

November, 1905

made of it: a water-tight boat, and loading the bags on the box we were ferried across the divide. Three trips and the work was done. But that did not end the adventures of that trip. We were crossing a slough, the horses the wagon, my master, my brothers and I, but the load proved too much for the gallant greys. We were stuck midway, the horses stumbled desperately, one fell; then the draw-bolt was pulled from the wagon and they stumbled to the dry ground on the otherside. Poor brutes, they stood and shivered with fear but gradually calmed down, and my master went to work in earnest. The bags were carried on his broad shoulders one by one, the wagon was pulled apart and hauled ashore on the installment plan, and then on we went. Three days for less than 50 miles, a very successful trip! Ah! those were the days of the pioneer, the man of heart, of muscle, brawn and grit, a man of power and vision, who worked with the strength of a Titan, and seeing, beyond the troubles of his day, beheld in the distance the rolling wheat fields, the binders in solemn procession, the loaded trains, the great cities, a vast, a mighty, a powerful, and a populous country.

Yes, the railroad had come, and with it a steady onward wave of prosperity. True, there were retrogressions, periods when growth was slow, years when crops were not so good, but every mighty river that rolls in swelling volume to the open sea hesitates at times in its onward flow, or may, for short periods, eddy backward toward its source. But now the worst is over, instead of poverty and stagnation there is wealth and life; instead of "boating" a wagon box over the stream, there is the iron bridge; for the slow message, the telephone; and for the ox-cart and small granary we have the mogul engine, the primary elevator, the great terminal elevators on the banks of the inland seas, and from these, by long pipes, to the black throats of the vessels and then outward bound to the marts of the world.

This is only a fragment of my life story in this great land of the setting sun. Could I stop to tell you, in detailed figures, the record of my doings, 'twould sound like a voice from an enchanted region. You know the story, how population has increased, how towns and cities have sprung up and commerce, following in the wake of wheat, has served to make the brightest record in the brief page of my country's history. But greater than all these, much greater to me, are the homes that my prosperity has made possible for the downtrodden and oppressed. Poor people! Many of them had never known a breath of freedom until they stood emancipated on the free soil of my own Dominion, the Canadian West, and in humble gratitude to the giver of all gifts they sang the song of their redemption, their anthem of the free. These are the bright spots of my life, scenes on which my memory likes to dwell. But I must stop. My story's over. With but a glimpse of the past, I leave the rest to you. Can you imagine what the future holds? With scarce the fringe of my empire touched upon, I stand at the threshold of the New Century wearing yet the badge of ambition and conscious of a still greater work that yet remains for me. Nor shall ambition's debt be paid until from the banks of the

turbid Red, westward to the shadow of the Rockies, northward toward the land of the midnight sun shall stand the homes of happy millions, imperishable monuments to the might and power of concentrated little things—little grains of wheat.

The Simple Life.

The meadow nursed a silver lake
That musing lay upon its breast
And though it ever kept awake,
Its lidless eye betokened rest.

The evening sky that bent above
Was mirrored in its placid face
And clouds, as pure as angels' love,
Moved through its deeps and left no trace.

The sinking sun in robes of gold
Was pictured in its bosom fair—
And then the stars as they patrolled
The inverted heavens reflected there.

I looked into its deeps again
And saw the harvest moon arise
And pass with all her flowing train,
Beguimed with silver, through the skies.

That lake obscure, without a name
Holds heaven itself within its breast,
By night, by day, unknown to fame,
Hath sun or moon or star for guest.

B. W. N. Grigg.

A Canadian Poet Honored.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the distinguished philanthropist, has ordered a special library edition of 500 copies of the forthcoming volume of Mr. Wilfred Campbell's verse to present to his libraries throughout the English-speaking world. The edition is to be called the "Carnegie Edition", and each volume will have the inscription, "Presented by Andrew Carnegie." This is a high compliment to our distinguished Canadian poet, the qualities of whose genius the critics and readers of two continents have recognized.

OUR PROSPERITY.

Plenty of Money in Circulation and an Interest in Art.

That Canada is prosperous no one can deny. There seems to be an abundance of money in the country, and every commercial firm is benefiting because of this thoroughly satisfactory condition. More than this, there is every evidence that the country is paying more and more attention to art in all its forms. When the firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, Toronto, decided to put on sale a really high-grade piano, such as the Gourlay is, pessimistic friends endeavored to dissuade them, saying that Canadians were willing to be satisfied with ordinary goods, and that there would be no sale for anything better. But the firm had convictions, and the courage of them and the result is seen in an abundance of orders from all parts of Canada. Professional musicians and customers of all classes are enthusiastic over the merits of the piano, and letters of commendation are constantly arriving. The other morning, three of these appeared at once. To show how widespread is the reputation of the Gourlay, it is only necessary to quote them.

Rev. S. Rondeau of St. Hyacinthe, Que. says: "The piano has been seen, tried and approved by several of our friends, who have been unanimous in their praises. My wife is delighted with it, and she is of the opinion that such a high-grade instrument is worthy of a place in all homes of refinement."

From Goderich comes the following tribute from Mr. Wm. Gallow: "Its mellowness and purity of tone render it an instrument which any firm may well be proud of, and the workmanship is a triumph of art."

Alberta is also represented by the letter of Rev. R. West, which says: "We are greatly pleased with the instrument. In purity of tone, responsiveness to touch and balance of power throughout, it is indeed all that can be desired. After long years of acquaintance in England with the best productions of the English and continental makers, I can truly say that the piano you have sent us is perfection."

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