

The memory of the Redman !
 It lingers like a spell
 On many a storm-swept headland,
 In many a leafy dell ;
 Where *Tusket's* thousand islets
 Like emeralds stud the deep ;
 Where *Blomidon*, a sentry grim,
 His endless watch doth keep.

It dwells round *Catalone's* blue lake
 Mid leafy forests hid :
 Round fair *Discouse* and the rushing tide
 Of the turbid *Pisiquid*.
 And it lends, *Chebogue*, a touching grace
 To thy softly flowing river
 As we sadly think of the gentle race
 That has passed away forever.*

If we turn to the St. Lawrence River Provinces, we find the traces of the Indian everywhere. I can only give a few specimens and those in the briefest manner possible.

Quebec is Indian for the narrow strait formed by Cape Diamond jutting out into the river.

Ontario is Indian for a "beautiful prospect of hills and waters," or a corruption of the Indian word *Onitario*, meaning "beautiful lake or waters," the appropriateness of which, as of every place-name given by Indians is at once apparent; and the same may be said of the early French names the environment being the same in both cases. It is a good deal more than can be said of our English place-names although we in Canada may fairly and proudly boast of having carefully abstained from imitating the barbarities of our cousins to the south of us. When the traveller asked the French native what the river in one of the Western States was called over which he was ferrying the stranger, the answer was 'Bloody Gulch,' the Yankees call it; with us it is *La Brunette*—'the brown river.' "

*Fortunately the poet's vaticinal fears have not been realized. In the provinces of Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia there has been, under the wise and kindly care of the Government of Canada, acting through the Indian Department, an increase of 11,005 in the Indian population of those provinces during the past 25 years; an increase of nearly 24 per cent,