

dred dollar fine, was sent by the next train to the gaol or guard-room at Regina. But he will have his revenge when he is a free man again. He will write letters—probably anonymous—to the press, denouncing the tyranny of the Mounted Police, and the respectable class who believe what is in the papers will feel vaguely that something must be wrong, for “where there’s smoke there must be fire” you know. The fraternity of thieves ranges from the pickpocket to the millionaire who steals a railway; and from the smuggler who is happy if he can sneak away from the train with a flask in his pocket, to the importer who hides in crates of crockery-ware enough to poison a village.

To pioneers who have fought with trees and stumps for a lifetime to make a cleared farm, or who have had to plough along the sides of steep hills, boundless expanses of open prairie present a picture of beauty of which they never tire. Others are apt to find the monotony oppressive, and the first sight of the hills on the banks of the Bow—twenty miles to the south—was hailed with joy by every one on the car. To us who had not seen a river since we left the Assinaboine, save the south Saskatchewan which we crossed at midnight, nor a tree for hundreds of miles, the sight of the Bow, near the Blackfoot crossing, winding and doubling like an ox-bow, and of its steep banks clothed here and there with cottonwood, was as refreshing as a drink of cold water to a thirsty soul. And the Rocky Mountains, which had for some time hung like banks of cloud on the distant horizon, now came full into view, the main range lifting itself high in air right across our path, a long broken line of everlasting snow crowning the highest peaks. We saw their outlines at noon, and their varied features came out more distinctly every hour, till the sun set behind them, and they shone beautifully in the warm purple light of early evening. Gradually the purple died away into soft blue, and as the moon rose from the circling horizon behind us, it tinged with its light the straight wall of battlements that rose fifty miles ahead, apparently forbidding further progress westwards. The sight of the Alps as we look to the north from the great plain of Lombardy is not finer. The North-West has no past, but there is a wondrous fascination in its vastness and the promise of the future. And as long as we are within sight of the mountains we can never be without inspiration. To feel their power once is to feel it forever.

To the south of the winding Bow is the chosen country of the ranchmen. These fine fellows are in the saddle from morning to night, and I am glad to think, if we may judge from their own testimonies and the prosperity of their fellows in the much inferior country of Montana to the south, that they are doing well and likely to do better. The Cochrane Rancho Company suffered heavily last winter, thousands of their cattle dying from exposure to the bitter cold and from lack of food, on account of the snow remaining on the ground longer than was expected. The ghastly evidences of half eaten carcasses of poor brutes that had been driven from Montana late in the fall and left to perish on the roadsides beyond Calgary, and in almost every nook and hollow along the upper Bow and its tributaries could be seen by every traveller last summer. The miserable sight made one appreciate the truth that there was in Mr. Bright’s lamentation even over the camels that strewed the line of our army’s marches in Afghanistan. The other ranchmen when asked for an explanation usually explained those wholesale losses by bad management, or rather an attempt to manage the business from too great a distance. It is unnecessary to go into details, for the company did its best. It has not lost confidence in the country and will learn lessons likely to be remembered in proportion to the costliness of its experience. All the way from the boundary line to Calgary, the country seems specially suited for stockraising, horses and sheep included. Water and pasture are of the best, and practically exhaustless. In Manitoba the winters are too uniformly severe, and the snow lies too long on the ground without a break. Under the lee of the mountains the Chinook wind licks up the snow and dissolves the ice on the rivers in the most marvellous way. A friend writes last December, “We had it below zero, with bitter winds, for a week. Three days ago it suddenly changed to warm Chinook. The snow disappeared in a few hours and it has been warm ever since. I have to keep the door of my hut open at night and to take off my coat when walking. You may think such changes extreme, but they hurt neither men nor animals. No one is sick here and the horses are fat. There are fortunes to be made out here, and not slowly.”

As we approached Calgary, the soil became darker and warmer, but the grass was still grey and parched looking. The rainfall is abundant in spring and summer, but the August suns are as powerful here as they are in Ontario and vegetation withers. To the north is found a glorious country, along the upper waters of the Red Deer and its tributaries, and settlers from the older Provinces have been selecting homesteads that they declare to be the best on the continent. But the one overpowering sight for a hundred miles this side Calgary was not the prairie nor the river, but the

mountains. They extend in a line more than a hundred miles long from south to north, rising apparently abruptly from the plain, though, as we drew nearer, the foot-hills could be distinguished from the line of serrated and crested peaks behind. Thousands cross the Atlantic to see the mountains of Europe, and who would blame them? Not those, certainly, who have ever footed it up their rugged sides. But here are our glorious mountains, and the wise man will resolve to see them before he dies.

Calgary was interesting to us as the point where we must leave the railway, and trust to horses or to our feet, and still more interesting as the place where we were to learn whether it was possible to push across in this latitude to the ocean, or whether we would need to flank our own mountains by striking south and taking advantage of the N. P. Railway. It is well known that the main line of the Rockies can be crossed with the greatest ease by any one of a dozen passes; but after crossing in latitude 51°, the traveller finds that he has accomplished little. He is in a sea of mountains. The Columbia River is running to the north, and he knows that at the Big Bend it turns right round and flows to the south. Within this loop—seventy miles wide—which the Columbia makes, is the rugged snow-clad Selkirk range. We had no certain information of a pass across it, or of a trail, even if a veritable pass had been found. And if we did get across those seventy miles, we knew that a third range, called the Columbia or Gold, would rise up before us, and that this also must be crossed before we reached Kamloops, the nearest village in British Columbia to Calgary; and though Mr. W. Moberly had discovered the Eagle Pass across this range eighteen years ago, we had no knowledge as to whether or not there was a trail, and a pass without a trail is little better than a snare to ordinary travellers. Everything, we felt, depended on the information that Mr. Ross, the C. P. R. Engineer, might be able to give us, and in our eagerness to see him, we scarcely looked at the beauties of Calgary.

GEORGE M. GRANT.

[CORRECTION.—The paper by Principal Grant in THE WEEK for Jan. 10th, printed as No. 3, should stand as No. 4. The section printed above is No. 3.—THE EDITOR.]

ENGLAND'S OLDEST COLONY.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

It has been said that British America is made up of parts that constitute no whole, has provinces but is no country. Ten persons in Newfoundland can tell you of Brazil, Spain, Italy for one that has knowledge of Ontario. In the libraries of Toronto, University, Parliamentary or public, you will find no work on Newfoundland, though, from Whitbourne in 1622, to Harvey and Hatton in 1883, one may number no less than twenty considerable histories of it, and accounts more or less detailed. The recent Orange riots at Harbour Grace have done more to spread the name, if not the fame, of the oldest English colony than all the labours of Chief Justice Reeves, Sir Richard Bonnycastle, or the Rev. Charles Pedley.

I would not be understood to say that correctness was the one thing aimed at in the telegraphic despatches upon the riot published in the Toronto daily press, or attained in editorial comments thereon. Much as I may admire the man who knows without undergoing the miserable drudgery of learning; willingly as I may admit his cleverness who can make pronouncements on facts from intuition, I may yet hold the pronouncements made to be “not according to knowledge” in the Apostle’s sense of these words. Indeed, anxiety to learn of those who dwell by the sea-side has, in great measure, yet to arise in the premier province of the Dominion. Its production or development may not be beneath the dignity, or beyond the notice, of our new Minister of Education. He is said to have projected a new and composite series of “Readers.” School children would, probably, take as much interest in a British colony as in Terra del Fuego or Kamschatka. Knowledge of it might do them yeoman service in after years.

But in young countries, when events begin to run they run quickly. Wide apart in thought and feeling as the British provinces now are, little as they have in common, they have been further asunder. Since ’67 inter-provincial has grown year by year, and the trend of events sets towards consolidation. One need not aspire to outdo Methuselah in age, yet may reasonably expect to see the day when British Americans shall have cast off their sectional narrowness, shall regard each other from a juster standpoint and, from Atlantic to Pacific, be welded into one people as they are one in language, race, and allegiance.

FRENCH CLAIMS.

A bold headland, rugged but majestic, a few huts clustering to its base, stands on your right hand as you cut through the straits of Belle Isle. It