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GLEANER TALES

HOW I CAME TO CANADA

PART III

'You mean me?' said Mr Kerr.

Yes, you are a fugitive from the justice which would have punished you as you deserve for sedition. The world has come to a strange pass when tailors would dictate to the Powers ordained by God how the realm is to be governed. For one I am loyal to my King and his advisers in all they ordain. England's glorious bulwark is her throne and the nobility who surround it.'

The little man stood on the lower rungs of the ladder, in front of the lantern that swung from a beam, so I saw him clearly. To our surprise Mr Kerr came forward and spoke slowly and quietly. 'I do not wish you, my fellow passengers, to look upon me any longer as a fugitive from justice, and will explain how it comes that circumstances give color to the charge. I have a brother, older than myself and father of a large family. One day in April, a clerk in the sheriff's office, who is a cousin, came to me at night to tell me that a spy who had attended a meeting of the Liberal club, had laid an information that my brother had spoken disrespectfully of the King, George the Fourth, and his advisers. On the strength of this, a warrant was prepared for his arrest on the charge of sedition. The spy had made a mistake in the first name and had given mine instead of my brother's. My cousin said, if I would disappear the prosecution would be baffled. To save my brother, for a prosecution would ruin him, I fled at once, going to Troon, where I knew a ship was ready to sail for Canada. On the officers going to my lodging to arrest me, they found I had fled. How they came to know I had gone to Troon I cannot say. Probably they sent word to all ports where ships were ready to sail. As you know, I was arrested on board this boat and discharged, because the magistrate had no authority to hold me. It was to save my brother that I am here. What he said at the club I do not know, for I was not there.'

'A plausible story,' said Mr Snellgrove, 'but you told a lie when you answered to a false name before the Troon magistrate.'

'I told no lie,' answered Mr Kerr in a calm voice, 'for I was not asked to plead, but I knew I could have saved myself and have sent my brother to jail by correcting the mistake of the spy.'

Mr Snellgrove was about to say more when a murmur of disapproval caused him to slink to his berth. My master came forward and taking Mr Kerr by the hand said, 'I respected you before; I honor you now,' and all men and women, pressed to shake his hand.

After breakfast next morning there was much talk over our escape from death, and the more light thrown on it in discussion the stronger grew the feeling that we had been saved by the interposition of Providence. Had the brig not struck the sand-bank and done so at low tide, not a soul would have reached land, and relatives would never have known what became of the Heatherbell unless part of her wreckage was picked up. There ought to be public acknowledgement of our rescue and expression of our united thanks. The captain agreed it would be right, so, that afternoon, all hands assembled, except Mr Snellgrove, who sat at the bow pretending to read a book. The impression made on me, by the sight of the sailors joining in the psalms and the children gathering round their mothers' skirts in wonder, has survived these fifty-five years. The master at the request of the captain, took charge. He read the story of Paul's shipwreck and then prayed with a fervor that made me cry. To the surprise of all, he asked Mr Kerr to improve the occasion. He began by saying it was not for mortals to judge the ways of God, to complain of visitations or to condemn acts that are inscrutable, but it was the bounden duty of man, when good did befall him, to ascribe the praise to God. They had a marvellous escape from a cruel death, and without inquiring into the how or wherefore it was our part to acknowledge the hand that saved us. After a good deal more in that strain of thought he changed to the purpose of our voyage. We were crossing the ocean to escape conditions in the Old Land that had become a burden to us, hoping, in the New Land before us, there would be brighter surroundings. To preserve that New Land from the mistakes and evils that blast the Old was a duty. To try and reproduce another Scotland such as they had left would be to reproduce what we were leaving behind us. What we ought to try is to create a new Great Britain in Canada, retaining all that is good and dropping all that is undesirable. I want, he said, to see a land where every man is free to secure a portion of God's footstool and to enjoy the fruits he reaps from it, without an aristocracy taking toll of what they did not earn, and a government levying taxes on labor to support soldiers or to subsidize privileged classes of any kind, whatever their pretences.

How much more the speaker would have said I do not know, for Mr Snellgrove, who had come forward on his beginning to speak, here shouted 'Treason!' The master to prevent a scene, for a young shepherd moved to catch hold of the offender, gave out the 100th psalm, and we closed in peace.

The hold was so dark that Mr Kerr could not see to sew, so on fine days he worked on deck. Sitting beside him he taught me how to hold a needle, for

he said every man should be able to make small repairs. He advised me to seize every opportunity to learn. When a boy he could have learned to speak Gaelic and regretted he had let the chance go by. Should he get work in Montreal, he would study French. A man's intellect grows by learning whatever accident throws in his way, and the man who, from foolish conceit, refuses to take advantage of his opportunities remains a dolt. Read and observe, he said, and you will be able to say and do when your fellows are helpless. He got cuttings of canvas from the bosun, shaped them into a blouse, and got me to sew them together. The other boys laughed at me, and called me the wee tailor, but the blouse did me good service for many a day. While so much with him, I asked Mr Kerr about his political trouble. Though a Liberal he belonged to no club and was against using other than constitutional means to bring about reforms, and these reforms must come. It could not continue that Great Britain was to be ruled by a parliament composed of aristocrats and their creatures, for the great mass of the people had no voice in it. No Methodist, Baptist, or other dissenter was allowed a seat in parliament, and there were noblemen who controlled the election of more members than the city of Glasgow. Manchester and Birmingham have no members. Half of Scotland is owned by a dozen aristocrats. Whenever you hear men shout disloyalty and claim to be the only true-blue supporters of their country, you may be sure they are selfishly trying to hold some privilege to which they have no right. He told of many of his acquaintances who had been prosecuted for petitioning for the mending of political grievances, of a few who had been ruined by imprisonment and law costs, of the men who had been banished to Australia, and the three men who had been hanged. Hundreds had fled, like himself, to escape prosecution.

After our misadventure off Newfoundland our voyage was prosperous. Coming on deck one sunny morning we saw land, which was Cape Ray, and before the sun set we were in the Gulf of St Lawrence. We were not alone now, for every few hours we sighted ships. They were part of the Spring fleet to Quebec, now on their voyage home with cargoes of timber. One passed us so close that the captain spoke, and when the homeward captain shouted he was for the Clyde there were passengers who wished they were on board her, and the tear came to their eyes when they thought of Scotland and of those who were there. The Bird Rocks were quite a sight to us, but the Ayrshire folk held they were not to be compared with Ailsa Craig. On the Gulf narrowing until we could see land on both sides, a white yacht bore down upon us and sent aboard a pilot. He was a short man, with grizzled hair. Being the first Frenchman we had seen, we gathered round him with curiosity and listened to his broken English with pleasure, for the tone was kindly and he was so polite, even to us boys. He brought no very late news, for he had left Quebec ten days before, when the weather was so hot that laborers loading ships dropped in the coves from sunstroke. Each tack that brought the brig higher up the river changed the scenery, a range of forest-clad trees on the north bank, and on the south bank a row of whitewashed cottages, so closely set that they looked as if they lined a street, broken at intervals by the tin-covered roof and steeple of a church. There were discussions among our farmers as to the narrowness of the fields and what kind of crops were on them, for they looked patchy and were of different colors, which the pilot was generally called on to decide, and it was funny to watch his difficulty in understanding their broad Scottish speech. Reaching where the ebb tide was stronger than the breeze, anchor was dropped for the first time. Before the tide turned, the pilot cried to dip up water, and there was a shout of delight when we tasted it and found the buckets were filled with fresh water. Wasn't there a big washing that day! As much splashing as the porpoises made who gambolled at a distance. Cool, northerly breezes helped us on our way, and exactly five weeks from the day we left Troon we came to anchor off Cape Diamond, which disappointed us, for we looked for a higher rock and a bigger fort. On the ship mooring, the pilot sat down, and in a frenzy of delight at his success in bringing her up safely, flourished his arms and chuckled in his own language. Darting from a wharf came a fine rowboat with four oarsmen, and an official in blue with gilt buttons holding the helm. We were so engrossed in watching it, that we did not notice Mr Snellgrove had joined us, decked out grandly in finest clothes. Before the captain could say a word to the customs-officer, Mr Snellgrove asked him whether the governor-general was at his residence, and on being told he was, said he would accompany his majesty's official on shore, and so saying stepped on the boat and seated himself in silent dignity in the stern, turning his back to us who were looking on. The officer's visit was brief; the boat pushed off and we had our last look of Mr Snellgrove, transformed from a steersman-passenger into a dandy expecting to mix with the grandees of Quebec. Next day, in talking with the captain, he told the master Snellgrove had kept a draper's shop at Maybole, failed for a big sum, and had come to Canada expecting to get it, with the letters of introduction he had from a number of noblemen, a government situation.

The intention being to weigh anchor on the tide flowing, leave to go on shore was refused to the passengers. The captain, having to report at the customs, he, however, took Mr Kerr with him, to get materials for repairs he was making to the captain's clothes. Mr Kerr caught hold of me, and I had a hurried look at what appeared to me to be a foreign town, leaving out the street that ran along the harbor, which seemed to be lined with taverns frequent-

ed by soldiers and sailors. Mr Kerr bought a fancy basket from a squaw, as a present to the mistress, who had been kind to him. While we were gone, the ship was visited by boats offering bread for sale, and willing to take in exchange split peas or oatmeal. Black lumps were held up as maple sugar. They were so dirty that curiosity was soon satisfied. The boat that brought us a pilot, went back with Snellgrove's trunk. On the tide beginning to flow the anchor was lifted and we were borne upwards, passing the crowd ashore, among whom were many soldiers. A gun was fired from the citadel and the flag fluttered down, for it was sunset when we got into the stream. Everything being new and strange nothing escaped us, and every passenger was on deck watching. The number of ships surprised all. There were rows of them for two or three miles, in the midst of fields of the logs which were to form their cargoes. As I sat beside Mr Kerr in the twilight, he spoke of the sights I could not help seeing in the street along the waterfront of Quebec, or hear the language used. There was evil in the world of which a man should try to keep ignorant. It was not knowledge of the world to look into, much less to dabble in its filth. A lad who kept his thoughts clean was repaid by health and happiness, while entertaining evil imaginings led to a weak intellect and discontent with oneself. I had noticed before, when anybody began a dirty story that Mr Kerr rose and left. Another time he told me, his constant effort was to think of only pleasant things, to try and relieve what was disagreeable by looking from a sunny standpoint and to meet disappointments by searching if there was not some good in them.

On the tide beginning to turn, the anchor was dropped. The tide is felt as high as Three Rivers and it is possible for a ship to go that far by floating up with it. The second night after leaving Quebec we were startled by a loud knocking on the companion of the fore-castle and an imperative shout To tumble up. An east wind had come and every minute was valuable. The anchor was lifted and sails set, and before the sun appeared we were sweeping past Three Rivers. Interest was kept up by the villages and fields we passed, and it was the decision of the farmers that it was poor land badly worked. More novel to us, was the succession of rafts we met, each covering acres, with masts and houses on them, and men along their sides keeping them in mid-stream by means of long oars. As we passed up lake St Peter the wind freshened, the clouds came lower and the rain poured. The captain and pilot were in great glee, for they told us if the wind held we would pass up the St Mary's current and anchor off Montreal before dark. Strong as the wind was and with every sail set that would draw, it was found we could not stem the current without help, so the ship was brought close to the bank, a rope passed ashore, and a string of oxen appeared, who helped to draw her into calmer water. The night was dark and rainy but we kept on deck and watched the lights of Montreal.

They had not been at sea a week when the three farmers had agreed they would keep together on reaching Canada and take up land side by side. They were also of one mind in making Toronto (it was not so named then) their starting-point in search of new homes. The captain's advice was, that one of them should take the stage at Montreal; by so doing he would get to Toronto at least a week ahead of the rest of the party, in which time he could hunt up land. This would save delay and the expense of staying in lodging while looking for a place to settle. It was arranged the master should go. At daylight he got ashore and was in time for the stage that left for Prescott. We were all up early that morning, eager to see Montreal. The clouds had gone and the mountain looked fresh and green. The town consisted of a few rows of buildings along the river. There being no wharf or dock the ship was hauled as close to the shore as her draft allowed, and a gangway of long planks on trestles set up. Nearly every passenger walked over it to say they had set foot on Canada. A number of the men went into the town to see it. In two hours one of them was brought back drunk and without a copper in his pockets. Mr Kerr told me he would stay in Montreal if he got a place. He returned in the afternoon to tell us he had got work and to take away his few belongings. He bade all good-bye. On coming to me, I went with him, for he had asked the mistress that I go with him to see the town. The narrowness of the streets and the foreign look of the houses with their high-pitched roofs impressed me less than the muddy roadways, for I had never thought there could be a town with unpaved streets and no sidewalks. Mr Kerr, on his way to his boarding-house, showed me the shop where he was to begin work next morning. While we were in his bedroom a gong sounded for supper. It was all new to me, the people, their talk, and the food. I went to see meat and potatoes for supper, hot buns, and apple-pies. After supper we had a walk, and in going along one of the streets there was a man before us carrying a baby. Raising her head above his shoulder the child looked at us and said something to him. Without reflecting, I wondered how a child could have learned French so early in life. On turning back to the ship Mr Kerr took me into a shop and bought me a cap, and I had need of one. On coming in front of the ship, he shook my hands as if he did not want to let me go, and made me promise I would write him and tell where we had settled. For himself, he would stay in Montreal at least long enough to get his belongings by ship from Greenock.

The captain having given notice that everybody must leave the ship next day, there was early bustling in finishing packing and arranging for the next stage in our journey, which was to be by a Durham

boat to Prescott. Carts were on hand to haul our luggage to the canal, where lay the boat that had been hired for our party. A carter hoisted a chest on his little vehicle and hurriedly drove off. Instead of taking the direction of the other carts, he went straight up the dump that led into the town. I shouted to him to stop. He laid his whip on the horse and drove faster. It flashed on me he was a thief, and I ran after him. I could never have caught up to him had it not been market day and the street was crowded with people and carts. I jumped up beside him and pulled at his collar to make him stop. He tried to push me on to the road, but I clung to him, when he lashed me with the whip. I shouted for help, but all being French they did not know what I said, but they saw something was wrong and with many exclamations the crowd stood staring at us. Just then a little, stout man, in a black gown, elbowed his way through the crowd, and asked me in English what was the matter. I told him the carter had stolen the chest. He spoke to the carter in French. 'The man denies it,' said the priest, for such I now guessed he was. I hurriedly narrated what had happened, and for proof pointed to the name painted on the chest. Speaking with severity to the carter, the fellow turned his horse towards the river and the priest told me he would take the chest back to where he took it. 'But he may not do so,' I exclaimed. The priest gave me a sharp look, as if surprised that I should be ignorant of his power. 'He dare not disobey me,' I thanked the priest from the bottom of my heart, and in a few minutes the carter had dumped the chest on the spot where he had taken it and drove away. On telling the mate what had happened, he said it was common for emigrants, both at Quebec and Montreal, to be robbed by fellows who regarded them as fair game.

We followed the cart that took the last of our luggage, forming quite a procession, and each one of us who was able carried something. I had a bag in one hand and an iron pot in the other. Grannie held a firm grip of Robbie, whom she feared might be lost in Montreal, for the puer laddie hadna a word of French. On coming to the canal we were disappointed with both it and the boat. The canal was a narrow ditch and as to the boat, it was short and narrow and had no deck, except a few feet at either end. 'We cannot live in that cockle-shell!' exclaimed Mrs Auld. Her owner replied 'She was one fine boat, new, built by Yankee.' He was the only one of the crew who understood English, and was quick in his motions. He soon had all we brought with us stowed, and when a corner was found for the last chest, it was a surprise where the crew and passengers could find standing-room. The decked portions were allotted the women and children, the men and boys roosted on top of boxes and bales as they could. When all was ready, the conductor took the helm, the crew lined up on the bank with a tow-line over their shoulders, and off we started. The weather was fine and the country we passed beautiful. At the first locks we came to, the mistress stepped to a farmhouse beside the canal, and came back with the pail she had taken with her full of milk. It was the first children had since we left Scotland. It was late in the day when the boat got to the end of the canal; the conductor, who told us to call him Treffe, said we would wait and have supper before going on the lake. Driftwood was gathered and fires made, pots and pans being set on stones. The crew fried fat pork, which, with bread, was their supper. We made porridge, for we had still a good supply of oatmeal, and of ship-biscuit. The sails were hoisted and we got away before it was quite dark. The wind was westerly so we had to tack. Had it not been that the boat had a centreboard we would have made small progress. The centreboard was a novelty to us, and we could see how close it helped the little vessel to sail in the eye of the wind. The size of the lake surprised everybody and all the more when Treffe told us it was the St Lawrence. 'My, it is a big river and it is in a big country!' exclaimed Mrs Auld. Everybody had to sleep as they best could; some slept sitting, more by leaning against one another, nobody had room to stretch themselves. We were tired and glad to rest in any way. Mrs Auld said we were like herring in a barrel, packed heads and thraws. In waking at daylight we heard the sound of water dashing and roaring, and looking upwards saw the river tumbling downwards in great waves, which were, for all the world, like those of the Atlantic in a gale, except that they stayed in the same place. Treffe said these waves were due to the rushing water striking big rocks in the bed of the river, over which they kept pouring, and gave the name Cascades to the rapid. The boat was tied up, as the crew were to have breakfast before their hard work in making a passage past the rapids. I went with the mistress to a house that was not far away for milk. A smiling woman met us at the door and asked us inside; the house was clean and neat. We tried to make her understand what we wanted but failed until I put the pail between my knees and imitated milking a cow. She laughed heartily and by signs made us know she did not have a cow. Stepping to the fireplace she dipped a tin into a big pot that simmered in a corner and handed it to the mistress. It was soup. Holding out some money, she made signs to fill the pail. Having done so she picked out five coppers from the money offered, and bade good-bye with many a smile and nod. The soup proved to be fine, just one drawback, its flavor of garlic. 'They use no split peas to make their pea-soup here,' remarked Mrs Auld, 'and it is an improvement.' 'No, no,' interjected Treffe, 'soup be good because all time kept boiling; pot by the fire Sunday to Sunday.' The chill in the morning air made the hot soup grateful.

(The next instalment of this narrative will appear in the Gleaner of Feb. 18.)

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NOTES OF THE WEEK

Last week the story was told of how the Germans suddenly assailed the British lines at La Basses and after a desperate struggle were driven back. On the morning of Saturday the Germans made a similar attack, this time on the French lines at Arras. Both attacks had a like purpose, to force a way thru the lines of the Allies and make for Paris, which is only 65 miles from Arras. After heavy cannonading of the French position, the Germans seemed to spring from the earth in a great multitude. Leaping from their trenches they raced over the 600 yards dividing the forces and attacked the French with their bayonets. The French fell back. One trench was taken and then another, and in the furious melee the French swore and the Germans yelled. More Germans appeared from all sides, encouraging each other shouting "Arras! Arras!" and advancing in an enormous mass comparable to a human battering ram against a steel wall. The report goes on to tell how the Germans swept on until they entered the ruined streets of Arras. Singing and shouting they thought they had triumphed when suddenly, from cannon concealed behind shattered walls, the French opened a fire that caused the Germans to drop in heaps. Panic stricken the front ranks turned and fled sweeping into the troops behind who were coming to their support. The French commander took in the situation, and gave the order to charge. The Germans fell back on their trenches they had left an hour before, leaving thousands on the field dead and wounded. The Kaiser had watched the fight mounted on horseback. He was intensely disappointed and is reported to have issued the announcement that he was leaving but would return February 16 and added: "I had brought some iron crosses to fasten on your breast, but I want to do so under at Arras on the Place du Public, so recollect that then you merit them more." All signs point to a great effort about to be made to force the passage of Aisne and march to Paris. For this purpose it is believed the Germans have along that river or within supporting distance two million soldiers. The Allies are energetically preparing to meet such a move. Britain is hurrying across the channel reinforcements to the number of 30,000 daily and the French have concentrated a vast army between the Aisne valley and Paris. Until spring sets in it is not likely this great movement will be attempted.

The experience of the war has brought the submarine to the front. A boat that, when it sees danger, can duck under the water like a seal, and rise on top when that is called for, has advantages over the mightiest ironclad that more than compensates for smallness and lack of speed. Facing a dreadnought, that has cost 3 or 4 million dollars, with a crew of 1100, and guns that can do deadly execution at 15 miles distance, the submarine is more than a match. She can come up to the dreadnought and fire a torpedo at her side which sends her to the bottom of the sea in a few minutes. The submarine has all the advantages of an unseen enemy, who deals powerful blows yet can easily parry return thrusts. At first, the submarine was small, could only remain under water for a short time, and could keep the sea only a day or two, having to run to its base for fresh supplies of food and gasoline. They were looked upon as useful for the defence of harbors and blockading the mouths of rivers. They have been developed into boats large enough to carry supplies for over a week and their speed has been increased. The Germans have shown they have submarines that can keep the sea long enough to sail round the British isles and wreck any vessel they may meet. On Saturday one of these boats sailed down the Irish channel and sank three merchant vessels, one after the other. The same boat, or a sister destroyer, visited the French coast about the same time and torpedoed two large vessels. One was coming from New Zealand and had as part of her cargo a large consignment of clothing and food contributed for the relief of the Belgians. The accounts given by the captains of the vessels sunk in the Irish channel were their sighting a low craft, almost level with the water, its coming alongside and boarding, ordering the crew to lower their boats and make for shore, and, as soon as they left, firing a torpedo that sent the innocent merchant trader to the bottom. On hearing of this, no steamer left Belfast for a day, insurance jumped, and alarm spread among merchants and shipowners. In such cases deception was used, the submarine flying the British

flag, this to prevent the captains of the doomed vessels clapping on steam and trying to escape, for the submarine is slow and cannot face high waves. How Britain will meet this new peril we shall see. She has more submarines than Germany and could retaliate if there were any of the enemy's ships afloat.

The Ottawa administration has issued what it calls the Agricultural War Book. Its purpose is to encourage farmers to a combined effort to increase the production of more food, the bait held out being high prices. Such eminent agriculturists as Premier Borden, Finance Minister White, and Hon. J. E. Caron are eloquent in advising farmers what they ought to do. Farmers for the first time are being recognized as the foundation stone of the Dominion, and told on them depends whether the armies in France are going to be fed.

Much of the advice in the book is excellent, tho' far from new, and part of it could only come from men who do not know the farmer's circumstances. Fancy the exhortation to stop killing calves and to raise more pigs. How can dairy men supply town and city with milk if they are not to deacon, and how can the rearing of pigs be increased when farmers have nothing to feed them? The entire pamphlet is based on the assumption that farmers do not know their business that they are producing much less than they could, and if they will only follow the advice now forced upon them they will become rich and all will be well with the Empire. Canada is preeminently an agricultural country. Its short seasons and the sealing of its ports by ice prevent its being anything else. Why, then, is its production of food not equal to any other? Is it not because, for over thirty years we have had governments that have taxed the farmers to pay subsidies to manufacturers and railway projects? Had the farmers been permitted, during that long term of years, to keep what they earned would agriculture be in the depressed condition we find it? Can a government go on year after year, pilfering the profits of the farmer to give them to somebody else, without the farmer becoming poor and discouraged? Why does Premier Borden not issue a Manufacturers' War Book, exhorting them to employ more hands, raise wages, and pay back into the public treasury a tithe of the millions of dollars they have sucked out of the farmers? He knows that would not do, that they are parasites on the body public, and so falls back on the farmers whom a succession of administrations, Conservative and Liberal, have agreed to rob. Why is not farming a most profitable calling in both East and West? Is it not because the farmer cannot pay help the same wages as the owners of subsidized industries in town and city. Men put their grain fields in hay and reduce their stock, because of the high cost of help brought about by an artificial industrial system. Why are millions upon millions of land, both East and West, left unimproved? Is it not, for two reasons, that it would not pay a return on the labor and outlay to bring them into cultivation, and because the greater part of these lands have been treacherously given away to companies and individuals, instead of being reserved for the settler who would make his home on them. The Agricultural War Book is an impertinence, considering it comes from politicians, and an insult to the farmers of the Dominion in assuming they are so ignorant they do not know what is good for them. Canada under a right tariff would today supply tenfold the produce it has now available. To increase that production she needs not lectures and war-books, but free-trade with every country that will grant her a like favor. Britain needs help in her hour of trial. Effective and immediate help can be given by the Dominion government at its present session by removing all duties on importations from the Motherland. The Hon. G. E. Foster dilated in Montreal last week on the unity of the Empire. If we are one, surely it is high time we should be one in buying and selling to each other.

The St Croix river is the boundary between Maine and Canada. At Vanceboro the river is crossed by a steel bridge, the joint property of the Maine Central and the C.P.R. At 2 o'clock Tuesday morning an explosion at the Canadian end of the bridge was heard, when it was discovered an attempt had been made to blow the bridge up with dynamite, but had been gone about so awkwardly that in only a steel beam had been damaged, also six bridge ties and an insular boiler post. The injury was repaired in a few hours sufficiently to allow trains to pass. Suspicion fixed on a stranger who had arrived from New York on Saturday and was seen examining the bridge. He was found in a hotel at Vanceboro; a dynamite cap and a plan of the bridge were found in his pockets. He admitted he

had tried to blow up the bridge, that his name was Werner Van Horn, and that he was an officer in the German army. In fixing the dynamite he had got wet and frozen a thumb. He was taken prisoner by U.S. officers. Canada claims he surrendered, as it was the Canadian end of the bridge that was injured. Van Horn contends he is not responsible, that his country is at war with Britain and he only committed an act of war.

Business at Quebec is being despatched with promptness. All the private bills are now in their final stages with the exception of a bill to amend the charter of Montreal. An effort is being made by the clique who plunder and misgovern the city to get rid of the controllers and to obtain power to authorize projects of a shady kind. It lies with the premier to protect the interests of the ratepayers.

Each day adds to the likelihood of Italy and Rumania taking part in the war. Both are rushing their preparations. Italy's quarrel is with Austria over the Italian territory she holds. Rumania is for helping Russia in Hungary and Servia.

That Russia is worrying the Turks in great style is no longer denied by Germany. During the week another victory has been won east of the Black sea. Of Turkey's advance on the Suez canal there is still no definite intelligence. There has been skirmishing, but apparently only with detached parties. That a great army is nearing the canal is doubted. If it does appear, the British are ready.

The German government has taken a step which indicates its supply of breadstuffs is running low. A decree came in force on Monday appropriating all stores of wheat, flour, rice, etc., paying the owners a fixed price. Bakers are ordered not to sell more than four pounds of bread to each head of their customers per week, and that bread not to be composed entirely of wheat flour, but of a mixture of rye and potatoes. This step has simplified the action of the British authorities regarding ships having cargoes of wheat or flour. As they will be appropriated on landing in Germany by the government, they are therefore contraband, and liable to seizure on the high seas. This, again, makes the attitude of the U.S. government more difficult, by raising a fresh barrier to the export of breadstuffs. Britain announces her cruisers will, after this, seize any ship loaded with food bound for a German port and that any ship so found will be confiscated, as well as her cargo. When war was declared there were 55 German steamships in New York and other American ports. These vessels dare not leave the harbor knowing they will be captured by the British cruisers. They are really all costly vessels, among them the Vaterland, the largest ship in the world. In interest on capital and dock charges, the wages of crews to keep them in order, these vessels are eating their heads off. The device of selling them to Americans did not work, would-be purchasers being afraid of the title being questioned in prize courts. To get over this, there is a bill before congress authorizing the U.S. government to buy them. The bill is looked upon as likely to cause trouble with England, so congress is expected to reject it. Even if passed, it is not easy to see how these ships would earn any profit if unable to carry cargoes of provisions to Germany.

There has been daily and severe fighting during the week in France but it has not been on a large scale, being confined to attempts to capture trenches. In these dashing affairs the Patricia regiment has distinguished itself. The net result leaves both sides pretty much where they have been for the past two months. At places the Allies have made some gains, and at others they have lost. This can be said, that desperate efforts to break the lines of the Allies have been decisively beaten off, and the Germans have learned that they are up against an ironclad obstruction. Along the seacoast, with the aid of the fleet, the British seem to have got a better hold, and are working towards Ostend.

In Poland there has been fighting of a kind that far surpasses anything in France. The dead and wounded are not counted by the hundred but by the thousand. In one struggle three German regiments were wiped out. Day after day the effort is renewed to gain Warsaw and as often the Germans are repulsed. In East Prussia the Russians are slowly making their way towards the Baltic and to the south they are threatening the heart of the country. There is no reason to doubt the reports of their progress in Hungary, where a great battle is going on.

ST STASISLAS
Considerable hay, straw and grain have been shipped from here during the past few weeks. The chances are that tempted by the high prices many farmers are selling themselves short.

HOWICK
Mr. Stacey, who has bought a building lot from Thomas Gebbie, situated next to Geo. McClenaghair, is making preparations to build in the spring.
Rev. Mr. Mingie occupied English River and Howick pulpits on Sunday to advocate the cause of the Lord's Day Alliance.
Aubrey has now defeated Howick District Round and Ormstown for the present year. Carried.
Howick ice on Monday night between Howick and Ormstown. Eight latter winning by one point. Eight men went to Montreal for the Governor-General's prize and also to play with eight of the St Andrew's club for the District Andrew's club.
James Crawford, Howick, and W. Templeton, Scotch concession, Riverfield, were elected elders for the Riverfield and Howick congregations.

ATHELSTAN
Squire Judkins' Paring Bee drew an audience that filled Munro hall Monday evening, despite a bitter east wind. The picture of past days proved alike amusing and entertaining in costumes, dialogues, songs, and dances were all of the olden time, and a comical representation of the paring-bees when log-shanties were the rule. The humor of Wells Lumsden and Arthur Grant excited roars of laughter. By the event the W.C. T. U. adds \$50 to their funds.

ORMSTOWN PARISH COUNCIL
Met on Monday 1st of February; present: Mayor Martin, Councillors Hooker, Elliot, Winter, Collum, Guerin, Rice.
Moved by Elliot, seconded by Guerin, that W. T. Rice be mayor for the present year. Carried.
On the pro-cess-verbal, prepared by Thomas Winter, special superintendent, being read regarding the front road on lots Nos. 82 and 81, in the first range, it was homologated with the following amendment:—Whenever the by-road connecting the old road with the new relocation on lot number 82, ceases to be a road, the said by-road becomes the property of William Green and the width of said by-road shall be not less than 36 feet between fences.
Moved by Winter, seconded by Hooker, that \$115 be paid Wm. Greer in settlement for change of front road, on his property, including a by-road connecting with said road.
R. McCurdy petitioned to have a process-verbal amended sufficiently to drain his property. The rural inspector was instructed to examine and file his report by 3rd May.
A number of accounts were ordered paid.
The secretary read a report from the Department of Roads, stating that the government cannot supply the parish with the sums required for contracts forwarded them on January 4, 1915, for macadamizing roads during the year 1915.

ORMSTOWN VILLAGE COUNCIL
Met on Monday evening; present: McGerrigle, Hestie, Cooper, Baird Reid, Chambers, Maw.
Moved by Maw, seconded by Hestie, that H. H. Chambers be mayor for the present year.
Coun. Chambers took the oath of office.
Moved by Hestie, seconded by Cooper, that the accounts as read by the secretary be ordered paid.
HINCHINBROOK COUNCIL
Met Monday; all present.
Moved by Wm. Anderson, seconded by Leggett, that Coun. Gode be re-elected mayor.
Moved by Leggett, seconded by Wilson, that the following bills be paid:—For road work, Henry Wilson, \$1.35; Jacob Helm, \$4.95; A. R. Anderson, \$8.25; Tim Geraghty, 78 loads gravel, \$6.24; Jacob Helm taking down fences 1913 and 1914 \$10.50; Nelson Parquhar, damages to reaper broken at Kelly bridge, \$3.40; P. McLaren, 4 days' board, Sarah Perkins, 80c.
Moved by Joseph Anderson, seconded by Wilson, the secretary was instructed to serve a notice on all who are in arrears for taxes.
Moved by Leggett, seconded by Joseph Anderson, that the secretary be instructed to apply for the allocation of the balance of the money loaned to this municipality under the Good Roads act, and the mayor and secretary be authorized to sign coupons for the same.
Moved by Gordon, seconded by Wm. Anderson, that the mayor notify Wm. Miller that by-law No. 139, forbidding the erection or maintaining of any building of any kind within a distance of two feet from the boundary line, will be enforced.

ELGIN COUNCIL
Met Feb. 1st; all present.
Moved by Bell, seconded by Anderson, that Coun. Brown be re-elected mayor.
A by-law was adopted for the purpose of raising money to meet urgent demands.
On motion of McFarlane, seconded by Coffey, the secretary was authorized to proceed to collect all taxes.
Owing to numerous complaints regarding the New York Central railway blocking the public road at Athelstan station, the secretary was authorized to write the Railway commission at Ottawa regarding the matter.
It was moved by Stewart, that the road committee be re-elected for another year.
On motion of Donnelly, seconded by Anderson, the road committee was authorized to visit Brims Brook in connection with outlet to small culvert opposite their property.

ROCKBURN
An interesting lecture on Home and Foreign missions, and the work of the Women's Missionary society, was given in the Presbyterian church on Thursday evening last by Mrs. Woods of Riverfield. The address was forceful and inspiring. The great need of work among the immigrants being especially emphasized.

DUNDEE
At the meeting of the council the only business done was re-electing H. B. Gardner mayor and adopting the financial statement.
HEMINGFORD TOWNSHIP COUNCIL
Met on February 1st; all present. On motion of Rutherford, seconded by Lavallee, W. M. Horne was appointed mayor.
On motion of Rutherford, seconded by Fisher, the report of the auditor, Martin B. Fisher, was accepted.
HEMINGFORD VILLAGE COUNCIL
Met on Feb. 1st; all present but Coun. Collinge.
On motion of Keady, seconded by Harris, Coun. McCansie was appointed mayor.
The secretary-treasurer, Robert Ellerton, tendered his resignation as secretary-treas, and on motion of Coun. Noel, seconded by Coun. Hadley, this resignation was accepted.
Coun. Blair tendered his resignation, which was accepted, and he was appointed secretary-treasurer.

CANADA
At a temperance meeting in Montreal Bishop Parfing emphasized the economic aspect of the case, asserting that the amount of foodstuffs consumed in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors could all be spared at the present time. What would happen, he asked, if Canada were faced with a couple of poor wheat crops before the war was over? In answer to this hypothetical question, the Bishop predicted disastrous conditions of food scarcity. He took the stand that Canada should endeavor to stop the traffic altogether till the end of the war.
A government return shows that Quebec is divided as follows:— 72 Rural municipalities 881 Village municipalities 161 Town municipalities 64 City municipalities 11 Total 1,105
The town of Lachine has refused to renew licenses, so that 4 hotels, one liquor store, and five bottling establishments will close May 1.
It is a common assertion that refusal of license causes blind pigs to come into existence. There were over 500 places in Montreal licensed last year to sell liquor, yet the returns of the recorder's office states that no fewer than 251 were charged with selling liquor without a license, and convicted.
In a trial going on at Toronto it came out that the management of a swindling company deliberately sent out canvassers into townships where the farmers are well-off to persistently work them at buying stock. Getting a high percentage they unloaded thousands of dollars on the farmers.
An Ottawa return by the government analysts gives a poor account of the milk supplied to Valleyfield. A. Poirier supplied milk that was poor in quality and dirty. O. Dorris was a better. Of the Montreal Cotton company's milk two samples were analyzed, and found to be poor in butter-fat and dirty. Louis Henault's milk was thin but clean. Filda and F. X. Leduc's were alike poor and dirty. None showed over 3.74 of butter fat. The lowest was the Cotton Co.'s, 3.26.
Chief Justice Davidson has retired from the bench, and is succeeded by Judge Archibald.
The bill to revive the Hemmingford and Huntingdon railway charter has been passed at Quebec. It gives the company three years to carry out its promised railway.

In sentencing a Toronto lawyer to 5 years in the penitentiary for assisting to defraud the public by selling stocks and shares in the National Agency company, the Judge remarked, every attempt was made to get people to invest in stocks and debentures when it was known that they were not worth a cent. Your agents were sent from one end of the Dominion to the other and were diligent in their efforts to get people to take the stock. You did not seem to care whether you took the money from the rich or the poor. Then you went to the Old Country and succeeded in getting three-quarters of a million dollars, although you had to pay almost \$250,000 to get it. Seemingly you did not care where it came from. The manager of the concern, Mr. Yates, fled the country. He drew over \$70,000 out of the concern. Others of the gang are to be dealt with.

Washington, Feb. 1.—Under an agreement reached tonight, the Canadian government will settle claims growing out of the recent shooting of two American duck-hunters by Canadian militiamen by paying \$10,000 to the heirs of Walter Smith, who was killed, and \$5,000 to Charles Dorach, who was wounded, in addition to all legal expenses.
Quebec, Feb. 1.—Mr. Teller, M.L.A. for Joliette, and leader of the Conservative Opposition in the legislature of Quebec since the retirement of Hon. P. E. Leblanc from that body in 1908, has signified to his supporters in the house and to the leading Conservatives of his constituency that he has decided to retire from the leadership. Mr. Teller declares, to the great regret of his loyal followers, that he desires to be relieved of the position he has held at the head of his party to the satisfaction of all and then he will likewise resign his seat as a member for the county of Joliette. As to his retirement from the Conservative leadership, Mr. Teller has made it known officially to the whips and all others interested that his decision to vacate the position must be considered final.
Montreal, Feb. 1.—The cattle market was quiet with no change in prices. There was also an improved demand for canned stock from packers and a fair trade was done in bulls at \$4.75 to \$5, and cows at \$4 to \$4.25 per 100lb. Hogs were in good supply. Selected lots of \$8.50, and stags at \$4.40 to \$4.50 per 100lb. weighed off cars.

One of the most remarkable cases of accidental death is reported from Ireland. In the town of Killatoe Dr. Paul Ryah was ill and his friend, Dr. Burke, called to see him. The invalid invited Dr. Burke to take some whiskey from a bottle which he had in his room and took some himself. The appalling mystery is that both drank without noticing that the liquid was a deadly poison. Dr. Burke died in a few hours. Dr. Ryah is likely to survive. At an inquest on the deceased man it was explained that a girl in the house, noticing that a limnetic bottle was leaking, had transferred the poison into an empty whiskey bottle, and it was from this that the fatal stuff was taken.
London, Jan. 20.—A casualty list issued tonight shows that the British armored merchant vessel Victoria, which was lost off the coast of Ireland several days ago, carried a crew of 258, composed of naval reserve men and boys belonging to the mercantile marine, all of whom perished. Among the crew were 24 Royal naval reserve men from Newfoundland. It is believed she struck a mine, planted by a German fishing boat, flying the British flag.

WAR NOTES
The Noise of Big Guns
A letter from a soldier says— There is a fine German airship hanging around like a great blue-bottle up in the sky, and now and then our gunners are trying to bring it down, but they haven't done it yet. It's the quantity, not the quality of the German shells that is having effect on us, and it's not so much the actual damage to life as the nerve-racking row that counts for so much. Townsman who are used to the noise and roar of streets can stand it better than the countryside, and I think you will find that by far the fittest men are those of regiments mainly recruited in the big cities. A London lad near me says it's no wonder the roar of motor buses and other traffic in the city on a busy day.
Mike Clancy's Joke
An Irish soldier writes—Mike Clancy is that droll with his larking and bamboozling the Germans that he makes us nearly split our sides laughing at him and his ways. Yesterday he got a stick and a pig cap on it, so that it peeped up above the trench just like a man, and then the Germans kept shouting away at it until they must have used up tons of ammunition. What a Private of the Buffs relates how an infantryman got temporarily separated from his regiment at Mons and lay concealed in a trench while the Germans prowled around. Just when he thought they had left him for good ten troops came forward on foot to the trench. The hidden infantryman waited until they were half way up the slope, and then sprang out of his hiding place with a cry of "Now, lads, give them hell!" Without waiting to see the "lads" the Germans took to their heels.
How the Stokers Feel in Battle
Writing home a stoker on a warship that was in the recent fight with the Germans, says—It was a terribly anxious time for me. I can tell you, as we stayed down there keeping the engines going at their top speed in order to cut off the Germans from their line. We could hear the awful din around and the scarping of the tars on deck as they rushed about from point to point, and we knew what was to be the fore when we caught odd glimpses of the stretcher-bearers with their ghastly burdens. We heard the shells crashing against the sides of the ship or shrieking overhead as they passed harmlessly into the water, and we knew that at any moment one might strike us in a vital part and send us below for good. It is ten times harder on the men whose duty is in the engine-room than for those on deck taking part in the fighting overhead as they passed harmlessly into the water, and we knew that at any moment one might strike us in a vital part and send us below for good. 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