

old, learn to love and pray.' But in God's goodness there are hope and pardon for worse sins than those of the peevish and worldly Miss Crawley. The gates of mercy are shut upon none that seek Him, and we trust that they have been opened wide to receive the soul of Margaret Shepherd, that (according to our American exchanges) took wing some weeks ago in the Harper Hospital, Detroit. She never rallied from the shock of an operation. 'She died a horrible death,' says a Detroit correspondent of the Philadelphia 'Catholic Standard,' 'unattended by a minister of religion. Before she died she requested that her body be cremated. Her remains were interred in the Woodlawn Cemetery, this city, on the 4th inst' (March).

Margaret Shepherd was one of a curious set of freaks of the law of demand and supply. She was a bright particular ornament of that branch of professional criminals, sham 'ex-nuns,' who cater for a taste for the horrible, the impossible, and the preternaturally immoral that prevails among the Orange and kindred societies and the lower class of unorganised anti-Catholics fanatics of both sexes. 'Sin,' as the gentle Autocrat of the Breakfast Table reminds us, 'has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.' And Dryden has remarked that

'Bold knaves thrive without a grain of sense,
But good men starve for want of impudence.'

The remarkable impostures of the poor, half-witted non-Catholic gaol-bird and fallen woman, Maria Monk, proved that there is money—nay, shekels galore—in the sordid business of lying appeals to the prurient sense of the lewd and the bigotry of fanatics at 'front seats a shilling, back seats sixpence.' The chief blame of this evil trade does not, however, rightly fall upon unfortunates like Margaret Shepherd, whose moral sense is warped or blunted by life-long crime and contact with crime, and the evil associations of prison life. The real offenders are the rabid societies, thoughtless and gullible clergy, and the prurient rag-tag-and-bob-tail of various minor denominations that 'blazon evil deeds and consecrate a crime' and furnish audiences and special funds to this noisome and dangerous class of imposters and gaol-birds. So long as there's money in the business, our prisons will continue to supply sham 'ex-nuns' of the Margaret Shepherd type to the no-Popery pulpit and platform, just as they furnish 'crooks' and 'crib-crackers' and 'magsmen' to the more risky and less hypocritical walks of professional crime.

The career of Margaret Shepherd has long been before the public in pamphlets, newspapers, and the reports of the police and criminal courts. We have been following it on and off for the past eight years, and had gathered together materials for an interesting biography of this bold imposter in view of her threatened return visit to New Zealand. Briefly: She was born in India, but at the assize court in Toronto (in the Marron-Youman libel suit) she was unable to trace her paternity. 'If I had fifty children,' said the Maiden Aunt, as she perused the police-court news, 'I'd never name one of them Alias.' Seems as if they're sure to go wrong! Margaret Shepherd, like the rest of her class, had a whole collection of aliases. The Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas was one of the many persons whose daughter she claimed to be. She had been arrested for forging his name, and when the distinguished convert appeared in court, on a subpoena, it was seen that he was younger than his alleged daughter. In addition to forgery, she was guilty of swindling and sundry other crimes and was sentenced to various terms of imprisonment in Millbank, Brixton, and other places in Great Britain. She never was a Catholic, much less a nun. Her sole connection with any Catholic convent was as an unreformable inmate of the Good Shepherd Home for fallen women at Arncliffe, Bristol. She was taken in hand by Mrs. Ballington Booth, of the Salvation Army, while leading a life of shame in England. But she was found so hopelessly incorrigible that the Army had to cast her out. The versatile adventuress next appeared upon the lecture platform in the United States and Canada as an 'ex-nun,' and—as the Rev. J. A. McDonald, a Presbyterian clergyman at St Thomas, Ontario, declared in the 'Canadian Presbyterian,' of December 20, 1893—proved herself 'one of the worst frauds, one of the most dangerous agents of political and social strife and moral

corruption that—whether as a journalist or preacher—I had ever come in contact with.' On April 8 of last year a warrant for her arrest on a criminal charge was issued at Brooklyn at the joint instance of the International Catholic Truth Society and the Society for the Suppression of Vice. When the police went to her address to execute the warrant, the bird had flown. This is what led to her appearance in Australia and New Zealand. The unhappy woman died a fugitive from justice. She was, after all, merely a shareholder in what we may call the great joint-stock company of infamy that conducts this evil business of moral filth and no-Popery defamation through the medium of gaol-birds and fallen women. Of the worldly, prayerless, duelling, hard-drinking squire of the olden time, who met his death in the hunting field, it was written that

'Between the stirrup and the ground
He mercy sought and mercy found.'

And the final word of Catholics for Margaret Shepherd is the prayer that God may have mercy on her soul.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL

VIII.—VANCOUVER, B.C.

By the Editor.

Two weeks ago I told how the first Vancouver—Vancouver of the weather-board stores, the slab huts, and the wooden shacks or shanties—arose among the cedars and the pines as the western terminus of the Canadian-Pacific Railway. Slabs, studs, and weather-boards were ripped from the freshly-felled trees and placed in hot haste—clammy with bleeding sap—in the rude dwellings that constituted the new city. And thus the Vancouver of the wooden age grew up as swiftly as Jack's beanstalk—a city of fresh green timber walls and iron and shingle roofs in a wilderness of massive stumps that studded the ground like rugged headstones. It arose in the Canadian spring of 1886, when May had come

'To make
The paths of June more beautiful.'

humming tune of the flying circular saws a month later, when, one warm day in June, a fire started in the forest close by. It tore through the trees like a hunted elephant, pursued by a swift-footed wind, and tumbled out Vancouver of the wooden age from the face of the earth. One building alone was spared. It still stands—the solitary relic of the city's early days. This is the customary evolution of towns and cities in the north-west and west of Canada and the United States. They never rise to a high order of commercial importance till they have been burned down. We

Pass Through Flames

to brick and mortar,' said a Vancouver pioneer to me, as he pointed out the track of that locally historic fire on our way by trolley-car to New Westminster. Fire may be described as the measles of western cityhood. The fortunate places get it over early in life, and, therefore, lightly. It comes upon others, as it came upon Chicago, when they are full grown, and it has wider room and verge for destruction and more to feed and rage upon.

Somebody has remarked that the wounds of fire are hard to heal. Vancouver, however, recovered fast. Its citizens pulled off their coats—if they happened to have saved them from the flames—and set to work to raise up a new and finer Vancouver upon the ashes of the old. Its embers were still smouldering and the smoke-haze lingering in the forest thickets when great train-loads of building materials were puffing westward from Ontario on the Canadian Pacific Company's freight cars, and on the sites of the modest and hastily-raised structures of the burned-down city there rapidly rose tall and solid buildings in iron and brick and stone. In the meantime the city fathers met and transacted public business in a tent, rude shanties were improvised, and auctioneers, store-keepers, and boarding-house proprietors transferred themselves to improvised homes in great hollow trees, the gaping stumps of some of which are still to be seen, like decayed molars, in the side streets and outer areas of Vancouver. The Canadian Pacific Company poured money freely into the place, the fine frenzy of

A Building Boom

set its compelling grip upon the rising city: its boulevards and streets fast took shape and comeliness, and in four years it had a number of thoroughfares as broad as those of Melbourne, stately banks and other edifices in

Hancock's "BISMARCK" LAGER BEER.

NEW ZEALAND'S
NEW INDUSTRY.