

sents a slip of paper on which his name is written in his native script, for his English vocabulary and pronunciation is limited. The postmaster hunts through his collection of specimens of picturesque penmanship and picks out the envelope whose appearance most nearly resembles the sample submitted to him. The applicant recognises it, the letter is handed over to him, and in a moment the Saskatchewan is forgotten, and the immigrant is far away in some obscure village in Poland or Galicia. The cowboy from a distant ranch smiles as he reads a letter from his mother in some Ontario town. The American farmer gets a paper from his native state, with the news of local politics and the doings of his old neighbours. The homesick Englishwoman, the traveller for wholesale houses in Eastern Canada, the mounted policeman, the missionary—all are anxious enquirers at the post office. Even the Indian from the reservation uses the post office and asks for a letter from his boy or girl at the industrial school.

For some time there may be nothing, but the disappointment is only temporary. The railway and the post office between them almost annihilate distance. However remote the district, or recent its settlement, the postal service is there, and it is but a comparatively short time between mails. Instead of being cut off from all news for months, as in the olden time, to-day the settler has to wait at most no more than a week or two, and for urgent messages there is that scout of civilisation—the telegraph line—running beside every main trail in the north-west.

C. W. JEFFERYS.

Bound for Western Canada

By LADY GREVILLE, in "Daily Mail," (England)

THE scene—a large bare board room at Euston station, long tables, set out with plates of meat and lightly piled with baskets of bread. Seated around or benches are a motley company of men, women and children, decently, if poorly dressed, some with joyless, saddened faces, others with the light of hope shining in their eyes—hope that transfigures the homeliest and the rudest features. They are emigrants, these people, sent out by the East End Emigration Fund. Already this year the great total mounts up to 3,955. Seven hundred men are leaving to-night and they sit, the drift cast up by the ever-seething cruel sea of modern civilisation—the victims of trade depression, of commercial fluctuations which they cannot comprehend. Happily there are countries where work is to be obtained for the asking, where a man can fill his empty stomach with wholesome food, labour in the health-giving breezes of a virgin land, and live in a cosy cottage built by his own hands. Every day the battle of life grows harder for the Londoner. It is hard to leave one's own country, but it is harder still to starve. It is not till the very last, till hope is dead and hunger pinches, that families make up their minds to risk fortune elsewhere. Unaided, they could not even do this, or dream of incurring the expense necessitated by the voyage. But the association steps in, aided by the Dominion Government, which has given through the past season a one pound bounty to agencies sending out adults. And then, across the ocean, are winning arms of brothers, speaking the same language, living under the same flag, held out ready to welcome and receive them. So these shadows of men, weak from distress and want, yet strong and young by nature, crawl in their rags and their misery to the bureau of the association and demand its friendly offices.

Due and careful inquiry having been made and steady painstaking selection practised, the work of fitting out the emigrant commences. Garments of all sorts and sizes are supplied, bales of flannel and yards of stuff sewn by the deft fingers of poor seamstresses to whom the employment comes as a godsend, or else the gifts of private charity. Each little child is given a warm hood and cloak of dark blue serge, lined with red, in which some look as bonny as the little Red Riding Hood of our childish imaginations.

Clothes effect the most wonderful transformation in man or woman. With the donning of a decent coat, self-respect returns, the man raises his head and walks uprightly, the sad shuffle of the tramp drops from him, and he plants his feet, encased in solid boots, once more firmly upon the ground. Each one is rigged out with what he requires, for it would never do for Canada to receive a batch of beggars; the honour of the old country must be preserved and our immigrants travel like decent folk. Soap and water, well-brushed hair, neat but homely garments, quickly transform the hunted-looking,

miserable starveling into the respectable man or woman.

Supper over, and coffee for the elders, bread and milk for the youngsters safely despatched, a grace is said and a verse of "God Save the King" sung, then the band of emigrants slowly file out and make their way to the special trains, in which each family has its own compartment. Little children are carefully laid to sleep on the cushions, and the friends who have come to see the emigrants off flock round the carriage doors. Few of the travellers are sad, though some already look harassed and fatigued. Here an old man leads away his weeping wife, brokenhearted at the departure of her son; one or two women cry softly, and a man gulps back his tears; but quiet cheerfulness and resignation are the order of the day.

How different from the send-off of the theatrical star, or the popular Member of Parliament. Every one is more or less shabby, earnest, serious and sad. It is adieu for ever to the old country. The sight is a sad one, and yet it is full of hope. On the other side, in Canada, these poor creatures will find friends, work, comfort and comparative wealth.

A Gallant Officer



The late Lt.-Col. F. C. Henshaw.

THE recent death of Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick C. Henshaw has removed a figure well-known in the business, social and military life of the City of Montreal. The late officer was the eldest son of Frederick W. Henshaw of Montreal, and was born in that city, with many of whose business interests he was afterwards closely identified. Among the many corporations in which he was at one time a director might be mentioned: The Molsons Bank, Riche-lieu and Ontario Navigation Company, Montreal

Street Railway Company, Montreal Light Heat and Power Company, Canadian Rubber Company. In fact, his financial interests seemed as varied as the city's enterprises and industries.

In the field of military activity, Colonel Henshaw was a prominent figure. He passed through the military School under Colonel Field, 60th Rifles, taking honours and receiving his "second" and "first class" military certificates in 1868. The same year he joined the Victoria Rifles as a private. Later he joined the old 5th Royals for service in 1870 and with that corps he remained until it was disbanded. He then returned to his old regiment, the Victoria Rifles, as captain of No. 3 Company. He was promoted rapidly until he became Lieutenant-Colonel. In 1892 he resigned his command and was placed on the "Reserve of Officers" list. He held the long service decoration which was presented to him by Lord Dundonald on the occasion of the luncheon tendered to the Honourable Artillery Company. For many years he was the chairman of Council of the Dominion Rifle Association.

In the field of sport, Colonel Henshaw was deeply interested and paid much attention to the progress of clean athletics. He was associated with football, lacrosse, skating and rowing clubs and was also president of the Montreal branch of the Red Cross Society.

A Montreal writer, in appreciation of Colonel Henshaw's personal qualities, has said: "To a stalwart, handsome, soldierly figure, he added a cheery, courteous and winning manner, combined with great firmness. . . . He made friends by his charm of doing things. He was in every sense of the word a gentleman who knew the world and its customs, carried out the golden rule and was always just and fair."