

come together and form a compact to advance the cause of immigration by united efforts, commended itself to all hearers, and was elaborated into a proposal to amalgamate all immigration agencies, and to centralize their work in the permanent board. There is much to recommend the Premier's thought, when one remembers how the present agencies frequently waste their energies by competing in the same field, while other districts remain untouched by their immigration efforts.

The resolution recommending the encouragement and formation of co-operative and commercial colonies indicates the scope and the nature of the task undertaken by the association, and to this additional emphasis is given by the proposal to formulate some scheme by which the immigrant's passage money may be prepaid. Both suggestions are practical recognition of the fact brought out so clearly by the Attorney-General. Mr. Sifton said: "Our efforts must be directed towards getting people who, when they come here, will not be making their condition worse, but better; therefore, we must direct our efforts to the getting of those people who will elevate themselves, and who are not in the very best condition in their own country. Experience has shown that those who make the best settlers are those whose condition in the land from which they come is not too easy." That prepayment of passage money facilitates colonization is shown by statistics from the ports of the United States. From 60 to 70 per cent. of settlers entering the republic have had their fare prepaid by friends. Many settlers in Canada are doing the same thing for their friends in the old country; but not until there are more settlers in Canada need the same large percentage of prepaid passages be expected. The proposal that the association devise some scheme to prepay the immigrant's passage must not be misunderstood as a plan to import paupers. The association's intentions regarding passage money have not been made public; but any assistance given the settler at first will be in the nature of a loan, for which he will be held to account. People of conservative tendency, who scent danger in the association's plans of assistance, must bear in mind that the guiding principles of all convention proceedings were "a truthful, and not an over-, statement of the country's resources," and "quality, not quantity, in colonizing."

The history of the Mennonites, given by Mr. Hespeler, German Consul at Winnipeg, before the convention demonstrated what well-directed State aid would accomplish for needy but desirable settlers. There are now 20,000 people in the Mennonite district, cultivating 235,160 acres and possessing 30,000 head of stock. Yet this was the settlement for which the Dominion Government loaned \$195,000 at 5 per cent. interest in 1874-5-6; and the whole amount was fully repaid in 1891. Plainly, there is work, a magnificent work, of colonizing the Great West for the Western Immigration Association, or any other active immigration bureau; but the association cannot accomplish anything without the whole Dominion's moral and financial support. To gain this support, which the association has a right to expect, a delegation has been sent to Ottawa, and will visit other Canadian cities to rouse the East to the importance of the immigration crusade, if its first experience at the capital prove encouraging. It must be acknowledged that colonization, as now conducted in Canada, is desultory, wasteful, and almost fruitless. Mr. Daly's address before the convention was simply an acknowledgment of and apology for the inactivity and failure of his department. Must the failure and inactivity continue? The Western Immigration Association says no; and, sending a delegation to eastern Canada, asks to be put in possession of resources to enable it to colonize and to develop the Great West. It asks for more. It asks and expects the sympathy, co operation, and support of the eastern members of the confederated Dominion.

A.C.L.

Vienna in Holiday Time.

A MUGGY atmosphere, a sky of lowering gray, shading to brown, and underfoot a stream of chocolate-coloured mud, ankle deep, and very greasy, through which an anxiously preoccupied crowd of humanity waded and slipped—such was the aspect presented by Vienna during the month of December, 1895.

It is not a pretty description, certainly not what one would consider favourable circumstances under which Christmas

mirth and jollity might be developed. But Vienna is a city of resources, and, with a climate like hers, knows better than to rely on sunshine and fair weather for her effects. With true genius, she makes use of what would be a serious disadvantage to other places, and so bravely maintains her reputation of being one of the most brilliant cities in Europe.

The dull weather and general dinginess is absolutely necessary to emphasize—by force of contrast—the glories of the shop windows, and they are spectacles of sparkle, brilliancy, and colour, at which the stranger may gasp as he gazes. Early in the month, a general impression of *rouge et noir* is supplied by the confectionery shops and those devoted to fancy goods, where preparations for the feast of St. Nicholas, December 5th, are being made, and the good St. Nicholas himself, a mitred bishop in scarlet robe, Bible and crosier in hand, stands meekly cheek by jowl with a Krampus—or bad man—a demon of ferocious aspect, always very black, and with all the orthodox accompaniments of a devil—horns, hoof, chains, pitchfork, and everything else, well calculated to strike terror to the heart of the naughty child who had not been good enough to deserve the nuts and "Pfeffer Kuchen," which are the gifts of the good St. Nicholas on the above mentioned date.

But the magnificence of the Krampus and his saintship are as nothing to the glories of Father Christmas, who makes his entrance immediately after their exit. Under the boughs of innumerable Christmas trees, whose branches are ablaze with myriad candles, a glittering with gold and silver tinsel, he stands and surveys a world where Marzipan—or almond paste—made up into every possible form, rivals the no less ingeniously prepared chocolate in its claim upon the admiration of the beholder; where delicately-coloured bonbons nestle in satin or velvet-draped boxes, or baskets, contrasting in their luxurious refinement with piles of clumsily-shaped "Fruchtenbrod"—or fruit bread—an edible which certainly demands "sugar and spice and all that's nice" for its manufacture, and which is here the orthodox thing to eat at this season. It is indeed a wonderful display, for, as far as confectionery goes, Vienna's standard is very high. Paris, St. Petersburg, and New York certainly hold their own well in this respect; but for variety, delicacy, and general deliciousness, the Vienna bonbon takes patrician rank. Tasting a cream or a chocolate drop is one of life's refined pleasures; it is to the palate what reading one of Herrick's lyrics is to the mind.

The death of the day is the advent of Vienna's greatest glories. Great fan-shaped rays of electric lights blaze out upon the foggy air, and in dry goods shops the waxen ladies, brave in silks, jewels, and ribbons of all hues, simper with the effect of increased graciousness, under softly tinted lights, in the midst of filmy laces and gorgeous artificial flowers. The jewellers display what looks like the tiny fragments of an exceptionally brilliant rainbow, spread out on a wide expanse of white velvet, and the shops devoted to stationery never fail to attract a large crowd to gaze at their Christmas cards. There is something inexplicably fascinating about a number of Christmas cards together, and this year the quaint 1830 designs make them more attractive than ever. It is the Viennese, I believe, who are responsible for another design, that of an agile but faintly indecent lady, forever riding, in scanty raiment, astride a champagne bottle, for the sole purpose of wishing the world a merry Christmas. It is very popular, this card—anything that hints even vaguely at the improper is sure to be so in Vienna. The narrow streets of the I. Bezirk—or Inner Town—are specially brilliant with the lights of the numerous cafés, where all Vienna, with his wife and daughters, sits in the midst of many mirrors and much red plush, exchanging jokes with his neighbours, drinking his afternoon coffee, and gazing through the delicate, blue cloud of cigarette smoke at the poor parcel-laden devils who go tramping by through slush and mud in the damp world outside.

It is, indeed, a varied crowd to gaze upon: Austrians, Moravians, Hungarians, Dalmatians, Bohemians—what need to go through the list, as it is a fact so well known that Vienna is a mosaic of eighteen nationalities? The mixture of languages makes it Babel to the ear, and the costumes of the various peasantries add colour and picturesqueness. High and low, rich and poor, elbow each other on the narrow pavements, and the difficulty of progress is increased by the presence of many bulky Christmas trees, which every other person is carrying. Out in the quieter streets, on the outskirts of the