

The latest canard: in demolishing the grand staircase of the Palace of St. Cloud, the levellers assert they have discovered the traces of petroleum; conclusion: the Germans wilfully set the castle on fire. Having resided before and since the war at St. Cloud, I claim to know something about the fire; I have several times traversed the ruins and no more smelt petroleum than eau de Cologne; after twenty-two years the perfume even of ottar of roses would be dissipated. The château was set on fire by a battery of cannon erected in a shrubbery in the Bois de Boulogne, near Longchamps race course. The officer commanding that battery is a friend of mine, and we frequently talk over the event. He was ordered to shell the Prussians out of the castle, and that is all he knows. The cruelty of the Germans consists in having set fire to the "village" as a punishment for an unpaid indemnity when the preliminaries of peace had been signed. No lives were lost, so Bismarck could not sniff the "odour of burnt Frenchmen," as at Bazeilles.

When the new parliamentary session opens next month, the deputies will have to face a question involving the very existence of the new tariff. A commercial treaty has been negotiated between France and Switzerland, subject to ratification by their respective Parliaments. The French tariff has a maximum and minimum hard and fast line, claimed, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, to alter not. By the constitution, the executive can negotiate commercial treaties independent of any tariff voted by the Legislature; in the present case it has descended below the minimum, in exchange for reciprocal advantages. Will the Legislature repudiate the signature of M. Carnot and his Ministers? That's the nut to crack; if not, the bottom is knocked out of the new tariff, and no one need buy crape in advance for the calamity.

The Government does not intend to associate, in taxation point of view, velocipedes with dogs, by imposing an annual tax of 5 to 10 frs. There are, after a controlled calculation, only 100,000 cycles in France. So the play would not be worth the candle. There are 100 societies of velocipedists in the country, and since the clergy go the rounds of their parishes on wheels, the bailiffs serve writs, the tax collectors and doctors execute their visits, augmentation may be expected. During the Balzaine trial, a few wheel men earned 25 frs. for carrying despatches for the press, in 45 minutes, from Versailles to Paris. Manufacturers of cycles are making fortunes; their gains vary from 50 to 75 per cent.; English firms have representatives, execute as many orders as they are able to do, and realize substantial profits, though the duty which was 120 frs., the double cost is now 220 frs. the minimum, and 250 the maximum. The army has its staff of wheelmen, and the rural police employ the machine for delivering despatches. It is England that supplies French fabricants with spokes for the wheels.

The lunacy laws are curious in France. The Prefect can order without any explication the immediate liberation of a patient, if placed voluntarily in any asylum by the family, while the latter cannot obtain that liberation without a medical certificate, and for the giving of which doctors are held responsible for the consequences. But the Prefect can oppose the liberation even when justified by the certificate. The Russian system is not bad. When an individual is suspected to be lunatic, the Government examines the case by a mixed commission of doctors, functionaries and magistrates. Their report is sent to the Senate; if this body decides the lunatic to be so, the patient is handed over to his family to care for; if they decline or cannot comply, then the patient is sent to the asylum, and his rightful heirs are charged with the administration of his fortune.

The Positivists have just paid their annual visit to the tomb of Auguste Comte in Père La Chaise Cemetery. This was succeeded by the general meeting in the house, 10 Rue Monsieur le Prince, where the philosopher-mathematician expired. The apartment in which he died is piously cared: the mahogany bed and its sheet coverlet; at the head a painting of the dying philosopher surrounded by fervent disciples; on the mantel-piece, the gilt clock last wound up by the deceased; his book-case and some pictures illustrating incidents of his career, and portraits of friends. His successor, M. Pierre Laffitte, is the pope of the Positivists, and has lately had a chair organized in the College of France for the expounding of Positivism. M. Laffitte is about seventy-three years of age, tall figure, gentle voice, profoundly attached to his ism, the religion of humanity. He told me the number of adherents was a good stationary; 1,000 were present at the meeting, all firm believers in the regeneration of man by perfected men, but nothing fanatical. In accompanying M. Laffitte through the five museum rooms, whose souvenirs he took a loving pleasure to explain, one is struck with the resemblance to Napoleon I. in the portraits of Comte.

There must be something wrong with the police force; since they have received their increase of pay, burglaries in Paris never were so frequent, nor more audacious. Have the police become fat like Jeshurun, and so kick? The burglars, for whom bolts and bars do not count, prefer to break through and steal close to the police stations. A lap dog is the best protection against the burglars, who, if they cannot poison the pet beforehand, will never visit the premises. *Cave canem.* Perhaps the robber plague is the consequence of the destruction of the dogs by the prefect of police.

THE INDIANS OF THE MANITOBA SUPER-INTENDENCY.

CANADA is such a large country, and the Indian tribes in it so different in their stages of advancement, that in order to get an intelligent idea of their progress we must keep them distinct in our minds. Those with which the present article deals are part of the great Ojibway tribe living along the shores of the lakes and banks of rivers in Manitoba and closely adjoining territory. Great differences exist even in this region, from the Indians of St. Peter's reserve at the mouth of the Red River, with their herd of two thousand cattle, fields of grain and stacks of hay, to the Indians of Lonely Lake, who still mainly subsist by hunting and fishing. However, the community depicted shall be an average one, and one applicable to the majority of the reserves in the Superintendency.

Fancy a moderate-sized river with wooded banks, with a grassy, cleared strip along one side. On this side place a small log church, a log schoolhouse, a mission house, and a dozen log houses, about 18 by 20 feet in size, in the immediate neighbourhood. Scatter more like houses up and down the river, partly hidden by the trees, and half a mile from the church put in a building, about as large as the mission house, with a number of buildings about it as the post of the Hudson's Bay Company, and you will have a fair idea of the village part of the Indian reserve. These buildings are all "mudded" and whitewashed on the outside, and gleam up white and quaint from the deep green of the woods in the background. There are fields, too, in the clearing, in which are crops of potatoes, oats, barley and wheat, but the fields are so small that we see that there must be something more important than grain-raising in the community, or else it cannot be self-sustaining. Yet the agent had told you this reserve is practically self-sustaining, so we look about us to find the cause. There is a red man down near the water, working in the hot sun, putting the last stroke on a clinker-built fishing boat. In an old boat on the shore several children are playing. There is one chubby little boy dressed only in a red shirt and blue trousers, and another little boy, more happy and healthy-looking than the first, dressed in a very, very short blue shirt and—no trousers. Similar groups occupy various coigns of vantage. In a corner, making good use of the adjoining fences, a bareheaded Indian woman is making a net, plying her wooden needle with a dexterous motion that tells of long practice. Near her, in the shade of the fence, is the cradle of board, upon the front of which is bound and embagged a contented and attractive-looking morsel of red humanity. The idea that the Indian baby is strapped to a board is altogether misleading. The board is simply the framework, the backbone, of the cradle. Upon this is fastened a cloth arrangement just like the toe of a gigantic slipper, with the lacing running down almost to the point of the toe. Upon the board is laid a bed of a peculiar kind of soft moss. The child is placed back down on this, covered with a little blanket, and the edges of the flaps brought together and laced up. A stout bow projecting over the child's head prevents the baby's head striking the ground if the cradle should fall over. There is a hole in the board at the top, so that the cradle may be hung on a peg and swayed to and fro, and most are rounded at the bottom, so that they may be rocked on the floor as a sort of single-rockered cradle. It is a very ingenious affair, and with the moccasin and birch-bark canoe ranks as one of the lasting things which the Indian produced. In a land where laundry work is performed under difficulties, the Indian cradle, with its unlimited supply of moss, must remain a fixture in the Indian home for many years to come. It combines cradle and perambulator, prevents the kicking off of coverlets, can be put into trees or canoes, stood up in the chimney corner, allows sufficiency of movement, and must be voted in all ways a great success.

There are other nets drying on frames, and fish being smoked over small fires near the various houses. Some women are washing clothes outside, in tubs without a wash-board, others are squatted on the ground in the shade, making moccasins or mending clothing, and there is here and there an old, wizened dame puffing away at a black pipe, contentedly doing nothing. The younger women are not at all bad-looking, rather under the average stature, well formed, better dressed than one might expect, with the deep black hair worked in a long braid down the back. There is withal a lack of the carriage, dignity and animation which we look for in white women. Shawls are still thrown over the head, but the hat is beginning to dispute supremacy with this time-honoured article of dress. To get an Indian woman to abandon her stifling shawl in summer is like getting her husband to abandon his blanket, and means a decided advancement in civilization. A woman with a hat on, too, cannot carry a pack, since the band passes over the forehead and front part of the head. The Indian woman, then, is ceasing to be the beast of burden.

The surroundings of the houses vary in tidiness, as they do all the world over; there are some dogs lying in the shade, some clothes hung out to dry, heaps of firewood, dog-sleds (toboggans) and a fair supply of healthy-looking brown children, with clothing more or less abbreviated to suit this hot August afternoon. We step into a tidy-looking house, through the only door, opening on the south side near one end. The single window is in the middle of

the same side. In the centre of the gable end farthest from the door is the fireplace, or chimney, made of stones and mud, all neatly plastered over with mud now dry and white. The fireplace is not like those we are accustomed to, and can best be understood by imagining that the builder had built up a square stone and mud chimney, two feet square inside at the bottom, and gradually tapering to a foot square, where it projects from the roof. Then imagine the side of this chimney facing the room cut out to a length of about four feet, and you have the picture of the fireplace. In front about five feet square, is the hearth of flat stones cemented with white clay. Around the wall are ranged a row of trunks and chests, used here as in olden times, to contain clothes, food, valuables, etc. In the corner are some shelves on pegs, which contain the family stock of crockery, and underneath, on another peg (surely we are advancing), hangs the dish-pan. Peeled logs form the ceiling joists, and on these is laid a floor of boards, forming an apartment in the slant of the roof, to which access is had by means of a ladder placed in a convenient corner. Rods are hung under the joists, and on these hang articles of clothing, baskets, etc. These are especially plentiful over the chimney, where wet clothing may be dried in winter. In this house, though all do not have them, there is a table and a bedstead. The floor is clean swept, and there is a bright fire burning in the chimney, and the housewife is on her knees making bannock in a frying pan. Bannock is unleavened bread, a sort of pancake of flour, water and fat, generally saltless, an inch thick, and as large as the fryingpan. Bannock is alternately cursed and praised, according to the digestion of the eater and skill of the maker. This much is certain, that it is the staple article of diet for all our Indians, and thousands of white people in the Canadian North-West. It is the only bread, evidently, that this tidy woman, for such her house proclaims her to be, can make, for all her cooking utensils are her fryingpan and two covered pots, and without wishing to be considered for a moment a red-maniac, I do doubt if the directress of a cooking school could do much better than this poor woman, with her utensils and her selection of not over good materials.

But emerging once more into bright sunlight we notice the absence of any men and of any but very small children. Near at hand is the school-house and we instantly surmise where the children are. We enter and find our surmise is correct. Here are about twenty-five children from five to fifteen years of age, there being an absence, however, of larger boys, who, we are told, are away at the hayfields, and this, too, explains the absence of the men. The school is an ordinary log building with chimney at one end and a board floor. The desks are not such as we are accustomed to in ordinary schools but there is a continuous long desk down both side walls of the room, with benches ranged down in front. When pupils are at desk work they face the wall and write; when their attention is required by the teacher they deftly tuck their feet over the backless bench and face the centre of the room. The teacher's desk occupies the centre of the upper end, and before it the class stands to recite. They are using the regular modern Canadian school readers, and are reading aloud in much the same tone and manner as school children all the world over. After they have read a sentence, however, the teacher requires them to explain it in Indian, to make sure that they understand what they read. The other exercises are much the same as in rural schools in the rest of the Dominion. Much has been said about the poor quality of the teaching in Indian day schools, and a great deal of it is, unfortunately, very true, but what can you expect when the Government only allows its teachers \$300 per year? He must be a very poor teacher, unless he be doing missionary work, who will bury himself in these wildernesses for that salary. Where the schools are conducted by men whose salary is augmented by a missionary society they are much better in every way; and taking them all in all, and looking at the results they have produced, it must be admitted that the Indian reserve day schools have done, and are doing, a work which no other agency could accomplish. Industrial and manual training schools are accomplishing much, but their work is as yet as a drop in the bucket compared with the work of the poor snubbed reservation day school. By their agency in a few years a whole nation will have learned to speak, read, and write the English language, the key to all subsequent advancement, and in the face of seemingly insurmountable difficulties they have continued to raise a people up to higher and purer ideals of life. The patient, unromantic home missionary and the day school are the two factors in the upraising of the Indian which are continually overlooked and always underestimated. The duty of the Government is to make its schools more efficient by giving better salaries to men who conduct the best schools, and thus gradually raise the whole standard of their work.

It is near closing time when we enter and we hear the closing hymn. The singing is in English; there is plenty of spirit and a good volume of sound, but the efforts of the little boys to take the higher notes produced rather painful shrillness. As they file out we notice that the boys are dressed in various oddfitting garments, while the girls as a rule are neatly dressed—a girl can make her own clothes, a boy cannot. There is a ceremony just at leaving, not seen in white schools. Near the door is a pile of forty or fifty biscuit-boxes bearing the name of a Winnipeg maker. As the pupils file out, saying "Good-night" to the teacher, he gives each two hard-tack biscuits, each filling about as