Earl Grey's Faith in the Future of Canada

His Excellency's Ringing Address to the Canadian Club of Halifax.

The Halifax Chronicle, in its issue of August 9th, has a very full report on the address delivered the previous day by His Excellency Earl Grey, at the Canadian Club luncheon. It is as follows:

A vigorous and almost impassioned appeal for Colonial contributions to the support of the Royal Navy and for the confederation of the empire, a profound faith in "the majestic future" of the Dominion, a strong plea for the utilization of the Canadian route for transatlantic mails, glowing tributes to Haliburton, Howe and Grant as far-visioned statesmen and a graceful compliment to and warm appreciation of Nova Scotia, which holds a position second to none in the Dominion, were the outstanding features of the half-hour address which Earl Grey made to the Canadian club yesterday afternoon.

The luncheon was a record-breaker in point of attendance, about 175 members and guests being seated in the large dining room of the Halifax hotel. Mr. George S. Campbell presided, and at his right was the Governor-General, the guest and speaker of the day, and at his left Lieut.-Governor Fraser. Others at the head table were Archbishop McCarthy, Bishop Worrell, President Falconer and Senator Ross.

Earl Grey Welcomed

The luncheon was scheduled for two o'clock and began shortly after that hour. President Campbell introduced His Excellency and did so in his usual happy manner, referring to the respect and admiration he had inspired since coming to Canada and the happiness of the Canadian club in having him there to address its members.

Earl Grey was received with great applause as he arose to respond. He prefaced his address by commending the work of the Canadian clubs, which knew no limit of party or creed, and were doing a splendid work throughout the Dominion. His Excellency said that he was glad to be in a city famous for its magnificent harbor, which had been christened by Champlain as "the safe port," and had been known as such ever since, for being the capital city of the province, where sat in 1758 the first of the many colonial parliaments which have since been established in all parts of the empire; for being the capital city of the first portion of a British empire not excluding the United Kingdom, which allowed Roman Catholic citizens to sit in parliament under fair conditions.

Three Great Pioneers

But Halifax was especially interesting to him because it was the place where Haliburton, Howe and Grant lived and worked. For being the seat for having the first Anglican bishop in Greater Britain and for its possession of the first university founded by royal charter in the King's Dominions beyond the seas.

So long ago as the middle of the last century Haliburton expressed the hope "to see Colonists and Englishmen united as one people, having the same rights and privileges, each bearing a share of the public burdens, and all having a voice in the general government."

In this sentence, uttered over fifty years ago, Haliburton struck the note which is becoming more and more the ideal of the whole British race.

Howe and Grant he also regarded with special reverence as the early incarnations of the highest and most far-seeing British Imperialism produced in any part of the empire during the century just closed.

Inspired By Howe

It seemed only the other day since he arrived at Halifax to take up the duties of Governor-General—he had two great surprises on his arrival—first, his introduction to the two volumes which contain the speeches and letters of Joseph Howe, and, secondly, the impossibility of buying a copy of those volumes except at a prohibitive cost. There was not a page of Howe's speeches or writings which did not stimulate the imagination, please the fancy and quicken the soul—and if the object of education was, as he believed it to be, to quicken the soul, the book containing Howe's speeches and writings ought to be on the bookshelf of every school teacher, not only in Nova Scotia, but in every portion of the British empire. He did not understand how it was that a province so proud of its possession of Joseph Howe as Nova Scotia had every reason to be, had not taken the necessary steps to make his influence felt in every portion of the empire. If Joseph Howe was unknown in England and in other parts of Greater Britain, Nova Scotia and Canada had only themselves to blame.

He owed his introduction to the volumes containing Howe's writings to the fact that they had been placed in his bedroom at Government House by his greatly esteemed friend Mr. Jones, their loved and lamented late lieutenant-governor.

Tribute to Tupper

Before he arrived in Canada, his touch with Nova Scotia had been chiefly confined to an acquaintanceship with the Grand Old Man of Nova Scotia—Sir Charles Tupper—when he was representing Canada as High Commissioner in London—and in common with all English people who knew him, he had regarded him with profound admiration and esteem. He has lately given fresh proof of his Nova Scotian vigor in the article which he has just contributed to the August number of the Nineteenth Century, the whole of which was cabled to the Canadian press, a compliment, which he believed, had seldom been paid to any man.

The fact that we had still living amongst us and guiding our counsels one of the Fathers of Confederation, might encourage even the pessimists to look forward with hope to the coming confederation of the self-governing Dominions of the British empire into one organic whole. Forty years ago, the first step was taken toward the attainment of Imperial Unity by the federation of the Canadian provinces.

Australia had since followed where Sir Charles Tupper had blazed the trail. South Africa, thanks to the aid of 8000 Canadian rifles, equal rights had been secured for all white men from the Zambesi to the Cape, was trying to follow the example of Canada and Australia, and when South Africa, like Canada and Australia, had reached the safe harbor of confederation, they might look forward to the attempt—he hoped the successful attempt—to federate all the self-governing Dominions of the king.

The Key Note

Mr. Deakin had given utterance at the Imperial Conference to a truism, when he said it made all the difference in theh strength of the empire, whether Britons were grains of sand or the same grains compacted with solid rock. His excellency expressed the hope that the blue book reporting the proceedings of the conference might be printed in a cheap form and be widely read. Aspiration towards unity and the desire to subordinate had been the inspiring key-note of this most important conference.

When the prime ministers of New Zealand said that among every class, there existed a desire to bring all parts of the British empire as closely together as possible for their common good, and that it was his ambition to concrete New Zealand into a solid portion of the empire, he gave expression to the sentiments of all the prime ministers of the self-governing dominions, assembling in this conference of government with government for the sake of empire.

Sacrifice and Service

Mutual sacrifice and service appeared to be the motto which animated the discussions of the conference. Along this noble road the United Kingdom led the way. It was recognized that if the empire was to be held together, a complete command of the sea was necessary, and that for this purpose the Imperial navy must be stronger than the combined forces of any other two powers. The home government, recognizing that the first pressing need of the self-governing Dominions across the seas was to develop their resources and to make themselves strong, had undertaken to provide, single handed, for the whole of this defence, and to ensure the safety of your over-sea trade, until the time had come for the twenty millions of the self-governing Dominions of the king outside the United Kingdom to take up their share of what should be a common Imperial burden.

He felt proud to belong to that small portion of the British empire which considered it a privilege to carry the whole burden of the naval defence of the empire so long as they were able, and until you can relieve them of your share of the burden—and who thus has given an example of that sacrifice and service which was a necessary element in the character of any nation which aspired to greatness. He warned them that with the population of Germany 50 per cent and the United States 100 per cent above that of the United Kingdom, it was obviously impossible for the people of the United Kingdom to keep command of the seas unaided for ever.

Can Count on Canada

Canada had been assured that she could depend upon the British government to come to her aid in time of need with the greatest goodwill, and without any sort of drawback whatsoever, and he felt sure from what he had seen of Canada and its people, that the British empire could depend in the future, as in the past, on the willingness of every Canadian to strain every nerve to the fullest extent of its power, in their desire to safeguard and strengthen the empire, of which one day, perhaps, it would be the controlling influence.

Among the abundant evidence of the desire of the sister nations to help each other and the mother country in every way in their power, brought forward at the conference, his excellency referred to the patriotic example of Cape Colony, which had deliberately paid $625,000, in order to enable British manufacturers to secure a seven and a half million dollar order for rolling stock, which, but for this action, would have gone to a foreign nation. He also referred to the fact that Australia preferred to buy the rifles for her 50,000 school cadets from Great Britain at 39 shillings, to buying them from Belgium for 37 shillings, because Mr. Deakin held that the satisfaction of giving this preference to England, and of having British arms for British men, was cheap at the price of 50c a rifle.

Canada Led the Way

Coming home to Canada they had shown the sincerity of their affection for the empire in the efforts they had made, and were making, to draw closer the trade and commercial relations between the Dominion and other portions of the empire.

It was unnecessary for him to refer to the action of Canada in regard to the preference. Canada had given the lead in this direction, and in so doing had earned the gratitude for all time of every portion of the British empire.

As a further instance of Canada's sacrifice and service in the cause of empire, he referred them to the new postal arrangement by which Canada secured to the people of the United Kingdom, as well as of Canada, the advantage of a cheap mail service, of which Canada paid the whole expense of collection and delivery over a continent the size of Europe. Canada further paid the whole cost of ocean transportation from Liverpool on the increasing mails of printed matter that the low postal rates were pouring into Canada, while England only paid the cost of collection and delivery over an area not larger than the Maritime provinces. The greater part of the burden of the postal service between Canada and the United Kingdom thus fell on the Dominion, though the United Kingdom certainly obtains the larger share of the revenue, as it was certain that the new facilities given for the entry of British periodicals and newspapers into Canada would result in a large excess of mail matter issuing from the United Kingdom to Canada over that issuing from Canada to the United Kingdom.

The mails from the United Kingdom for the month of May were double those of the preceding May, while for June they were three times as much as they were for June last year, and he believed he was correct in saying that the recent postal reduction had not yet been fairly realized or taken advantage of.

Canada's Fine Example

Canadians had given a fine example of sacrifice and service in the vigor with which they had forced their trade east and west instead of north and south against the laws of nature and geography in their desire to throw their trade into Great Britain, if he might quote the words of their premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who had returned from London with an added lustre which endeared him to Canadians of every party. But while there were few things he had admired more than the spirit with which Canada had turned a deaf ear to the promptings of nature in her double desire to assert her own nationality and to support the British Crown, he might also say that few things had surprised him more than the fact that they had so long neglected to seize the overwhelming advantages with which nature had endowered them by placing Canadian ports 1000 miles, or two days nearer Liverpool than New York.

A Colossal Blunder

Howe in 1850—57 years ago, pointed out the folly of the arrangement under which the British government were paying £145,000 per annum in order that the transatlantic mails might traverse 1,107 miles more than were necessary and in order that the correspondence of all Europe with all America might be delayed 56 hours beyond the time required for its conveyance. He pointed out with his accustomed vigor that God had made Canada the front door of America and the natural post office of the United States for all transatlantic purposes.

It was a standing cause of amazement to him (his excellency) that the peoples on both sides of the Atlantic should have tolerated for so long this colossal Imperial blunder which had caused the natural and geographical advantages of Canada to have been destroyed by mail subsidies to steamers plying to New York.

He rejoiced to believe that his majesty's government were in earnest in their resolve to bring the distant parts of the empire nearer to the centre and to make the empire more compact.

The laws of nature and geography were on the side of those who demanded that the transatlantic mails from Great Britain should come via Canada and not via New York.

Canada's Majestic Future

It was three years since he had landed at Halifax to take up the duties of governor-general. He had employed the interval in visiting as much of Canada as possible, in making the acquaintance of their people, and in learning the stimulating and unending story of her unlimited resources. Every province in turn had captured his heart and confirmed his faith in the majestic future of the Dominion. And he had no hesitation in saying that so long as the heart of the people was sound, wholesome, honest and patriotic—and they must remember that no river could ever hope to rise above its source—then so long would they be justified in entertaining the ambition to make their Canada one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, of all the self-governing dominions which contribute to the might and glory of the crown and to the civilization of mankind.

Nova Scotia's Position

After three years' study of Canada he was prepared to hold the field against the world—that great as were the resources, advantages and attractions of the sister provinces, Nova Scotia need not be afraid to pit her charms against any of her sister provinces, however fair they might be.

His excellency said that he had an affection for Nova Scotia which, perhaps, was hard to explain. Perhaps it was because he was an islander and his home was on the shore of the German ocean that gave him this feeling. There the sun rose in the east every morning bringing a fresh message of courage, inspiration and new hope. Nova Scotia occupied a similar position on the edge of the Dominion.

Any one making a fair and impartial investigation of Nova Scotia's material resources and able to form a correct estimate of the effect of climate and position on the life and character of people, could only rise from their investigation with one conviction, and that is, that if Nova Scotians did not reach greatness they had only themselves to blame.

He concluded his remarks, which he was obliged to them for listening to so attentively, with the reminder that no people ever won greatness by lying down on the government instead of depending on themselves, and that in the good education of the people lies the germ of improvements. (Prolonged applause.)

Canada's Duty

At the conclusion of the address the president called upon Archbishop McCarthy and President R. A. Falconer to speak to the vote of thanks. The archbishop made a particularly happy address, emphasizing the loyalty of Canada to the king, and particularly of the loyalty of this portion of his domain. He reminded them that in case of need there was always an imperial highway for the sending of troops to the Far East by way of Halifax, and that Halifax always stood ready to receive them and further their progress eastward. His Grace touched upon the question of contributions to imperial defences by saying that, as a morning paper had reminded them, Canada's duty was not the building of a great navy, but the making of a nation.

President Falconer referred to the progress His Excellency had made in the affections of the people since his first landing here, less than three years ago. The Canadian clubs everywhere would always be eager to hear him address them.

The vote of thanks was tendered very heartily, his excellency briefly expressing his thanks.

A number of tourists were interested spectators and auditors of the proceedings from the balcony above the dining room.

Canadian History—A Paper by Miss Agnes Deans Cameron

My definition of the subject is: History is loking backward that one may intelligently look forward.

We are permitted to step out of line for a moment and note the long procession of events out of which our present environment is evolved. To what end? That we may recognize men in the twentieth century as the outcome of barbarous progenitors and as the lower types of more advanced generations yet to come. History, intelligently studied, sheds light on the past, modifies our views of the present and makes us able to forecast, no, to form the future.

History deals with events, with facts, (notwithstanding the experience of the greedy little Gradgrinds), need not of necessity be a dry, unpalatable diet. Theories are for the day, facts are for all time. Facts from the bases of all fancies, are woven into theories, finely spun and coarsely spun, which wear out with time, become old, fade, or else remain. Like that prettily told story of King Edwin and Paulinus and the swallow passing swiftly through the lighted room out of darkness into darkness again, so we stand with an eternity behind us and an eternity before. And it is only by a study of the immensity of the past, that we can know of the future. From this standpoint nothing in the past history of the race can be called unimportant. History is not a tale with a moral—it is all moral. Every fact is co-related with every other fact—is part of the great whole. Facts are the only means we possess of investigating the motives of human conduct and of getting a true knowledge of men. And back of each fact is its cause and beyond it all down through the ages stretches the effect; and back of it all is the First Great Cause. So history is the message which all mankind delivers to every man. Can we spend our time in a more profitable study?

It has always seemed to me that the women of our country should take an especial interest in Canada and Canadian history. No other known history in the world owes so much to women. It was the jewels of a woman that enabled Columbus to sail to the west; it was two Indian women who pointed the way to the opening of the St. Lawrence and led Cartier to Quebec. Later on, when Canada was settled by the French, it was a woman's money that provided the means; it was a woman, Madame de la Peltrie, who began the education of the people, and so down through the years. But instead of being conservators of the records, with shame we confess that it is the women who, following out the bent of their tidy souls have sinned more than all others in destroying valuable letters, pamphlets and papers. To readjust the balance, the Women's Historical society of Canada was organized, the objects of the organization being the seeking out and preserving of old records, the interviewing of the passing pioneers and the identification of old landmarks. Early in its work the society felt the need of a fitting textbook on Canadian history, everything obtainable was, if not flat, stale and unprofitable, at least bald, sententious and pedantic. Then came the fresh, vital book of Charles G. D. Roberts, "full of the mellow juice of life." We would fain blush and hang our heads a little when we write that the Canadian school boards would none of Roberts because his book "read too much like a novel." Mulvaney's heart went out to the "orf'ser bhoy" struggling with Big Drunk Draf' because he "had bowels"; corporations, we know, have no souls; some school boards also are compelled to go through this vale performing vital functions and gutless alike of bowels and souls. Small wonder that Roberts' history reads like a novel. In a century and a half what great dramas have been enacted on the stage of this Greater Britain! A conquered race has been made happy and content; two races with two histories and two traditions and two creeds now live side by side owning a common government and working out a common destiny.

It was a Canadian steamboat that was the first to cross the Atlantic eastward, and it was to a Canadian port on the Pacific that the first Europe-to-America steamer sailed. In the Canadian Pacific we see what is in many ways the most wonderful railway that has ever spanned a continent from ocean to ocean, the progenitor of many worthy associates, the Canadian Northern, Grand Trunk Pacific and subsidiary and connecting lines. Politically Canada has solved the problem of maintaining unimpaired and unassailed full responsible government side by side with the fullest loyalty and allegiance to the Mother Country, holding up for all time to every part of the empire the strong ideal of imperial unity. And today, in the great Canadian wheat belt, the granary of the empire, we have a new strong, vigorous nation in the making. How little is realized of the great trek from east and south into the last west, the wonderland of Canadian wheat. Where do these come from? Who are they? Many of them are our cousins to the south of that dividing parallel which year by year is literally proving itself to be as the text-books call it, "an imaginary line."

At no time in the earth's history and in no place was history made more pregnant with results, more electrifying than that now making in the Canadian great wheat land. Bread for the nations. Product of prairie air, rich, warm fecund soil, satisfying rains, the vital seed corn, and man's sweat and toil and abiding faith! What do those unhappy who toil amid the dirt and squalor and meagreness of the cities know of this God's-air-and-sunshine life? As the elements thus join forces to give us this day our daily bread, by a heavenly alchemy is being wrought another great fusion and amalgamation—two nations, sons and grandsons of the same Grey Old Mother over-seas are ploughing into the soil all traces of ancient animosity and striking hands in sure cemented brotherhood. It is their business to grow wheat, life is too intense, too vital to quarrel over quibbles—what matter if they look to Ottawa or to Washington for the letter of the law, in spirit most truly does each man govern himself, and it is the letter that kills; the spirit giveth life.

"And the ploughman settles the share
More deep in the grudging clod;
For he saith, 'The wheat is my care,
And the rest is the will of God.'
It is good that the young wheat grows,
For the bread is life.'"

Every step upward must to be lasting begin with the child. So with the fostering of true love of Canadian history and the laying deep of the foundations of Canadian loyalty. Every child is a born hero-worshipper, and the happy man or woman is the man or woman who clings closely to his ideals. Let us early put our children under the magnetism of the fine and noble in history. It is mainly through its exercise in biography and history that imagination builds the moral character, and this is the right function of the imagination. Character depends upon ideals, and the material out of which our ideals are formed we get from the lives of those around us and from what we read. It is not true that children love fiction better than fact. As a prelude to the study of Canadian history proper take the children to the Old Mother Land. Let them see with you the striking pictures that crowd thick and fast on the page of early English history. The fair-haired boys in the slave market at Rome, who were "not Angles but angels," will ever after be the prelude to them of Augustine's mission and the preaching of the Cross in Britain. Hengist and Horsa, leaving boars to hunt, instead, Britons will tell that might crushes out right for a time only. The dewy daisies at Runnymeade crushed by the feet of the determined barons on that June morning of 1215 will come up before the eager youth on the day when he casts his first ballot—it stands to him for so much. May he feel that he is linked to the past and has a duty to the future, "man joined to man, that they are brothers!" No event is merely of today; its loot is yesterday; its result, tomorrow. Every child knows the vivid pictures of early British history, the reason he knows not of his land is not a lack of pictures, but a lack of the teller. No country richer in the strong black silhouettes, the deep oils and dainty water-colors of history. I will give you one picture worthy the brush of the artist, the voice of the teller, or the pen of ready writer:

On the shores of a dark little isle, opposite a walled city, stood men who had fought well for their flag, waiting in sadness and grief—their commander waited too. The night was dark and an angry cloud hung over the mountain. There was a pause—and in compelling voice the commander called out, "The colors to the front!" And with slow, funeral paces they turned their steps to the guns. They were a conquered race. They had fought well, but their superior had signed the capitulation. The soldiers, although wounded and despairing, with one voice cried, "we will never surrender the colors; we will burn them." And there on the shores of St. Helen's Isle they burned their banners, so that when the English commander asked, "Where are the banners of France?" they said there were none. And that is how the French in Canada laid down the golden lilies.

Another:—

A group of women sewing diligently worked a flag, and with smiles and proud hopes gave it to their favorite regiment to carry to the front. Time passed. Their town was taken by invaders, their forts destroyed, their houses burned and desolate, and alone these dozen women stood in a house on the side of a ravine where a great rock stretched out before it. Up the cliff, white faced but with the divine light of a dying cause in eyes that blazed stumbled a lad with the colors wound round his breast. "I did not surrender it. I brought it back to you." With sharp and bitter words the women taunt him. "Could man not defend the flag that women made?"—and they took and buried the colors under a tree until peace should be declared. A few years ago this buried flag was unearthed, attered and torn it still showed plain the ruddy lion ramping in a field of gold, and underneath, the motto, "Deeds Speak." And so it has been with the whole past history of Canada. It has not been talking, it has been deeds. And so with the history of Canada that remains to be written, we must speak out in acts, the time for words has passed and deeds alone survive. As Swift says, "Whoever can make two ears of corn or two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, deserves better of mankind and does more service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together."

The hopes of Canada is with its young people. With the children the study of Canadian history should correct the narrowing influence of personal experience. Unless we create a literary atmosphere to correct it, environment is almost everything. It is only by widening our horizon and seeing the progress of the race through the ages that we can escape in a measure from the full binding force of the present actual. There is no separate code of ethics for the individual and for the nation; the one great law of cause and effect acts on all planes. If the children of this new nation of ours learns truly in the small things, they will apply the same principles afterwards in the great things. The Divine fiat, "as ye sow, ye reap," they see to be true from the first page of history—they will by-and-by see that it no less surely applies to the whole complex construction of the cosmos.

The study of history should teach the child his duty to the whole. Lead him up from the meagreness and barrenness of the hard lives of Canadian pioneers in their woods and wildernesses to see how by successive stages the arts of necessity were supplemented by those of comfort and convenience and these in turn by the complex arts of twentieth century luxury. Show him how men in communities first agreed to abide by law. Incidentally, notice that there is such a thing as righteous wrath that peace may ensue. To those who recognize that there is a point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, what a comfort lies in this saving clause of the mandate. "In so far as it is possible with you live at peace with all men." All history shows that anger against oppression and tyranny has been one of the main incentives in man's many struggles for freedom and development. Through a right conception of patriotism, the young Canadian will be filled with an intense eagerness to protect his country not only from armed forces but from the more insidious foe which would attack the foundation of good government. Let him see that a shot fired at or for the Canadian flag may have less of patriotism or treason in it than has a vote cast at the polls. Our history rightly presented must teach love of home, love of country, love of humanity, the unity and solidarity of the race. It must create a sense of duty to the weak whose lives touching our lives at numberless points press upon us the claims of a common humanity. Out of this and upon this must each evolve for himself his system of social ethics.

Children don't form a system of youthful theology? O, yes, they do, and they stick to it better than we often do to ours. To the child, grown-ups are living epistles. And it is the parent who is largely responsible if love and sympathy are not the bases of the child's first system of ethics. Don't teach your children isolated facts, for facts are not, cannot be isolated. Try to be broad. Prepare children for the best Canadian citizenship by teaching how taxes are levied, how laws are made, how justice is administered. Trace the progress of national industries, and with it the rise of big cities. Show how the growth of individual liberty brings with it the duties rights and responsibilities, of citizenship. Tell them of Canadian discoveries and inventors, of the taking over by Canada of the Halifax and Esquimalt fortifications of coastal defence, tell, too, of the growth of our volunteer system, and make green in the memory the grim deeds of gallant glory told by South African kopje and veldt. Let them know what Paaderberg and Spion Kop and Magersfontein stand for. Show the effects of the conquest of one race in Canada by another race, with the changes inseparable from the amalgamation which follows. Look into the facilities of international intercourse. Show how oceans no longer separate, but join continents; how steam transit by sea and on land promotes the spread of comforts, equalizes prices, and so prevents local famine. Touch upon the government ownership of railways, telegraph systems and other public utilities. All truism should be steadily creating a more wholesome environment, something better, brighter, truer and more helpful for those who follow us.

Of each historical fact impress the five "w's"—when?—where?—who?—what? And back of all why? And not only this. If a life is being studied, see that its value is felt, or its loss, and it is not too daring to look into the "might have been."

In teaching a Canadian battle and its causes try to find out if the causes were just and sufficient. Note the result of the struggle on both conqueror and conquered. Dwell on the true, the good, the noble. History is making every day. Wouldn't it be a good plan to get our children to bring to the chimney-corner once a week the story of some good deed, something kindly, thoughtful, and unselfish, which actually did occur under their own observation or of which they have read? We find what we look for, and I always did pity Bunyan's man with the muck-rake. In short, if you only teach to the boys and girls of Canada a little history, teach it profoundly, philosophically, livingly and lovingly—remembering that history should teach hope to the discouraged, and patience to those that have it not. I think it is Professor Blackie who says, "No sermon is so effective as the example of a good man." Not only are the different parts of Canada today joined fast in the union of a strong national bond, but a very real and true feeling of mutual esteem and brotherliness is being cemented between the two nations separated by an imaginary parallel but united by a common past and looking forward to a common destiny, the predominance east, west, north and south of Anglo-Saxon unity.

Away back in 1783 the confederation of the Canadas was prefigured by an American, Governor Pyle of Virginia, whose letters to Lord Granville read today like a prophecy. It is a more modern writer Capt. Clive Phillipps-Woolley from his home on Pier Island in the Gulfs who write,:—

"Shake! cries a voice from the mountain,
Shake! shouts a voice from the mine,
Shake! let the hands of brothers
Meet on the Boundary line.

Hands that as hands of children
Clasped round one mother's knee,
The old, old love they look back to;
The country over the sea.

Hands that as hands of workers
Have twisted the world to their will,
Have caught the Angel of Thunder,
And set him to drive a drill.

The wealth of the World's in their pocket,
The Trade of the World is theirs,
Their ships can unloose it or lock it,
The Powers may grumble—who cares?

Shake! let the hand of England,
Go out to the hand of the States;
Let the hands which rule the nations
Meet in one grip—as mates.

Why should we stand asunder.
We men of one speech, one birth?
Shake! and God only under
Be absolute lords of the earth.

AGNES DEANS CAMERON.
1st Vice President Canadian Women's Press Club, Chicago.

The Building of a Giant Liner

Although Ireland is supposed to be a very poor country, it is a curious fact that in her city of Belfast is built a larger percentage of magnificent ocean liners than anywhere else in the world. For there is one "yard" in that city turning out with monotonous regularity monsters like the Adriatic of the White Star line. The gross tonnage of this enormous ship is 25,000, and she transports nearly 4,000 souls across the broad Atlantic in less than a week.

Imagine what a hive of industry and machinery must be the place where such colossal ships are born. Think of 14,000 men assisted by a whole world of thunderous engines, extending over eighty acres, and all at work upon gaunt skeletons which in a few brief months will be floating palaces of the sea!

In one year eight of the giants have been launched, and they developed altogether the power of more than 100,500 horses. Most of them have nine decks, and carry about 3,000 passengers and a crew of 500 to 600. Glance for a moment at the very latest product, the immense Adriatic, now the largest vessel in the world.

Her length—about 750 feet—exceeds that of two towering skyscrapers placed one on top of the other; and her funnels, being twenty-four feet in diameter, would easily admit a couple of full-sized trolley-cars driven abreast throughout their whole length of 155 feet! Passengers taking their morning stroll on deck will understand that a circuit of the ship three and a half times means covering almost exactly a mile.

As the monster lies on the ways, one obtains an admirable idea of her vastness. It is like looking up at one of the Pyramids; only instead of rising from a desert, the towering hull commands one of the busiest industrial hives of men. Stand on the forecastle in the very eyes of the leviathan, and the ground is nearly a hundred feet below. A confused hum floats up from the joiners' and blacksmiths' shops, for all are busy upon the giant carcass which, even in this bare state, weighs over 16,000 tons—even without engines, boilers and palatial accommodation for passengers.

These, with the water in her boilers, her stores, and her 700-ton coal bunkers filled with the best the mines produce, will raise the ship's weight, without cargo, to 45,000 tons. The lowest deck of all is known as the "lower orlop"; then, rising tier by tier, we have the orlop, lower, main, upper, shelter, promenade, upper promenade, and boat—nine decks in all. A ship of this kind, the very latest, most luxurious and largest product of the marine architect, is absolutely unsinkable, being divided into no less than 175 separate water-tight compartments.

Her vast ribs are covered with 26,000 steel plates, the largest forty feet long, and weighing about five tons. To fasten these to the mighty structural framework took 4,500,000 rivets, and some of these weighed three pounds. The rudder alone weighed sixty-five tons; or including the castings for the stern, stern-post, and shaft-bracket, 280 tons. Three anchors of ten tons each are carried to control the giant, and each is provided with 1800 feet of cable, made up of twenty-two inch links, the iron in which is nearly four inches in diameter. Think of a chain of which every link weighs a hundredweight and a half!

There are even electric elevators for both passengers and mails. As to the electric light, there are over 5,000 lamps fed by 200 miles of cable. One novel feature is a kind of central inquiry bureau which may be rung up by any one of the thousands of passengers upon any matter on which information is desired. Is it any wonder that such a ship would require a strength of 70,000 horses to drive her across the ocean?

And in the place where such ships are built there is also a kind of marine hospital where surgical operations on a vast scale are conducted. The great Indian liner, China, for example, was a patient. She sank in the Red Sea near Perim, and her bottom had to be entirely reconstructed. Another case was the Paris, now renamed the Philadelphia. She had run on to the dreaded Manacles rocks off the coast of Cornwall, England, and required an entirely new stern, as well as new engines and boilers which were ruined.

Again, the South African liner, Scot, was taken into dock here in Belfast, cut clean into two parts, and an additional length of fifty feet built onto her body amidships. A similar operation was performed on the Hamburg-American liner Augusta Victoria.

A recent incident showing the value of these water-tight compartments, is that of the steamship Suevic, which ran upon the rocks off the Lizard on the English coast this year. The forward part of the vessel was badly crushed but the water-tight compartments prevented the water from filling the vessel. After the high sea had abated the rivets of the framework and outer plates were loosened and, assisted by a blast of dynamite, the vessel was separated into two parts—the forward one third remaining on the rocks, while the after two thirds proceeded to Liverpool under her own steam.—W. G. Fitzgerald in St. Nicholas.