

this sport (?) several times, but found it very uninviting. We started out in a good-sized boat at 4 a.m., and after rowing into the river about a mile, cast our lines in, say, sixty feet of water. We baited with herring, using very large hooks and a line about the thickness of a clothes line. It was difficult to tell when we had a bite, so little ado did the fish make on taking the hook, but we hauled in our line whenever we felt the least movement at the far end, and invariably found we had hooked a cod. By 7 or 8 o'clock we had a boat load and rowed for shore. The natives cured large quantities of these fish for winter use.

I was surprised on revisiting Father Point, after a lapse of eight years, to find that cod-fish were no longer caught there, and on enquiring the reason was informed that the habitants, in spite of the earnest admonitions of their clergy, used to spend their Sundays fishing, and the clergy becoming annoyed at the continued and flagrant disobedience of these Sabbath-breakers, implored the powers who direct the movements of codfish, and mice, and men, to decree that C. F. be no longer permitted to come up the river to Father Point, and never since then had a C. F. been caught there! It is literally true that codfish can no longer be caught at Father Point, but this changed condition of affairs is probably ascribable to the ruthless ravages of the white porpoise—the natural enemy of the cod—which now swarm around Father Point in large number, rather than to the invocations of the clergy.

In the early part of the season I was much pleased to receive a call from Mr. John A. Boyd, of Toronto, now Chancellor Boyd, who was en route to Metis to spend his summer holidays. He brought a letter of introduction from Mr. Dakers. No one would ever have suspected that the young raw law student who was being driven rapidly along the winding roads of the lower St. Lawrence that morning in an old-fashioned caleche would one day become one of the most distinguished jurists in Canada. Cure Tanguay, already referred to, who was stationed at Rimouski, was a most affable and scholarly gentleman, and spoke English fluently. He often drove down to Father Point to hear the latest news and smoke a pipe. He is now the Rev. Monsignor Cyprien Tanguay, residing at the Archbishop's palace, Ottawa, and is well known as the author of the celebrated Genealogical Tables of the French in Canada, giving the history of each family from the conquest down to the present time, a voluminous work.

The telegraph was new to the people of this, then, far-off country, and "Maitre le Telegraph" was a person of much consequence. All classes seemed to agree that he was a notch or two above the ordinary run of people. I opened an office at Rimouski, which is six miles from Father Point, and as the ocean steamers arrived but once a week, I spent three or four days of each week at Rimouski, preparing Dr. Gauvreau to take charge of the office. He proved an apt pupil, and in the course of time became a very good operator. The Rimouski people, to show their appreciation of the company having opened an office in that town, and in some way to recognize my services, held a little conversation at the house of Dr. Gauvreau. Some of the best people of the place were present, and there was much music and speechifying. One of the speakers referred to the load of gratitude they, as a community, were under to the Montreal Telegraph Co., and to me personally as its representative; and wishing to emphasize the significance of the gathering, said that

all the gentlemen who were present were professional men—lawyers, doctors, avocats, etc.—and with inimitable French politeness, while remarking on my youth and ability to read by sound, intimated that I was not only a professional man, but a "brilliant scientific prodigy." Of course, this was laying it on pretty thick, but I bore it all with quiet resignation, and never let on. I wonder if, after an experience of 34 years of the telegraph, these people still hold the operator in the same high esteem. Father Point, on account of its double connection with the ocean steamers and the associated press, had already acquired quite a reputation both in Canada and the States. A large number of Montreal and Quebec people, instead of going to Portland or Cacouna, spent a good portion of the summer at Father Point while I was there, amongst whom were Mr. Wm. Cassils, eastern superintendent Montreal Telegraph Company, Quebec; his wife and the two Misses Hossack, sisters of Mrs. Cassils; Rev. J. D. Powis, Congregational minister, Quebec (later on stationed at Toronto), his wife, daughter and governess; Mr. Hodgson, of Montreal, and his wife, who was a sister of Mr. Wm. Cassils, and Miss Jeanie Cassils, who, by the way, is now the handsome wife of Mr. Duncan McIntyre, the Montreal railway magnate and capitalist. We also had a pleasant visit from Mr. John Cassils, of Montreal; Mr. Shewan, school master, Quebec; and Mr. John Murray, telegraph and express agent at Brockville. We had capital fun picknicking, boating, fishing for flounders, etc., while this select and sprightly company were at the Point, and the meetings at the house of the Rev. Mr. Powis on Sunday mornings to hear him read a sermon—one of Beecher's—was an experience never to be forgotten. All the Cassils family had good, well-trained voices, and sang with great taste and expression, the others chimed in, keeping good time, and the result was some of the sweetest psalmody ever heard in Rimouski county.

Amongst the few permanent residents at Father Point were Pilot Charlemagne Chouinard, already mentioned, and his very interesting family, and Madam Rouleau, a widow, with some means, and her family. Madam Rouleau was rather a superior woman. Her children were well educated and she herself was a perfect specimen of the dignified and courtly French lady of the old school; and then we had Pilot Peter Ross, and a farmer, and a fisherman here and there, and that was all.

I found the French Canadians to be a happy, hospitable, and in their own way, industrious people. Scrupulously clean in their domestic arrangements and exceedingly kind to strangers. Frivolous, and fond of music and dancing, most of them could play the fiddle, and those who could not, could lilt a tune brim full of dancing time, to which any one gifted with the "poetry of motion" manoeuvres could easily keep step. Some one has written:

Then let me live a gay romance,
And learn to trifle well,
And write my motto, "Vive la dance,"
And "Vive la bagatelle."

This fits the average habitant as I knew him. But besides being given to music and dancing, the French Canadians are given to having large families. The fishing may not always be good, the farm crops often poor, and money scarce, but a large crop of children can always be depended upon in every well-regulated family. Prof. Goldwin Smith attributes the extraordinary fecundity of the Irish people to the "philo-progenitive potatoe," but

as the French Canadians are not particularly partial to that excellent esculent, the reason of their being so *prolific* in the way of children is probably because they are built that way.

I was succeeded at Father Point by S. B. Dean, Frank Drummond succeeded Dean, David Lawson succeeded Drummond, and J. McWilliams succeeded Lawson.

Dean, Drummond and Lawson are dead. Mr. McWilliams, the present efficient incumbent, is also lighthouse-keeper and Meteorological observer. Quite a number of incoming ocean steamers still take their pilots at Father Point. A great many years ago the Government built, at enormous expense, a wharf nearly a mile long, at Rimouski, but as it is built on a low, flat shoal, it is useless except for vessels drawing but a few feet of water. Had the same amount of money been spent on a wharf at Father Point, where a short distance from the shore there is a sufficient depth of water to float the largest steamers that cross the Atlantic, it would have been of incalculable value to the ocean shipping, and a direct benefit to the entire Dominion.

Residents at Father Point, and others competent to give an opinion in the matter claim, that with a good wharf at Father Point, ocean steamers could with ease and safety make that point all winter.

In 1866 the efforts of Cyrus Field and his coadjutors were crowned with success and the Atlantic cable established as a fixed fact. Father Point, from this time, after having occupied for about eight years a most important position as a news point, was shorn of its glory. The old place, bleak enough at certain seasons, but a pleasant spot in which to spend the heated term, did good service for a time; it had its day; but at last was forced to retire upon its well-earned laurels before the onward march of civilization and that most wonderful creation of man, the Atlantic cable.

R. F. ELASSON.

Toronto, December, 1893.

—At the Leland Hotel, in Winnipeg, on Tuesday evening of last week, some seventy gentlemen, worthy business and professional men, gathered to do honor to Mr. Duncan Macarthur, late president and manager of the Commercial Bank of Manitoba. After dinner was served the mayor of the city, Mr. Taylor, who was in the chair, proposed the health of Mr. Macarthur, a eulogistic address to whom had been read by Mr. Joseph Wolf, the secretary of the evening. Letters were read from a number of gentlemen unable to be present. One of these letters, that of Mr. Wickson, said: "The chief cause of Mr. Macarthur's misfortunes is one for which Manitobans at all events will not be disposed to blame him, viz., his unbounded faith in this country. Although development has not come fast enough to meet his expectations, we Manitobans believe that that faith has not been misplaced, but that it is only a matter of time when it will be richly fulfilled." Mr. Macarthur in his reply paid a high compliment to the present banking system of Canada, but he said it had one defect, that was in the practical application of the Act. "Every class can get all the accommodation from banks they want, except the farmers, and although they have good security, they are not on the same footing and are placed at a disadvantage with other classes. In an agricultural country this is felt more than in other provinces." Mr. Macarthur intends leaving Manitoba for a time to re-establish his health, but his many friends as well as himself look forward to his return.