

Canadian Pictorial

VOL. 5, No. 5

One Dollar
a Year

APRIL, 1910

142 St. Peter Street
Montreal

PRICE 10 CENTS

Spring

Mark! the hours are softly calling,
Bidding Spring arise
To listen to the raindrops falling
From the cloudy skies,
To listen to Earth's weary voices,
Louder every day,
Bidding her no longer linger
On her charmed way,
But hasten to her task of beauty
Scarcely yet begun;
By the first bright day of Summer
It should all be done.
She has yet to loose the fountain
From its iron chain;

And to make the barren mountain
Green and bright again;
She must clear the snow that lingers
Round the stalks away,
And let the snow-drop's trembling whiteness
See the light of day.
She must watch, and warm, and cherish
Every blade of green,
Till the tender grass appearing
From the earth is seen;
She must bring the golden crocus
From her hidden store;
She must spread broad showers of daisies
Each day more and more.

—Adelaide A. Procter

The Coming of Spring



SPRING is here! And Spring in Canada is really the beginning of the year. Nature has now awakened from sleep and is shaking from off her shoulders the soiled mantle of snow. In its place she dons a resplendent garment of emerald, garnished with the blossoms that promise, in a few brief months, heavily laden orchards. The mighty rivers and lakes have loosed their iron bonds and are overflowing their banks in the glad, mad rush to the sea. The trans-Atlantic floating palaces that for months have been touching at the ports on the outer fringe of Canada, are now steaming hundred of miles from the sea right up the noble St. Lawrence to the National Port, Montreal. The farmer sends his plough deep into the soil that the melting Winter snows have enriched; the rush of Spring work is upon him, and he knows that the size of his crop depends in large measure upon the care that he bestows upon the preparation of the soil and the sowing of the seed. In the towns and cities, business, which is, generally speaking, at its dullest between the New Year and the coming of Spring, is taking on a new lease of life. New goods are arriving; heavy wearing apparel is being discarded, and the shop windows are a mass of beautiful and marvellous effects in wondrous colors and textures that bear names that the brain of a mere man cannot carry. Spring means all this to Canada—the opening of her vast waterways, the beginning of agricultural work, the development of new mines, and the dawn of a

new commercial era—and the Spring of 1910 means all of these in extent that can scarcely be foretold. The other day the Minister of Agriculture, the Hon. Sydney Fisher, dipped into prophecy, and this was his vision:

"Next year it will be my duty to take the census of Canada, and I firmly believe the census will show 8,000,000, an increase in the past ten years of 50 per cent. In the course of the next generation, we shall be doubling and trebling our population, which will mean that America will be sending her best blood to Canada, as we did in the early days of the United States history. Canada provides the Old Country with her grain at present, and it will not be far in the future when Canada is the granary of the Empire."

The Minister declared the United States in a short time would cease to export wheat, and would perhaps in fifteen years turn to Canada for quantity of wheat in the same measure as she does now for quality in wheat. This is a rosy picture, but, with the optimism that Spring produces, we do not see why it should not be realized. Canada is only at the beginning of her history now, and with wise statesmen at the helm she must develop, and this is the time for it, for investors have confidence in this country. We as individual Canadians must see to it that the hands guiding the destinies of this land are clean—that the men we send to high places are those who realize that the code of ethics taught by Him whose Resurrection from the dead all Christendom is now celebrating, is the only code on which a nation, as well as the individual, can base true greatness.