

THROUGH A MONOCLE

CANADIAN POSSIBILITIES

THE pleasurable excitement of living in Canada is not always appreciated by those of us who have lived nowhere else. In Canada, novelty always awaits us just around the corner; and discovery still has room to lose itself in the mysterious unknown. A few years ago, who knew anything about the Yukon? Who suspected that one of the great gold fields of the world lay hidden behind the range of mountains that ran up toward the Arctic wastes? One day some of us stumbled across deposits of the "yellow peril," right there in our own country; and immediately all the adventurous sons of men throughout the world—the modern Argonauts—turned in our direction. No such discovery is possible in Britain, in France, in Germany, in Italy. These lands have been nosed over from one end to the other by keen-eyed scientists, and shop-handled by eager bargain-hunters, and tested and weighed by buyers and sellers, until there is not a surprise left in their entire anatomy. They conceal no more than a lady in a sheath gown perforated for summer wear. They are a story that is told.

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BUT Canada is largely a land of mystery yet. Most of our territory is as unknown as Thibet was a few years ago. It was just the other day that some wanderer found Cobalt. It had been there all the time, and we had been wondering what we would ever do with such a God-forsaken country. Now we have the richest silver mining district on earth. At first, we did not mine for silver—we merely picked it up. Now we dig it out by the cartload. Some of us who are lucky are getting rich out of it; and the rest of us are getting a lot of hair-raising excitement. It is impossible to find life dull in a country which every now and then springs a prize package on us in that fashion. Following Cobalt came Gow Ganda; and the boys are getting a lot of fun out of that. To-morrow Gow Ganda millionaires will be walking about, telling how they happened to strike it rich; and to-day each one of us can preserve himself from *ennui* by wondering whether he will be one of them.

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IT was rather exciting to our youthful imaginations to be told that every boy born in the United States might become President; and we somewhat envied those lucky American lads who began life with such a dazzling possibility in front of them. We knew that none of us could ever become king, no matter how deserving we might be. But now we have that lure "faded." There are precious few of the millions of American youngsters, born in that land of promise, who can ever become President. They do not average more than ten Presidents to a generation. But hundreds and thousands of Canadian

boys can hope to trip over a fortune one of these days in the Canadian wilderness. Pots of gold lie hidden there more truly than at the end of rainbows. Nor is it only in the wilderness that our boys get rich. Golden opportunities lie all around; and we can never tell that the lad who plays on the street before us will not some day be a railway builder, a bank president, a mighty financier, or even the editor of a pictorial weekly. Canada is a perpetual Christmas Tree with a present for every son of the house.

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DID you ever think how much would have been lost out of life if you had been born in a land where promotion was well-nigh impossible? Yet that is the lot of the average European. The son thinks that he will be doing exceedingly well if he manages to stay where his father has lived. Businesses are handed down from generation to generation, and it is only when a genius for their particular form of money-getting is born into the family that they enjoy any expansion. They are far more apt to dry up and blow away. This state of things leads to many developments which are admirable. For instance, the average European is not wholly engrossed in money making. He must work off his surplus energy—which finds little vent in the treadmill that never goes any faster—in some other occupation. It may be gardening, or it may be water colours. It may be collecting beetles, or it may be mountain climbing. But he does have a life outside of his business. Another advantage is that it leaves him time and inclination to take a real interest in public affairs. The placid life of peace and plenty at home has its benefits.

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BUT for the peoples of this Continent, with their extra drop of nervous energy, the excitement of a life in which any dawn may bring fortune and every dawn brings us contact with some thrilling adventure of the market-place or the mining camp, is a boon which we little appreciate but which we would mightily miss. We will emerge from this vivid and inspiring dream one of these days. We will settle down under our established vines and fig trees and cultivate flute playing and go in for art criticism. We will then be a more civilised, a more cultured, a more attractive and a more contented people. If we have not builded our civilisation better than our forefathers have, we will then have our sad blots of poverty and our slowly hardening lines of caste. But for the present we are adventurers living the thrilling life of discovery, of daring, of chance and of conquest. Bare-footed boys become millionaires and live in palaces. In the knapsack of every Canadian schoolboy, there is—not a marshal's baton—but a millionaire's bank-book. When you part from your school-fellow because he must go to work while you go to college, you never know but that you may meet him next when he invites you to dine with him in his private car.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



The Ladies accompanying The Canadian Freight Association, which met at Halifax, July 14th and 15th, the Corporation and the Transportation Interests of Halifax gave the Ladies an Automobile Drive through Dartmouth, Waverly and Bedford. The picture is taken in front of the beautiful Residence of Mr. G. S. Campbell, Young Avenue.

Photograph by kindness of Mr. E. A. Saunders, Secretary Board of Trade.