

Canada's Immense Development.

New York Sun: "Canada is getting to be a big boy now," says Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the president of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The facts justify this statement. Canada is no longer an infant. It has laid aside its swaddling clothes and has donned the toga of virile young manhood, to assert its claims to a place in the world of affairs; to remain under the parental roof tree, if that be deemed suitable and satisfactory; to go into political or commercial partnership with its gigantic neighbor on the south; or to go into business solely upon its own account if it sees fit to do so. England no longer assumes a right of dictation in Canadian affairs. She now regards the Dominion as a self-sufficient youngster quite able and willing to take care of himself, and whom it would be unwise to offend, rather than as a ward in Chancery. A generation has witnessed a political transformation and an industrial revolution.

Most of us to the southward of the border have been so occupied with our own individual and national affairs that we have failed to note what has been done by our Canadian neighbors. In energy the Canadians are now our rivals; in achievement they have perhaps outstripped us. If the foreign commerce of the United States, per capita of total population, corresponded with that of Canada, our exports and imports would aggregate six billions of dollars per year instead of their present two and one-fourth billions. In other words, the total foreign commerce of the United States approximates \$30 per capita, whereas that approximates \$80. Her railway activity, in its proportion to population, within recent years has outstripped our own. Vast areas which a few years ago were known only to Indians and trappers are now covered with towns, villages and thrifty farms. A generation has seen her railway mileage and her freight traffic multiplied by twenty and her railway equipment and her passenger traffic multiplied by ten.

With no intention whatever of being so, the United States is doubtless chiefly responsible for Canada's progress and development, though there remains a possibility that, had the United States pursued a different policy thirty years ago Canada's progress would have been endlessly greater than it has been. The duration of the Reciprocity Treaty (1854-1866) covered the period of the civil war, during which the United States was a large purchaser of Canada's food products. The termination of that experience and its attendant conditions was accompanied by a belief that Canada's farms were a menace to the prosperity of our own. The treaty was abrogated and the door was closed to Canadian products. Canada was disappointed, and not a little embittered. For a time, Canadians hardly knew which way to turn. They had no other outlet for their products. With the pluck of their race, they set about to find one or to make one, and their success has been more than commensurate with their efforts. Their market soon outstripped their facilities. They built and subsidized railways, and improved and extended their system of canals.

A geography which was published only thirty-five years ago included the following item of information for the benefit of the rising generation: "It is generally supposed that the climate of the North-West Territories is so severe that the country must forever remain a desolate waste." In 1870, Winnipeg was a place of 240 inhabitants, with only a few scattered white settlers between the Red River and the Pacific Coast. A year later, surveys were being made for a trans-continental railroad. In 1881, the first sod was turned for the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In 1886, trains were run from Montreal to the coast. In 1876, the Intercolonial road was opened from Quebec to Halifax. The completion of the Canadian Pacific opened a line from coast to coast, more than 3,700 miles in length, 90 per cent. of which was through a wilderness. It was a daring project. And yet, although it has cost the government of Canada more than \$100,000,000, it has proved a sound investment, and no one regrets it. Before 1910, Canada will probably have three, if not four, trans-continental routes. Last year that wilderness of thirty-five years ago, with its climate in which it was "supposed" no one could live, poured out 94,000,000 bushels of wheat, 157,000,000 bushels of oats and 35,000,000 bushels of barley, taxing to their utmost the resources of the railways in the moving of the crop. When this vast enterprise was undertaken, about 1870, the entire population of the Dominion was just about that of the city of New York at the present time. Canada does not yet count, as we do, in hundreds of millions, but, with about one-fifteenth of our population, she can and does count in tens of millions. With every succeeding year Canada is becoming more and more a force to be reckoned with in the industrial world.

In her getting of gain, and in the upbuilding of her vast domains, Canada has not forgotten that the accumulation of wealth is only an incident in human life. Her educational facilities have kept full pace with her industrial growth. About 38,000 schools are

maintained at a cost of \$11,000,000. This gives, approximately, a school for each forty of those of school age. School establishment naturally finds its best development in the Province of Ontario. In the Province of Quebec, with its predominating French element giving its allegiance to the Roman Catholic faith, a large number of pupils are in attendance upon schools maintained under the auspices of the Church. The Province of Ontario maintains nearly 10,000 schools at an annual cost per pupil, taken on a basis of total attendance, of \$10.29 as against \$5.82 in 1879. In Manitoba, the wilderness of twenty-five years ago, 54,000 pupils are provided with 1,450 schools and 1,869 teachers, at an expense of \$1,455,000 per year. Even in that new and still sparsely settled Northwest, the Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Assiniboia country, there are 640 schools, with 783 teachers and 27,500 pupils. From these figures it is evident that those who are to play a part in that great future which unquestionably lies before the Canadian people will at least know how to read a daily paper and how to sign their names to bank checks.

These are all striking facts, yet, rightly regarded, they are little else than outward and visible signs of an even more important fact, that of Canadian nationalization. In 1837 and 1838, political and race friction between the English and the French elements culminated in rebellion. The country was then divided into Upper Canada, in which the English element dominated, and Lower Canada, the area of French supremacy. In 1840 a governmental union was effected which was of material aid in allaying the existing political friction, though failing to remove it entirely. The next twenty-five years may be regarded as a formative period. Out of the strife and the struggles of that time, there developed an extension of the union idea. The federation of 1867 was the outcome. Its organization embraced Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Manitoba came in 1870, British Columbia in 1871, Prince Edward Island in 1873, and other sections at other times until, with the exception of Newfoundland, the entire area from sea to sea had become a part of the Dominion of Canada, a definitely organized political entity. Some friction, arising out of the old racial and religious differences, appears from time to time. This is inevitable, but it will all be worked out in due time.

Meanwhile, the sense of a national unity and of communal interest has developed and is manifestly becoming stronger from year to year. It is this development which makes all questions of international relations between Canada and all other countries a wholly different affair from that which was presented a quarter of a century ago. Neither England nor the United States can deal with Canada as it then could. Canada is "getting to be a big boy now," and Canadians realize it. Canada has that to sell and to trade which other people want, and that fact is quite prominent in Canadian minds.

Whoever wants Canada's trade, with its vast increase from year to year, can purchase it only upon a basis of a fair equivalent in exchange. The "big boy" will now insist on swapping even."

A Story of the Street.

"I chanced to be walking down Liberty street," said a well known artist, when the recent hurricane scooped his stock of evening papers from under a wee and wan eight-year-old newsboy's arm, made a free distribution of them in the mud and rain half a block away, and came near serving him in like manner. As he fought his way to his feet I heard him tersely summarize the extent of the ruin in the remark, "Dat busts me!" and he heard me laugh.

"Turning on me, and assuming a suggestive Terrible Terry pose, he savagely asked, 'Wotyer laffin' at?'"

"'Not at you, my boy,' I hastened to explain, 'and here's half a dollar to start you in the business again.'"

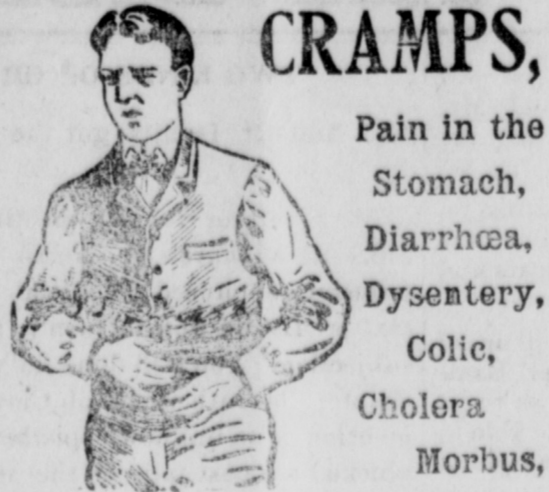
"'Money talks with the gamin as well as the goldbug, and in this case its charming eloquence moved its recipient to remark, with flattering sincerity, 'You ain't such a bad guy, after all,' as he scooted in the direction of Park Row."

"But this was not the last I was destined to see of my pigmy purveyor of the latest news, for, as I was hustling to reach the ferry, I heard the quick patter of pursuing feet, and he overtook me to make the breathless inquiry, 'Say, mister, does you go by dis way every night?'"

"'No. Why do you ask?' said I. 'Coz,' he explained, 'I wants ter give you a paper every night till I squares the debt.'"

"Now," continued the artist, "is there a man here who does not feel in his heart a desire to give such a boy as that a lift toward a better life, or who does not believe that granted half a show he would develop into an honorable and successful man?"—New York 'Times.'

Mamma—You must be awfully careful, darling. The doctor says your system is all upset. Little Dot—Yes, I guess it is, mamma, 'cause my foot's asleep, and people must be terribly upset when they go to sleep at the wrong end.—Lost Credit.



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A sheep farmer in Perthshire, the owner of a fine collie dog, was visited by a gentleman who took a fancy to the animal. He offered many pounds for the dog and bought him. Afterwards the gentleman asked the farmer if it would not be more profitable to breed such dogs instead of sheep.

"No, no," said the farmer; "I can aye get merchants to buy my sheep, but I canna aye get fools to buy my dogs."

Teacher—Which letter is the next one to the letter "R"? Boy—Dunno, ma'am.

"What have I on both sides of my nose?" "Freckles, ma'am."—The Wasp.

"Oh, my friends!" exclaimed the orator, "it makes me sad when I think of the days that are gone, when I look around and miss the old familiar faces I used to shake hands with."

Kate: "Just look, these boots are ever so much too big."

Mary: "Yes, you must have given him the number of the house instead of the number of your shoe."

He: "What has become of that pet poodle you loved so much?"

She: "Oh, the little beast was no longer in the fashion, so I had him put out of his misery."

A bald-headed man fainted the other day, and was very indignant, when he was coming to, at hearing a Cockney exclaim:—"Give him hair! Give him hair!"

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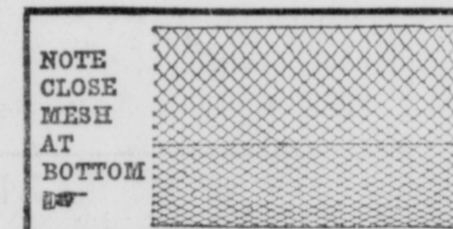
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