

over a few scattered and helpless "habitants."

IT isn't as if Ontario had anything to fear or anything to gain. We all know—intelligent French-Canadians know—that the time will come when every man on this continent, be he French or English in origin, will speak English as his native language. To-day French business men, professional men, clerks, merchants, all sorts of people, speak excellent English. They put us entirely to shame in their industry and skill in learning our language while the usual English efforts to hammer out a few French sentences would excite the inextinguishable laughter of any but the politest race in existence. A French-Canadian can make little worldly progress without knowing English; and he knows it. If we will only leave him alone and not make it a matter of honour with him to try to keep his mother-tongue alive, he will see that his children are taught English—just as he will see that they are enabled in other ways to make a good living. We need not worry about that. And if he also takes pains that they do not lose their rightful inheritance to one of the great literary and civilizing languages of the world, so much the better.

ONTARIO is in no more danger of becoming a French Province than it is of becoming an Italian Province. It is either dishonest or stupid for some of the people of Ontario to talk as if they were really fearful of this result. They are nothing of the sort. They simply are swayed by the natural human antipathy toward all sorts and conditions of men who are so unfortunate, or so lost to all proper feeling for what is best for them, as to be unlike their kingly selves. They want to make everybody with whom they come in contact into Ontario English-speaking people—just as the Turks want to turn Albanians into Turks; and the Germans are trying to make the Poles speak German. They find Frenchmen in their Province and in their power; and they say—"Come; let us make them over into people like US." They have the majority—they have the power—and their politicians flatter them into using it.

OF course, they are going about it in precisely the wrong way if what they sought was "results" and not the naked joy of exercising strength. Ontario prides itself on knowing its Bible. It might recall that, many centuries ago, tyrants learned the wholesome lesson that "the more they persecuted them, the more they multiplied and grew." If there is any better way than persecution to make people take a sentimental and non-business view of such a question as the learning of a language, I do not know it. A French parent, left alone and treated with respect, in a sea of English speech like Ontario, would be making up to his English neighbours in the hope that his children might the sooner get an idiomatic command of that necessary medium to commercial success—the English language. But when you take him by the coat collar and tell him that he MUST have his children taught English even before they are ready for it—that they MUST attend schools in which French is branded as an inferior jargon—that he MUST recognize that he is in an English Province and have no more nonsense about it—what do you expect will follow? What would follow if such treatment were meted out to the English "garrison" in Quebec? Naturally, you arouse all the resentment—all the resistance—all the race feeling—all the instincts which give men stamina and courage—in the people you treat in this fashion; and, though you may get a heady joy in acting like a "bully" with impunity, you really retard and do not advance the free use of English among our French fellow Canadians.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Philosophy of the Deer Hunter

BY NORMAN PATTERSON.

THE deer hunter, as he is known in the State of Maine, in New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario, is in a class by himself. He is of no particular age; he may be seventeen or he may be seventy. Indeed, last week I saw a man of eighty carrying his rifle through the bush on his sixty-third consecutive season. He had been out for ten days and had been unfortunate. But though he had not been able to get a shot he was thoroughly enjoying himself and was able to rejoice with his companions over their success. I came down on the train from the Muskoka District with two hundred deer hunters and there was no way of figuring out the average age or the average dis-

position. The deer hunter is a type and he almost baffles description.

After a few days spent with a dozen men in a deer camp, I began to ask myself the question, "is the deer hunter a blood-thirsty man?" I looked them over individually, listened to their daily conversation, and tried to study each man's attitude. When I got on the train to come home, I sat in the smoking car with two civil engineers, and I propounded the question to them. I did not get much information. They agreed that the impulse of the hunter was decidedly primitive, but they also agreed

that the methods employed showed the same humane considerations as distinguished modern from ancient civilization. One man stated that his hunting trip had been almost spoiled by a disturbing experience. On the morning of the day on which he was to return to the city he had shot a young doe and wounded it severely. Nevertheless, it was able to continue its progress through the bush and he had not the time at his disposal necessary to follow it and put it out of its misery. He felt that he had done something which was clumsy and unsports-

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A Typical Small Lake in the Magnetawan River District, Ontario, which is the Centre of the Red Deer District.



A Fall of Light, Soft Snow is Pleasing to the Deer Hunter. A Snow Trail is Easy to Follow.



A Party of Deer Hunters Resting After a Successful Drive.



Showing how the Trophy of the Day's Sport is Carried Back to Camp. In this Case the Trophy is a Black Bear.