

lightened. He acknowledges that folk should be provided with some sort of spear or cane or crutch "to support uneasy steps over the burning marle" of this present life, as poor old Satan used his spear. And he provides, by means of the fantastic features of his Independent Order of Foresters, recreation galore at various times of the year.

Last week there was held a conclave of the I.O.F. in the city of Montreal. On Friday morning the Toronto Encampment of the body went down, and the Grand Patriarch or some such title, came up from New Brunswick to lend eclat to the occasion. On Friday evening Oronhyatekha and his colleagues arrived with a band of music. Then the whole of the rank and file proceeded in proud procession to the St. Lawrence Hall to meet the Supreme Chief Ranger and his Supreme Executive coadjutors. Carriages by the score were provided—carriage driving is cheap in Montreal, as we know; and, anyhow, the I.O.F. is liberal in display—and getting some score of invited guests on board they drove around town and thence to Sohmer Park Pavilion, where a musical programme had been prepared. The Montreal papers are full of descriptions of the sort of circus performance that went on. But it was a performance with a meaning and a purpose—Oronhyatekha always has this in view. And the purpose is to boom his company among the display-loving French-Canadians.

Performances, with the amplest publicity, went on next day, which was Saturday. An official reception was given the visitors by the Mayor, at the City Hall. The Foresters, we are told by The Gazette, presented arms when the Mayor entered the chamber; so they must have had their bows and arrows or battle axes with them, as carried in Sherwood Forest 600 years ago, according to the truthful and pretty accounts of Winkyn de Worde and other romancers of the day. Fervent thanks were returned to Mayor Prefontaine, and solemn invocations of God's blessing on Montreal and the whole of Quebec asked by Mr. Justice Wedderburn, who had been brought, dear old gentleman, all the way from New Brunswick to invoke and return them.

Then Mr. J. A. McGillivray, one of the Supreme Somethings-or-Other from Ontario, poured anointing oil over the smiling Mayor, and assured him that every Canadian citizen, Grit or Tory, hoped to see him "in the Council of the Nation"—with a big C and a big N. After addresses in return from several French aldermen, who are never to be outdone in politeness or in giving "taffy," the assembled Foresters turned their steps, or at any rate their band turned their steps, to the newspaper offices to serenade the boys of the press, whom Oronhyatekha knows well how to propitiate.

But the Supreme Organizer, Mr. P. N. Breton, showed his appreciation of the great errand of Forestry by arranging for still further festivities, in the shape of a ball and a musical evening at the Windsor Hall. The orchestra played inspiring airs: Miss Marie Hollinshead sang with fervor, "I Love You"—as who could help doing when they "set 'em up" in so free and merry a fashion—and likewise "Kentucky Babe," with its invocation to the coons and bogie men and other forest inhabitants. And then, oh then, came the quadrille of honor, where Supremes danced with Knights' ladies and Colonels and Consuls set to corners with charming sylphs whose "soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again."

At the next business meeting of the Supreme Executive body we may expect that the results of this merry frolic will be shown in an addition to the membership, which in the meantime will be held to justify the cost of the trip. Great are the Foresters for having a good time; but yet greater is Oronhyatekha, their prophet. As to the expense—hang the expense; our 80,000 members will stand it.

A HINT TO CANADIANS.

Our correspondent in Sydney, New South Wales, gives the following hint to Canadians. While the information is interesting the philosophy of it deserves to be pondered:

"There is one article of export from Canada that is not needed here—derelict Canadians, that is, Canadians who have failed at home through lack of energy or perseverance or by reason of vicious habits. It is surprising what a number of them are out here. Recently a bag was found on a ferry, bearing a

family name and Toronto. The name is well-known still, I believe, in your city. It contained a pawn ticket and a race ticket. The one probably explained the other, and both explained the condition of the owner. What has become of him no one appears to know. Another man bearing a name widely known in his home city gets a meal a day by peeling potatoes in the morning in a cheap restaurant. Sometimes he gets the other meals and a bed by one means or another, and sometimes he does not. He is not dissipated either. Every day or two a coatless Canadian turns up at the Canadian office, begging a half crown for meals and a bed. A run-down Canadian makes a pretty sturdy beggar, I can tell you. Even active, sober young fellows can do quite as well in Canada, and, commonly, much better, than here. It is surprising what a small percentage of them who were here in the boom time have made and kept money. This certainly is no place for the morally or physically incompetent; they go to the dogs faster here than at home. They eke out a wretched existence here, first by borrowing when they can, then begging, and at the same time worrying all their relatives at home for remittances. Why not start a reformatory in Canada to which incorrigibles could be sent under a law that would compel them to remain there to abstain and work until their friends were satisfied of a genuine reformation?

THE OCTOBER FIRE LOSS.

The records concerning fires in the United States and Canada compiled by The Journal of Commerce, New York, show the fire loss for the first ten months of 1898 to have been over \$96,000,000 as compared with \$91,000,000 and \$99,000,000 in the corresponding period of the two preceding years. It will be noted that the loss for last month was remarkably light, and the total loss, though greater than that of last year, is less than that of 1896:

	1896.	1897.	1898.
January	\$11,040,000	\$12,049,700	\$ 9,472,500
February	9,730,000	8,676,750	12,629,300
March	14,839,600	10,502,950	7,645,200
April	12,010,600	10,833,000	8,211,000
May	10,018,000	10,193,600	11,072,200
June	5,721,250	5,684,450	9,206,900
July	9,033,250	6,623,300	9,929,750
August	8,895,250	6,454,950	7,793,500
September	8,200,650	9,392,000	14,203,650
October	8,993,000	11,387,500	7,539,400
Total	\$99,081,700	\$91,801,200	\$96,703,400

SALESMEN AND "CANVASSERS."

We are told that there is to-day a merchant in a Maritime Province town who has put up a notice in his warehouse to the following effect:

CANVASSERS ARE PROHIBITED FROM SOLICITING BUSINESS IN THIS WAREHOUSE.

Let us suppose that this man is doing a wholesale business, and that he sends one of his traveling salesmen to solicit an order from a neighboring merchant, Mr. B. And suppose this traveler finds in the office of the neighboring merchant the legend, "No canvassers allowed to solicit business in this warehouse." How would he feel if his traveler came home and reported that he was refused the chance to canvass Mr. B. and as a reason was referred to this "rule of the house" as set forth on the placard? Very possibly he would say strong words about Mr. B.'s stupidity in making any such prohibition. And if Mr. B. retorted upon him: "You do the same thing in your own shop," he might possibly reply that he intended it to apply to insurance canvassers, or book agents, or fruit peddlers. It is not always wise to make wholesale interdicts of this kind. Book agents are, we know, commonly a nuisance, and life assurance canvassers often are bores; still, there are life canvassers who are not bores, but sensible men with valuable goods to sell. It is not sensible for a merchant arbitrarily to shut himself out from possible bargains by forbidding a man to show him goods.