

Past and Present Conditions Compared— Canada's Successful Policy for Obtaining Settlers.

EMIGRANT"! The very word connotes opprobrium, and that unjustly, in its application to a class of persons who, for generations, have proved themselves to be a potential and desirable asset to the new countries in which they have settled. The doleful melody and doubtful sentiment of the "Emigrant's Good-bye" have helped to maintain the impression that to "emigrate" is only in a very slight degree superior in condition to a case of transportation for crime, for which hardened outcasts, generations ago, were despatched in emigrant ships to distant parts of the Empire, there to be forgotten.

With my bundle on my shoulder,

Sure, there's no one could be boulder,

So I'm off to Philadelphia in the morning.

The lines embody another popular phase of the emigrant's story and condition—the emigrant, who, for so long, has been cruelly classed by his fellow-citizens as a ne'er-do-well, or a failure, while he himself, no doubt, felt that, in leaving the land of his birth, for another country, he was, indeed, taking the last and forlorn hope of a betterment of his position. Little did he realise then, that he was a type of those colonisers who have unfurled the Union Jack everywhere the sun shines. These early emigrants were real Empire builders, though they knew it not, and their descendants are to-day easily in the forefront of public life. But the nation that lost them cared nothing, and, for a long while, the nation that gained them failed to realise their value.

Steerage in the Old Days.

In the early days of the emigration movement the steerage on a ship was indeed one of the most awful places one could imagine. Down there amongst the rats and the bilge water the only amusement was to listen to the outside chafing of the never-still ocean, the working of the machinery or the pumps, and the clanking of anchor chains, as if the spirits of transported criminals of years ago still infested those filthy and uncomfortable quarters.

There may not have been—and there were not—many luxurious fittings in a household like the modern conveniences there are to-day, but it is safe to say that nearly every one of those who emigrated in the early days of the movement came from a home where there were privacy, decency, good, if plain food, parents and other loved ones, and some semblance of respectability in the household and its attributes. It is no wonder sickness and fainting, and a home-sickness worst of all,