

CANADA'S FARTHEST SOUTH.

WE ARRIVE BY MOTOR-CAR.

"The car is ready; are you?"

I was sitting with the telephone at my ear, looking out of a window on the main square of Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. Before me, a fine public garden; around me the busy modern city, with its handsome shops and offices and churches, its factories stretching down to Lake Ontario and along the shore, its beautiful residential streets stretching up to the forest-crowned Mountain.

It is essentially a manufacturing centre, this city of Hamilton, sending out large quantities of agricultural implements; all sorts of iron and steel wares, from delicate electrical apparatus to heavy



A country of prosperous farmers.

bridge girders, cotton goods, woolen clothing, and a singular variety of other manufactures.

The City of Hamilton. Niagara Falls, the greatest developed waterpower in the world, is only forty miles away; the famous Pennsylvania coal field is also within easy reach, over the United States frontier. Two of the great railways of the Dominion, the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific, not to speak of the water highway of lake and river and canal, carry the city's productions all over the country as far west as the Prairie and Pacific Provinces, and as far east as the Atlantic coast, whence already a good many of them find their way to Europe, Africa, and Australasia. Yes, the "Ambitious City" is bent on becoming one of the greatest manufacturing centres of the world, and there seems no reason why its ambition should not be realized.

Yet, if you turn aside from the main street into the market, you discover that Hamilton is a great agricultural centre as well. Hundreds of wagons, wedged in long solid rows, are unloading fruit enough, you would think, for the city to eat for a year. Fruit and vegetables of all kinds are here; and there is no need to peer into the wagons if you want to