

as they like, and by all appearance they are right in thinking so, if we are to believe the parrot cry "Hands off the people of the North-West."

With organization and numbers they constitute a menace to Confederation.

P. S., '09.

### **Ottawa's Old Curiosity Shop.**

An admirer of Dickens, when he has reached the last page and the last line of the delightful production of the gifted author's pen, "The Old Curiosity Shop," cannot repress a sigh of regret on closing the pages of such a fascinating tale. He wishes that he might have the opportunity to visit a place like to the image impressed on his mind by the descriptions and glowing passages of his favorite writer. But this bustling, enterprising New World has no room for these storehouses of oddities and bric-à-brac; their very quaintness seems out of consonance with the rush and hurry of Western life.

And yet right at our doors in our beautiful Capital, one may find the "Old Curiosity Shop." To do so, seek that part of the city commonly known as "the flats," so devastated by the disastrous fire of 1900. Under the guidance of "one who knows," halt before a three-storey brick building, whose exterior much belies its contents. This building serves to store thousands upon thousands of inventor's models submitted to the Dominion Patent Office, and lately dumped out by the Department to make way for graphic designs. Said models are now offered for sale by a speculator who cornered the lot.

Immediately on entering, we are struck by the confused masses of multiple inventions of the prolific human mind. It is almost impossible to preserve any order in the arrangements of the exhibits on account of the inadequacy of the storage space, but an attempt has been made to place the larger articles by themselves and smaller ones elsewhere, classified under heads, such as furniture, photography, medicine, etc. Wheels are everywhere in evidence though we failed to find a perpetual motion machine, in motion or otherwise. We note electrical devices and improvements submitted by Edison, Elisha Gray and other famous men as well as by more obscure heaven-sent geniuses. In one corner there is a com-