

streams can be hardly less in number than the fish so far taken from those now plied with line and net. He finds the woods full of game for the hunter, of skins for the trapper. Everywhere throughout the country are wonderful lake districts where tens of thousands of tiny wooded islands offer idyllic summer retreats to almost whoever wills to take them!

"Truly," says our staggered wanderer, "this is the very prodigy of countries! But,—unless it be the poor opinion so many of you appear to have of it,—its greatest wonder, and one which you seem to accept with no amazement, is the countless millions of population which it does not possess! If the other nations of your earth should suddenly have their eyes opened to what you have,—if you even awoke to it yourselves,—I could well wish to return and view your land again, a half century from now!"

Justly might that Martian wonder at our scant population, and well may we acknowledge the necessity of one infinitely greater. For a huge new country is like a great Gulliver asleep in Lilliput; however mighty its innate resources, its strength is pinned down by all the million threads of Nature, until man, himself a pigmy but all-powerful if he have but numbers enough, enters and cuts those threads. The four or five million who have made up our population for the last quarter century have been able to do but little, though indeed they have done some things which could hardly have been looked for from them: perhaps the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway was as great an industrial achievement as has ever before been accomplished by a population so small. Yet with this prone and pinioned Gulliver of a half-continent, we must frankly own, that, of that most multiplex net enmeshing him, only the first strands have as yet been severed.

But now, in these present years, the really *great* work has begun. Canada

has awakened. And we, now living, are to see the mighty Gulliver uprising! The Martian saw broadly, but only broadly. And many small things, of most inestimable significance, he did not see at all. Nor of what he did note as accomplished, he did not know how much was the work of the last ten years, the creation of this first decade of Canada's "industrial renaissance." He did not know that at the present moment the trade of the Dominion is increasing more rapidly than that of any other country save Japan. He did not know that in almost every town and city, capital is doubling, not only the capital of the great corporations, but that upon the books of the savings banks. He did not know that everywhere manufacturing establishments are adding to their numbers and capacity more rapidly than houses for the mechanics they employ can be erected. He did not know that almost every forest and mountain range now contains the camps of hundreds of "timber-lookers" and mineral prospectors. And their work is already bearing interest a thousand-fold.

"There be three things," says Bacon,—(and 'Industrial Canada' could have taken no better motto): "There be three things which make a nation great and prosperous; a fertile soil; busy workshops; and easy conveyance for man and beast from place to place." To support Canada's claim to the first and third of these, surely no longer brief need be written. Now let us speak of the second. It has been many times asseverated that the coal of England has given her her present position among countries, and has contributed more than any other cause to the present wealth of Europe. A very clear-headed modern thinker, Andrew Carnegie, has set it flatly down that "that nation that can produce the cheapest ton of steel has industrial supremacy." Within the last few years there have been uncovered in Cape Breton and British Columbia coal to the extent of billions of tons; and both the Eastern Cape and the