

ner named Charest. M. de Courtemanche was the commandant appointed by the French Government at the Straits of Belle Isle; and it is perhaps worth while adding that the ruins which Mr. Samuel Robertson mistook for the remains of Brest were the ruins of the block-house and other buildings which de Courtemanche constructed near Bradore Bay about 1704.

It is not possible to trace the development of the legend in all its details. Some links in the chain are missing. Mr. Robertson had never seen either the Sieur de Combes's letter or Lewis Roberts's "Merchants' Map of Commerce," for he does not

mention the first, and he misquotes the title of the second. In some roundabout way, the story has been handed down. And it would be interesting to know where Judge Prowse found his quotation from Lewis Roberts, for it is not to be found in the copies of "The Merchants' Map of Commerce," preserved in the Bodleian Library and in the British Museum, and Lewis Roberts's "Dictionary of Commerce" is a book which does not exist, except in the pages of Mr. Samuel Robertson. But Judge Prowse was, it is probable, merely helping the myth along, and giving it an extra fillip as it passed.

SASKATCHEWAN

By CARROLL C. AIKINS

FAR-FLUNG and fenceless, naked to the eye,
 Lonely and solemn, dreary, endless, still,
 I am no mistress of an idle hour,
 But with slow sureness win the hearts of men.
 My plains have many moods and many ways;
 Arid, relentless in the parching sun,
 Softer than velvet 'neath the moon's caress,
 Forlorn and savage where my dust-clouds swirl,
 Peaceful and happy at the twilight's fall.
 Sometimes the trailing shadows of the clouds
 Sweep like huge argosies of mystic sail
 Across my trackless, tranquil prairie-land
 Into some silent haven of the hills.
 To you these things mean nothing, but to me
 They bring glad visions, dreams and phantasies!
 London and Paris, music and the dance.
 A rare gamut of lost and precious things
 My children speak of when the embers glow
 And, Memory, unloosed, ranges the world.
 And yet, they love me, they who know the world,
 Finding in me the spell of solitude
 And wizardry of wit to bring them dreams.
 Softly my moonlight lingers on their sleep;
 Make me, O God, more worthy of their love.