

humorous songs. One actor calls upon a spectator to take off his hat, as he is wearing it out of place and inconveniences the ladies; point-blank refusal; the spectator cannot be chucked out; the actor whispers to the leader of the orchestra, who strikes up the "Russian Hymn," when old ginger, with a smile, instantly removes his hat. If that compliment does not decide the Muscovites to help in restoring Alsace, nothing short of another loan will do so. The Eiffel Tower has been utilized by the engineers for night-signalling to the military posts for thirty miles round Paris.

If the visit of the Grand Duke Constantine to President Carnot at Nancy has knocked the bottom out of the meeting of the two emperors at Kiel, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria is admitted to have substantially scored, by his visit to Queen Victoria and London, with its immediate fruits, the permission of the Sultan to allow the Bulgarian railways running powers across Macedonia, and to connect with the port of Salonica.

M. G. Tarde, in his "Etudes Sociales," says universal suffrage is a farce in France, where the population of 38,000,000 has only 10,000,000 of voters, and but 8,000,000 vote. It is abominable, he maintains, that a gamin just fledged twenty-one can neutralize by his vote the bulletin of M. Pasteur, but his body is at the service of his country also to stop an enemy's bullet, and, as the convention told Lavoisier when France was invaded, the Republic had no need of chemists. M. Tarde would give the head of a family, the bread-winner, three, four, five and ten votes, proportionate to those depending on him; this would induce men to marry and have large families, and thus destroy celibacy, that curse of democracy.

Astronomer Jansson reiterates that aërial navigation will be as common in the next century as railways are in the present.

Victor Hugo allowed his beard to grow in December, 1851, to enable him to escape from France after the coup d'état; he never shaved afterwards.

Alexander Dumas *fits* makes 300,000 frs. a year by copyright fees for his own and his father's literary productions.

A FAMOUS CANADIAN ROAD.

WHILE the railway has to a great extent diminished the importance of our great carriage roads, still they retain no small part of their former usefulness; and have perhaps a greater wealth of associations. Since time immemorial, there has been a road parallel with, and on the west side of, the Red River of the North, running from where it empties into Lake Winnipeg in a line almost due south to the point where the Assiniboine joins it, in the present city of Winnipeg. From this point the trail branched south, west and east, connecting the homes of the Crees with the plains roved over by the Assiniboines and Sioux. It is of the first part of this road that the present article will deal.

Leaving Lake Winnipeg we are in the heart of the St. Peter's Indian reserve, where seventeen hundred Salteaux and Swampy Crees are making an earnest attempt to solve their part of the Indian problem by learning how to force nature to give them a living. There is here the stone church of St. Peter's, erected by the Church Missionary Society many years ago, where Archdeacon Cowley laboured for near half a century. This was the home of Chief Peguis, the friend of the settlers and Hudson Bay Company in the troublous times before the amalgamation with the North-West Company.

We emerge from the reserve into the thriving town of West Selkirk with its marine-like smell of fish and its piles of lumber from the pineries around the lake. This is the terminus of the Winnipeg and Selkirk branch of the O.P.R., and from here the H. B. Co. ship their annual supplies by steamer for their forts about the lake and along the lower Saskatchewan. With its lumbering and fishing and freighting, Winnipeg's lakeport is a busy little town in summer. To the west but still in full view from the road is the Manitoba Asylum for the Insane, showing that the Prairie Province is not behind her sisters in her care of the unfortunate.

Proceeding through a park-like country, with the open prairie on our right and the Red River on our left, we pass Lower Fort Garry, a reminder of the romantic past. While the Upper Fort (at Winnipeg) has been demolished, Lower Fort Garry stands to-day just as it did, save for the softening hand of time, half a century ago. There is the quadrangle enclosed by stone walls, with round towers loop-holed for musketry at the four corners; the heavy iron-sheeted gate now constantly open, the Factor's residence inside, with its low-reaching roofs and broad verandahs, covered with climbing plants; the stone storehouses and stables—a piece of ancient history preserved for our time. Strange changes have come over the land since these stones were laid, and the old fort has lent its aid in history-making by being in turns, fortress, penitentiary and commercial depot. Before Stony Mountain Penitentiary was built the fort was used as the North-West Penitentiary, with the late Col. Bedson as its head. It now derives its chief importance from the fact that the H. B. Co. shipments from West Selkirk are made through its books.

This historic spot left behind the road winds through a wooded country with settlers' houses, an occasional church and schoolhouse, until we reach the C. M. S. Mission (formerly, now a regular parish) of St. Andrew's, where is

a large stone church, which in ante-boom days was the finest ecclesiastical building in the province outside of Winnipeg. The river is here much more rapid and shallow; the rapids at St. Andrew's being the fly in Winnipeg's pot of ointment, as very high lake steamers coming up to the city except in very high water.

Shortly after passing St. Andrew's we leave the woods and emerge into the plain; the river here having but a narrow fringe of trees. On our left we pass Marchmont Farm with its famous herd of shorthorn cattle; while on our right against the western skyline rises up, twelve miles away, the low ridge of Stony Mountain, crowned with its unvalled penitentiary, a widely read object-lesson to would-be criminals. The farms are now continuous, and there is scarcely a piece of unbroken prairie between this point and Winnipeg. We are now abreast of St. Paul's, commonly called the Middle Church from its being the middle point where the early missionary took service on his Sunday journey from Winnipeg to St. Andrew's. Here is the Rupert's Land Indian School with its fields of grain and pasture and its little settlement of houses and workshops clustering around the main building.

Kildonan Presbyterian Church with its massive stone walls and tiny spire is next passed with its accompanying manse and little village. Those church walls have heard the angry clatter of musket and side arms as the royalist opponents of Riel in 1869-70, bivouaced within and about it. Nor must we overlook that two-storied frame building, the birth-place of the present majestic Manitoba College, and beside it the little stone school, successor to one of the first attempts of a public school in all this land between Lake Superior and the Pacific. Kildonan is still a prominent feature in the landscape when we cross Inkster's Bridge and reach historic Sevenoaks with its monument commemorating the battle between the H. B. and N. W. Cos. in 1816, when Governor Semples and twenty men were killed. We pass the rifle butts and under the shadow of St. John's College (Episcopal), one of the oldest colleges composing Manitoba University and presided over by Bishop Machray, the Chancellor of the University. On the left is historic St. John's, with the old frame college, its odd, square tower rising above the trees and Bishop's Court, picturesque in ivy, in whose sheltered garden the Metropolitan of Rupert's Land watches his apple trees and tender vegetables; St. John's with the houses of the professors and the deanery; and with its central attraction the quaint little stone cathedral of St. John's looking out from among the green of the trees and the granite of the monuments; monuments that mark the resting place of the most famous men of the province from Governor Semples onward—the Westminster Abbey of the Great Lone Land.

We are now in the city of Winnipeg, and our road has become Main Street. There are factories and stores and hotels, and we cross the C.P.R., with its station full of a most cosmopolitan crowd of travellers, and we are in the heart of the city. On our right is the City Hall, on the left the Post Office; back to the right, and parallel with our course, is Princess Street with its blocks of substantial wholesale houses, and further back still are Manitoba (Presbyterian) and Wesley (Methodist) Colleges, factors of our provincial university. Farther on we pass the N.P. station and hotel, and on our right the solid block of the Hudson Bay Company's building. On the same side, and standing somewhat back, is the old stone gateway—all that remains—of famous Upper Fort Garry. Looking over it we see the flag flying on Government House, with the straightings of the Parliament Buildings, and the bastions of Fort Osborne, the present military post, looming up between. Before us is the Assiniboine, its journey to the Red almost finished; and across the latter river to the left are seen the towers of St. Boniface, which Whittier has immortalized in his "Red River Voyager." Across the Assiniboine may be seen the Queen Anne and Elizabethan houses of Fort Rouge, one of the fashionable residence quarters of the city. We have reached the end of our journey, and we turn back and look at the tall buildings of the city, full of life and throb and energy, and wonder at the change that has passed over this land in the past quarter of a century. The distance we have traversed is under thirty miles, and yet how full of history is it crowded! In the words of Lieut.-Governor Schultz, in unveiling the Sevenoaks monument: "I have said that this road, whether as Indian trail or King's highway, in old or more recent times, is indeed historic. Over it, in the dim past which antedates even Indian tradition, must have passed those aboriginal inhabitants whose interesting sepulchral remains near St. Andrew's Rapids and elsewhere, excite wonder and stimulate conjecture, and show them to have been a race superior in many respects to those which succeeded them. Over this road and near this spot must have passed the war parties of the Assiniboines in their futile effort to oppose with arrow, tomahawk and spear, the invading northern and eastern Cree, who had doubtless when similarly armed envied in vain the warlike 'Stony' his possession of what was later known as the Image and White Horse Plains, with their countless herds of Bison; and when the earlier possession of fire-arms gave the Cree the ascendancy he sought, and that dread scourge, the smallpox, had thinned the Assiniboine ranks, it must have been along this great trail they retreated towards the blue hills of Brandon and to the upper waters of the river which still bears their name. La Verandrye, the first white man who looked on this fair land, must have seen this spot and passed by this

trail; and while it was yet a bridle path or cart track, and long before it was known, as it afterwards became, the King's Highway, men who were great in their day and generation, and are deservedly still remembered for their important discoveries and their administrative abilities, have trodden the path which lies at our feet. Over it has passed discoverer, courier, missionary, Arctic voyager, chief, warrior and medicine man, governor, factor, judge, councillor and tomahawk; along it have been carried wampum and comander; message of peace and war. It has heard the rumble of artillery and the steady march of the Sixth of the Line, the Royal Canadian and 60th Rifles; and along its course the hard-pressed founders of the Selkirk Settlement alternately struggled southwards in search of food, or hurried northward for safety with steps of fear. Over it have travelled the pioneer priests, ministers and bishops of the Roman Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian and Wesleyan Churches. The governors of the Hudson Bay Company have, as well as the lieutenants of the governors of the Dominion of Canada, all passed this way. Truly this is an historic place."

IOTA NORTH.

THE RAMBLER.

EXAMINATION papers are most likely just now on many pedagogic tables with answers more or less depressing, not to say, depraved. The Divinity student who announced that St. Paul was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, a mountain in Judæa, will be present in full force. There was another, still more dense, or clever, just as you care to take him, who, upon being asked to quote a text, took a very long time to think of one. Finally he said he did know one: "Judas went and hanged himself."

"Quite right," said the examiner, approvingly. "Can you mention another?"

The student gazed steadily at his persecutor for a few seconds and then replied: "Go thou and do likewise."

Truly the agonies of *viva voce* are very great. Mankind—that section which bothers itself at all about examinations—may be divided into two classes: those who come out strong in *viva voce* exams, and those who prefer the written test. These stories remind one of the scholar who in writing out the classic line

In Heaven yept Euphrosyne,

rendered it as follows:—

In Heaven she crept and *frone her kerker*.

Then there was the "classic" who gave for "Galli clamabant quia jugum Germanum exuerant," the astonishing assertion that the "cocks were crowing because they had laid a German egg." Upon disapproval the examinee said: "Well, *gallus* is a cock, *clamare* means to call, *jugum* is a yolk, and *exuere* to lay aside.

Lastly, there was another Divinity student who was asked what the Israelites did in Egypt. "They murmured," was the reply. "What did they do before leaving Egypt?" asked the examiner. "They murmured," replied the victim for the second time. "That is rather a vague answer Mr. —. Perhaps you can tell me what they did after crossing the Red Sea." "They murmured then."

Whether this was repeated because the student lost his head or from excessive "cheek" I do not know, but I can well conjure up the exasperation of the examiner.

However, so long as the fledgling apes not the airs of the pedant we may forgive him much. Of all types of scholars surely the world—the busy matter-of-fact world that dines and manages banks and sells shares and builds and laughs—hates the pedant the most, and especially the flighty pedant. This is no contradiction of terms; there can be such a thing as flighty or frivolous pedantry, although we are mostly familiar with the heavier kind. Good advice to young writers might run—be careful to write only of what you know and know intimately. It is better to write intelligently and correctly upon a simple subject than weakly and irrelevantly upon a complex one. It is better not to show all you know. It is better even to refrain from displaying a small share of your prized erudition, for there will always be some specialist who will read your effusion and smile. Perhaps, as I am in a pessimistic vein, it would be still better to not write at all, since as Beatrice remarks to Benedick "nobody marks you." That this is an age of over-production appears to have been keenly felt by Rubinstein. A more dismal book than his "Conversation about Music" I cannot remember having seen. A virtuoso of world-wide fame, a composer long and famously received—one would have thought the *summum bonum* had been reached by such a one at least. But the Melancholia of Albert Durer's great picture has touched the reflective Russian on the lip, and henceforth he thinks as she does. It is fortunate however for the world that this attitude of complacent resignation to the modern mode, this veneration only for the past, this half-mild, half-bitter disgust at life and art, has come late in the day, else were the shelves of music stores and libraries poorer by a good deal than they are. The *maestro* is half inclined to think we have too much music, and I agree with him.

Some remarks of mine about "clipping" have offended a sensitive correspondent who thinks—dear soul—I mean the *Harper's Bazar* and *Ladies' Pictorial* kind of thing,