

Wined and dined, feasted and feted, beguiled and bewitched, he hastens home to write a glowing account of Canadian prosperity, or make brilliant after-dinner effusions on Canadian hospitality. The grim story of settling the land, the wretched shacks, the dugouts and sod houses, the suffering of the working soil slaves who are making the West what it is, are most carefully hidden from his view. It is doubtful if he would write of them did he manage to clear his vision from the rainbow hues of choice cigar smoke and rare vintages. He is not trained that way. He will dilate for hours on an abstract "Lady of the Snows." He has seen the well-laid cities, the peaks of the Rocky Mountains; he has taken drinks with City Mayors, and inspected the experimental farms, and he knows ALL about the Canadian West.

Speeding along behind a giant locomotive, a bewildering panorama of changing scenery is presented by the flying train. From St. John to Vancouver, he sees the hand of man busy, moulding from a wilderness all the elements of modern civilization. Here are churches and segregated districts, hotels and Salvation Army strongholds, associated charities and millionaires, factories and policemen, soldiers and slaves, autos and shoeless tramps, millions of bushels of grain, herds and flocks of sheep and swine, cattle fat and ready for the block, great flour mills and—starving men and women. These latter, however, do not "get into the papers"; it would not do, you know.

From coast to coast the noise of industry catches the ear. Labor at work building a giant civilization, that it may live in semi-savagery; forging the chains of its own bondage, that masters in Monte Carlo may play the game and never miss their losses. The coming of autumn sets the stage for the grandest scene of all, makes display of "our great wealth" more seductive than at any other time. From Winnipeg west, the country is golden with waving grain and shocked fields. Giant threshers