



WRONG AGAIN.

"Ah! Jack's voice! be still,
my heart; he serenades me!"

"No, dear; it sounds like
his voice, but it isn't."

—*N. Y. Life.*

OUR NORTH-WEST CORRESPONDENT.

PEOPLE in the North-West, with a few exceptions, are glad that Governor Royal is to have an increase of salary. There are a few grumblers, who say that Mr. Dewdney filled two positions, and did more work, for seven thousand. Nothing of the kind. Dewdney ran this Government on a narrow gauge, one language track, while Royal is mounted upon two languages, and should have double pay. As a matter of fact, Mr. Dewdney should have been impeached for neglecting the French part of the business. They are trying to remedy this slipshod side of his administration, by having all reports, ordinances, etc., etc., revised and printed in French. Of course, these important publications will only be read by a few persons, if any, but will serve to bring this country more prominently before the Dominion in the matter of expenditure.

There is another reason why Mr. Royal should have an increased salary. He is an R.R.R. These letters do not mean "Radway's Ready Relief." They mean Red River Royalist. In the North-West this implies the same that U. E. Loyalist does in the older Provinces.

What the people here are clamoring after now is a four-language Government. The Scotch and German settlers demand a recognition of their mother tongue.

There are a few facts that were not known, at the time of Confederation, that will only need to be brought before the Dominion House, to receive instant attention. At our Club, the other night, one of the members insisted that the French were the first settlers (Indians excepted), and no matter how much in the minority they may be, their language should take precedence, or at least become a Siamese twin, and go wherever the English goes.

An old pioneer, who has been in the country eighty years, one of the fathers of our Club (looks no older than men in Ontario do at fifty, owing to this wonderfully invigorating climate) assured us, such is not the case. He said that the first settler was a German, by the name of Diederachubich Sourkrout, and our informant had seen the skeleton of the man, grasping a cabbage slicer in the bones of his right hand, with his name, and the date of his arrival in the North-West (1340) inscribed upon the metal handle. This establishes the fact that German blood was the first to mingle with our aboriginal tribes. We have not as positive proof in regard to the Gaelic, but was there ever known a country, promising gain, that could not claim a Scotchman as one of its earliest pioneers? Let the coming Parliament do these men, or rather their descendants, justice. Give them a constitutional right to have all public papers printed in their own dialect. Give us four languages. Let Gov. Royal mount this quadruple Government machine, with four times the salary Mr. Dewdney received, and, "crops or no crops," there will be power enough in this combination of tongues to make a success of British North America!

There is another point to be gained. The United States will be so dumbfounded to see such a mixture they will keep at a respectful distance. If they try to get any nearer, start up the bagpipes, and let Gov. Royal turn the crank of his four-languaged Gatling gun, and throw Gaelic, German, French and English into their ranks. This will silence Butterworth and his Annexation forever.

Our Club drew up the following:

"Whereas, English and French have been the authorized languages in Canada, to the exclusion and neglect of Gaelic and German,

"Be it resolved that we, leading Club men of Western Assiniboia, being clothed and in our right minds, of our own free and enlightened wills do authorize our member, N. F. Davin, to bring before the next session of the Dominion House the necessity of establishing a quadruple Government machine, to consist of four languages—to wit, French, Gaelic, German and English. Failing to do this, we declare our intention to withdraw from him our future countenance and support.

"We further swear that we are not unenfranchised Indians, and have not received any reward, nor have hope of receiving any reward."

Quiz.

HER PHOTOGRAPH.

ONLY a photograph. But to me more dear
Than all the costly portraits that adorned
And beautified my room. Those eyes could surely speak,
So wondrous full they seemed. Where'er I moved
They followed me. That face was beautiful beyond compare.
What cared I for ancient steel engravings? They were nought
to me

Beside that photograph. It occupied the foremost place alike
In my chamber and my heart. That mouth, ah, often had I
seen

The perfect bow it formed. Those ripe red lips were just as
last I saw them.

Nay, friends, perhaps you smile, but many a time I thanked the
artist's skill,

The photographer's touch. To me their art was worth
Untold remuneration. You ask me why was this,
I'll tell you. It's all I've left. The other fellow got her.