

laid no formal claim to the country till 1629, and even then in 1632 conceded France's better claim, reserving only the right to fish in Newfoundland waters. Considering that England virtually abandoned the country, or at all events neglected it, for 132 years after its discovery, while France was busy colonizing it, the latter's claim seems good in equity if not in law.

Q. What is a *treaty*, and how did the treaties of 1713, 1748 and 1763 affect Canada?

Ans.—A small agreement between individuals is called a *bargain*; a larger, between individuals or companies, is called a *contract*, but a bargain between nations rises to the dignity of a *treaty*. A treaty is generally named after the place where it is signed, the year in which it was made, or some prominent person concerned in making it; thus, the treaty of 1713 is also known as the treaty of Utrecht, the treaty of 1748 as the treaty of Aix-la Chapelle, and the treaty of 1763 as the treaty of Paris. In 1689 war broke out between France and England, and the English

and French colonies in America shared in the struggle. By the treaty or peace of Utrecht (1713) the claim by England to Acadie, (N. B. and N. S.) Newfoundland and Hudson Bay Territory, was acknowledged by France. Disputes between French and English Fur Traders brought on a war between the colonies; the French took some of the English territory and the English took some of the French; but by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748) both countries restored the respective portions which had been taken by them during the war. The old quarrels between the French and English Fur Traders shortly after broke out again, increased by disputes as to the dividing line between the several colonies. War ensued, and finally, in 1759, at the fall of Quebec, England had succeeded in becoming master of all the northern part of North America except three small islands South of Newfoundland, which France was allowed to retain for fishing purposes. At the Treaty of Paris, (signed Feb. 10, 1763) France gave up forever all claim to what is now Canada.

A LOVE SONG.

Golden-hued hair has my maiden most beautiful,

Lips like a rose-bud besprinkled with dew,
Cheeks like the blush of the clouds at the eventide,

Eyes of the color of heaven's own blue.

Light is her step as the moon o'er the mountain tops,

Sweet is her voice as the song of a dream,
Glad is her laugh as the ripple and cadence
And rythmical flow of a musical stream.

Vain is the pen of the poet to picture her ;

Skilless the sculptor in marble to mould—
The art photographic the brush of the painter —

The work of the graver, though graven in gold.

These fashion figures that fade with the fashioner,

Dust dims the beauty which time will erase ;
Love is the limner alone that can picture us,
Features eternity cannot efface.

Deep in my bosom a mystical canvas is

On it a face that is dearer to me
Than fame's adulations, the throne of a monarch.

The gold of the mountain, and gems of the sea.

Would you behold, my beloved, this paragon

Gaze on this queen of superlative grace ?

Look in your mirror — behold in its sweetness
My heart-enshrined maiden's most beautiful face.

G. W. J. — .