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JOHN KANACK'S EXPERIENCES.

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SETTLING DOWN.

There is always a time in the life of every man when he seriously considers what he is going to do in the world. Now, the Kanacks had always been a busy race, and, of course, I had inherited the fever in the blood. But acting on the assumption that what nature said it must be grace to deny, I thought I would take the advice of my friends as to the line of life I ought to pursue. My father thought I might be an editor. Were not Tom Dalton and Hugh Scobie, not to speak of James Gordon Bennett, Dr. Barker, and Dr. MacGeorge, editors? Only wasn't there a softness in my disposition that would be in the way in giving and receiving hard knocks? But then, were not the hard knocks the disreputable part of journalism? So the argument balanced itself; and remained thus balanced and suspended several years; till, if a decision had been arrived at, it would have been a kind of *ex post facto* law, without a future tense in it at all. My senior maternal uncle thought the trade of a carpenter was good; one might rise to the dignity of a house-builder and contractor; and working with tools was a fine example of man's mastery over creation—for he not only wrought, but made the forces of nature work for him. But on the whole, he rather advised me to be a *blacksmith*. Pat Ryan, the blacksmith, told me to "be no such thing." What between interest on his iron

bills at Juson's, and the long credits the farmers expected, and the bad debts they left in his hands as mementoes of their patronage, his life was "worried out av him."

Sam Skittles would recommend sheep-letting. The thing was very simple; and the figures would prove themselves. You let a man have 50 sheep, and he gives you back, at the end of three years, 100. So you gain interest, compounded at the end of every three years, of no less than thirty-three and odd *per cent.* every year! "Why," said he, "begin with 500 sheep, and in 40 years a man may own more than four millions of sheep—more than all the sheep in Upper Canada! With an income of—let me see—every good sheep's worth a dollar a year—an income of \$4,000,000 a year. Why it's enough to make a man crazy. *Go into it, my boy!*" I asked him why *he* had not "gone into it?" "Well, I've been trying to make a start; for you see I've no capital. But I've had *bad luck* with my sheep; the wolves took some of the best; and the dogs took some of the second best; and I've been trying to get into a breed that would always bring twins every year—and somehow I can't manage it. Whenever I have a heavy wellbuilt yoe, she's sure to bring a big, thumping lamb; but only one. And if there's a little sickly scallawag of a yoe, she's sure to bring twins; and then the poor miserable things die the first rain-storm."