



UNACCOUNTABLE.

REV. GENTLEMAN (reproachfully, to drowsy member of his flock)—“How can you sleep in church every Sunday, Mr. Jenkins?”

MR. JENKINS—“Well, sir, that’s what puzzles me, too, for you do talk powerful loud at times, to be sure, sir.”

“Pardon—je suis sérieux; je ne sais rien. Dites moi donc.”

“Ah que vous etes bete! C’est l’an mille, neuf cent quatre vingt dix.”

Merciful heavens! I had slept for a century and awakened to see my worst fears for my unhappy country realized and the French supreme! Had it come to this? The interest of my interlocutor was aroused.

“Et vous?” he asked, “un étranger, assurance?”

“Helas oui! un étranger dans ma propre ville,” I replied.

As I said before my knowledge of French is very imperfect, which must be my excuse for any grammatical errors in the brief conversation I have reported.

“Mais,” I resumed, “ou sont les Anglais? Je ne leur vois pas.”

M. Le Grenouille, for it was he whom I had addressed, shrugged his shoulders.

“Il n’y a pas des Anglais—Toronto est tout Français pour vingt-cinq ans.”

My mind reverted to the stalwart Equal Righters who but yesterday so nobly championed the cause of civil and religious liberty.

“Et McCarthy, et O’Brien, et Caven, et Prof. Goldwin Smith,” I cried forgetful for the moment of the lapse of time.

“Oh—Les hommes de la revolte de 1901? Ah—pendus—tous pendus!”

Could it be possible? My brain reeled, and I would have fallen fainting to the ground had not Mons. Le Grenouille, seeing my condition, drawn me inside and assisted me to a seat. After he had administered restoratives he conducted me to an inner apartment to escape the curiosity of the crowd who were thronging the store, and began to question me as to the strange circumstances of my appearance clothed in the antiquated garb of the nineteenth century. I explained as well as my unfamiliarity with the language would permit, the singular plight in which I found myself. The recital, of course, excited his unbounded amazement and curiosity—not unmixed

with superstitious fear. He hastily sent one of his clerks to the Church of St. Jacques—formerly St. James’ cathedral—to summon a priest in order to sprinkle me with holy water in case my singular experience should prove to be due to demoniac possession. On finding that a thorough sprinkling did not result in my sudden disappearance in a glare of red fire leaving an odor of brimstone behind, he was re-assured and we resumed our conversation. He told me that after the retirement of Sir John Macdonald parties were a good deal broken up—but that the French, by their astute political strategy, managed to retain the ascendancy and shape legislation in their own favor. Finally in 1901 the Equal Righters, finding all constitutional efforts in vain and alarmed by the steady increase of the French influence in Ontario—where at that date they had a dozen members in the Legislature and a cabinet representative, Pacaud by name—resorted to arms. The revolt was quickly suppressed and the leaders executed. From that time the French power rapidly increased. Many English speaking Canadians went West and to the States, and their places were quickly filled by Frenchmen from Quebec. Others were absorbed owing to the Frenchification of the schools. Early in the century the dual language was introduced into Ontario—and about fifty years later English had practically ceased to be used in most parts of the Province. In 1963 its official use was abolished by Act of the Legislature, and about the same time the Catholic religion was constituted that of the State and the institution of tithes established. Then the triumph of the French was complete, and the English element which remained was speedily absorbed into the French-speaking mass.

I need not say how painfully the recital affected me. I felt utterly overcome and prostrated.

“And now you had better rest,” said my host. “I will tell you more to-morrow, and if you feel well enough we will go to the Parc National—once the Queen’s Park—and see the unveiling of the statue of Mercier which occupies the pedestal where formerly stood that of George Brown. Abbe Lafontaine, President of Toronto University, will make a grand oration. *Au revoir.*”



A FAIR WARNING.

TAILOR (to shop-boy)—“Well, did the editor of the *Blowgun* pay you the account for his suit?”

Boy—“No, sir. He says you will find it in plain letters over his editorial column that he does not bind himself either to pay for or return any articles sent to him!”