

well. Our connections had been made from the opposite ends of our long journey separated by three ranges of mountains and trackless forests. McLean told us that we had still to travel twenty miles without a trail; that he had left at that point horses and provisions in charge of an Indian; and he produced letters and a long sheet of foolscap with a most attractive list of supplies, awaiting us there. Fortunately we had brought on provisions sufficient for a forced march, and we could, therefore, supply ourselves and McLean's party for four or five days more. Ten or fifteen miles beyond the horses, we would come upon Mr. G. V. Wright constructing a waggon road from Shuswap Lake in our direction, and driving along it luxuriously in a buggy, and then our trials would be at an end. Mr. Mara's steamer would take us from the Lake to Kamloops; and there we would be within touch of the engineers constructing the railway all the way down to Port Moody.

As this series professes to speak only of the Kicking Horse and the Selkirks, I shall not touch upon the last section of this journey of ours by the C.P.R. from Lake Superior to the ocean. To me its chief interest was in connection with railway construction through the Cascade and Coast range—the last billows of that sea of mountains that rolls between the plains and the Pacific. Thousands of Chinamen are engaged on the grade, and more patient, sober, inoffensive, hard-working people, as a class, I have never seen. Instead of excluding white labour, they are the Gibbonites needed to do the cheaper and more menial work that civilization demands. White men are needed as engineers, officials, overmen, timekeepers, mechanics, and for all kinds of rock work. Hence there are more whites in the Province now than ever there were before. But I shall not touch upon the Chinese question, save to express the shame and despair with which I see Canadians and Americans forgetting their common sense and their avowed belief in the Golden Rule of Christ, and even of Confucius, whenever our neighbours on the other side of the Pacific are concerned.

GEORGE MONRO GRANT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LAW STUDENTS' DINNER.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—The *World* complains that at the law students' dinner too much of the time was taken up by the speeches of the invited guests and too little was given to the speeches of the students themselves. The complaint is perfectly well founded, and I have seen the same mistake made at other dinners. But the blame does not rest on the invited guests. They are specially brought there to speak, with toasts assigned them, and were they to confine themselves, as the *World* seems to wish, to two or three sentences, they would be deemed guilty of disrespect to the audience. If Mr. Blake were only to make a "snappy" speech, he would disappoint expectation and give offence. The right course is that suggested by the *World*—to let the invited guests enjoy their dinner and listen without speaking. Perhaps their health, collectively, might be proposed and one of them might return thanks for all. No speeches should in any case be made upon the merely formal toasts such as "The Queen," "Parliament," "The Army." All the time should be given to the toasts of the evening. I should think that most of those who are commonly invited on these occasions would heartily welcome the change.

Yours, SENIOR.

THE FARMERS AND PROHIBITION.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—As it is never well to go to war without counting the cost, I beg to offer a few statistics for the consideration of financiers and others. Ontario grows about fifteen millions of bushels of barley annually, seven millions of which are worth 40 cents per bushel for feeding purposes, under the present conditions of law; but as eight millions of bushels additional would be on hand if not required for malting, the value of the whole as a feeding power would be reduced to 30 cents per bushel, when the account would stand thus:—

15 millions of bushels @ 30c. \$4,500,000

At present this account stands:—

7 millions of bushels @ 40c.	\$2,800,000
8 " " for malting @ 70c....	5,600,000
	<u>\$8,400,000</u>
	\$3,900,000

Leaving a balance against the farmers, should the Scott Act prevail generally, of three millions nine hundred thousand dollars annually.

Farmers know all about proper rotation of crops, and that barley is a specialty of the soil of Ontario—a crop which is every year becoming more valuable, while wheat which scourges the land, is becoming cheaper, and competed in by the whole world. It is said with an amazing amount of assurance by people who think they risk nothing themselves in making the experiment, that farmers can grow something else or feed more cattle. Feeding cattle involves a large additional outlay of money and a much longer time in realizing the proceeds in cash, besides the risk of live stock; and they can do all that better under present conditions, if so minded. If they make additional profit it is really additional, and not making up a loss in order to please extreme people who seem to prefer whiskey to the products of their native soil.

Let us take a look at some of the effects of this sumptuary policy. Take a good barley farm of 100 acres, on which twenty acres of barley are grown; the crop at twenty-eight and a-half bushels per acre—ascertained average—would produce 570

bushels of wheat, which at 30 cents per bushel for feeding purposes would realize \$171. Under present conditions it would realize 170 bushels at 40 cents, \$68; and 400 bushels at 70 cents, \$280. In all \$348, against \$171, a loss to that farmer of \$177 annually. This loss, \$177, capitalized at ten per cent., would lessen the value of that farm by \$1,770. Now, supposing said farm to be valued at \$7,000, and, as in the case of many perfectly good farmers, it is mortgaged to one half of its value, amounting to \$3,500. How would loan societies and others regard this changed value? It would be wise in farmers to ascertain, as the reduced value of the land would not leave sufficient margin on a one-half advance as before. The account would stand:—

Value of land under old conditions.....	\$7,000
Reduced value under new conditions.....	1,770
	<u>\$5,230</u>
Available for renewed mortgage.....	\$2,615
Cash to pay difference on old mortgage	885
	<u>\$3,500</u>

But it may well be asked, "Why should the farmers suffer through a sumptuary Act of Parliament for the good of the whole community, and not the loan societies also?" And why, for the matter of that, either of the two specially? Why not the other monied classes as well? And why, in the name of common sense, should all these matters not be pre arranged, and not left to develop in consternation?

There is yet plenty of time, should common prudence be exhibited, and the Governor-General advise—under advice of Ministers, of course—a stay of proceedings where the Scott Act is not yet adopted, till after Parliament re-assembles. If not, I am afraid our esteemed Minister of Finance will have difficulty in borrowing, if English securities are to be tampered with by direct Act of the House. England holds a large amount of money lent out in Ontario, and England has a great respect for vested interests.

BREWER.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

HE lived in that past Georgian day,
When men were less inclined to say
That "Time is Gold," and overlay
With toil their pleasure;
He held some land, and dwelt thereon,
Where, I forget—the house is gone;
His Christian name, I think, was John,
His surname, Leisure.

Reynolds has painted him—a face
Filled with a fine, old-fashioned grace,
Fresh-coloured, frank, with ne'er a trace
Of trouble shaded;
The eyes are blue, the hair is drest
In plainest way, one hand is prest
Deep in a flapped canary vest,
With buds brocaded.

He wears a brown old Brunswick coat,
With silver buttons; round his throat,
A soft cravat, in all you note
An elder fashion—
A strangeness, which, to us who shine
In shapely hats, whose coats combine
All harmonies of hue and line,
Inspires compassion.

He lived so long ago, you see;
Men were untravelled then, but we,
Like Ariel, post o'er land and sea
With careless parting;
He found it quite enough for him
To smoke his pipe in "garden trim,"
And watch, about the fish-tank's brim,
The swallows darting.

He liked the well-wheel's creaking tongue;
He liked the thrush that stopped and sung;
He liked the drone of flies among
His netted peaches;
He liked to watch the sunlight fall
Athwart his ivied orchard wall,
Or pause to catch the cuckoo's call
Beyond the beeches.

His were the times of paint and patch,
And yet no Ranelagh could match
The sober doves that round his thatch
Spread tails and sidled;
He liked their ruffling, puffed content;
For him their drowsy wheelings meant
More than a Mall of beaux that bent,
Or belles that bridled.

Not that, in truth, when life began
He shunned the flutter of the fan;
He too had, maybe, "pinked his man"
In beauty's quarrel;