

For instance, Dr. Bell, of the Geological Survey, gave to a mountain in the region south of East Main River, the name of Mount Laurier and to a lake the name of Lake Beatrix. The mount's name would be enchorial, being after Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whose ancestors were among the earliest to settle in New France; the lake's name would be foreign, being in honor of Lady Beatrix, daughter of Lord Lansdowne.

There is in Alberta a settlement to which the postal department has given the somewhat curious name of Jumping Pond. Years ago when the buffalo roamed our North West in millions, the Indians used to select certain places fitted by nature for their purpose of having a grand battle of the buffalo—a killing off of the poor animals on a grand scale. Near what we now call Jumping Pond is a high cliff. Towards this cliff the Indians by various devices headed the selected herd of buffalo, penning them in on three sides. Of course in their mad rush from the dangers that threatened them, they (the quadrupeds and not the bipeds) could not stop in their headlong flight but were forced over the cliff to be killed by their fall. This cliff the Indians called by a name which meant in their language the same as in our language is meant by the word “pound”—an enclosure into which cattle are driven. After a time the English called the place the Jumping Pound and then in process of time, the meaning being lost, the name became corrupted into Jumping Pond—the natural inference being that the pond or lake at the foot of the cliff was meant. Jumping Poud would be descriptive and might or might not be enchorial; Jumping Pound, being the translation of the Indian name, would surely be enchorial, *i. e.* an aboriginal place-name.

The history of the place-name must be sought before we can decide whether the name is imported or is home-made. This brings us to see that history is embalmed in place-names.

Some of the oldest names on the northern half of this continent have delightful histories connected with them. A long series of “stories about place-names” might be written, each of them giving sections of the history of our country in such a way as to fix that history very firmly in the minds of the lads and lasses of Canada for whom I am writing this account.

A very old name is that of Greenland. No doubt many school-children, dog-earing their map of Canada, have wondered why that white tongue of land which is thrust out from the upper left corner