

and it is deemed worthy of some effort and outlay to establish for even a third of the year a route that will shorten the distance from Liverpool to Yokohama by nearly two thousand miles. By New York and San Francisco the distance between those points is 10,900; by Montreal and the C.P.R., 10,259; by the Hudson's Bay route, 8,275. Of its advantages to our own great interior—embracing the valleys of the Saskatchewan, the Athabasca and the Peace River, and the whole broad expanse stretching away to the mountains, the most distant points of which will soon be joined by lines of railway—our Western fellow-citizens have no doubt whatever.

A couple of weeks ago, in our Calgary number, we announced the completion of the contracts for the construction of the railway north to Edmonton, south to Fort McLeod. The patient promoters of the Hudson's Bay line have received a like piece of good news. Years ago Parliament recognized its just claim to assistance and a land grant was made (of 6,400 acres per mile in Manitoba, and 12,800 acres in the Territories) for the estimated distance of 650 miles. The Provincial Government voted a cash subsidy, a contract was let and work began. But, after the completion of 40 miles, it was discontinued. Those who had given their names, influence and energies to the undertaking—especially Mr. Hugh Sutherland—had no intention, however, of allowing the scheme to end there, and their unceasing efforts in its behalf have at last gained the good will of the powers that be. The Dominion Government has promised to pay for twenty years annually the sum of \$80,000 for 300 miles of the line from Winnipeg to the North Saskatchewan, while the company agrees to carry Government supplies, mails, etc., at a fair rate, to be charged against the grant—a portion of the land grant being retained as security, should the Government business be less than \$80,000. Everything now depends on the financial success of the promoters in Great Britain. If everything turns out well, it is expected that construction will be begun next summer, and that the 300 miles will be completed in 1893. The country to be opened up is rich in timber, and much of it is well adapted for colonization. Of course, the advocates of the Hudson's Bay route look upon the inception of this part of the line as the virtual inauguration of the road to Fort Churchill.

A French-Canadian Village.

One pleasant day in the summer of 1887 fate led my wandering steps to a village within a hundred miles of Montreal. The houses are clustered around a hill, near the summit of which stands a little stone church, which recalled thoughts of the chapels built by the first Canadian missionaries long ago. Small, low, old-fashioned structure, it has been intimately associated with every important event in the lives of the inhabitants of this village for nearly one hundred years,—baptisms, weddings, funerals—all have been celebrated here. It was indeed a place in which one could pray—far away from the city's din and blare and bustle. God seemed to be very near. A pretty French girl was arranging the decorations on the principal altar. The sun, as it came in through a window, threw a beam of light across the chapel directly in the path of the girl as she passed before the altar, and, as she made her genuflection, she was bathed in golden light, so that for an instant we could believe she was an angel ministering before the throne of the Most High.

The "Stations" on the walls were works of art, which had, a short time before our visit, been presented to the church (as we afterwards learned) by a gentleman who had been brought up in the village, but had gone to Montreal in early life and prospered there. He had evidently not forgotten the associations of his boyhood's home. Passing from the church to the graveyard behind, we walked around among the venerable mounds. The graves were nearly all marked with large black crosses, on which was invariably inscribed "R.I.P." On one old cross I deciphered the words, "Jean Baptiste Larocque, décédé 21 Janvier, 1809, âgé 79 ans. R.I.P." How many of our new thriving Ontario towns had yet seen the light of day when this old man was gathered to his fathers? Yet at that time this little village had even reached the stature which it has ever since maintained. An enterprising Telegraph Company opened out an office here some time ago, but it died a natural death for lack of sustenance.

The houses in the village are principally log, white-washed on the outside, and everything about them scrupulously clean. At one door an old dame was sitting, knitting and rocking, and we ventured to ask, in such French

as we could command, for a drink of water, whereupon she invited us into her cottage. The interior of the mansion consisted of three rooms—the principal, or sitting-room, into which we entered; what appeared to be a bed-room off it, and the kitchen at the back. The floor was beautifully white, or rather yellow, the effect of scrubbing with a fine sand, which is found in great quantities in the neighbourhood. Three strips of rag carpet ran across the floor, and a half dozen chairs, scrubbed as clean as the floor, were ranged at regular intervals around the wall, as in a convent parlour. A large print of the Blessed Virgin occupied the post of honour, and around it were grouped photographs of dark-eyed "Maries" and lusty "Jean Baptistes." The old lady was quite talkative, and told us much of the village and of the Rebellion of '37. One day they heard the soldiers were coming, and the women and children and old men (all the young ones having gone off to fight) took refuge in the church, but, after all, only one house in the village was burned. They passed many anxious days and nights then, hoping and praying that the trouble would soon end, and that their fathers, brothers, sons and sweethearts would return once more. The memory of those days of '37 has passed away in the great centres of the land, but not so in those out-of-the-world places, where news is news for a quarter of a century. The old lady produced a faded miniature of a handsome young Frenchman, and told us he was her brother who was killed during the rebellion. He was wounded in the side during a skirmish, and came home to die. His death killed his father and mother, and the sister (our historian) being left alone, went to Montreal to service, but after a while "François" came after her and took her home, and they were married in the little church on the hill. François' father had left him a fine farm just outside the village, and there they lived in peace for many years, until their family grew up and scattered. Three daughters were living in the village—the wives respectively of the village blacksmith, shoemaker and grocer. One son was a clerk in a store in Montreal, and the other was married and living on the farm—the old people having moved into the village to end their days in quiet.

A couple of hours passed away, and then we departed, after thanking our old friend for her hospitality, and promising "that if ever we came that way again," we would call and see her.

Before we left the village we wandered down to the river and entered into conversation with an old man fishing on the bank. He told us that long ago a Huron village stood on the site of this French-Canadian village, and one night the fierce Iroquois came down upon them and killed all the inhabitants, save one maiden, the daughter of the chief. She was shortly to have become the wife of a young brave in her own tribe, but the son of the Iroquois chief had coveted the prize, and, in order to win her, had destroyed all her kinsfolk. They took her away to the Iroquois settlement, but she faded away day by day, until at last one day she was missing, and they traced her back to her old home, to the hill where the church now stands, and there she was lying dead. The legend is that every year, on the night of the 12th of June, she walks through the graveyard crying for vengeance on the destroyers of her people.

When the evening was falling we bade farewell to the village, and started on our homeward drive to Montreal. Many a time since, when walking through the crowded streets of the metropolis, I have thought of that quiet spot where "life seemed all afternoon," and wished that "sometime" when I was wearied with the busy world, I might spend some quiet days in such a spot, and he finally carried out and laid in the graveyard on the hill, under the green grass, with no inscription over my head save "R.I.P."

Ottawa.

ROWENA CAMERON.

Action.

Let me crowd my days with action, let me breathe the breath of strife,
Let me feel my bosom heaving with the glorious lust of life.

Not to-night your couch must fold you deep in sleep's
Lethan wave,
Long and still will be your resting in the silence of the grave.

"Foolish thus to wreck your manhood!" I can hear the sluggard sigh.
Manhood! 'Tis not such when squandered idly as the moments fly.

Better be the panting war-steed, in his one exultant neigh,
Than the lifeless raven, croaking through the centuries' decay.

Who would sleep with fruits of Wisdom dropping ripe upon the ground?

Who can sleep while storms are raging? while his brother lieth bound?

Who would sleep when 'tis such pleasure to be arming for the strife,

And to feel the bosom heaving with the glorious lust of life!

W. M. MACKERACHER.

The Manitoba Farmer's Amusements.

The average Manitoba farmer has so few opportunities of enjoying himself that when he does relax he goes into the pleasure that shows itself with all his heart, and the remembrance of the good time keeps green in his memory through many a hard days work following the plough, the harrows or the binder.

During the long winter, when there is little of importance to do around his farm, the dance held at his own or some neighbour's house finds him on hand and ready for his share of the fun that usually follows, and it certainly is to the stranger who may be present a sight to be remembered. And he, if from the East, where the saltatory motion is carried on in a somewhat easier method instead of the 'stamp and go' he sees before him, carries away with him not only the impression that the dancer enjoys himself but that physically he has not by any means degenerated by the change of climate and probably recuperated. The music is supplied by a musical neighbour, whose only tune is, perhaps, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which serves for all figures of the dance, and is rendered in a manner worthy of the most enthusiastic artist.

Last winter the writer had an invitation to one of these 'dances,' as they are here called, and with a farmer friend was on hand just before the dancing commenced.

The house in which this party was held was about 16x30 in size, and invitations (verbal, of course) were issued for the whole neighbourhood to come along; but, as the night was intensely cold, only about 50 or 60 put in an appearance, and every one a dancer. Coats, hats and wraps were at once thrown aside and business was begun without the least delay.

The gentlemen present exceeded the ladies in number about 75 per cent., and the efforts made by the gentlemen to secure lady partners were great, so you may imagine that the ladies had considerably more than their share of the dancing to sustain.

Evening dress was unknown to the party, and the gentleman who could sport collar, necktie and well-greased top boots felt that degree of complaisance which your Eastern dude has in himself when on the "mash."

The dance was kept up almost without cessation until 8 next morning, when the guests made their departure to their respective abodes.

After spring work has been completed and the warm weather sets in, the picnic is as much a feature as the dance was in winter.

The farmer turns out to the picnic with as much enthusiasm as he did to the dance, and goes in with as much pleasure for baseball, horse-racing, jumping, etc., as he did for the giddy waltz or his muscle-stretching polka.

His constant hard work makes him slow and ponderous in his movements, but he "gets there," so far as taking as much enjoyment as possible out of the different means that show themselves for that purpose.

The dance and the picnic are good things, as they bring together people who, on account of the long distances which separate their houses, cannot meet often, and develop that good feeling which should be prominent in any country, and particularly in a new one like this.

The crops (upon which all are dependent) are now in better shape than they ever were before in the history of the Province, and the farmers hope to reap an exceptionally large harvest.

It is estimated that there are 1,500,000 acres under cultivation this year, which is about 25 per cent. more than there were last year.

T. S.

Anti-Semitic Agitation in France.

The anti-Semitic agitation has been revived in France. The *Figaro* and the *Gaulois* devote their leading columns to the attacks made at Neuilly recently on the Jews in general, and in particular on the house of Rothschild. The writer in the *Figaro* professes to have interviewed, not Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, but "Un intime de la Rue La Fayette," who described to him the movement as German in its origin. The *Figaro* attributes the birth of French anti-Semitism to the belief that the ruin of the Union Générale and its clients was the work of the great Jewish financiers, and especially the Rothschilds; but it explains that this belief is unfounded. The Rothschilds, it says, tried to save, not indeed the Union Générale, for that was past salvation, but the funds deposited there, and it says they would have succeeded had M. Bontoux not been arrested. The French people, it is said, have no feeling against the Rothschilds, and anti-Semitism is not in any way dangerous. In the *Gaulois*, M. Andrieux, ex-Prefect of Police, deals with the question in an article headed "If I were Rothschild." He thinks that the agitation against the Jews has a character of gravity which commands the consideration of all statesmen. He traces that agitation to the favour shown the Jews by the Republican Government. He fears that the reaction which has set in against the preponderating influence of the Jewish element in French society will, like all reactions, be excessive and unreasonable, and he thinks that it is possible for the head of the house of Rothschilds to check that mischievous reaction by "promoting syndicates and associations of workmen, placing credit within the reach of industrial and agricultural labour, making the lot of the labourer less hard and the capitalist less selfish"—"in a word," adds M. Andrieux, "if I were Rothschild, I would wish to be the first Socialist of my times in the highest sense of the word."