

for Percy to begin life for himself. Mrs. Briggs found her thoughts at one time filled with admiring wonder at the unselfish generosity of the High Commissioner who had forsaken such great opportunities to get wealth for himself, in order to go abroad and publish the good news to others, and again she feared that before her son could get there everything would be seized and nothing left for him. Percy himself was the least astonished of the family, the Commissioner's statements falling in nicely with his own sanguine expectations. A private interview with the lofty official removed the last uncertainty of the father, increased the admiration and reduced the fears of the mother, and flattered the susceptible Percy with the assurance that a gentleman of his vigour and enthusiasm and supplied with ready capital was simply an ideal colonist. He was assured of unlimited game and of the charming attractiveness of Calgary. All were much impressed with the moral seriousness and dignified bearing of the High Commissioner, and the official publications relating to the country, with which he liberally supplied them, quite confirmed all his statements, including those of special interest to Percy.

The animated conversation around the dinner table in the house of Briggs, to which we have already referred, took place on the evening following the lecture on Canada. Every one was full of the subject, and opportunities for utterance were at a premium. As the ideas which struggled for expression were gradually unfolded it became evident that some sort of grand and romantic future was opening out before the eldest son. Even Mr. Briggs, encouraged by the enthusiasm around him, was unusually optimistic and began to feel that, after all, providence might have destined his son for higher things than his father had dreamed of. Still he could hardly believe with his wife that in a few years after taking up a ranch of his own, the son would have accumulated a fortune sufficient to enable him to return to England, purchase a neighbouring estate, expected to come on the market before long, and become the founder of a family like the Walthams. Yet the founder of that family, as Mrs. Briggs reminded her husband, had made his fortune in America. True, admitted Mr. Briggs, but under slightly different circumstances. He had engaged in the slave trade after the Assiento treaty, and had combined with it smuggling and occasional piracy along the Spanish coasts. Of course Mrs. Briggs trusted that Percy would not resort to such means to increase his fortune, but after what the gentleman had said on the previous evening and what was stated in these government publications there seemed to be just as good, if not better, chances left in other directions.

And so the tide of fancy and of fortune ebbed and flowed, and continued to do so for many days, until it was settled, late in the spring, that Percy was to leave for Canada as soon as his outfit could be prepared, to enter as a ranching pupil under the care of the legal gentleman of good family but decayed fortune who had given satisfactory assurances that Mr. Briggs' son would be properly launched on a ranching career in one of the finest districts of the finest ranching country in the world.

In the second part of our sketch we shall try to look him up in his new home among the foot-hills.

#### A DAY ON AN OXFORD STAIRCASE.

"Wake up, sir! wake up! Half-past seven."

Roused by the voice of my scout, I awake and dreamily consider whether to get up and keep a roller or to go to sleep again. As it is Saturday morning and I have only kept three so far, and as I must be at battell-call by 8:30, I decide to arise. But first I must explain to Canadian readers the nature of a "roller" and of "battell-call." Roll-call, called "roller," in accordance with the tendency of Oxford slang to add "er" to everything, is now at all colleges an alternative for morning chapel. With us six a week must be attended. Two may be "done" on Sunday by attending breakfast in hall, which is held in common on Sundays, whereas on other days we "brekker" separately in our own rooms, and by "putting in" an afternoon chapel. The other four are kept on four week days by going to the porter's lodge between five minutes to and five minutes past eight to report. If any student does not attend the prescribed amount of rollers or chapels, which are held every morning from 8:00 to 8:20, he renders himself liable to any one of various penalties. Battell-call takes place every Saturday morning and consists in going to the hall and receiving at the hands of the butler in the presence of the Master, Caird, the Dean, Strachan Davidson, and other notables, one's weekly battells, or account of all expenses incurred during the week (meals, coals, fines, &c.) This is distinguished from the terminal battells, for room-rent, tuition, hire of furniture, etc., which are rendered at the end of each term.

By this time, it is three minutes to eight, so I leap from my couch, pull on a pair of tr—, an overcoat, cap and gown, and thus attired go and report myself. This is the usual costume for rollers; if your overcoat is long enough, the tr— may be dispensed with. There is a tradition of a man who put in a roller with cap and gown over his *robe de nuit*, but this lacks foundation. On returning I take my morning tub, dress and go for my battells. These received, I return to breakfast. This we hold in our rooms, except on Sunday, ordering from our scout