

A Christmas Message to W. H. M. Readers

From John Henniker Heaton, M.P.



THE most heartfelt time in the life of the emigrant, father, mother, daughters, sons, sisters and brothers, is mail day—bringing so often a letter from Home!

It has been the joy of my life to bring about penny postage, that is, two cent postage with every part of the British Dominions and America.

My visit to Canada over a quarter of a century ago had as its object the establishment of penny postage between the two countries. I met with great sympathy, and it culminated in Canada doing itself the honor of proposing Imperial Penny Postage, and the Cape of Good Hope seconding the resolution in 1898.

I spent many of my early days in the Australian bush, among station hands, shepherds, stockmen, etc. The arrival of the mail from home was looked to with deep interest. We had heard over the camp fire on many a night the family life of the English, Irish and Scotch emigrants, and we took as much interest in the father, mother and sister of the stalwart station hand as if they were our own relatives.

Remittances.

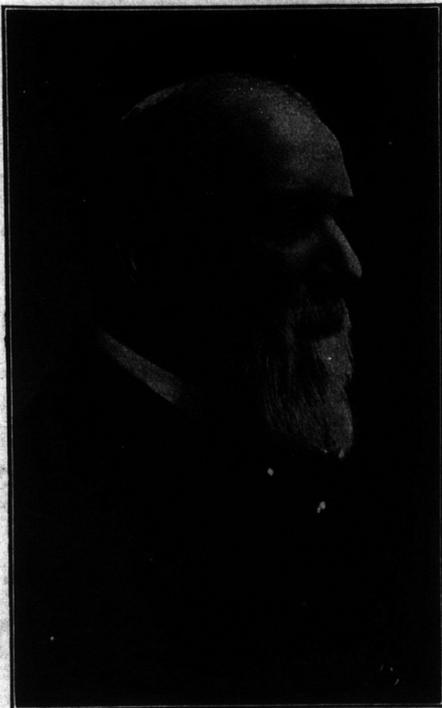
There is nothing so satisfactory or bearing such strong evidence of the love of home and kindred by the emigrants of Canada than their remittances to the old folks in the Mother Country.

These figures are hardly creditable, showing the extraordinary increase in money orders from five shillings to £10 in value sent ten years ago and today:

In 1901 the emigrants of Canada sent to Great Britain and Ireland, £218,228.

In 1910 they sent no less a sum than £1,161,741.

From sons and daughters to mothers and



fathers, from young fellows to bring out their brothers, sisters and sweethearts, the money orders are transmitted. The average value of the money order is £3 each.

Cheap Telegraphy.

What we now suffer from is the want of cheap telegraph communication, say 12 words a shilling, from Great Britain and Ireland to Canada. In Australia we send a telegram of 16 words for one shilling 7,500 miles—that is more than the distance from Great Britain and Ireland to Vancouver.

At present a Cable Combine keeps the

lines for the millionaires and not for the million. The carrying capacity of the 12 or 14 cables from England to America is 320 millions of words, yet only 22 million words are sent annually.

To send a message at the present high rates would cost a working man a week's wages. God gave electricity for the use of the people; it is monopolized by two cable rings all over the earth.

Canada to-day stands in higher estimation of the people of Great Britain and Ireland than any other of the children of the Mother Country. I would place the Empires' children in the affection of the Mother Country in this order: 1, Canada; 2, New Zealand; 3, Australia; 4 South Africa. There is, of course, nothing in this to make the other children of the Empire jealous; but the nearness to the old country, the close preservation of all the traditions, go to make up this intenser love between Canada and the Old Country.

I would like to say something of the great teachers and leaders in Canada, and the newspaper press. Your leading public men are regarded with respect and honor in the old country, and are better speakers and orators than from any other portion of His Majesty's Dominions.

The newspapers are also high class, pure, honorable and beyond reproach. They exercise an enormous influence over the country.

To the "Western Home Monthly" I send these Christmas greetings; and I can hardly believe that such a good all-round paper—in printing, in thoroughly interesting reading matter, general news, mining, pastoral and agricultural, and well written stories, besides the most attractive advertisements could find its home in the Winnipeg I visited 30 years ago.

How The West Impresses

By Rev. Hector MacKay, B.A., B.D.

If the romance of the West is not yet exhausted for your readers, perhaps I may find your columns open to answer through them the one question with which each successive visitor or traveler seems to be greeted as he journeys. "What are your impressions of the West?" "How do you like Winnipeg?" "What do you think of Calgary?" Each place in succession, large and small alike, repeats the question, and are never tired of hearing. Impressions! A sense of oppression as of infinite spaces and endless possibilities. The very heavens seem stretched thin in order to cover the prairie vastnesses.

This consciousness of bigness and magnificence appears in the terms used to designate places and locations. The farms are sections, great blocks cut out of the limitless areas; the townships run in ranges—they parallel the Rockies in direction and surpass them in totality. The cities do not arrive by slow degrees at that enviable eminence so coveted by Eastern towns, they leap to it at a bound. There are, indeed, what would be called in Ontario, villages, but the name is disdained as something not belonging to the genius

of this great land. The farms are townships, the countries are kingdoms, in European measurements. Saskatchewan is just a province, nothing more. But is larger much than all Germany with its four kingdoms, ten or twelve duchies and grand-duchies, seven principalities and the acquired province of Alsace-Lorraine. It is larger by a still greater margin than all France. Saskatchewan and Alberta taken together—and one gasps at the idea—will overlay the entire area of Great Britain, France and Germany, and still have a square mile of land for three hundred and twenty-five households left over. Yet these countries number one hundred and fifty millions, while our two provinces do not yet muster one.

"Here," truly, in the words of Carlyle, "is an earth all lying round, crying, 'Come and till me, come and reap me.'"

The peoples, at last, have heard that call. The fertility and resources of our prairies are comparable only to this vastness. A distinguished journalist writing in "The Continent" says, "Cairo and all of Egypt that the traveler sees fairly enudes prosperity." The words are only a little less

true of our Western plains. And into these fertile and farflung fields the populations of the world are pouring: Finns, Lapps, Poles, Czechs, Danes, Swedes, Russian peasants and English lords. One almost feels alarm at this mongrel and multitudinous invasion mingling, striving, jostling for place and part therein.

Can we assimilate these masses? Will they learn our laws and language, will they espouse our ideals with our country? The school and the church must answer. They are the only and they are a sufficient solution. To-day they begin to weld in being wedded; to-morrow they will be fused in their offspring. The doughty Dave leads off a Highland lassie; a "remittance man" ties up his fortune with a Galician girl, the remittance having ceased. One of the nations to be in the making under our very eyes.

And who can doubt that it is destined to greatness? This fusion of hardy and thrifty races cannot but produce a virile type, worthy to be called Canadian, and proud to be so called. Opportunity invites; nature herself will at once assist and compel them to hardiness, virility and aggressive-