

problems of Canada arise rather from the fatal facility with which money is made there.

"Look at towns like this," said the school-master—"the towns you find all along the railway lines right through the Prairie Provinces. They are full of retired farmers—men who, after ten or fifteen years of grain-growing, have saved enough money to keep themselves in idleness for the rest of their lives. Could anything be more pathetic than the spectacle of their empty lives? There they sit about in the hotels, not drinking (as a rule they don't do that), just glancing at the newspaper now and again, talking a little but not much, sometimes quite asleep and usually half asleep. When they were at work they paid periodic visits to that town. It was the one urban centre of which they had an intimate personal knowledge. In that town, accordingly, they anchored themselves on selling their farms and retiring on their means. And I think it is correct to say that they are left with only one interest—to meet the present-day farmers when they drive in, and to hear how things are going out on the prairie."

Yes, I had seen them. Often, on leaving my hotel after breakfast, I noted the retired