

last week about \$70,000 in silver bricks was sent away. And there appears to be lots left. Other well-known mines abound, but we were content to see them from without, as there was not time to explore them all. One looked with some pathetic interest at the Drummond mine near Kerr Lake, and the house where Drummond, the famous habitant poet, died while on a visit to his property. I had heard Drummond recite his poems on the life of the Quebec habitant, and admired the wonderful way in which he interpreted the life of which he wrote. And though he was quite wealthy and a successful mine owner, it is well to note that Drummond is remembered not for this, but for the strong human element that made him the friend and the interpreter of the people of Quebec. The home in which he died is humble enough, but though a house never makes a man famous, a man may make a house so famous that people will make pilgrimages to see it for his sake. In these new-rich days we have many structures of bewildering splendor, but they may be looked upon with mere passing curiosity, while the cottage of Robert Burns is a sort of shrine lit up as the scene of a soul-struggle to draw the feet of countless men to the Ayrshire village.

Dining with Miners

We went over from these scenes as mine whistles blew at 5 o'clock, to find the men of the Lawson mine gathered in the cook-house for the evening meal. My friend saw the cook, who is a czar in his own department, and we passed in with the crowd to sit at the table with the men. There is more graniteware than chinaware in evidence on the tables, but the meal, which was the customary thing, was a good deal of a banquet in the quality, quantity and variety of the food. The Shakespearean lines:

"Let good digestion wait on appetite
And health on both,"

came to my mind as we saw the strong, hearty, good-natured miners fall to at the close of their ten hour day of steady toil. After a long day's tramping around the camp the two clergymen present were prepared to say that the men were living like lords.

R. G. MACBETH.

Third Letter

The North Country

By Rev. R. G. MacBeth

Cobalt, of which we have been specially writing just now, has no licenses for the sale of intoxicating drink. This brings us up against the whole matter of the liquor problem in Ontario, a problem that both political parties are dealing with at present. It is too big a problem to ignore, though it has never been one that the old time parties cared to take up if they could get out of it, and one need not wonder unduly at this attitude. The problem is not an easy one to solve. To take strong drink may