

held and managed in the interests of the Mother Country across the ocean. They would not stay to ask whether she bought the territory from a foreign power, and for how much. They would expect her to deal with them as citizens of the nation. They would claim that by taking possession of a foreign territory, enduring the hardships of pioneers, cultivating the land and developing its resources, they established a natural right to the possession of the soil, and that their fellow-citizens at home would be amply recompensed by the indirect advantages arising from the addition to the wealth and business of the Empire. *A fortiori*, no high-spirited British or Canadians will long consent to remain the colony of a colony under similarly humiliating conditions. If the Canadian Parliament and people wish to heal, thoroughly, the sores of their brethren in the North-West, let them insist on the prompt correction of the most galling part of the Government's present land policy. Let them proclaim, without condition or reservation, the just maxim, "The land of the North-West for the people of the North-West."

Few settlers in the great prairie districts will now refuse to accord to Sir John A. Macdonald and his Government a meed of praise for their spirited railway policy. Contrasted with any purposes that were avowed by either Mr. Mackenzie or Mr. Blake, the scheme which has resulted in throwing a railway from the International Boundary to the Rocky Mountains, in an almost incredibly short space of time, is broad and statesman-like. But none the less the monopoly clause, as interpreted by the disallowance of the Manitoba charters, is a most damaging blemish. That this clause, as thus interpreted, can remain in operation until the expiry of the contract is out of the question. Rebellion, followed by Independence or Annexation, would settle the question before half the years had expired. The condition of farmers, in a land so far distant from the world's markets and great channels of commerce, is bad enough at the best, no matter how fertile and easy of cultivation the soil. I am free to admit that a great part of the inconvenience and loss against which those of Manitoba are now crying out is inevitable under the circumstances. The man who has been attracted by the marvellous richness of the prairie soil, and has thought himself wealthy in the possession of a fine farm on the simple condition of cultivation, is naturally enough disappointed, if not enraged, when he finds that with thousands of bushels of grain in his bins, he is no better off for all his toil, inasmuch as his crop is not worth the cost of carriage to the nearest market. No doubt the Canadian Pacific Railway monopoly often comes in for a share of the blame which it does not deserve. Under the most favourable circumstances it is a work of time to get even a prairie country intersected with the vast network of railways needed to bring the bulk of its population within reach of a profitable market. But all the more, those who are responsible for the railway system of such a country should see to it that no artificial obstacles are added to the too formidable natural ones. The sooner some just terms are made with the Syndicate, for the giving up of their monopoly, the better will be the chances for allaying the popular discontent in the North-West, and consolidating it with the rest of the Dominion.

The present exorbitant taxes on the implements of husbandry and the household, and on the necessities of daily life, are simply an intolerable yoke upon the neck of the North-West people. The attempt to turn the currents of trade out of their natural channels, and to force them through long and unnatural routes by such artificial embankments, is worthier of the seventeenth than of the nineteenth century. Under the most favourable conditions, the great cost of these indispensables is a terrible barrier to the settlement and progress of a new land, so far from trade and manufacturing centres. Is it to be wondered at that the settlers in the North-West, now that they are beginning to review the situation calmly, to take stock of their advantages, and to discount their difficulties, are rising up almost as one man to say, "Confederation or no Confederation, Canada or no Canada, this is an imposition to which we cannot and will not longer submit?"

There are other features of the situation to which, it seems to me, the attention of the readers of THE WEEK should be called. But this letter is long enough. With the Editor's approval I may refer to some of them again.

J. E. W.

THE following pathetic verse was lately sung by a tenor who was accompanying himself, and who had unfortunately forgotten his words:

"If I were a Lumti-tum lum-titum-too
In the land of the olive and fig,
I'd sit all day on the trolle-lol-loo
And play on the thingee-me-jig.
And if in the Rumde-dum battle I fall
A what's-its-name's all that I crave—
But bury me deep in the what-you-may-call,
And plant thing-um-bobs over my grave!"

THE C. P. R. BY THE KICKING HORSE PASS AND THE SELKIRKS.—VIII.

IN THE SELKIRKS.

WE spent two days with Major Rogers at the cache or log chalet that he had constructed as his headquarters, and discussed with him for hours his three summers' explorations in the mountains, and our prospects of getting through the Selkirks and Gold Ranges to Kamloops. About a mile from the cache we saw, without regret, the Kicking Horse lose itself in the Columbia. The united stream runs directly to the north, between the Rockies and the Selkirks, as if intending to unite its waters with the Fraser and make a river worthy of British Columbia; but at the Big Bend it turns right round and flows directly south, away down to and beyond the boundary line, where it is no longer ours, I believe, because at the time of the Oregon dispute a near relative of the Prime Minister told him that the river was not worth quarrelling about, for the salmon in it wouldn't rise to a fly. Behind the cache is a bench three or four hundred feet high, and above it another, and a third above it again. We climbed the first, and had such a good view that we did not think it necessary to climb the others. To the right and left, spurs of the Rockies rise some four thousand feet, the torrent of the Kicking Horse flowing between them, rather peacefully now that it is nearing the close of its mad rush from the summit. At our feet the valley of the Columbia extends north and south, covered with trees and shrubberies, the noble looking river winding in and out among them and flowing with a quiet current in strong contrast to the usual course of its tributary. The forest-clad foothills of the Selkirks rise almost immediately from the river banks; beyond these a first line of mountains, also wooded, and right behind the first a second line covered with snow fields, both with fine peaks, but from this point of view by no means so bold and distinctive as the Rockies. There seems a cleft in the range right opposite, but the Major says that it leads only to impassable walls of mountain, from the summit of which, instead of a hopeful river valley stretching down the western slope, he had been able to see "nothing but snow-clad desolation in every direction." It is necessary for the railway, and therefore for us, to go thirty miles to the north before crossing the river and beginning the ascent of the sullen range. That bend of thirty miles the Major had kindly arranged that we should make with comparative ease on Monday, by rowing down the river for eighteen miles, and then, a six-mile long cañon intervening, taking to our horses again and making for the proposed railway crossing by the trail that he had cut out along the river bank.

On Sunday morning divine service was held in the open air among the stumps near the cache. Notice having been sent to the camp of the engineer's party engaged in running the line in the lower section of the Kicking Horse valley, it was attended by twenty-three men. Naturally enough all came, for it was the first opportunity they had had of engaging in public worship since beginning their work. They took part in the service heartily and reverently, and I think that it did them good, were it only in awakening old hallowed associations. The form that I used, and that I am accustomed to use in travelling in the North-West, is the one arranged at Mr. Fleming's suggestion, when he was chief engineer of the C.P.R., by three Ottawa clergymen, belonging respectively to the Churches of Rome, England and Scotland. Mr. Fleming at the time was Government engineer, and of course "the duty of an Opposition being to oppose" in Lord Randolph Churchill's frank phrase, a writer in the *Globe* made what he, and doubtless some of his readers, supposed to be great fun, not only of the engineer and the Government, but of the clergymen who had co-operated in compiling the little work. The able editor wished to know if the engineer was paid for attending to religious matters of that ilk, and particularly wished to know who was to pay for the copies that would be supplied to the scores of parties out in the wildernesses from the Upper Ottawa to the Pacific. Had not Canada rid herself of church establishments? And was one rag or any other slightest mark of the Beast to be allowed again upon her fair form? I am inclined to think that the writer might have been ashamed of his "wut," if it had ever been his lot to see any one of the score of little congregations that I have seen gathered together to worship God in the prairies and the mountains, simply because the men, red and white, were told that the service to be used had the sanction, so far as individual clergymen could give it, of churches so wide apart as the Papal, Prelatic and Presbyterian. But if the three pillar apostles had compiled the little book, it would have been the duty of the Opposition all the same to have made an attack, and made it would have been, accordingly. And yet we are expected to believe what one organ says about the Provincial, and what another organ says about the Dominion Government!