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Further Experiences of a Canadian North-West Clergyman

From Rev. Wm. MINSHAW, Peace River, Canada.

N the North-West of Canada one often meets people from the United States of America. An Englishman is known by his pronunciation; so is an American. Visiting for a week-end at a railway centre, I was entertained very hospitably by an American family. The conversation turned on the difference between the speech of the American and English, though we are both supposed to speak the same mother-tongue. The lady of the house remarked to me quite seriously, "You English use the second word in the dictionary; we Americans always use the first."

On another occasion I was travelling round my district, when I called for a meal and pastoral visit one

Some time later, when travelling to this settlement where the Frenchman lived for my services, I overtook this man at a watering creek. I spoke to him, and he offered by horses a drink. He remarked, "By gosh, Mr., I forget your name." So I pulled out a card with my name on which I used for the services, and said, "Here's a card with my name. Kindly keep that and you will know how I spell it." I did not think to tell him my name. He thanked me and put the card in his pocket. I was astonished some time later to discover that this Frenchman could not read or write, and yet some people tell us that the press is even more powerful than the spoken word of a living agent.

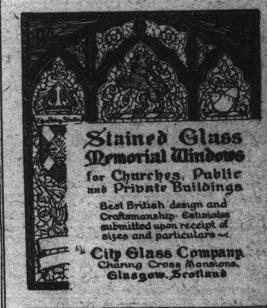
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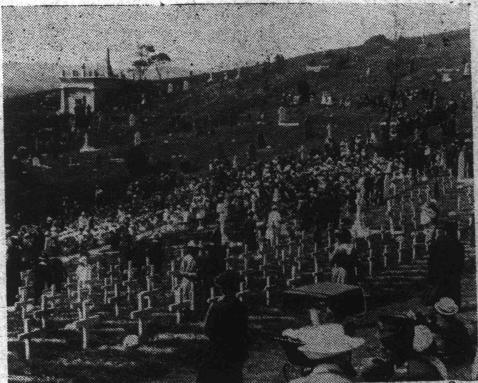
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## Canadian Graves at Shorncliffe Being Decorated June 9th.



THE picture shows the touching scene at Shorncliffe Cemetery, when, on June 9th, the children of the Felkstone, Hythe, Sandgate, Cheriton, and Shorncliffe schools, placed flowers on the graves of the Canadian soldiers there. The mayors or chief municipal officers, the clergymen, and prominent people of all these places assembled and the ceremony was most impressive. In addition to the children's flowers, there were many wreaths from clubs, lodges, schools, and individuals in that part of the country. The people of England do not forget the Canadians who lie buried on the old land's peaceful hillsides. The Shorncliffe flower day is an annual event.

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Monday morning at the house of a good Canadian farmer, where I was always well received any time I cared to stop. It was a September morning, and I was on my way home from the week-end services. I happened to be wearing a clergyman's long Sunday coat. The lady mistook it for an overcoat, and asked me to take my coat off. I naturally said, "If you don't mind, I will leave it on."

Once I was passing the house of a French-Canadian, a Romanist, and turned in to enquire the house of an Englishman, the son of an Old County try clergyman, where I was to stay for the night and to survey the district. The Frenchman kindly asked me to stay for lunch, and, as I had travelled about twenty miles that morning, I accepted. The place was very clean, and so were the wife and the children, quite an exception to some homes. Wishing to do me honour, I was asked to say grace, which I said in English. They had no table napkins, but knew that it was good form to use the same. So a clean dish-drying cloth was solemnly placed beside my plate, which I used as if it were my ordinary napkin.

In a new country a clergyman has to meet and deal with all sorts of characters, and in going round a district where there are on stopping-houses or hotels one has to sleep in all sorts of unexpected places in whatever company happens to be present.
On several occasions I was welcomed,
and even had to share a bed with a

man who afterwards turned out to be a horsethief. . . . Horrors!

Many pathetic, yet sincere and wellmeant incidents, happen in a pioneer land like the Alberta North-West, where the spirit of democracy is so great that the clergyman is treated as a man first and a member of the Church afterwards. This is quite natural in a new country, and one must first make good or else you cannot do effective work for the Gospel's sake.

I was on my way home one wet Sunday night, having to go fourteen miles to reach home. Half-way on the journey I was invited to stay the night with a lonely old man in a one-roomed shack. Before turning in we let my team run with his pony loose without a fence to the place. The

(Continued on page 480.)

The Canadian Churchman