

# "OWD LADS."

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The great bell clanged out jubilantly; half past five. Leaving-off time. The horses, plodding patiently down the brow, stretch which was in time to be a corn-field, quickened their steps a little that they might get to the end of the furrow the sooner; yonder in the pleasure-ground the garden-boys tilted up their watering-cans hastily, splashing each other, and giving the mignonette-bed an undue portion of the refreshing stream in their haste to be gone. The old carpenter went on tranquilly plaining the door-panel he had in hand; but his assistant, young and sprightly, glowing, moreover, with the consciousness that a certain likely luss of his acquaintance was awaiting him at the entrance to the village, flung down hammer and nails and seized his coat.

"Bell's gone!" he shouted to his chief as he passed, thrusting his arms into the sleeves; but the other merely looked up sourly and went on with his task.

Out in the wide beach-bordered avenue a couple of very old men were slowly and painfully hoeing the intrusive grass which had overspread its gravelly surface. They wore clogs, corduroy trousers tied below the knee with string, and brown cardigan jackets a good deal frayed and faded. Both had blue eyes, grey fringes of whisker, and complexions of a brownish-yellow tinge, which, added to a certain stolidity of expression, caused their faces to look as though they were carved in wood; both wore fur caps a trifle mangy, well pulled down over the ears. Their coats carefully folded and laid on the grass beside them, seemed alike in color and material; as the old fellows progressed in their task they carefully "shifted" these garments now one man turning back for the purpose, and now the other. They might have been twins, so closely did they resemble each other; but they were not even brothers, merely companions, who from years of constant companionship had grown alike in thought and habit, and even in appearance. There was but one difference between them; Tommy Vose did not see very well, and Will Barnes was rather hard of hearing. Tommy, therefore, was the first to apprise Will that it was leaving-off-time.

"Eh," said Will, "I thought it moun be gettin' on fort. Shadders is grooin' lung."

"Ah," agreed Tommy, glancing round, "so they are, lad so they are."

Will chuckled to himself, "A body'd fancy th' owd chap could see 'em," he muttered. Tommy's anxiety to make light of his blindness was a great joke to Will, and the consciousness of his own superior sharpness of vision an unfailing source of satisfaction to him. Simultaneously straightening their backs, they shuffled to the spot where their coats lay, and stiffly stooping, each assumed his own.

"Ground dowie," said Tommy.

"Eh?" asked Will.

"Ground's dowie," repeated Tom, in a roar. "Eh, thour't gettin' turble bad at 'earin', lad. Thour't warse'nin' fur sure. Well, coom," raising his voice again, "let's be toddlin'."

Toddle they did, having first, with the forethought born of their years and rheumatics, and fostered by long tolerance and even laxness on the part of the authorities, hidden their hooves among the neighboring evergreens, thus saving themselves the extra quarter of a mile tramp which would have been necessitated by a return with them to the tool-shed. They trudged slowly and soberly along the path which led to the village, lifting their heavily shod feet but a little way off the ground, and swaying from side to side as they walked. They did not speak to each other—in fact they very seldom did. Tommy's remark about the bell had broken a silence which had lasted since dinner-time, and even then Will had since envied the meal by observing, "Cheese is rayer strong," and his comrade had responded sarcastically that he was gettin' meeterly tickle at stomach."

As they shuffled over the cobblestones in the village proper, they were overtaken by a couple of their fellow-workmen who were talking loudly and excitedly.

"Hello, Will!" cried one, "got th' bag yet?"

"Ho! ho! ho!" chuckled the old man catching the words for once, and showing all his toothless gums in an appreciative grin. "Naw, I haven't, Ed'ard. I've nobbut bin wortchin' 'ere a matter o' forty-five year, thou know's. Thot's all, Nay, nay, they'll scarce notice me."

"Well, th' talk is as th' new squire's fur turnin' out allas doesn't rally belong to the property. Their's twice too many laborers fur th' size o' th' estate," says the bailiff to Joe here, "an' naturally," says he, "Sir John min gie th' preference to his own tenants. I'm sorry for ye," says he, "but it cannot be 'elped. So poor Joe's to look out fur a place as soon's he con. An' Richard Billington, he's gettin' th' sack too an' Bob Norris."

"Eh," said Tommy, clacking his tongue, pleasantly exhilarated by hearing bad news which did not personally affect him. "Eh, my, what changes! Well, I were born an' boy fur nigh upon seventy year, an' my feyther before me an' my gron'feather. An' I've paid rent fur yon little cot o' mine fur fifty-seven year. Ah, I have. Eh, dear a' me! If Sir Gilbert was livin' th'ud be lung afore he'd ha' let they things be done. Poor Richard Billington, my word, he'd be takkin' t'! He would thot. Sir John

hasn't no understandin' o' country ways—a reg'lar town gentleman, he is they say—he'll never be half the man his uncle was—an' they say th' new bailiff's cruel 'ard."

"How is thot?" growled the other.

"Joe, welly cryin', 'Do th' best yo' con,' says Penley, h'istin' up's shoulders. It's yo' lookout, says he. 'I moun do th' best I con fur yo' mester,' says he. 'Twere a bad job fur us all yo' coom here,' says Joe. He didn't care nowt about th' chap if he were to go, yo' knowen, so he says it out like a mon—an' loud enough too—didn't 'ee, Joe?"

"Eh, I did," said Joe, with a kind of melancholy triumph. "He's 'eerd th' truth as how't is."

"Well, it'll not bring a blessin'!" opined Tommy. "It wunnot, lad, Eh, owd Sir Gilbert 'ull be turnin' in's grave."

Meanwhile old Will had tramped off again, and Vose, with a parting nod, expressive of good will and commiseration, hastily hobbled after him. His unwonted garrulous mood caused him to shout out one or two comments on the recently heard news, but finding that his comrade did not respond, he relapsed into taciturnity.

In time they arrived at the cottage rented by Tommy, where Will had lodged ever since he had begun to work on the estate, so many years ago now that they scarcely remembered their previous separate existence. "Our missus" they had both called the late Mrs. Vose, who while she lived, poor soul had "washed and mended them," and "done for them," and "barge'd at" them when they required it, with the utmost impartiality. "Our place," they mutually designated the tiny white-washed house, though as a matter of fact Tommy paid rent for it, and Will paid him a certain weekly sum for board and lodging. Or, rather, to be accurate, Tommy paid himself, it having been his custom for years to draw Will's wages at the same time as his own on the weekly pay-day, both sums being taken possession of by "Th' missus" while she lived, and expended as she considered advisable for the earners thereof. Mrs. Vose, being a prudent and strong-willed woman, preferred laying out the money herself, and it was in her day that the two cronies first began to dress alike. Now, though she was gone, the custom survived. Tommy kept the purse and made all necessary purchases. It was so much simpler and easier for one man to go into a shop and say "We's ha' two o' them, an' a couple o' yon an' fower pairs o' they socks," pointing to the required articles with a decided forefinger, than for each to go shopping on his own account. They divided the indoor labor of the little establishment, Tommy on this occasion blowing up the fire and making the tea, while Will laid the table. As they sat opposite each other, the latter, vigorously stirring his tea, chuckled to himself.

"I cannot 'elp but think of Ed'ard Prescott," he said. "Hau you getten th' bag?" says he. "Hol' ho!"

Tommy, who had been blowing into his saucer, and was now slowly sucking up its steaming contents, stared hard at his friend over the rim.

"How lung hasto bin wortchin' 'ere, says-to?" he inquired as he set it down at length.

"Goin' on five-an'-forty year," responded Will promptly.

"Ah, so thou has—an' lived i' th' one place all the time. Eh, thour't as good as a tenant o' Sir John's if thou artna a tenant. But thou was born Ormskirk-way-on, weren't thou?"

"Ah," assented Will, "I were born at Aughton yon. My feyther were a Manchester mon, an' my mother coom fro' Liverpoole, but I allys call myself an Ormskirk mon."

"So I've yerd thee say," observed Tommy, and thereupon fell into a brown study.

Next morning, as the couple approached the scene of their daily labors, whom should they find awaiting them but Mr. Penley, the new bailiff.

"Ten minutes late, my men," he called out as they drew near.

"Well, an' ten minutes isn't so bad for owd folks same as us," responded Tommy pleasantly, and in no way quickening his pace. "I reckon when yo'n getten the rheumatics yo'rsel' yo'll happen find it a bit 'ard to turn out afore day-leet."

"If you are too old to keep your time, you should be too honest to take your full day's wage. 'Come—get to work; where are your tools, Barnes?"

"We's find th' tools reet enough when we're ready, mester," returned Will, who had been leisurely divesting himself of his coat, and now shambled across the grass to the place where the hoes were bestowed.

"Is that where you keep them? you lazy old beggar!" shouted the bailiff, irritated beyond measure by his manner.

"Soomtimes one place an' soomtimes another," said Will, adding with an explanatory smile, "It saves a dale o' time, goin' back'ards and for'ards, to keep 'em handy."

"And look at the result," cried Penley. "Red with rust, and the handle rotting away."

"'Tisn't a very good piece o' timber. I doubt," observed Will, surveying his implement critically. "Soom las'es twice th' time of others. Nay, 'tisn't good timber."

"I should like to know what timber would stand that kind of usage," said the bailiff roughly. "I will have no more of it—you understand, Vose! Take your tools back to the shed every night when you have finished work. Do you hear?"

"It will waste a dale o' time," grumbled Tommy. "Mester Woods never found no fault wi' us fur lettin' 'em bide i' th' bushes."

"I dare say—Mr. Woods was pretty easy-going all round. Perhaps that's one reason why everything in the place is going to rack and ruin. But these ways won't do for me. I owe a duty to my employer, and I mean to do it. So you'll just do as I tell you, Vose. As for you, Barnes, after this week you won't be required here."

Will stood staring at him with a vacant smile; if he heard, he did not understand.

"The old fellow's deaf, isn't he?"

said Penley, then, raising his voice, "Do you hear what I say? You won't be wanted here after Saturday."

"Will gaped at him.

"I'm noan to coom to wark o' Monday."

"No."

"Well," said Will, smiling again, but anxiously, "an' thot's a funny thing. When moun I coom again, Mester Penley?"

"You wouldn't come at all. You are not wanted here any more. We employ too many men for the size of the place—and the estate can't stand it. Sir John is obliged to part with all except his own tenants. He can't employ every one, so he draws the line there."

"What's he sayin'?" asked Will turning helplessly to his friend. Tommy was incapable of answering him. He stood as though transfixed, his woody face more woody than ever, his jaw dropping. Will came a step nearer the bailiff and laid his hand on his sleeve.

"Spakin' o' this 'ere hoe," he said tremulously. "See yo', Mester Penley, it isna my fault 'at it's gone rotten. It were allus a bad bit o' wood. But it's tak' it round t' th' tool-shed o' neets, if thot's all. An' yo' can stop th' price out o' my wage if yo'n a mind."

"It is not on account of the hoe," returned Penley hastily. "I should have given you notice in any case. Sir John can't afford to keep so many laborers."

"Sir John cannot afford my bit o' wage?"

"Yours and a good many others too. You are not the only one. In future he only intends to employ his own tenants."

"I've wortched on this 'ere estate for forty-five year," said Will brokenly.

"Well, I'm sorry for you, but it can't be helped. We can't break the rule for you."

The old man stared at him a moment or two, blinking his blue eyes; and then feebly stooping for his hoe, began to scrape at the weed-grown surface of the road. Presently he paused.

"I'd be willin' to coom fur less," he observed tentatively.

"Can't be done," replied Penley, and anxious to put an end to a scene which he found painful, he walked away.

When his wiry, active form was out of sight, the two cronies looked at each other, and Tommy, waking as if from a dream, drew nearer his companion.

(To be Continued.)

## THE CZAR'S ARMY.

Russia Can Place a Mighty Military Force in the Field.

The army of the czar is composed of twenty-one corps d'arme divided up into fourteen conscriptions. The strength of each corp is about 45,000 men. The infantry comprises about 165 regiments of the line, twenty regiments of chasseurs, sixteen regiments of grenadiers and twelve regiments of the guard. This is a very fine army, well organized, of great resisting power and prodigious tenacity. It is armed with a repeating rifle very much like the French Lebel, and which is highly esteemed by the Russian generals. The artillery is composed of ninety-six siege batteries, 191 field batteries, fifteen mountain batteries, forty-three batteries, a cheval and three mortar regiments—altogether nearly 5,000 light pieces, and 1,500 siege guns.

Besides this there are brigades of engineers, military train, railroad electricians, torpedoists, velocipedists, police, etc. As to the imperial cavalry, it is well known to be one of the finest and by far the most considerable in Europe. It is composed of regulars and regiments, like Cossacks, for example, who enjoy a certain degree of independence, and some privileges, and who yet submit to the usual discipline. This cavalry is divided into 671 squadrons, of which 352 are regular cavalry, cuirassiers, dragoons, uhlan, and hussars and 319 Cossacks.

## WORLD'S LARGEST OPAL.

I had the privilege lately, writes Lady Violet Greville in the London Graphic, of beholding the largest and finest opal in existence, with the exception of a Hungarian opal in the possession of the emperor of Austria. My opal came from Queensland. It weighs 250 karats, and is about two inches in length and thickness, absolutely perfect in fire and brilliancy. It contains, as the true opal should, all the colors of the rainbow, and is dazzling to look at, without any of the creaminess that spoils so many fine stones. Her Hungarian opals have hitherto held the first place in the opinion of connoisseurs, but this stone is far and away the most splendid specimen possible. It is fit to grace the coronet of a queen, and queens, fortunately for themselves, are above the vulgar prejudice in believing the opal to be an unlucky stone. It is really one of the most beautiful gems in existence.

## IN THE FOUR HUNDRED.

Mr. Richfellow, with an admiring gaze at the beauty of the evening, Miss Psyche.—Have you noticed, Miss D'Avnoo, what a delicate, ethereal, spiritual beauty, Miss Psyche has?

Miss D'Avnoo, rival belle.—Yes. She reminds me of a very dear friend of mine I knew at school. How I loved the girl! Poor darling! she died of consumption, cancer, and scrofula.

## MARRIED MEN PREFERRED.

Mrs. Henpeck, with a self-satisfied air.—I notice that whenever Hard, Cash & Co. advertise for clerks or salesmen, they always say Married Men preferred.

Mr. H., an employee of Hard, Cash & Co.—Yes, the old tyrants. They want men who are used to being bossed.

## BARBARIY IN CANADA.

### AN INCIDENT OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THIS COUNTRY.

Terrible Fate of a Young Man Convicted of Inciting to Rebellion—A Page from the Book of Long Ago.

Mr. Thomas O'Leary, assistant librarian, Chateau de Ramazay, contributes an interesting article to the Quebec Telegraph, from which we make the following extracts:

Towards the close of the last century, and the early years of the present, the citizens of Quebec had on many occasions to witness the execution of those upon whom the death sentence had been pronounced. Hanging was of frequent occurrence, as also military executions. On one occasion no less than seven soldiers were shot, side by side, on the Plains of Abraham, for desertion.

But there was one execution that produced a profound impression on the minds of the inhabitants, it being the solitary instance of carrying out, even in semblance, of the hanging, drawing, and quartering in America. The following account is from an old magazine published many years ago, and will be found interesting, now that a hundred years have passed away, and also that the extension of Richelieu street passes through the very spot where the execution took place, and where McLane's remains were interred.

### ADET'S PROCLAMATION.

The breaking out of the French revolution found the public mind in the United States divided; the rising party of Democrats, stimulating by ideas of liberty, by hatred of England, and gratitude to France, eager to throw the whole weight of the influence of the rising republic of America into the scale in favour of the French republic, the French Ambassadors in the United States, Genet, Fauchet and Adet, intrusted with the leaders of this party, and set the laws at defiance. In 1796 Adet issued a proclamation, addressed to the French-Canadians, in which he announced that the French Republic having defeated Spain, Austria and Italy, was now on the point of attacking England, beginning with her colonies and he invited the Canadians to rally to his standard. Public men of the United States were led away with the idea, and Monroe, in his correspondence from Paris, spoke of the easy conquest of Canada and while Frenchmen hoped to reconquer it for France, Americans hoped no less sanguinely, to add it to the domain of their own republic. To inaugurate a revolution in Canada, Adet employed David McLane, a citizen of the United States, or perhaps led him by genial words and vague promises to the mad attempt which cost him his life. After all, there is no definite proof of connection of Adet with it, McLane having been hung on the evidence simply of his own statements.

### A YANKEE SPECULATOR.

He was a native of Attleboro, Massachusetts, and came to Canada in 1796, but seeing himself regarded with suspicion, he returned to New York, intending to start for France; then, as trouble had begun, he returned to Canada in 1797, in hopes of succeeding by speculating in lumber and horses, and that he passed under an assumed name to escape arrest by his creditors. He met one Butterfield on Lake Champlain, who recommended him to a man named Fricchette, at St. Johns, with whom he had some conversation, among other things, as to the likelihood of a general rising among the Canadians on account of the imprisonment of several for their opposition to the Road Act. By Fricchette he was introduced to John Black, a shipbuilder at Quebec, who seems at this time to have been a desperate politician, having just by intrigue succeeded in securing a seat in the Provincial Parliament. Black, as unscrupulous as to the means of acquiring wealth, eagerly grasped at the occasion of reaping honour and profit, by becoming an informer; and between eleven and twelve o'clock at night on the 10th of May, he proceeded to the Governor's secretary, and made an affidavit, on which McLane, who was then at Black's house, was arrested by his bond on a charge of high treason. He was brought to trial on the 7th of July, under an indictment for conspiring the death of the King, and aiding and abetting the King's enemies, and containing allegations of fourteen overt acts. The Attorney-General, Mr. Sewell, in opening the case, charged that McLane was an agent of Adet, under whom he held the commission of Major-General, and that his visits to Canada were expressly to prepare for a revolt of the French-Canadians against the English Government, to be effected by aid from the United States, and a military force from France. That his plan was to introduce lumbermen from the States by way of Sorel, who were to form the nucleus of his force, and when the garrison of the Castle St. Louis and Quebec had been drugged with liquor and laudanum these men were to rush on the place and carry it. That he imparted this scheme to Fricchette, who agreed to join him, and to Black.

### THE TERRIBLE SENTENCE.

The witnesses for the Crown in their testimony fully sustained this. William Barnard declared that McLane had on both visits talked to him of his plan of revolutionizing Canada, and endeavored to enlist him. Elmer Cushing testified to his declaration that he was an envoy of Adet. Francois Chandonet also testified to having been solicited to join the plot, and Thomas Butterfield and Chas. Fricchette were both arrested as fellow-conspirators with McLane, and admitted that they had joined him in his plot to revolutionize Canada. McLane defended himself in person,

assisted by Messrs. Pyke and Franklin, but the case was apparently so clear, that the jury, all, however, of English, not French, origin, after retiring a few moments, brought in a verdict of guilty.

The Chief Justice then addressed him, and sentenced him to be hanged, to be taken down while still alive, cut open, disembowelled, have his entrails burnt before his eyes, his head cut off, and his body divided into four parts.

Pursuing its plan the Government sought to invest his death with all terrors possible.

On Friday, July 21, 1797, he was taken from the prison on a hurdle, or rather country. McLane was attended by the sheriff and a military guard. The axe and block were carried with him. A little after ten o'clock they reached the gallows erected outside St. John's Gate, at the foot of the Glacis, an elevated spot visible to the surrounding country. McLane was attended by Rev. Mr. Mountain and Mr. Sparks, and after a few words addressed to the people was cast off the ladder.

After hanging about twenty-five minutes he was taken down, his head cut off and held up by the executioner, crying, "Behold the head of a traitor." A part of the entrails was then taken out and burnt, and the limbs cut, but not cut off. "Never," says the historian Garneau, "never had such a spectacle been seen in Canada."

### A DECENT BURIAL.

McLane had the sympathy of the French-Canadians. At personal risk they had bestowed care and consolation on him before and during his trial; their charity prompted them to give him remains the rites of burial.

Towards evening Messrs. Chaloup, Gauvreau, Laliberte and Barbeau, dug a grave on the place of execution, on what is now the east corner of Richelieu street, near the Glacis and near the north angle of the Sisters' new building, which replaced the Brothers' school, and there interred decently the mutilated remains of the unfortunate stranger. The courage of these men, belonging to an oppressed and suspected race, thus showing their sympathy for one just executed as the leader of a plot to free them from English power, is justly deserving of being recorded.

Black, who lured McLane to his house to betray him, as well as the other informers, received grants of land, and also a considerable reward. But the execration of the public followed him. He lost popularity, office, business and means, and in a few years, according to Garneau, became a loathsome beggar in the streets of Quebec.

### FLEETEST OF BATTLE SHIPS.

Japan's New Armor-Clad Shows Wonderful Speed on Her Trial Trip.

All the world has been interested in the phenomenal performance of the new Japanese battle ship Yashima, which on her recent trial trip attained the remarkable speed of 19.46 knots during a run of one hour, and a sustained average speed of 19.22 knots for the four hours of the trial thus showing herself to be without doubt the swiftest battleship afloat.

The Yashima and her sister ship, the Fuji, are the product of the Thames Shipbuilding Company's yard, and in them Japan possesses the two most powerful fighting machines that have yet appeared in the waters of the Orient.

The Yashima, and the same description applies to the Fuji, is very similar in general type to the Majestic class of British battle ships. They are built on the bracketed system, and are extensively subdivided, there being in each ship no less than two hundred watertight compartments. The material used in construction is mild steel, and the armor plates are all treated on the Harvey system.

There are four complete decks, the upper one of which runs from end to end of the vessel and is surmounted by a superstructure deck running from the fore to the after barrette, and above this again are the navigation bridges. The officers and crew are commodiously berthed on the main deck, on which are also quarters for an admiral and his staff.

The main battery consists of four 12-inch 49-ton guns, placed in pairs in the barbettes forward and aft the superstructure, and ten 6-inch rapid fire guns, of which three are placed on either side of the upper deck and two on either side of the main deck, all in the central part of the vessel and commanding wide ranges of fire. The secondary battery consists of twenty 3-pounder rapid fire guns and four 2-1/2-pounders for use in the tops and boats.

The contract calls for 10,000 horse power with natural draught and 13,500 with a medium forced draught, the corresponding speeds being 16.3-4 and 18.1-4 knots respectively. In exceeding this by fully one knot the Yashima has established a new speed record for heavy battle ships. At her normal draught the coal capacity is 700 tons, but the total bunker capacity is 1,200 tons.

### THE DAY OF DOOM.

Prof. Fallb. of Vienna, fixes the extinction of the human race for November 13, 1899. On that day the earth is to come into collision with a comet, everybody will be poisoned by a gas, or burnt to death.

### MODEL OF NEATNESS.

Clara is a model of neatness, but sometimes she carries things to extremes.

To what do you refer?

Why she brushes the teeth of her sprocket wheel every morning.

Hicks Pasha's expedition to the Sudan in 1883, every man of which is officially pronounced dead by the English Probate Court, executors having been allowed to presume the death of a member of the force.

### BROKE.

Tom—So you spent your vacation down by the breakers?

Dick—You might know that, I have not a cent left.