

tario Government has thought of the province, during the exploitation of the Cobalt mineral lands. There is a keynote to the situation.

Capital develops a country. So does labor. Both will get their reward, if the country's interests are sacrificed to neither. Should the capitalist withdraw his money because Canada protested at the wealth he was gaining, things would come to a standstill. But the capitalist will not withdraw his money, because he knows that the Dominion is one of his best fields of operations. Canada will not protest at his reward because its ambition is to be a nation. The knowledge that each must depend on the other, should create a friendly spirit between the much maligned corporation gentleman and the nation.

The conservation of the country's wealth is imperative. The Dominion has the advantage of observing the trend of events in the United States, where a lesson can be learned. That country has seen one extreme; and it is witnessing the other. The Dominion has experienced neither to a serious degree. It need not.

MAKING GEOGRAPHY.

The railway map of Canada, issued by the Department of the Interior, tells a romantic story. From coast to coast are seen the lines marking the transportation company's steel. After realizing for what a vast territory our railroad companies have provided, one can see, on the map, in a moment what a great area remains a stranger to the progress of the locomotive.

Statistics are proverbially dull. But Canadian statistics are the exception which proves the rule. They tell an almost unequalled story of development. Less than forty years ago, Canada possessed 2,695 miles of steam railways. That was in 1871. Ten years later the length had doubled. At the end of June, 1906, some 21,518 miles of track had been laid, an increase of 692 per cent. in what is a short period in the history of a new country. There were at the end of June last, some 4,085 miles of sidings, which is an index to the commercial value of transportation to the Dominion.

With regard to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, which is to help soon to solve the problem of moving the Western crop, in February last the track was under construction between Moncton and Winnipeg, a distance of 395 miles, and between the Western metropolis and Edmonton a distance of 733 miles. This transcontinental route will run from Halifax to Moncton by the Intercolonial Railway for 186 miles. The other stages are from Moncton to Quebec Bridge, 495 miles; Quebec Bridge to Winnipeg, 1,358 miles; Winnipeg to Edmonton, 789 miles; Edmonton to Prince Rupert, 954 miles. A railroad across Canada of almost 4,000 miles. This is an asset of which the country may well feel proud.

The Dominion has built up its commercial prosperity and reputation on its lines of communication. When a man, one who thinks at all, goes West and becomes a factor in nation building, his first desire is to become a land owner. His first philosopher and guide is the railway map. The heralding bell of the steam engine within ear shot of his shack; the products he will assist to raise, easily lifted into the freight cars. These are his primary thoughts. If the blood of the pioneer be within his veins, perhaps he thinks with the railroad director, who says the next branch will be built in a westerly or southwesterly direction. Guessing where next the iron horse will break silence, on its commercial and dividend paying mission, is a fascinating problem for the man who means to count in the Canadian West.

Sometimes it is the turning point of a lifetime. Land may be purchased with the hope, which is magnified into knowledge, that the rails of a transcontinental road will pass so near the wheat barn as to become an incident in the daily routine. And after all the directors may in their wisdom choose a diametrically opposite route. Which means much more to the man who staked his fortune on

a guess, than to the surveyor who thinks only of grades and curves. The railroad is the vital pivot on which the Dominion's prosperity turns. The longer the track, the bigger the national purse.

OF WARSHIPS.

Canada's coastal defence is apparently to become a very live topic. Academical discussions as to the fate of Montreal, Quebec, St. John, and Halifax in the event of a naval campaign against Great Britain, and indirectly the Dominion, are fashionable. Good reasons exist for placing our seaboard under the shadow of a few watchful gun muzzles. But there is much against such a course.

It is the proud record of Canada that the terrors of warfare have not imprinted a bloody blot upon the Dominion's escutcheon. This is unique history! True it is that our land has relied upon Great Britain's naval and military prowess. But our peaceful achievement remains an enviable chapter in the history book.

Before the days of Confederation discontent was rife in Canada. The then Upper and Lower Provinces were very much at loggerheads. And the key to the troubles of both peoples was their being unwisely governed from Westminster. Other reasons were subsidiary. The Imperial Government then thought that the Upper and Lower Provinces should remain distinct. Indeed, the French of Lower Canada clung to their traditions and resented progressive interference. The English of Upper Canada were impatient at the trammels to the cultivation of their commercial aspirations. The two Provinces thought they would ever be distant neighbors on one continent. But now the man of Montreal and Quebec will tell his wife in French how pleasing is he from Ontario, and pay you, in English, some compliment which savours of the days of French Court life in the golden days. So there were good reasons for the discontent in Canada which clouded the first year of Queen Victoria's reign. From dissatisfaction evolved rebellion—rebellion which meant to do things. The man who had intuitive foresight was Lord Durham. To him we owe the foundation of our Dominion, the beginnings of a national spirit, in a country of cosmopolitan peoples, and the prevention of more serious crises. And those days looked dangerous. Tribal escapades count for little.

When boys talk of a fight, a fight will likely relieve the monotony of the conversation. War talk has more than once begotten war. In 1912 we shall celebrate the centenary of peace. But not, let us hope, by parading a fleet of war vessels on our coastal waters, which have helped us build our commercial fame. Earl Grey says the time for the Dominion to dabble with defensive sea ships is not yet. Which would seem to be true. We are too busy making commercial history, too much occupied in allotting labor and homes to the son of the Britisher, who has prevented the foreign warship from bombarding our coast cities. We are too much engaged with development work to think seriously of our boys learning the A B C of the naval manœuvres.

If this spirit be not right, even then Great Britain has the satisfaction of knowing that, while it is sheltering an oversea empire with its strength, the Canadian farmer is tilling the soil, the miner is delving into the bowels of the earth for mineral wealth, the looms are spinning out dollars, the factories are making and breaking industrial records. All this counts for much.

Sentimentalism is one thing certainly, and practical assistance another. But Canada has a right to balance its national career with a little sentiment. A coastal torpedo flotilla is suggested for our protection. After all, war is largely an absurd and barbarous business. It is waged on business lines. The nation's ultimatum takes the place of the merchant's past due debt notice. If Canada is to be a military or naval power, it must