

fessors of physics; but when the poor nestling began to grow up and develop some individuality, electricity developed simultaneously with the speed of a young cuckoo. The professors of physics soon recognized that the nest was not large enough for both, and with a unanimity which is the more remarkable because in some of these academic circles utilitarianism is not a condition of existence, and pure science, not market value, might be the dominant consideration—with singular unanimity the science which bears in its left hand, if not in its right, sources of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, was recognized as a veritable Isaac, and the science wherein the fruits of discovery must be free for all the world, and in which there is not even the most distant prospect of making a fortune—that science was ejected as an Ishmael. Electric engineering has an abundance of academic representatives; brewing has its professorship and its corps of students, but the specialized physics of the atmosphere has ceased to share the academic hospitality. So far as I know, the British universities are unanimous in dissembling their love for meteorology as a science, and if they do not actually kick it downstairs, they are at least content that it has no encouragement to go up." All this is equally true of Canada as of England, indeed it is doubtful whether in Canada the "kicking downstairs" treatment will satisfy, and this notwithstanding the fact that no meteorological forecasts published in any country show a greater degree of accuracy than those issued in Canada, and it is doubtful whether any other Meteorological Bureau enjoys a larger measure of the confidence of those interested in commerce than does the Canadian.

Meteorology has not made an altogether satisfactory progress during the past twenty years, but observations have increased and multiplied, and good data now exist for testing theories. A little over a year ago Dr. Arthur Schuster actually suggested that observations might probably with advantage now cease for a few years, but, as Dr. Shaw points out, it is not fewer observations that are necessary; our present need is of more men and women to interpret them.

An almost certain connection has been shown to exist between solar activity, as evidenced by sunspots and prominences, and terrestrial magnetism and the aurora. That meteorological changes are consequent on a varying solar activity can scarcely be doubted, and, indeed, some good progress has already been made in investigating along these lines.

The meteorologist has no cause to doubt that his special subject will one of these days hold such a place among the sciences that our academic institutions will be glad to assist in the investigations carried on at a central meteorological bureau, and reap such advantages as may accrue from affiliation with a great scientific bureau supported by the Government.

INCIDENTS IN A WESTERN MISSION FIELD.

It was necessary to spend a night in Stopovertown. There seemed to be but one vacant room in the hotels. I was asked to share it with another traveller. I prepared to do so, but soon discovered from his conversation that he was a globe-trotter, and for several weeks had been working for the C. P. R., and sharing a box car with seventeen Galicians, Doukhobors, etc. I sought refuge at the rectory.

Mr. Blank's name had been given me as that

of an earnest church worker. I spotted him, and on approaching found him violently swearing. On my being introduced to him he said, "How d'ye do? I am blank glad to meet you." He afterwards joined the choir.

One of my first visits was at a shack 12x8 feet, to which the owner, on his marriage, had added a "lean-to" 7x8 feet (the rack on which he drew hay was 18x8 feet). My hosts kindly offered me entertainment for the night, and having filled a "tick" with straw, made for me a "shake-down" on the floor. I had hardly room to stretch myself, but being very tired, I did not notice even the clock tick till 4.15 p.m., when I had to rise to permit of breakfast being prepared.

I called on "Major" Smith. There I met a friend, and we both accepted an invitation to dinner. Jack put on a fire while the "Major" dug the potatoes. Dinner was soon ready. Jack and I sat on the "bunk." I had a tin plate and cup, with the regulation knife and fork. Jack used a dipper and a butcher knife. The Major used a porcelain cup and a pocket-knife. We thoroughly enjoyed our meal of home-grown bacon, new potatoes, home-made bread, tea with condensed milk and sugar from a three-quart pail, strong onions and radishes.

A bachelor entertained me over night. Some time after retiring he said, "Well, parson, how are the blankets?" "Quite comfortable," I replied. "I am glad," said he. "You see, I have had them for five years, and they have never been washed. I'll hang them out for a day or so when the frost comes."

I was innocent enough to betray the fact that I possessed a kodak. Invitations to photograph "outfits," houses, families, and especially babies, poured in. One day a thresher accosted me with, "You take 'snaps,' do you not?" "Yes, for my own amusement," I answered. "I thought so. Well, come out and take a photo of my outfit." "I'm sorry," I replied, "but I have only a week longer here." "Oh, any time within a week will do." "But I am very busy." "Well, its only six miles out, and there's lots of money in it for you." With difficulty I persuaded him that I was not in business. As I went up street a voice called out: "Say, do you take photographs?" I gave the usual answer. "Well, I'll come round some day when I am not busy." I assured him it would be useless, as I was not a photographer. He said, "I have seen some of your work, and it will do." I passed on in despair.

That afternoon I made a call. Little Maggie came in and her mother explained: "Maggie has an ulcerated—" or some other deadly disease. "An operation will be necessary! For it we must give her chloroform. How dreadful if she—should not recover! Would you be so kind as to take a photo of her—just one?" I assured the anxious mother of the skill of the local M.D., and of the evil spectre a photo taken under such circumstances would surely awaken, and expressed the hope that Maggie would soon recover.

On my return home that evening a message awaited me. "Our little girl is very ill. She is not likely to recover. Will you please come out and take a photo of her?" As I was a friend of the doctor, I declined the invitation.

I found an egg in my horse's manger. A small boy who was with me said: "That just looks like our old hen's eggs. I'll take it home and show it to mother. If it is not ours I'll fetch it back."

Each of the original settlers was nicknamed. Some names were particularly appropriate, viz.: Big Bear,