

"because I have frequently arranged six groups of nine into fifty-four"; being further pressed by the question how comes it that six nines when re-arranged make fifty-four, completes his statement by pointing out that because nine is one less than ten, five groups of nine may be made into five groups of ten by the addition of five, one to each group. Therefore, six groups of nine may be made into five groups of ten at the expense of the sixth group, of which sixth group four will remain over when the other five groups have been made up into tens. Six nines are then re-arranged into five tens and four, into fifty-four.

### WHERE SUMMERS ARE LONG.

*A Comparison of Canadian and European Summers.*

J. GORDON MOWAT.

Perhaps no country suffers abroad from misconception in regard to its climate as does Canada. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's well meant but unfortunate allusion to the Dominion as "Our Lady of the Snows"—scarcely an appropriate one to a country where in east, west and south at almost any time in winter as large an area as England is bare of snow, and several times that area has but a scanty covering—is but a natural re-echo of the opinions which have been expressed during the centuries since the snowy gateway of the St. Lawrence was first entered by the French. Exaggerated ideas of the cold of Canada are continually being expressed in books and in leading periodicals, and often by generally well-informed men. A prominent member of the British Association, while sailing down Lake Ontario, referred to the scene he supposed the lake would present when *frozen over*. The late General Benjamin Butler, in an article in a leading American review not long ago, said that Canada could easily be invaded in winter by *crossing Lake Ontario on the ice*. A writer in a popular English magazine tells

of the mercury being constantly below zero at Quebec for over four months every winter, whereas a period of two days when such is the case, even in that city, is uncommon. McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary of an old date refers to what are now our boundless wheat fields of the North-West as "situated in an inhospitable climate, and worth very little, excepting as hunting grounds"—an opinion happily well dissipated at the present day. Some of the queer misstatements made are, to say the least, amusing. Sir Francis Bond Head, a former governor of Upper Canada, in a volume of the country, indulging in a little "romancing" about the climate, said, amongst other things, that often in writing his dispatches to the Home Government, in his warm offices in the Government House, Toronto, he has found the ink cease flowing, and on examination discovered a ball of frozen ink formed under his pen. Another writer on settlement in the mild Western peninsula of Ontario gravely tells of horses having to be cut out of the ice formed from the overflowing of the troughs at which they were