



MRS. MICAWBER AT ST. CATHARINES.

"I will never desert the Party. I do not want to see it go to the dogs."—*Vide Rykert's speech.*

FACTS FROM REGINA.

I LEFT Toronto in the Spring of '82. You may remember seeing a thin, red-headed man, one leg shorter than the other (the long one wooden), with only one hand, and one glass eye, followed to the station by crowds of sorrowing relatives and friends—that man was the writer. Regina, when I landed here, was a town of tents. In my walks about the city I felt a peculiar tingling at the stub-end of my handless arm. It took me just one week to locate my farm, and at the end of that time, I had a new hand, *grown out* as complete as the other, except finger-nails. I had to rub "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment" on my fingers several times before the nails grew. This climate cannot produce finger-nails—and if any agent tells you it can, he lies. To make a long story short, inside of six months I had a complement of legs and arms. At the end of the first year a new eye had grown, forcing the glass one out, and both eyes were large, luminous and dreamy. In fact, I do not dare to turn them, with full expression, upon romantic young ladies, as I have had already several narrow escapes from that class of damsels who want to clope with poetical-looking young men. My hair has changed from a bright red to an auburn, or dark orange, and has the real scent of a Bermuda orange. This climate will not produce oranges, but it does yield the perfume of the orange

to perfection. If you doubt this, I will send you a pound or two of my hair.

When I left Toronto my teeth had

"Folded their tents like the Arabs
And silently stole away."

Now I have one hundred double teeth. If I were the seventh son of a seventh son I couldn't have more complete grinders. When I boarded the train at Toronto I girted twenty-two inches around the chest, and was thin in proportion. Now it takes something bigger than an ordinary horse to bear my weight, and I sleep upon an iron bedstead. My house is built four stories underground. The architect of the Eiffel Tower got the idea of that part of the building from a description of my house that Mr. Davin took across on his last visit to Paris.

Sometimes I get tired looking at my shadow and cry, "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" Wings do not grow here, though on the shoulders of very good people they sprout. You can see a clearly-defined impression upon my figure, where they are ready to grow at a minute's notice.

Eating, in this country, is merely a matter of habit. Days when I am very busy I do not stop to eat. I step outside and inhale the pure, bracing, exhilarating, intoxicating oxygen. It is both victuals and drink.

I was not a wealthy man when I came here. In fact, I was at times reduced to the extremity of smoking chewing tobacco in a clay pipe. I am now in a position to smoke ten fifty-cent cigars per day. I did intend giving you the number of horses, cows, oxen, steers, calves, pigs, hens, etc., that I possess. The man that I sent out to count the animals has been a week rounding them into a large field, and will begin counting them to-morrow. I will send you the numbers in my next letter.

Our Emigration Agents are doing well. Our Mayor returned from Ontario a few days ago with settlers' car loaded with one whole emigrant, who had his effects securely packed in a paper bag. The Mayor intends going East again during the Summer after another settler.

I will report as the different Agents come in. I wish to warn Ontario people not to believe all that is told them by our agents. Plain, unvarnished facts, such as I have given, are quite sufficient to convince any reasonable person that we have a country unsurpassed.

PIONEER.

MUSIC.

PERHAPS I am not one of the finest flute players in Canada? Oh, no! And perhaps scores of high-class musicians don't chase me around and ask me, as a particular favor, to kindly assist at their different concerts, by playing soul-lifting flute solos. Oh, no! perhaps not! I don't care about playing in public, but when the toil, heat and worry of the day is over, I dearly love to haul out my cherished flute and play mellow, pensive airs—it seems to soothe my tired spirit. But somehow it seems to have the opposite effect on the other boarders. When the exquisitely sweet and pathetic sounds float up the passage, all the doors on our flat are thrown open with a slam, and a wild rush is made for my room; but I have discreetly locked the door, and they can only stand outside and make fierce and sanguinary threats, and fire boots and unkind remarks through the transom. But I play serenely on, and heed not their envious jibes, and I can easily dodge any missiles thrown over the transom. Some people have no music in their souls, anyhow.