

matter, and who are convinced of both its superior merits and the desirability and practicability of speedily introducing it into this Province. It is, in fact, impossible for any intelligent man to compare the system of tenure and transfer which at present prevails in Ontario, with that which the Association desires to substitute, without being convinced that the substitution would be a most decided benefit to the owners of land. There is, however, still a large amount of apathy and indifference to be overcome ere we can hope to see the question satisfactorily settled.

In these days when communistic ideas are afloat, and principles are openly advocated, which, in plain English, amount to nothing less than robbery under the form of law, the most useful counter-movement that can be inaugurated is that which will increase the facility with which land may be bought and sold. If land be placed on the footing of goods and chattels in point of facility of transfer, people will readily see that visionary schemes for robbing people of their land are about as honest as breaking into men's houses and stealing their furniture would be. Increased facility of transfer is one of the leading features of the Torrens system, but to this is added the equally important one of greatly increased security of title—two most important objects to be attained. We are aware that the question of law reform is a difficult one, and one requiring technical knowledge in a large degree, and yet this most important measure of reform was conceived and carried into operation, not by a professional lawyer, but by a layman. This is an encouragement to those who are too prone to regard such questions as only fit for the consideration of lawyers to take heart of grace, and endeavour to master the subject sufficiently to give a practical and intelligent support to those who are seeking to bring about the much needed reform of our land laws.

LEX.

NORTH-WEST NOTES.

WHAT a change in a week! A difference of longitude in the North-West also means a difference in latitude, at all events in the matter of climate. I left Brandon on the sixth of April with winter still intrenched in his fortress on the Assiniboine, and his scouting parties still lingering on the prairie. Our train had twelve coaches literally alive with passengers when we left Brandon—a circumstance that is worth noting in connection with the anti-immigration resolution. Most of the passengers bear the unmistakable Canadian type. A few are English, and one coach contains the typical miner and railroad constructionist bound for the Rockies. The passenger who looks from the car window as the train bowls along and believes he sees the North-West is like the inhabitants of the Pyrenees who imagined that their familiar lofty mountain range bounded the world.

Regina was bathed in moonlight and solitude as we reached it, and a number of refined-looking ladies and gentlemen disembarked. One might have suspected that a state ball was in progress in the capital of the North-West Territory, and these fashionable people were going to attend it; but there was no ball, no dinner party. It was the picnic of the settlers. These people were actually farmers, and farmers' wives and daughters, who had undertaken to subdue Regina soil and Regina blizzards. They would, with all deference, do better if they cultivated oranges and lemons in the valley of San Lobo. There is a very thin curtain between madness and farming near Regina when such people undertake to till the soil. The British Government, however, may be gainers by the colonization of such a class as that which I have indicated.

Our train is far west of Regina as the scarlet shafts of sunrise betoken the opening day, and as there was a very heavy white frost the night before, the prairie snow sparkled with its millions of feathery diamonds. There is no perceptible change of temperature until Medicine Hat is reached. Here, as our train crosses the magnificent bridge of the Saskatchewan, the blue waters of that stream show that we have entered upon a region with a milder climate. Medicine Hat (what a horrible apology for a name) nestles like a little coal town away down east under the shadows of the great bluffs which here indicate the margin of the Saskatchewan, and we climb the steep grade with the assistance of their powerful engines just as the gray dawn is beginning to pencil the eastern horizon. But we had entered into new climatic conditions. The stove fire which had been religiously kept going was now neglected. Ponds and lakes were unbound, and well the ducks and the cranes and the geese knew it, and they knew too that there was a train passing, for they scampered away into space in many a V-shaped procession.

There is undoubtedly a great change of climate after the Saskatchewan is reached, and it is a subject which challenges the attention of the local meteorologist. But if the snow and ice had totally disappeared from prairie and pond as we flew west from Medicine Hat, the exposed prairie was not inviting to the man who can tell you sandy loam from alkali and clay marl. West from Medicine Hat to within a few miles of Calgary the soil, if soil it is, is part of the great American desert, and it extends as far as the eye can reach on each side of the track. Station houses are the only habitation along this route, but it may be mentioned as important, at one of the stations the company had a well sunk, and that coal oil has been struck at a great depth. The matter, however, is something of a state secret, and it will be kept such until it is necessary to take the public into confidence.

Calgary is reached after the field glasses have long been levelled at the

solid rock and eternal snow which loom up against the western horizon. For twenty-four hours there were two Calgaries; but it was for a day only. It is only in the west that a town can get up on its own account and walk across the river. The first Calgary was located on the east side of the Elbow River, at its junction with the Bow. When the Railway Company located the station on the west side, about a mile away from the old site, the east siders, with a few exceptions, folded their tents and stole across the river and joined the enemy. In less than six weeks upwards of one hundred and fifty buildings (I ought to say *shacks*, for most of them are shanties) were run up with all the rush of a booming mining town. A large crowd of Calgaryites turned out to meet our train. As there is only one passenger train a week, its arrival is looked forward to with the eagerness with which the Bluenoses formerly used to regard the arrival of a Cunarder. Daily trains are soon to run. A construction train runs to the "Summit" two or three times a week, but Calgary is the end of regular travel. It will continue to be the terminus of passenger travel till the road is completed to Moody.

The society of Calgary consists of a variety—in fact, quite cosmopolitan—from a Mexican saddle to a Prince Edward Island skipper. The "mining" and ranch hats are the favourite coverings for the head, but I may make an exception in favour of the landlady of the leading hotel, who was out in a Fifth Avenue riding habit the other day, and who "holds" the aristocracy over at the fort.

The burning questions of Alberta are the mining regulations, the Ranching leases, and the Mounted Police. The first do not suit the alluvial miners, most of whom cannot make the government deposit of \$50. The squatter is already locating on the preserves of the ranch kings, and the local sociability, including the cowboy, is kept in wholesome terror by the Mounted Police. Nowhere in Canada can you find a saloon or a bar-room without the liquid stock-in-trade. The conventional bar-room is here; so is the bar-keeper. Beer is the most intoxicating beverage. Not a great deal of this is sold, considering the embargo that is laid upon the more exciting alcohols. The loungers sit around the bar-rooms, smoke cigars, and talk about bears and the Rockies. No one is seen intoxicated on the street, though a person suspected of having too much "permit," as it is put here, is met at odd times. It is an orderly community. Nothing like it east or west, a civilization peculiar to itself, and quite original too. It will pass away, no doubt, with the advance of "civilization," but it will be regretted by those who have enjoyed a life where temperance, if not practised from choice, has, at all events, been observed from necessity.

The "Devil's head" in ominous granite may be plainly seen from the door steps of the hotel; and the various peaks of the great Rockies themselves which rise under their eternal snows are affording to the observer a magnificent view. It is something to live in sight of the Rockies. That they will yet pour down their golden sands to swell the money circulation of the world, there cannot now be any doubt. This year is likely to witness most important mineral discoveries both in the Rockies and the Selkirks.

G. B. E.

Calgary, April 13th, 1884.

NOTES ON THE MONTREAL ART EXHIBITION.

"Nature benign and bounteous, let me draw
Pure inspiration from ye, as a child
Draws nurture from a loving mother's breast,
And be your child, your yearning, wayward child,
And sitting here as on a parent's knee,
Gaze wonder-full into the face of nature."

JOAQUIN MILLER'S "Songs of the Sierras."

ALTHOUGH philosophers and doctors do sometimes differ, there is a common point of agreement between artists as they reverently worship at the altar of Nature, whilst they hang their heads at the weak expression of their ideal on canvas. Otherwise they are human. As for artists, they seldom see straight, and are for ever pushing their noses under the sun and proclaiming, owl-like, that "after all the sunlight is a mistake." The artist's trials are severe. There is no royal road to the fame he courts, his home is as near to heaven as a garret can raise it, but his poetical nature is dragged through the mire of the market where he waits the earning of his "daily bread," and there he endures the torture of crucifixion in the careless criticism of the crowd on "the hope of his youth, the despair of his age." Fortunately for Canadian artists, as I learned to hope from the words of the noble patron of the Academy at the opening of the present exhibition, there is every reason to feel assured of the progress and success of art and its priesthood in Canada. Be it far from us as Canadians to forget our past benefactors, high or humble, as we now rally round His Excellency, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the able and willing delegate who has accepted the trust of administering and fostering all that is nearest and dearest to us politically, socially, and aesthetically, in which last rôle we have now specially to regard him as the worthy representative of an unbroken line of benefactors. In this address there was linked with the magic of the orator, the wisdom of an appreciative patron of art, who realizes and tends the adolescent stage in which art stands in Canada, and kindly strives to indicate the way leading to progress and to a standard worthy of our people and of this beautiful home of the northman. Being so minded and in sympathy with artists, a few notes on the present exhibition may be taken in good part by the exhibitors, and so tolerated, as from a friendly, though, doubtless an erring, critic. Comparing this exhibition with that of 1882, held in the same hall of the "Art Association of Montreal," it does appear to me that the present one is not quite equal