

arose in Canada a universal cry for labouring men, as there is at the present time for servants, no emigration "in the lump" would be justifiable; it would only result in the Dominion Government being requested by its subjects to enforce such regulations as are now in vogue in the United States. But emigration to Canada, and of unskilled labour too, is always going on. Quietly and unobtrusively, without aid from Government in any shape or form, except the invaluable information given to all enquiries by H.M. High Commissioner for Canada in Victoria Street, Westminster, working men, without capital and without skill, find their way out there. I have seen them in their homes in Point St. Charles and Hochelage, Montreal; in the farming districts called the Eastern Townships; in the Province of Quebec; in the towns and country districts of Ontario; in Winnipeg; and on the prairies of Manitoba. These emigrants hailed from many parts of England, but the large majority were from the East End of London, and not more than three in every hundred possessed mechanical skill of any kind. Yet they were better off, every one of them, than they had been in England. A few, a very few, unsatisfactory folk there were who from an unforeseen break down in health, or tendency to drink and laziness, were not happy in their new lives—the actual number was six out of the hundred,—but even they were not in want of food, and should their health and morals improve they will speedily join the ranks of those who are doing well.

The case of one man struck me very much. He lived in Montreal, and was labouring on some public works. A very average specimen of an emigrant was H, a painter's labourer in England. He was a little man with weak health at times, whose physique, indeed, hardly came up to the standard experience teaches us should prevail among emigrants; but a cheery fellow, full of ideas, and game to the backbone. I saw him in his own kitchen, and his remarks were delivered over a clay-pipe, which caused a little confusion sometimes, by going out when he became excited, having to be relighted there and then. For the rest he was perfectly at his ease; what he said he meant.

How had things gone with him? Rather roughly at first. Whether the work had been too much for him, or the heat of the summer—it was his first in Canada—I do not remember, but both he and his wife had been laid up, and the struggle in their strange surroundings had been a heavy one.

"But Lor' bless you, we pulled through," he said, with a laugh. "I aint like some who come out here expectin' to lay on swan's-down, and drink iced champagne. It weren't the fault of the country that I were misfortunate. What they want here is a man