

a mean place," he answered; "they give you a thimbleful of rum for a glass, and charge you twenty-five cents for it. You can't get a real good hooker under a month's wages." Dave had a true Englishman's respect for his master, most refreshing to find on the Pacific slope, of all places in the world. I think it must have been out of respect for us that he invented an ingenious substitute for profane swearing, which I would recommend to all who at odd times feel that "an aith wad relieve" them,—as the Scotch beadle put it, to his minister. When angry at man or horses, you could hear him, far ahead or in the rear, denouncing them as "buzzard-heads." This good round word enabled him to express his feelings so satisfactorily that he used it on all occasions as a safety-valve. One evening that he had hung his red bandana handkerchief on a branch near the camp-fire to dry, his attention was called to the fact that it was beginning to burn. "Ah, get out of that, will you, you buzzard-head!" yelled Dave, as he whipped away the offending bandana and threw it into a stream that ran beside the tent. I hope my readers will pardon these reminiscences, which are given simply that they may understand how and with whom we travelled, and that they may accompany us on our journey with some human sympathy.

The first day's march down the Kicking Horse was toilsome enough in all conscience. The trail ran straight up and down a succession of precipices so steep that it would have been impossible to sit in the saddle, even if we had cared to burden the horses with our weight. As we toiled after the pack-animals, I felt quite sure of the origin of the river's name. The poor brutes get mired in muskgs, or their feet and legs entangled among slippery, moss-covered boulders, or in a network of fibrous roots, that they are all the time kicking, plunging and sprawling. It seemed to me that a kicking horse would be the one distinct picture graven on the mind of every one who had ever tried to make his way through this valley. I gave the explanation with the utmost confidence to the junior member of our party, but he suggested, as a better, that it was quite evident that no horse would have a kick left in him at the end of the journey. These attempts were as creditable as the guesses of the antiquary or philologists with reference to the derivation of disputed symbols and words, but, unfortunately, an Edie Ochiltree, in the persons of some Stoney Indians whom we met in the evening, blew our theories to the winds. They declared that the origin of the name went back to an experience of that Dr. Hector who accompanied Captain Palliser on his expedition. Hector was a Highland athlete, who could out-walk, out-climb, or out-starve the toughest Indians. Stories of his wonderful feats and medical skill and kind-heartedness are told in the North-West to this day. Well, his horse kicked him when he was in this valley, and the Indians attached sufficient importance to the fact to give the river the name which it has borne since, "the horse-kicking river,"—the name which is now known all over the continent in connection with the Kicking Horse Pass. Why the Pass should receive its name from the river that runs down the western slope of the mountains, instead of from the one that runs down the eastern slope, I could not find out. Certainly the Bow deserves the honour. It is the guide of the railway for 120 miles from Calgary to within sight of the Summit, and a more temptingly open and beautiful roadway, into the very core of a great mountain range, could not be desired; whereas the Kicking Horse is followed for only forty-seven miles, and as to the grades that will be necessary in that section, it is enough to mention that a descent of 2,700 feet is made by the river in its short course. It is impossible to feel very grateful to the Kicking Horse. When rivers get their deserts, the Pass will be called the Bow River Pass; but, until that time comes, we had better continue to call it, under protest, if that will help, the Kicking Horse Pass.

THE DOOM OF LITERARY COMMUNISM.

It is not a little singular that while the American apostle of Communism is having the garments stripped from his crude land theories in England, Mr. Dorsheimer, in the House of Representatives, is clothing the nakedness of American publishing morality, and setting on its feet, in its right mind, the American conscience in its dealings with the hitherto unprotected literature of England and the European Continent. The simplicity and directness of Mr. Dorsheimer's Copyright Bill, which casts aside all negotiations for international treaties, and hampers itself with no conditions as to where and in what manner the book to be copyrighted shall be manufactured, are proof alike of the practical common sense of the originator of the measure, and of his earnest desire to take the simple line of duty and justice, in a matter that has long been a reproach to the people of the United States. Mr. Dorsheimer has evidently taken up literary copyright as a simple question of moral right, and with the least circumlocution has framed a Bill that opens the door to no controversy or

delay, and furnishes the easiest and most satisfactory solution of the international copyright problem.

The text of the Bill, which is designed to give protection in the United States to books, maps, and dramatic or musical compositions, the product of a foreign author, is to the following effect, viz.: "That whenever any foreign government shall accord to American authors the same rights that their own have, then, by executive proclamation, the foreign author shall have the benefit of our (U.S.) laws." This, it will be seen, is the spirit and letter of the existing English system, and the reciprocity will at once establish international copyright between the United States and Great Britain and end the reign of literary piracy on the American Continent. It would be ungracious, in view of the passing of this act and the righting at length of a great wrong, to look very closely into the motives which have incited to this act of tardy justice, or into the condition of the American book trade which, while it has enriched itself on the spoils of the foreign book market, has brought the native one to the verge of ruin. Piratical publishing, it is obvious, however, has run its course, and met the fate which poetic justice in the long run deals out to dishonesty and wrong. In the glutted book market, where license has had unlimited sway, and one publisher has become the prey of the other, it does not now pay to pirate a book. The trade in cheap reprints has been run to the ground, and protection in some measure, to make reprinting profitable, has become a necessity. This, all engaged in the trade, including the type and paper maker, the publisher and bookseller, the printer and binder have come to admit. Sick of the situation, the Dorsheimer Bill is hence hailed as a relief and a remedy, and it is more than probable that it will be permitted to become law. This is all the more likely as the measure has an active ally in the American author, whose work has been crowded out by the cheap reprints. For years, American literature has had no chance of competing on equal terms with the productions of the foreign author. This state of things is now about to pass away.

How far the American public will suffer protection to be applied to literature, and be passive under the wiping out of the cheap reprint, remains to be seen. Their pride in their own literature, which will now emerge from its years of repression, will console some, while to others will be thrown the sop of a reduction in the book tariff, the effect of which will not only be to cheapen the imported book, but to keep down the cost of the authorized reprint. The masses, of course, only care as yet for the daily paper, and as newspaper proprietors and conductors have no liking for their field being encroached upon by cheap books, they have no motive but to keep quiet while Mr. Dorsheimer's Bill goes into effect.

In this great but silent revolution going on across the line, has Canada no concern, and is there no voice in our legislative halls to speak for her? When is Canadian literature to have rights abroad the equivalent of those which Imperial enactments oblige her, in the case of both American and English works, to respect at home? Let our public men show the people what Canadian interests are; and either by treaty or by native legislation get or take the rights we ought to have in this, to us, important but neglected matter of domestic and foreign copyright.

G. MERCER ADAM.

INSIDE A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

JOURNALISM has probably been brought to a higher state of perfection in New York city than anywhere else. Whether a New York journal is ahead of a London journal of the same calibre is another thing. A London journal is carried on under several different conditions and has different objects in view from its American counterpart. In fact the strength of an American newspaper lies in its reporters; in an English paper, in its special correspondents.

With this remembrance in mind, that it is the reporter that makes the American newspaper, it is easy to see a consequence,—a man cannot become an editor, or even a general editorial writer, without having served his apprenticeship as a reporter. A man who goes to New York to become a journalist, or even a literary writer, simply starts on his career by becoming a reporter on one of the large papers like the *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Sun*, *Times*, or *World*, and it is in that excellent school that he learns that crisp, racy and reckless style of composition that characterizes every American paper from Maine to California.

About 1,000 men in a year go up to New York to seek admittance to one of the large offices. Very few of them ever get past the boy who runs the elevator, the elevator boy having a naive and facile way of discouraging them from proceeding further. Those who do get upstairs have letters of introduction in their pockets to the editors. It may be roundly stated that a letter of introduction from a man whom the editor is willing