

THE MONTREAL "WITNESS" PRIZE POEM.

The following is the poem to which the prize recently offered by the Montreal Witness for the best Canadian Ballad has been awarded by the judges, namely, Mr. James Curran, Rev. J. P. Stevenson, and Samuel E. Dawson, publisher. Mr. Murray, the winner, is a gentleman of considerable note in the literary world. The Witness says that almost three hundred poems were submitted for this prize. It was a good idea to set the scholars of Canada, old and young, to work, basing through the history of the country for heroic deeds. The one here recorded is worthy of ranking with the immortal ballad of Lancelot. The six poems which received honorable mention by the judges will, with this one, be illustrated by the first artist of Canada, and published in an early number of the New Dominion Monthly, so that our Canadian artists will have a chance for friendly emulation as well as for profit.

HOW CANADA WAS SAVED. PRIZE POEM BY GEORGE WELBY, B. A., OXF.

(Time: May, 1900.)

"If I had the power to give a respite, France's sword would be broken, and her empire would be a name no more, and her people no more."

"A penny for your thoughts, Gerald, or are they worth it?"

"Scarcely," he answers, dryly; "I was thinking how unlimited is a woman's passion for flattery."

"Granted, mon amie, but she also has a liking for the truth, and there must really be a little ground for that flattery."

"That is the last essential in most cases," he answers; "and when it cannot actually be considered at all, a lack of common sense must balance accounts pretty fairly, I think."

Le Neige laughs merrily.

"Then I am glad that only a few weeks ago you called me a sensible girl, don't you remember?" she asks, laying her hands upon his arm, "the day we first started; and as I am honest enough to admit that in my own opinion, I am not positively ugly, I mean to claim all compliments as legitimate property. Can't you think of something pretty, just now, Gerald?" she adds, looking up at him in the starlight.

"No," he answers, with a laugh, whose strangeness Rose does not notice, as you know it is not in my province. Such things only come natural to fellows like Hammond."

"She knows it too, and in her pure, brave heart, despises anything of the kind, and to herself is most inordinately proud of Captain Aylmer's thorough uprightness in not, even for her, sacrificing his principles of truth. After a little while—during which nothing has happened—she asks, softly laying her face upon the hands which clasp his arm.

"Gerald, is Cyril Hammond a good man?"

"It depends upon your own particular conception of a good man," he tells her, shortly.

"I mean is he a religious man? Does he—does he believe as we believe?"

"I have never heard him express anything to the contrary, and I told you my opinion of him sometime ago, if I remember."

"When?" she asks, wonderingly.

"There must be a strange fascination about him to make you so soon forget it, Ma belle Rose."

"What do you mean?" and the dark eyes look up into his face. "Perhaps I do not understand you."

"Why should you not?" he says, impatiently, unconsciously clasping her hands so hard that she had almost to cry with the pain. "If you are going to be my wife, Le Neige, you must at once give up all claim to the society of such men as Cyril Hammond."

"But why?" she asks, innocently.

"The mere fact of my talking to him will not hurt me, and assuredly I do not recognize him as a friend. Are you going to play the grand Turk, Gerald, and shut me up where no one can see me but myself. It would be such a pity for I am afraid that you would be the first to tire of the novel experiment, and even Lieutenant Hammond can be entertaining sometimes."

"I am not going to shut you up, I would not do that if the mere closing of a door would keep you for me forever. No, Rose, such love as mine can never stoop to the slightest coercion. But my wife—like Caesar—must be beyond even the faintest breath of conventional criticism. No woman calling herself by my name can ever count Cyril Hammond among her friends."

"Gerald Aylmer is a thorough Saxon, warm-hearted, and equally warm-tempered, and he fancies just now that he has more than sufficient justification to indulge the latter in an unlimited proportion."

"Unfortunately he does not stop to think that the girl to whom he is speaking may be blessed with a like endowment."

"Had he but asked her kindly, however unreasonable she might feel the request to be, she would have yielded without a word. As it is she snatches her hands away from him—tells him that in her face which—too late—warns him that she may have made a serious mistake."

"You exercise your authority early, is all she says."

"I know you love me, but you have never understood me as if you think that, for one moment, I could listen to such an absurd proposition as that. When I promised to marry you I did not necessarily promise to relinquish all my claims upon society. I am certainly competent to use my own discretion in the selection of my friends."

"You are not," he answers, passionately; "no woman knows a man as well as men do."

"I can certainly appreciate a gentleman. You will be calmer to-morrow and then you will perceive how impossible it would be for you and I to marry, if you had not better turn in to-night this."

She has gradually moved further away while she has been speaking, now she turns with the last word to leave him. "Le Neige," he says, through his teeth, and catching hold of her dress: "Good heavens, I never doubted your love for me. What do you mean? You are not in earnest?"

He had been thinking in his warmth whether it would be possible for him to forgive her. Now another possibility presents itself, whether she will ever give him the chance, and the thought of all that—that only man causes him to bitterly repent his usual ruminations. "Yes, I am very much in earnest, Gerald," she says, gently, but firmly, straightening up her proud spirit to hide the pain

LA NEIGE. (Written for the Herald.)

A SKETCH, BY MRS. BEATRICE MCGOURN.

"A penny for your thoughts, Gerald, or are they worth it?"

"Scarcely," he answers, dryly; "I was thinking how unlimited is a woman's passion for flattery."

"Granted, mon amie, but she also has a liking for the truth, and there must really be a little ground for that flattery."

"That is the last essential in most cases," he answers; "and when it cannot actually be considered at all, a lack of common sense must balance accounts pretty fairly, I think."

Le Neige laughs merrily.

"Then I am glad that only a few weeks ago you called me a sensible girl, don't you remember?" she asks, laying her hands upon his arm, "the day we first started; and as I am honest enough to admit that in my own opinion, I am not positively ugly, I mean to claim all compliments as legitimate property. Can't you think of something pretty, just now, Gerald?" she adds, looking up at him in the starlight.

"No," he answers, with a laugh, whose strangeness Rose does not notice, as you know it is not in my province. Such things only come natural to fellows like Hammond."

"She knows it too, and in her pure, brave heart, despises anything of the kind, and to herself is most inordinately proud of Captain Aylmer's thorough uprightness in not, even for her, sacrificing his principles of truth. After a little while—during which nothing has happened—she asks, softly laying her face upon the hands which clasp his arm.

"Gerald, is Cyril Hammond a good man?"

"It depends upon your own particular conception of a good man," he tells her, shortly.

"I mean is he a religious man? Does he—does he believe as we believe?"

"I have never heard him express anything to the contrary, and I told you my opinion of him sometime ago, if I remember."

"When?" she asks, wonderingly.

"There must be a strange fascination about him to make you so soon forget it, Ma belle Rose."

"What do you mean?" and the dark eyes look up into his face. "Perhaps I do not understand you."

"Why should you not?" he says, impatiently, unconsciously clasping her hands so hard that she had almost to cry with the pain. "If you are going to be my wife, Le Neige, you must at once give up all claim to the society of such men as Cyril Hammond."

"But why?" she asks, innocently.

"The mere fact of my talking to him will not hurt me, and assuredly I do not recognize him as a friend. Are you going to play the grand Turk, Gerald, and shut me up where no one can see me but myself. It would be such a pity for I am afraid that you would be the first to tire of the novel experiment, and even Lieutenant Hammond can be entertaining sometimes."

"I am not going to shut you up, I would not do that if the mere closing of a door would keep you for me forever. No, Rose, such love as mine can never stoop to the slightest coercion. But my wife—like Caesar—must be beyond even the faintest breath of conventional criticism. No woman calling herself by my name can ever count Cyril Hammond among her friends."

"Gerald Aylmer is a thorough Saxon, warm-hearted, and equally warm-tempered, and he fancies just now that he has more than sufficient justification to indulge the latter in an unlimited proportion."

"Unfortunately he does not stop to think that the girl to whom he is speaking may be blessed with a like endowment."

"Had he but asked her kindly, however unreasonable she might feel the request to be, she would have yielded without a word. As it is she snatches her hands away from him—tells him that in her face which—too late—warns him that she may have made a serious mistake."

"You exercise your authority early, is all she says."

"I know you love me, but you have never understood me as if you think that, for one moment, I could listen to such an absurd proposition as that. When I promised to marry you I did not necessarily promise to relinquish all my claims upon society. I am certainly competent to use my own discretion in the selection of my friends."

"You are not," he answers, passionately; "no woman knows a man as well as men do."

"I can certainly appreciate a gentleman. You will be calmer to-morrow and then you will perceive how impossible it would be for you and I to marry, if you had not better turn in to-night this."

She has gradually moved further away while she has been speaking, now she turns with the last word to leave him. "Le Neige," he says, through his teeth, and catching hold of her dress: "Good heavens, I never doubted your love for me. What do you mean? You are not in earnest?"

He had been thinking in his warmth whether it would be possible for him to forgive her. Now another possibility presents itself, whether she will ever give him the chance, and the thought of all that—that only man causes him to bitterly repent his usual ruminations. "Yes, I am very much in earnest, Gerald," she says, gently, but firmly, straightening up her proud spirit to hide the pain

in her voice. "And I mean that the man who is to be my husband must never set towards me like this. To me—first of all—he must be a gentleman."

"They are hard words, and bitterly they come back to her in the after years when only the memory of this time is left to her."

He lets her go then. The Aylmers are all passionate but they are all proud, and what she has said is far too plain to be misunderstood. It is equivalent to her doubting his right to that title which should be synonymous with that of an English officer.

"By heaven its all over now," he mutters, striding off; "were she the queen herself I could not be the first to see after that."

Three hours afterwards when the breeze that has been blowing freshly all day and evening suddenly calms down, and the Aylmer, like the trunk of some mighty tree, lay motionless upon the waveless waters, Le Neige—wrapped closely in a dark, blue water-proof—comes on to the now almost deserted deck. Her face—even by the dim light of the stars—is unusually pale, as she throws back the hood of her cloak to obtain more air.

"I was wrong," she says, clasping her hands a trick she has when anything troubles her—poor Le Neige! so little of trouble has ever come near her, hitherto.

"Knowing how passionate he is, I should have been lenient. But then, how could I! Had he asked me differently, I would have acknowledged—that I know to be the truth—that he was right. Now, I cannot, I cannot. What would he think of me if I did! In my own way I am as proud as he is, but we women are so apt to place our love first. How could he humiliate me so?" she cries, with sudden exasperation; "A man never can love without exasperating so much. Even in that they are selfish as in all things. He had no right to speak to me so; even to please him I could not be discourteous to anyone. O! dear, was there ever such a wretched girl, and just too as I was going to be so happy, and the sweetest tender mouth that has spoken such firm words to Gerald Aylmer, troubles pitifully. She has not the very slightest intention of yielding, but the struggle will cost her dear for all that."

"I wish to-morrow were here and over, and after that all days will be alike."

"The dearest day, live but to-morrow, will have passed away."

"But it will not pass away," she murmurs, as the words occur to her.

"How can it when I can never forget."

An hour passes and she is still there, the middle watch has been called and for a little space there is some confusion and talking among the men, and then all is quiet—no one heeding the slight, dully robed figure standing so quietly in the shadow with such a wistful far away look upon her white face.

Then through the deep, still silence, there comes a cry; a sharp, startled cry that as she hears it, makes Le Neige shiver with an awful horror. A cry whose terrible significance goes home with agonizing thrills to the stoutest hearts.

Fire!

Overheating in its merciless import on land, but more terrible than imagination could picture, must be the utter helplessness—the awful and complete desolation of those who bear it upon the waste of the trackless sea.

In less than a moment everything is started confusion. Men running with wild faces to ascertain the whereabouts of the dreadful catastrophe which has overshadowed them.

State-room doors are flung open, while their inmates, rebel only as they have sprung out of their berths, rush upon the deck. Even the girls stand in hopeless bewilderment, stumped into inaction by the sudden horror.

Now, above the deafening noise and confusion, the stern voice of the commander is heard, to be obeyed even in this dire extremity, with the promptness that ever speaks well for both captain and crew.

"Off with the hatches," he cries, through his trumpet, "steadily and cool boys; work with a will; work for your lives. Rig the hose and stand by with the buckets." The fire is in the fore hold, and immediately the covering is raised, the flames leap to the deck with hungry avidity. The men stand bravely to their work, straining every nerve to check the monster at its birth, but with no avail.

The sharp hiss of the tongues of fire, only shows what fearful headway they have already gained.

And no hope is imparted upon every man's face, as plainly as though the words were written there.

The awful flare of light, the crackling sound of the flames, and the terrible rapidity with which they seize hold of every thing inflammable from the tarry fore-stay to the masts, rigging, and at last the deck itself, is truly appalling.

The Aylmer is doomed.

Even Le Neige, who is never once moved through all the awful time, becomes conscious of it at last.

She looks round eagerly now to catch sight of a form which she suddenly remembers with a sickening, undefined fear, she has not seen from the first. And only Le Neige knows how impossible it would be for him to be any where near her, and she is not aware of it.

"Get ready the boats," the captain cries, steadily. "Mr. Warner see that each one is amply provisioned and grand ready with a gang of men to lower away when I give the word. Keep quiet men for the sake of your lives." As a perfect stampede is made for the boats, the only

thing now, perhaps, between them and eternity; and remember that the women and children go first. "We must save them if we cannot save ourselves."

The fall of the foremost cuts his words short and warns them with fatal significance that not an instant is to be lost! And now suddenly there comes to some the knowledge—hitherto forgotten—of the supplies of ammunition stored away in the after part of the vessel, and the recollection has power to blanch the hardest cheek.

"Stand back," the first officer cries, promptly, as—heedless of the captain's orders—some of the men rush forward to swing themselves into the waiting boats.

"Who will help me," he adds, sternly; "to make them remember that they are men, and that we—next to God—have the lives of helpless women and children in our care?"

"I will, and heaven help the first man who is hardly going to forget it."

None better could have come forward, for in his superb strength, Gerald Aylmer looks a perfect Hercules in connection with the boat.

"Let me go first, I can help as they are sent down."

And Cyril Hammond, his face ghastly with fear, attempts to rush past them.

"Back, coward!" Captain Aylmer hisses, seizing him by the collar and hurling him to one side as though he were a dog.

"You are a disgrace, but you make a fitting example."

"Lower away," now calls the captain, "and keep steady men for God's sake!"

One by one the women and children are lowered over the ship's side, until three boats are sent away with their living freight, each with two or three experienced hands—picked from among the older seamen—to guide them. The fourth one is half full, when all at once Gerald thrusts another man into his self-appointed post, and in an awful agony of doubt, goes in search of Le Neige.

He has not forgotten her. All along he has seen her as she stands leaning against the bulwarks, and he knows that when it is time he can call to her.

Almost unconsciously he has left her to the last, so that if all is well she may be the nearer to him. In this supreme moment all other memory than that of his deep love for her, is a naught. The hasty words spoken by both are as though they had never been. All he knows, all he feels is that they are both in deadly peril and he prays that God may spare her.

The last woman to leave the deck has been his mother—poor Mrs. Aylmer, whose clinging arms he had to take from his neck almost by force, and when he looked up from her tear-stained face, the faithful face which, alas! he is to see never again in this life—to call to Le Neige, Le Neige is gone.

He rushes madly to different portions of the burning deck, blindly sometimes, for the heat is scorching. He calls her name again and again, but only the noise of burning timber, and the shouting of half-maddened men, send it back to him derisively. He finds her at last. Finds her crouching upon a coil of rope with the raging flames dangerously near, and her white face and larger, dark eyes, looking white and darker by the flanking background, and the solemn sky overhead.

"Come, Rose," he says, simply, stretching out his arms to her; "(arise) it's time to go, and they are waiting for us."

"No, no," she cries springing to her feet; "with you, Gerald, only with you. I will not go alone."

"You will not be alone; mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts, are with you. They have left their dear ones in God's hands. Cannot you, my Rose?"

"Yes, O, yes," she answers, pressing her hands to her head, "but I cannot leave you. Don't you see that I was hiding? I would have stayed here until I saw you leaving then I would have gone, or I would have stayed until all hope was over, and gone to you then, so that we might go together. But ask me not to leave you now, for I will not."

"God help us both, my darling, you must. I dare not endanger other lives for ours, and a moment's delay now may mean death. God take care of my poor girl, my own Le Neige."

And he takes her up in his arms as though she were an infant.

A few rapid steps bring them to the gangway, when Gerald sees that the remainder of the boat is already filled with men, and steps short. A voice cries out "Room for one more, but make haste, for the love of God." Some one attempts to take her from him, but he brushes past without a word.

(To be continued.)

This is a boy's composition on girls, but he evidently had a man's head on his young shoulders. What he learned by shrewd observation others have learned by experience. He says—"Girls is the only folks in several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousand other girls if she wants to do anything. This is all I know about girls, and father says the less I know about them the better off I am."

C. MCGOURTY, City Contractor, No. 208 Waterloo Street.

J. L. MCCOSKERY, (Late with H. Chubb & Co.) STATIONER, PRINTER, BOOKBINDER, ENNIS & GARDNER'S BUILDING, PRINCE WM. STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Commercial Hotel Opposite the Depot, BRENN'S BRICK BLOCK, ST. STEPHEN, N. B. GEO. W. FOSTER, Proprietor.

THE HOUSE is New and Commodious, and every attention will be given to the comfort of its guests. TERMS REASONABLE. Fine sample rooms on the premises and Egan & McCarty's large and spacious Livery and Boarding Stables, are also connected in connection with the Hotel. Baggage taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

WHISKEY. Just received ex. "Hibernian" from Liverpool 8 Q. "Black & White" WHISKY, 70 cases "Lowland" 10 "Hawthorn" 20 "Old" 20 "Old" 20 For sale low, by M. A. FINN.

CLUB AGENTS WANTED. "THE WEEKLY MAIL." Enlarged to Eight Pages. No Increase in Price.

It is nearly six years since the "MAIL" was established, and during that time it has gradually acquired circulation and influence, which renders it second to no other newspaper in the Dominion. The Publishers have great pleasure in announcing that they purpose to still further increase this circulation by greatly improving the WEEKLY MAIL, during the ensuing year, whereby he hopes to make it The Great Family Paper of Canada.

Special Editors have been engaged for the various Departments, and no expense will be spared to make the whole paper INTERESTING AND RELIABLE.

The MAIL will remain true to the principles it has always advocated, and it is intended to make it, by the aid of each additional strength as ample capital can afford, even a more potent champion of the Conservative cause.

ALL THE BEST DEPARTMENTS OF NEWS, POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE AND EDITORIAL, will be continued with unabated vigor.

During 1875 the following Departments will receive special attention: Agricultural, in its various branches, made specially interesting by a series of prize articles on leading subjects. We propose that our subscribers shall make this a Mutual Improvement Society, and that each one shall add his name to the "Market Reports" will be a specialty; we will use every means to secure their complete "reliability."

Our Literary Department will be a leading feature. Stories both short and long, and many other departments, will be made as interesting as possible. We have no doubt, prove an excellent medium for the dissemination of the Household, Cultural Matters, the care of Children, Health in the Household, and the value of the WEEKLY MAIL.

During the year we will treat our readers to a tour through a portion of Canada, with descriptions of the House, Farms, Factories, Natural Scenery, etc. Our "Ladies Department" will be made for illustrating the WEEKLY MAIL during the coming year. Price as before, \$1.00 Per annum. Special Agents Wanted Everywhere.

BASS' ALE. N. WAREHOUSE—30 Packages BASS' ALE, in hhd., 1/2, and 1/4 cask. For sale low. M. A. FINN, Haas Building.

Queen Hotel, WATER STREET, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated on Reasonable Terms. Livery and Boarding Stables in connection with the House.

D. W. McCormick, Proprietor.

W. Martin & Son, Custom Tailor and Clothier, HAS REMOVED TO HIS NEW BUILDING DOCK STREET, (Old Stand), SAINT JOHN, N. B.

WHERE WE WILL CARE FOR THE TAILORING BUSINESS IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS. WE ARE NOW SHOWING SPLENDID VALUE IN Lace Curtains, Curtain Laces, Wool Damasks, TAPETRY CARPETS, WOOL TABLE CLOTHS, LINEN TABLE CLOTHS, Union Carpets, Hemp Carpets, Hearth Rugs, DOOR MATS, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, TABLE OIL CLOTHS, &c., &c.

H. & H. A. MCCULLOUGH, PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

The Faith of our Fathers' BY BISHOP GIBBONS.

THE Most popular Book of its kind ever published in this country

30,000 COPIES SOLD IN THREE MONTHS!

Every Catholic in the Dominion should read it.

PRICE IN PAPER COVER 50 CTS., OR IN CLOTH \$1. Sent postpaid on receipt of price to any part of the Dominion.

EDW. HANEY & CO., - - KING STREET SAINT JOHN, N. B.

LANDRY & CO., GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE

CELEBRATED ESTEY ORGANS

FINEST ORGANS IN THE WORLD

WE refer with pleasure to upwards of 600 of these Beautiful Instruments sold by us in the Lower Provinces during the past four years. They are Favorites Everywhere. Their prices range from \$70 upwards. A Beautifully Illustrated CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST sent free on application.

Write us for anything wanted in the Musical line and your orders will receive prompt attention.

LANDRY & CO., No. 52 King Street, (Old Stand) St. John, N. B.

HARRISON'S PERISTALTIC LOZENGES

ARE A POSITIVE CURE FOR Costiveness, Dyspepsia and Piles!

They are tonic as well as laxative, and differ from all physical Pills. They are superseding every other Biliousness, Dizziness, Flatulence, Headache, Liver Complaint, Oppression of Food, Palpitation, Sick Headache, &c. Also, the Best WORM MEDICINE ever used.

They are pleasant to take, set promptly, cause no pain, NEVER REQUIRE INCREASE OF DOSE, effect a thorough digestion of the Food, do not weaken the stomach, require no detention from business. Physicians prescribe them; Clergymen use them; Lawyers recommend them; the Medical, Religious, and nothing else. Price 25 and 50 cents per box, and sold by druggists or will be sent to any address, postage free, on receipt of price.

E. S. HARRISON & CO., Sackville, N. B.

Three Building Lots to Lease

TO lease for 14 years, with usual conditions, except that spiritual figures are not to be sold on the premises, the following desirable Building Lots, viz: No. 1, on the corner of Carleton and British streets, extending back 70 feet, with privileges of alley in the rear. Rental \$50 per annum. No. 2, lot on Carleton street adjoining No. 1, 55 feet frontage, extending back 70 feet, with privilege of alley in the rear. Rental \$70 per annum. No. 3, lot on Carleton street adjoining Lot No. 2, 25 feet frontage, extending back 70 feet, with privilege of alley in rear. Rental \$70 per annum. This whole property has a frontage of 100 feet on Carleton street and 80 feet on British street. Total area 4,000 feet.

By order of WILHELM MARSHALL, Treasurer Protestant Orphan Asylum.

CANDAGE BROS., Dealers in Wines, Liquors, Cigars, &c.

14 CANTERBURY ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

HAWKES BROTHERS, Dealers in Ales, Wines and Liquors, 48 GERMAIN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

NEW HATS, SPRING STYLES FOR 1878.

HAVING received our new Spring styles of SILK HAT BOCKS, we are now prepared to furnish the Broadway Style of silk hats, and orders for the same will be executed with dispatch.

—ALSO— Just received a case of new and desirable styles of American Soft and Stiff Fur and Felt Hats, in Black and Best Colors, fine and Medium qualities.

RANDLES BROS. 22 Charlotte street, and our, Brussels and Richmond st.

HAVANA CIGARS.

Just received from New York: THIRTY-FIVE 3/4 Lb. Labeled, Let's Go! 1/2 Lb. and Moore's GUARDS, in Regular Size of 1/2, 1/3, 1/4, 1/5, 1/6, 1/8, 1/10, 1/12, 1/15, 1/20, 1/25, 1/30, 1/40, 1/50, 1/60, 1/75, 1/100, 1/125, 1/150, 1/200, 1/250, 1/300, 1/400, 1/500, 1/600, 1/750, 1/1000, 1/1250, 1/1500, 1/2000, 1/2500, 1/3000, 1/4000, 1/5000, 1/6000, 1/7500, 1/10000, 1/12