

The wealth accumulated in Great Britain during this period has been well distributed. Workingmen have shared in the general advance made. Wages are, it is estimated, on an average 140 per cent. in excess of the remuneration paid labor at the commencement of this epoch. There has been not merely a nominal increase in wages, but a real increase in the purchasing power of the laborer. Wheat has declined in price. Improved methods of transportation and the exploitation of new countries have brought cheaper and better supplies of butter, cheese, eggs, bacon, sugar, tea and other commodities which are essential to life and comfort. The revenue of the country has not increased in proportion to the national wealth. More economical methods of taxation have contributed materially to the present prosperity of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

August is one of the months associated in the minds of many business men with the idea of holidays. The banker or the professor gets his "vacation"; the manufacturer takes his "seaside rest"; the country merchant is content with his short "trip"; the millionaire goes across the Atlantic or the Pacific—perhaps goes by rail from the one ocean to the other. Anyhow, the average slave of business in Canada tries to manage a change of some sort about this time of year, even if he only goes fishing or takes a sail on the lakes, great or small.

In a recent issue the London *Drapery World*, apparently in a Jubilee frame of mind, takes occasion in an article entitled "Business and Pleasure," to contrast the grimness, the dull assiduity of business as conducted in the United Kingdom fifty or sixty years ago with the gaiety of the home in these old days, and with the greater relaxation allowed the workers in trade to-day. In the old times, whether in the counting-house or behind the counter, respectful solemnity was the rule with the shopkeeper. Long hours and long faces went together.

With the olden shopkeeper there was a time for everything except the enjoyment of the good things which nature provides to beautify life in this world—the fresh air, the green fields, the bright blue sea, the purple mountains, and the umbrageous valleys, which beckon one to snug repose and restful ease in so many parts of our beautiful land. None of these were for him, or his employees, or his children. The Sunday, even, was for them a day of lugubrious devotion rather than of healthy, buoyant praise, of grateful, reverent adoration. As it was with the shopkeeper, so it was with every other class of the community, except that mixed lot revered by the shopkeeper as "the nobility and gentry." Work, work, work, was the one gospel of business. Holidays were regarded as an abomination. * * Naturally enough, those men prided themselves on the perfection of their own lives, their sobriety, unbroken industry, spotless integrity, and reverential honor of everything which they believed to be good. They knew no better. They were wrapped up in themselves. They did not see the world; they were out of touch with human nature, except that portion of it which was purely British. And they were unjustly critical of others. They enjoyed the good things which those others gave them. They quaffed their potions of rich, genial port, and denounced the wine-growers as idle, lazy vagabonds. They relished the fruits from the Italian valleys, and bemoaned the superstitious Italians who wasted days of each year in feasts and Lenten fasts; they tasted to the full of the vine juice of the French vineyards, and yet hated the French with patriotic fervor.

They did not see the world, these old-time shopkeepers; they only saw their shops and their homes. But things are changed in this respect to-day. British shopkeepers are no longer solemnly dull in their de-

meanor. They are politely suave and smiling to their customers, without being subservient, we are told. They smile and smile, and bargain while they smile, and some of them even grin at misfortunes. They love to brighten their surroundings, to make their stores attractive for customers and bright for themselves, and to enjoy life through the resulting profits. "If the shopkeeper can take his week-end holiday at the seaside, his assistant has his Thursday or his Saturday half-holiday to refresh both body and mind. His working days no longer in the summer time linger into the darkness of night or the glare of the gas light, and he is treated as a human being with human wants, social sympathies, and intellectual requirements." On this side the Atlantic there is improvement in this respect also; the outrageously long hours have been modified, and the hum-drum slavery of a clerk's life improved. People have learned that the average man or boy cannot stand "all work and no play" any more than the average beast can. The employer of labor has discovered that it pays to allow his men some recreation, and that it is money in his pocket to treat the human servant as if he were

A little dearer than his dog;

A little better than his horse.

HERE AND THERE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The president of THE MONETARY TIMES Printing Company has been spending some weeks in British Columbia. He has visited the three large Western cities of Victoria, Vancouver, and New Westminster, and then made his way to Revelstoke, whence he made the trip to many of the active points in the Kootenays. Mr. Trout remarks, as our readers will see, upon the number of unemployed persons he found at Rossland; and he tells, besides, of the feverishness and unrest "that will not let a merchant read—hardly lets him sleep," such as he found general in the mining towns. His letter from Revelstoke is dated 29th July:

Nelson, unlike the other mining places I have found on this trip, appears content to take a comfortable snooze after daylight, and to close its shops before midnight. Its merchants can afford time, I think, to read a good trade paper. This place has the Big Hall Mines Company mines and smelter, and you see their export returns every week. Had I not taken this side trip I should have regretted it, and concluded that I had skipped a promising field that had not been worked. Although one's experiences are rather costly out here, still the trip has some compensating features. If I had time to loaf along the road and occasionally fish, I do not know of any trip that I should enjoy better than this Kootenay trip. I do not think the scenery can be excelled anywhere in the world, and at Kootenay Falls, above Nelson, abundance of trout can be caught. I could see them while waiting on the pier for the steamer, and would have been glad to have stayed there another day had time permitted.

There are some wonderful places in the Kootenay, and Sandon is one of them. Indeed, it is the last place one would think of selecting for a town site; but the deep gulch between two high mountains is the only place they could get room to stand it upon, and the houses of Sandon are sandwiched in like sardines in a box. On one side of the street the houses are built with their backs against solid rock, on the other side they are built partly over the creek which flows at the base of the mountain. Between the walls of the buildings on the street line there is only thirty or forty feet space in all for the roadway, and the sidewalks on either side. I have seen strange banking offices, but the temporary quarters of the Bank of British North America is the queerest of them all. It contains no "sweating box" except that may be called one where the manager and clerks sleep in their bunks at night, in the rear of the front office. The building stands against the rock, and I do not think it is over 15 or 20 feet long. While I saw blankets and other sleeping indications, I am not sure that the manager sleeps there. He did not tell me, but there seems to be a camping outfit for several persons in the place. I am told that the pay-rolls at Sandon are much larger than in any other