

that was all so new. I was required to tell my place of birth, my place of residence, what I was then doing for a living, where I was going and what I was going for, how long I expected to be gone, and whether I intended to return that way. After those and a number of other questions had been asked and satisfactorily answered I was told that I might stay, if I could put up with such accommodation as they were able to give. The proprietor came home shortly after my arrival, who, being a professional yarn-spinner showed pleasure at having a stranger to whom he could relate some of his adventures in the bush, and whether I believed all his tales or not I was certainly an attentive listener, and enjoyed myself till late in the evening. I left the following morning for Barrie, having been directed by my host as to my way, After passing the Irish and Scotch settlements before referred to, about four miles from Borman's I did not encounter a human being, nor see a human habitation till I came within six miles of Barrie, having gone through a wilderness of at least twenty miles. I recollect passing a place known as "Shanty Creek," and one as "Gentleman Walker's Clearing." I knew both places from the descriptions given by Mr. Borman but remember nothing about them beyond their names. I have a vivid recollection of some of the finest white pine I ever saw, as well as several miles of beautiful plains covered with red pine, all of which has long since disappeared before the lumberman's axe, and the ground become covered with white poplar and bramble-bushes. The soil that produced the red pine being a dead sand is unfit for agricultural purposes and becomes a waste so soon as the natural growth is removed, whereas if the timber had been judiciously culled and the tops burned the forest could have been preserved in perpetuity, yielding a yearly revenue. Such destruction of timber as has been practised in the United States and Canada would not be tolerated in any European Country. I do not know anything about the other provinces of the Dominion, but I know that as matters are now shaping in Ontario there will soon be no timber to destroy, either belonging to the province or to pri-

vate parties, and then, if not till then, its destruction will cease.

On reaching Barrie I called, as I had been instructed, on Mr. Carney, and found him very willing to assist me in my purchase. He told me that McWhat was the only holder of flour in the town and his charge was five dollars a barrel, but that McMaster at the Holland Landing had it for four dollars and a half. This was on Tuesday evening. I at once went to McWhat from whom I learned that Mr. Carney's statement was correct and I told him what I had heard about the price at Holland Landing. This he admitted to be true, but said that there would be no boat till Thursday and I would be obliged to wait till then. I replied that "the boat that conveyed me from Owen Sound would take me to the Landing as I believed the distance was only some twenty-six miles." I accordingly started off the next morning. When a short distance from the end of my journey I was overtaken by a man travelling at a much greater speed than I, who, however, when coming abreast of me, slackened his pace so as to correspond with mine. I cannot say that we entered into conversation, for he did not appear to require any information either about myself or anything else. I thought it strange that this person should be so unlike every one else with whom I had come in contact in the course of my travels, but I soon became aware of the fact that my new companion occupied a mental sphere far above that of common mortals like myself—that I was in reality, favoured with the company of a philosopher. He happened he said, to have been born in England, but he owed no allegiance either to that country or any other; he was a citizen of the world. He regarded with pity, mingled with contempt, the poor benighted creatures who quarrel, and are willing to fight for what they call their country; but the day was at hand, was even now beginning to dawn when that combination of bigotry and superstition dignified by the name of patriotism would be scattered to the four winds of heaven, when no one would presume to possess anything to which his neighbor had not an equal right. Fortunately we are not