possessed of even a small measure of literary taste, who has not leaned back in his easy-chair with his feet on the fender, a copy of *Current Literature* on his knees and an uninterrupted half-hour before him, has missed a very great enjoyment. The January issue is as good as ever, and that is saying a great deal. In addition to the 23 departments, there are three readings. "The Fiat of Ambition," from "Darkness and Dawn; or Scenes, in the Days of Nero;" "The Gypsy Marriage," from J. M. Barrie's "The Little Minister;" and "'Dancem' Tucker at the Infair," from one of Chas. Egbert Craddock's stories. \$3 a year; clubbed with CANADA for \$3.40.

MRS. JEAN BLEWETT, of Blenheim, author of the interesting novel, "Out of the Depths," and many poems and sketches, is now attached to the staff of Chicago's new daily, *The Press*.

MR. ALPHONSE LUSIGNAN, the well-known journalist and litterateur, at one time editor of *Le Pays*; died recently at Ottawa.

AMONG the most valued of our exchanges are the *Weekly Globe*, the *Weekly Mail*, the *Daily Witness*, the *Commercial*, the *Critic*, *Progress*, the *British American Citizen*, and *The Week*.

AN entertainment was to be given in Toronto on the 16th by a party of Canadian literateurs. Readings from our own literature were to be given by Mrs. Harrison, Miss Machar, Miss E. Pauline Johnson, Messrs. W. W. Campbell, D. C. Scott, W. D. Light-hall, and others.

THE *Montreal Star* says: "An original four-act play by a Canadian author was read yesterday evening to a select few, gathered by invitation at the residence of Mrs. C. H. Dobbin, 997 Dorchester St., meeting with great approval from those present. The plot, in many respects very original, keeps up the interest to the end, and abounds in strong situations, while the purely literary portion of the work is superior to that of the majority of modern dramas. The author desires to remain unknown for the present, but should the expectation of having the play produced in Canada with Canadian artists be realized, it will no doubt receive a most hearty reception."

A FAMILY PAPER. - The Announcements of *The Youth's Companion* for 1892, which we have received, seem to touch about all healthy tastes. Its fiction embraces folklore, serial, sea, adventure and holiday stories. Frank Stockton, Clark Russell, Will Allen Dromgoole, Mary Catherine Lee are a few of the distinguished story writers.

Its general articles cover a wide range. Self-Education, Business Success, College Success, Girls Who Think They Can Write, Natural History, Railway Life, Boys and Girls at the World's Fair, Glimpses of Royalty, How to See Great Cities, Practical Advice are some of the lines to be written on by eminent specialists.

Gladstone, De Lesseps, Vasil Verestehagin, Cyrus W. Field, Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Henry M. Stanley are among the contributors. *The Companion* readers thus come into personal touch with the people whose greatness make our age famous. Its 500,000 subscribers know how it is appreciated.

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This engraving is from a painting by Ernst-Zimmerman, one of the most famous representatives of the Modern Munich School. Zimmerman is widely known and appreciated as a delineator of religious subjects, and he has devoted his brush to those in particular that are found in the New Testament. He is a master of expression. His subjects are not mere inanimate colorings; they speak from the canvass. The incident the artist has depicted in this picture at once suggests itself to the mind of the Bible reader. Our Saviour, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw Simon Peter and his brother Andrew casting their nets into the sea. "Follow me," he said, "and I will make you fishers of men." Later, He found James and John mending their nets. To them He made known the mission he had for them in like words. All followed Him. And here we find Him explaining to His Apostles the work he has designed them to do. The most striking feature of the picture is naturally the face of the Saviour. These characteristics are at once noticeable in it: sadness, He being "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;" meekness, or gentleness; and deep earnestness. The countenance is not the ideal of the old masters, who aimed at beauty rising to divinity; it is rather the human and humane face, which declares that Christ was also man, with human instincts and devotedly concerned for human sorrows and cares. The Saviour is talking to His converts, and it would appear that He is telling them of the hope and joy He has brought into the world, for their faces express at once wonder and pleasure. Peter is a fine representation of the brawny, muscular fisherman. John, "the disciple whom Jesus loved," is a young man with the world before him. Both listened earnestly, while Andrew and James, not less attentive are in the back-ground.

### THE LOVE STORY.

The second Premium Picture is a fine engraving of C. Laurenti's charming work, "The Love Story." It represents six pretty village maidens seated in a row, listening intently to the recital by a strapping young fellow of a tale of love in which he himself is apparently as deeply interested as they. One of the main charms of the picture is the skilful way in which the artist has depicted the various moods of the listeners. Two of them, with roguish eyes, have beaming faces which shew plainly that their chief delight is in the humorous side of the story. Two others are listening more seriously, while a fifth, with elbow on knee and chin on hand, is deeply intent upon every word that falls from the narrator's lips. The sixth, clad in sombre garments, sits with downcast eyes, and a sad, wistful expression which indicates that the recital brings to her mind painful memories, perhaps of a lover who has been taken away from her. The picture grows upon one, the whole scene being most life-like, and each of the different faces telling a story of its own.

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THERE have appeared in CANADA during the past year accounts of remarkable cures in various parts of the Dominion. In each case the circumstances connected therewith had been investigated by well known newspapers, and there could be no doubt as to the entire reliability of the accounts given. Perhaps the case that attracted most attention was that of Mr. John Marshall, of Hamilton. This was not, perhaps, because his case was any more remarkable than some others, but because it was attended by some other peculiar circumstances that served to emphasize it in the minds of the public, as for instance the fact that he had been pronounced absolutely incurable by half a score of clever physicians, and was actually paid the \$1,000 disability claim allowed by the Royal Templars of Temperance. Elsewhere in this issue is given the particulars of a cure in Cape Breton, which is quite as remarkable as that of Mr. Marshall. The particulars of the case are taken from the *Halifax Herald*, but they are also vouched for by Mr. Richardson, the editor and proprietor of the *Island Reporter*, Sydney, C. B., who says that in not a single particular is the story overdrawn. We fancy we hear some reader say, "Oh, pshaw! this doesn't interest me." But it does. The story as told elsewhere is worth reading, and we will guarantee before you are through with it you will be thoroughly interested.

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### CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

The original of this picture is one of the grandest paintings that have been given to the world in modern times. It covers about 20 by 30 feet of canvas, the figures all being life size. The scene is early morning in the praetorium or official residence of the Roman Governor at Jerusalem. In the centre of the picture is the Saviour with His hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate. Around and behind Him crowds the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic others apparently bent merely on killing time. Pontius Pilate sits as the representative of Caesar on the judgment throne. He is meditating and is greatly perplexed. On the right of Pilate stands Calaphas, the chief accuser of Christ. The figure pressing forward in the crowd with uplifted arms is a tuffan of the lowest type. He is shouting, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" On the left of Pilate sit two clerics watching the proceedings with great interest. Between Christ and Calaphas, sitting on the bench, is a rich banker looking on with contemptuous curiosity. Perched on a high stool by the side of the judgment seat, and resting his head against the wall, is a scribe who views the scene with an air of weary indifference. Conspicuously raised above the heads of the crowd, is seen a young mother with a beautiful face, holding a child in her arms and looking at Jesus with tenderness and compassion. Through the whole picture are groups of figures and faces reflecting the different emotions that animate each individual.

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"The name seems to have given you a great deal of trouble."

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"That's so."

"And often leads you to do things you are sorry for."

"True."

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"Right again."

"But you will soon have a quarrel."

"I'm glad of that. Now *pull out his whole name.*"

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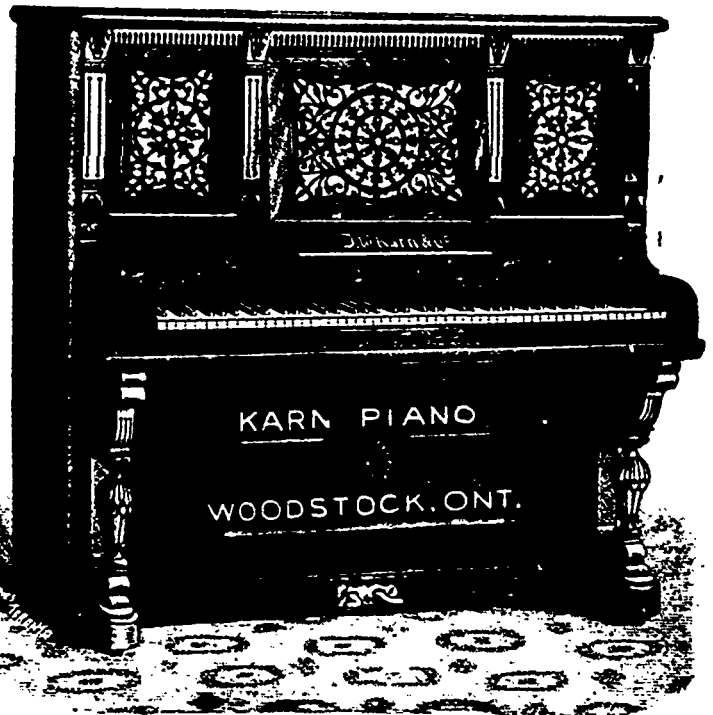
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