

OUR BOYS.

Any one travelling through our Maritime Provinces of late years cannot fail to notice the small proportion of adolescent youth resident therein. Both young men and young women leave the country about as soon as they are able to think and act for themselves. Why is this? No one will venture to say that these Provinces by the sea cannot support their people. Our untapped resources are enormous, while those known and more or less developed are abundantly sufficient to maintain ten times the population that we now have.

It is an indisputable fact that nearly all our active industries are to-day in the hands of foreigners. Our coal mines, our gold mines, our iron deposits, our forests, are mainly held by Americans, while our boys and girls go to "the States" in the hope to "better their condition."

Practically speaking, it is of little importance whether their hopes are or are not realised. Our exodians may not be altogether demoralised and unfitted for home life and home work when they come back. Nova Scotians, of all classes, generally succeed in what they put their hands to; but what we contend is, that the conscientious energy they display abroad would be far better devoted to the building up of their own country.

These are facts which it becomes our leaders of public opinion to recognise and to act upon. Of course the spirit of unrest, and the desire to "see the world," which are incidental to youth, influence many of our people to go abroad. But this only measurably accounts for the movement that goes on daily under our eyes.

The truth is, that parents and relatives do not offer any inducements to the young people to remain at home. The usual plan is to give the boys to understand that, on the death of their father they will succeed him in the possession of the family estate. Meanwhile, they are expected to work for their living as no hired man is asked to do. It is always a tedious business to wait for dead men's shoes, and the boys and girls find the truth of this adage and act upon it. The natural spirit of independence urges them to strike out for themselves, and if they cannot get a chance at home, they are resolved to seek it elsewhere.

Still, this slipshod style is doing a serious injury to the country. The very life-blood and sinew is being steadily drained from it without any return. Go where you will in Acadia, and you will find hundreds of acres of land that were once under tillage now deserted, and rapidly returning to their primeval state. And this because no one is left to till the soil. It is much the same in our cities and towns. Young men grow up, and when the impulses of manhood and independence move them, they find that they are bound down so that they cannot make their individual impression in even their own social world. They feel as if they were in some sort slaves to the accident of having parents. Only upon these parents "shuffling off the mortal coil" can these children regard themselves as free men and women unless they leave their homes.

The only remedy that is apparent, is that parents recognise this feeling in their offspring, and give them an interest in their business. We know of one Hants County farmer, for instance, who owns several hundreds of acres of land, who has kept all his boys at home. His process was a simple as well as a sensible one. As soon as his sons attained the age of fifteen years he presented them with a conditional deed to a piece of woodland. The condition in each case was, that he should, in payment for his board and lodging, give a certain amount of labor on the home farm. On the other hand, he was to improve his own lot, and receive all the proceeds therefrom until he attained his majority, when the lot was to be his own. This plan gave the boys a personal interest in their father's business, and they have grown up to be public-spirited and valuable citizens, able to claim their rights, and also to accord those of their neighbors. They have no inducement nor desire to roam.

If fathers generally would treat their sons and daughters liberally, or rather generously, it would not be difficult to stop the exodus which we all deplore.

THE TYRANNY OF COMBINES.

There exists in Montreal a Stonecutters' Union, to which the entrance fee for Canadian workmen is \$5, the subscription 25 cents a month, with benefits of \$3 a week if disabled, a funeral allowance of \$20, and a gratuity of \$75 to widows. So far good, but there is a clause which compels all foreigners to pay no less than \$50 entrance fee. In decreeing this impost the Montreal Association acknowledges its disgraceful subservience to the New York Union, which refuses to acknowledge Montreal workmen going there unless the rates charged are equalized. Discerning as we do in so many of these combinations the greatest danger of the age, we are tempted to ask how long persons interested only for themselves or the particular trade or clique to which they belong, are to be allowed at their own crude and irresponsible wills to take action damaging to the whole body politic?

The utterance of a Scotch stone-mason on the subject conveys a world of meaning "I should have no objection" he says, "to pay \$5, but \$50 is a terrible dose." No doubt it is a terrible dose and one of which it is a sheer iniquity to enforce the swallowing. "I knew," he continues, "that New York was doing this, because they sent notices all over Great Britain that after six months they would put on that charge, but I did not know that here in a British Colony there was any such thing to encounter." No, indeed, how could the poor fellow know that Montreal Unions were only the ignominious vassals of New York combines? "Yes, I promised to pay. What could I do?" What could he do but submit to the abominable knowledge of a narrow greed? There is little excuse for this sort of Boycott in Canada. The United States, whose commercial notions run in

this line, can of course do as they please, but Canada essentially requires building up in population by precisely that highly respectable class of labor to which our Scotch friend belongs. Are these narrow exclusives to be allowed to work their "wicked will" to the detriment of the whole Dominion without let or hindrance. We say No! Such arbitrary compulsion requires legislative check. Canada has now arrived at that pitch when all such labor can easily be absorbed, more especially, as regards this particular craft, in Montreal, which prides itself on its constantly increasing building operations. Look at the effect. "Some Scotchmen have been driven off, I am told." "Aye, there were fifteen of them from Peter Lyall's job a fortnight ago, four more from another. They were told there was a good job at St. John, and there they went rather than pay the \$50. It is an outrageous price!"

It was well no doubt that there was a good job at St. John. The Dominion did not lose an excellent class of citizens, but Quebec did.

We cannot too often or too strongly present to thinking men the great danger—the rapidly extending tendency to the suppression of individual freedom and enterprise by associated cliques worked in the narrowest spirit, too often by interested propagandists. No tyranny of the absolutism of Czar or Kaiser is comparable, to the instincts of free-born citizens, to that which we are coming to groan under of all sorts of cliques and combinations. Not by such methods have been built up those great mercantile industries which afford steady and remunerative occupation to so many thousands of estimable mechanics and workmen of all sorts.

NATIONAL HATREDS.

Senator Stewart of the United States, who seems to have at the bottom some blundering sort of instinct that international dislikes ought to be put on one side, neutralizes his own aspirations (if we are right in crediting him with them) by a persistent enumeration of what have been sedulously inculcated for a hundred years in the American Schools as the atrocities and delinquencies of Great Britain, and caps his climax by the inconceivable stupidity and impertinence of assuming that Canada is to be bought by a sum to be paid for her to England!

A public man can adopt no more absolutely vicious role than that of raking up old historical grievances which the course of centuries—even of decades—has long ruled out of the statute of limitations. To day, when, but for American aggressiveness and spread-eagleism, no feeling exists towards America in English or Canadian minds but what is thoroughly friendly and appreciative of the wonders of the Great Republic, this cheap but very unwholesome and mischievous rant is more than ever out of place.

An unforgiving man is bad enough, but a great nation which is unforgiving of injuries which not only have long passed into the land of Nod, but, such as they are supposed to have been, have led directly to the unparalleled greatness of the country which so carefully cherishes them, is a far more humiliating spectacle to all but such men as Stewart, Hoar, Frye and a few other inveterate tail-twisters.

The tendency to follow the baser rather than the nobler utterances of the great men of a country is a curious trait of perversity in shallow minds. To such there is little appeal. The notoriety which is their *summum bonum* comes to them most easily by pandering to the lowest instincts. But, if they were capable of choosing the good and refusing the evil, we would recommend to their study the following noble thought and language of the great Rufus Choate, which is worthy of being enshrined in the hearts of all high-minded Americans.

"National Hatred" was the topic of one his orations. In it he said: "No sir, we are above all this. Let the Highland clansman, half-naked, half-civilized, half-blinded by the peat smoke of his cavern, have the hereditary enemy and his hereditary enmity, and keep the keen, deep and precious hatred, set on fire of hell, alive if he can; let the North American Indian have his and hand it down from father to son by heaven knows what symbols of alligators and rattlesnakes and war-clubs smeared with venom and entwined with scarlet; let such a country as Poland, cloven to the earth, the armed heel on the radiant forehead, her body dead, her soul incapable to die—let her remember the wrongs of days long past; let the lost and wandering tribes of Israel remember theirs—the manliness and the sympathy of the world may allow or pardon this to them; but shall America, young, free and prosperous, just setting out on the highway of Heaven, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just begins to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and joy—shall she be supposed to be polluting and corroding her noble and happy heart by moping over old stories of stamp act, and tea tax, and the firing of the Leopard on the Chesapeake in the time of peace?"

No, sir; no, sir; a thousand times no! We are born to happier feelings. We look on England as we look on France. We look on them from our new world, not unrenowned, yet a new world still; and the blood mounts to our cheeks, our eyes swim, our voice is stifled with the consciousness of so much glory; their trophies will not let us sleep, but there is no hatred at all—no hatred; all for honor, nothing for hate. We have, we can have no barbarian memory of wrongs for which brave men have made the last expiation to the brave."

Bananas are spoken of, with justice, as an excellent summer food, but the complaint is made with equal justice that despite the enormous production, the retail price puts them largely out of the reach of those who might be steady consumers.