

expected a massacre that I think there was some disappointment at the news, which was altogether too pacific. I am quite sure that two or three members of the Home Guard felt a shade disappointed, for the next evening, when the reverend messenger returned, he was put through a series of cross-questions by certain members of the committee who felt bound to satisfy themselves that there was no possibility of a mistake.

In the Eastern press one reads of So-and-so, Mr. This and That having been interviewed on the Indian question in the Far West, especially as to the danger of an uprising. If many of these gentlemen would candidly tell the interviewers that they knew nothing about the subject they would be doing honestly by the public; but the fact that they are interviewed is too much of a temptation: their names must be perpetually in print or their greatness will disappear, and as it is much more popular to say that there is likely to be trouble at some indefinite time in the future, this sort of romancing is going the rounds. I noticed that *THE WEEK* refers to the "big Injun" tale that there are seventy thousand Indians in the Blackfoot and Milk River district; and that there were twenty-seven thousand fighting Indians of this number. Such a story should not be permitted to go the rounds. The ignorant may believe it, but to any fairly informed person it bears its own refutation. The fighting strength of the Blackfeet tribe in the Macleod and Calgary districts is about eight hundred braves. This includes five hundred Bloods. The Sarcees, who have their reservation near Calgary, can muster only fifty braves. The Piegans, Gros Vends, the Indians of the Milk River district, according to Colonel Loya Wheaton, of the 20th U. S. Infantry, who commands at Fort Assiniboine, Montana Territory, number not more than fifteen hundred warriors. It is most fortunate for our people that such an excellent officer as Colonel Wheaton is admitted to be in charge of the most important and most extensive frontier military post in the United States. It was he that built Fort Pembina in 1870, and in the fall of 1871 dispersed the Fenian raiders after they had captured the Hudson's Bay Company's post at what is now West Lynne. Sir Edward Thornton, who was then British Minister at Washington, sent Colonel Wheaton a warm letter of thanks for the soldier-like manner in which he had discharged his international duties.

That any attempt of the Gros Vends or other Indians to cross the International Boundary Line, and attack Canadian settlers, will be promptly known to Colonel Wheaton through the efficient aid of the Indian police, and will be counteracted by the troops under Wheaton's command, there can be no doubt; and the fact should not be lost sight of that some time ago the Mounted Police Force was greatly augmented in the Macleod and Calgary districts. From what I personally know, I am sure that Comptroller White has taken every precaution, and this, with the sturdy self-reliance of settler and rancher alike, ought to be sufficient to overawe the Blackfeet who, though not a little saucy, have not been really hostile to the settler himself.

G. B. E.

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

HIRELINGS of Fame,
Miscalled, miscredited!
Fling down the wreath
Of bay unmerited;
There lie beneath
Men, disinherited,
With nobler claim.

Ye do but live
Occasions choice to seize,
Using the hour
To bend all servile knees
Before your power;
Deeds, such as these,
Earth's titles give.

They did but die
Leaving no written line
On History's page;
But on the Scroll Divine
Of endless age
Their names in splendour shine
And purity.

E. G. G.

IN Paris cholera has been found to exist inversely with the amount of ozone in the air.

A NEW wax plant called the Ocotilla-tree has been discovered and described by Helen C. De S. Abbott. It is thorny, grows in the region of the Mexican boundary line, and the bark supplies a wax differing somewhat from the heretofore known vegetable waxes.

THE FIRS.

PINE trees sobbing a weird unrest
In saddened strains;
Crows flying slowly into the west
As daylight wanes;
Breezes that die in a stifled breath,
Leaving a calm that is still as death.

Fir trees reaching toward the sky
In giant might;
All day long at your feet I lie
Awaiting night,
While sweet pine needles are falling down
In silent showers of golden brown.

How waves the blue Canadian air
Amid your arms?
'Tis not so calm down here as there,
Because your charms
Enhance the world to a sapphire blue,
And change its tone with its change of hue.

Changed in a thousand trivial ways—
That shade a life,
Leaving the dregs of yesterdays
With shadows rife:
Shadows that lie in the fir tops tall,
And fall with the fir cones over all.

For some one's turned their tender eyes
Away from me,
And dark the sorrow that in them lies
With misery;
Oh, gentlest pleader my life has known,
I stay as you found me, here—alone.

Alone with the firs and the dying day,
That lived too long;
Alone with the pines that sing away
Their strange, wild song.
Ah, darling! unclasp your fair, warm hand,
'Tis better I should misunderstand.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF *THE WEEK*, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.
Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

THE ENGLISH IN QUEBEC.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—It was stated by a correspondent lately that very few of the English-speaking residents of this Province looked upon it as the future home of themselves and their children. If this were so, a graver position of things could hardly be conceived, for the influence of such a sentiment would be far-reaching, demoralizing, and deadening.

I venture, however, and that with some acquaintance with the position, to doubt whether this sweeping statement has any foundation. It is easy to make such a statement as a matter of opinion; but the value of an opinion depends upon the worth and character of the circle in which he who forms it moves. The exact truth is not attainable; but the following considerations bear approximately on the subject.

There is an uncertain and floating population in every community. Go low enough in the scale and you will find hundreds, if not thousands, of people in Toronto and Hamilton who do not look upon Ontario as their future home. It is obviously so with the same class in every State of the adjoining Republic, and it is as true of this Province as of any other. But, putting this class aside for the moment, there are three centres of English-speaking people in this Province. First in importance comes the city of Montreal; second, a number of counties south of the St. Lawrence, almost wholly occupied by English-speaking people; third, the city of Quebec.

If we take the city of Montreal, we find many evidences that its English-speaking citizens regard their residence and occupation as of a permanent character. Men never erect substantial and costly dwellings, warehouses, factories, and places of business unless under a conviction of an assured future in the locality. This is as accurate a test as can be applied. Temporary buildings for temporary residents; solid and enduring structures for the men who intend to remain. It is notorious that every year the English-speaking citizens of Montreal are building for themselves residences of the most substantial and enduring character. By far the most costly mansions in the whole Dominion have been erected in Montreal during the last few years by English-speaking people whose means and opportunities were such that they could live wherever they pleased. Buildings of an enduring character to the value of over \$2,000,000 have been erected during the last year in this city. The largest portion of this sum has been expended by the English population.