



of those now occupying the pulpits of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist churches of North Bay. This ought to count for something with a Christian Statesman like Sir Oliver.

AS-THE-CROW-FLIES.

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.

WORK of all kinds was suspended on the Milicete Indian reservation away down at Ap-ol-og-neck in the eastern provinces when a reporter passed that way a few days ago. The whole population, with one solitary exception, was massed on the hillside and the fence beside the highway. The solitary exception was the venerable sagamore, Tommy Sock, who sat apart, at the door of his wigwam, scornful of visage and frowning on the idle throng.

"Is this a holiday?" the reporter queried. "What are all those people doing yonder?"

"Waitin' for next man comes along, see if he kin tell 'um what them prize fighters said last time they opened their mouth," responded Mr. Sock.

"You mean Corbett and Jackson?"

"Ah-hah."

"Well!" ejaculated the reporter. "They are rapidly getting civilized, surely."

At this moment a commotion in the crowd attracted attention, and the sagamore and the reporter paused to note the cause. A man was coming down the road. In a twinkling he was surrounded by the whole swarm of Milicetes, and evidently plied with questions. Then a series of wild yells arose. One kinky redskin turned somersaults, another tried to gnaw the bark off a tree and ended by climbing it; several others joined in a furious war dance, and a detachment attended by a howling mob of squaws and papposes pranced madly up the hill to the wigwam of the sagamore.

"Jackson scratched his head!" yelled a dozen voices at once.

The sagamore frowned and said nothing.

"What's that you say?" demanded the reporter.

"He—he scratched his head!" howled one of the papposes, "Man said so."

"Did Mr. Jackson scratch his head?"

"Um-m."

"His own head?"

"Um-m."

"Sure about that?"

"Um-m. That's what man said."

"And is that what all this racket is about?"

"Um-m."

"Where did this thing happen?"

"In New York."

"Lately?"

"Um-m."

"Is Mr. Jackson likely to get better?"

"Git better! He ain't sick."

"Then who—what—when—why—where's the reason of

all this rumpus? What are you all howling about?"

At this query the crowd all stared at the reporter, and then at each other.

"He's crazy!" muttered one.

"He thinks it ain't nothin' for Jackson to scratch his head," gasped another.

"He's drunk!" growled a third with a contemptuous shrug. "Come 'way from here."

On the instant they all turned their backs in disgust and marched down the hill.

"My brother," said the reporter, when he and the sagamore were once more alone, "am I to understand that we have got civilized up to the point where, if a prize fighter scratches his head in New York the redskins away down here in Ap-ol-og-neck are instantly thrown into convulsions of ecstasy?"

"We are," replied the sagamore.

"Don't you think it's time somebody said something?" the reporter ventured to inquire.

The sagamore shook his head.

"When Injuns owned this country," he observed "we fight good 'eal—kill good many—but we never had any prize fighters. White man worse than Injuns—no use talk to him—he do anything for money and to get his name in the papers. White man heap smart—heap good Christian—send out heap missionaries—but I'm mighty glad I ain't white man."

The reporter wrapped his chin in his bosom and wandered on.

A. M. Belding.

THE ART EXHIBITION.

THE annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists is now on and everybody who is anybody will go and see the pictures. Many of these that will worthily attract attention are in the frames, others are in dainty spring hats and fixings, loitering about the room, or sitting upon divans and gazing critically at the Sherwoods, Bell-Smiths, Reids, etc. (we don't mean the artists, of course, but their works.) The cause of Canadian art is making sure and steady headway, and although none of the members are doing anything that can be compared to the work of certain other members (these latter themselves being the judges) yet the general advance must be quite apparent to all observant outsiders. All that is really wanted now is a home market for the products of these industrious brush-workers. "Art," we know, "is long," and the prices to be obtained for pictures ought to be of proportionate length. This is where the great N.P. has a glorious opportunity which it has not yet improved.