

THE RAMBLER.

sixty acres of deserted land, which are like meadows, where grain can be sown and gardens made. Formerly the Savages tilled these, but they abandoned them on account of the wars they had there. There is also a great quantity of other fine meadows, enough to feed whatever number of cattle one may desire, and of all sorts of woods which we have in our own forests, with abundance of vines, nuts, plums, cherries, strawberries, and other kinds very good to eat; among the rest, one which is quite excellent, which has a sweet taste allied to that of plantains (a fruit of the Indies) and is as white as snow, and the leaf resembles beans and runs along trees and the ground like ivy. The fishing is abundant, and is of all sorts we have in France and of many others we have not, which are very good; as also bird-hunting of different species; and that of stags, does, kids, caribou, hares, lynxes, bears, beaver and small game which are there in such quantity that during the time we were at said Rapid we never lacked any.

"Having, therefore, made particular examination and found this place one of the most beautiful on that river, I immediately had the wood cut and cleared away from the said Place Royale to make it even and ready for building, and anyone can pass water around it easily and make a little isle of it, and settle down there as he desires.

"There is a little island twenty rods from the said Place Royale, which is over 100 paces long, where one could make a good and strong dwelling. There is also much meadow-land of very good rich pottery clay, as well for brick as for building, which is a great convenience. I made use of a part of it, and built a wall there four feet thick and three to four high and ten rods long to test how it would keep during winter when the waters descend, which, in my opinion, would not come up to said wall, seeing that the bank is elevated twelve feet above said river, which is high enough. In the middle of the river there is an island about three-quarters of a league in circuit fit for the building of a good and strong town, and I named it the Isle of Sainte Heleine. The rapids come down into a sort of lake, where there are two or three islands and fine meadow-lands.

"While awaiting the Savages, I there made two gardens, one in the meadows and the other in the woods, which I cleared, and the second day of June I sowed some grains, which all came up in perfection and in a short time, demonstrating the goodness of the ground."

Seeing the foregoing details, how far can it be said that Champlain is or is not the founder of Montreal? In 1616 he promises the Indian chief, Darontal, to build a habitation there. For many years the spot he chose was the annual trading-place between the merchants and the tribes from above. De Maisonneuve's party found it deserted, it is true, but De Maisonneuve himself was influenced in his selection of the sight by Champlain's decision.

ALCHEMIST.

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BENEATH these northern skies
We boast no nightingale;
Here only plaintive whip-poor-will
Takes up the tale.

When the day's noise is still,
And life shakes off its cares,
Her harsher notes may sound as sweet
To lovers' ears

As those which nightly greet
Italia's maidens fair,
Where Naples' orange groves perfume
The summer air.

Here, also, flowers bloom
And Cupid holds his sway;
Here lovers wander hand in hand
At close of day.

Here, as in every land,
The same sweet tale is told—
The whispered words which never stale,
However old.

So, since no nightingale
Enraptured holds them still,
Love gives his votaries the song
Of whip-poor-will.

BASIL TEMPEST.

FIVE years ago the name Umra Khan, of Jandol, was only known for some deeds of gallantry which he had performed in quarrels with other petty chiefs; for he was, it seemed, in a state of siege by one or other of his neighbours. Gradually, however, he has not only grown as powerful as any of his neighbours, but has subdued them one by one until, with the exception of the Ameer of Afghanistan and the Mehtar of Chitral, he is the only territorial chief of any note between the Indian frontier and the Oxus. Fortunately he has always shown great readiness to be on good terms with the British Government; and his success will, therefore, be welcome, as it will greatly simplify matters to be able to reckon with one capable governor of the whole of this North-Western No-

¹ Now the Island wharf.
² From "Les Voyages de la Nouvelle, France Occidentale, dicte Canada, faits par le Sieur de Champlain, Bk. I., Chapter XIII.

THINGS a young dog of high spirits and healthy body can eat at the age of seven weeks: wood, coal, paper—particularly the morning Mail and the Friday's WEEK, your last batch of proof and an important new novel—rattan chairs, carpet footstools, rugs, fringe and all, earth, glass, putty, china plates (especially the edges thereof), sugar, apples, raw vegetables, lead pencils, buttons, marbles, slates and school-bags, stockings and shoes, boots, slippers and rubbers, the broom, the dust-pan, the table-cloth, the Encyclopædia, the curtains, the geraniums, the work-basket, your purse and memorandum book—with a little bread and milk thrown in for a change. He is incidentally inclined to tin boxes, collars and cuffs and the backs of the best books. He disparages the cat and cuts his teeth on your new walking stick.

Our Paris letter informed us lately that Madame Albani, aged sixty-four and remarkably obese, assisted not long ago at the Rossini Centenary. This is not by any means the first time that the use of the vowel *a* instead of *o* has caused the wrath of our great prima donna to wax apace, but it is no easier to bear for all that. Even for humbler folk, unprofessional fry, there is always something excessively exasperating in being called "out of your name." Mistakes will occur, and we make them ourselves no doubt, but we are none the less touchy when we are taken for someone else, or in any way unindividualized. "A poor thing, sir, but mine own"—explains the lover of Audrey, and even though we know ourselves faulty, wretched frauds, humbugs and failures, we like to be addressed, if at all, then by our own and correct names. Of course the O's and Macs are the worst; they are the most exacting people alive. Then come the possessors of names not sufficiently distinct, names that require very clear enunciation in order to be distinguished from others very similar. These are the Robertsons, who frown darkly when you mildly address them as "Robinson," and *vice versa*; the Macdonalds, who would not for all the world be approached as "Macdonell"; the Ogilvies with an *e*, and the Ogilvys without an *e*; the whole legion of Smiths and Smythes, and Pattisons and Pattersons, and Morrisons and Morsons and other unfortunates similarly indistinct. What a thing it must be now to possess such a name as Procopius Basilisk, the Russian poet, who has lately caused such a stir! There cannot be many Procopius Basilisks in the world, even in Russia, and how well it would look on a card—if they have cards in Russia. I suppose there is a Mrs. Procopius Basilisk and some little Procopius Basilisks—you recollect poor Sothorn in "Dundreary Married and Settled" enquiring after the health of Mrs. B-buggins and the little Bugginses!

A few years ago there was a reaction against old-fashioned names, and people of education began to look about and see if they could not give their children something in the shape of an historical or poetic appellation which would be in the long run a great deal better than a silver spoon and a blessing to them generally in the hereafter. So it came to pass that Fred and Will and Jack and Harry were abandoned in favour of Claude and Lancelot and Bartram and Eugene. And the girls were christened Guinevere and Imogen and Irene and Muriel instead of Catharine and Caroline and Harriet and Mary. Now—it is, of course, just as unfortunate that a pretty girl should be known as Jemima or Priscilla as that a homely one should have to respond to the call of Elaine or Violet or Enid. But there is just this about the matter: that whereas, beauty conquers even such an obstacle as an ugly or hackneyed name, so that the friends of Jemima may actually come to regard that unwholesome cognomen as the loveliest of names, homeliness is made more apparent and probably more difficult to bear when attached to a delicate and fanciful name. My sympathy is very great for the plain young woman without a sweetheart at the age of twenty-five who is known as Diana or Rowena or Sybil. She is very nearly being ridiculous, and perhaps she knows it and it gives her pain. Then here is this ordinary young clerk in your bank who tells you out your money, answering to the name of Tristram or Bedivere.

It seems that the entire Round Table might be found with a little trouble. There was the lady of whom you must have heard who christened her twin boy and girl Pelleas and Ettarre, because of her admiration for the Idylls, only unfortunately she had never read the one in question until it was too late to change the names, and the most ardent worshipper of the Laureate would hardly care to immortalize the questionable knight and lady any more than they are already made known to the world. Seriously, we can err as much in one direction as in the other. Since there are ugly ducklings in every family, and since none of us are at maturity what we promised to be in childhood, it would be well to exercise caution in the bestowal of ultra or fanciful names upon babies, of whose future and fate we can have no conception.

A very curious phase of our modern life is the ever-insisted-upon increased activity and restlessness of our women. I say curious advisedly, because it is an admitted fact that every facility exists for the comfort and leisure of its fair occupant in the well-appointed house of to-day. Scores of housekeepers never go near the tradesmen who supply them in person; they transact their orders at the telephone, or not even there. Perhaps the order is written

and transferred to the housemaid or cook, to be given either to the driver or the telephone. Many of these favoured beings keep or hire carriages. They are thus enabled to save a great deal of time. They have their own first-class dressmaker and a seamstress in the house for the children. Therefore it is quite unnecessary to ply the needle. Of cookery it is idle to speak; one is not so foolish as to pay thirteen or fourteen dollars to a cook and then go into the kitchen oneself. Society, the play, charitable affairs and clubs are certainly engrossing, but it is impossible that in Toronto these pursuits can be so bewilderingly overpowering in their effect upon constitution and leisure as some would have us think. House-keeping is being gradually reduced, no matter what pessimists may say, to a minimum of responsibility and fatigue. Whence then comes the cry that we hear on every side of there being "no time," "no opportunity," "no rest," "no solitude"! Women talk of being "rushed," and of "pressure" and of "recuperating" just as the men do, and perhaps a little more. I do not see that modern facilities bring complications into view, but it seems as if they must. One would not wonder if the cry came from the middle class, but it does not—it comes from the rich.

CORRESPONDENCE.

REPEAL OF THE FRANCHISE ACT.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I have taken THE WEEK since its first number and became a subscriber because I understood it was to be, and continue to be, an independent journal of politics, etc. Will you kindly tell me how you reconcile independence with the following which appeared in your last issue? "If the Opposition do but make it clear that the repeal of this Act is one of the planks of their party platform, then they may certainly claim the title of Reformers, etc."

How much evidence do you require that repeal of the Franchise Act is a plank in the Reform platform? Did not the Reformers oppose the Bill *ab initio*, and have they not on every occasion denounced it as unfair, useless and extravagant? Have not resolutions been moved in the House of Commons for its repeal, session after session, and supported by the entire party? I ask for simple justice to the party of which I am a very humble but jealous member; I hope it will not be necessary to drop an oak deal incriminated "Repeal of Franchise Act" on the editor to convince him.

J. C.

March 3, 1892.

CANADA'S FUTURE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I derive pleasure, and I hope some profit, by reading your weekly editorial remarks upon current events as they pass in review before you. In your issue of yesterday I note what you say on the subject of Canada's future, and, with your permission, I desire to make a few remarks upon it.

Your conclusion that the remarkable success which the Government at the Capital has experienced, as shown in the recent bye-elections, has established the fact that the people of this Dominion refuse to be coaxed or coerced into annexation to the United States, is perfectly correct, which result, in your estimation, places us in a "serious situation."

The "situation" may seem to be somewhat serious, but not so much so as to discourage us in the least; it merely points to the consideration of what the future of our Dominion is (politically) to be; and, on this point, there has been a large amount of discussion, enough at least to enable us from the data thus afforded to frame a workable mode of relief from any serious embarrassment which may seem, by some, to surround us, and which may prevent the catastrophe of sacrificing our nationality at the shrine of materialism; many remedies have been proposed.

In speaking of the future of Canada, we must not be deterred from a free expression of our opinions by any of the pessimistic views expressed by those whom I cannot but consider as enemies of our country as a part of the British Empire—those who professing to base their calculations on the disappointing result of the last census, which result, by the way, these very prophets of evil have been the cause of, by sending broadcast, through the *Globe* and its American conspirators, lying reports of our condition and prospects, which have had the effect of discouraging emigration to our shores, preventing also the investment of foreign capital in our industries; nor must we be discouraged by some remarks made by our friends; and, with all deference to you, Mr. Editor, I must beg leave to say, I think your remarks are slightly tinged with a leaning to the idea that we need the example and influence of "that great nation to the South" as a panacea for our relief—which I construe as, in a sense, "looking to Washington." Such a remedy I could not tolerate. You say: "The state of Canadian affairs at this present moment is briefly this—this great nation to the South of us has set out to control the trade of the continent, and, unfortunately for us, by reason of its enormous superiority in population and wealth, it can undoubtedly do so to a very great extent. It is worse than useless to shut our eyes to the fact. That will make it none the less the fact and none the less dis-