

being in Manitoba 25,000 farmers producing 60,000,000 bushels of grain, and a corresponding amount of other products, there were 200,000 farmers producing 480 000,000 bushels of grain, and \$100,000,000 worth of meat and dairy products. How many thousand more operatives would be required in the factories of the East! Then no cry would go up from Canadian cities that there was lack of employment for their working people, for the demands of this great wealth-producing army would keep busy every forge, spindle and loom. There are difficulties in the way of securing suitable immigrants, but because the problem is a hard one is no reason why it should be left unsolved. Confederation itself

was a difficult problem. The building of the Canadian Pacific Railway was not unattended with great discouragements and enormous sacrifices on the part of the Canadian people, and surely when Canadians have made these sacrifices to lay the foundation of a great nation, they will not falter and shrink in rearing the superstructure because it is attended with difficulties. Upon the peopling of the North-West, in a large measure, depends the prosperity of the whole Dominion, and upon our public men rests a grave responsibility in the inauguration of a policy which will early bring about that glorious result which every patriotic Canadian desires.

“HOW SHALL I WOO?”

A SONG.

How shall I woo my lady,  
 How shall I dare confess  
 The truth of the love I bear her,  
 The power of my heart's distress.  
 Would I might win her favor  
 With jewels of matchless make,  
 Or cover my head with glory,  
 Glory for her dear sake.

How shall I woo my lady,  
 How shall I gain her grace :  
 A smile from her lips I covet,  
 A beam from her sunlit face :  
 Would she but only bid me  
 Some daring deed to try,  
 I'd do it, if fortune favored,  
 Do it, or gladly die.

Eyes into mine are gazing  
 Eyes of the softest hue,  
 Reflecting my heart's fond passion,  
 They challenge my courage too—  
 Fondly I clasp her to me,  
 And hear sweet words divine,  
 That whisper the love I'm yearning  
 Is mine, already mine.

Brantford, Ont.

—HASTINGS WEBLYN.