

Our Contributors.

A NEW FIELD FOR THE REFORMER.

BY KNOXONIAN.

Two lady correspondents of the *Globe* have ventilated a new abuse and opened up a new and promising field for the professional moral and social reformer. These ladies assert that mere acquaintances from the country visit them uninvited, stay for days, and when they go out with their hostess to see the lions don't even pay their own fare on the street cars. But let one of these fair correspondents speak for herself:

People you know little about, and care far less, come to see you for a week, ask you to go out with them, and show them the places of interest in the city. You go innocently enough. They soon tire walking; you suggest a car, and have to pay their fare as well as your own. One lady told me she had spent \$3 in one week on street car tickets taking visitors around. The poor little woman added, "I'd rather stay home in the summer, but I shall be obliged to leave."

"Another Victim" writes that she is compelled to entertain ten or fifteen uninvited visitors every summer, and finds her weekly allowance does not keep the account square when said visitors are on hand. Both correspondents agree in saying that the only remedy for this abuse is to leave the city for a few weeks, and go to some summer resort.

Were this matter submitted to a third woman it is just possible she might suggest that these Toronto ladies wished to go to the seaside, or some place of summer resort, not having any other excuse, brought out this on about uninvited guests. Of course we do not make any such suggestion. We merely mention that a third woman might explain the conduct of her sisters in this way.

It is said that during the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia every man in the United States discovered that he or his wife had a cousin or some other relative in Philadelphia. The temptation to make that discovery was very strong. The hotels were crowded and hotel bills were high. It was a nice thing to find a relative in the city that summer, and it is just possible some enterprising American citizens found relatives in Philadelphia at that time that they never recognized either before or since. It is also possible, indeed it is somewhat probable, that a good many people visited their Philadelphia relatives during the Centennial on a rather slim invitation. And it is just possible that some country cousins do occasionally visit some of their supposed Toronto friends without a very urgent invitation. One thing, however, we venture to assert. All the people in Ontario that ever visited anybody in Toronto without an invitation of some kind might be counted on one's fingers. The people of Ontario are not the kind that sponge around the houses of citizens who cannot pay a 5-cent fare on the cars without writing about it in the newspapers. For one Ontario man or woman who accepts an invitation that did not mean anything, 1,000 decline genuine invitations and put up in hotels to avoid the possibility of giving their friends trouble. Ontario people, like all other people, have their faults, but quartering themselves for weeks on Toronto citizens who cannot spend 5 cents without writing to the *Globe* about it is not one of them.

It is very easy to understand how people living out of the city sometimes visit where they are not welcome.

The Rev. Dr. Poundtext goes out into the country on some special duty. He stays for two or three days with a hospitable family, and gets the best in the house. He takes it in liberal quantities. During his stay he is invited to dinner and tea by several families. When he leaves for home there is scarcely a living chicken in the neighbourhood. As he says good-bye to the friends who have entertained him, he always adds, "When you are in the city give us a call." The innocent people thought he meant it. They called and Mrs. Poundtext didn't know who they were! The "give us a call" was simply a formal nothing which Poundtext thought he ought to use as a slight recognition of the high feeding he had enjoyed for two or three days.

The Hon. Mr. Smoothbore, M.P., makes a tour among his constituents. He shakes hands with all the men and women and kisses all the babies. He dines and takes tea in many farm houses. The people are very kind to him. He lives on the very best his constituents can afford. As he leaves each

house he shakes hands gushingly, and says, "When you are in the city be sure to give us a call. Let the boys come in for a few days, and make their home at our house. Why can't the girls come in and visit Mrs. Smoothbore? She will be happy to see them." Sometimes these invitations are accepted, and—well, we needn't say what. Everybody knows what is likely to happen. Dozens, scores, hundreds of city people go out into the country, receive kindness, accept hospitality, and say, "Give us a call when you are in the city." Some people thus invited are innocent enough to accept. They might know better.

It may be true that some country cousins visit their supposed Toronto friends on invitations that mean nothing; but how many Toronto people are visiting over all this country at this very moment, some of them without any invitation at all? They have a happy faculty for finding out their country cousins in hot weather. They rather enjoy milk that has neither water nor chalk in it, butter that has not been made out of oleomargarine, and eggs in which the vital principle has not been developed up to feathers. These excellent citizens don't ride on street cars in the country at the expense of their friends, for there are none to ride on, but they use any other kind of conveyance without any hesitation.

The less said on this subject by Toronto people the better. For every person from the country visiting in Toronto, there are a hundred Torontonians visiting in the country at this very moment.

Moral: 1. Never accept an invitation from either town or country unless you are absolutely sure it is genuine.

2. Don't accept all that may be genuine. Visiting may easily be overdone.

3. Never invite people to your house unless you really wish them to come. Saying, "Give us a call" when you don't want them to call isn't much better than lying.

OUR NORTH-WEST INDIANS.

Professor Bryce, of Manitoba College, details in the *Winnipeg Free Press* a recent visit to the Indian Reserves on Crooked Lake:

THE QU'APPELLE VALLEY.

What a grand valley! Every one exclaims as he arrives on the heights overlooking the western river. The prairie table land is 300 feet at places above the river bed. Great undulating banks rise from either side of the stream, those on the south heavily wooded by forests of poplar and elm; those on the north bare and gray—an indication of the great heat of the summer sun on the southern exposure in these western prairies. The Qu'Appelle is a small stream winding with a silvery line through the level flat of the valley. At times it is so crooked as to remind one of the Links of the Forth, as seen from Stirling Castle. It is to the enlargements of the river in its winding course that the name "Crooked Lakes" is given. The undulating heights on either side are exceedingly grand, though, perhaps somewhat monotonous. On the northern side the bare, winding clay hills are not unlike those of the Seine, as seen below Paris. At one point on this part of the Qu'Appelle is a settlement of French people. The residence of one of these families is peculiarly beautiful; it reminds one irresistibly of a rural scene in France. At the base of the hill is seen a white cottage. From its front slopes gently to the river a green plain several hundred yards wide. For two or three hundred feet above the cottage rises the gray hillside. Up stream from the house and behind it in the coulee is a fresh green grove of our soft maple. It needs but the planting of vines along the hillside to make the scene one of South-Eastern France. For twenty miles along the south side of the Qu'Appelle, in this part stretch the four reserves included under the Crooked Lake Agency. The reserves run for ten or more miles to the south of the river, and are made up of what are familiarly known on the prairie as bluffs. Many lakes of clear, sweet water are interspersed, and the appearance is not unlike that of a great English park. If the gentle spirit of nature can ever soothe the savage breast it ought to be here. Some fifteen miles north of Broadview Station, on the C. P. R., we came suddenly on the encampment of a great Cree chief.

KA-KEE-WIST-A-HAW.

His log house and outbuildings are on rising ground,

and are surrounded by a good crop of wheat and potatoes. But in summer, according to custom, an encampment is made on the lower ground beside the lake, and we are fortunate to-day, for the chief is at home. The day is warm, and apart from his tent, sitting in the shade of a cluster of poplar branches thrust in the earth, and on a large white robe of dressed ox skin, sits the patriarch of seventy summers. As our party approaches he rises, and salutes us with the ordinary "How!" He is about six feet in height, and still as straight as an arrow; has a good face of the ordinary Cree cast, ears pierced, hair long, and is fairly well dressed in Indian fashion. He is one of the four North-Western chiefs taken by Colonel McDonald to witness the unveiling of Brant's statue at Brantford last year. But "Flying-in-a-Circle," for so his name means, is of distinguished descent. His grandfather was a chief of great mark. He was of gigantic stature and such great prowess that he bore the name among the Indians of the plains of "The Eagle that sits where he pleases." He was known as the "Osteuguide" by the traders. He is most celebrated to us as the great Cree chief who signed the treaty with Lord Selkirk, at Red River, in 1817. Any one looking up the treaty as given in "Morris' Indian Treaties," will find his name there as Mache-Mkeosab, or as "Le Sonnant." Among Indians, as well as whites, it will be seen that "blood tells." But "Flying-in-a-circle," having been limited in his flight, must now get a "pass" when he wishes to leave the agency. He has settled down with his people to be farmers instead of buffalo hunters; and his band now comprises 166 souls. But we must hasten on north-east of this point, some ten miles away, and in the valley of Qu'Appelle we met

OO-CHA-PE-WE-YAS.

The significant name of this chief, who has the largest band of the four, numbering 264 souls, is "Strike-him-in-the-Eye." Even Indian names seem at times misnomers. Instead of a daring and vindictive chief, as one might suppose, "Strike-him-in-the-Eye" has a most insinuating manner, and even made the suggestion to the visitors that a supply of provisions and tea would not be at all wasted on him. It did not, however, strike his visitors in that way, and the chief who wore an enormous fur cap, though the thermometer stood about ninety degrees, accepted the refusal with becoming coolness. Perhaps the most advanced band on the agency is that of Cowesis, or

LITTLE CHILD.

This band numbers 155, and has a present no chieftain, Little Child having died a year or more ago. All accounts go to show that he was a most intelligent and good Indian. An old Indian official related to the writer, almost with tears in his eyes, the virtues of this deceased chief. He told of Little Child's desire years ago to know the religion of the white man, of his going with him to service on several occasions, of the great interest expressed in what he saw, and of his determination to lead a good life. Shortly before his death, Little Child was baptized by the Rev. Hugh McKay, missionary of Crooked Lakes Reserve. The vacancy caused by the chief's death has not yet been filled, though possibly O'Soup, the chief man of the band, may succeed to the office. Our party visited his house, but did not see O'Soup himself. His house and farm are worth seeing, and instead of being like those of an Indian, suggested the thought that they might belong to some one white enough to be called O'Brien or O'Grady. His two large log houses, joined together by a smaller, which served as a vestibule to both, were clean, tidy and well furnished. A splendid field of wheat of thirty or forty acres, and a plot of excellent potatoes showed the advance made by these retired buffalo hunters. The western reserve was not visited as being out of the way. It is under Chief

SAK-I-MAY,

or Mosquito. On this reserve are 193 souls. Thus on the reserves are living 778 Indians in all. They almost all live in houses. These houses are distributed through the reserves, perhaps half a mile apart. Some of them, along with the farms, are in the valleys, others of the never farms and houses are on the prairie level or "kench" as it is called. During the winter the people keep largely to the valley, for there much of their hay is cut, and the neighbourhood seems most pleasing to them.