WHAT THE DEBT COSTS THE TAXPAYERS

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A GREAT INDIAN CHIEF.

By Rev. W. C. Gaynor.

With the thought of the Indian Chief of other days we instinctively associate the magnificent figure of that creation of romance, Chingachcook the Mohican. Beside him the real heroes of savage life, Philip the Pokanoket, Tecumseh the Shawnee, Pontiac the Ottawa, or even our own Kondiaronkthe Huron, seem creatures of imagination. We dwell with pleasure on this savage figure of Cooper's tales; we note his majestic stride, his reserved and dignified bearing; we admire his personal prowess and his unfailing sagacity. Yet here in our own land, in these provinces by the sea, there lived and ruled a Sachem who in all the attributes of savage majesty was fit counterpart of the Great Serpent of the Delawares, and in the glory of a great name was the peer of any Indian in American history. This man was Membertou, Grand Sagamore of the Souriquois or Mic-Macs.

It would indeed be a dramatic introduction to this

paper could I, with the needful assurance of an accurate historian, state that the Indian Sachem to whom Cartier, as he skirted the Baie de Chaleur in July, 1534, sent the present of a red hat was Membertou. Then, amisdt that tumultuous scene of savage welcome which occurred a few days later when three-hundred Mic-Mac Indians greeted the landing of Cartier's men at Tracadeguash Point, I might place the striking figure of the young chief. And yet only the desire to be strictly accurate prevents me from so introducing the subject of this monagraph. He saw Cartier in July, 1534; he was a married man of family at that time; according to Lescabot, the versatile historian of Port Royal, he "was a great captain from his youth; and he is portrayed by the Jesuit, Biard, as "the greatest, most renowned and most redoubted savage that ever lived in the history of man." These are the facts. What more natural then or probable that he was already in command of the band of Mic-Macs who gave Cartier such an effusive welcome at the head of the Bay Chaleur? Grand Sagamore of the entire Souriquois tribe from Gaspé to Cape Sable he may not yet have been; only a Sagamoreshin or Sagamore in training for the office, son of some noted Sachem, and already laying the foundation of his future greatness.

Of the seventy years intervening between that sultry day in July, 1534, and that greater day in Mic-Mac history when Membertou, now a centenarian, led his painted warriors to successful battle with the Armouchiquois of Cape Cod, there is of course no direct record. We can only conjecture biographical details; basing our surmises on our knowledge of tribal life among the Mic-Macs of that period, and eking out our picture from the meagre information

which the chroniclers of Port Royal subsequently give us. Lescarbot and the Jesuits unite in portraying him as being on their arrival in Acadia, "Grand Sagamore, above all the other Sagamores of the country." They give us pen-pictures of his appearance; they record his wit, his unfailing friendship towards their own countrymen; they accept unquestioningly the testimony of the savages that not in four hundred years had such a chief arisen in the Mic-Mac tribe; yet they give but scanty details of what we may call Membertou's pre-historic life, preferring, evidently, to dwell at length on his life as a Christian neophyte rather than as a pagan warchief and prophet.

We are at liberty to believe, however, that, before he reached the coveted supremacy, in the possession of which the French found him in 1604, he had to meet and overcome the ambition of many rivals. Even in later years when his supremacy, with the precarious authority it implied, was fully established he still had to contend with the ambitions of certain of his tribesmen. It was they who strove to discredit his sincerity with DeMonts, Poutrincourt, and Champlain; and doubtless it was due to their secret whisperings that Champlain hesitates not to tell us that Memberton "had the name of being the worst and most traitorous man of his tribe." Yet the genial voyageur still has the grace to record of him that he was "a friendly savage." Shrewd and crafty no doubt he was, but shrewdness and craft were qualities which our aborigines sought for in their chiefs. Moreover, we gather somehow from the early documents, that to his own strong right arm and his acute and discerning powers of intellect rather than to chicanery and deceit was his position due. His personal characteristics were at once so dissimilar

and superior to the rest of his tribe that early French historians would have claimed for him a mixture of European and savage blood had such a thing been possible; and in view of the picture which the chroniclers of Port Royal make of him we can easily understand how such a thought could arise. Father Biard thus describes him:

"This was the greatest, most renowned, and most formidable savage within the memory of men; of splendid physique, taller and larger-limbed than is usual among them; bearded like a Frenchmen, although scarcely any of the others have hair upon their chin; grave and reserved; feeling a proper sense of dignity for his position as a commander." (*)

"He was an energetic man, adds a subsequent Jesuit Chronicler, Jouvency, "and, according to the testimony of his countrymen, far excelled others in vigor of mind, in knowledge of war, in number of descendents, and the distinction of a glorious name; for by public vote he had acquired the name of 'Great Chief.'"

An example of his reliance on his own powers is his attitude towards an institution which had much to do with the distribution of honors in his tribe. Polygamy among the Indians of Acadia was not only a domestic, but a political institution. The influence of a chief was necessarily greatly increased by the ties of kindred and alliance which a plurality of wives secured to him, while his domestic wants were more surely anticipated through the multiplicity of children, dependents, and household drudges. Polygamy was therefore an easy road to pre-eminence. The indefatigable Biard thus sets off its advantages:—

(*) Jesuit Relations, Cleveland edition, Vol. II. p 23.
(†) Ibid, Vol. I. p. 213.

"One reason is in order to retain their authority and power by having a lot of children, for in that lies the strength of the house, in the great number of allies and connections; the second reason is their entertainment and service, which is great and laborious, since they have large families and a a great number of followers and, therefore require a number of servants and housewives; now they have no other servants, slaves, or mechanics but the women. These poor creatures endure all the misfortunes and hardships of life; they prepare and erect the houses or cabins, furnishing them with fire, wood, and water."‡

No ordinary savage could have resisted the advantages of such an institution. No other Sagamore certainly did. Cacagous, for instance, who was Sagamore at this port of St. John when Biard visited it in 1611 and who should have been been a Christian, since he was baptized at Bayonne in France, openly boasted of the number of his wives. Calling them before him, as if in review, he presented seven of his eight squaws to the scandalized Jesuit, "with as much pride," groans Father Biard, "instead of an equal degree of shame, as if I had asked him the number of his legitimate children."‖

Memberton alone rose superior to the allurements and advantages of the seraglio. He was never husband to more than one living wife; and the record of the baptisms at Port Royal in 1610 surprises us with the smallness of his own immediate family.

The Jesuit chroniclers attribute this continence to his hatred of domestic broils. Our old chief dearly loved a peaceful hearth. We quote again from Biard:—

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‡ Ibid

‖ Ibid. Vol. I. p. 43.

"And therefore the renowned Membertou is worthy of greater praise because although he was the greatest Sagamore, the most feared, that they had for several centuries, yet he did not care to have more than one wife at a time; although a pagan judging from instinct that this plurality was both infamous and troublesome on account of the quarrels which always arose from it, as much among the wives as among the children of different mothers."*

In a previous Relation (1612-1614 Biard is still more explicit as to Membertou's attitude towards polygamy. He says, "Even before his conversion he [Membertou] never cared to have more than one wife, which is wonderful as the great Sagamores of this country maintain a numerous seraglio, etc."

Morever, it is a noteworthy fact that the record of the baptism of himself and family at Port Royal ascribes to him but one wife, three sons, and one daughter. Nor were the names of other wives omitted on grounds of religion, for we read that Father Fleche scrupled not either to baptize the two wives of Louis Membertou—the old Sagamore's son—or to enter their names in the register of the Mission.

Parkman's sneer † that Membertou's continence was "hardly a superlative merit in a centenarian," thus loses its point; while his assertion of the plurality of Membertou's "squaws," meaning wives, is evidently incorrect.

If from the standpoint of political conveniency our Mic-Mac Sagamore felt himself strong enough to override the advantages of a large family connection and

* Ibid. Vol. III. p. 103.

† Biard's Relation Ed. Ibid. p. 23.

‡ Pioneers of France, Morang's Edition. p. 284.

an abundance of domestic dependents, it was because his grasp of mind enabled him to employ subtler and more effective aids to self-aggrandizement. "It happens sometimes," said Biard, "that the same person is Aoutmoin and Sagamore, and then he is greatly dreaded. Such was the renowned Membertou."

In this combination of leader, war-chief, and soothsayer lay the secret of his dominance. No family alliance, however powerful, could bring to him the influence that his secret character of Aoutmoin invested him with. He was the great prophet of his people, and unlike, Moses, was warrior and law-giver combined. To these two functions he added a third; he was also medicine-man; and in each he stood unapproached and unexcelled. Lescarbot calls them "the three things most efficacious to the well-being of men and necessary to human life." Membertou, with a foresight which amounted to genius, made himself the one necessary man of his tribe.

A glance at the nature of these three functions may serve to fill out for us the story of his life where details are necessarily wanting. The Souriquois, it is said, were not a warlike people. Dwellers by the salt water, they limited, we are told, their struggles to the wrestling of a beggarly existence from the boisterous ocean. In other words, they were fishermen, not warriors. The Etchemin, on the contrary, were of warlike stock and originally invaded the Mic-Mac domain, wrestling from the first occupants the country which they afterwards possessed. The old chroniclers tell no such tale of Mic-Mac pusillanimity. With pride, rather, they dwell on the courage of this tribe which led them to penetrate the country of the

[1] Ibid. Vol. III. p. 133.

Ex-comminiqui, or Esquimaux, and fight those "eaters of men" in their rocky caverns and ice-bound-fastnesses. To do this the Souriquois had to commit themselves in their great war-canoes to the mercies of the Northern Ocean—a strange feat for men who loved not war. The Maliseets, or Etchemins, I would prefer to believe, were a branch lopped off the parent Mic-Mac stem, as the Mic-Mac name for them would seem to indicate. Both tribes united for the common defence when invasion was threatened or combined their forces against their common enemy, the Armouchequois, tribes of the south. The Etheminqui, or Etchemins, were indeed a buffer between the Souriquois and the Indians of Cape Cod, and their exposed position may have fanned their warlike spirit to a constant flame; but the Mic-Macs, too, had their border forays and carried themselves valiantly in the fight.

It was of such people, then, that Memberton was leader; and evidence is not wanting to prove that when both tribes made cause against a common enemy, as in the great foray of 1605, he was commander-in-chief of the combined forces. His tribe, even in Lescarbot's time was in number doubly greater than the Etchemin; while in his old age Memberton used to boast that he once saw chimoutz, that is, his people as thickly planted by the sea as the hairs upon his own head. In those days it must indeed have been a position of great honor to be battle-leader of such vigorous warriors, and in those days Membertou in all the pride of his physical manhood was their great war-chief. In later years, when disease and those unaccountable visitations which so often decimated our Indians had reduced the effective fighting force of the Souriquois to four-hundred warriors, he was still, even after he had passed the century-mark, their chosen

leader, great in war. His defeat of the noted Armouchquois chief, Barshaba, prince of the western tribes, in the great foray of 1605 was the last, but perhaps not the greatest, exhibition of his martial skill.

Savage life, however, is not all war. Long intervals of peace there were during which the domestic life of the tribe was uppermost. In the summer they fished, in the winter they hunted. Their life was nomadic in all its relations. Mic-Mac bands fronted the pitiless Atlantic at La Héve, camped by the peaceful waters of Port Royal, or journeyed from river to river across the vast wilderness to the northern-most boundaries of their tribe at Gaspé. Everywhere they carried with them their distinctive tribal customs, practices, superstitions. In this inner life of his people Membertou was still the commanding figure. He was pre-eminent their Aoutmoin, prophet, sorcerer, or soothsayer; he was also their great medicine-man. These two functions overlap each other in such a way that it is difficult to discriminate between them. While the Aoutmoin was rarely Sagamore, he was always medicine-man or healer. Membertou in the capacity of soothsayer was considered by the tribe to have the power to conjure up his demon whom he called his aoutem and to consult him on questions pertaining to the welfare of the tribe, such as the advent of good fishing, the success of war parties, the nearness of game, and a variety of such matters of general interest. As medicine-man he would still deal in the the supernatural,—with this difference, however, that instead of conjuring up a demon to his assistance, he was expected, with the aid of elaborate mummery, to exorcise the evil spirit to which all diseases were attributed. As Aoutmoin Membertou,

if we accept his own statement, was on quite intimate terms with his Satanic Majesty. "Membertou has assured me," says Biard, "that when he was still Aoutmoin (for he was one and very celebrated too), the devil appeared to him many times; but that he avoided him, knowing well that he was wicked because he never commanded him to do anything but evil."*

Of his experience as exorcist we have no direct record. We would fain believe that he left to lesser men the fantastic juggleries of that profession. But, because Lescarbot assures us that he was the great medicine-man of his tribe, we must perforce believe that at some time he did practise the curious mummeries of Indian healing. The first chroniclers of Acadia give copious descriptions of the treatment of the sick. We will quote from Biard:—

"A savage, feeling very ill, stretches himself out near the fire; then they say 'Ouëscouzy, ouëscouzy,' he is sick, he is sick. When his turn comes they give him his share of whatever they have, broiled, roasted, or dragged over the coals, just the same as the others; for they are not accustomed to seek or prepare any special food for him. Now, if the sick man eats what is given him it is a good sign; otherwise they say, 'He is very sick,' and after some days (if they can) they will send for the Aoutmoin, whom the Basque call Pilotoys, i. e. sorcerer. Now this pilotoys, having studied his patient, breathes and blows upon him some unknown enchantments; you would say these chest winds ought to dispel the vitiated humors of the patient. If he sees after some days that, notwithstanding all his blowing, the evil does not disappear

* Vol. III. p. 133.

he finds the reason for it according to his own ideas, and says it is because the Devil is there inside the sick man, tormenting and preventing him from getting well; but the he must have the evil thing, get it out by force and kill it. Then they prepare for that heroic action, the killing of Beelzebub."†

Biard then gives the ritual followed by the perspiring sorcerer in his combat with that demon of disease. His deseription is to long to quote. After the evil spirit has been duly killed, or rather trampled to death, the aoutmoin approaches the sick man and endeavors to console him with the thought of recovery. He is careful, however, so to condition his promises of health that his own reputation may not suffer in case the sick man dies.

"You will get well, sick man'"—we quote again Biard—"'if the evil is not stronger than you. I mean if the Devil has not already given you your death blow.'

"For this is the last scene of the farce. The Aoutmoin says that the Devil, being already killed or seriously hurt, or at least gone away—whether very far or not, I do not know—it remains to be seen if he has given a death-wound to the patient. To guess this, he will have to dream; indeed he is in great need of sleep, for he has worked hard. Meanwhile he gains time to observe the crises of the disease. Having slept well and dreamed, he looks again at his patient and according to the symptoms which he observes, he declares that he is either to live or to die. He is not so foolish as to say that he will live, if the symptoms are not encouraging. He will then say, for instance, that he will die in three days.

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† Ibid. Vol. III. p. 133.

"Hear now in what a fine fashion he verifies his prophecy. In the first place the sick man, since he has been thus appointed to die, does not eat, and they no longer offer him anything. If he does not die by the third day, they say he has something of the devil in him. I know not what, which does not permit him to die easily, so they rush to his aid. Where? To the water. What to do? To bring kettles full of it. Why? To pour the cold water on his navel, and thus to extinguish all vital heat, if any remains to him. He is indeed obliged to die the third day, since, if he is not going to do it of himself, they kill him."‡

(To be Continued).

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‡ Ibidem, Vol. III. pp. 121, 123. For Lescarbot's description of the same mummeries, see Vol. II. pp. 151, 153.

One of the much talked of events of the month of October was the complimentary banquet tendered Hon. William Pugsley, Attorney General of New Brunswick by Mr. David Russell, of Montreal, but formerly of St. John. The scene of the banquet was the Caledonia Springs, (Ont.,) hotel, which was recently incorporated by Mr. Russell. The gathering was unique in many ways and brought together many important men in Canada. Had all who were invited attended, the most representative gathering of Maritime province men ever known would have resulted Apart from the complimentary things that were said of the chief guest and the host, the unification of Canada was the principal theme of the speech makers.

TEARS OF THE SEA BIRD.

By Judith Tempest.

CHAPTER I.

"Around thee shall glisten the loviest amber:
That ever the sorrowing sea bird wept."

All day long he had been working to unpack, and display to the best advantage his superb collection of art treasures. Now that his work was nearly finished; he rested for a while from his labors, and gazed with pardonable pride upon the collection. Only recently had he come into possession of them. They had been left to him by an uncle whom he had never seen, therefore no regret mingled with the pleasure that he felt in his newly acquired wealth.

He was an artist by profession, as yet he was not noted, though his work was carefully done and older men of his time said that he gave great promise of a brilliant future. Of course he had his day dreams, his hopes, and his fears. His hopes were strengthened and his fears swept away by the fact of his now being in comfortable circumstances, as a substantial sum of money was bequeathed him together with the art collection.

Soon all was ready for the reception of some visitors that he expected. Everything was placed to advantage. Costly tapestries, beautiful mosaics, alabaster vases, bronze medals, cameos in costly settings, curious carved caskets, and boxes of ivory, bronze and odorous woods. The caskets, he left un-

opened till the arrival of his visitors; then, she, the lady of his dream would be present, for she only would he allow to first gaze upon their hidden beauties. One ugly looking iron casket he placed apart, it being he considered too inferior to please her fastidious, and dainty ladyship.

The curtains between the rooms were draped so that a glimpse could be had of the studio, adjoining, with its numerous finished and unfinished pictures; then as a finishing touch he lighted a quaint old iron lamp, of Grecian origin which diffused a delightful and subtile perfume from the scented oil it burned. He left the apartment to make a change of apparel, and soon returned eagerly expectant. There was a murmur of voices, a sound of subdued laughter in musical tones, accompanied by deeper and gruffer voices, as the expected party ascended the staircase. The door opened at their approach, revealing to their delighted gaze, a bewildering scene of oriental splendor.

For an instant there was silence, then murmurs of delight, exclamations of wonder and admiration came from all; as they eagerly pressed forward for a closer inspection of the beautiful and curious treasures.

Under cover of this slight confusion the young artist had an opportunity to place himself at the side of a beautiful girl, who seemed well pleased with a few whispered words, accompanied by a tender pressure of her little hand; though the next instant she seemed distressed and confused.

After an hour or so, had been passed in a most interesting and enjoyable manner by his guests, and they thought the end of the collection had been reached, Mr. Shenton said.

"Now good people, I am about to display the contents of the caskets, or at least, the contents of some

of them, as only a few, according to the list contain jewels."

"Jewels?" oh! how delightful said a lady.

"Perhaps you will not care to look at them at all, when I tell you that they are the scarabaei of some Eygptian and other Eastern princesses."

"Scarabaei? what in the wide world are they?" asked the same lady who was more noted for her beauty, and taste in dress than for her useful knowledge of any kind.

"A scarabaei really is a certain kind of beetle, considered sacred by Egyptians, Etruscans, and all natives of the East, therefore precious stones are cut in the form of the beetle, and worn by women of rank as a talisman or charm, we might call it, as they are supposed to bring good luck to the wearer."

While giving this explanation he had been unlocking several of the caskets, some of them contained uncut gems, and others scarabaeidae of great beauty. So skillfully were they cut, that as Miss Glendon, to whom he passed each casket as he opened it, at his request lifted them from their resting place they seemed filled with life, and instinctively some of the ladies shrank from them, though they could not help admiring their beauties.

"Are we to see the contents of the iron casket, Mr. Shenton?" asked Miss Glendon. "Surely so strong a casket must contain a treasure."

"Certainly," was the reply, "They are all open for inspection, I only placed that aside, thinking it unworthy of your notice. Let me see if it is empty.' As he spoke he cousulted the book containing the list, and read aloud.

"No. 38, Iron Casket, enclosing ivory box, containing 'Tears of the Sea Bird,' purchased in Carthage from a Venetian."

"What can they be like, and how could they catch them," asked Mrs. Glendon who stood near her daughter. "Professor Morse," she continued, addressing an elderly gentleman who was examining the inscription on a bronze medallion; "What are sea bird's tears, how do you get them? Oh," she said in a disappointed tone, as her daughter lifted a beautiful amber necklace from its velvet bed in the ivory box, "its only a necklace."

"But so exquisite, mother,—in design, look at the work on these links, and the beads, each one of them tear shaped, that must be the reason of the pathetic name."

"No, my dear young lady," said the Professor, "amber, as a precious stone, like all of its kind has its fabled story, the ancients really believed amber to be given to the earth by the sea birds, as they wept unceasingly for the loss of their brother. Of course they were not always birds, but once beautiful goddesses, their brother was Pheaton, who in his presumption aspired to drive the chariot of the Sun for one day, and in his attempt to do so nearly set fire to the earth. Jupiter struck him with a thunderbolt, his body fell to the earth, and was destroyed by fire. His fond sisters wept so much that they annoyed Jupiter, who turned them, and all of their progeny into sea birds. They continue through the ages to weep, and their tears as they fall are changed into the beautiful amber, the finest specimens of which are found on the sea shore."

"Thank you Professor," I always did admire amber, now I shall think of it with more than admiration, for surely it can be considered as part of a soul-felt sentiment." As she spoke she laid the necklace back reverently in its case almost as though she considered

it a sacred thing. The guests, who had lost their interest in the necklace, during what they considered the Professor's prosy description, now turned their attention towards the studio; thus the young artist had an opportunity to whisper.

"Miss Glendon—Helen, will you not accept the necklace? I would feel honored"—

"Oh! no, no I could not," she interrupted quickly.

"I beg that you will accept it from me—you must have seen how I—"

"No, no," she said again "I cannot listen, I dare not accept it—its too valuable—Mother would not approve—"

"Oh! is that all, then we will ask her consent. Mrs. Glendon," he said in a louder tone, "will you allow me to present this necklace to your daughter, I would feel much honored in her acceptance of the gift."

Mrs. Glendon who had not been unobservant of this little scene answered. "You are kindness and generosity itself Mr. Shenton. So handsome and valuable a gift can only be accepted —"

"Mother I would rather not take—"

"Helen, allow me to speak—I was about to say, Mr. Shenton,—as a bridal gift, my daughter can accept your beautiful present."

For an instant there was silence, then poor stricken Horace Shenton turned a brave front to his foe, for such at that moment Helen's mother seemed to him.

"Accept it as she pleases—though I—I—was not —"

"Not aware that my daughter was soon to marry Colonel Jamison? no of course you were not—it has been kept very quiet, only a few of our friends outside of the family circle, are aware of it. Now as the engagement will soon be announced, I may tell you the fact, as I consider you one of our friends, Mr. Shenton."

Poor Horace, it was a cruel blow;—he never knew how he got through the rest of the time that his guests spent with him—at last they were gone, and he could give way to his despair. Try to think what life would be to him without the sweet fair girl, he had hoped to win. How could he think of her as the wife of another?—That other a man old enough to be her father.—What a fool he had been all along, thinking it was the mother that the old colonel paid court to. Well it was all over—He must meet his fate—but oh it was hard—hard.

CHAPTER II.

After a weary and sleepless night he arose unrefreshed and miserable. One of his first duties, was to do up the ivory box containing the amber necklace, into a neat sealed package, and send it to Miss Glendon by a trusted messenger. The ugly iron casket he would keep,—it would serve to remind him of his presumption. It was like his life dark without and empty within.

He smiled bitterly, as he thought of the fanciful name of the valuable trinket and said aloud.

"Tears of the sea bird—Tears of the rejected one, would be a more fitting name, ha! ha!"

Could he have seen the bitter tears that fell upon those amber drops, and have known how passionately Helen pressed them to her lips—the bauble, because his hands had touched it, perhaps he would have been comforted.

Unable to settle himself to work all morning, he began aimlessly to arrange the art collection, that he had with such happy anticipations; unpacked the day before. Handling the iron casket somewhat carelessly he accidentally touched a spring which revealed an opening in the lower part, which opening held a small brass bound manuscript book. Inscribed on the cover were the words in English, "History of Tears of The Sea Bird."—The story was written in Greek, and Greek was Greek, to Horace Shenton, so he laid it aside for moment, and that afternoon took it to Professor Morse, knowing that he would be interested in translating the story.

The next morning the Professor entered his studio, and after the usual greeting said.

"I read the manuscript last night Horace. Will you let me see the necklace, I would like to examine it closely."

"I cannot" said Horace—"I have given it away."

"When—to whom?" asked the Professor in a startled manner.

"To Miss Glendon, I sent it yesterday."

"But it's dangerous, man.,'

"Dangerous,"—repeated Horace "I know I've been a fool, but I hope I am a man, I know she is soon to be Jamison's bride and—"

"Bride?—Boy she'll be no one's bride, if she wears that cursed thing—its poisoned."

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed Horace—"I am going to the house, come."—As he spoke he took his hat and rushed to the street.

Professor Morse understanding 'the house' to mean Mrs. Glendon's, followed him, hailed a cab, and hurried the poor distracted follow into it. As they rode he explained the nature of the necklace in a few sentences.

"It was a diabolical piece of revenge often practised by ancient Venetians—which had extended to other countries to conceal poison in a hollow ring, armlet, ear, drop or, as in this instance, the hollow clasp of the necklace, a tiny pin, hollow of course, would scratch the flesh as the article moved, and by this means the concealed poison, which was always slow, but deadly—"

"Oh stop—stop—" groaned Horace—"What if we find her dead?"

"Nonsense" said the Professor though he grew pale at the suggestion. "There has been no ball or entertainment to which she went last evening. Ah here we are—"

Entering the house they inquired for Mrs. Glendon, and were shown by an agitated maid into the drawing room, the blinds were closed, the stillness of death reigned throughout the house. The maid whispered something about "Miss Helen," and closed the door.

As their eyes became accustomed to the dim light, they beheld through the curtains that divided the rooms, a white robed form, stretched upon a couch. With an exclamation of horror the younger man darted forward and fell upon his knees saying.

"Oh love—my love; I have killed you,"—Then bowing his head he groaned aloud in his misery, and felt himself a monster of wickedness, a creature unfit to live, since he had been the murderer of this fair girl.

"As he knelt in his great sorrow, he felt a gentle touch on his bowed head and a sweet voice murmured, "Horace—poor Horace—" Looking up he saw two sweet dark eyes, half dim with sleep regarding him. In rapture, he seized her hand kissing it many times as he said,

"Helen, dearest and best, you are not dead. I have not killed you."

"At this moment Professor Morse, who had remained in the other room heard a voice whisper in his ear. "Can you tell me the meaning of that?"

"Yes, it means that we are not wanted here," and as he spoke he drew his questioner from the room, observing, as he went that it was Colonel Jamison.

In a short time he explained the condition of affairs, (together with the story of the necklace) to the old colonel who listened intently to it all, occasionally shaking his head and muttering. "Infamous rascality, shooting 's too good for them." But the Professor understood his listener and was not alarmed.

When he had finished his recital the colonel arose and said. "Come back to them with me "—and he tramped across the hall to the drawing room. As they entered Helen was saying.

"My promise is given, and I am going to marry the colonel even—"

"No young lady," interrupted the colonel himself, "I have something to say about that. You are not going to marry me. I don't want you, when you have given your heart to this young chap. Do you think are worthy of her sir?--he asked abruptly turning to Horace.

"No Colonel;" was the answer.

"No more was I," returned the Colonel—"but it seems she prefers you, my boy, so here I give her to with my blessing. See that you make her happy—if you don't, well you'll have me to reckon with me."

"But I do love you dearly, colonel," said Helen throwing her arms about his neck.

"Yes, my child, he answered—"So do I love you dearly, much too dearly to make you miserable. "Helen" he whispered "make your husband paint your portrait for your old friend."

ST. JOHN'S MERCHANTS.

Something About The Men Who Started The Trade of This City.

By Clarence Ward

SECOND ARTICLE.

I have no further account from the writer of this voyage, but the following letter from a business correspondent will give an idea of the state of affairs in the Islands at this time.

"BARBADOES, April 15, 1750.

"I duly received your esteemed favor, by Captain Goddard from North Carolina, for which I am much obliged. I should have written you by Capt. Leavitt who sailed from hence on Easter morning, but as it was not likely you would be at home it was not very material. We have had a vast quantity of pitch pine lumber imported from Georgia and North Carolina into this Island, so that the article has been sold under $16 per thousand feet. I sincerely hope you found a better market for yours at Antigua, but I fear it was low there and everywhere else. Deal lumber has been and continues to be very scarce in this Island, and would now sell at $20, by the cargo. Fish, both dry and pickled, has been very low for some time past, but

is now rising fast. Cod is worth $4, retail, per qtl. Shad 30 shillings per barrel. If your brig could be here in July with 2 or 3 hundred barrels of the new fish, they will probably bring $4 by the cargo, and good deal lumber 18 or 20 dollars. Mr. Hamilton has not sold any of your spruce. Rum 2 shillings per gal. Sugar 35 shilling per. cwt."

I will make a few more extracts from subsequent voyages, as I think they give a far more real idea of the West India business as then carried on, than any general description I could write from remembrance, of the narrations of the old people themselves, for I can recollect with what interest in my boyhood I used to listen to these hale but aged men, as they recounted their experiences in the pioneer days of St. John's commercial enterprise.

"NEWBERN, North Carolina, Jan. 4 1791.

"I wrote you from Ocrokoke bar on our arrival; we had a passage of twelve days. When we arrived found Capt. Horton riding quarantine in the river on account of his negro who had the small pox—since dead. We purchased her load of lumber and prepared the Sloop to lighter her, as we found lighterage was high; we could not get a lighter for $5 and she wants at least 25 thousand carried down. We have been frozen across the harbor, and the boys have been skating these 5 days. Very little done and when it will be better God knows. People very sickly. Horton sold at Dominica for $18 but could not get as much as to load him. We shall assist to all his wants, and think he will be first to market, if he thaws out this winter, and likely to be early in New York in the spring. We find northern vessels enough here after corn to carry away all the sands of North Carolina. Corn is now selling for 2 pistareens per bushel, and shortly will be half a dollar,

nothing but cash will fetch it. Pork $7. I have agreed this day for our cargo, but you are sure of nothing here. I expect to sail in three weeks for home. Dry goods will fetch nothing, but I am determined not to give them away. I have heard from all the Windward Islands, and Capt. Strange has not arrived. I am afraid he is among the missing."

The next letter finds him near Machias on his homeward voyage, still beset with ill fortune but stout hearted as ever.

"SNUG COVE, April 2, 1791.

"Be assured it hurts my feelings that I am obliged to write you word that I must return to Machias before I can come home, but you have heard of our misfortune in the brig, and I am afraid there will be little else unless I attend to her myself. You will, I make no doubt, agree with me to sacrifice our happiness to the interests of our family. It seems there is nothing but repeated misfortune from all quarters upon us, but trust it will take a change after a while. Be assured no time will be lost in my return, after I get the brig to sea, which will be in ten days. I have been very ill with rheumatics since I left New York, and I am not well yet; am obliged to expose myself to wet at times but am in hopes I shall get home bye and bye."

"MACHIAS, Nov. 15 1791.

"There appears to be a probability of sending to St. John tomorrow, but I have nothing particular to write; we are all well and almost loaded. I expect to sail in about one week from this time. I find lumber scarce and dear: my cash runs short; I am at a loss to know who to draw on, unless I draw on the Pump of Newgate. If you should want credit before I come back, call on Mr. Sands; I have not much faith in your collecting much of our debts, Mr. Lawton will

pay you, and John Stephenson will receive something for me."

The next letter continues this voyage and is dated:

"WILMINGTON N. C. Feb. 13 1792.

"I sailed from Machias 29 Nov. at which time I wrote you, and have not had an opportunity since. We had a tolerable passage to Barbadoes, arrived the last of the year, and sold my cargo, but low, as I was obliged to get cash to enable me to proceed on my voyage; we arrived here the middle of last week, and shall load again for the Windward Islands, and then expect to return to see you. I have left money in Barbadoes to purchase 10 puncheons of rum."

The rest of the letters are much of the same tenor. I think an idea may be gathered from the foregoing of the difficulties they had in working up a trade, but it was patiently persevered in, and in the next 20 years, their experimental beginning has expanded into an extensive and prosperous business, employing many vessels commanded by experienced masters who had grown up in the trade and manned entirely by natives of the city, the worthy merchants who had created the business now taking a well earned rest, remaining in St. John directing and managing affairs, which had grown from small ventures to large commercial undertakings.

It would not be satisfactory to close this portion of the sketch of what may be termed the commencement of business in St. John without giving the names of some of those who were instrumental in making the place what it eventually became—a thriving city. The list is incomplete, and I am aware that many are left out who are entitled to honourable mention, but I have not time to make search and enquiry, where I might find what my own documents do not furnish

me:—Hugh Johnston, John and Moses Ward, Edward Sands, Paul Bedell, Samuel and Elias Smith, John Colvill and Co., Fitch and Nehemiah Rogers, Smith & Robinson, Gilbert & Hanford, Thompson Reid, Munson Jarvis, John Black & Co'y, Campbell & Stewart, A. Dingwell, Jas. Codner, Wm. & Thomas Regan, W. Donaldson, Stephen and Jer. Brundage, Ezekiel Barlow, Step. Humbert, Bustin & Kelly, Thatcher Sears, Dan'l and Jon'n Leavitt, Jas. Lawton, Wm. Simonds, Samuel Miles, R. W. Crookshank, Andrus Crookshank, James Peters. These were all engaged in business; many more are mentioned in various trades; in fact the whole community was occupied in some useful manner. The following commodities I have taken just as they are charged in the old books: the prices are in some cases wholesale others retail—date 1788. Tea, Hyson, 10s. Corn meal 12s. 6d. bbl. Rye Meal. 17s. 9. bbl. Flour 30s., 36s. 3d. Corn, 5s. bus., Mackerel, 17s. 6d., Butter 8d. lb., Salt, 2s. 6d. bus., Oats, 2s. 6d. bus., Molasses 2s. 4d. gal., Eggs (June) 1s. 3d. doz., Salmon 8d. and 11d. each (30 salmon 25s.) Bread 6d. loaf., Shoes, 5s. pair, Blankets 17s. 8d. pair, Potatoes, 2s. 6. bus., Iron, 25s. cwt., Lime, 15s. hhd., Rum, 3s. 6d. gal., brandy 6s. 6d. gal., Sherry, 7s. gal., Port, 6s. 6d. gal. Captain's wages £7. 10s. per month. Mates wages 70s. month. Sugar 80s. cwt., 8d. and 9d. lb.

Complaint is made at the present time of the low rate to which rents have fallen in St. John: how will this bargain made April 2, 1789 compare, 'This day agreed with Paul Bedell for the use of his lower store, and half the wharf, and the third story of the same for the sum of £8 per year.

The next twenty years saw a great improvement in St. John; businesses became consolidated and larger

vessels were built, although anything larger than 300 tons was considered unwieldy. These were timber ships employed in the English trade; the cargo consisted chiefly of pine, with some birch and lathwood for broken storage. Deals were not manufactured before 1820; the first steam saw mill was started about that time in Portland, at the Straight shore.

The following advertisement from the "Courier" refers to this mill: "Nov. 3 1822. Saw logs wanted at the Steam Saw Mill in Portland—Crookshanks & Johnston." It was not a success however, and for a considerable time, square pine timber continued the staple of export. The merchants engaged in the European trade, were Hugh Johnston, sr., John Ward, Thos. Hanford, Nehemiah Merritt, Samuel Nichols and others. St. John was already becoming known as a large shipping port. On the 28th Oct. 1820, there were 100 square rigged vessels in the harbor. The West India trade was still carried on vigorously and gave employment to a large number of brigs, brigantines and schooners, built expressly for the trade; they were manned almost exclusively by natives of the city, and I do not think there was one family at that time in St. John who had not a relative buried in one of the Islands, a victim of the deadly yellow fever.

At this time, (1821) the whole coast of Cuba was infested with pirates, who preyed on the returning vessels, which often brought back in specie the whole price of their cargo, a fact well known to them, as it was chiefly those homeward bound they laid in wait for. I alluded in a previous portion of this sketch to their depredations, and the extracts I now give, show, what a hindrance their presence must have proved to trade, not to mention their murderous practices toward

the unfortunate sailors who fell into their clutches. So serious a menace to peaceful trade had they become that it was found necessary to arm the vessels for protection against their attack.

An advertisement in the "Courier" of Oct. 27 1826 reads, "The armed brig Jane, Hogg, master for Jamaica—J. Ward & Son." The following reports from captain, of vessels will exemplify the perils they often stood in from these blood thirsty marauders. 30 Aug. 1821. Brig Victory, Gray, from Kingston, Jamaica, to T. Millidge, reports, "boarded off Havannah by a piratical ship which took $900 from them but a ship supposed to be a man of war heaving in sight, they got alarmed and returned the money." "5 Sept. 1821. Brig Lucy Ann, Scott, from Demerara to H. Peters reports, Aug. 17—descried a schooner on the lee-bow standing towards us, hailed her without receiving answer, ordered us to heave to, being then within pistol shot, concluded to continue our course; a musket was then fired at us and 2 great guns; the shot of one passed through the trysail, cut away the main boom, toppin lift, forecat barpins, sling and trusses of the fore yard, and one of the foretopsail sheet quarter blocks, one of the forependant, and several ropes of the running rigging. Finding our vessel was leaving them fast they ceased firing and gave chase; at daylight he was not in sight from the mast head." "Oct. 13 1821. Brig, Neptune, Kelly, arrived last week from Kingston, Jamaica, was on the 28 Aug. off the island of Cuba, Cape Antonio bearing S. S. E. four leagues, boarded by a piratical schooner, her crew apparently consisting of Spaniards, and were plundered of specie, between £500 and £600 and clothes. Capt. Kelly and crew were treated in a most barbarous manner, having been beaten and

stabbed with knives and cutlasses." "11 Nov. 1821. Brig Three Partners, Hitchcock, from Jamaica, 43 days to Scandall & Co., the Captain reports—on the 8 Oct. off Cape Antonio I was boarded by a boat manned with 7 men from a schooner of 50 tons, armed with outlasses and long Spanish knives, who drove the crew below, leaving the mate and cook to work the vessel with 2 of the ruffians threatening their lives; same time ordered me below, beating me with a cutlass, and 2 of the marauders followed down demanding the money I obtained for my cargo. I replied, the cargo was not sold when I sailed from Jamaica; they said that story would not do, and instantly seized me by the throat, threatened to put an end to my existance if I did not give them the money. I still persisted there was none. They called for the cook's axe and broke up the after lockers, when unfortunately they found £46. I begged them for it, telling them it was my own, they said they would take nothing that belonged to me if I would give them the vessel's money. I still persisted there was no money; the chief of the gang then went on deck and sent down one more inhuman than the rest, who with his comrade seized me again saying repeatedly, give me your money, or I will kill you. By this time I was nearly speechless, and pointed to the money that was on the table; they told me I lied, attempting to stab me, then left me a few minutes to recover my breath. I was then ordered on deck, and forward, where a rope was placed about my neck, saying, if I did not give up the money quickly they would hand me. I persisted again they had all that was on board; they immediately hoisted me 2 or 3 feet from the deck, beating me most cruelly with a cutlass; after remaining up for some time, they lowered me down, when

not being able to stand, they hauled me about the deck with the rope about my neck, jumped on me and kicked me in a barbarous manner. They then sent the mate forward, who fell on his knees, begging for his life. By this time I recovered myself, and heard them order the cook below, saying they would kill him if he did not tell where the money was; he replied he knew nothing about it. The perfidious villains left us about noon; they took from us the sternboat, gaff topsail, colors, speaking trumpet, spare rope, blocks, also my watch, and my clothes, and the mate's and seamens'. The pirates then stood in for the land. I spoke the brig "Marathon" from Jamaica for Ireland, which was a mile leeward and informed the captain of my misfortune. Shortly after the pirates made for the brig, fired several musket shots, and ordered them to send their boat and be quick about it; they then boarded the brig with 10 or 11 men, detained her 3 hours. Sept. 28 1821. Robert, Baxter, master, Jamaica, 40 days—reports on the 24 Aug. Cape Antonio bearing S. S. E. distant 3 miles, was boarded by two piratical schooners, who drove all hands below and commenced searching and plundering. The money amounting to £100 was soon discovered, which they took, and after robbing Mrs. Cockburn a lady passenger of £75 in cash, her gold watch, all her wearing apparel etc., amounting to over £200, they drove the captain forward and attempted to hang him, and while defending himself received several stabs in different parts of his body, they also plundered the captain and the crew of the whole of their clothing.

Their depredations became at length an intolerable nuisance, and such an injury to trade that their extirpation was actively undertaken by the British and

American governments; they were pursued and hunted down in all directions. The prisoners captured were carried into Jamaica, where after a speedy trial they were hanged in batches, often a dozen at a time. In consequence of this vigorous policy the high seas soon became comparatively safe, but for a long period the traders were annoyed and plundered by sail boats which harbored in the numerous creeks and lagoons on the coast of Cuba, and suddenly sailed out and boarded any vessel which had the misfortune to be becalmed in their vicinity. The gradual use of steam power in the navy however, completely broke up this nefarious business.

The following accounts made interesting reading, as showing the first efforts to deal in earnest with the freebooters. Nov. 17, 1821. Captain Stow of the brig Hammond informs us that a steamboat had arrived at Matanzas from Havannah with information that the U. S. brig. Enterprise had on board about 100 pirates as prisoners, taken from several vessels he had captured,—Capt. Stow further informs us that every vessel that arrives at Mantanzas is robbed by pirates.—

Dec. 1, 1821., Brig. 'Talfalgar,' Johnston, from Kingston, Jamaica, on the passage off San Domingo, in the night, fell in with an American brig, name unknown, who informed them that she had spoken another brig, three days previous who had been robbed of her topsails by a piratical vessel. On the following morning was boarded by the American sloop of war Hornet from St. Jago—the officers of which stated that three days previous they had captured and carried into that port a piratical schooner.'

"CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan'y. 4. 1822.

"We are gratified to learn that the British men-of-

war in the West Indies are at length following the example set them by the cruisers of the United States. Captain McLellan, arrived yesterday from Turk's Island, informs us that on the 23th ult., H. B. M., schooner, Speedwell, Lieut. Greary, captured in Turk's passage a piratical schooner, and brought her into port; the same day a British man-of-war brig arrived there having on board 50 piratical buccaneers, which she had taken a short time previous on board an armed vessel in the vicinity of Santa Martha; another man-of-war had passed through the passage about a week previous with a number of the buccaneers, on their way to Jamaica with their prisoners.

I have dealt at some length with the piratical episode as it has a direct bearing on our subject, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia being the chief sufferers from their depredations, and it was an important factor to be taken into consideration in the profit and loss result of the voyage, as often the whole amount received for the cargo was plundered by these villains on the return voyage, making a dead loss for the unfortunate owners.

(Conclusion Next Month.)

The acceptance of the tender of the corporation of St. John for the property of the St. John Sulphite Company's on Mispec river places the city in the unique position of being the owner of a pulp mill. It is not likely the corporation will attempt to operate the property, but it is open to the aldermen to lease it if a good offer is made. The purchase was necessary to secure rights at Loch Lomond to extend the water supply.

NINETY YEARS AGO.

The Story of a Trip on The St. John River by Bishop Plessis of Quebec.

[The October number of The MAGAZINE contained the Journal of Bishop Plessis describing his journey from St. John to Fredericton. The return journey from Fredericton to St. John completes the narrative. The orginal of this interesting document is in French. The translation is by the late Edward Jack.]

Once more we were on our route with the best means of conveyance (the canoe), which one can make use of on small rivers, conducted by canoe men chosen from the whole village, as prudent, sober and attentive as one could desire. Bread, butter, cheese, some botties of molasses to refresh the Indians with: such were the provisions. The very frugal dinner was taken on the point of a little unoccupied island. And if the evangelical travellers made but a meagre repast, they were not incommoded by passengers with whom they were unacquainted, nor disturbed in their reading or praying, as each of them was in his canoe alone with one or two Indians, who knew no French at all and scarcely understood a few words in English. When evening arrived it was not reasonable that they should sleep on the water nor very easy to find a place in which to lie. The Indians, strangers to the inhabitants of the river, did not even know the inns. We wished to stop at sunset at a house which had a better

appearance than the others; it was full of strangers. Another, some miles further, was pointed out to the Indians, but they did not like it, and brought us about 9 o'clock in the evening to the house of one of the inhabitants of the river, a justice of the peace, named Peters, proprietor of a spacious house and rich farm, but who was in fine not a hotel keeper, and who had not been one since he lived in the province. There were at the table many travellers, among others the rector of an Anglican church in the neighborhood, an insignificant personage named Parson Clarke, landed like all the rest from Captain Sighi's sloop, which had anchored a short distance from this place and which did not reach St. John for a day after us. The arrival of three strangers did not terrify the good Peters. He set himself at work, him and his family, with very good grace to render us their good offices; After having taken tea (and it was not an hour to expect anything else), he conducted his guests into his milk room, the most interesting apartment in the house, owing to the collection of 63 cheeses, large and small, which were drying on their shelves. He had just gathered an immense quantity of hay, and the most convincing proof of his success in that particular in farming, was that last spring he had furnished for his part more than 60 head of cattle to the quartermaster general of the province for the sustenance of the troops. Mr. Peters gave us rooms and bed to sleep in. This was rendered easy by the departure of the strangers whom we had found at his house who re-embarked the same evening. Louisonet and the Indians slept on the shore.

Early in the morning we made ready to depart. It was determined that we should reach St. John the same day, and there remained 50 miles to make to get

there. After having drank a cup of warmed milk, the Indians again took up their paddles. The weather was beautiful. We breakfasted about 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning, having already made 15 or 20 miles of travel. Several times during the rest of the day we took care to feed the canoe men, sometimes a little of the food which we had in our canoes, sometimes a little molasses and water to quench their thirst with. It was sunset when we landed at Indian House. Three things had to be done there; the first was to give some money to the Indians in return for their services; the second to procure them at this place some provisions with which to return home, and the third, a carriage for the transport of our effects to the city. All this was done by the care of Messrs. Boucherville and Gauvreau, and we again took lodgings in the hotel of McKie, which we had already occupied during the first sojourn in the city. He set about finding a chance for Moose Island or Eastport, formerly the first place belonging to the Americans on the New Brunswick sea coast, but which became a British place during the last war. It is 60 miles from St. John at the entrance of the bay of Passamaquoddy, and half a league from this place. On the right hand of the mouth of the river St. Croix is situated the Abenaki village named Pleasant Point, where the Bishop of Quebec, on the prayer of that of Boston, had promised to administer confirmation. The town of St. Andrews, the last place in New Brunswick, is situated on the other shore of the same river. So that it was a matter of indifference to take passage either for St. Andrews or Eastport, since going to either one or other of these two points the Indian mission could be touched at. Mr. McKie, after the evening of our return to his house, was charged to get information

on this subject, and occupied himself with it the next day. There were two vessels leaving the same morning; it was too soon, the Bishop could not take advantage of this as well, because he did not wish a second time to leave the city of St. John without saluting Major General Smyth, president of the province, who was there, as well as to render such services as he could to the Catholics of that place, whom he had but seen on his former passage. It was then decided on that they were to remain until the following Monday, and this stay was not entirely useless. A poor Irish soldier, sick of consumption, took occasion of it to confess, for the last time indeed of his life, an advantage of which he ran a great risk of having been deprived, had he have waited for another priest.

The Catholic chapel being sufficiently enclosed to celebrate it there, the prelate announced to the faithful that he would say mass there on Sunday. He did so, and curiosity attracted there a crowd of Protestants, in the middle of whom the Catholics were the same as lost. He addressed to the assembly a short exhortation, scarcely the half of which could be heard on account of the noise made by the Catholic soldiers of the garrison, awkwardly led by a Canadian lieutenant an hour later than was agreed upon with him. A butcher named Tool, the most fervent Catholic of the place, he who lodged Abbe French when he was in this town, was the only one who had the happiness of communicating at this mass, after which some one, in view of honoring his piety, having been to breakfast with him, was surprised to see him leave when all were ready to sit down at the table. He asked the reason of it and received for answer that on the days when Mr. Tool had the happiness of

receiving the holy communion he took no other breakfast, an edifying practice, and one which makes it evident that in all corners of the church, even in the least cultivated, God takes care to furnish servants commendable for their fidelity and fervor. This was about all the solemnities of that day, with the exception that the Bishop had the consolation that a Frenchman named Julien Blin wished him not to leave without his confessing, he and all his numerous family, a service which was in part rendered to them by Mr. Boucherville and in part by the bishop himself.

THE CITY'S FINANCES.

How the Revenues of the City are Affected by the Charges of the Debt.

By John A. Bowes.

THIRD ARTICLE.

In the preceding articles I have dealt first with the general financial condition of the city and second with the progress of the city debt. At the outset it is apparent that the Common Council never intended the interest charges of the city debt to become a direct charge on the rate payers but that the revenues

from the property and privileges of the city would always take care of this charge. Early in the history of the city this estimate proved to be wrong but the aldermen kept ignoring actual conditions for years, until they were brought face to face with the real financial condition of the city in 1842 by the service of a writ on the mayor for the recovery of a loan and the interest thereon. Still the aldermen seemingly clung to the idea that the revenues were sufficient for the interest charges, notwithstanding the fact that there was a shortage in each of the three years the trustees managed the revenues of the city, and were accountable to the courts for the monies passing through their hands. The council has always displayed a kindly feeling towards those who held the bonds of the city and although hard pressed at times the city has always paid the interest in full and met its other obligations. Even today, great as the debt is it would not be a serious menace to the future of the city if the general affairs were well administered and the debt stopped where it now is, or was only increased to create genuine revenue producing assets.

Taxation in St. John is high because the valuation is low—much lower proportionality than in many other cities of corresponding size. It is inequitably and unfairly levied and the burden is made to fall very heavy on the class that can least afford it, and to whom direct taxation is not only burdensome but obnoxious. The result is that the loss annually suffered by the city from uncollected taxes is larger proportionately, than it would be if the assessment law were changed to relieve small incomes of all but a poll tax and to provide for the requirements of the city by the rates from real estate and a license tax on business establishments, based on the rental paid.

Another means of increasing the revenue of the city is to obtain greater return from lands and utilites owned and controlled by the corporation. But these phases of the question will be discussed in a later article. Meantime it is well to point out that in almost every instance the council over-expends its estimates for the public service, while the assessments never yields the full sum estimated. This accounts for the constantly diminishing cash balance on hand at the end of each year, and means that the time is not far distant that the city will be in debt at the close of the year with nine months public service unprovided for. As a matter of fact this is the condition now, the over-expended accounts eating up all the revenues of the city. No attention is paid to the estimates for separate services. There is but one pot, and everything comes out of it so long as anything remains. But the bottom has been so thoroughly scraped by aldermanic extravagance and mistaken methods that it is now so painfully thin that it is liable to drop out at any time. This brings up another important question—the fact that the outgoing council estimates the expenditures for the incoming one. To alter this it would be necessary to change the date for holding the civic elections from April to January. This branch of the subject has been frequently discussed by those who desire to see different methods prevail, but like the much discussed changes in the assessment law nothing will be done to secure the needed legislation by the council—it will only be effected when the voting public rise up and demand the change just as was done when the Tax Reduction Association obtained legislation reducing the number of aldermen —the only real reform accomplished by the association. In the present article the question of the effect

of the debt on the revenues of the city is discussed and it is demonstrated that a very considerable portion of the revenues of the city are still applied to paying the interest and furnishing a sinking fund for the city debt besides the large amount annually assessed for this purpose. The revenues not paid out in this way are used as a credit against the largely over-expended accounts.

In addition to the St. John city debentures, as the debt incurred since Union is technically described, there are still running 23 seperate issues of bonds 15 of which belong to the old City of St. John, five to the old City of Portland and three to the Commissioners of Water and Sewerage of St. John and Portland. The following table shows the year in which these debentures fall due, the amount of the issue and the condition of each sinking fund on Dec. 31 1903:

Due	Name	Amount	S. Fund
1918	City Hall	$ 30,900	$
1919	Canterbury Street	3,900	2,041
1910	Carleton Branch R'y.	40,000	41,772
1908	Carleton streets	8,600	3,863
1914	Carleton water	25,000	
1917	Dorchester street	22,000	15,674
1915	Market	120,000	13,798
1911	Pettingill wharf	48,000	30,026
1917	Restoration	94,400	76,310
1917	Widening streets	49,500	28,761
1923	Portland Fire Loan	2,000	903
1928	" Light	5,000	2,121
1928	" Retaining walls	10,000	1,578
1907	" Schools	7,800	5,669
1923	" Milledge street	2,000	712.
1913	Water supply	488,500	55,457
1926	" "	20,000	
1916	Sewers St. John East	235,950	12,547.
	Old city debt	161,086	

Some explanation of these accounts is necessary for

the general reader. While no sinking fund is shown for the city hall debentures the city chamberlain has a surplus of over $11,000 in the city hall account which can be used for the extinguishment of that debt by an order of the Common Council. This course was pursued during the year 1904 when $6,819 in bonds fell due and were cancelled out of the general revenue and old city debt sinking fund accounts. The water debenture sinking fund is a seperate account and has no connection with the portion of the new indebtedness which is charged in the St. John city debenture accounts. The total bonded debt of the city exclusive of the debt of the School Board at the close of 1903 amounted to $3,912,003 described as follows:

St. John City debentures issued since union	$2,421,746
Old City debt	161,086
Special issues (old)	1,329,171
	$3,912,003
Deduct Sinking Funds	532,888
Net debt Dec. 31st 1903	$3,379,215

The charges for interest on this indebtedness were $180,926 as given by the Chamberlain in his report for 1902 as follows:

	Amount.	Interest.
6 per cent	$1,313,771	$78,826
5 " "	27,600	1,380
4 " "	2,013,132	80,521
3½ " "	557,000	20,195

The 6 per cent debentures are all issues made by the City of St. John and the commissioners of water and sewerage prior to Union; those bearing 5 per cent. are old Portland issues. The bulk of the 4 and 3½ per cent. bonds have been issued since Union. The larger

portion of the bonds bearing 6 per cent. interest fall due between now and 1918 when all the bonds issued after the great fire of 1877 expire. Nine years from now, in 1913 nearly half a million of the second issue of water bonds fall due and three years later over a quarter of a million of St. John sewer bonds fall in. Had the sinking funds for these bonds been equitably adjusted or honestly administered in the past there would have been funds sufficient in hand to have extinguished this great debt, but as it is the sinking funds in the next ten years will not be sufficient to provide for more than $125,000 of this debt leaving $600,000 to be refunded. The only solace the rate payer will have is that this reduction of the loan and the cheaper rate at which money can be borrowed will reduce the interest charge, and therefore taxation, one half.

In any consideration of the city debt and its relation to the tax payer through the assessment for interest the fact must be borne in mind that the interest of a considerable portion of the debt is a charged upon the revenues of the city and is not directly assessed on the citizens. As stated above, the interest charges on the debt at the end of 1902 amounted to $180,926. Yet in 1904 the total assessments for interest and sinking fund, including the market was only $104,337.

The accounts from which interest is paid were as follows in 1902 and are not materially different at the present writing:

Old city debt	
City Hall	$15,857
Market	1,854
Water Assessments	3,500
	64,682
	$85,893

There is an additional appropriation of $15,708 for sinking fund paid from the water assessment making the contributions towards interest and redemption of the civic debt from revenues, other than those assessed as general rates $101,501, which added to the amount assessed raises the charges for the public debt up to startling total of $205,838 annually, and the amount is increasing every year. The interest on the debt is about $181,000 while redemption costs about $25,000 annually. This means that the interest charge is nearly double that which we pay for the support of schools including the interest on the cost of the buildings, or $50,000 more than we paid for all of the important public services, and it must be borne in mind that this is a charge unalterably fixed for the succeeding forty years. This burden of debt must contiuue to be borne by the tax payers, unless the assets that we have created can be made to pay interest and provide a sinking fund.

Because of the manner in which the interest on the debt dovetails into the revenues of the city it is necessary to take into consideration the various sources from which the revenue of corporation is derived. Given in round figures the revenues of St. John are about as follows:

Market	$11,500
Ferry	27,000
Harbor	38,000
Fisheries	4,000
Lands	15,500
Licenses	5,000
Liquor licenses	15,000
Police and civil courts	4,000
Water supply	112,500
General assessment 1903	387,500
Total Revenue	$619,500

All of the revenue from the ferry and the market are absorbed by the expenditure for these accounts. The net revenue from the harbor has seldom exceeded an average of $20,000 and for the last few years it has been much less, notwithstanding the large capital expenditure on this account. A portion of the revenue from the fisheries is used to defray the interest on the cost of the City Hall. In this connection it may be pointed out that their are $9,000 of City Hall debentures among the sinking fund investments and as the account had $11,471 at its credit at the close of last year these debentures might be cancelled and the cash placed in the sinking fund instead. This would save the city $540 per annum for interest and reduce this issue of debentures to $21,900. These debentures do not fall due until 1918 and the saving in interest alone in that period would amount to $8,100. As there is no sinking fund provided for this debt the cancellation of these bonds would be a move in the direction of economy without doing anybody any injury. Why it has not been done years ago—ever since the account showed so large a credit is amazing. The surplus revenues from the lands owned by the city and under lease, amount to upwards of $12,000 a year which with the licenses amounting to about $20,000 per annum go into the general revenue account where the harbor revenues are also dumped. The only other source of revenue is that received from the Police and Civil Courts for fines and fees, amounting to about $4,000 per anuum, go to the police accounts. As the general revenue does not now require the amount received from liquor licenses the sum of $15,000 might also be transferred to the police account and the assessment reduced to that extent. As given above the total revenue of the city is in the

neighbourhood of $620,000 per annum, increasing of course with the assessment and slightly from revenues. Of the sum about $210,000, or more than one-third of the whole amount is required for interest and redemption of the debt. It may be further pointed out, that more than half of the total expenditures of the city are for interest and public schools. Of the half remaining the County gets a good slice and what is left goes for the important public services of the city. To solve the question of tax reduction, and at the same time maintain the public services in a proper manner it is necessary to give careful study to the existing condition of the city debt, the means provided for its redemption and the income derived or derivable from the public lands, utilities and improvements owned by and under the control of the corporation.

As all of the bonds issued since Union are known as St. John city debentures the present condition of that account, its expenditure and receipts are interesting. In addition to an assessment on the citizens for the interest and sinking fund of the St. John city debentures there were appropriated from the revenues of several city properties in 1902 the following amounts:

General revenues	$1,300.00
Public wharf and pier	920.00
Reed's point wharf	560.00
Water maintanence	10,772.00
McLeod wharf	350.00
Province of New Brunswick	2500.00
Ferry improvement	226.57
Union wharf	3,886.79
Sundries	455.21

In 1902 the total charges for interest and sinking fund provided for this series of debentures amounted to $75,684.24 of which $15,072.59 were apportioned to sinking fund and $60,611.65 for interest. The

revenues above enumerated amount in the total sum to $29,970.57 and the balance $54,713.67 came from the tax payers pockets. An analysis of the statement as above shows that $4,788.19 of the harbor revenues and $10,772 of the water revenues are appropriated for interest on account of what may best be described as the new city debt. In addition to these appropriations the St. John city debentures sinking fund account shows credits of $1,300 from the Reed's point wharf account and of $2,909.55 from the water maintanence account. The harbor revenues therefore directly contributed towards the interest and sinking fund of city debt, $6,088.29, while $12,681.55 came into these funds from the water assessment.

It is very difficult to estimate the progress of the sinking fund from year to year, owing to the loose manner in which many of the funds were calculated when legislation was obtained to bring them into existence. The intention of the Council and the legislature was to provide a sufficient sum to pay off the debentures at their due date. In some instances this is provided from some special account—a certain fixed sum being invested each year for this purpose. In other instances the amount goes into the general assessment. As a result of careless calculation some of the allotments for the sinking fund are too large and others too small to effect the result intended. An instance of the old time method is found in the issue of bonds for sewerage purposes. These bonds amounts in the total sum to over $300,000, but the chamberlain can only order an assessment of $500 annually for the sinking fund of these debentures—a sum totally inadequate to meet the debentures when due. The example of the assessment for Restoration debentures, issued after the

fire is another example in the opposite direction as there is now a sufficient sum to meet the first issue of these debentures which are not due until 1917 and as the fund is increasing at the rate of $2,500 a year it will have a surplus of about $15,000 to meet the second issue due in 1918. These are mere examples of the rule of thumb methods which have governed the management of all civic affairs in the past. At the close of 1903 there was a balance in all the sinking funds of $532,888.23 which was a betterment of $40,569.07 over the preceding year. As there are no demands on this fund until 1907 when $8,600 of Carleton street debentures and $7,800, of City of Portland school bonds fall due the fund will have materially increased by that time and will probably be in the neighbourhood of $650,000. There are no further charges in this fund until 1910 when the issue of $40,000 for the Carleton Branch comes in at which time there ought to be about $800,000 in the sinking fund. In the meantime $132,000 of old city debt bonds fall due for which there is no sinking fund provided, and to follow out the plan adopted by the Council in the past, these bonds will have to be re-issued. In 1911, $300,000 of water bonds fall in. At present there is a sinking fund of $55,000 towards the redemption of these bonds which if the present rate of increase is maintained, will provide for the one half of this debt. After making provision for all the payments that are to come out of the sinking fund in the next seven years the balance on hand at the end of 1911 should exceed $650,000. But with this increased holding in the sinking fund it will still be necessary to re-issue bonds to the amount of about $300,000 instead of paying the total sum out of the sinking fund, which of course cannot

be done unless there is a change in the legislation. With the exception of 1906 there will be more than sufficient cash in the hands of the Chamberlain on sinking fund account to pay off the debt, falling due in each year, but until legislation is obtained this money can not be applied to this purpose. The best that can be done is to re-issue the bonds and place them among the sinking fund investments. But the interest goes on just the same and the tax payers burden is not lightened and never can be until the special issues of bonds are out of the way, and it will be 15 years more before they all fall due. By consolidating the various issues of bonds and having but one sinking fund for the whole, the security of the bond holder would not be lessened while the tax payer would be relieved and the Chamberlain would not be compelled to do so much bookkeeping.

As has already been stated the Common Council of St. John has already acted with great consideration for its bond holders. Their interests have been studied with much greater zeal than those of the rate payer. All admit the importance of preserving the credit of the city; although the enormous capital expenditure since Union amounting, if the school debt is included, an to average annual increase in the debt of $133,000, has had the effect of reducing the selling price of city debentures, because the supply has exceeded the local demand, for such securities, and in other markets they are not so valuable as in St John, being non assessable here.

Granted that it is wise to preserve the credit of the city, surely the rate payers have rights as well as the bond holders. The mistake made at the time of Union was that the debt and sinking funds were not consolidated. Had this been done the citizens would

now be saving $20,000 in interest charges for bonds which have been re-issued while cash remained in the sinking fund seeking investment. In this connection it can be urged that every dollar in the sinking fund is invested in the city's own bonds—so that the security after all is only nominial, should there be any inabilty on the part of the corporation to meet its liabilities.

Those who favor the consolidation of the debt and the sinking funds do not desire that the latter shall be abolished, or in any way suffer, but on the contrary the fund should be so administered as to prevent further re-issues of old bonds.

During the next ten years the whole of the old city debt falls due and the Council have the right to use the surplus revenues of the city to pay off these bonds. The several amounts of this debt and the years it falls due are as follows :—

1905	$56,616	1906	$23,386
1907	2,400	1908	700
1914	55,425	1916	15,400

The interest on this debt is payable from the general revenue account where the principal is also supposed to be provided for, and in some instances has been, as was the case during the present year, already referred to. But when the amount has been large the custom of the aldermen has been to pay the odd thousands and refund the big figures. As the interest for the St. John city debt, issued for general purposes is directly assessed on the citizens the general revenue account is therefore relieved of so much interest, while the rate payers have to make up the difference. Time was when it was only by the greatest economy that the general revenue account was kept square although it was in receipt of large

sums from the market, Lancaster lands and ferry besides the assessment for the old city debt. One by one these charges have been lopped off and the assessments ceased, but instead of a lower rate the percentage of taxation is increasing and this without any apparent greater results than years ago.

At Union the old city debt totalled $405,368, but was reduced by payments and re-issues in 1903 to $161,086 The interest paid from the general revenue account in 1889 on the old city debt was $20,154,— In 1902 this amount was reduced to $14,526, but a considerable part of the difference is now assessed on the people under the heading of interest on the city debt—as the bulk of the old city debt is still in existence under a new name. The point is that the general revenue account which has an annual excess of $3,500 in receipts over expenditures is being gradually relieved of the interest charge on the old debt, which is being placed directly on the shoulders of the tax payers. It was this change that enabled the aldermen in 1901 to transfer from the general revenue account $38,618 to make good their over expenditures in the street, police, fire and light accounts—a proceeding which cannot be too strongly condemned, as the $68,000 taken from general revenue and water maintainance should have been placed in the sinking fund to reduce the debt. Had this new century method of finance not been adopted by the Council it would have been possible for the Chamberlain to have provided a sum nearly sufficient to pay off the old city debt debentures falling due during the next ten years. This is now not possible and a large portion will have to be refunded and thereby add to the burdens of the tax payer.

Another reason why the consolidation of the sinking

funds is urged is the difficulty the Chamberlain will find in securing paying investments for the earnings of this fund during the next few years, when as shown above it is bound to increase at least a quarter of a million of dollars before any considerable portion of it can be applied to the extinguishment of the debt. Every man who is not a candidate for a lunatic asylum admits that the present rate of expenditure of the city on capital account must cease, or the rate of taxation will become unbearable. There are large expenditures still being made in the harbor, and the water works must be extended, but when these works are completed there is bound to come a lull in expenditure and the Chamberlain will be compelled to accept a lower rate of interest for the earnings of the sinking fund than the city pays on the bonds issued. At the present time the city is losing an average of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the sinking funds for the 6 per cent. debentures still outstanding and this has been going on for years. There is one way to avoid this and that is to issue annuity bonds—debentures on which the interest and principal are paid in the semi-annual cupous and the bond extinguishes itself when the last cupon is paid. This is the most economical method of borrowing money and the wonder is that the city has not adopted it for at least a portion of the city debt. There must be persons in the community who are seeking investment of this character, a fact the life insurance companies have already demonstrated. At all events this method should be given a trial, and the present offers a favorable opportunity.

But the question is sure to be asked. How are these conditions to be changed? How is taxation to be reduced in the face of fixed charges for interest. The consolidation of the sinking fund and debenture

interest will accomplish this to some extent but the most expeditions method is to wipe out the present the general revenue account as at present exists and to divert the revenues which are now being used to cover up aldermanic extravagence and mismanagement to their proper channel, the payment of the interest and sinking fund of the city debt. The general revenue account is now the dumping ground of all the revenues of the city. This account was for the purposes of paying the salaries of officials and the interest on the debt. For this purpose all the revenues of this city were then required as there was no assessment levied for these services. It is all different now. As the city became the owner of any revenue producing property these revenues were added to the general revenue account, until the receipts are far more than the expenditures, and instead of being used for the payment of the debt go for anything that may be properly or improperly described as "an exigency of the public service."

At the present time the revenues from the harbor are nearly all paid into general revenue account and the repairs on these properties are paid from that account. It would greatly simplify the accounts if a seperate account for the harbor revenues were opened and the surplus, after paying current expenditures were made available for the reduction of the interest now assessed on the tax payers. There are four accounts kept for the revenues of the lands owned by the corporation and the surplus of these accounts also finds its way into the general revenue account. One land account ought to be sufficient and the surplus should be applied in the same way as that from the harbor. So far as the administration of the public lands is concerned it could not be worse. Forty

years ago the Council attempted to manage its property in an intelligent and business like manner and the result was the increase of many rentals. If the policy adopted then, had been continued the city would be in a receipt of an income from its lands that would make them a source of profit instead of a loss to the city, for as has already been pointed out the net revenue from rentals is equal only to what would be received from an assessed value of $80,000. The rents could easily be doubled without anybody being unfairly treated. Then there is the market house. That property is perhaps the poorest asset owned by the city instead of being one of the best. It uses up about $1,520 of the tax payers money every year and if it were assessed on its cost, as is the property of citizens with which it competes in rental it would add another $2,000 to the deficit. It is idle to say that full returns are being obtained from this building and privileges. But the Council make no effort to increase the revenue—their efforts being entirely in the opposite direction. By increasing the revenues from the lands and utilities owned by the city the interest charges now assessed directly on the citizens can be largely reduced. By separating the general revenue into two accounts it will prevent the aldermen juggling with the revenues and using them to cover over expenditures in departments that should be so administered as to be maintained by their own receipts. It would throw the full light of day on all the transactions of the Council, and the very publicity that would surely follow would prevent a return of such dangerous methods of finance as those adopted in 1901 when $68,000 were illegally, and wrongfully taken from two accounts.

If St. John is to have a wise and prudent admin-

istration of its affairs it can only do so by a complete change of method. Every service must be made to stand on its own bottom—the drawing of everything out of the one pot has gone far enough. It would then be impossible to spend $50,000 more in a year on streets than was estimated, or to contract for more lights than the assessment, if every dollar were collected, could pay for. This naturally brings us to a consideration of the various spending departments of the city and the ways in which they are administered, which will be the subject of the fourth article.

A RIDE WITH A MADMAN.

By H. C. Armstrong.

James Hanson, night operator at Mountain Point, on the Southern Pacific Railway, leaned back in his chair, and glanced at the clock in the little waiting room beyond the office. It was just a quarter to ten. He turned again to the table, and wearily rested his head in his hands. Almost mechanically he listened to the telegraph instrument as it ticked out its little jerky messages. His mind strayed a little, and he found himself going over the hum-drum routine of his every night's work. At 11.15, local freight No. 13 would arrive from Chatham Junction, and would pull

into the siding, to a wait there the express from the west. A quarter of an hour would pass, and he would go out with the mailbag, and place it on the hook of the little automatic steel basket at the end of the platform. This done, he would take a last look down the track at the signal arm, to see that the lamp flashed out its green light across the night. And then everything would be ready for the only important event of the night, the passage of the express, and he would go back again to his little office.

From the window he could get a clear view of the line, and on bright moonlight nights could even follow the track with his eye, right down the heavy grade, and along the level, the rails coming closer and closer together, until finally they seemed to merge into one and disappear. Soon he would hear the faint shriek of the whistle, and would see the headlight of the express glowing like a star in the distance. It seemed but an instant, then, before it went tearing past the little station, and up and around the curve to the east, the twinkling lights of the passenger coaches rapidly fading away into the darkness. Then the freight, slowly and heavily, and with much panting and puffing, would back out of the siding, and go rumbling away to the west, leaving Mountain Point quiet and peaceful as before.

It seemed to Hanson that it had always been like this. He could not imagine any change or any excitement taking place. How different it was at Chatham, but a few miles away, where everything was bustle and activity; where, at the Junction station six passenger trains went daily, and almost as many freight. And the pay of the operators! Compared to his own, it seemed almost fabulous. Hanson sighed

a little, and his thoughts turned to a certain street in the busy town, and to a neat, though poor-looking little cottage standing back from the road, and surrounded by trees. His face brightened, and a little smile smoothed away the lines of care that looked so strange in one so young. He was thinking of his home—of his father and his mother, both grown old and gray, and destined soon to leave this earth for better things above. How often had he wished that his work lay nearer home that he might be with them oftener to cheer and brighten up their last few years. And yet, after all this time, here he was, still at Mountain Point, with not the slightest chance of change, and drawing such a miserable pittance of a salary as hardly sufficied to keep them from want. "It was hard luck," he thought a little bitterly, and stared moodily at the table in front of him. Through the open window of the little office the breath of night came soft and hushed. The moon sailed slowly and majestically across the sky, and sent her silver rays into the room, filling it with a strange, mysterious splendour. It soothed and calmed the operator's troubled mind, so that he turned with brighter face to where his instrument was chattering away, in a vain endeavor to attract his notice:

"Tick, tick! Tick, click! Tick, tr-r-r-r-r-r—m Mountain Point, attention, attention!"

Hanson caressed the little keys, and assured the operator at Admaston that he was listening. Then came the message:

"Express just passed. Ten minutes late. Admaston."

That was all. It was the usual wire that he received every night in the year, and he had come to consider it as being almost a matter of course.

Admaston was ninety miles away, on the other side of the White Alpine mountanis, and a good three hours run, for the line crossed the range throngh the canôn of the Little Colorado river, and travelling had to be slow. It was the most dangerous part of the road, and scarcely a year passed without an accident, so that all over the Division, this canôn had become known as the "Gorge of Death."

The operator glanced at the clock again, and reflected that it was time for the local freight to pull in. Even as he did so, a faint whistle sounded upon the night, and far down the track her headlight appeared, growing slowly larger and larger. He rose to his feet and was just going out to the platform, when, to his surprise the telegraph instrument began a most furious chattering and ticking. The wires fairly humed and quivered, and the little levers clicked excitedly. Hanson rushed to the table, and bent low over the machine. He heard his call and answered it. And then, flashing over the wire, came that fateful message from Chatham :

"Engine 201 running away! Open siding quick, and save express!" But ten words in all, and yet how full of awful danger and horror! Hanson's heart gave one great throb, and then seemed to stop, altogether. His face for an instant got deadly pale, and his hand involuntarily clutched the edge of the table. But it was only for a moment; the operator was made of good stuff, and was not the one to lose his senses at a time when human lives depended on his actions. He sprang to his feet, and forcing himself to think calmly, tried to decide what to do. He had received an explicit order to throw open the siding. But then, they must have forgotten, at Chatham, in the intensity of the danger, about that

11.15 freight train, which even now lay waiting for the express, in the siding. He could plainly hear the heavy panting of the engine, and the hissing of the steam around her cylinders. He could see the long heavy cattle cars, crowded with their living freight, and his heart sickened at the thought of sending the runaway engine crashing in among them. No, he would hold the main line open. But then, there flashed through his mind a picture of the express, speeding through the night towards its destination, its cars ablaze with light and cheerfulness, and its passengers eager and joyful to be nearing home. And then, that dark and fearful object, tearing along like a thing of madness, on, on, in the darkness, towards the express. Then the crash of the collision! The screams of the wounded! The grinding of the steel and wood! The hissing of the scalding steam! It was too horrible. No, the freight train must be sacrificed. And yet, there was no way to save the express? Ah, the operator thinks of something now! With a spring he is out of the room, and racing down the platform, and along the track to the little section house. Wild-eyed and breathless he bursts in upon its solitary occupant, and seizing him by the arm shouts in his ear: Runaway! runaway engine! the express! quick! But the old man does not hear. With all the maddening imbecility of deafness he stares into the operator's face, and makes no move. Hanson drops his arm with a cry, and springs into the back room of the shanty. Here, on a low shelf, is what he wants. It is a can of grease. Seizing it in his hands, he rushes out of the place, and up the track. Then down on his knees he goes, and with feverish haste begins smearing the rails with the smooth, slippery, vile-smelling stuff. Slowly, slowly, he

advances, until the end of the platform is almost reached. And now the can of grease is all but empty. With feverish hand the operator scrapes out the last of it, and spreads it thickly on the rails. Then, hurling down the tin, he springs to his feet, and onto the platform. With anxious eyes he scans his work. For the length of the platform the rails are covered with the oily substance, and so slippery that nothing could grip them. And yet, after all, what a pitiful obstacle it is, and how little likely to stop the headlong rush of the runaway engine! Hanson's heart sinks as the thought goes through his mind. He lifts his eyes from the track, and looks slowly around him. The night is strangely beautiful and still. Far away to the left, the great black mountains rear their massive heads into the air, and seem to look with solemn disapproving eyes upon the noisy torrent of the river, as it tears its way along the valley, and rushes through the gorge. High upon the mountain side the tall pine trees stand, and wave their tops slowly to and fro, murmuring and sighing as the evening breeze goes by. To the right lies the little village, wrapped in slumber, with only here and there a twinkling point of light. And over all the scene the moon looks down, and throws a spell of her ethereal brightness. Not a sound breaks the silence, except the heavy panting of the freight engine, as she lies impatient in the siding.

But suddenly the rails begin to give out a low, peculiar, clinking sound, that makes the operator start and turn quickly to the track. He presses his hand to the rail, and feels a little quivering pulsations darting through the steel. They are the first warnings of the approach of the runaway. Hanson springs to the platform again, and strains his eyes down the

track. What is that great, black object that he sees tearing alond through the night? Its single eye of fire glares down upon the track, and gives forth a ghastly, sinister light. A mighty spume of sparks leap from its head and swirls away into the darkness. From its bottom there seems to come a dull, red glow. With awful rapidity it rushes on, nearer and nearer, a monster of horror and destruction, and the operator, seeing it, knows what little use his work will be to stop that headlong speed. Over his face there comes a strange look. It is the expression that comes to the face of a man as he sees some great danger before him, and prepares for what may be his death. Hanson is going to take the last perilous step. He is going to to jump for the runaway.

With a roar and a clatter the wild engine thunders by the section house, and then strikes the greasy, slippery rails. There is a long whirring and scraping, a frightful whizzing sound as the driving wheels spin round and round, and clouds of steam spurt from her sides. She is struggling like a mad thing, and now her wheels are getting their grip again. The critical moment has arrived. Hanson braces himself against the wall of the station-house, and as the runaway goes by, with a silent prayer to Heaven, he takes his leap!

By a marvellous chance he lands on the foot board, and clutching wildly with his hand, he grasps the handle of the climbing rod. He feels a sudden sharp stab of pain in his right arm, and his head comes with a crash against the end of the tender. Then everything seems to be turning round and round, and he sinks dazed to the floor of the cab. As in a dream he feels the throbbing of the runaway as she gathers up her broken speed, and rushes onward through the night. Suddenly, mingling with the roar of the

engine, comes the hiss of demoniacal laughter, so horrible and unnatural in that time of peril, that the very engine shuddered like a thing of life, and staggers on with hissing breath! But what creature of God's earth makes such a sound as that?

Nothing, surely, but a madman! the raving maniac! Through Hanson's ears that cry rings, and brings him back to life and sense of deadly peril. For there, standing upright in the cab, and swaying to and fro as the engine rocks upon its wheels, is the figure of a man. His form is long and thin, and his face gleams with a horrible hungry look that tells of but one thing—the dreadful curse of insanity. His eyes, sunken far back into his head, are red as blood, and blaze and scorch like living coals of fire. In their lurid depths a single word seems ever shining—"mad, mad, mad!" He shrieks again with fiendish glee, and shows two rows of gleaming teeth, that glisten like the fangs of a beast of prey. Then stooping, the madman grasps the heavy iron shovel from the tender, and swings it high above his head. "Blood! blood!" he screamed, and advances a step toward his victim. But aroused to his peril, Hanson totters to his feet, and faces the maniac. Then suddenly, like a flash, a dreadful remembrance of the other danger comes to his mind. The express! the express! the runaway must be stopped! With a wild cry, and forgetting the murderous fiend in front of him, he reaches frantically for the lever of the engine, his one thought being to shut off that awful force of steam. But the maniac has divined his intention, and with all a madman's strength brings down his weapon. Yet it does not do its muderous work. The engine has answered suddenly and the heavy iron swings a little to the right, and with a crash comes down upon the slender lever, and

jams it in its socket. And then the fiend, with horrid shrieking laughter, thrust out his hairy hand, and man and madman tug and strain with hissing breath. The stake is life and death. One struggles to reverse the shattered steel; the other to push it further still. But all in vain they wrench and tear. The lever is immoveable.

And then his blood comes up in rage and despair against that devil before him, and with a cry like that a wounded animal, the operator turns and grapples with the maniac. A strange mysterious, momentary thrill of strength and life goes coursing through his veins, and to his eyes there comes a look that would make any but a madman quail with fear. And to and fro they writhe, and twist, and turn; the madman seems to wield a demon's strength, and his lips are frothing white with foam. Now they crash against the iron boiler end, and stagger from the shock; again they reel backwards to the tender, and their bodies seem to sway out upon the empty air. Outside, the darkness of the night goes by, and the engine still tears on. And now, ahead, the mountains loom against the blackness, and the gorge of death thrusts up its gaint walls of rock into the night. Its mouth lies gaping wide, and far up on the ledge cut from the cliff, the track writhes snake-like through its winding length.

Still the dreadful fight goes on, but every minute leaves less doubt as to the result. Hanson's strength is almost spent. His arm hangs limp and lifeless by his side, and his head reels with the shock of that first terrible blow against the tender. His breath comes in choking gasps of pain. And now the madman sees it too, and with a shout of glee he wrenches free his hold and takes a backward step. What dreadful

fate has he in store for Hanson? The engine roars along the gorge. To the right of the track a wall of rock! to the left a sheer and sudden drop, down, down, a thousand feet to the foaming torrent of the river bed below. He is going to hurl his victim to a sure and horrible death! But it is not to be. The fate he intends for another, in that instant becomes his own. As the madman lunges forward, the operator suddenly throws himself to the floor of the cab, and the maniac, clutching and clawing the air, stumbles over his prostrated body, and plunges headlong from the engine! From far below, a faint scream floats up the gorge, and the runaway shudders on. The madman is no more!

And now the operator staggers to his feet, and, rid of that dreadful presence, strains his every nerve to force the lever back. To his inexperienced eyes it seemed that if the steel will only move, the force of the steam will then shut off, and the engine stop her wild career. But no; the mechanism lies shattered by the madman's blow, and without its action the lever is but a useless piece of steel. So that at last when it gives before that frenzied strength, and grinds forward in its socket, it does not do its work, and the engine still goes on with undiminished speed. Then Hanson gives a cry of utter horror and despair. He realizes now that no human power can stop the runaway. And far off through the night the express comes ever on and on. To the operator's fevered mind it seems that he hears a low, faint sound — like the distant shriek of a locomotive's whistle, he thinks. But perhaps it is only his imagination. He leans far out of the window of the cab and strains his eyes along the gorge. A mile ahead the canon of the river takes a sudden turn to the right, and here the track wheels

round so sharply that to railroad men the place is known by the sinister name of the "Devil's Curve."

The drivers have strict orders to slow down going around it, for an engine travelling at full speed would be likely to jump the track, and is she did, the whole train would plunge down five hundred feet, to the bottom of the gorge. But what is it that makes the operator think, with a strange fascination of the dreadful place? What is it that makes him give a sudden hoarse, wild cry of triumph? Has he thought of a way to save the express? Ah, he is on his knees now, and tearing open the door of the firebox. With a spring he is at the end of the tender, shovel in hand and pouring great loads of coal into the glowing furnace. With a mighty roar, a mass of flame leaps up. It surges through the boiler, causing terrific heat, and sending the steam hissing faster and faster into the cylinders. From the funnel a dense, black cloud of smoke belches forth and trails behind. Lashed to fury the engine plunges forward, and like a creature goaded to the death, tears even faster and faster down the gorge.

The moon comes slowly from behind a cloud, and for an instant throws a wierd, spectral light upon the scene. It shines upon that rushing thing of madness, and flickers on a pale, set face that now looks with staring eyes across the night, from the windows of the cab. And then the "Devil's Curve" looms into view, and the chasm of the gorge yawns wide and deep in front.

Through the night there comes a faint, wild shriek. It is the whistle of the express. But now the runaway has almost reached the place of death, and the swaying, tottering form of a man crawls upon the tender of the locomotive. One instant his form shows clear

against the blackness of the night, and then he leaps for life. A moment more. and with a scream of wheels the engine strikes the curve and jumps the track. Her momentum is so great that she rears high up in the air, and leaps far out over the yawning gulf. For an instant she seems to poise before her drop. Then the demon shadows of the gorge stretch up their giant arms to meet her, and with a roar she plunges down into their depths. The runaway is no more, and the express is saved.

And along the cañón the dull, heavy tumble of the train is heard, and her headlight comes slowly into view around "Devil's Curve." It flashes for an instant on a human form that lies still and deathlike by the track, and then the glare of the light goes by, and the express speeds on.

The silence of the night comes down once more upon the scene. The hours pass slowly by. Far off, an eagle rises from its nest to greet the coming day. Soon the first faint flush of dawn creeps up along the gorge and lights it with a dim, uncertain glow. The moon grows pale and slowly sinks behind the mountains. The stars twinkle faintly in the sky and disappear. The day has come.

Meanwhile, far away at Chatham, a busy scene is going on. All through the night the wires have flashed enquiries along the line, but as yet the whereabouts of the runaway engine, and the fate of the brave operator from Mountain Point, remain shrouded in mystery. And now, with the first light of day, a wrecking train starts out, and travels slowly along the valley, and into the canôn of the Little Colorado river. When it reaches "Devil's Curve," the engineer sees the figure of a man lying beside the track. With a sinking heart he pulls the lever back and brings

the train to a stop. They bend over the prostrate form and there are many among them who recognize that bruised and bleeding face. It is Hanson, the operator from Mountain Point. The disappearance of the engine is explained. It needs but a glance at the yawning gulf to tell the fate of the runaway. Carefully and tenderly they lift the operator from the ground and carry him into the car. The train goes back and when it reaches Chatham they take him, still unconscious, to his home and leave him in care of loving hands.

For many days Hanson lay unconscious, hovering between life and death. Then his strong, healthy nature reasserted itself and he began slowly to improve. In a few months he was able to be around again and one day he felt well enough to to take a little walk over to the roundhouse at the Junction station. There were one or two things about that affair of the runaway engine that he did not quite understand. By good luck he happened to come across Ben Bolt, who had been the fireman of "201" up to the night she had been destroyed. With a little persuation he was induced to give his version of the affair. He had just finished oiling his engine and had gone to the back part of the round house, when he saw the figure of a man appear at the open doorway at the front. In the dim light he took him for the engineer of "201" and no suspicion of anything of wrong entered his mind, until the man, uttering a strange, beast-like cry and waving his arms wildly in the air, made a sudden rush for the engine and climbed into the cab. Then the fireman realized the danger. But it was too late, The madman, for madman it was, had pulled the throttle wide open, and when the fireman had reached the door of the round house, No. 201 was al-

ready flying through the yard and in a few minutes had disappeared in the darkness down the main line.

This was the substance of Benjamin Bolt's story, and Hanson having heard all there was to hear turned his steps towards the station house. He wanted to report at the Superintendent's office as fit for duty again and also he had determined to broach to that official, the matter of a small increase of salary. The Superintendent received him affably and took him into his private room, where he continued to chat pleasantly, until Hanson summoned up sufficient courage, and with much stammering and hesitation made his request. Then over the high and mighty official's face there came a smile. His eyes twinkled and he rubbed his hands together in the most genial manner possible. He was going to give the operator a little surprise and if the Superintendant had a weakness, it was for springing little susprises on people. He dived down into the recesses of a drawer and pulled out a square, yellow envelope, handed it to the operator. Then he leaned back in his chair and regarded him with a most beaming and benovelent expression. Hanson was conscious that for almost half a minute he looked stupidly at the address :

JAMES HANSON, Operator,
Care of Superintendent Gorge Division,
Chatham.

Then he came to his senses with a start, and with a trembling hand tore open the envelope and took out the enclosure. The letter was from the General Manager's office and ran as follows :

DEAR SIR : — We have at hand a letter from one of the officials of the Gorge Division, in which he describes a certain act of yours in connection with a run-

away engine and recommends you strongly for promotion.

We are pleased to state that the position of chief operator at Chatham Junction is at present vacant. If you care to accept the appointment, kindly notify your Superintendent and report for duty on the 15th. inst.

Yours Sincerely,

JOHN JOHNSON,
General Manager.

THE WATER QUESTION.

The Common Council Carrying out Mr. Gilbert Murdoch's Recomendations.

It has taken the Common Council just twenty years to act on the report of the late Gilbert Murdoch recommending the extension of the water supply of St. John to Loch Lomond. Fearful of the expenditure of a quarter of a million at that time the Council now enters cheerfully on what will must likely add another half million to the civic debt. No man knows just what the water system of this city has cost up to date, because of the unfortunate habit the commissioners had of issuing bonds to make good any deficit in revenue. It never occurred to this remark-

ably body, until it was revolutionized after the discovery of an unknown default on the part of the chairman, to increase the rates to an amount equal to the expenditure. There was always a demand for the bonds of the water commissioners, which for some unknown reason were considered by inventors as better securities than the bonds of the City of St. John; and it would almost seem that the commissioners liked the work of signing cupons. But whatever reason actuated them, the commissioners issued thousands of dollars in bonds to make good shortages in their revenue and at the same time covered up these issues so effectually that the auditors of their accounts failed to detect the fraud. But all this is of the past. For many years the water system has been self sustaining and latterly has been yeilding a profit notwithstanding that $10,000 of revenue annually was abandoned by stopping the assessment on household furniture—a change that took place some years ago.

Everyone who has given the slightest consideration to the question of water supply in St. John has been aware for years that it was not a shortage of supply that was the trouble but a lack of head—of pressure. There always has been enough water brought to the Marsh bridge—that is to say their was sufficient capacty in the mains to carry enough water to supply a city much larger than St. John, provided the city to be supplied were level. It is the uneven topography of St. John—the fact that many of the higher levels of the city are only a few feet lower than the Little river reservoir that has caused the difficulty. Mr. Murdoch knew this when he was placed in charge of the works in 1852. The company from which the city purchased the existing water rights were acquainted

with this fact, for the reason that the 12-inch main they had put down after a few years of use, and a gradual increase of consumption showed a weakened pressure. It was thought to obviate this by putting down a 24-inch main—the first work undertaken by the commission on its organization. The new main gave an abundant supply for many years, but as extensions were made throughout the city and the consumption increased the pressure grew weaker and an agitation for an improved supply resulted in the laying of a 24-inch main. Mr. Murdoch knew at the time that this was only a temporary means of relief but the system was safer and greatly improved by the duplicate main. It is now 30 years since water was turned into this main. At first the abundance of the supply kept the pressure up but year after year extensions of the distributing pipes over the greater part of the city so lessened the pressure that ten years afterwards a strong agitation was commenced to improve the water supply on the summits of the city. So persistent was this demand that the commissioners instructed Mr. Murdoch to prepare a report on the existing condition of the works with suggestions and estimates for the improvement of the supply.

As the result of the resolution of the commissioners which is dated February 28th 1882, Mr. Murdoch caused extensive surveys to be made of the country lying between Little river reservoir and Loch Lomond and in December of the same year, he submitted his report dealing with the various routes by which Loch Lomond might be reached by a pipe line and recommending the one by way of Lake Lattimer as the best to adopt. In this report Mr. Murdoch points out as clearly as he could in words, illustrated by a plan of the city and the country intervening between the city and

Loch Lomond that the only solution of a sufficient supply of water for the high levels through gravitation is by extending the system to Loch Lomond which is 300 feet above city datum and 140 feet above the level of Little river reservoir. Lake Lattimer which is midway between the present reservoir and Loch Lomond is two feet higher than the greater lake and has elevation enough to give the desired pressure, but because of its limited watershed it was not considered a safe dependence for the water supply of the city, and was therefore not recommended as a final source by Mr. Murdoch, though he did recommend that the pipe lines be extended to Lattimer as an experiment, at the same time stating his belief that ultimately the city would have to get its water from Loch Lomond or adopt a pumping system, and the consequent annual expenditure which would follow such a change.

There are many people in St. John who believe today that the water supplied from the city's works comes from Loch Lomond. This is perhaps due to the fact that the post road to Loch Lomond makes its way through the Little river valley. They ignore the ridge dividing the water-shed of Little river from the Mispec river which latter is the outlet of the chain of lakes of which Lake Lomond is the largest. This immense body of water which is 66 times larger than the present reservior is situated 300 feet above tide water level, an elevation that should give sufficient pressure to carry the water over the highest buildings on the highest land of the city. But it is not only its altitude and volume that gives Loch Lomond pre-eminence as a source of St. John's water supply. The quality of the water is vastly superior to that gathered in the Little river valley. Referring to Loch Lomond as a source of water supply the late Mr. Murdoch thus

summarizes its advantages. "It is evident that the popular opinion in favor of this lake is well founded and that there are few cities more favorably circumstanced than St. John in the item of water supply. In amplitude, in elevation, in proximity, in freedom from engineering difficulties, in purity, in flavor, in color and softness the waters at its command from this source stands almost unrivalled."

Earlier in the same report which was made in 1883 Mr. Murdoch after pointing out that the only way in which the pressure of the gravitation system of supply adopted by the old Water company in 1849 could be increased to give a certain supply on the high grounds in sufficient quantity to meet requirements was to carry the pipe lines to Loch Lomond which he says "is admirably adapted for the purposes we have in view, viz., volume, elevation depth, brightness, taste, purity and softness; and is the only source from which a bountiful supply of really good water can be obtained." Lake Douglas, which is situated 230 feet above city datum and which is on the way to Loch Lomond had long been looked upon as a possible source of supply. Bnt this lake is one of several which supplies Little river and the water shed of that river is small in comparison with that of Loch Lomond. Mr. Murdoch chose the route by the way of Lake Lattimer for two reasons. The lake had a greater elevation than Douglas and its waters are better and purer and the distance and engineering difficulties are no greater to one than the other. That he chose wisely is fully confirmed by the opinion of consultin g engineers employed since by the Common Council, all of whom have thoroughly endorsed the plans of Mr. Murdoch and his report of 1883.

When Mr. Murdoch's report was laid before the

Common Council it caused consternation. On every hand the aldermen were being pressed to amplify the water supply. Those persons who lived on what has long been known as Block house hill, the highest elevation in the city made an annual complaint that they were without water for weeks at a time. That amalgamated order of fire insurance agents the Board of Fire Underwriters, yet in the fledgling stage of its existence made faint efforts to compel the aldermen's attention. St. John and Portland had not then been been united into one city and the Portland City Council were constant and strong in their resolutions to compel the Common Council to act. All this influence was brought to bear on the Council because that body had to assent to the bonds to pay for the work. The water department had been badly managed in the past. The chairman had been retired under a cloud and several of the officials had been displaced because of the irregularites that had come to light. The commission was new and dominated by the reform Council, pledged not to increase the bonded indebtedness of the city. Everybody admitted that the complaints of poor service were well grounded but where was the money to come from to improve it? That was the reply of the aldermen to all comers, and to those on the hill tops who could not get water even in their basement kitchens during extreme cold weather they said "move to some other locality." This was not very satisfactory to these property owners. The reply to Portland was that they must consent to have the law relating to assessing for a deficiency altered before they would consent to increase the supply in that locality—the law was that should such an assessment become necessary St. John East was to be assessed for three-quarters of the

deficiency and Portland for one-quarter. To such a length did the Common Council carry their opposition to further bond issues that they would not consent even to extensions which would pay 10 per cent on the outlay, until compelled to do so by an act of the Legislature passed at the request of the City of Portland.

But the question was too important to shelve completely and as the agitation would not down, the Common Council in May 1884, decided to enploy the services of A. Fteley C. E., an hydraulic engineer of continental reputation, to report on the works and the best way of improving the pressure. Mr. Fteley came on and made a complete examination of the works and in his report fully sustained Mr. Murdoch that Loch Lomond was the only and the natural source of water supply for the city of St. John, if the city were to continue to be supplied by a gravitation system. In a paragraph in his report, Mr. Murdoch suggested that the works might be stopped at Lake Lattimer and a sufficient supply obtained for present requirements. On this suggestion Mr. Fteley comments as follows:—" "The purity of the water of this lake, which probably undergoes a process of natural filtration, the small extent of the apparent water shed, and the rapid rise of the surface, of the lake after it has been drawn from, indicate that its supply must be large; moreover, as the location of the proposed outlet would be thirteen feet below the present surface the storage capacity would be considerable; but, as all the water necessary for the high service supply would be drawn from it, some doubts must be entertained in regard to the ability of that source to furnish a sufficient supply, and to recover in the winter and spring from the heavy draft of the dry

seasons. I believe, however, with the author of the suggestion, that the experiment would be worth trying before extending the work as far as Loch Lomond.

"This method would supply the city with an abundance of excellent water at the required pressure, and the works would be of a permanent character, but the expenditure necessary to carry them out is large.

"The other method would not require, for the present, so large an expenditure, and would meet the requirements of high pressure for the summits of the city.

"It consists in the erection of a pumping plant in connection with the present works.

"The pumping station should be located at a point, as equally distant as practicable, from the two principal summits of St. John and of Portland, and at such an elevation as to avoid too heavy a pressure on the supply pipe; its exact position can be fixed only after an investigation of the localities where the city could conveniently procure land, but the writer suggests as a suitable location a point in Waterloo street near Paddock street, on the boundary of the high and low service districts.

"The pumping plant would include two pumping apparatus complete, with their boilers, buildings, etc., an iron stand pipe, a special supply pipe, extending to the Aboideau, and two force pipes; one, connected with the high service district of St. John (east), the other with the heights of Portland. New gates and some modifications of the position of the present hydrants and gates would be necessary for the handling of the water in connection with the two services.

"An idea of the amount of water which should be pumped for the ordinary uses of high services districts, can be formed from the fact that in St. John (east),

1,200 families would be supplied. If we add to it the probable consumption in Portland, the quantity to be pumped daily may be stated, approximately, to be 1,500,000 gallons. This consumption, however, should not be the measure of the capacity of the pumping plant; there being no storage in connection with the high service, the pumps must be capable of furnishing, at any moment, the maximum quantity that may be needed, i. e., the amount required during the progress of an extensive fire.

"For the purpose of duplicating the service for ordinary consumption for the next ten years, and of furnishing an adequate supply in case of an extensive fire, the pumps should have each a capacity of 2,000,000 gallons per day. The supply and force pipes connected with them should be 15 inches in diameter.

"The introduction of higher pressures on the summits would obviously increase the consumption of water; should the waste remain unchecked, this increase of consumption might tax your sources too heavily, and compel the city to increase the supply in time of drought.

It has been mentioned that an increase of supply could be obtained by erecting reservoirs in the water shed of Little River, but, owing to the marshy character of the land surrounding Lake Long and Lake Buck, and to the general nature of the land in the water shed, the quality of water supply would be impared by the adoption of such a plan; it would be costly and cannot be recommended, when a much better supply can be procured from the higher sources. In such a case, the city should procure a larger supply by tapping Lattimer at a lower level, thus taking another step forward, notwithstanding the erection of the pumping apparatus, towards the ultimate consummation of the original plan."

All this happened 20 years ago. But nothing was done. Some alterations were made in the distribution system and thousands of dollars expended and nothing practical accomplished. As the consumption of water increased in the city these changes in the distribution system proved ineffective and notwithstanding the introduction of hydraulic and hand pumps in the dwellings on the summits of the city the scarcity of water was still a matter of complaint every winter and sometimes in the summer as well. Had the Council of 1884 done its duty by the citizens the pipe line for the high service would have been extended to Lake Latimer and the capacity of the lake to furnish the needed water would have been thoroughly tested. But in direct opposition to the advice they had got from experts one Council after another continued to tinker with the water system in the hope apparently that some providental occurrence would happen that would raise Little river reservoir high enough to give the required pressure.

Gilbert Murdoch died and William Murdoch, who had been engineer of the works of which his uncle was superintendent, was given the place of superintendent. Complaints of the inefficient service were continued and in 1895 we find him reporting on Lake Lattimer that for 66 days in that year a supplementary supply had been drawn from that lake that being the only use to which the lake was put. "The lake could be applied," continues Mr. Murdoch, "to a much more useful purpose, were the citizens to see their way clearly toward expending $120,000 or thereabouts. Such an amount would give us the pressure due to the elevation of the lake and enable the fire department to throw without the aid of engines, a stream of water over the highest building on the summit of any

portion of the city now piped." Mr. Murdoch in this report estimates the daily capacity of Lattimer lake and surrounding country at 3,750,000 gallons—more than half the requirements of the whole city. But the Council refused to act and kept on tinkering with the distributing system, wasting the public money in the vain effort to accomplish an impossibility.

The complaints had become so frequent and urgent in 1879 that Mr. William Murdoch, who was the engineer in charge of the surveys to Loch Lomond and was the real discoverer of the Lake Lattimer route, reported in favor of establishing a pumping station at Silver Falls and setting aside one of the 24-inch mains for service to the higher levels of the city. This was recommended as a temporary expendient only. Mr. Murdoch was still in favor of extending the service to Loch Lomond as the only permanent cure for the annual complaints. Fully 200 pumps and hydraulic mains had been placed in different parts of the city and were wasting a large quantity of water daily—in elevating a supply to the tanks built for that purpose in the dwellings on the high levels. Mr. Murdoch knew that a pumping station, operated by water power, at Silver Falls would not only increase the pressure, but would minimize the waste to some extent. It was not recommended as a permanent remedy but would answer as a temporary expedient. As the Council had decided not to extend the service to Loch Lomond or even to Lake Lattimer they accepted the temporary expedient and in January 1898 the pump was put at work. It has done all that was claimed for it. The high levels have had as good a supply as originally prevailed on the lower levels but the increased consumption and the increased age of the pipes have weakened the

pressure on the lower levels and notwithstanding frequent cleaning of mains, which has been going on now for about eight years, the conditions were so unfavorable at the beginning of the present year that the Fire Underwriters took the bull by the horns and increased the fire insurance rates practically 40 per cent. on all commercial risks, 25 per cent. of which remains operative until a sufficient fire pressure is obtainable.

This action, which is much in the nature of a "hold up" had the desired effect. The Council which has been dodging the main issue of the water question for nearly a quarter of a century were compelled to act. In the meantime they had neglected to obtain the water rights of the Mispec. These were in the market for years and were finally purchased by the St. John Sulphite company for $1,500. Of course, this was but one right, yet the city bid $115,000 to get it the other day—now that the Sulphite company is bankrupt.

Instead of accepting the report of Mr. Murdoch which thoroughly covers the ground the Council engaged Messrs Snow & Barbour of Boston to report on the proposed extension. Mr. Barbour practically endorses all that was said by preceding engineers and gives the Council much valuable information which fortunately is to be acted on.

But in the years intervening between 1882 and 1904 the city has spent upwards of $100,000 tinkering with the water supply. Half as much more would have carried the works to Lake Lattimer and built an intermediate reservior 115 feet higher than at Little River which would have accomplished all that the present large expenditure will accomplish. The difference in spending the money in this way is that

something permanent would have been accomplished while half of the money spent in the last 20 years might as well have been dumped into the tide. While the present Council has demonstrated its ability to issue bonds for many projects they have at last grappled with a question of the greatest vital concern to the city and it would now appear that the water question which has been a burning issue for 20 years may now be regarded as permanently settled. Its settlement will mean higher rates for a time but not for long. The consumption of water is constantly increasing and this means an increase of revenue without taxing property. The present surplus and a return to the taxation of household furniture will furnish a sufficient revenue to meet an expenditure of of $400,000 to $500,000.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The illustrated article on the Free Public Library which was to have appeared in this month's issue of THE NEW BRUNSWICK MAGAZINE is unavoidably held over until the next issue. It was not found practical to have illustrations in this number. Readers will observe that the numbers of pages has been increased to 80 for the current number and it is expected that the next issue will be 96 pages which will be the limit of size for the remaining numbers of the volume, IV. The December number will be issued about November, 20th and the date of the publication of the Christmas extra will then be announced.