

ARCTIC ALASKA AND ALONG ITS BOUNDARY.



It is only a small antique bronze, yet it suggests several subjects which even the wise old Owl might deem acceptable. It is in a glass case made to receive objects of interest, and a card attached to it, bears the inscription:—"From Baranoff Castle, Sitka; Joseph Coté, D. L. S." Even a dull contributor could pen a few readable pages on the advantages that might be derived from a little study in the University Museum, through which the ordinary student passes hurriedly once or twice during his course. The College Journal might do something too towards persuading old students and friends of the institution in five continents to send to Ottawa objects of little value where they abound, but most desirable in a Canadian Museum. A visit to Laval or Harvard shows how many magnificent specimens may be obtained in this way.

"The Trials of the Editor," or "What Nearly Happened," would be an appropriate heading for the train of serio-comic recollections which the sight of that quaint little ornament will start in the minds of two or three members of a former editorial staff. Shortly after Mr. Coté entered upon his duties as professional assistant on the International Boundary Commission, and started for the land which Baranoff once ruled, his friends in College were much pained to read in the daily papers that he had been suddenly summoned to another world.

He was said to have been one of the unfortunate victims in a terrible railway accident. An obituary was prepared for THE OWL, then a second, then a third, the editor-in-chief was hard to suit, too hard, a couple of subordinates insinuated; then there was trouble. The printer was paid for putting one of the notices into page form, with appropriate mourning lines, but luckily it never appeared. The only harm done by the imaginary accident was to the peace and finances of the sanctum. To this day, our knight of the transit meets friends who are surprised to see him in the land of the living; thus does something ever remain of unfounded or exaggerated reports. What hideous mischief these stories sometimes create! Why not devote a few pages to developing the motto:—"Be slow to believe and slower to tell."

Baranoff's bronze also suggests something on the land in which it did service, and several weighty reasons go to show that that would be a welcome topic just now. One of them is, that the genial young surveyor, who came so near reading his own obituary in THE OWL, has furnished the writer with much interesting information regarding old Russian America and the International Boundary Commission. So, good reader, leaving behind museums and sanctum troubles, imagine that you have a return ticket for Alaska. Start when the scorching breath of summer sends so many around you to enjoy the balmy breezes of the Atlantic, then on arriving at Victoria, B.C., you will