

### **The Source of Power and Light.**

ber when our city streets were lit with gas or oil, and not a ray of electric light fought with the night from sea to sea, and not a wheel was turned by electric power ; but now, from Halifax to Vancouver there is an almost unbroken chain of sparkling lights illuminating the land like a belt of stars, and small, indeed, is the hamlet not lit by electric light, while myriads of electric wheels labor for man. And yet there is no more electricity in Canada to-day than there was in Jacques Cartier's day, or even when the Indian was the sole owner of the land. But the Indian paddled his birch canoe, while the Canadian sails his electric launch ; the Indian walked, the Canadian whirls on a trolley ; the Indian's night was lit only by the moon and the stars, while the Canadian has at his call electricity enough to turn night into day from where the rude Atlantic tosses its crested waves against the rocks of Cape Breton to where the Pacific whispers to the beach its tales of far-off lands. And yet the Canada of the red man was as much saturated with electricity as the Canada of to-day. The Indian, however, was unconscious of its presence, while we have learned its secret, and know how to beckon it from the clouds and chain it to our wheels to give light and power to the sons of men.