

acre from the Dominion Government unless he is prepared to settle on it. There is much private land for sale, but Government land is not sold, it is given away to the man who will cultivate it. If the struggling masses of Great Britain could but realise what this policy of the Canadian Government means to the landless man, there would not be ships enough on the Atlantic to carry the crowds heading this way.

Great Britain is crying out for the division of the great estates and for an opportunity to re-create its agricultural industry. In Canada, there is 160 acres awaiting every farmer who will go on the land and live there. It is not as convenient to markets as that of Great Britain, but it is accessible, fertile and capable of supporting the largest family known to modern civilisation. Even if the great estates of Britain were broken up, the people have not the money to buy a farm where land is expensive; in Canada, the land is free.

SOME people in the United States are resenting the migration of 500 farmers a day to Canada. It is a natural feeling, but the United States should remember that Canada is but getting back what she gave. At the last census in 1900, it was discovered that there were more than a million Canadian-born citizens of the Republic. Since then, the United States has paid back about a half million. The ledger therefore shows that they must send us another half million people before the account is squared.

A few Canadians still find their way south, and there will always be a certain amount of population movement back and forth. Recently some United States statistician issued a statement to show how many Canadians entered the United States last year. The number was fairly large, but Mr. Bruce Walker, Canadian immigration commissioner at Winnipeg, claims that these statistics are misleading. They include every Canadian who visits the United States whether he returns or not, whereas our statistics include only those who come to Canada to settle.

Remembering how we in this country felt when the movement was the other way, we can sympathise with the feelings of the people of the United States now that conditions are reversed. However, a million Canadians in the United States and a million Americans in Canada should make for international sympathy and North American peace.

A GENTLEMAN who has held some Winnipeg building lots for some years and has seen them go up in value by leaps and bounds was surprised the other day by getting an offer for them which was less than last year's bid. This speaks well for Winnipeg's

THE AMERICAN HUMOURIST IN ENGLAND



Rt. Hon. Mr. Arthur Balfour. Baron Komura, of Japan. Samuel L. Clemens.
Even among dignitaries and aristocracies Mark Twain smoked his American cigar.

During Mark Twain's visit to England in August, 1907, he was one of the Guests of Honour at a Dinner given in the House of Commons, by Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P. Komura replying to Sir Benjamin Stone's toast alluded to the happy circumstances that three great nations of the world were represented. This photograph taken on the famous Terrace after dinner, was handed to the CANADIAN COURIER by Mr. Ashcroft, Mark Twain's trip guardian.

sanity. The rise in Winnipeg real estate has been so enormous that there is a possibility of it going too high.

The other day a man from Vancouver was asked if that city had really 100,000 population as reported. "Sure," he replied; "why, we have 8,000 real estate agents." When asked if he thought the bubble was being blown up too much, he answered: "I am no knocker, but I am going short of the market."

In Toronto last week, several daily papers contained editorials headed "Curb the Land Boom," "Every Boom Must 'Bust' as Well as Begin," "The Gamble in Yonge Street Lots," and so on. Toronto is growing fast, but not so fast as the price of Yonge Street property.

If Canada ever needed a word of warning it needs it now. Trade is expanding rapidly. Population is growing quickly. Railways are being built faster than any other country in the world. The stock market is booming and the flotation of new companies is proceeding at a wonderful pace. The inevitable reaction must come. Let those who buy now, see that what they get is paid for out of earnings and profits. The speculator, the buyer on margin, the investor playing for "the rise"—all these are likely to have hours of worry if the harvest should be bad or if a financial flurry should upset the world's markets.

The basis of Canada's prosperity is sound. The progress of the country is real. But with every such wave of prosperity, there comes a period of speculation which is disastrous to the speculator.

THE LATE MARK TWAIN

THE report of Mark Twain's death has not been "grossly exaggerated." The great American humourist is dead; died at his summer home near Redding, Conn., on Thursday of last week. They say he died of grief—hastened by excessive smoking. Inasmuch as he was seventy-five years old he very probably died largely of natural old age. Of course Mark never admitted that he was getting old. The past few years he had been frolicking round over a good part of the earth's surface—almost the reincarnation of "Innocents Abroad." Three years ago he was the guest of honour at Oxford University and made a marvellously eloquent speech there; a speech that was not at all like anything else Mark had ever said in public.

There are as many opinions about Mark Twain as there are theories about the birthplace of Homer. Three book-lovers were discussing him the other day. One was an Englishman—with an English sense of humour.

"I really shouldn't call Mark Twain a humourist," he said. "You see, he's not got the fine, delicate subtlety that characterises say Charles Lamb, and certainly not the personal humanism of Dickens."

"My contention is," observed the academic Canadian, "that most of his work lacks the permanent quality of true literature. It can't possibly survive as literature. It's sheer Americanism."

The other Canadian laughed; rather scornfully.

"I don't care whether you call it humour or not; or whether it's literature or not. Mark Twain will live as long as either Charles Lamb or Charles Dickens and be read by millions when Lamb is read by hundreds. American? Of course he is. But he has the universal touch. Mark Twain had a message. He delivered it. He had stories and he told them; as directly and plainly as any man could—and he entertained millions. He was always clean and wholesome and a thorough man of the world. To my mind he resembles Byron."

"Bless my soul!" said the Englishman icily. "How?"

"In his scorn of conventionalism. He was always Mark Twain. He always had the fresh point of view peculiar to the young man. He refused to look at things in the old man's way."

Another chipped in *apropos* with the reminiscence of Mark's visit to England; how when staying at a hotel in a small English town he shocked the inhabitants one morning at ten o'clock by appearing on the streets clad in nothing but scarlet pyjamas—

"Yes, and promptly had his trip guardian prepare a syndicate story of it for a dozen English and American newspapers," edged in the Englishman tartly. "I should call that sheer American egoism."

However it be, it seems likely that the world will continue to take a deep interest in Mark Twain. He represents the American of the nineteenth century as none of the New England coterie of writers ever did. And in all probability America of the twenty-fifth century will read Mark Twain by millions more than the Americans of the twentieth. In all that made his personality he was pure American—even to the cigar. In his work he was very largely universal. Three generations in one family could read Mark Twain and all be interested in the same way. Which may not be a literary trait; but what of it?