

and high schools. The writer, before entering upon his university course was a graduate, child and admirer of our provincial curriculum, which its sponsors hold to be immaculate. Our veneration for the system has not become a thing of the past, it has only been cleared of its superficial gloss. When we stepped forth from the high school on commencement day, sighing like Alexander, for other worlds to conquer, we could point out upon our left hand all the facts and dates of Roman history, and on the right were registered the landmarks of Grecian progression and retrogression, whilst both hands were literally blazing with the golden deeds of the sons of Merrie England. The powerful Lick telescope could scarcely disclose on either hand the a, b, c's in the history of the most important country of all Canada our home.

This is surely a most unfortunate mistake far-reaching in consequences disastrous to the blending of the various races inhabiting Canada, into one harmonious whole. History throws a lime-light upon the pitfalls that threaten a people with destruction both in their present and future march towards national greatness. The people of a country become exalted in their feelings and ennobled in character, by serious meditation upon the glorious deeds and patriotic devotedness of their ancestors. Had the liberal, self-sacrificing spirit of mutual forbearance and religious toleration of the "Fathers of Confederation" supplied the light to the guiding lamps that line the national track, the government car, as it rushed along joining the Atlantic to the Pacific, would never have mangled the rights of a defenceless minority in the Prairie Province. Unfortunately the lamps were supplied with oil, ninety-nine per cent of which was purchased in the day of *tolerant, bloodless* Elizabeth and the remaining one per cent from the men of '67; this unholy mixture threw a conjuring glare upon the track and *Banquo's* ghost of "Confederation smashed" did the rest.

To come to our more immediate subject. Last summer we were indulging in a quiet, political chat with a graduate of a certain university situated within the borders of this Province, and happened to ask him what was his opinion of the "Double Shuffle". His reply, "I am not well posted in the fine points of card-playing," came like a clap of thunder in a cloudless sky. Though we feel assured that no reader of the "Bird of Wisdom" would be caught in such a sorry plight, we think it would not be amiss to sweep the cobwebs of forgetfulness from off our memory, and jot down a few remarks about this celebrated and *notorious* political card dealing which nipped in the bud the unbounded ambition of one party leader, left a stain either real or supposed, upon the career of our greatest statesman, and even besmirched in the eyes of many the fair name of the Queen's representative in Canada.

In the early part of December, 1857, the newly-formed Macdonald-Cartier government appealed to the country and was sustained by a large majority. This contest proves that there are but few new-fangled theories in this old world of ours, for George Brown and his so-called Liberal satellites, went to the country on "Rep. by Pop" and the bugbear of the present day "non-sectarian Schools." A few months after, Parliament met. In the meantime, the ministry had referred the mooted question about the location of a national capital to the Queen as arbitrator. All are acquainted with the novel manner in which Her Majesty settled the vexed dispute. Indicating a central town on the map, she asked what was the name of the city. One of the attendants informed her that it was old By-town or new Ottawa, which she designated as the seat of Government.

An unbounded ambition to occupy an easy chair on the treasury benches seemed to guide all Brown's actions, poison all his good intentions, and convert the milk of his honest convictions into curds. "Rep. by Pop" was a